

Germany. He entered the service as locomotive engineer on the Memphis Line in December, 1900, and was later transferred to the position of yard engineer at Memphis, serving in that capacity until he was retired, July 31, 1924. His pension allowance was \$32.50 a month and a total of \$2,177.50 was paid him during his lifetime.

NILS ALGOT ANDERSON

NILS ALGOT ANDERSON, pensioned blacksmith, died at his home, 925 Orville avenue, Kansas City, Kans., on January 27. He was born in Gillberge County, State of Werm-land, Sweden, July 14, 1862, and came to America in the fall of 1882. He entered the service of the old KCFS &M at Ft. Scott in the roundhouse in January, 1884, as a laborer. He later served as blacksmith helper and then blacksmith at Ft. Scott and Kansas City until his retirement on February 21, 1912, on account of total disability. His pension allowance was \$20.70 a month and up to the time of his death he had been paid a total of \$4,036.50.

ESOP DOWNER

ESOP DOWNER, pensioned crossing watchman, died at his home at Greenfield, Mo., January 12. He was born August 28, 1849, in Smithville, Ohio, and entered the service as wiper at Ft. Scott in October, 1884, working there and at Kansas City in various capacities. His last service was as crossing watchman. He was retired January, 1914, on account of total disability. His pension allowance was \$20.00 a month and he received a total of \$3,760 while on the pension roll.

"JACK" TAYLOR DIES

**Veteran Officer Passes Away
January 18 at Springfield**

JOHN GEORGE TAYLOR, pensioned special engineer, residing in Springfield, Missouri, died from a heart attack and paralysis at the home of his adopted daughter on January 18, 1930. He was born March 2, 1864, at Cincinnati, Ohio. His father was a railroad contractor. At the age of 14 he began carrying water for an extra gang, at Alton, Illinois. In April, 1880, he entered the service of the Frisco as a flagman with a surveying party and served near Wichita, Kansas. He also served the Frisco as resident engineer for the system; resident engineer, Central, Southern and Red River divisions; district engineer, Eastern division; superintendent, Ozark and Western divisions; division engineer, Southern and Southwestern divisions and spe-



JOHN GEORGE TAYLOR

cial engineer at Springfield, Missouri. He was married on November 30, 1892, to Miss Enra Forsythe of Peirce City, Missouri. Mrs. Taylor died in 1913. Mr. Taylor, affectionately called "Jack," was one of the most widely known and best loved of the veteran railroad men of Frisco Lines. He was known to have personally aided many poverty stricken families and friends relate numerous instances of his kind deeds, which he disliked very much to have known. He is survived by two sisters, Miss M. H. Taylor of Boston, Mass., and Mrs. Ellen T. Wade of Alton, Illinois, and Miss Freddie G. Draughon, an adopted daughter who has served in the traffic department of Frisco Lines at Springfield for several years. Burial was made in Peirce City, Monday, January 20, 1930.

ANOTHER NEW INDUSTRY

Unique among the new industries on Frisco Lines is the International Pigeon Farm, Inc., established recently at Miami, Okla.

This company has about ten acres under lease in the outskirts of Miami and at present has two large houses completed for the birds. Mr. Clyde Cochran is proprietor. The farm is now stocked with 2,000 pigeons, but it is planned to increase the stock to 5,000 pairs shortly. They will begin marketing squabs soon. The company was organized with a capital of \$6,000 with ten men interested; however, they are taking in additional interests which will bring the total capitalization up to \$10,000.

For breeding stock, French Red and Silver varieties of pigeons are being used. These birds weigh about a pound and a half and it is estimated that the care, feeding and up-keep per bird is about \$2.50 a year. The birds produce from six to ten squabs a year which are sold when six weeks old at the weight of about a pound for sixty cents.

The proprietor of the farm is experienced in squab production and expects to find a market among the hotels in the larger cities of the Southwest. The squabs will move by express altogether.

A CHALLENGE HERE

There was a challenge in the handling of Santa Fee 50853 and four other cars received from the Santa Fe at Wichita recently—not a challenge issued in words, but one that speaks out more loudly, one voiced by the actual performance. The facts alone of this movement invite other employes whose work is connected with handling cars to equal this feat.

These cars traveled an average distance of 116 miles in the fifteen hours they were on Frisco Lines. But the distance they traveled is only a part of the story of the handling they received in the interim between 1 p. m., January 13, when they came from the Santa Fe, and 4 a. m., the next morning, when they were delivered back to their owners. During this time they were loaded at Wichita and then moved to Piedmont. Upon reaching Piedmont, they were set out and speedily unloaded. Shortly after they were picked up, hurried back and delivered to the Santa Fe. All of this hapening in so short a time, there can be no doubt that the thought uppermost in the mind of each employe who assisted in this movement was to save per diem.

FUEL PERFORMANCE RECORDS

(Continued from page 23)

1,970 gallons oil, performance 11.1 gallons or 132 pounds per 1,000 gross ton miles.

Beaumont Sub: Engineer THOMAS, fireman BENECKE, engine 1319, February 13, Beaumont to Enid, average train haul 1,378 tons, burned 2,165 gallons oil, performance 12.3 gallons or 146 pounds per 1,000 gross ton miles.

E. H. & A. Sub: Engineer TRINKLE, fireman SPARKS, engine 1623, February 12, Bessie to Enid, average train haul 664 tons, burned 1,043 gallons oil, performance 15.6 gallons or 186 pounds per 1,000 gross ton miles.



Wee Kitty Grey and Her Mistress Solve a Problem

(A New Version of the "Cat and the Canary," With Some Mystery, Too)

"O H, mother, let me keep it?" said little Mary Ellen.

"Keep what?" asked mother.

"This darling little kitten. We found him down by the railroad tracks when we were taking Daddy his lunch. Look isn't he cute. He's all furry and nice and warm, but he's so hungry."

"How do you know he doesn't belong to somebody?" said mother.

"And how do you know he isn't dirty?"

"Oh, mother, he's all right. He washes his face all the time. He's just as clean as—as Ivory soap!"

By this time Mary Ellen had poured a saucer of milk from the bottle and had placed it on the floor. Kitty Grey was lapping it up in hungry fashion.

Mother surveyed the scene. Mary Ellen hadn't had a pet since Billy the dog had been run over by a car. Well, perhaps the cat would go home, so she'd let Mary Ellen keep it for awhile.

But Kitty Grey didn't have a home, although she wasn't able to tell them so. She had just jumped out of a box car and she came from—well, she didn't know where. It had been a long time since she had seen the daylight and there was neither food nor water in the car. But the minute the switchman had opened the car she had bounded out and fortunately Mary Ellen had appeared on the scene. She was a friendly little waif and purred and hummed a little song against Mary Ellen's leg.

And now she lapped the milk contentedly in the Crawford home while Mary Ellen watched her. When she finished she went over and purred against Mary Ellen's legs for which she received an affectionate pat. A little later on, Mary Ellen found her curled up on the divan, a wee little ball of grey fur.

Nobody came for Kitty Grey and she didn't wander home. She was contented and happy. Mother Crawford found that she was no trouble to keep and kept Mary Ellen in off the streets during the daytime when school was over. In fact, one could find her curled up beside her little

mistress most any hour in the day when she was at home.

When the new surroundings had worn off with Kitty Grey, she began to take in the house more in detail and then she spied Jackie the canary. Mother was the first to see her when she found his existence.

Hmm-mm! I'll have to watch that cat! She told Mary Ellen never to leave chairs or tables near the bird cage or they would find Jackie dead some day.

"Why Mother," said Mary Ellen. "Kitty Grey wouldn't do a thing like that. She's too grateful for a home. Anyway I wouldn't like her a bit if she killed Jackie!"

"Well," said mother, "I know cats pretty well. If Kitty Grey knew the sorrow it would cause you to lose Jackie, of course she wouldn't think of killing him, but it's just instinct you know, for cats to kill birds."

"What's instinct?" asked Mary Ellen.

"It's something we're born with, Mary Ellen. It's something in us that tells us to do certain things. Wild animals have that instinct to kill things for their food and while Kitty Grey is not wild, if she were hungry, she wouldn't stop at killing Jackie." But mother kept worrying. And Kitty Grey kept casting anxious glances at Jackie. Mary Ellen wasn't at home all the time and mother found that Kitty Grey had added worry to her many duties.

One evening mother had a talk with Mary Ellen. "Mary Ellen, you'd hate to have Kitty Grey kill Jackie, wouldn't you?" she asked.

"Why of course, Mother," Mary Ellen replied.

"Well, I'll tell you what let's do. Let's send her to Aunt Emma's and next summer when we visit there, if you want her we'll bring her home. You know Aunt Emma only lives fifty miles from here and she'd like Kitty Grey."

For several moments Mary Ellen looked at Kitty Grey and then at Jackie. "Well, I don't want to, mother, but if you say so."

And so Kitty Grey was done up in a

basket with little air holes on the side and the next thing she knew she was in another strange house. Kitty Grey was satisfied with the first one. She couldn't understand how little Mary Ellen had ever wanted to be separated from her, but of course there were lots of things she couldn't understand. For days she wandered around Aunt Emma's house, casually interested in her surroundings.

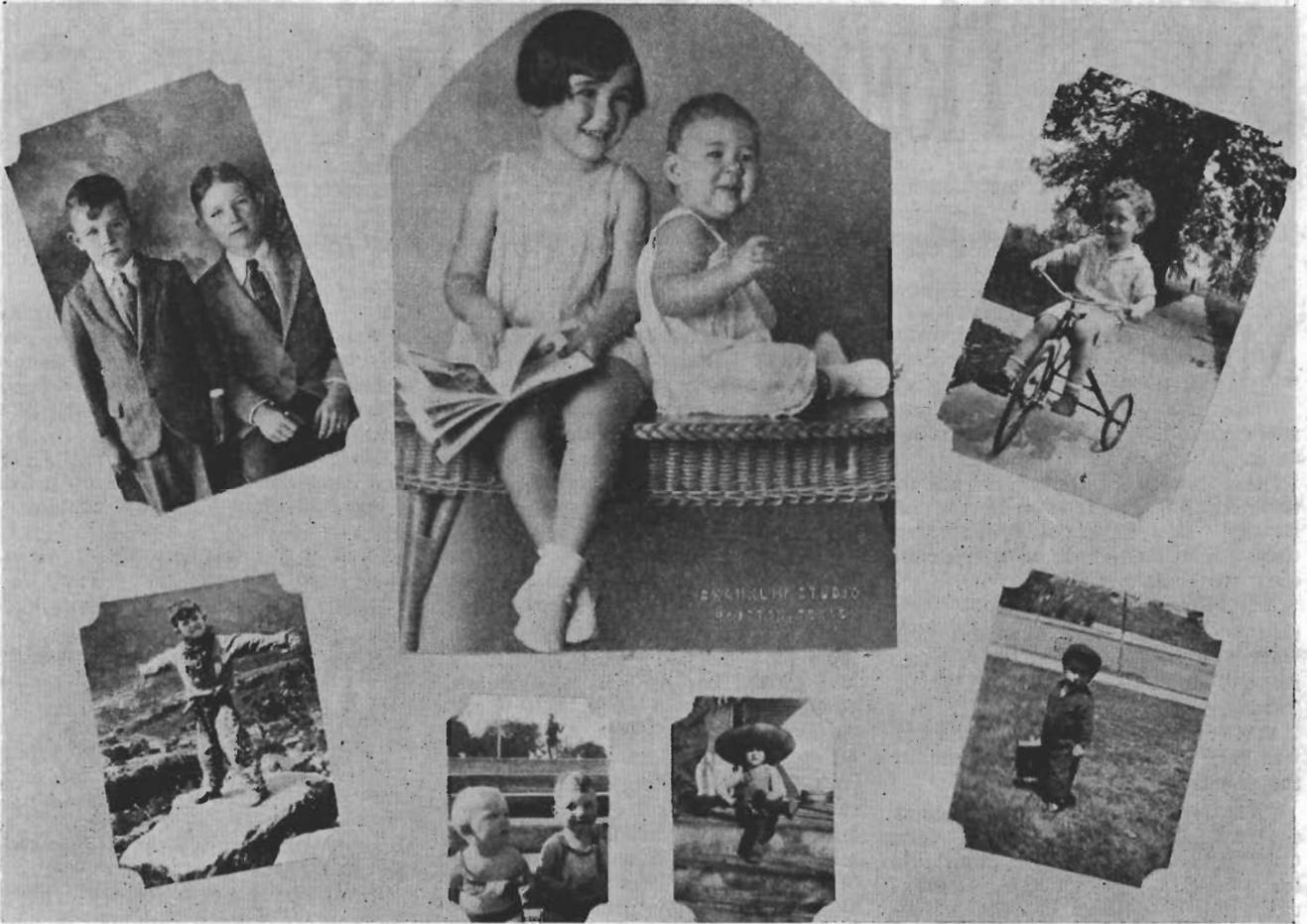
One day she was sleeping by the window in the sunlight. She had a thought. Why not run away and go back to Mary Ellen.

The first time she went outdoors, she started on her return journey. How cats travel for miles with that uncanny sense of direction is a marvel to many, but Kitty Grey held that "instinct" which told her just how to get there. She started out over the cold, icy ground. She had to sneak through yards and across streets, heavy with traffic. It was cold and she was hungry most of the time. But there was a firm determination in her little head. She was going home. Once in awhile she would find a garbage can and would take from it the things which were edible. Then she would go on. Barns and old sheds proved a sheltering place when she was too tired to go on. She let no one touch her, for she was afraid that she would be caught and kept from continuing her trip. Those days and nights were a nightmare. Oh, how sore her little feet were. They were swollen and cracked open and it seemed that she could go no farther.

Then Mary Ellen's mother got a letter from Aunt Emma. Kitty Grey had disappeared. Aunt Emma said she had been gone three days, but she felt sure she would return. Inwardly Mary Ellen's mother smiled. She did not want the cat to suffer, but most anybody would pick her up and give her a home and she felt slightly relieved that Jackie's life was now out of danger.

Three weeks went by, and neither Aunt Emma nor the Crawford family had heard of Kitty Grey. They had

Frisco Babies



Top row, left to right: Marvin, age 7, and Dale, age 11, sons of Mr. O. F. Nowlin, agent-yardmaster, Madill, Okla.; Jean Ann and Betty Ruth Springer, granddaughters of Mr. J. E. Springer, assistant traffic manager, Birmingham, Ala.; Robert D. Gibson, age 4, grandson of Mr. Pat Herd, roadmaster, Northern division.

Bottom row, left to right: William L. Huggins, III, age 5, son of Mr. W. L. Huggins, Jr., director of publicity; Carl Werner Casteel (left), 8-months-old son of Mr. Carl Casteel, clerk in the demurrage department, Springfield; Jim Furgeson Whitten, 4-year-old son of Mr. G. C. Whitten, cellar packer, Sherman, Texas; Francis Lee, age 2, son of Mr. Charles C. Gandy, Rosedale, Kans.

almost ceased to worry about her.

It was Sunday, and the family were having their big Sunday dinner. Suddenly they both listened. Mary Ellen heard it first—a faint "Me-ow." She turned her head and listened. Mother was up in an instant and opened the back door, and Kitty Grey almost fell in. She was not too tired to purr against Mrs. Crawford's foot, and then looked hungrily at Mary Ellen.

Her little feet were swollen and her nice, smooth, grey fluffy hair was matted and dirty. Her eyes told the story of sleepless nights, and pain.

Mary Ellen sat as if in a stupor.

"The cat has walked back from Aunt Emma's," said mother

"But she couldn't," said Mary Ellen.

"Well—there she is, look at her feet! She's traveled all the way back," said mother.

Mother dished up a plate of bread and gravy and Kitty Grey dived into

it as if she had never had a thing to eat in her life before. It did them all good to watch.

"Well," said mother, "if she likes us well enough to walk back fifty miles, I guess we'll have to keep her."

And when dinner was over, Daddy Crawford was on a stepladder, hanging Jackie's cage way up toward the ceiling out of reach of danger and Mary Ellen was bathing Kitty Grey's feet with warm water and smearing mentholatum on them.

Kitty Grey had merited a home for life.

CAN YOU DRAW?

You little railroaders whose fathers are engineers and firemen on the Frisco's big locomotives, why don't you draw for the *Twilight Lady*, pictures of some of these big Frisco engines.

The drawings must of course be very neat and drawn with black ink

on paper which will take ink without smearing.

If you do not have a chance to study the big locomotive close at hand, take any Frisco magazine and you will find several pictures of locomotives each month, and from them you can work out your drawing.

Most of you take drawing at school, and you can ask your teacher as to the ink and the paper and let her pass on your drawing before sending it in to *The Twilight Lady*.

We cannot publish all of the drawings that come in, but we will publish several of the best ones. They must reach the *Twilight Lady* before the 15th of the month.

With the drawing, send a little letter, telling us of your father's position with the railroad, and if he is an engineer or a fireman, tell us where he runs and the numbers of his locomotives.



Homemakers' Page



A Few Minutes With Two Railroad Wives

In Which a Typical Morning Conversation Is Reported by Our Eavesdropping Editor

MRS. Brown opened the door in answer to a ring of the door bell.

"Why how do you do, Mrs. Cook, won't you come in?" she said pleasantly.

"Just thought I'd drop over a minute this morning. Haven't seen you for an age. How have you been?" Mrs. Cook seated herself in a comfortable chair in the Brown living room.

Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Cook were railroad wives. Their husbands both worked in the offices of the Frisco railroad in the city of Ft. Worth, Texas.

For some time they discussed the weather, spring clothes, and finally the discussion led to the kitchen.

"What in the world are you going to have for dinner tonight," Mrs. Cook asked. "I just rake my brain for something new and it seems I can think of nothing but the old potato-meat meal. I'd like to find something new and good and wholesome."

"Well," said Mrs. Brown, who was noted for her culinary art, "I'm going to have broiled steak, baked potatoes, buttered cabbage, tomato and cucumber salad, hot rolls, peach pie and coffee."

"That sounds awfully good," said Mrs. Cook. "I always try to include a salad in the meal, but do you know Bobby, like all boys, just won't eat vegetables, and fresh fruits and salads."

"I have the same trouble with the children," said Mrs. Brown, "but I try to camouflage the vegetables so they won't realize that they're getting wholesome food. You know I think vegetable soup with early spring vegetables always helps to start off a spring meal. The days aren't so warm yet. I've often gotten by with vegetable chowder, made from two cups of diced potatoes, one cup of diced carrots, two stalks of celery and one cup of peas. This I cook with one thick slice of onion and a quart of milk and it makes my family rave about how good it is. You see the potatoes, the carrots, the celery and the peas can all be leftovers."

"Going to try that some time, too," said Mrs. Cook. "You're so tasty about fixing up your children's lunches. Bobby often asks me why I can't fix up something for him like you fix for your son. What do you put in, he never can remember?"

"Well, this morning I fixed up an egg sandwich, a carrot and honey sandwich, a tomato, grapes and graham crackers and gave the children money for a pint of milk," said Mrs. Brown. "Another time I remember, Mary said she had such a good lunch and I fixed her up jelly sandwiches, chopped carrot, cabbage, celery and cottage cheese salad in a small jar, an apple, graham crackers and milk."

"No wonder the children talk about their lunches. I hadn't thought of such wonderful combinations," remarked Mrs. Cook. "I don't think children can study on empty stomachs, or hurriedly prepared lunches that contain ginger snaps, heavy pork sandwiches and pie and all that stuff. I try to use whole wheat and graham bread."

"I went over to the school the other day and was talking to the teacher and she said you had no idea how important it is to check up on the proper height and weight of our children. Undernourished nervous children, several pounds below normal weight, cannot be expected to give full attention to school work, nor be active when at play."

"And she told me that poor nutrition is a frequent reason for children beginning school late and also for frequent absences for minor illnesses, to which undernourished children are so liable. In most cases a little special care under a doctor's direction or by the practice of proper health rules will bring the children back to normalcy and insure good health throughout the rest of their lives. Since then, I've been checking up pretty closely on Bobby's weight and his diet."

"I find," said Mrs. Brown, "that plain puddings such as custard, junket, cornstarch, rice or tapioca are well liked and do not prove as heavy

as most of the desserts, and we do have to watch their diet, for it seems to just govern their lives."

"Isn't that a new lamp you have?" Mrs. Cook asked.

"Oh no, that's one I made," returned Mrs. Brown. "The base is made from a big can that formerly contained coffee."

"Well, it's beautiful, but I must hand it to you—you're certainly ingenious. I could never make one like that," said Mrs. Cook.

"Oh, by the way, are you going to the meeting of the ladies auxiliary tonight?" asked Mrs. Brown.

"Yes, I had planned on going. I got a passenger for Henry the other day. A friend was visiting me and when she returned home I asked her if I couldn't get her ticket back for her and I did. Guess I'll report it at the meeting."

"Sure—tell them all about it. That's one way we women can help among our friends. Of course we can't get out and solicit business, except when we come in contact with it. I have the promise of my grocer that he will ship all his goods over our railroad and when the man brought the oil for our furnace the other day, I got the name of the concern and called them and asked them how they got their oil and they said it came Frisco. So I said that was all right, but if it didn't I wanted them to be sure and see that it did."

"Well, I must be going," said Mrs. Cook. "I wish you'd run over when you get time. I have been talking to Henry about doing over the kitchen this spring. It seems its such a long way between the kitchen stove and the cupboard. I want him to look at your kitchen and I'll copy it if you don't mind."

"Not at all, my dear—any time I can help you with any little problem, please ask me," said Mrs. Brown. "And I'm going to the meeting tonight—won't you ride over with us?"

"Surely—it's at 8, so you just call when you're ready."

"About 7:30. We'll go early and meet the new members," said Mrs. Brown.



Flashes of Merriment

Doc's Orders

"Did you do as I said and drink hot water an hour before breakfast?"
 "I tried to Doc, but ten minutes was as long as I could keep it up."

OH MY!

*For Valentine Day she bought me
 Some green and yellow ties,
 Her heart is in the right place,
 But where, oh where, are her eyes!*

Such Talk

"Say, I never had such corn on the cob. Take it back, it isn't fit for a jackass to eat."
 "Very well sir, I'll get you some that is."

GOOD IDEA

"Why do you go out on the balcony when I sing?"
 "I don't want the neighbors to think that I'm beating you."

OH YEAH?

*As they sat alone in the twilight,
 She said as she smoothed his brow;
 "Darling I know my life's been fast,
 But I'm on my last lap now."*

Are You?

"I want a nice, creepy book."
 "What are you, a book-worm?"

A STRIKE!

"Mary, here's a hair in the pie crust."
 "It must be yours John—perhaps it came off the rolling pin?"

Oil Wrong

She drove to a filling station and asked for a quart of red oil.
 "Red oil?" repeated the garage man.
 "Yes, my tail light has gone out."

And So On—

"I can't raise \$100—that's all there is to it. I received a notice this morning from my bank about being overdrawn."
 "Well, can't you try some other bank? They can't all be overdrawn."

A Slight Rap

The cashier of a small movie house pushed out a ticket to the customer. The ticket cost a quarter, the customer shoved in a fifty-cent piece and went off without the change.
 "Does that often happen?" asked a man standing nearby.
 "Very often," said the cashier.
 "What do you do?"
 "Oh, I always rap on the window with a sponge."

THE PROPER QUESTION

Expectant father, awaiting news:
 "Well, nurse, will it use a razor or a lip stick?"

A Paying Proposition

"How much do I pay for a marriage license?"
 "Five dollars down and the rest of your entire salary each week for the rest of your life."

A pedestrian is one person who has found that it doesn't pay to go straight.

ZAT SO?

Automobile drivers do not own the street. A great many of them in fact, do not own the automobile.

That's Right

They had to make skirts long, to be skirts any longer.
 —(Arkansas Gazette)

Just Like Him

A Scotchman went into a hardware store and asked for twenty cents worth of plaster of Paris.
 The clerk inquired what he wanted it for.
 "For fifteen cents," the Scotchman replied.

A RUSH ORDER

"Which would you prefer in your future husband—wealth, ability or appearance?"
 "Appearance, my dear," replied the spinster; "but he's got to appear pretty soon."

CRIME IN EGYPT

And the maiden's cry on the Nile was, "Egypt Me!"

Divorce

A Chicago woman came into a lawyer's office and said to him: "I want a divorce."
 "Certainly," said the lawyer. "For a nominal fee I will institute proceedings, and should experience little difficulty in procuring it for you."
 "What do you call a 'nominal fee'?" asked the client.
 "Five hundred dollars," said the lawyer.
 "Nothing doing," retorted the lady. "I can have him shot for ten dollars."

AND THEN—

Colonel (to candidate at O. T. S.):
 "And the next time I see you, I hope you will be a second lieutenant."
 Candidate: "Thank you sir. Same to you, sir."

You Can't Fool 'Em

Teacher—"We are going to have a little talk on wading birds. Of these the stork is one—what are you laughing at, Elsie?"
 Little Elsie—"Oh, but teacher—the idea of there being any storks."—Ex.

In a Whirl

Absent-minded Professor (going around in one of those revolving doors)—"Bless me! I can't remember whether I was going in or coming out."

EXERCISE DOES IT

As the dancer took his fair partner down to supper, she seemed to hypnotize the waiter, for he seemed incapable of taking his eyes off her.
 At last the dancer could stand it no longer
 "I say, my man," he observed "what makes you stare so rudely at this lady?"
 "It ain't rudeness, sir, believe me, it ain't," returned the waiter. "It's genuine admiration. This is the fifth time she's been down to supper to-night."