

old soldiers of these days have passed away, and some claim 15 or 20 days after Henry Watts was located there Mat Golden was still carrying a police club.

Some of J. J. Collins' friends are going to the dentist after eating his pecans.

**SPRINGFIELD—WEST SHOP.**

(J. A. Pullar.)

Dan Morrow says that carrying a pig is harder work than railroading.

Fred Stracke and Hickory Ridge won jack pot of one hundred simoleons.

Since the Menace burned down at Aurora, Dan Wendersmith and John Tanner don't know how to spend their time. They've nothing to read, guess they will have to subscribe for the Yellow Jacket.

Claude Keltner says there is big money in possum skins, as he has purchased a large cottage on Monroe Street.

In the course of human events it is most fitting to occasionally renew our vows of friendship and good will, especially at Yuletide, and the beginning of the New Year. To this end we, the undersigned, promise to plan to arrange and govern our thoughts and actions that the petty annoyances of others may not destroy our mental calm, or get our "goat." (Signed) Chas. E. West and members of Rod Gang.

Raymond "Sandy" Fussell has become an expert on hauging links. He has just completed a big job of applying a new valve gear on Ed Foster's wheelbarrow.

Mitchell King was married January 1. The boys wish them long and happy life.

Boilermaker Charlie Stapp of West Shop will challenge anyone on the Frisco to a fistie encounter. Weight 148 to 152 pounds. Would like an early reply. Address Johnnie Larkin, West Shop, Springfield.

The foreman of the West Shop heard a noise near the auto shed a few days ago and thought a switch engine was off the track, but found the trouble was Jack Triger trying to start his Maxwell.

All the hunters of the West Shop have decided that Dolly Groves is entitled to a medal, as he says he got 15 skunks and 2 possums in two hours, and says he expects to beat that next season.

Mr. Willie Murphy has been buying several expensive diamonds and is thinking of getting married real soon.

Bill Robinson always holds a dime or two now since John Barleycorn died.

Machinist "Dog" Crutcher is spending his spare time studying chemistry.

Archie O'Hara is planning a trip to Belfast, Ireland, for this summer, if they get all the bombs and torpedoes out of the water by that time.

Joe Ford decided not to spend the winter trapping, because he could not find out how Samson caught them fox.

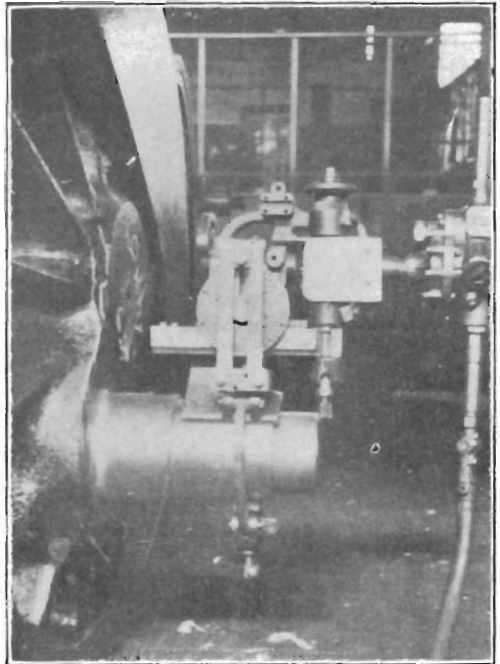
Committee of Machinists on the Dance.

namely, Creamer, Schafer and Disbro say they expect to hold the dance on or about February 28.

Jas. Albert Clayton has returned from St. Louis. Wonder if there are no more bitters in Springfield.

Al Hogan gave some of his friends a Christmas present, but not all of them.

Pal Waldo Stahl is happy on account of Friday coming on the 13th in February, as he is going to attend the A. H. M. meeting.



INVENTION OF FRISCO EMPLOYEE.

The above is another of R. E. Elick's inventions. Mr. Elick is Assistant Machine Foreman of the West Shops. An eccentric crank arm key seating machine for cutting key ways into the main pins on monkey motion valve engines. The old method was to drill a series of holes, then use a hammer and cold-chisel, which required one hour or more, and the use of the electric crane to turn the driving wheels around. Now the crane sets the wheels on the driving box track to fit the boxes. This machine is lifted on the pin as the illustration shows, with one hand. Time required for milling each key ways is 8 to 12 minutes, floor to floor with machine, and makes a very neat job.

Zeke Rugh says he is off of Bill Wallace as he always wants to shoot squirrels with a shotgun.

Shorty Daggett is easing up a little, as he gave his friends one pecan for Xmas.

Notice, if you want to know about anything, any place or any where and when, see George Kuhn upstairs.

Ralph Dickens must have something on his mind because he spends most of his evenings at Frisco Beauty Parlor. Maybe he has his eye on a girl.

"Ollie Great Northern" Waits wants to get back to nature so bad and wishes he had a farm near Chadwick.

Mitchell "Slim" King is now a married man, and very much so, and smiling regularly.

Boys, if you want to win a girl get next to that "come to me" smile originated by Fred "Fuzzy" Guggle, Blk. on Fire 4.

Clarence Nash is all dressed up with rags around his throat. We know how it is to have a sore throat and have to drink water.

Jim Reho predicts a great year for farmers and farmerettes. No wonder he drives south on the Campbell St. road every night.

Arthur "Sweetie" Claypool has been suffering with a severe toothache, but is much better since having it extracted. But we are afraid he will feel worse when he gets the bill.

Pete McSweeney is sore because they call him Republican. Would rather be called a real Socialist.

"I will announce for the benefit of The Frisco-Man readers that I have purchased a new suit of overalls and I am ready for another three years"—Dad Crawford.

Painter Allen Nelson seems to be on the same road as "Slim" King. How about it, Allic?

F. E. Hope is learning to chip left-handed under the instructions of Ott Dupree.

W. G. Perry, of the Forge Shop, spent several days in the neighborhood of Hickory, Mo., showing the natives how to eat at a wedding dinner. Leave it to Wilbur, he knows how.

Miss Mabel Boren, steno in Superintendent's Office, is a candidate in the auto contest at Heer's store, and will appreciate all votes she can secure from the many friends at the shops and offices in Springfield, and all other Springfield friends. Come on boys, let's give a friend a boost.

The boys all welcome Machinist Dewey Patterson back. Dewey expects to settle down and says Springfield is some town.

Elmo Ryan, machinist apprentice of West Shop, will challenge any one on the Frisco, weight 118 pounds. Address Johnnie Larkin, West Shop, Springfield.

Machinist Zeke Hendricks deals in hides and calls them cattle. He says feed comes awful high, but he gives them all the water they can drink.

Ernest Busbee has been confined to his home for the past three weeks very sick, but is reported as very much improved, and expects to be back to work this week.

John Schrable says he wishes there never was a Supreme Court.

Henry Deckert caught 19 poor rabbits that could not run in the snow. He says that is better than a shotgun, no chance to get away.

Homer Daggert says he saw the man go out the back way door with \$5, but the police could not find any foot prints.

Walter Morehead says there is one extra day in this year, and he expects to get it.

Lost and found. G. A. Bain, machinist, formerly of West Shop, is in the machine shop business at Lake Charles, La.

"Happy" says that was not a cowboy hat he lost at the dance, it was a nice Charlie Boy hat.

Machinist Bob Charlton has returned to work after being off for three weeks with an injured knee, caused by falling out of bed.

Machinist Flagg is flagging down driving boxes now.

The recent cold spell failed to drive the old Indian guide back into Gang 2.

Cold weather drove Steve Snyder into town. He left the cork out of his jug of wine and the cold weather drove all the kick out of it.

Two pounds of raisins and one shovel of meal and a little sugar dissolved and Goldie Evans' wife had to lock him up in a room.

Aleck Yoder claims there is no fish in Current River, and Preacher Fitch claims there is. Who is right?

It may be that the man Homer Daggert saw going out the back door was the old Indian guide.

All aches and pains can be treated successfully by the Dr. on pit 5.

Machinist Thos. Kelly transferred to Sherman, Texas. The boys wish him luck.

Henry Grant has been moved to lower end of the shop, and his friends hate to lose him.

R. M. Ray, machinist helper, in driving box gang claims it will be a long time before anyone will know how Samson caught them fox.

Robt. Weeks has some very good garden seed. See him for particulars.

#### SPRINGFIELD—NORTH TIN SHOP.

(Fred Shanks, Tinner.)

Tinner H. S. Smith, who has been in the hospital for a few days, has recovered and is back on the job.

Perry Drake, tinner, says he will live forever on the kind of pie Clyde Kellogg feeds him.

Ward Good says rabbit raising is good if you have lots of money, otherwise do not try it.

Jim Lightwine, tinner, says farm life is all right for some, but Frisco shops for him.

Tinner Apprentice Doras Bass still goes home to see his wife and gets back in his 30 minutes' lunch period.

Crip Shanks, tinner, is succeeding in teaching his two boys boxing. They expect to become world champions.

Fred Stokes, pipefitter helper, traded his old gray mare for a cow and received \$10 "boot."

Harry Shaw, sweeper, is doctoring on every stray animal in the shops.

Ed Garrett says his new Elcar is the best car he has ever had.

Henry Gafner took Jim Wolfe riding on his Harley Davidson and scared him half to death. Jim swore he would never ride with Henry again.

Alfred Pauley is wearing small shoes so he can learn to "shimmy" just right.

Syric Poage is keeping fat on the nice red apples Clyde Kellogg brings him every day. Poor Poage's teeth are out, so the apples must be mellow.

George Holden, foreman of the Tin Shops, says we are going to have six snows this winter. Wonder how he knows?

Hiram, pipefitter helper, says he is going to take a clean-up on the Fourth of July.

Elmer Lightwine says his Chalmers will make 50 miles per hour, but we think Elmer is a poor judge of speed.

### ALL IN A DAY'S WORK.

(Special Correspondence, Disbursements Department, by Veritas.)

Heretofore we have been accustomed to look upon the railroad official as one being possessed of some phenomenal quality that we ourselves lacked. In fact we looked upon the official title as we might look upon the rings around Saturn. But the rings have evaporated and we now see and understand somewhat differently. We now realize that we are all human, and being human, we are addicted to all her ills and cares, and we are particularly blest with curiosity these days—curiosity of the mystery of the closed door, and, dear Frisco people, the foregoing is the preamble to the dialogue to follow.

Your casual observer was rather observant the other day, as well as curious. The scene of action is on the twelfth floor of the Railway Exchange Building. The clerks in some mysterious manner appearing busier than usual, and nervous as well, until the news filtered around. The dialogue follows:

Clerk No. 1, who handles numerous vouchers, struck a snag. "That's got me," says he. "I'll have to see the Big Boss," and ventures within that closed door, soon returning to his desk.

Clerk No. 2, who is exceptionally fat and humanly curious, squirts a mouthful of tobacco juice half in the cuspidor and half on Clerk No. 1's shoe, all on account of his hurry to ask: "How is he? What sort of a guy is he anyhow?"

"Oh, man! he agreed with me in everything. I'm sure surprised. He's a swell guy, I'll tell you."

"Gee, that's fine. I was just wonderin' how he'd be. I hope I get a chance to talk to him, too."

Clerk No. 3, who is quiet and cool, struck a snag, too. He had trouble about how to dispense with a tie in suspense. "It's



PAUL "DIZ" MAYER.

Of the Mechanical Department, Springfield. "Diz" says he enjoys nothing better than outdoor life and reports he has been getting lots of it since he bought his "Big Six." No more "shimmying" for him as garage bills and two ropes keep him broke.

too dense," said he. "Wonder what the Big Boss will do about it." Emerging some time later with the tie fully adjusted.

Clerk No. 4, who is a commission agent occasionally, slowly turned around to clerk No. 3, chuckles to himself, "Say, what sort of a guy is he any way?"

"He's a fine fellow, sensible, too."

"Believe I'll go in and see if he would like to get on the list. He may be able to use a pound or a dozen."

"Please yourself, Moses, he's a fine fellow any way."

Clerk No. 5, who is a lanky sort of a fellow, struck a snag, too. "That's rotten to me," says he. "D should never have signed that claim, assuming responsibility, and no waybill reference given. The Big Boss will have to see this, that's a cinch." He also emerges smiling to the back of his head.

Clerk No. 2, laughing heartily, and his rotundity with him, says: "What's the matter No. 5? Look like you've had a picnic."

"I'll say so. Gee whiz, that guy is a prince," responds No. 5.

"Gee, I hope I get something to talk to him about; he sure must be," ejaculates No. 2.

Clerk No. 0, the mysterious clerk, goes over to Clerk No. 6 about statistics. "Hay, youseen the new boss yet? Have you spoken to him?"

Clerk No. 6 is also rather obese, laughs to himself and rubs the end of his nose with his fat finger, grunts one of those German grunts, and says, "No, I've seen him, and he hasn't sent for me. That shows I'm doing the work all right. No, I'm satisfied."

Clerk No. 7, one of these blime's y'know, struck a snag, too. "An authority G-13 bawled up again. Lor' bless a feller. By Jove, Mr. Davis will 'ave to see it. It's a bloomin' rotter, y'know. Blawst the wooden eyes on 'im, anyhow." And he emerges somewhat later with a smile that won't come 'h'off.

Says Clerk No. 1, "Say, blime, ain't he a swell guy?"

"He's a bloody King, mate. Blime if he didn't offer me a glinkin' fag. Yea, mate; made me light 'er up, too. He's a bloody King, mate."

Clerk No. 8, somewhat lean and bespeckled; first to get behind the closed door; would not deviate one iota from that inborn trait, and would not comment prima facie.

Clerk No. 9, the congenial fat steno, has been too busy to explain, her only comment to the above mentioned clerks was that "He's got Daniel Webster down O. K."

Clerk No. 10, the little fat Scotchman, upon being approached by the mystery clerk zero said, "He hasn't had occasion to

talk to the men in the dugouts," and would reserve judgment until a more opportune time.

So, dear clerks, you must admit that all of us have a humorous side to us, and it would be a mighty dull world if we couldn't laugh now and then. But the intent of the foregoing dialogue is an explanation, a revelation of the Mystery behind the Closed Door. (Continued next month.)

## SPRINGFIELD—MECHANICAL DEPT.

(J. W. Seabaugh)

In order to cut down the H. C. L., Chas. Thompson bought himself a hog and undertook to do the butchering himself. He got along fine until he went to skin the porker and then his troubles began. He has, as yet, been unable to dispose of the hide which he has offered "Fur Sail Cheap." The hide, he thinks, should make a nice coat or rug. He was also unable to use the feet as they were covered with corns and looked as if said hog had worn a pair of English Walking shoes all its life. Charles said it only took one and one-half days to dress the hog which weighed 112½ pounds.

Anyone wanting leggins made, or shoes half-soled see J. W. "Doc" Seabaugh.

Wanted: A hair restorer with a guarantee on both ends. No massage creams or hair tonics need answer, Lloyd Lamb.

Several trips to Avoca, Arkansas, and a brand-new pair of nose glasses, through which Miss Elizabeth Blake claims she can see almost as well as she could without them, is causing no end of worry among her friends. Of course, we can understand the glasses, but what is the other attraction?

Miss Mabel Ketchum has been studying maps of France and Italy a great deal lately and spends much time in staring into space as if studying whether to accept or not. Rumors say she has been offered a position with a reconstruction company.

After receiving much favorable comment on his vocal selections rendered at the Landers Theater, Ed Foster has decided to enter the movie world and expects to be a big screen sensation with his favorite selection. "If you cut Charley Boren's nose off he could not say a word."

Miss Eunice Stark says she remembers perfectly well that Christmas, 1918, was on December 29. She also is becoming musically inclined and recently brought some of her sheet music to the office with her, which proved to be "The Shimmie" when inspected by several of the clerks.

R. E. Mansfield, our suburban equipment clerk, was an earnest worker in the last Red Cross Drive.

Assistant Chief Clerk John Conley claims he has a wireless phone on his desk. "Hello, Kansas City, get closer to the phone. I can't quite hear you."



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M. A. Gleason and Perry Enslin are "diked" out in flashy new ties since Christmas.

The bunch would like to know the dark-complexioned gentleman who was flirting with Miss Campbell on Benton avenue.

Wonder what Mrs. Pride would say if someone told her Lela was making 900-900 eyes at a certain traveling man recently.

Anyone wishing to trade a pair of snow shoes and six street car tokens for a Chevrolet see F. M. Ferbrache.

Our poet, "Rip Van" Carl Edmonds, has just passed us his latest verse offering, which we wish to quote

Beautiful Snow.

It snowed all day and night galore,  
Then started in the morning and snowed  
some more.

It snowed all morning and it's snowing yet,  
If it don't quit by Friday I lose my bet.

Note.—The moon came out Thursday night, so Rip won.

F. S. Routt, our personal record clerk, says the Extra Boards must look like Christmas trees over the system from the number of Firemen who have passed examinations lately.

Edgar Johnson complains of losing sleep account of Edgar Jr. waking him each morning at 4 o'clock, calling "da da." This condition should be remedied at once, Edgar, or next summer he will forget to sound the horn and begin poking at your eyes with his finger.

Miss Millie Alcorn has a valuable secret which we are trying to get next to. It covers a system of sleeping until seven-forty and then getting to work by seven-fifty a. m. However, she has not explained what time she goes to bed.

We are led to believe a recent series of advertisements in the daily papers "Must be between the ages of thirty and forty; good looking, sweet, agreeable disposition; good cook, seamstress and housekeeper," has caught the eyes of a couple of our stenos, as Miss Hazel Dwyer and Bernice Alcorn have been making daily calls at the business office of one of our leading dailies.

Most of the commotion in the office lately has been made by Billie Craig's new necktie.

Does anyone know what has become of Sam E. Baer. He was last seen at a banquet in the city about December 30.

C. W. Cresson either gave away his hand mirror Christmas or broke it, as no one has seen him use it since that date.

Miss Wymer is expecting a change in her luck soon, which will be for the better, as she came to work several days ago with her dress on wrong side out.

Williams Vaughn has just returned from Lawton, Okla. After looking over his interest near an oil well. Watch him, Beulah.

Maurice Bougher spent New Year's day in Springfield. The stores were closed.

Why has LeRoy Prater been looking so blue of late? Ask Leon.

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