

JOHN J. COLLINS FUNERAL HOME

(Incorporated)

Phones Main **467-468** 872 Poplar Ave.
MEMPHIS, TENN.

my "makings;" but rather, I shall procure a scribe who shall say unto them: Now, it has cost this Smith, surnamed Bob, 20 shekels of silver to salve the hurts done by the caravan owned by one Frisco, and I say unto you—Oowah; shall not the accounts of Smith, surnamed Bob, butt with the account of the keeper of the caravan, owned by one Frisco, and the two go their ways in peace? Selah."

(Signed) R. SMITH.

Division Accountant's Office Eastern Division

By H. H. McGarvey

Now that the election is over and the inventory has been taken, maybe the division forces can get down to some real work.

Five out of this office were stuck as inventory checkers the first of this month. M. W. Abernathy took the fourth track, Tim Murray from Pacific to Southeastern Junction, Hal Lamkin the third track, Walter Hudson the Springfield Terminals, and yours truly went over the "Hi-Line," counting rails, ties, etc. In this connection I have a couple of suggestions to make to Mr. Kurn in order to make the taking of inventories easier in the future. As there is a lot of necessary walking connected with the taking of an inventory, I wish he would have all the ties taken out and respaced so there would be a full step between them instead of two-thirds of a step, as there now is. Besides being convenient, just look at the saving there would be in ties. Also wish he would put out instructions for all men that chew tobacco when riding on a motor to sit on the back end of the car while in motion. The writer consumed more second hand Star, Horse Shoe, Tiger, Granger and various other kinds of chewing weed in two days than is possible for one man to chew in a week.

Part of the gang went to Walter Hudson's house election night to hear the returns over Walter's radio. There were about the proportion of Democrats and Republicans present as there were voted in the country at large, although there were no LaFollette followers among us. (Neither were there any I. W. W.'s.) We all had a good time and stayed until the small hours of morning. Walter has a good radio set and contrary to the general rule, it worked perfect that night.

Tim Murray came to work with a black eye the other day, the same day E. N. Finley, timekeeper in the superintendent's office came in with a broken arm. That looks mighty bad,

as neither of them could give a good explanation. A day or two later Tim received a ten gauge muzzle loading pop gun through the mail. The donor of the gun advised Tim to carry it with him for protection on his future trips to St. Louis.

Bob Langston of the division accountant's office, at Chaffee, paid us a visit last month. Bob made the trip in his Ford coupe.

We wish you all A Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year.

One Ticket Good for 14

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Scott, Jewell, Ia., married less than 10 years, have 19 children, all boys. There are five sets of triplets and two pairs of twins. On a recent trip to LaCrosse, Mrs. Scott took 13 of the younger children with her. They filled five car seats. When the conductor appeared the mother handed him her ticket and had the family Bible ready to prove all the children were her own and less than 5 years old, thus entitled to ride free.

Mechanical Department Central Division

By Irene Woestman

J. D. Heyburn, who was quite seriously injured in an automobile accident, is rapidly improving, and we are all delighted to hear that he will soon be able to resume his duties.

Kathryne McMahan has returned from a week-end trip to Tulsa.

To Engineers J. D. Newton and Thos. Lyons, and Firemen W. A. Reeves and Wm. Phipps, are due a great amount of credit for the splendid handling given the Directors' Special, which passed over this division without experiencing any difficulties.

Eula Branson and Irene Woestman have returned from a short visit in St. Louis.

A very interesting as well as instructive fuel meeting was held in Ft. Smith on Monday, November 24th, having a good attendance. The foremen from the outside points being present, also the number of train and enginemmen in attendance was very gratifying. J. E. Whalen, from St. Louis was also present and he always promises an interesting program.

The enginemmen on this division are exceedingly interested in the Fuel Conservation Essay, and we all have great confidence in one of them carrying off the trophy.

Fireman W. A. ('Poss) Reeves is struttin' around in a new Chrysler roadster. Go to it, Mr. Reeves, we are for you.

Supplyman G. B. Stubblefield, who has been in the Frisco Hospital at St. Louis for some time, but is home on a short visit, was down to see us this morning. Although Mr. Stubblefield is greatly improved, it is necessary for him to return to the hospital for further treatment; we are in hopes that he will soon be back at work.

The following report from Frank Reed shows what effect the untiring efforts of our road foremen has on engine crews with reference to the saving of fuel:

"They are all hand fired over on the Central Division, but I believe you will agree that we are still in the game after noting some of the individual fuel performances of some of our engines and crews, together with the general average performance of our 700 class engines on the Arthur Sub for the month of October.

"Following engines and crews have lead their respective divisions in individual fuel performance in the various classes of service in which they are in for three consecutive months and these are the general average figures for these engines and crews for their performances during the three months. Figures were obtained from the fuel clerk's office, which are final and include fuel consumed for all purposes. While these performances do not measure up with some of the other divisions on the system, nevertheless on account of our ruling grade which will not permit of a high train haul, I believe they are on par with any on a comparative division.

Passenger Service

Sub-Division, Arkinda; Engine, 103; Engineer, J. Lyons; Fireman, Mc-Bee; Pounds Coal Per Passenger Car Mile, 10.79.

Sub-Division, Arthur; Engine, 1,400; Engineer, H. H. Taylor; Firemen, Estes, Van Wagoner; Pounds Coal Per Passenger Car Mile, 11.93.

Sub-Division, Ardmore; Engine, 480; Engineer, J. Marean; Fireman, H. Moore; Pounds Coal Per Passenger Car Mile, 14.46.

Freight Service

Sub-Division, Arthur; Engine, 714; Engineer, J. J. Carroll; Fireman, Myhan; Pounds Coal Per 1,000 G. T. M., 110.

Sub-Division, Arkinda; Engine, 617; Engineer, J. Merideth; Fireman, Doup; Pounds Coal Per 1,000 G. T. M., 134.

Local Service

Sud-Division, Arkinda; Engine, 622; Engineer, W. Hughes; Fireman, McClellan; Pounds Coal Per 1,000 G. T. M., 202.

"Engines 705, 708, 710, 713, 714, 717 and 718 were regularly assigned on Arthur Sub during month of October, and their average haul for this month was 925 tons and these engines consumed for all purposes 124 pounds fuel per 1,000 G. T. M.—they are not oil burners, either.

"The Central Division has lead the Frisco System for ten consecutive months in switch locomotive fuel performance. There are five different switch yards on the Central Division, with a total of sixteen regularly assigned switch crews. The general average performance of all these crews for the ten months is 106.43 pounds of coal per switch locomotive mile and this includes fuel for all purposes."

Kansas City

Fanchon Johnson hasn't lost track of the Detroit delegation representing the Flint cars. Bill Collins says she has regular chauffeur service to the office every once in a while.

Night Hawks are still on the globe. They meet every other Wednesday. It takes them two weeks to get caught up on their sleep. Louis still clings to his position of chief hawk and bright hawk shirts, even in the face of subordinate opposition. We expect to hear about a duel some day.

We regret to state that Clay DeGraw is unable to return to the office at this writing and has requested leave until December 1st. He has been suffering with rheumatism for several months.

Alfred Westerman is confined to his home because of pneumonia. November 14th was the last day at the office. Al isn't very strong, but we're all hoping that he will make the grade.

H. E. Sullivan, chairman of the Frisco board of adjustment, was in Kansas City, November 18th.

Violet Orendorff spent November 15th and 16th in Joplin, visiting her sister and family. She reports a splendid time.

Mrs. Erma Coleman was away from the office November 20th, and several days thereafter, owing to the fact that her mother underwent an operation at that time.

The little yellow cat that was a regular mascot for the office bunch has disappeared. We haven't the slightest idea where he went; but he's just gone. Elmer Lindeman isn't a bit worried, but he's the only one who isn't. Elmer has his reasons, however. The cat would get out on the roof, and when a dog chased him he would make a bee-line for the window right by Lindeman's desk, make a flying leap and light squarely in Lindeman's correspondence basket. Just like Postum, there's a reason!

Telegraph Department

Lillian Hultsch, Reporter

Selma Hoffman, telephone supervisor, will leave during the latter part of November for Oklahoma City, where she will spend two weeks' vacation.

I understand the early morning walks have been discontinued since the days have become so short.

Now that the election, baseball games and vacations are over, our attention has been turned to crossword puzzles. This is becoming quite a favorite pastime. Many evenings are spent with dictionaries, encyclopedias and geographies, and there really seems to be as much enjoyment comparing results as there was in arguing politics.

However, some of our staunch Republicans got so worked up before the election, that after it was over they had to go to the woods to finish "shooting off." They came back with several quail.

Letha Linn, telephone operator at Ft. Scott, who was reported off account illness last month, returned to work November 16th.

Have you seen the new act Ray and Ollie have been rehearsing during the noon hour?

Grace Hall, telephone operator at Sapulpa, has returned from Dallas where she has been on leave of absence account illness.

Egotism is the anaesthetic nature administered to deaden the pain of being a fool.

First Radio Fan: "How's your radio working?"

Second Radio Fan: "Fine, I heard the 'Jayhawkers' at Kansas City last night."

Katherine Stephenson, telephone operator at St. Louis, has returned from Omaha, where she spent her vacation.

Now is the time to begin to think of those New Year resolutions we are going to make.

Reading the paper the other day I came across an item which suggested a plan to me whereby hunters might economize in shells. Since I am not a hunter myself, I am going to pass the idea on. The article follows:

"The goose may honk high at times, but there are other times when the goose is unable to honk at all. Such a time, according to residents of Newton County, has been seen during the past few days, when 300 geese, disregarding the fact that they are protected by Federal game laws, proceeded to violate the Federal prohibition law.

"The geese, seeking warmer climes, were heading toward the south, and stopped to spend the night in Meadows Park.

"Near the park, it is said, a quantity of mash from which the bubble and sparkle had been transferred to a still, had been poured upon the banks of a creek. Here, the wild fowl tarried.

"After eating the corn chops, the geese became groggy. They merely floated upon the water or sank upon the ground.

"Word of the inebriation of the geese soon spread among the residents of Newton County, and within a few hours the supposedly intoxicated geese were being picked up by men, women and children. As a result, goose dinners in Newton County will not be delayed until Christmas or New Year's Day."

Southwestern Division News Items

R. W. Harper and L. A. Mack,
Reporters

B. P. Myers, master mechanic, is on vacation at Sulphur for the last two weeks. Mr. Myers has earned his vacation since he has come to the Southwestern Division, and here's hoping that he has the best time in the world drinking and swimming in the mineral water.

R. H. Snodgrass, piece work checker from Chaffee, is now holding the same job at Sapulpa, vice W. R. Bennett, transferred.

M. L. Guinney says that the parade of light engines on the Southwestern Division, before the change on the new time card, sure did make him dizzy for a while.

Ethel Grace Morford, file clerk at Sapulpa, is on her vacation at the present time while we all nobly endeavor to keep the files straight.

Our car steno at Sapulpa, has quite a record to parade this month, at least so she states. This new record for her was set when she only went to the show three times in one week.

The fuel situation on the Southwestern Division has picked up since the fuel clerk position was established at Sapulpa, got so good that one man could not handle it, and now T. J. Appley has a helper in Cecil Jones, who hales from the good city of Springfield.

The Sapulpa schools, through their vocational training department, are giving a course in Mechanical Drawing that about sixteen of the Frisco roundhouse employees are taking advantage of. The benefits of the vocational training are many, and we are glad to see the men take advantage of this opportunity, that costs but very little of their spare time and paves the way for a better job some time in life.

Since T. J. Talevich put his tire turning machine into use at Sapulpa, on July 23rd, the first engine of the 4,100 class assigned to this division had her tires turned. Mr. Talevich completed all of the 4,100 class

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engines on the 22nd day of this month, when he finished turning the tires on Engine 4,129. Mr. Talevich says that you cannot figure the saving in money and get a concrete example, but the best way to figure the saving with this machine is in the increased service you get out of an engine between shopping for classified repairs.

Solved "Tangled Comic" Won Ten Dollar Prize

Lucille Kerr, secretary to Architect Stephens, was recently listed among those who won prizes for solving the "tangled comic" puzzle in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, receiving ten dollars for her efforts.

Responsibilities

L. A. Mack

"Responsibilities!" How large a word when measured out to each one of us, no matter how small or big, old or young, we all have them.

Each one of us have responsibilities, no matter how young or old we may be. To home, to children, to parents, to employer or to employe, which in the general are lived up to to a certain extent in a way, but are they lived up to, to the best of our ability? Do you as a parent give your family all the pleasures and joys of life that you can afford no matter how meager your purse may be? None of you who might see this have ever been arrested for non-support, but do you not some time deprive your family of some of these pleasures in order that you may satisfy your own selfish wants.

Do you wives or husbands ever feel the responsibilities of your leisure hours, do you spend them making your home pleasant and joyful, or do you spend them selfishly in the pursuit of your own personal pleasures?

There is no doubt but what these rules or we might say unwritten laws of responsibility are broken by every one of us thoughtlessly, for we are all human. It is true that most people live up to the laws of home responsibility whether written or unwritten.

These are seemingly great respon-

sibilities of home, but they are not all. Do we ever stop to think of our responsibilities as an employer or an employe, of our responsibility to each other?

Put a new uniform on a man and he generally tries to live up to it, whether a soldier or a policeman, or whether you liken this uniform to a man's new job. We all try as we think to do our best, but do we in every respect? Each one of us, if we were to think back, could remember some time when we have broken this unwritten law, second only to home responsibility. Have you ever betrayed a secret of your employer? If so, you have in this way defiled your uniform, the uniform that stands for business moral.

There is no doubt but what every one of us has broken these written and unwritten laws in some respect, but through our mistakes we should profit.

The moral standard of every man and woman or child is most often difficult to live up to, for where the uniform of law demands the enforcement of laws that are written, the uniform that you and I wear demands the enforcement of laws that are unwritten, of moral responsibility, which must be enforced within the confines of ourselves and at the dictates of our own mind.

Are We Striving? That's the Main Idea

We are not accountable as individuals, for the results, if we have done our best. The main thing is, how are we striving? Are we satisfied to draw our salaries and allow each day to take care of itself, and get by with just as little work as possible, or are we looking ahead at the tomorrows of our existence here and reaching out for a better position, to make the railroad game a profession really worth while; for that is what it amounts to. The way to learn any profession is to master the details immediately within your comprehension, and master them thoroughly, and go on to the next step. That is the only way to insure a profession. The difference between a position and a profession is, you may get one with somewhat of a pull, but you've got to learn the other. There is an attitude with a number of persons to do their work, and be careful that they don't have any extra time to help out on the other fellow's desk if he's snowed. That isn't the right attitude. If you can do your work and a little more, your are just making yourself that much more of an asset to the company, and the people who are staying on the payrolls of any enterprising company these days are the assets, and not the liabilities. Think it over! It may not hit you so hard today, but what about the tomorrow ten or fifteen years from today?

Yes, "The Governor" Was In; So Bob Williams Got a Call

Writing in the Oklahoma City Daily News, Earl Sparling says:

"Bob Williams, then governor of Oklahoma, and Zack Mulhall, picturesque rancher, jointly baptized A. Carlisle Young, assistant manager of the Huckins Hotel, into the ways of the west.

"It was in 1915. Young, an easterner, had just come to Oklahoma. Zack Mulhall strolled into the lobby of the Huckins at 7 a. m.

"'Is the governor in yet?' he inquired.

"'Wait. I'll call and see,' answered the polite Easterner. He rang Bob Williams' room on the fourth floor.

"Governor Williams was not the sort to be pulled out of bed at 7 o'clock without reason.

"'A gentleman down here to see you,' said Young. Then Zack said a few things.

"'What the hell? I don't want to talk to Bob Williams. I want to know when the Frisco "Governor" gets in—the train, son. Say where are you from, anyway?'

"Young blushed as he recalled the incident and said, 'In the east I had never heard of a train being named. We used numbers.'"

Fort Worth News

By Lois M. Sheppard, Reporter

Wm. A. Walker wears a broad smile all the time now. He is the proud father of Robert Lawrence, who arrived October 8th, and weighed 8½ pounds.

Ben Hur, division accountant, is again at his post after having visited his parents in Ohio. He returned wearing the very latest fashioned hosiery; however, minus Parisian holders.

Priscilla Sanborn is no longer with us, she having accepted a secretarial position with the University Press in Chicago.

"Gille" Hatheway is away on his vacation—gone duck hunting, and from all promises made before leaving, the Accountant Department may have a duck dinner upon his return; however, 'spect all we'll see will be feathers, and they'll come out of that old pillow he claimed from the ark.

It is becoming quite a pastime (during lunch hour, of course) among some of the studious clerks working cross-word puzzles. It is not an unfamiliar sight to see Moore Walker winding his way over to J. Ivan's desk at twelve with an armful of dictionaries, encyclopedias, and other books of information which are very essential in determining whether heliotrope is a flower, flavor or both, etc. Ben Lewis has not as yet entered into the affair, his only reasonable excuse being that he has plenty of cross words at home without mixing them in with his eight hours of idle bliss at the office.

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Twenty-eight from the Accounting Department enjoyed a weiner roast recently. There is always one spot at the lake prettier than any other, and that is the very spot we selected—Inspiration Point. From this point one has a most wonderful view of the lake and its surroundings. We all met at the office about five-thirty and tried to all go together, which we didn't. Those reaching the point first built a fire and started the weiners roasting, and then we roasted weiners, toasted buns and marshmallows until there were none left to toast, and of course, ate all we toasted, nearly. Joe White very thoughtfully brought a camp victrola along, while R. E. Wesenberg brought the "floor" on which to dance. Skeen began to clap his hands and pat his foot, and Ben Morgan just naturally began to jig.

A Link In the Chain

By F. W. Kelsey

(In N. C. and St. L. Ry. News Item)

A chain is no stronger than any one link. An organization is no stronger than its separate units. A railroad organization is made up of various departments, sub-divided as to their duties and responsibilities. We are each and every one of us a part of a sub-division insofar as it relates to classification, and report to a designated leader, but this does not mean that our responsibilities are segregated in that we must confine our interests to the narrow line of our sub-division.

Every man that is working for a railroad should consider himself a representative of such railroad and at all times have its interests in mind.

Let us pause for a moment and give thought to our own activities or non-activities.

Am I giving to my employer an honest return for the upkeep of myself and family?

Am I representing them when coming in contact with the public as I would want to be represented if I were an employer?

Do I try to influence my neighbors and friends to a better feeling toward my company?

Do I cheer and support the political demagogues that are trying to tear the very foundation upon which we have so successfully and pleasantly thrived, from under us, or do I give sober thought to their selfish activities and use my influence to offset theirs?

Am I a red-blooded American citizen, either by birth or adoption, who stands for the ideals of our forefathers who gave us a government, of free and equal rights, under which successive generations have enjoyed a freedom that exists in no other country in the world; or am I a puppet to be influenced by representatives of foreign thoughts and ideas, which are in direct conflict with those of the framers of our constitution?

Do I want to live under present conditions as they exist in Russia and other countries that have experienced a period of Communism, where every forward step toward nationalization of industries means higher tax rates and more influence for those at the head of the government until oppression in its most objectionable stage results?

Do I exercise the suffrage rights of citizenship, or do I let the professional politicians take care of my interests and belong to the order of "Let George Do It"? (Such order has a membership of about 50 per cent of our voting age population).

Now let's awaken, shake ourselves and resolve that this railroad is ours to make and not break, realizing that it is only a business of lots of owners, who are as justly entitled to our loyalty as a smaller business owned by a few would enjoy. Our president and board of directors do not own our railroad. They only represent the stockholders. The stock is held by men and women scattered all over the country, who are expecting a fair dividend on their money invested. As individual to individual, let's play fair with them. The only way to clear our conscience is to realize that we have successfully held our connection and supported our part of the load on the chain.

From a Modern Dictionary

MAN—An animal that can see a pretty ankle two blocks away, but who will fall, in the open countryside, to notice a locomotive as big as a schoolhouse, with a flock of 42 box cars accompanying it.—Claim Agent's Bulletin.

WICHITA

Wichita Will Be Our
"Feature City" Next Month

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New Year's Resolutions

By Martha C. Moore

Well, now that Xmas has passed, the next thing is January 1st, 1925. That is the next celebration of any note. About the last of October, or the middle of November, we begin to scratch our heads and plan what to give for Xmas. Sometimes it seems Xmas has gotten to be just a mad rush of hunting presents for the family and friends, and the true thought of it has about been lost. However, there is one thing that shines out, no matter how great the rush, and that is that Xmas brings with it happiness. It just somehow radiates from the faces you see on the street. You buy a paper and tell the little fellow to keep the change—it's Xmas. Somebody bumps you in the ribs, and you turn to see a passerby loaded with bundles—you smile and pass on, because it's Xmas. Somehow it's easier to overlook things because everybody is feeling so good.

At this time of the year, you just get worked up to a certain pitch—your heart gets enlarged, and then after Xmas, when the grand mad rush is over and things have quieted down, you still have that good kind spirit left (this is before the December bills come in) and so you just think, "Well, I've been a mean old sinner all last year. Just believe I'll make a few resolutions for this year. I know I haven't done lots of things I should, so I'll just make up my mind to make some rules, New Year's resolutions and live up to 'em."

Now that's a fine start. However, one shouldn't be a saint for a month or two and beat the family up for the rest of the year. We asked a fellow the other day if he was going to make any resolutions for the New Year. He said he made one three years ago and has kept it ever since; which was, that he would never make another resolution on New Years, but we're talking now about the fellow who feels so good he's just got to make a few, and maybe this is the solution as to how he can keep them.

You know when we're in a good humor, we'll promise and do almost anything and perhaps repent later. That's what happens to most of the New Year's resolutions—made in a hurry and terribly impractical. Imagine a business man who has smoked cigars all his life, and received several boxes for Xmas, making a resolution that as soon as he had smoked up these Xmas boxes, he'd quit for good. Imagine asking the fellow who mixes with his gang to promise he'll never, never take another little drink, anywhere or anytime. If the wife made a resolution that during the next year she would only purchase about three new hats, do you think she'd keep it?

And so it is that these resolutions have become quite a joke; because when we make them, we have a pretty good idea as to whether or not we'll keep them.

Once there was a fine old lady, and she said there were three things in her life that enabled her to be perfectly happy—a sure cure for loneliness, and a cure for about every one of the other little ailments that the human race is all subject to, and then she told them to us, and they were so good, that it is our desire to give them to you. She said, that in all the world there were only three things worth while, or perhaps, she added, out of the many, the three she had picked out as meaning most to her were: God and love and doing things for folks.

So often we fail to be as faithful to our religious training as we should; when every day it can be of untold comfort to us, for without our faith in a future life, we would have no reason for having laws, or for even living this life. Our future homes are built from the kind deeds we perform on this earth, and so we should build for the future; for there, someday, each of us will stay for eternity, and we know so little of it, except that we shall be happy.

Love! What in the world would become of us if we were not capable of loving one another? It is the bond that ties us all together; it inspires genius; it conquers the impossible, and is without description. It guides and leads us to perform miracles.

And last, just doin' things for folks. That is the greatest cure for loneliness in the world. We get to thinking about ourselves, you know, and we are to be pitied when we live to ourself, but just around the corner is somebody that could cure a spell of loneliness, with a radiant face, because of the gift of, perhaps, an old suit that we couldn't wear any longer, but it was a God-send to them. There's a little somebody down in the alley who never had a nice china doll—in fact the affection bestowed on a dirty faced rag doll ought to bring it to life. There are so many somebodies to do something for in this world, and the greatest thing about it is that there is so much pleasure and happiness derived from doing things for folks. When you take one of those baskets loaded with bread and meat, and a little fruit, and deposit it in the hands of one of these somebodies, that hasn't had what you throw in the garbage can, you turn around, fully repaid because of the gratitude shown, and you walk on air for a while, and I'll bet right away you're planning on what you can do for that little family next, and you've forgotten all about that little blue spell.

Now what we wanted to say all along was, that for three sure-enough good resolutions for the New Year, these just can't be beat. Just show us the fellow who can get along without God and love, and a little charitable act now and then. The fact is that sometimes we slight one or the other, but this old 1925 year would surely be a record breaker for a fellow who would make, or rather be true to, these three resolutions.

And so, if you hadn't thought about the combination, suppose you give it a trial. Just keep these through all the months, and you'll never know all the good you do, while you're keeping them, but you will find that the old year will glide along mighty smooth.

Even in Kansas City They "Firmly Resolve"

G. L. Kleinhofer has been busily engaged around the offices in Kansas City getting a series of New Year's resolutions. Here they are:

Frank L. Newman—"I resolve to get more and more business for the Frisco each day. I shall emulate Dr. Coue and get better and better."

W. L. Coleman—"I will quit golfing at least one day each week."

Charles Stephens—"I have resolved to eat more onions. An onion a day keeps old age away."

Bill Deveney—"I have been perfect long enough. Watch my smoke from now on."

Edith Walters—"I resolve to get his name and address the next time he proposes."

John Sachse—"To become a garlic grower is my firm resolution."

George Storey—"The Perfect Day referred to my life. Why try to improve on that?"

Oil W. Warner—"I shall take no coins from the collection boxes."

Rodie Whitshire—"I promise to replace all trees and other obstacles which I remove on the golf course."

Myself—"What's the use."

Frisco Lines

By Eddie Bernard

Frisco Lines, Frisco Lines,
Frisco all the way.
Oh, what fun it is to ride
The smokeless, dirtless way.

Frisco Lines, Frisco Lines,
Frisco all the way.
If you want to go to Texas,
Just go the Frisco way.

Frisco Lines, Frisco Lines,
They for your comfort feel.
Just board a Frisco diner
And get a Harvey meal.

Frisco Lines, Frisco Lines,
Their rails are never slick.
Just ship your goods by Frisco,
And your freight will get there
QUICK!

First Waiter: How d'y know they're married?

Second Ditto: How do I know? Why, didn't he pick up the quarter and leave the dime, with her lookin' right at him?—Judge.