



I'll Bite

They were sitting in the barracks, swapping yarns.

"Ever hear this one?" asked one of the group. "A dog was tied to a rope fourteen feet long. Twenty feet away was a fat, juicy bone. How did the dog get to the bone?"

"Oh, that's old stuff," answered one of the Marines. "You want some bird to say, 'I give up,' and then you'll say, 'that's what the other dog did.'"

"No, you're wrong, for the dog got the bone."

"Well, how did he get it?"

"Why, the other end of the rope wasn't tied!"—Leatherneck.

Her Maiden Name!

A little colored girl who had learned to read had this conversation with her mother:

"Mother, was your name Pullman before you were married?"

"No, dear, why do you ask?"

"Well, I just wondered. I see that name on most of our towels."

Evolution!

"Mother", asked the young daughter, "am I descended from a monkey?"

"I don't know," replied mother, "I didn't know your father's people very well."—U. P. Magazine.

Experience, the Teacher

First Brakeman: "I see a Georgia judge has ruled that a man has a right to spank his wife."

Second Ditto: "Well, a man also has a right to try to bounce an express train off the track, and I believe I'd rather try that first."—Mutual Magazine.

Maybe!

Matty: "I wonder if Professor Kidder meant anything by it."

Chatty: "By what?"

Matty: "He advertised a lecture on 'Fools' and when I bought a ticket it was marked, 'Admit one.'"

All Peaches! !

Grocer: "This is the best brand of peaches on the market—your husband will like them."

Wife: "The peaches my husband likes are not in cans."

Grocer: "What are they in?"

Wife: "Bathing suits!"

This from Harry Hudgen:

"My idea of a tremendously damn fool is a chap who is afraid to light third on a match, or walk under a ladder, but thinks it's great sport to race the Kansas City-Florida Special!"

Not DEAF, But DEAF!

Two elderly men, both extremely deaf, met on a country road. Dave had a fishing pole in his wagon. When he saw his friend Jim, he stopped the horse. "Goin' fishin'?" shouted Jim.

"No," Dave replied, "I'm goin' fishin'."

"Oh," said Jim. "I thought maybe you was goin' fishin'."—Country Gentleman.

—But Just Wait!

"I hate to punish you, my boy, but I only do it because I love you," said the father.

"I only wish I were big enough to return your love," said his son.



Choicest Locations

"How on earth did Rubinsky make all that money so quickly?"

"Why, he established branches of his junk shop close to all the important grade crossings of the country"

Religious Handicap

Teacher: "Now, Robert, what is a niche in a church?"

Robert: "Why, it's just the same as an itch anywhere else only you can't scratch it as well."—Boston Transcript.

It's All in How You Express It!

Bob was sitting on the sofa with his friend Dot. On her knee was her little niece. The door of the next room was wide open and the family as usual were there, listening. This is what they heard:

"Kiss me, too, Aunt Dot."

"Certainly, dear, but don't say too, say twice; too is not good grammar."

Might Try a Mirror!

In the Tennessee hills a man and his wife were sitting outside their home when a funeral procession passed. The man was comfortable in a chair that was tilted back toward the street his feet on the sill of an open window.

"I think that's the funeral of ol' man Williams," remarked his wife. "Reckon it's the biggest seen in these parts for awhile, ain't it Bud?"

"I reckon it its," Bud replied, "I sure would like to see it. What a pity I ain't facin' that way!"

A Foreign Language

Sweet Young Thing: "An' has ums ickle wooglems a kiss for his sweet lovums?"

Bachelor Passenger: "Curse these derned foreigners."—Passing Show.

Two—A. M.!

Wife: "Didn't I hear the clock strike two as you came in last night?"

"Hubby (who thinks quick): "You did, my dear. It started to strike eleven and I stopped it so it wouldn't awaken you."

A Change!

"Now, tell me about it—why did you steal that purse?"

"Your Honor, I won't deceive you. I was ill and thought the change might do me good."

A Crossword Puzzle

"What's a ten-letter word meaning a hold-up?"

"I'll bite. What is it?"

"Suspenders!"

The Last Smoke

"I'd like to be cremated, but I'm sure my wife wouldn't like it."

"Why so?"

"She's always complaining about my leaving my ashes around."

"Should evening dresses ever be worn to bridge parties?"

"No; in playing cards it is only necessary to show your hand!"

Reflection

She: "Is this the first time that you have ever kissed a girl?"

He: "Gosh! Am I that crude?"

**Grown-Ups
Please
Be Quiet**

THE TWILIGHT HOUR

**A Page
Just For
Children**

FRISCO KIDDIES WIN PRIZES



HELEN AND BOBBY McSWEENEY

Dear Frisco Kiddies:

My goodness! The Twilight Lady certainly did get heaps of letters from her children—with pictures and stories of vacation trips.

It was just a terrible job to pick out the one that was the best, and the Twilight Lady began to wish she had a whole barrel of gloves and bats and bathing suits because each letter was worth a prize.

And the pictures! I'm so glad to know what so many of my children look like. I love every one of you.

But, of course, I just had to pick out two lovely little letters and I am going to print them for you just as they came to me.

The first little winner is Helen Jo McSweeney, of 1923 N. Broadway, Springfield, Mo., and the accompanying picture is of Helen Jo and the little brother she speaks of in her letter.

This is what Helen says:

Dear Twilight Lady:

I am eight years and was promoted into the 4th grade.

My grandpa is air brake foreman at the North Side Frisco Shops, Springfield.

I love to go in the water and can swim a little bit.

I have a five year old brother and his name is Bobby, and he has a pair of long pants and thinks he is as big as daddy.

I got a coaster wagon for my birthday and I like to play in the sand. I hope I get the bathing suit because mine is about worn out.

Your friend,

Helen Jo McSweeney.

Doesn't brother Bobby look pleased in this picture? I'll just bet he's thinking about those long pants mother has put away and won't let him wear only for Sunday-go-to-meetin' day! Anyway, he says, "I'll soon be as big as daddy!"

And who do you think won my fine boy's prize? Master Carl Stewart, of

Breckenridge, Okla., whose daddy is a section foreman.

Carl wrote the Twilight Lady like this:

Dear Twilight Lady:

I am a little boy nine years old and in fifth grade at school. I have a brother seven and we walk mile and a half to school. I have a sweet baby brother eight months old. We had a nice vacation. We went to a big lake the Fourth of July. There were lots of boys in swimming. I haven't learned to swim yet, but I like to play in the water.

We have nice big shade trees and giant strips to swing on.

We had buffalo barbecue and ice cream for dinner.

My daddy is a Frisco section foreman and has been a section foreman for ten years.

Am sending you mine and brother's picture. Will send baby brother's later.

Best wishes to Frisco kiddies.

From a kiddy,

Carl Stewart.



CARL AND RAY STEWART

Now, the picture shows Carl and his brother, and he sure forgot to mention that little white doggie in between them, that they both love. Anyway, you can see that "Towser" or "Puff", or whatever his name is, surely posed for the picture. He held his head just right.

Now, Helen Jo, and Carl, you don't know how glad the Twilight Lady is to send to you these two prizes, and when you get them, I want you to have your picture made with them, won't you, and we'll show all the little Frisco kiddies how tickled you were to get the prize.

I must also let you read a couple of letters which I received from my little Frisco kiddies which didn't get the prize, but surely deserve honorable mention.

The first is from Carmon Posey, of Townley, Ala.

Dear Twilight Lady:

I thought I would enter your contest. I am a little girl eight years old. I have hazel blue eyes and curly hair. Daddy carried me to the barber shop and had them all cut off. I am having a grand time during my vacation. I am going to a grand revival now and believe me we sure are having lots of souls saved. I am making a trip the last of August. I am going to Kentucky to see my little cousin. I know we are going to have a grand time. I am living at Townley, Ala.; my daddy is section foreman. I don't have any picture of myself, so I will go,

Carmon Posey.

The Twilight Lady just knows that you'll have a lovely time, Carmon, while your visiting your little cousin and while you're having such a "grand" time; won't you write her another letter? See if you can't send her a picture, too.

Little Gwendolyn Lobdell of Sherman, Texas, sent me a lovely little picture with the letter which I am letting you read below, and the Twilight Lady was just delighted to receive it.

Dear Twilight Lady:

I am going to tell you what I did on my vacation. I went to Kansas City, Mo., to see my aunt and uncle. We went to the parks and rode the dippers and the merry-go-round, and the tumble bug.

And I also went down the slide. One house we went into was a house called the fun house. I laughed so much I thought I would surely die. It is full of mirrors. One mirror will make you look like you were as big as a giant, another will make you look real fat. I surely did have a good time.

My daddy works at the Frisco Shops. Every time he gets a Frisco Magazine I look for the Twilight Lady page and read it. My daddy's name is Roy W. Lobdell. My name is Gwendolyn Lobdell. I have a brother and sister. My brother has red hair. The boys call him "Red".

I am ten years old. My birthday is in February. On the Twilight Page it said to send your picture, so I am going to send one. I guess that is all I know.

Yours truly,

Gwendolyn Lobdell.

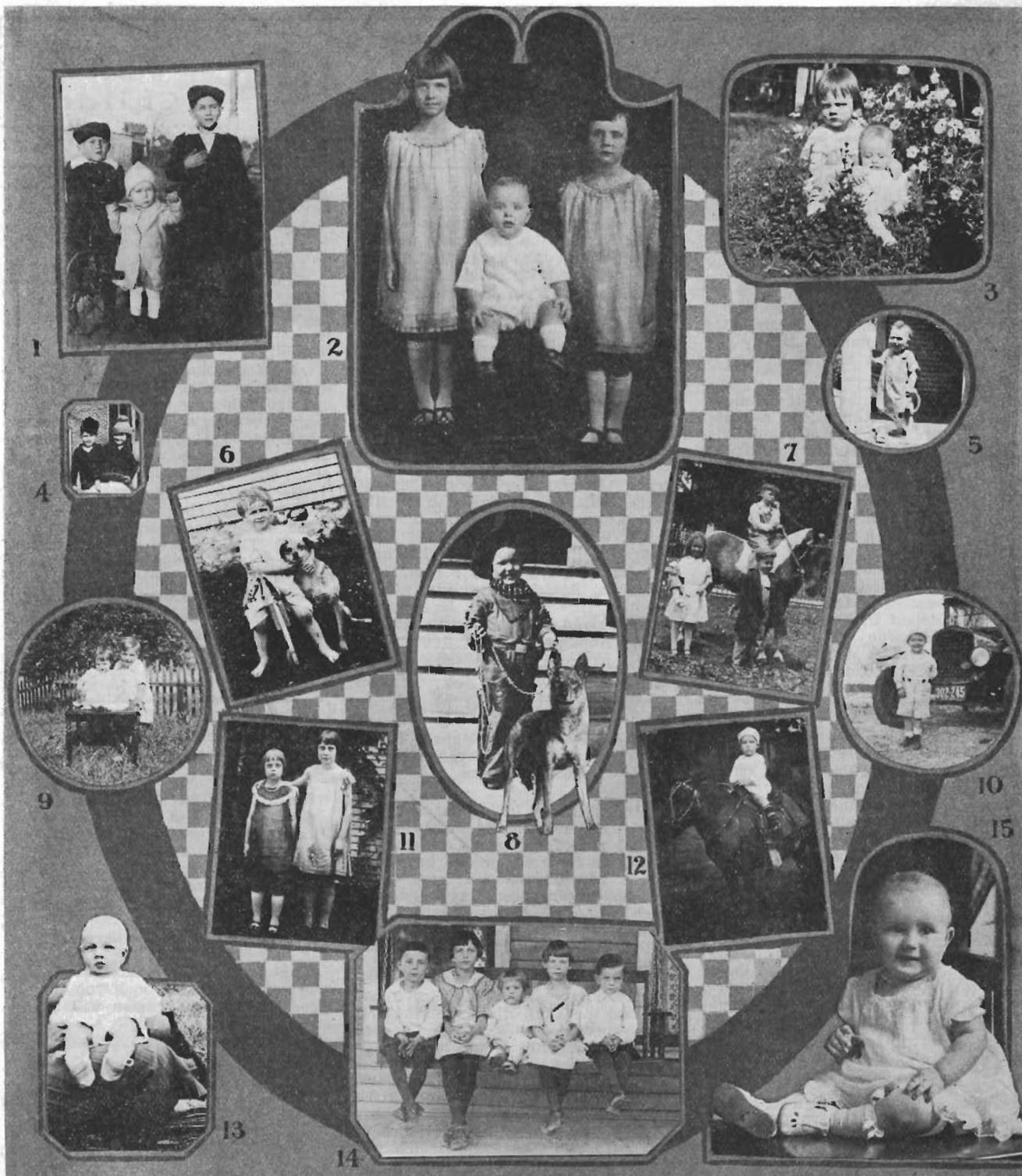
Gwendolyn and Carmon and all the rest of my little Twilight children, your letters were lovely—every one of them, and I wish I had a whole roomful of prizes to give you.

Your letters were lovely, and I want you to write often to the Twilight Lady.

And—for all the little kiddies who didn't win, the Twilight Lady is going to have another prize contest very soon, and there'll be another chance.

Write me again, wont you?

*Your own
Twilight Lady*



The Boys and Girls of Frisco Special Agents

1.—Charles and Damon, age 2 and 6 years respectively; sons of J. A. Johnson, Hayti, Mo. Tallest boy is little neighbor. 2.—Margaret, age 7 years; Lottie, age 4 years; Sid, age 15 months, children of Sid Cowan, special agent, Birmingham, Ala. 3.—Mary Jane, age 2 years; Norman Douglas, Jr., age 5 months; children of N. D. Duley, sergeant special officer, Memphis. 4.—Ruth and Richard, age 5 years; twin children of R. H. Stepdite, special agent, Chaffee, Mo. 5.—Arch, Jr., age 15 months; son of A. C. Rowley, special officer, Monett, Mo. 6.—George Dee, age 2 years; son of T. F. Plumlee, special officer, Monett, Mo. 7.—Paul and Billy, age 5 and 7 years respectively; children of Special Agent T. M. Scott, Cape Girardeau, Mo. Little girl is a neighbor. 8.—Willard E. Brooks, Jr., age 4½ years; son of W. E. Brooks, chief clerk. 9.—Cary L., Jr., age 5 years; Marie, age 2 years; children of C. L. Tidwell, special officer, Memphis. 10.—Norton Wommack, age 3 years; son of R. N. Wommack, Springfield, Mo. 11.—Geneva, age 10 years and Marjorie, age 7 years; daughters of J. E. Duran, special agent, Ft. Worth, Texas. 12.—Corbie, age 2½ years; son of R. E. Truman, special agent, Springfield, Mo. 13.—Louis Willard, age 4½ months; son of G. W. Walker, special agent, Ft. Smith, Ark. 14.—Charles A., age 7 years; Florence A., age 11 years; Alice J., age 3 years; Irene M., age 9 years; Jess J., age 5 years; children of Henry Hopkins, special officer, Kansas City, Mo. 15.—Betty Ann Simmerman, age 1 year; daughter of Special Officer Simmerman, Sapulpa, Okla.



WICHITA TEAM WINS

Administers Two Defeats to League Leading Court House Nine

Manager Immele and His Teammates Hope for Pennant in Utility Twilight League

THE Frisco baseball team at Wichita Kansas, is showing late season form in administering defeats in the Utility Twilight League of that city. The evening games of the league attract a good crowd to the local park, and the Frisco colors have been carried victoriously high on several occasions.

The Court House Nine, now leading the league, was defeated for the first time this season by the Frisco squad. Until the defeat by Frisco, the Court House had won twelve straight games. A second defeat was given them by the Friscoans a few evenings later, and the Court House came back the following week by defeating the Frisco nine.

The season opened inauspiciously, according to Manager Edward J. Immele, rate clerk at the freight office, due to a lack of proficient players. As interest increased, the squad picked up speed, and to date the regular lineup presents as good baseball talent as there is in the City of Wichita, including: Parks, rf; Holwagner, 2b; Newfelts, 3b; Duryee, lf; Immele, cf; Chester, 1b; Butler, ss; Van Fossan, p; Wilson, c.

"We're putting our chests out, believe me," Manager Immele wrote. "We whipped those Court House performers 4 to 1 in one game, and 6 to 5 in another. And that championship pennant for the Utility League is going to hang up in the Frisco offices if we can keep up our present lick."

Tennis Club at Chaffee, Mo., Formed and Courts Completed

Nineteen Members Aided in Construction and Financing of Club and Grounds

The long talked of Tennis Club at Chaffee, is a reality. However, to W. C. Henke, shop accountant, goes the credit for the initial formation of the plans.

In May of this year, petitions were circulated to determine the number of interested parties, and the result was so satisfactory that a meeting was called in the office of Assistant Superintendent Kennedy, where it was

decided to assess each member an initiation fee of \$5.00, this to cover the purchasing of the necessary lumber and wire for the backstop and for labor expended by outside forces in removing sod from the plot chosen for the courts.

At this meeting, the following officers were elected: W. C. Henke, president; Dawes Williams, secretary and treasurer; R. C. Giesike and Harold Hopkins, construction committee.

The total membership at this time is nineteen. The following constitute the charter members, who are initially responsible for the formation of the Frisco Employes' Tennis Club of Chaffee, Mo.: W. C. Henke, Irene Rigdon, Anna Guethle, Macie Powers, Dawes Williams, Anna Golden, Mary Dailey, R. C. Giesike, Earl Fatchett, William Condray, F. L. DeGroat, R. G. Langston, Beatrice Spaulding, T. J. Sweeney, Ila Cook, W. R. McDonough, Leota Friend, Catherine Welch and Harold Hopkins.

Springfield White Sox Played Winning Ball This Month

Defeats Meted Out to Monett Tigers Twice and North Shops—All Games Close

AFTER an indifferent start of the season, the Frisco White Sox of Springfield are steadily in their stride, and have won several victories from excellent opponents, according to a dispatch from J. R. Hoover, manager.

The Clover Town Team met defeat at their hands on June 28 at Doling Park by a score of 5 to 4.

On July 4 and 5, the Sox met the Monett Tigers at Doling Park, and defeated them in both games, the first by a score of 6 to 5, and the second 5 to 0. On July 9, an intra-Frisco game was played with the team from the north shops at White City Park, and the umpire was forced to call the contest in the seventh inning because of darkness. A good-sized crowd of fans witnessed the game, which was closely played. Pitcher Rowden, of the Sox, allowed only 21 players to face him in the seven innings, and his support was admirable, not an error being recorded in the score book.

The Sox and the North Shops team meet again July 29.

An Example

Mrs. Biggs: "Let's go to California in our flivver."

Mr. Biggs: "It's too far."

Mrs. Biggs: "Why so? These peaches came all the way from California in a tin can."

Bowling Season Launched At June 28 Meeting in St. Louis

Plan for Complete Fall Schedule—E. J. Jochum Elected President

The Frisco Railway Bowling League held its first meeting for the coming season on June 28, 1925.

One of the most important matters discussed was the election of officers, and the following will hold office during the coming season: E. J. Jochum, president; O. B. Duffy, vice-president, and F. W. Rose was again elected secretary and treasurer.

The Frisco will have eight teams this year and they expect to have a much better season than the one just ended. The work of selecting alleys, and arranging a schedule has already been undertaken, and will be completed within a short time.

A great deal of interest was shown in the match games of the past season, and the Frisco teams made a splendid showing.

DO YOU REALIZE—

That trouble comes seldom to those with plenty of work to do?

That the English language is called "the mother tongue" because father never had a chance to use it?

That still, we have yet to honor the husband who helped with the dishes and was shot by his wife?

That it is easy to accept another man's opinion when you are about to ask him for a favor?

That it is really a hard life? Men will not be nice to you if you are not good looking and women will not be nice to you if you are?

That it is easy for nations to be friends, but the hard part is to get the people to like one another?

That a smile is your best reference and introduction?

That the ordinary tax payer isn't hardboiled? He is merely soaked.

That paying cash for what one wants is a good way to break the habit of wanting so much?

That the slight cold in the head is a bad cold for the fellow who has it?

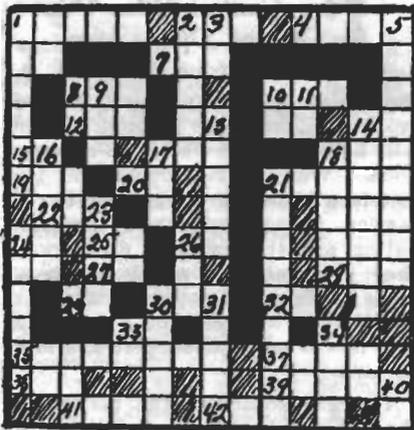
That you will find it always pays to work and smile overtime?

That being an easy mark saves a lot of wear and tear on the disposition?

That any girl is happy if she has so many frocks she can't decide which one to wear?

That the closer a man is the more distant his friends are?

WORK THIS ONE



Well, this is about the last crossword puzzle to be printed in the Magazine. They are fast becoming passe'. The public found that after all it really increased the vocabulary, and instead of fun it was hard work!

So, it is about as rare NOW to see somebody working one out as it USED to be to find someone who WASN'T working one out!

But, this puzzle comes from A. N. Nelson, foreman of section ten at Immermere, Texas. This puzzle is a test for any railroad man, and after it has been worked out, it will explain a few of the mysteries of the track department to those who aren't in it.

This passing of the crossword puzzle craze is sadly lamented by the Editor! Because it's up to him to find the next latest gasp! Such a life!

HORIZONTAL

1. Track laborer (slang).
2. Take up slack.
4. A portable machine for raising great weights.
6. A male.
7. A snare.
8. In place.
10. Trackman's word to stop to get new hold when lining track.

12. An Indian's greeting to a white man.
15. A man's name.
17. Consumed.
18. Every particle.
19. Track in bad condition.
20. Speaking of things or people (slang).
21. To clothe.
22. Father.
24. Rough ground (abbr.).
25. The yellow or gold color represented on an escutcheon.
26. A car when re-railed.
27. A force or natural power supposed to produce mesmerism.
28. Day of the week (abbr.).
29. Railroad (abbr.).
32. A negative.
33. That is (abbr.).
36. A stimulant.
37. An ore.
38. Just out of the factory—just made.
39. Egg shaped.
41. To point out.
42. Retreat.

VERTICAL

1. Muck-stick.
2. Opposite to day.
3. Not outside.
5. What a man must have to be a good trackman.
8. Shilling (abbr.).
9. An age.
10. An adjective.
11. Direction track goes when being surfaced.
13. To rule.
14. A graduate.
16. What a trackman does when another flies a spike.
17. American Medical Association (abbr.).
18. A grown-up.
21. The cause of sun-kinks in track.
23. An opening.
24. Condition of ties when removed from track.
26. A peculiar derailment.
30. To go away.
31. Reproved.
33. An impersonal pronoun.
34. Contents of box car.
40. A prefix.

Facial Stucco and Flat Purse Cause Trouble in McGinnis Family

(Continued from Page 14.)

When she shows up again, her face is black and she really does look better, so I gathers up the bundles to go. "Wait a minute, dear," says she. "Please write Madame a check for eight fifty." Right then and there I lost my good humor and proceeds to froth at the mouth.

"What! eight fifty for just a haircut and a batch of concrete smeared over your food chute!" I bellowed, as mad as a wet hen.

"Yes, dear," she replies, and something about her tone of voice told me further argument would be disastrous, so I writes the check and we departs toward the hack to go home and fight it out. Just as we turns the corner to start, a report like a rock quarry blast told me a shoe had blew out and I proceeds to put a longshoreman in second class as to profanity. The rubber surgeon over at the Elite Tire Shop diagnosed the case as fatal, so I has to part with fourteen more plums for a new casing and then we started home on high.

All the way out to the house, silence was golden save for the rattle of various parts of Rebecca as she rolls along and when we gets home I put the hack in the stall in no peaceable frame of mind and goes into the house to have the battle that I knew was coming. The Missus didn't say anything for awhile, which means she is only getting ready to shower down on me right in a little spell. All of a sudden she busted loose, the eye water telling me at the same time just what she thinks of my kind of manhood and then it is up to me to stop the tearful shower and make peace.

After about an hour she agreed to let up and say I wasn't so bad, so I goes out in the yard to barber the lawn. Pretty soon the phone rings and it was the caller as usual. I was called for a passenger special, west, and because it was class A service, I didn't try to lay off, but put on the Signals and packed the keister. No matter how hard-shelled I might have been previous to this, all the anger fed like a vagrant mouse when I sets down to the feed the wife had fixed up. There ain't a question about it, that girl knows her "doodgies" when it comes to fixing up the grub, so I tells her how good she can cook, which seems to patch up all the difficulty. However, I refrains from saying what an expensive cook she is, for various reasons, and went down to the smoke house to swell the pay check and get even with this French-Irish girl called Epidermis. I'll say this for that Sheba, her name fits because she specializes beautifully at skinning loose the last plum from the bank account.

Oh, well, come easy, go easy.

*Doodgies: Meaning marbles.

Solution for Last Month's Puzzle

