
Miss Frisco Clad in Fashion's Latest



One of the newer balbriggan outfits, with velvet combination, attractively worn by Miss Erma Reece of the master mechanic's office of Kansas City, Mo. A fox fur completes the outfit.



Miss Fanchon M. Johnson, of the office of Mr. B. J. Gleason, local freight agent, Kansas City, Mo., makes a charming model in this sport coat, with wide bordering of brown shades, and dyed squirrel collar, a most popular adjunct to a fall wardrobe.



A very late flare skirt satin model, with highly-colored chain-stitch embroidery. The hat, of wide brim with smocked crown, makes the outfit most charming. The model is Miss Irene Morrison, of the office of G. F. Macgregor, executive general agent, Kansas City, Mo.

Grown-Ups
Please
Be Quiet

THE TWILIGHT HOUR

A Page
Just For
Children

NOVEMBER—that month when winter is whistling around the corner and evening time brings ruddy glows from fireplaces and the air is crisp and cool.

November also brings Thanksgiving with golden brown pumpkin pie with crispy crust.

Nan and Joe Lewis had been counting the days until Thanksgiving. School let out for a week then, because, you see, it was a country school. They lived on one of the most beautiful farms in Missouri, and right near the Frisco railroad.

It was great fun to go to the place where the trains went by and wave at the engineers. Why, Nan and Joe just thought the Frisco was the finest railroad in the world, and they were quite sure no other road had such beautiful big engines, or went so fast.

Near the place where the Lewis farm was located, the ground was slashed with high precipices and deep ravines. One of the old engineers, Mr. Smith, a friend of the family, had told them that the Frisco had spent lots of money to cut out the road along that division, and to insure safety for the public at all times, a number of track walkers were employed. They walked the track night and day, for fear some huge stones would roll down and cause a serious accident.

One day Nan and Joe saw one.

"Are you a track walker?" asked Nan.

"Sure, and where did you find out me occupation?" answered old Patrick, with a cheery smile.

"Oh, we know all about you and what you do. It's a lonesome job, isn't it?" Joe asked.

"Sure and it is—but it means safety for the lives of all of the good folk who ride the Frisco. If a big boulder should tumble down the hill—it must be gotten off quick. But I mustn't linger. No. 801 will be clipping along presently and it's quite a ways I have to be going before she comes. S'long and it's hoping, I am, that I'll see you again." And away he went, followed by their admiring eyes, for to meet anyone connected with the Frisco Railroad was a great treat for Nan and Joe.

Thanksgiving morning dawned, cool and clear. The November sun crept up over the hill.

Pumpkins had been gathered, and mother was removing from the oven, three of those delicious brown pumpkin pies. There in the oven was the turkey, sizzling and brown, stuffed so full of dressing that his sides stuck out. The sweet potatoes were crisp and sugared. The gingerbread was cut into big squares and filled two plates.

Mother was fussing and hurrying about the kitchen while grandmother was setting the table. Company—of course. She was setting the table for ten!

"Daddy" Lewis was reading the paper in the living room. Nan and Joe had one of the biggest pumpkins they could find in the patch, cutting out ears and eyes.

"Oh, I know what let's do!" suddenly exclaimed Nan. "Let's take this pumpkin down to the railroad track this evening when it gets dark and maybe the engineer will see it."

"Gee, that's a good idea. I'll bet that poor old engineer hasn't had any Thanksgiving dinner today. Wish we could give him some of ours. Anyway, if he's forgotten about it bein' Thanksgiving, we'll make him remember it when he sees this pumpkin face," and Joe cut away, rounding out ears and eyes and a mouth.

My, what a dinner there was at the Lewis home that day! All the relatives from miles around came and they had to add four extra chairs, and even then, Nan and Joe had to eat in the kitchen—but the turkey drumsticks tasted just as good.

Evening came, and just before darkness, all the company went home. It had been a great day and everybody was truly thankful.

"Daddy, may we go down just to the pasture fence and set this pumpkin on a post to show to the old engineer when he goes by?" Nan eagerly asked, when the last guest had departed.

"Yes—but no farther. Come back within an hour."

"Daddy" Lewis always was such a good sport, and so Nan and Joe bundled up and picked up the big pumpkin face. Besides matches and a candle, Joe carried with him his electric flashlight, because the wind was blowing strongly and the candle might be snuffed out.

They reached the fence—placed the pumpkin on the post and sat there, anxiously peering into the darkness and listening for the familiar sounds of the approaching train.

Joe threw the flashlight this way and that, eagerly discussing with Nan, just what the engineer would do when he saw it. Maybe he might blow his whistle and they would know for sure that he knew who they were.

Then suddenly Joe's face became tense. His flashlight was centered on a huge boulder right in the middle of the track!

"Look, Nan—a boulder! The train is coming soon, too. It must have just rolled down. What'll we do?" Joe was white as a sheet.

"I—I—don't know," stammered

Nan. "We must stop the train, though—the track walker said it meant many lives to keep the track clear. Let's put the pumpkin right in the middle of the track—that's all we can do."

"—hurry, Nan—help me lift it. We'll put it in the center of the track and then we'll flash my flashlight. Oh, Nan—maybe we'll be in time!"

They headed straight down the track as fast as they could run. Gaining a distance of some quarter of a mile, they placed the pumpkin in the middle of the track and lit the candle. Their only hope was that the wind would not blow it out before the engineer got a glimpse of it.

"Now, Nan—you stand there and throw the light on me and I'll scream and wave my arms. Isn't that it coming?"

The night, clear and cool, brought sounds of the approaching train.

"Oh, Joe—let's say that little prayer we say every night."

The candle flickered, but held its own against the wind. Closer and closer came the train and finally its headlight pierced the night. Joe and Nan worked frantically—Joe waving his little arms and Nan, tense and trembling, threw the light full in his face and across his shoulders.

What was that terrific noise—!

"Nan—Nan," Joe shouted, "He's putting on the brakes. Oh, Nan—he saw us." Nan didn't hear because of the terrific grinding of wheels and brakes, but she knew what was happening.

Some few feet further on the train came to a dead stop and Nan and Joe walked up to the engineer's cab and told him of the huge boulder.

It was an hour before they finally got it all removed. The track walker had made his rounds just a few minutes before the huge boulder dropped on the track and if Nan and Joe hadn't decided to show their pumpkin face to the engineer, well—this story might have ended another way.

The funny old pumpkin face had performed its task nobly, and fragments of it lay scattered along the track. The engineer and fireman took Nan and Joe up in their arms and told them what a wonderful thing they had done.

The whole trainload of people crowded in around the two youngsters and it was there that "Daddy" Lewis found them and learned of their heroic deed.

But that was long ago. Joe grew up and became an engineer and he often tells his little son of the incident.

And Nan? Nan met a beautiful Prince and they married and she lived happily ever after, too.



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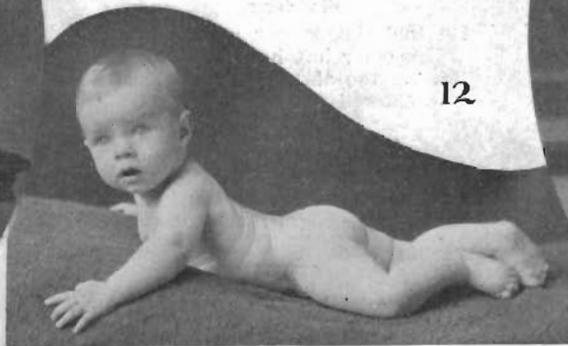
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FRISCO BABIES

1—Georgia Ann, 4 months, daughter of H. C. Strickler, Sapulpa. 2—Dorothy Westbay, age 5, granddaughter of J. W. Ruggles, Monnett, and H. H. Westbay, Ft. Smith. 3—Virginia E., 6 months, daughter of Harold Doerr, interline clerk. 4—Beverly, Mary John and Betty Jean, granddaughters of H. A. Van Ness, Oklahoma City. 5—Grandson of Engineer W. F. Amick and son of Kirby Taylor. 6—Jack, age 2, son of Dr. J. D. James, Springfield. 7—Artaur H., Jr., age 8, son of A. H. Tichenor, St. Louis, Mo. 8—W. T., age 8, son of Section Foreman Hiram Wyatt. 9—Frankie Lucille, age 2, daughter of Glen O. Sisson, Neodesha. 10—Robert, age 1, son of C. W. Archdale, Monnett. 11—Wallace Dutton, grandson of W. P. McNair. 12—Harold, son of W. D. Price, Springfield.



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Yes, sir! We still have model wives! (1925 models!)

I'll Bite

"Why does a stork stand on one foot?"

"I'll bite, why does he?"

"If he lifted the other foot, he'd fall down!"

Wait!

Lady (to waiter in station restaurant): "Did you say I had twenty minutes to wait, or that it was twenty minutes to eight?"

"Nayther. Oi said ye had twenty minutes to ate, an' that's all ye did have—an' yer train's jist gone."

One objection to the short skirt is supposed to be that it makes women look shorter—but again, of course, there is the consideration that it usually makes men look ever so much longer.

Not Guilty

First Stenographer: "The idea of you working steady eight hours a day! I would not think of such a thing!"

Second Stenographer: "Neither would I. It was the boss that thought of it."

Alright

"Why does a prohibitionist prefer a blonde?"

"Because he fears a brew-net!"

(Notre Dame Juggler)

Oh!

"How do you know the ancient Hebrews slept five in a bed?"

"Because Moses slept with his forefathers!"

Atta Boy!

"Which would you rather have—a lion eat you or a tiger?"

"Neither—I'd rather the lion ate the tiger."

The fool and his money are soon parted, and nature should arrange a similar alienation of the fool and his car.

Ouch

One day I walked
Among the flowers,
I came across some bees,
I thought them most industrious,
Hunting sweet things 'neath the leaves.

I turned my back
Up toward my shack,
And one of the damn things stung me!
Period.

Same Thing

Doctor: "Madam, your husband is suffering from voluntary inertia."

Wife: "Oh, the poor man, and I have been accusing him of being lazy!"

You would certainly expect that rents would be low now, with so many people living in their automobiles.

Not Now!

Doctor: "Are you an epileptic?"
Mose: "No, suh, ah votes a straight ticket now!"

A fool and his money are soon parted in order that others may make both ends meet.

A New One

"That isn't the same story you told me before."

"No, lady, you didn't believe the other one."

Business this summer was not as good as we hoped for, but it was better than we expected.

Evidence

He told the flapper of his love
The color left her cheeks;
But on the shoulder of his coat,
It showed for many weeks!

Wives are women who tell husbands when to change their socks; husbands are men who kick about the grocery bills!

An optimist is a man who is going to get married.

Keep Off!

The fall evening gowns for 1925 remind one of barbed wire fences.

They protect the property, but don't obstruct the view!

Hired

Mistress: "Can you serve company?"

New Maid: "Yes mam, either way."

Mistress: "What do you mean, 'either way'?"

New Maid: "So's they'll come again and so's they won't."

Some birds are not satisfied with the natural noises their flivvers make, but they have to have a few tire chains clanging on the fenders to add to the din.

A Chicago Romance

Papa loves mamma,
Mamma loves men,
Mamma's in the graveyard,
Papa's in the pen.

—Ames Green Gander.

No one leads a more trying life than a police judge.

The Inferior Masculine

"There's no chance for us any more," complained a young fellow out of work. "Everywhere women are snapping up the best jobs. Now just look at that!" and he pointed to two pretty girls meeting nearby, rapturously kissing each other.

"Well, what of that?" asked one of his listeners.

"Oh, just another woman doing a man's work," replied the youth bitterly.

A guest in a New York hotel reached for a bed quilt and thought he had found a one-dollar bill.

No Suh!

"Ras, I heah you is gone into business," said Miss Amy Brown.

"Yas, dasso," answered Rastus Pinkley. "I'se raisin' chickens an' sellin' 'em."

"What's de matter? Has you los' yo' appetite?"—Boston Transcript.

The part of the auto that causes more accidents than any other is the nut that holds the steering wheel.

"AMONG OURSELVES" THE SECTION MEN-

YOU REPORT RECEIVING
1700 FEET OF RAIL AND
THEN SHOW USING



2000 FEET-
WHERE DID YOU
GET THE RAIL?

THE ROADMASTER'S CLERK
CAN PUZZLE ANY
FOREMAN-

NOW MR. FLANNIGAN - I WANT
YOUR ACCIDENT REPORTS
BRIEF - UNDERSTAND?



"YESSUR"

SUPT.

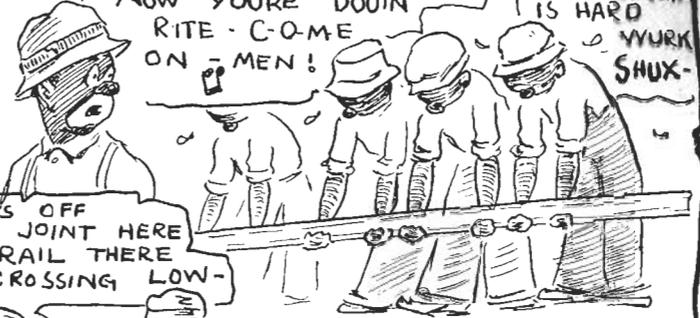
JOHN GODSEY

THE NEXT
REPORT-

Supt -
Eng 1209
off again
on again
gone again
Flannigan

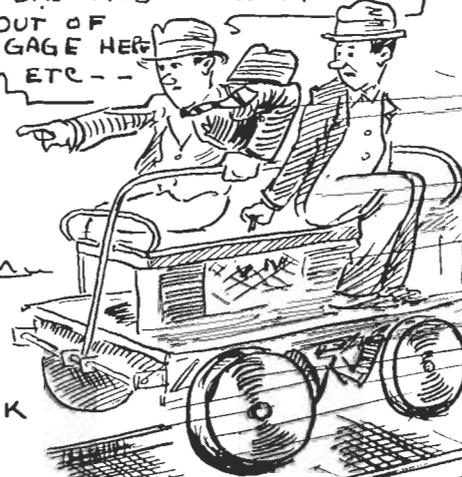
"HEAVE 'EM UP HIGH
NOW YOURE DOOIN
RITE - C-O-ME
ON - MEN!"

DAT NIGGA
SAYS SINGIN
IS HARD
YURK
SHUX-



TWO BOLTS OFF
THERE - LOW JOINT HERE
SPLIT HEAD RAIL THERE
BAD TIES - CROSSING LOW -
OUT OF GAGE HERE
ETC --

IT WOULD TAKE
50 MEN TO LIFT
A RAIL WITHOUT
A "SINGER"



A ROADMASTER
CAN SEE ANY
THING GOING
40 MILES ON
A MOTOR CAR -

PUT - PUT
PUT



TRACK
WALKER
OUT ON A
STORMY
NIGHT-