


THE FRISCO EMPLOYEES' MAGAZINE

VOL. 1 No. 12

SEPTEMBER 1924





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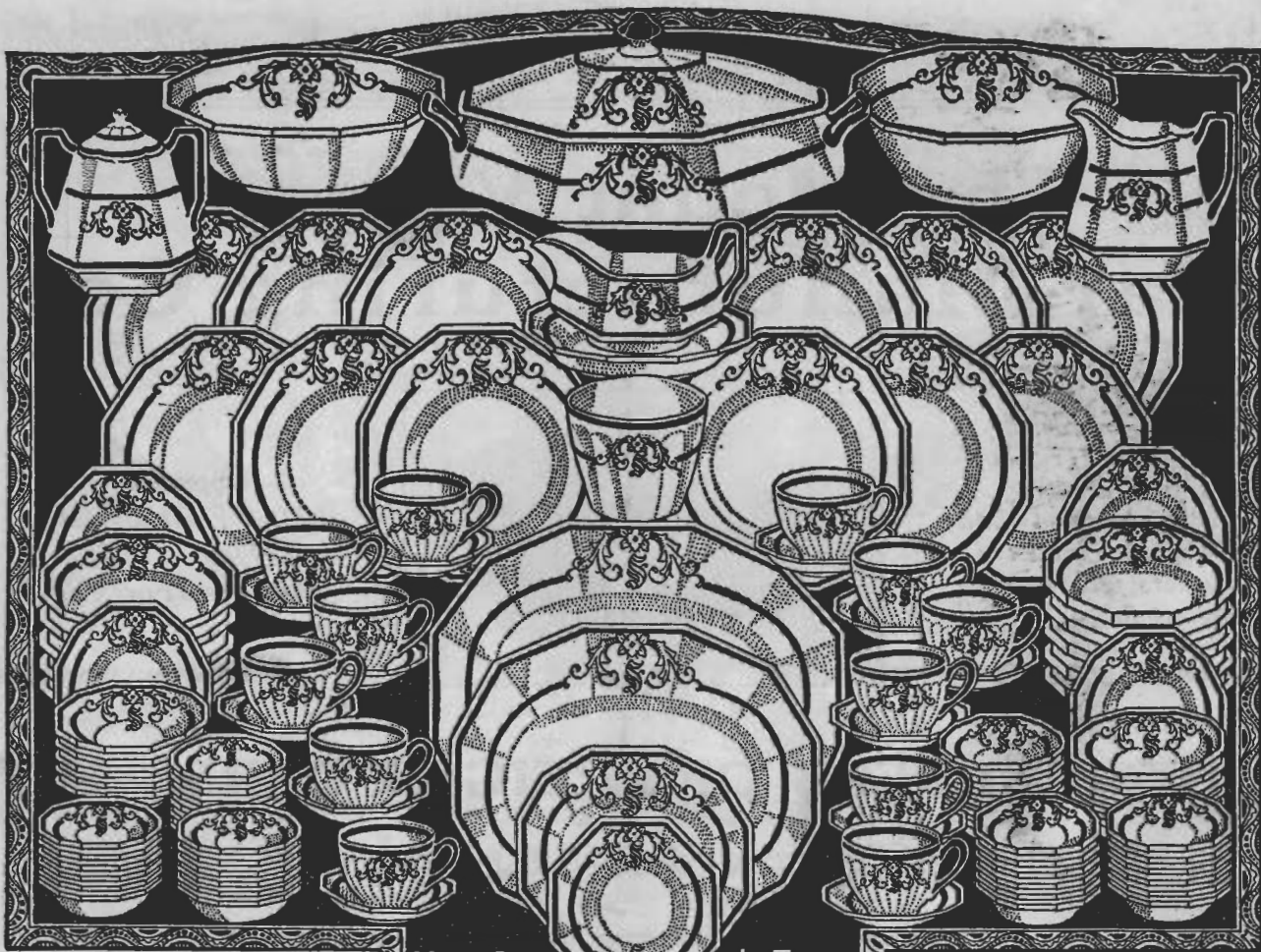
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Dept. 6668 Chicago, Ill.

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THE FRISCO EMPLOYEES' MAGAZINE

645 FRISCO BUILDING :: ST. LOUIS

Edited by FLOYD L. BELL

VOL. I

SEPTEMBER, 1924

No. 12

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THE FRISCO EMPLOYEES' MAGAZINE

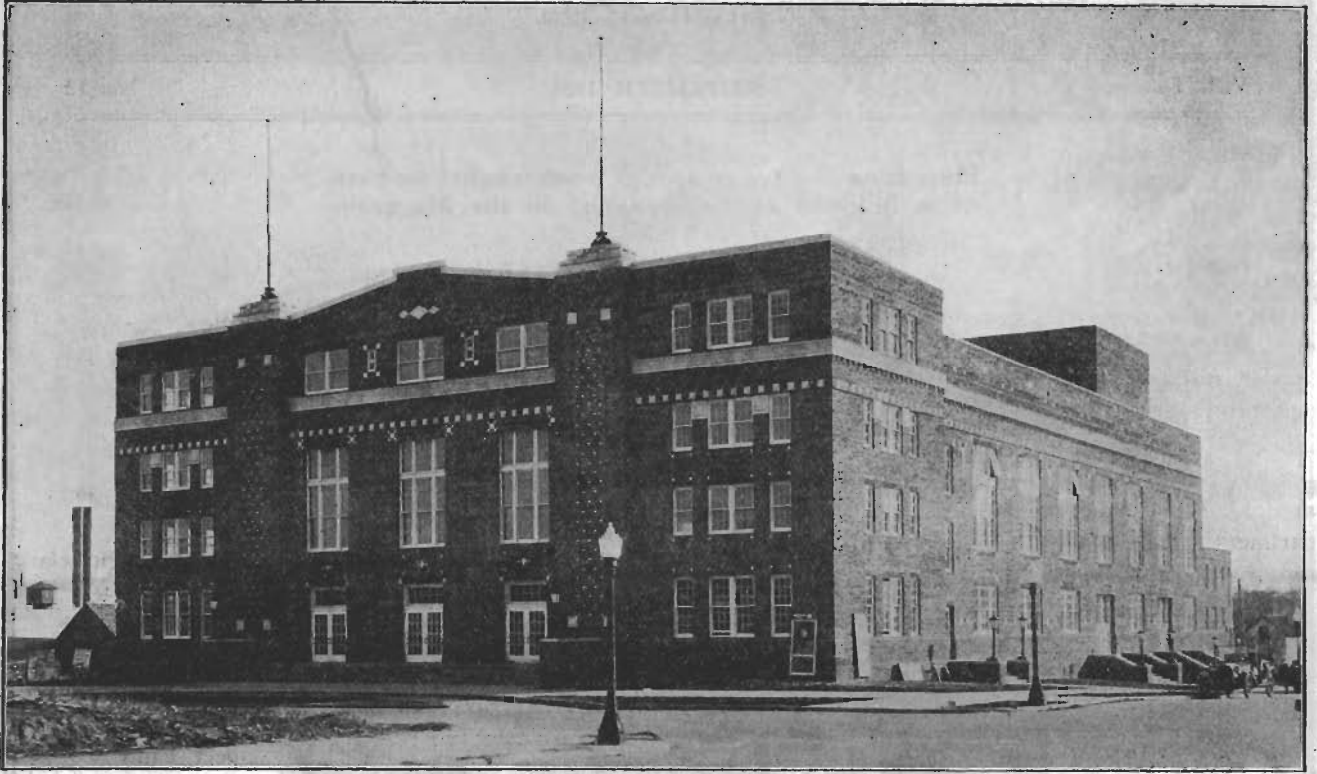
The Frisco Employees' Magazine is a monthly publication devoted primarily to the interests of the more than 25,000 active and retired employes of the Frisco Lines. It contains stories, items of current news, personal notes about employes and their families, articles dealing with various phases of railroad work, poems, cartoons and notices regarding the service. Good clear photographs suitable for reproduction are especially desired. All cartoons and drawings must be in black India drawing ink.

Employes are invited to write articles for the magazine. Contributions should be typewritten, on one side of the sheet only, and should be addressed to the Editor, Frisco Building, St. Louis, Mo.

Distributed free among Frisco employes. To others, price 15 cents a copy; subscription rate \$1.50 a year. Advertising rates will be made known upon application.

ENID One of Oklahoma's Fairest and Most Progressive Cities

By J. H. McKIDDY, for the Enid Chamber of Commerce



Convention Hall, Enid, Okla.

MARVELS cast their reflections to all the world since the white man came to Oklahoma to help the Indian build a community in modern ways. The easterner who makes a trip to the Southwest always changes his mind about the "wild stories of the wild country." He takes a message back home that wonderful things have happened in Oklahoma since statehood in 1907. Magnificent, modern homes have taken the place of wigwams and adobe houses; oil derricks almost take a place for every tree; broad, fertile plains of flowing grain and green pastures inhabited by pure-blood stock are now seen instead of the sand wastes; large business houses rear skyward in many cities which once were only small hamlets; a cosmopolitan population vies to make the state's hospitality felt to the far corners; there is a wonderful romance in it all and a thrill to all who come within Oklahoma's borders.

Of these marvel cities one rose out of the sand and uncultivated lands of thirty years ago to claim a distinction. It is the metropolis of Northwestern Oklahoma and the capital of Garfield County. Other cities of Oklahoma have risen rapidly from the uninhabited land of a few decades ago, but perhaps none can eclipse

the record of Enid, thirty years ago a vast, fertile country where only the Indian and an occasional cattle man roamed.

The story of Enid, Okla., is beautiful in itself, one that would make a book filled with struggles, romance with thrills to keep the reader interested. In its romance those who came to the barren country in the early days now look upon it with a mighty degree of pride when they see a city of 25,000 in all its modern facilities in contrast to the picture just three decades ago. In struggles, each pioneer has his own narrative that is always interesting to posterity. The fruits of their struggles are in "The City Beautiful," a name which has been applied to Enid.

Back before the year 1893, Uncle Sam owned a strip of land in Oklahoma, rich in soil, but non-productive. The land had been set aside as somewhat of a traveling ground for Indians in pursuit of their habits. However, the government had a habit of not letting land lie idle if it is good for anything and on September 16, 1893, a mighty mass of humanity and horse flesh surged and struggled across the southern line of the State of Kansas and from the southern

part of Oklahoma to inhabit the Cherokee Strip.

The name Enid is of Celtic origin, meaning the soul in its broader sense. With such an inspiring name the pioneers set out to put their souls in the work of making a city out of the land of "nothing." How they struggled is still upon the lips of all who yet live to tell of those days of hardships and thrills.

While not a pioneer railroad into Enid, the St. Louis and San Francisco Railway was not long in seeing the advantages of a line to this region. Prosperity of the country has helped the road to expand and become a large factor in the transportation system of North-western Oklahoma. Its growth is shown in the resume of its present operations. At the Enid station an average of 620 men are employed yearly, 175 trainmen, 285 in shops, 45 on sections, 50 in the switching service and 65 in the clerical division. The average monthly payroll is \$90,000, or \$1,080,000 per annum, nearly 90 per cent of the wages remaining in Enid. The car department rebuilt 344 cars in 1923. The road operates ten passenger trains and fifteen freight trains daily.

Rising from a few hundred inhabitants to a modern city was accomplished only by vision, that far-sightedness some men possess and work unceasingly until the task is complete. In that respect the city was fortunate from the beginning and was augmented by those who were pioneers and came in later for a somewhat unpraised part.

Since much is due them for their work, these men who worked hard all day and burned coal oil lamps late at night to plan something larger the next day, week or year, it would not be amiss to mention some of them, not forgetting some who remained in the background and had an indirect part—it would take many pages to name them all:

Judge Milton C. Garber, once United States Judge in Theodore Roosevelt's administration, and now congressman from the Eighth District of Oklahoma, located in 1893 at what is now Garber, Okla., 20 miles to the east of Enid, county seat of Garfield County. With his brother, Bert, he aided many in their first hard struggles by "carrying" them to where they could say their heads were above water. A few years later,

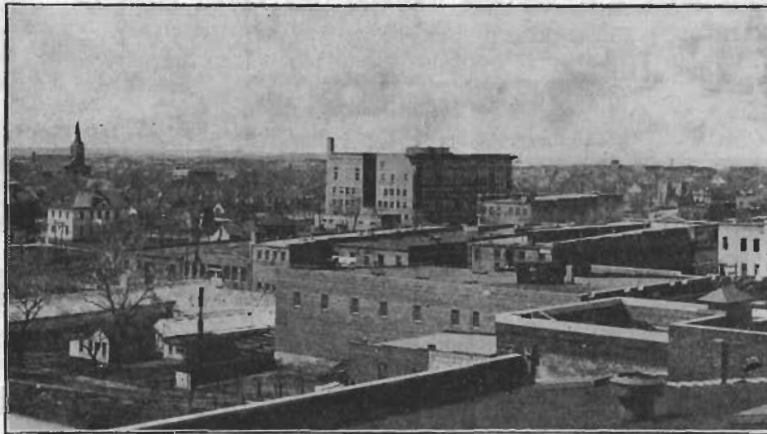
Judge Garber moved to Enid and set about in his part as a town builder.

A. P. "Pat" Wilcox, vice-president of the Central National Bank of Enid, is known as Enid's first man. He came on ahead of all to set up a postal station.

J. D. Minton, insurance agent, is known to have aided in the city's growth. Credit for Enid's possessing an abundant water supply of snow water that percolates from the Rocky Mountains, more than 99 per cent pure, goes to the late Newton Burwell, who fought for a deep well system instead of damming up "some pond," as he termed it.

O. J. Fleming, another banker coming later, was one who believed the prairie town had possibilities of a city.

Of the pioneer merchants the story must include Joe Meibergen and Marinus Godschalk, who set up in business immediately after the "run." Only one other store was in operation then, that of F. W. Buttrey.



Sky line of Enid, Okla.

Those who claim a wide degree of financial wisdom tell you very few cities prosper unless in debt, and in this respect Enid acquired the bonded indebtedness habit early. There was need for paving, fire protection, schools and such things that no

city can long do without. Even during the war when building in most cities of the state subsided and bonds were not marketable, Enid kept right on and had no trouble disposing of securities at a good commercial rate.

Along in 1918 before America had any idea of the war ending that year, the people of Enid and Garfield County began to think of some manner to remember the boys who fought and gave their lives in the country's honor. Memorial shafts, trees and other things were proposed. Judge Garber, who then was mayor, and his commissioner aides, G. W. Pancoast and Jas. W. Butts, decided to propose a bond issue to the people and erect some kind of a building. A public gathering place was needed more than anything else, they said. Consequently the next year bonds were voted to construct a convention hall. One block from the business square there now stands a four-story building covering nearly half a block, built at a cost of one-

half million dollars. It has a seating capacity of 5,000, the largest in Oklahoma, it is said, and no one has disputed it. Since the building has been completed, numerous conventions of various trades and professions of the state have been held in Enid, besides a number of high-class New York dramatic productions have been presented, such as "The Bat," "The White Peacock," "The Bronze Woman," "Up in the Clouds," "Hitchy Koo," Field's Minstrels and others. Bookings are now being made for similar productions to appear this coming fall and winter.

The Chamber of Commerce with 750 live members has its offices in Convention Hall, all its departments working for greater things.

Including Convention Hall, three buildings, the other two costing nearly a million dollars, have been erected in the last three years. The new Masonic Temple, a beautiful five-story building, and the magnificent American National Bank Building, eight stories high, followed closely after decision to construct Convention Hall. In fact, since the decision to build the hall, building took on an unprecedented impetus. Fine residences and business buildings are constantly going up in keeping with the business growth.

Other things that add to the pace of growth are good roads. While Enid is on the Meridian Highway, the Albert Pike Highway and the Abe Pass Highway, the county is keeping up its part with federal aid, and is constructing hard-surface roads every year in four directions from the city. There is no indebtedness on these roads, a certain levy being set aside every year by the county commissioners for construction. The county is free from debt, while the city is making rapid strides to get on top of its burden, including indebtedness of a disposal plant and a wonderful waterworks system.

Everyone who visits Enid agrees the city has been rightly named the "City Beautiful." Back long ago the vision of those who held the city reins of government took on the idea of beauty. Instead of narrow streets, they were made broad with pleasing avenues of trees. In the same vision parks were included, and the city boasts of twelve playgrounds for its populace.

There has always been an old "saw" that to have in-

dustries a city must have streams. Yet in this prairie town many miles from any river industry in many phases has cast its lot here and prospered.

To give an idea of what the city owns and of its wealth, along with that of the county, the following resume is subjoined in brief:

Enid is in almost the geographical center of Garfield County and has a population of 25,000, almost all white.

Enid has more railroads than any other city of its size in the United States.

Enid has the finest high school building of any city of its size in the United States.

Enid is the largest retail poultry market in the United States.

Enid has the finest Convention Hall, the most modern in architecture, complete in detail and equipment, and its auditorium has the largest seating capacity of any city in the State of Oklahoma.

Enid's power plant supplies electric current to more

villages, towns and cities outside of Enid than does any other electric power plant from any other city in the state. Names of towns supplied: Waukomis, Bison, Hennessey, Dover, Watonga, Geary, Fairmont, Covington, Oil Fields, Garber, Hunter, Lamont and Billings; total, thirteen; and in so doing requires 179.79 miles of transmis-



Masonic Temple, Enid, Okla.

sion lines and 89 employes to operate the system, with a monthly payroll of \$13,850.

Enid has six banks, five national and one state, and in volume of business ranks fourth among the cities of Oklahoma, and ranks twelfth in volume of banking business in the Tenth Federal Reserve District in which district are the cities of Kansas City, Mo.; Omaha, Neb.; Denver, Colo.; Tulsa, Okla.; Topeka, Kans.; Oklahoma City, Okla.; Wichita, Kans.; Kansas City, Kans.; Pueblo, Colo.; Lincoln, Neb.; St. Joseph and Joplin, Mo.

Enid city mail service: Total number of arrivals and departures of mail trains every twenty-four hours, 40; total number of employes required to handle the Enid mail, 55; total monthly payroll of same, \$9,749.70; total receipts for the year ending December 31, 1922, \$100,609.92, a gain of \$4,298.40 over the previous year, 1921.

(Continued on page 14.)

PARIS

In Texas, of Course, and A Hive of Industry



City Hall and Central Fire Station, Paris, Texas.

TEXAS is a big place—so big and so expansive are the bounds of its extensive territory that it has rightly been called “The Lone Star State” of the Union. From the time when the first pioneers blazed the trail into its vast, unoccupied territories, going back and sending back wild stories of the longhorns and real cowboys that possessed the land, there have been thoughts of wonder and imagination in the minds and hearts of the people of other states as they think of “Texas.”

The day of thinking that Texas is only a place where people go to see the native buffalo roam the plains, and a place where the rudeness of the western life exists, is past and Texas is coming to its rightful place in the production of great things, such as statesmen, artists, orators and cities.

The latter product named is the real point of the story, which concerns the progress and the

many interesting episodes of the City of Paris, which is really the “North Star” of the great state called “The Lone Star State.”

In the first place, Paris is one of the most modern, well planned, cleanest and most beautiful little cities in the South, and it has become famous within late years for just those things.

Three years ago Paris celebrated the centennial of the first settlement, in what is now Lamar County, with a pageant that depicted the progress and growth of the pioneer city for the last hundred years. How

much farther back history goes matters little, for what interests the people of today is what has actually been accomplished and what is happening right now.

Although Paris is one of the oldest cities in the South, it is at the same time one of the most modern. Rising from the ashes and cinders of a fire that destroyed practically



Airplane View of Plaza, Paris, Texas.

the entire city, with a loss of between \$10,000,000 and \$15,000,000, the city has blossomed forth to its present position as a commercial center and the metropolis of Northeast Texas.

In the spring of 1916, when the smoke and dust of the great fire cleared away, leaving masses of ruins over the city, the vast problem of reconstruction was before the citizens. It was at this time that the city plan was put into effect and the town was rebuilt. It is "tailor made," one might say, being cut to measure and fitted together by expert and experienced heads in charge.

The city is governed by a mayor, elected by popular vote with a council to act as an advisory board.

The 1,400 homes and business houses that were destroyed by the flames have been replaced by more than 3,000 modern buildings, which includes practically all the business district and a great portion of the residential district.

Paris has within its bounds over 25 miles of paved streets, 5 miles of street railway, 120 miles of cement walks, and 16 miles of sewers (the system is now being rebuilt and extended).

Being located as it is, Paris is the junction for two national highways, Nos. 19 and 5; and hard-surface concrete roads, going in all four directions from the city, joining on to gravelled public highways, make it accessible at any time of the year to the adjoining cities. Five railroads, Texas & Pacific, Texas Midland, Paris & Mount Pleasant, Gulf, Colorado & Santa Fe, and the Frisco Railways pass through Paris, thus giving ample railroad service.

That the city is interested in the welfare of its girls and boys is evidenced in the fact that there are ten public schools, including six brick ward schools and one high school that is one of the most modern and well equipped schools in the state; Notre Dame, a Catholic school; Paris Commercial College, drawing students from a number of states.

A Junior College has been proposed and in all probability will be in operation in 1924; and within the next year or so Paris will be offering facilities for univer-

sity preparatory work within its own doors to the children of the city and surrounding communities.

The spiritual welfare of its citizens is also provided for in the 17 modern churches, several of whom rank among the most beautiful and costly edifices in the United States. The First Methodist was recently completed at a cost of \$300,000.

Besides the things already named, Paris has two municipal parks, a well equipped tourist park, three hospitals, two private and one city-county; and various civic organizations, such as the Rotary and Lions Clubs, and various country and private clubs.

A glance at the industrial activities of the city shows that it has many factories, employing a total of 2,000 employes; and the annual payroll amounts to something like \$1,500,000. Among these are found a broom

factory, a handle factory, a crate factory, a modern furniture factory and an overall factory that is supplying North Texas and many other points with manufactured overalls and jumpers.

As cotton is the main dependence of the entire surrounding country, as well as the City of Paris, and Paris being the largest city within the radius of 120 miles, it naturally is a great center for cotton ginning, compressing and market-

ing. Four gins, two cotton oil companies and a modern, well equipped compress answer to the needs of the cotton which moves to market through Paris each year.

The city is adequately protected against fire by modern and well equipped fire stations, and the entire department is motorized with full-time paid crews to each of the several machines.

Lake Crook lies just west of Frisco Mile Post 579 and is the last word in an open water supply system. For years Paris has experienced, during the hot summer months, a shortage of water, but with the completion of Lake Crook, perfected by the damming of Pine Creek, and the acquisition of something over 3,000 acres of land, there is no need for worry that there will be an ample supply of water in years to come.

The plant is modern throughout. The dam is 4,600



Lamar County Court House, Paris, Texas.

feet in length and 135 feet at the base; 24 feet at the top and is 35 feet high. The spillway is in the center of the dam of concrete construction, 300 feet long and 10 feet deep. The inside of the dam is covered with a concrete apron which prevents the destruction of the dam by the waves.

The filtration plant is in keeping with the plant; and the pumping plant delivers to the city four thousand gallons of water per minute.

Lake Crook is now full of water and something over two thousand acres are covered with four billion gallons of water impounded, which will care for the needs of a city of 75,000 people. The present consumption is about one million and a half gallons per day.

Overhead storage in the city is 850,000 gallons, being supplied by a 20-inch main of cast iron pipe.

Paris has, as one of its principal activities, a municipal abattoir, established in 1909 by Ed. H. McCuiston, then mayor. It was the first institution of its kind so built and operated in the world, and in the short dozen years it has been in operation has served as a model for similar activities, not only in this country, but foreign lands as well. The abattoir is operated by the city, furnishing wholesome meats to the residents, and maintaining a storage department where the farmers store their meat the year around, thus minimizing the old-time losses. About 88 per cent of the meat consumed in the city is slaughtered at this plant, being bought in the surrounding country and in this way a market is provided for the livestock raised by the small farmer.

The whole plant is housed in a one-story wooden

building, and the cost when constructed was about \$10,000. Some parts, of course, have been rebuilt and late improvements and extensions have been made.

In connection with the slaughtering plant and cold storage, there is an incinerating plant and this has proven its value in many different and useful ways. The refused carcasses are disposed of in this way and all combustible trash, city garbage, dead animals of all sorts and waste of every description is hauled here and burned. This is another reason why the city is so clean, well kept and sanitary.

The curing plant, in connection with the abattoir, is another valuable asset to the city. Though its construction cost an additional, \$5,000, the plant has been worth many more times that much in the amount of meat that is cured and kept each year.

In the matter of industries, Paris has made progress. There is located here a box factory, distributing its output over the Southwest and in Cuba; a crate factory with a range of a dozen states; the largest vinegar factory in the world; and one of the largest printing establishments in the State, The Miller Company, making

overalls and shirts, with a payroll of 200; one flour mill, two cotton oil mills, a tool handle plant which supplies big Indiana plants, the compress handles cotton from all of Northeast Texas and some from Oklahoma, the ice plant has a big storage plant in connection; and the poultry shipments are looked after by one of the biggest shipping plants in Texas.

In wholesale houses there are three grocers, fruits and produce, stoves and hardware, optical supplies and other smaller lines.



The Gibraltar Hotel, Paris, Texas.

"SO THIS IS PARIS"

And the visitor who steps from the train will find much to delight and surprise.

A VERITABLE PHOENIX

In 1916 Paris was almost destroyed by fire. Today it stands a modern metropolis; a monument to courage and ambition.

Just What Monthly Fuel Chart Means

By J. E. HUTCHISON, Vice-President in Charge of Operation

The chart which accompanied Mr. Kurn's article in the March number of the *Employees' Magazine* showed two graphic lines, one indicating the 1923 fuel performance in each class of service, the other line the goal we are striving to reach in 1924. Each succeeding number of the magazine has also shown the record, by months, for 1924, and with the current issue we have before us the result for the six months' period ending June 30th compared with the 1923 record for the same period and also as compared with the goal set for each division in each class of service.

It has been most interesting and gratifying to observe how nearly these anticipated standards have been met. It will be seen for the first three months of the year the lines of the goal set and the actual performance diverged considerably—that is, that we were not able to reach the mark set. This principally due to the unusually cold weather in these months as compared to December, the month in which we established our standard, and which caused our fuel consumption to increase and the train load to decrease in spite of our best efforts, but with milder weather and intensive work on the part of all officers and employes, each month in the second quarter of the year we have been very close to our standard for the system. Some divisions have even been better than the standard. We are very hopeful that in the remaining period we cannot only reach the mark set for each month in each class of service for every division but gain the ground lost in the first part of the year.

What does our accomplishment thus far in 1924 mean? It means that we have handled one thousand gross tons of freight, including weight of car and contents, with an average of 211.97 lbs. of coal as compared with 253.12 lbs. for the same period in 1923. In passenger service our consumption per passenger car mile has been 17.11 lbs. of coal compared with 19.64 lbs. same period 1923. Our consumption in switch service has been 147.53 lbs. of coal per switch locomotive mile as compared with 176.60 for same period 1923. This saving on the part of our engineers and firemen, and all other interested employes, has given us more money for improving our equipment, track and facilities, and I am sure all of you who have had a part in it will agree that the effort has been worth while and that it has given us a better railroad.

One thing that influences our fuel record perhaps more than anything else is the average weight of freight trains in freight service and the number of passenger cars per locomotive mile in passenger service. The character of our service and the grade line of our divisions handling

the larger per cent of our traffic, prevents the Frisco from handling trains as heavy as many of our neighboring roads, and it is therefore very important to watch this feature of train loading very carefully. Naturally the number of cars per train mile in passenger service is fairly well established but there is considerable opportunity for improving our freight train haul if this matter is carefully followed up by all concerned. It is very important to watch this feature closely every day and for every train, to insure, so far as possible, giving each engine the maximum load without overloading it.

Fuel economy is, of course, only one of many important details of operation that must be given consideration. Overtime, passenger trains on time, arrival of scheduled freight trains at destination on time with shipments in good order, and many other things are equally important if we are to secure and maintain our share of competitive business, and all these things have a direct bearing on the fuel record.

I read with much interest each month the published copies of the Superintendents' Fuel Meetings, as well as minutes of the other meetings, and I want to take opportunity through these columns to express appreciation for the many good suggestions that are continually being made in these meetings by employes in the various departments, as well as for the splendid articles on Fuel Economy and kindred subjects that are being published. The writing of these articles should not be confined to the officers. Our conductors, engineers, firemen, trainmen, yard and office employes can and will, I am sure, if properly encouraged, contribute articles equally interesting and instructive.

In observing the record of attendance at the fuel and other meetings I have been just a little bit disappointed that more of our train and yard men, and also our train dispatchers, have not found it convenient to attend these meetings as frequently as some of the other classes of employes. These men come in to such intimate contact with conditions that bring about waste of fuel, either directly or indirectly that it would be very helpful indeed for the division officers to have the benefit of their suggestions.

Perhaps we have not been persistent enough in encouraging the attendance of these men at these get-together meetings which are merely informal discussions and cannot help but be fruitful of results when conducted along the methods that are now being followed.

Details of ways and means for improving our fuel performance and thereby reaching our expected goal of

an average reduction for the year 1924 of 12½%, have been outlined in previous articles by various officers and employes who are in very intimate contact with the problem, and I hope we will have very many more suggestions of this nature.

It is unnecessary to repeat or dwell upon these methods but I do want to emphasize the importance of team work in this and all other operating problems. In no other vocation in life is team work more necessary than in railroad service and it is particularly so in train and locomotive operation. To make the Frisco Railroad the really successful, prosperous institution that we are all equally interested in having it, requires the very best we can give of heart and hand and brain. I know the Frisco Family and I know what their loyalty and interest and hard work has meant in making it the splendid property it is, one of the best railroad properties in America or elsewhere. We need only a continuance of that spirit to enable us to reach any standard of performance we aim at.

Some Fuel Records

- July 12th—Engine 1315, train No. 136. Springfield to Ft. Scott, 166,824 Gross Ton Miles, used 9 tons of coal or 107 pounds per 1,000 G. T. M.
- June 22nd—Engine 1,052, train No. 112, Afton to Kansas City, 1,870 car miles, used 1,165 gallons of oil which is equivalent to 9 pounds per passenger car mile.
- Month of June—Engine 361 in switch service in Paris, Texas yards, Engineer Fry, Fireman Ringgold, worked 241¾ hours, consumed 3,769 gallons of oil, 163 gallons oil being equal to one ton of coal, this is equivalent to 71 pounds of coal per switch locomotive mile.
- June 28th—Engine 1,306, extra south. Ft. Scott to Springfield, Engineer Phelps, Fireman Beal, 163,904 Gross Ton Miles, consumed 8 tons of coal or 98 pounds per 1,000 G. T. M.
- July 12th—Engine 1,282, extra north. Amory to Memphis, Engineer J. Strader, Fireman Bonner, 215,191 Gross Ton Miles, consumed 11 tons of coal or 102 pounds per 1,000 G. T. M.
- June 13th—Engine 1,064, train 105, Amory to Carbon Hill, Engineer Bernard, Fireman L. Johnson, 576 passenger car miles, 4,440 pounds of coal or 7.7 pounds per passenger car mile.
- April 5th—Engine 1,067, train 105, Amory to Carbon Hill, Engineer Madden, Fireman Jones, 576 passenger car miles, 5,340 pounds of coal or 9.2 pounds per passenger car mile.

(Continued on page 14.)

Amount of Heat Liberated in Firebox Determined by Oxygen Burned

By W. A. REESE

THERE seems to be a general crusade among the railroad employers and employes on the different railroads the last few years on the economical use of fuel, and the railroad officials, no doubt, are in a position to show up a remarkable saving, which has been brought about by a general co-operation of those whose duties bring them in contact with one of the most expensive items connected with railway operation.

When one takes time to think of the enormous amount of fuel used to operate railroads, it is worth while in this connection to pause a moment and think of the number of men who are offered an opportunity to show an individual saving, for, after all, it is the individual effort combined which enables the railroad officials to look upon the final result with pride.

To be economic in the use of fuel, from the engineer's point of view, means to pull the fixed tonnage by the use of the least possible amount of heat, and from the fireman's standpoint, means to furnish the required amount of heat by the use of the least possible amount of fuel; since heat is the one and only source of power in the locomotive.

All of the fuel oil and coal placed in a locomotive firebox is put there to produce heat, which in turn is imparted to the water to generate steam, but we should bear in mind that it's from the heat in the steam, and not from the steam itself that we get power. Therefore, any loss in heat, either before or afterwards imparted to the water to generate steam, or any loss of steam, either directly or indirectly, is an absolute waste of fuel.

All of our heavy trains are started and kept moving by the heat liberated in the firebox, the amount of which is determined by the amount of oxygen we burn, and not by the amount of fuel used. If this be true, it follows that we should endeavor at all times to bring about a condition in the firebox which will enable us to burn just as much oxygen as possible, and with this in view the article is written, and, may I add, that oxygen is the only natural element furnished to railroads without a tax.

Now the question arises, what is oxygen, where is it found in its free state, and under what condition may we use it?

Oxygen is one of the permanent gas elements, and as far as we know has been with us since the creation of all things. It is mixed in with another gas element known as nitrogen. These two elements mixed together mechanically constitute our atmosphere, which reaches

to an unknown height. The higher we go, the lighter it is. The bulk of the atmosphere, however, may be found within a layer of two and one-half miles from the earth.

On account of the increased cost of last year's coal bill to railroad companies of \$300,000,000 will perhaps jump to \$375,000,000 this year.

Considering last year's coal bill, at least 25% of \$75,000,000 worth of fuel was accounted for in firing up and was consumed by locomotives during their idle period, standing about, and am sorry indeed that the heat losses through safety valves alone, opened unnecessarily during these periods, could not have been kept track of. I fear the heat wasted at this point would even startle the unconcerned.

It is pretty hard for one to estimate the amount of coal this amount of money represents. As a matter of information, if this amount of coal was placed in ordinary coal cars, coupled together, it would make a train in length of 23,000 miles, approximately. Pretty nearly enough to reach around the world. The amount of fuel used by railroads, understand, is only a part of the fuel consumed annually for other purposes. With this information we are able to fully appreciate the enormous drain financially on your company's treasury. Facing this fact, it seems to me that every employe on the Frisco would well pause and look with deep concern toward the fuel crusade. Bigger men than you or I are looking toward future generations and wondering what will become of the people should the alarm go off, "the fuel is exhausted."

The hope for higher efficiency along the lines of economy lies within the management's ability to bring about a general co-operation. There is nothing which will tend to stunt the ambition of one who is endeavoring to save so quickly as the sight of one who is needlessly wasting.

We should think about fuel, talk about fuel, attend fuel meetings, and express our thoughts, if in our opinion they will tend to prevent waste. Hold nothing back. Throw all the light you can, in front of all the people you can, whenever you can, and in so doing, we more fully justify our existence as a part of the railroad company to which we belong.

In the fifth paragraph of this article, it is claimed that the amount of heat in a firebox is determined by the amount of oxygen burned. Now the question comes up, how does the oxygen reach the firebox?

Bear with me a moment and we will thrash it out. It is not pulled in, I assure you, but is simply pushed in—keep this in mind.

Draft in a locomotive firebox is the result of reducing the air pressure above the fuel bed to a point below the pressure underneath. This is brought about by the exhaust steam, creating in the smoke box a very slight vacuum, so very slight that it is measured in ounces and not in pounds, and for this reason officials who are in authority should never allow a locomotive to leave a terminal with either a steam or air leak in the front end, since it does not require much of a leak to destroy the slight vacuum.

On engines where the front ends are perfectly tight, and properly drafted, this vacuum created by the escaping steam usually runs from ten to fourteen ounces. The vacuum can be filled but from one source, namely, the air in the flues and firebox, which prior to the engine's exhaust, was practically at the same pressure as that in the front end and ash pan.

Now, as the air in flues and firebox rushes into the front end to fill the partial vacuum, the air in the ash pan tries to force its way through the fire to replace it, or in other words, to maintain a balance, and in so

doing brings in the oxygen necessary to burn the fuel. This is what is termed draft, and it only requires a difference of from two to four ounces above and below the fire to produce this draft. Now, then, if this be true, it follows that the slightest steam or air leak in the smoke box will tend to destroy our draft, and for this reason, also, ash pans should be put up in such a manner as to allow atmospheric pressure at all times, and under all conditions to be present below the grate line. The free air openings in the ash pan should be large enough to accommodate the large volume of air required to burn coal properly. Locomotives would steam better without ash pans.

The diaphragm and draft plate has nothing to do with creating the draft, they are placed in the smoke box for the purpose of distributing the draft, that is, to give direction to the path of the gases in their passage from the flues to the stack, and in doing this, to aid in keeping the front end clear of cinders. If the draft is properly distributed, each flue and every square foot of the grate surface will perform its duty. These two items are among the compelling factors that determine the amount of heat produced in the firebox.

(To be continued in the next issue)

Roadmaster Tells How To Renew Bad Ties

By R. HOLLAND, Roadmaster, Neodesho, Kansas

IN THE renewing of bad ties one should proceed as follows:

The ballast should be removed from between the ties, or the two ties as the case may be, that are to be replaced to a depth just slightly below the bottom of the old tie, which is to come out. After this is done the spikes should be pulled from the old tie and it should be knocked into the trench where the ballast has been removed and the tie pulled from the track. The new tie should be inserted in the same trench and slipped back on the old bed and if possible without disturbing it.

The disturbing of the old tie bed, which has become solid through years of use, is very damaging and undesirable. In the first place the foreman in charge of the work should carefully inspect the ties ahead, locating enough bad ties for one day's work, and in distributing the ties with his push car should figure on the thickness of the ties that are to be renewed and also of the ties which are to be inserted. This is very important with reference to the proper spacing of new ties, as one inch or one and one-half inches in the width of a tie makes considerable difference in spacing where

one is renewing ties. It also works vice versa, because the thickness of the tie necessitates a greater disturbance of the old bed. The subject of disturbing the track while renewing ties is one that requires the deepest thought on the part of all section foremen and roadmasters, and I am certain after a foreman or roadmaster has tried it, he will never deviate from the above method.

In all cases the ties should be carefully examined before they are removed from the track; the foreman should satisfy himself that he is not removing a single tie that will last twelve months or more. Ofttimes a tie that will hold up the same weight as a new tie will not hold gauge of track, but by placing a new tie on either side, it will last for twelve months or longer. The use of the tie plug prolongs the life of this sort of a tie.

There is nothing so damaging to a roadbed or track as the digging out of the roadbed formed by long years of mechanical tamping and it leaves the track in a condition where it will go out of surface and out of line on account of the old bed being disturbed, which cannot be wholly restored by tamping. It is impossible after a roadbed has been dug out to tamp a new tie up solidly at the first tamping, and on account of this we

are apt to have wavy track where we allow the old bed to be disturbed in tie insertion.

I have noticed with most all ballast I have handled that the use of the jack for jacking up the track so as to pull out the old tie with but little or no digging is not practical, and I am very much opposed to the practice of using jacks while inserting ties. When the track is jacked up more or less of the ballast runs which will raise the track and hold it up to such an extent that when new ties are put in it leaves the track in a wavy condition. If the track is out of surface it should be put to good true surface and levelled up and all of the ties tamped up with the exception of ties that are to come out. These ties should be pulled out and new ties slipped in and tamped up and in cases of this kind, only, in renewing ties should jacks be used. In my opinion, the raising of the track every time that ties are renewed is wrong. When enough ballast has been placed underneath the ties to hold the track to fair surface, additional ballast should not continuously be put in, as the most difficult piece of track to handle is a track that is up high on ballast with little or no shoulder, and a track in this condition is the hardest on which to maintain good surface or line. Fifteen per cent more ties can be inserted by the digging-out method as against the use of jacks, in chatts, gravel or cinder track.

Another feature that is important in handling of

track is the gauging on the old ties that remain in the track to conform to a standard gauge on the new ties which have been inserted. A great many foremen in renewing ties fail to bring their track to a true gauge on the old ties that are left in the track, and on account of this the new ties are hardly ever spiked to exact gauge; and when the track is handled in this manner it is impossible to secure good, true line and surface. In the absence of good true gauge and good true line, it is an impossibility to secure a good riding track.

The tie renewals are not handled properly by very many foremen. The proper inspection and testing of ties before renewals is not done thoroughly; ties are not distributed ahead with push car as they should be; oftentimes ties are handled by hand, several rail lengths, to get them to the point of insertion. All this causes unnecessary expense.

Excessive mechanically worn ties or "rail-cut" ties should not be left in the track. When ties become mechanically worn so that they are so thin under the rail that spikes go through regardless of condition of the timber, a dangerous condition exists; as these worn ties, together with canted rail, which they are largely responsible for, are very likely to, and do cause rail breakage.

I would like to hear from some roadmaster who has had more experience than I, as to whether or not his methods agree with mine.

Perhaps This Really Should Be on the Homemakers' Page

Springfield, Mo.,

Miss Loretto A. Connor,
St. Louis, Mo.

Dear Sister:

How many of you sisters have a few jars of yellow ground cherry preserves in your collection of fruit for this winter? I, for one haven't, but I have a few seeds for the coming year, and in the fall of 1924 I hope to have enough seeds to exchange for other seeds with you, sister readers.

The yellow ground cherry is a native fruit of the western soil, and can be grown nicely in this territory, but the seeds are awfully hard to get. Seeds of the ground cherries are planted from year to year, just as you would plant tomatoes, then transplanted from beds. They grow in a pod and fall from the bush when ripe. They should be picked from the ground. To preserve, hull, wash and add a little water and plenty of sugar. There is nothing better—a fruit that no one turns down.

By the way, sisters, I have started a friendship silk quilt. How many sisters will send me a scrap of silk, just any size. To each one from whom I receive a scrap of silk, I will send in return a package of pretty, mixed flower seeds.

Yours respectfully,

MRS. JAS. L. HOPPER,
R. 11, Box 367-A,
Springfield, Mo.

Frisco at Ft. Smith Defeats the Jobbers' Team

Results of a ball game played on the Oklahoma side. After a late start the Frisco trimmed the Jobbers in a four-inning battle, score 6 to 3, game called on account of darkness.

TEAM	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	R	H	E
Frisco	3	3	0	x	x	x	x	x	x	6	6	2
Jobbers	3	0	0	0	x	x	x	x	x	3	3	2

Batteries—Frisco: Allen and Hickerson; Jobbers: Tinder and Grace. Umpire Cochran. Struck out by Allen 4, by Tinder 6.

ENID

(Continued from page 6.)

Enid has two flour mills with a total capacity of 1,500 barrels of flour daily, and for the current year of 1922 bought wheat in wagon lots totaling 132,144 bushels; in car lots, 1,289,953 bushels; shipped out total cars of wheat, 615; total cars of mill products shipped out, 780; bushels of wheat ground, 828,110; barrels of flour ground, 180,433.

Enid has four wholesale grocery stores that are represented by a total of 41 traveling salesmen, who cover all the western half of Oklahoma, a good portion of Northern and North-western Texas, a large portion of Southern and Southwestern Kansas, or a total area of territory larger than the entire State of Oklahoma or Kansas. These four wholesale grocery firms have a total of 4,050 customers throughout their trade territory.

Enid has ingress and egress by rail in ten different ways and directions.

Enid oil territory produces the finest crude oil found anywhere in the United States, except in Pennsylvania. It stands the highest test and sells in the market for more money by the barrel.

Statistics for 1922 show a total production of 9,490,000 barrels; cash value of same, \$21,352,500; four refineries in Enid; total cash invested in same, including pipe lines, \$3,250,000; total number of employes required to operate same, who live here in Enid and receive their pay checks in Enid, 450; total amount monthly payroll for employes, \$67,500; total number of cars of petroleum oil and by-products shipped from Enid during 1922, 19,200; total value of same, \$12,480,000; total number of tank cars used for shipping oil and gasoline out of Enid, 1,600.

Enid is known to be the "wheat center of the Southwest," and is also known to be the "present best wheat market in the Southwest." To give the total number of carloads of wheat or the total number of bushels of wheat handled at Enid in the year of 1922 would not only be a herculean task, but would be almost or quite an impossible task. However, there are nineteen different firms in Enid whose exclusive business is buying and selling grain at wholesale. Two of these firms during the year 1922 handled 5,147 carlots or an aggregate of 6,176,588 bushels.

Enid is the metropolitan city of Northwestern Oklahoma. No city within a hundred miles of here is a competitor. People are drawn here to trade from distances of 100 miles over fine natural and modern paved roads which radiate from our city like the spokes of a wheel. Lines of trucks distribute merchandise from our wholesale houses to the country retail dealers regularly and almost to the exclusion of railway distribution.

Enid has five wholesale firms that handle poultry, eggs, cream, butter and milk. They employ a total average of 160 assistants, with a total

monthly payroll of \$16,000, and their total volume of business for the year 1922 was approximately \$3,500,000.

Enid has four industries, namely, refineries, electric power plant, poultry, egg and cream companies, and the railroad companies, that require an average of 1,504 employes to conduct their business, with an average monthly payroll of \$241,350, or a total payroll of \$2,896,200 for the year 1922.

Enid city water is second to none on earth and its supply is unlimited. It is soft snow water from the Rocky Mountains, percolating as it does through a substrata of sand, and is supplied to the city from a system of wells directly into the water mains without being exposed to daylight until it passes through the faucet. It has been chemically tested a number of times and demonstrated to be more nearly perfectly pure than bottled milk.

Enid has thirty-eight miles of paved streets within the corporate limits; sanitary sewer, 42 miles; storm sewers, 32 miles, and water mains, 65 miles.

Enid is an ideal city for commercial purposes, and is without doubt the best in the state in which to make a home and rear a family, there being twenty-five churches of different denominations, with a total enrollment of 9,340 members; average Sunday school attendance, 4,732; and total value of church property, \$836,705.

Enid city public schools have a total enrollment of 4,222 pupils, and a total of 146 teachers, who receive an average monthly payroll of \$16,000.

Enid city's St. Joseph Institute (Catholic) has a total number of pupils enrolled, in grade, 198; in high school, 51, and employs nine teachers.

Enid city has nine two-story perfectly modern brick ward public school buildings, besides its present high school building and two other junior high school buildings, now almost completed, at a cost of \$114,000 and \$62,000, respectively.

Phillips University at Enid has exquisitely beautiful buildings and grounds, entirely adequate, and has a total enrollment of 1,157 pupils, distributed as follows:

City of Enid, 587; Garfield County, 70; total from 47 other counties in Oklahoma, 318; besides from the outside 19 states of Arizona, Arkansas, California, Colorado, Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, Kentucky, Louisiana, Michigan, Mississippi, Missouri, Nebraska, New York, Ohio, Pennsylvania and Texas, 182—making the total of 1,157. Phillips University employes 41 teachers, with an average monthly payroll of \$6,150.

Some Fuel Records

(Continued from page 10.)

July 9th—Engine 29, train 136, Carbon Hill to Amory, Engineer Cook, Conductor Keenan, 124,816 Gross Ton Miles, consumed 5 tons of coal or 80 pounds per 1,000 G. T. M.

May 1st—Engine 798, extra north, Ft. Worth to Sherman, Engineer Wyatt, Fireman Crain, 121,582 Gross Ton Miles, used 1,346 gallons of oil, equivalent to 122 pounds of coal per 1,000 G. T. M.

May 8th—Engine 741, extra south, Sherman to Ft. Worth, Engineer Wyatt, Fireman Crain, 97,280 Gross Ton Miles, 988 gallons of oil equivalent to 122 pounds of coal per 1,000 G. T. M.

June 3rd—Engine 1,028, 2nd 106, Birmingham to Amory, Engineer McGowan, Fireman Hollowell, 1,198 passenger car miles, consumed 6 tons of coal or 10 pounds per passenger car mile.

June 4th—Engine 1,060, train 105, Holly Springs to Amory, Engineer Reese, Fireman Pruett, 820 passenger car miles, consumed 4 tons of coal or 9.6 pounds per passenger car mile.

July 1st—Engine 698, extra south, Jonesboro to Harvard, Engineer Bower, Fireman Judkin, 92,508 Gross Ton Miles, 4,800 pounds of coal or 51.8 pounds per 1,000 G. T. M.

June 19th—Engine 712, extra south, Jonesboro to Harvard, Engineer Fisher, Fireman Millman, 98,329 Gross Ton Miles, used 6,300 pounds of coal or 64 pounds per 1,000 G. T. M.

How to Treat Your Railroad Agent

R. G. Sauk, Agent, Elsmore, Mo.

Don't talk about him to his back. If you don't think he gives you satisfactory service, tell him, and maybe he will not mistreat you again.

Don't bother him when he is busy, as his work must be done on time. He has regular report days and hours and has to do those things at that time.

Don't think he is not friendly with you if he does not ask you into his office, as his office is a complete record of all freight, express and Western Union business done by everybody, and you might find out something about somebody else's business if he let you have access to his office.

If he quotes you a wrong rate, don't try to tell someone else he is right and that you are not going to pay the corrected rate, and don't think he made a mistake in the rates for his personal benefit, as that would jeopardize his job.

Feel free to ask all the questions you want to about rates, train times, train connections, etc., but try to find a time when the agent does not look and act like he had more to do than he would ever get done.

Don't expectorate and throw trash on the waiting room floor. Help him keep things in a neat and clean condition.

Your railroad agent is, or should be, one of your best citizens, ready to help and be helped at any time, so treat and make him treat you as such.

IN WHICH THE MAGAZINE GETS LOVINGLY SPANKED

By BEN B. LEWIS

EVERYBODY, accordin' to a custom o' great antiquity, whenever they has a birthday, gits spanked.

Our own litle Mag is a personality. She's vivid an' alive, an' pulsates with th' joyous blood o' youth. Seein' she has accumulated herself a birthday, it is fit an' proper at this time, t' give her a good, sound spankin'.

Howsomever, a lovin' hand hits light, like a young mother patten' her firstborn's well-padded spankin' place—an' we wouldn't be true t' our real emotions if we acted any different.

So, here's fer her Year.

May, yore breezy, cheerful disposition has endeared yuh t' all of us. Yore "instructive" articles have been well-thought, well-written an' timely. Yore "descriptive" articles have been plum interestin'. Yore "human interest" stuff deserved th' name. Yore various "departments" have developed beautifully, month by month, like th' chubby legs an' arms an' body of a healthy baby girl, an' fer some similar reasons—"Exercise" (each contributor's *trying t' do his bit*) an' "Nourishment" (Each reader's loyalty t' his "very own" Magazine).

Yuh may have yore faults, Mag; an' I ain't doubtin' but what yuh have. Yuh may have stepped on somebody's toes pretty frequent, in yore first attempts at usin' yore own fer walkin' purposes. But that invigorating grin o' yore's—th' frank eyes gazin' straight into those o' twenty-five thousand employes, proclaiming yore genuine good-will—forces us t' overlook whatever shortcomin's yuh may have, just as a tolerant big brother merely chuckles indulgently when his baby sister pokes a experimentin' finger into his favorite eye.

We're plum partial t' yuh, Mag. Yuh shore are one doggone cute li'l rascal. An' fer a youngster, yuh are hard t' beat!

An' now—one t' grow on!

Yuh kain't please everybody, Mag; as yuh'll learn when yuh grow older. Some there will be t' carp an' cavil, criticise an' condemn. Don't pay 'em no min', Mag—leave 'em alone!

Do th' best yuh kin, t' th' satisfaction o' yore own conscience. Work hard, play fast—an' don't forget t' laugh!

An' a third one—jus' fer Luck!

Dad gum yore li'l ole hide, I'm bettin' th' comin' year makes yuh th' best railroad Magazine in th' United States!

Now run along an' behave yorese'f!

OPERATOR SHOWS COURAGE DURING A TORNADO

Wetumka, Okla., May 31st, 1924.

Editor Frisco Magazine,
St. Louis, Missouri.

Dear Sir :-

The cyclone hit this booming little oil city at 5:30 p. m., May 28th. About one minute before that time the wires to the south of town went down and our second trick operator, James W. Garner, happened to ask the dispatcher some question and was told by him to stay on the phone because he could not ring him and expected to need him and he stayed at the table with the phone on his head while he watched the twister wipe out the southeastern part of the town, not knowing what direction it was going to move.

I think this instance is worthy of mention in the Frisco Magazine.

Yours truly,

S. G. SMITH, Agent.

HERE WE HAVE "CHESTER"

So many have inquired as to the author of "Chester Says," that we take pleasure in herewith presenting Mr. Chester M. Kratky—secretary to President J. M. Kurn.



The Author of "Chester Says" Takes a Bit of Exercise

An Engineer's Ideas On Saving of Fuel

By G. J. BUSHINO, Engineer on Southern Division

AS YOU have asked for an expression of my ideas as to the conservation of fuel on the Frisco, I will say this is rather a weighty question for an ordinary engineer to handle. One thing I would have you understand is that when it comes to expressing myself, I handle English about like a country boy does his feet at a dance, and if I get on any one's toes, you will please excuse me.

To illustrate my ideas, we will suppose we have a large, bulky, badly balanced object we wish to raise to a higher plane. In order to do this it will take the united effort of all officials and employes. To get this co-operation is the first thing to be considered, which can only be brought about by organization. This, of course, will fall to the officials to do. After this is perfected, I am sure the co-operation of the men will be easily obtained. The next step would be to place your men around this object, so to speak, so as to bring it up evenly and steadily. No one department, just because they have a lighter part, should lift too hard to make a showing and throw the weight on some less fortunate department, or worse still, not lift at all, thinking they had so little to do that if they didn't lift it would not be noticed. For this reason a man should be placed at the head of the organization to see that the proper efforts were put forth at all points to bring it up evenly and keep it balanced. I don't believe it would be necessary for this man to understand all the chemical analysis of coal or the scientific methods of extracting the heat, but, I do believe he should be a man with practical experience, a whole lot of common sense, a good judge of human nature, and room in his head for more, for the best man you could get would find out lots of things after he starts out for which it would not be possible to lay down any set rules covering the case. The object is to get something out of everyone for the cause. This will depend on his own judgment and ability to handle men. Therein lies the secret. If I could tell you where to find this man I don't feel it would be necessary to go farther than to give him the authority and start him out.

Taking it for granted that you don't find this man I will endeavor to give him a little advice. There will be several stages to raise this object through, and I would suggest that we call the first one "elimination of waste" (as we common people understand it without employing any scientific principles). I would use the word "waste" because I believe it would appeal to most men. You know there is no one who wants to be accused of wasting, while on the other hand when they are asked to save they imagine that it will be for the benefit

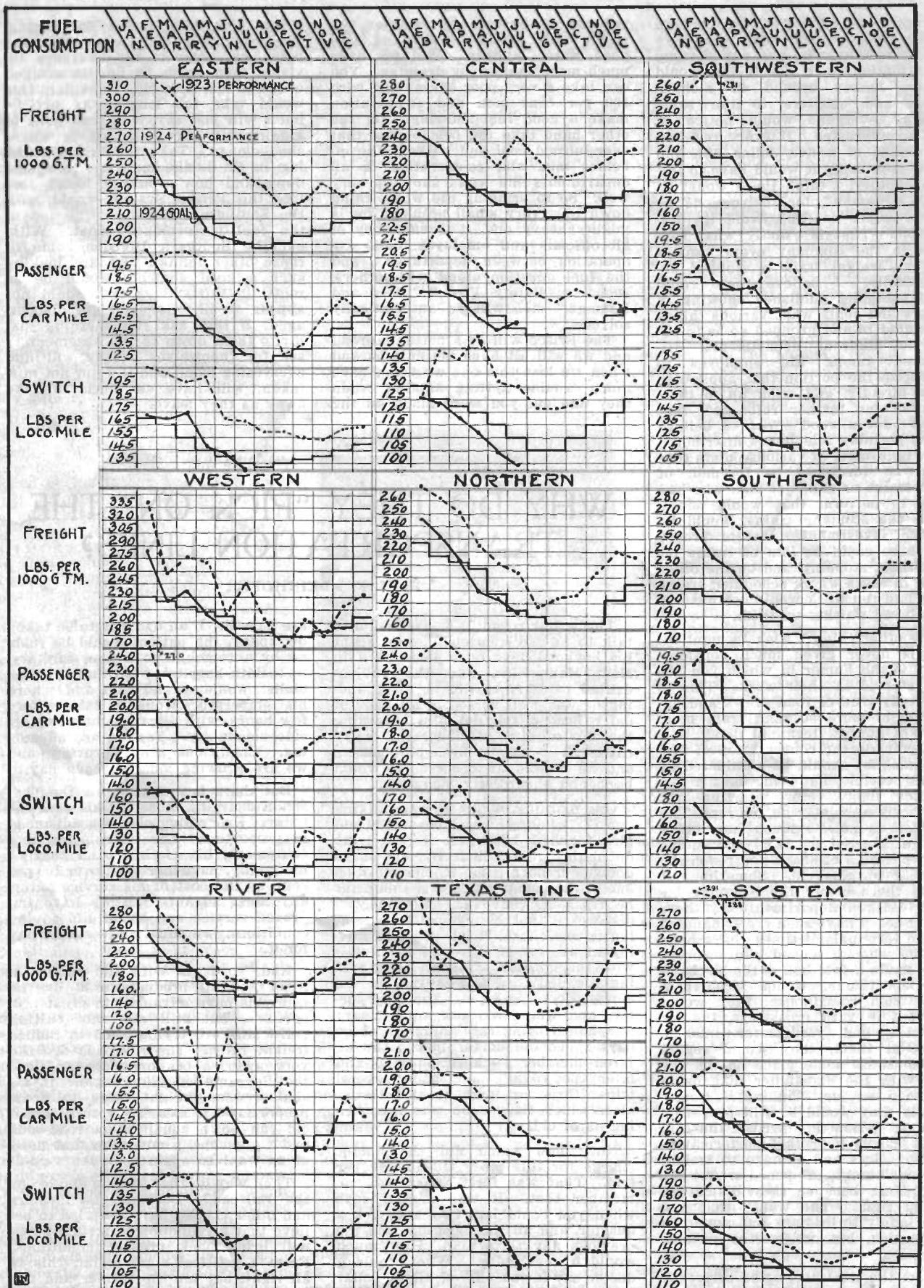
of some one else. Now there is not an employe who cannot help in this first lift. I have stated this object is not evenly balanced, and we all realize the Mechanical Department has the heavier side and if they are not able to raise it, it should be reinforced. While I do not wish to criticize anyone for the efforts that have been put forth in the past for the conservation of fuel, and I know quite a bit has been accomplished, I do believe that other departments, realizing the mechanical side was so heavy and being so sympathetic, have gotten over on that side too often to help them out, and the result is their own side is not kept up. One thing that must be realized by all is to hold what is accomplished and accomplish as much as possible. For instance: if you get an engine in first-class shape, don't neglect her just because she is good, but keep a close watch on same and in that way keep her good. The same will apply to men. This is one thing I don't believe has been given the attention it should have. The general idea seems to be to concentrate on certain things and when they have been accomplished leave them to take care of themselves, and the result is they are allowed to slip back in the same old rut, and what was accomplished is allowed to go to waste. To hold what we accomplish and accomplish as much as possible is the object.

Coming right down to the conservation of fuel, as I have said, is a deep subject and to itemize each suggestion I might make and comment on them would make too lengthy an article. I always believe in setting a goal close enough that it can be reached and when we reach it set at elimination of waste there will be very little to save. I believe any business should be systemized, but unless it is lived up to, it doesn't amount to much. I do not want to be misunderstood and what I say will apply to the Mechanical Department, as I am on that side, but probably would have the same ideas if on another side. One thing that I have in mind is the handling of new firemen just coming into the service. Now you know if a farmer has a young horse he wishes to keep he will be mighty particular what kind of a horse he hitches it up with and what kind of vehicle he hitches it to to break it in. Anyone knows a young horse properly handled and broken is a more efficient horse than one you have to try to change later on. The same applies to men. This can be brought about without one cent of expense and a very little trouble, and would not only be beneficial to the company but to the men themselves, as experience teaches us, work to the man who has been properly trained is a good deal

easier for him than to the one who has not had proper training.

One other thing I believe the company could do in the educational line, without any expense, that would be beneficial to both the company and men, and appreciated by the men I know, would be to have some of their competent men hold a meeting about once a week for the purpose of instructing engine men in the performance of their work. I think every fireman on the Memphis Sub has taken out a course in the Scranton School, and as the men have gone to this expense it would be a fine thing for the company to encourage them to keep it up by furnishing an instructor to keep them interested and also a benefit to the men who are already running engines. With the increased size of motive power, length of trains and various appliances, there is more and more being required of engine men, and to keep them up with the improvements, education is necessary, and this ought to be kept up and not let lag behind, and by the time the fuel question is getting up out of reach of a good many of us you will have a large bunch of younger men coming on who will be capable of taking hold and raising it higher. You will find in your travels over the system a lot of good conscientious men, willing to give you their co-operation, but of course as they don't have anything to do with the burning of fuel, don't see how they can help save any. You must be able to show them that there is a reason for the consumption of fuel, and point out to them the reasons they are responsible for it. It is this class of employes who have never been brought face to face with the problem where a great saving can be made. For example: Take the dispatcher, who would undertake to drag him into such a dirty job as saving coal with his white collar and palm beach suit on. But I venture to say the night man can go on any division on the Frisco and in thirty days show him where he has been responsible for the waste of more coal than his salary amounts to, and he will realize something he probably never did before. Now I would not advise you to discharge him but have your facts and figures to lay before him and he will be interested, then compromise with him on a fifty-fifty basis, or whatever conditions will permit; leave him a nice little memo fixed up for future reference, and as a reminder that you are on the job and will call again soon. He will be interested.

I believe there is lots of room for improvement among this class of employes who are not directly responsible for the consumption of fuel, but are responsible for the causes that lead up to it. Now you know there



FUEL CHART FOR JULY

are not many employes who see coal laying around to the value of 5 cents and up to that, who pay any particular attention to it, but if you would scatter money around in nickles, dimes and quarters to the same amount, everyone would notice it, and be interested. If every red flag was made of a five dollar bill, and the person using it would have to furnish another, I think there would be quite a demand for instructions as to its proper use and avoid its destruction. That is exactly what happens to the company every time a tonnage freight train is stopped unnecessarily. I believe there could be a pamphlet published showing in dollars and cents what various things amounted to and grouped so as to apply to different departments, distributed among the employes to memorize the portion that applied to them directly, and stick up in their cranium for further reference, that would have a good effect. I believe a few portable telephones distributed over the system at various points that could be furnished to foremen of work trains or gangs of men who had work to perform that would necessitate the stopping trains, would be a good investment. By its proper use there could be lots of trains let by without stopping, and on the other hand, in cases where scheduled trains were late the work would not have to be delayed waiting on them.

One other thing I wish to mention, that is never given much consideration, is the humor in which you get men started at their work. This is especially true of road crews and engine men, more so than train men. Now, of course, terminal delay is a vital point in the conservation of fuel and one that should be eliminated as far as possible, but sometimes a few minutes' delay before starting will save a greater delay on the road. The question is not so much how quick you get started as it is how quick and what kind of shape you reach the opposite terminal in. Sometimes it seems there is not the harmony between different departments that there should be. I have seen crews handled around terminals at times (have been myself) when it looked like we were being made a foot ball of the Mechanical Department; would kick them away from roundhouse, they would land out in yard crossways, the air inspector and yardmaster take a punch at them, they would regain consciousness some place out on the road with the dispatcher diagnosing the case as just "bulling". Consequently they would be still preparing to leave. When they arrived the 1111 report shows poor fuel performance, overtime, loss and damage to freight and equipment, a poor crew, etc. Why? Just because they didn't get started right. The things that you might apply to this are too numerous to mention, but are worthy of consideration.

From the time an engine arrives at a terminal until she starts on her first

mile on the return trip is what you might term "dead time," and like dead water is deep, could be made much more shallow by draining. You can take a very poor engine and with 100 per cent men and co-operation make a good fuel showing. On the other hand take the best engine that ever burned coal and without the efficient men and co-operation in all departments she won't show up very well. So to bringing the whole thing down to a very small problem, but a mighty heavy one, it is efficiency of all officials and employes, close co-operation between departments, and the fuel question along with others, such as "Safety First," "Loss and Damage," etc., will be automatically solved.

The Frisco will be a better railroad and we will all have better jobs and when we lose this one we won't have much trouble getting another when they find out you were made on the

Frisco something worth considering. This may be a little away from the point, but some of the Southern Division men seem to be discouraged over our fuel showing. To explain this would take too lengthy an article, but I will just say, if anyone goes to kidding me about it, that is where she belongs. Take the Frisco Building in St. Louis and turn it upside down and how would it look? Just like the Frisco System would with the Southern Division at the top of the fuel performance sheet. Without the Southern Division some of these other fellows that are making such a good showing would be so raged in thirty days they could not appear at all. So don't get discouraged; if they ask you anything just invite them down to the basement to see for themselves. They will find everything clean and if I am not mistaken, will have as much to take away as they leave.

WHY DO THEY "PICK ON" THE TRANSPORTATION LINES?

By G. F. KLEINHOFER

The writer recently had occasion to talk to an old gentleman, who spent his boyhood days on a farm back in New Hampshire, and the subject drifted to dairy cattle. I, after finding he was well versed in all lines of dairy breeds, quizzed him regarding the advisability of dehorning dairy cattle as a safety first proposition, and he related an occurrence, which happened about forty years ago.

One morning, while he was milking one of the long-horned cows, the old girl reached back, as it were, no doubt to caress a little fly, and in so doing, her horn came in contact with one of the young man's eyes and after he realized what had happened, he discovered that his eye-ball was resting on his cheek. Not a pleasant feeling at all, but it was still connected with the ignition system. After asking his dad's advice he ran to the closest doctor, who was the only doctor, and who lived one mile away; telephones being rare things in those days. The old doctor placed the injured member back in position and later the young man made several trips (three or four) to the doctor, after which time same was functioning as of old.

Now, how much did the doctor charge for this job? One dollar per trip. That was forty years ago, remember that. It was in the days when you could buy two hens for a quarter, and all the eggs she laid the previous day thrown in. How much would it cost today? What would a doctor say if you offered him a dollar bill today? But, remember those days

are passed. If an eye was to be taken out today, the patient would be rushed by automobile to a fine, sanitary, up-to-date hospital, where an eye specialist would attend him and where his temperature would be taken every few hours, with a trained nurse at his side constantly. Yes we are advancing. Conditions are improving, and we are growing smarter each day.

But there is a reason for the physician charging more for his services today. Everything else has advanced in proportion. His instruments and equipment, his clothing and that of his family, have increased over 100 per cent, so the cost of his service naturally must advance. If we have improved service and better life saving conditions, we must necessarily pay for it.

And, so it is with the railroads. Steel and all products used by the railroads have advanced in great proportions, but still our rate cutting politicians are trying hard to reduce freight rates. The railroads are the very arteries of commerce and are the Servants of the People. If we shall reduce freight rates to great proportions, it means a return to the old run down condition of road-beds and equipment, a condition that none of us want to again see.

Then why do they always single out the railroad? Because the farmers and other classes have been led to believe that a reduction in freight rates will bring back pre-war conditions. From a political stand point, this is all right, but for the farmer and the railroads, it spells destruction.

A FRISCO VETERAN

By BERTHA V. REED

MAY 30th, Decoration Day, I walked into Morgan's Studio, after some kodak work, and while there I was introduced to a man by the name of Calvin Davis, better known to everyone as "Doc." Mr. Davis and I entered into a conversation and the first thing he told me was that he was totally blind, and had been blind for three years. During our conversation I discovered that he was an old Frisco veteran and had been on the pension roll for ten years. Of course, Mr. Davis, being a Frisco veteran, interested me very much, and I asked him if he would object to telling me some of his experiences and he seemed very glad to do so.

Mr. Davis is eighty years old, born June 1, 1844, on the banks of the Yazoo River, Vicksburg, Miss. A year later his father died. The property owned by his father was taken away from his mother by lawyers, and he, his mother and sister were driven into the street. The mother managed to care for her two children, to give them the best education she could. The Congregational Church at Vicksburg bought his first suit of clothes in order that he could attend Sunday School. His grandmother died at the age of 110 years—when he was just seven years old and his mother passed away when he was ten years old. She was buried at Bricktown Point, 20 miles from Vicksburg. Mr. Davis was then thrown upon his own resources, left alone—to get along the best way he could in this world.

After his mother's death, he stayed with his sister for awhile and worked, picking up cord wood for ten cents a cord. About a year later, he being eleven years old, went to his sister and told her he was going to pack his clothes and go on Captain Moore's boat and go to work. He told his sister good-bye, went to see Captain Moore on the Steamer "Home." The Captain gave him a job helping in the kitchen. They went from Yazoo City to Vicksburg and Mr. Davis wanted to leave the boat and try to get a position with some foundry as he wanted to learn a trade, but being so young, the Captain persuaded him to remain on the boat. He worked in the kitchen almost a year and was paid 20 cents per day. After that the Captain put him to keeping the boilers and deck clean. Mr. Davis was interested in machinery and during the few spare minutes he had on the boat he studied the different parts of machinery and learned very quickly. Mr. Davis also worked on the Steamers "Hope" and "Natchez." He worked on the boats until the outbreak of the Civil War. He had learned enough about machinery during the time he had worked on the boats to get a job with the railroad, and Tom Monroe, head engineer, got Mr. Davis a job fir-

ing for the Vicksburg-Meridian Road in 1859. The master mechanic told him to get on the engine and stay there and not leave it for anyone. He made the run from Vicksburg to Jackson, Miss., firing a passenger train with pine knots. It was a No. 10 Baldwin engine and he fired for Bob Harrison, engineer. He was pulled off of this engine and put on a No. 9 Hercules engine, firing a freight train.

He made the run from Jackson to Vicksburg one day, and it was at the time that General Grant set out to capture Vicksburg and Port Hudson and open the Mississippi throughout its entire length. This was in the fall of 1862. Grant's first attempt failed, but failure with Grant was only an in-



spiration to fight harder than ever. For weeks Grant stormed the place with shot and shell, by day and night. At last, when food was gone and further resistance seemed useless, Vicksburg surrendered and 30,000 Confederate soldiers were made prisoners of war. The surrender was made on July 4, 1863. By the capture of Vicksburg, General Grant cut the Confederacy in twain and accomplished one of the great purposes of the Union plan of campaign. Mr. Davis was on the other side of the river from Grant, obeying the master mechanic's orders, as he promised he would not leave the engine and he stayed there during the time Grant and his men were shelling

the city. The other members of the crew got frightened and left Davis alone. Three shells just skipped Mr. Davis' head and when the fourth shell was fired close to him, he said it was a little too close to suit him and thought to himself that he had better be going from there. He never had run an engine, but the engineer being away, he said he patted the engine on the back and said, "Out of here, old engine," and he waved his hat to Grant and away he went. When he reached the roundhouse the master mechanic was furious because he stayed with the engine. He told Mr. Davis to get off of the engine and get out of there if he could, as the Union men were coming around the large bluff. Mr. Davis said, "Good-bye, Master Mechanic." He finally got by the Union men and never returned to Vicksburg until the year 1864. Then he went to work on the boats again and resigned in the year 1866 and went to Pacific, Mo., to live. He got a job with the Frisco in the spring of 1868 on a wheel press. Later he was put to work running switch engines in the yards—that was before the road came across the Gasconade River. In the fall of 1870 he was put on a construction train No. 6 Rogers engine to lay the track from Dixon to Springfield.

Mr. Davis has the distinction of firing the first construction locomotive into Springfield, and he described the early days of railroading, of how they often filled the tank of the old No. 6 Rogers engine, using waterbuckets. The engines at that date had no injectors and the water was forced into the boiler with pumps, and when the first injector was installed the master mechanic insisted on leaving the pumps on the engine as a matter of safety in case the injectors failed to work and his mention of the old hand brakes, links and pins, and how they had to get out on top in all kinds of weather, and the hardships the boys endured those days would seem strange to us in this day of modern railroading.

He also described how they managed the fuel problem. Wood was used in those days and the company had large piles of wood piled at intervals along the track, the sticks being cut in two-foot lengths, and placed as close as possible to the track so the employes could pitch it in the tender from the rick. Some of the larger yards were located at Pacific, Rolla, Dixon, Lebanon, Marshfield and other points west, and he tells of one incident that happened at Wood End Hill where the wood was ricked on both sides of the track and the wood caught fire and was burning furiously and as they had no way to detour, they made a run through the flames, with the result that the paint was

badly scorched on the engine and coaches.

He related several incidents, where, after the road was completed some of the grading contractors failed to settle with some of the farmers for farm produce, with the result that at some points the crews would find ties placed on the tracks, and maybe a rail removed, causing derailments and they would have to wait for the section men to come and make the necessary repairs and one time on a pile of ties placed on the track was a piece of paper on which was written, "If you would pay your bills this would not happen again." The company investigated and found the trouble, settled with the farmers and was not bothered again.

THRILLS AND SPILLS

THE "CONFESSIONS" OF A MOVIE ACTRESS

By MARTHA C. MOORE

This happens to be an interview with myself and about myself, and the reason I am interviewing myself is, that nobody took any special pains to interview me, or rather I have not reached that point of importance in the limelight when I am besieged with reporters visiting me and begging for an interview; therefore I'm, what would you say, self-made? That's it. If I do something that I think worthy of note, and it isn't noted, I take it upon myself to see that it is; hence the interview. Another thing, since I'm the one whom this story is about I shall endeavor to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth (with slight deviations).

Last summer I spent my vacation in California, begging, simply pleading with someone, anyone in authority to get me a pass through a studio to see them take pictures. This year, during some of my vacation, I was actually besieged and begged to be the LEADING LADY. Yes, I didn't say maid or scrub lady, but LEADING LADY in a motion picture being filmed in my own fair city. Now can you beat that? You can imagine with what promptness I accepted and told them I would be on the spot the selected day, to be "shot." Pardon the movie term—my speech has been somewhat changed and my vocabulary increased during the filming of this picture.

I have heard that the real movie stars in the large feature films can hardly follow the thread of the story, so mixed up and torn to pieces is it, and I fully understand all that now—for we started in the middle of the picture and worked toward both ends, and up until the night of the first showing I could not have told you the plot.

I was asked to report at 8:30 a. m., costumed as follows: Bathing suit, shoes and stockings, and an old dress

Among the officials he mentioned after the road was in operation, was:

Captain Rogers, general manager; Mike Kearney, master mechanic; Jim McCabe, general foreman machine shops; Mike Doyle, foreman car department; D. H. Nichols, general superintendent.

After the road was completed Mr. Davis was given a job in the roundhouse at Springfield and was employed there for thirty years up until ten years ago when he was put on the pension list.

Mr. Davis makes his home at the Arlington Hotel, North Commercial Street, Springfield. He is very pleasant to everyone and seems to enjoy himself immensely even though he happened to have the misfortune of losing his eyesight.

that I cared nothing for over my suit. I was asked if I could swim. I replied that I could swim just enough to be rescued, as I understood it was a rescue scene. Now I really do swim something like a rock and I have tried numerous times to float, but my feet drag me to the bottom, so I saw two things, a casket with sweet peas, or a very realistic rescue scene.

We started for the river. Now, I have a horror of rivers. The recent rains had caused them all to be above their banks, muddy and swift. If they had only selected a pool; a nice place you know, where everything is clean and nice and convenient; but, we went to the river. Understand, I made no comments. I just sat wild-eyed and wondered if I could muster up the nerve I thought I had in reserve; but it seemed I had exhausted the supply. The particular spot picked out was, of course, just over my head, and the stream was flowing with a swiftness that was appalling, and right below, where I had picked to fall in, are some rapids and I must be rescued before I reached the end of them.

The first scene we "shot" I was sitting in the boat, enjoying a magazine, and I wish I knew which magazine that was before I threw it overboard, for I had just started a very interesting story, "One Out of Ten," or some such title by Robert W. Chambers, and before the scene was over I felt assured that only one out of ten would ever survive this rescue scene. Needless to say, I was only gazing at the book and the title. The boat was supposed to glide down the rapids, when I came to and saw where I was I then and there started screaming for help. My boat was supposed to be leaking and when it got half full of water, I was to jump out and swim. Yes, in that outfit. The leading man was to pick me up, if

he could get to me, and my only hope was that he could.

Well, we went down the stream once, over the rapids, at least I did, and then they hauled the boat back and were supposed to fill it about one half full of water, but instead they filled it too full and it sank. The rescue scene took place right there, and I got to shore, where we emptied the boat with only enough in it to look dangerous, but giving me a chance to jump before it filled completely. They pulled the boat out in the middle of the river, the camera got set and I had my instructions. I stood in the boat and wobbled from side to side, with water to my knees and then I jumped over the side and tried to tip the boat with me at the same time. I went down, as I thought I would, and then came up and tried to swim, and I did swim about 15 or 20 feet to the rapids and then I actually tumbled down them, over and over, splashing and screaming, going down and up for air and looking like it was perfectly terrible, and it was, only in a way you have not guessed. Down the rapids the water is not deep, so I was rolling on sharp rocks, and I have plenty of black and blue spots to show that the bottom was rocky and that I actually rolled down. But, everything is fair in love and—movies. I said nothing about the bumps. As per instructions, the leading man, and very luckily a wonderful swimmer, caught up with me and I collapsed—not really, but picturesquely. He carried me to shore where he tried to revive me and finally did, only to find that I had fallen in love with him, and he with me—love at first sight. Looking back at that picture, it seems to me his face registered disgust instead of that look that comes straight from the heart, and perhaps he was disgusted, for he had to hold me about 15 minutes while the camera got a "closeup," and I weighed 113 with my wet clothes, 110 normally. We then moved on, like a gypsy gang to the next "location" where we met the sheriff who was driving "Spark Plug" to a buggy, and my hero hailed him, they loaded me in the buggy and started home with me.

After they had dragged me from the river, I looked something like a drowned rat, and the spectators on the bank asked me what had become of my marcel wave and I turned sadly around and told them it must have gone down the rapids with the other "waves," for I had it no longer.

I believe the most horrible and the only scene where I really would have liked to show a fit of temperament (like all real stars), refuse to do it, n' everything, was where they drove me through the public square, in a buggy. Heavens! Dressed as I was right from the river. I could never have done it, had I not kept in my mind the fact that the very next day

I was to be dressed up and drive a Lincoln through the square with the aid of the traffic cops to keep back the swarming crowds.

The next morning we secured a Lincoln sport model and selected a point where the road went by the railroad track (Frisco, of course) for a distance of some three or four miles. In fact very close to it. "Now," said the director, "you are to drive this car along by this fast mail train (No. 3 from St. Louis, and right here I want to say that that train don't travel slow, and I don't dare estimate how fast) and when you get right in front of the camera, PASS IT." They told me the Lincoln would go 85 miles an hour, but I hoped locomotives couldn't make over 60. We had the demonstrator of the Lincoln along and the director suggested that since he didn't have the \$4,000.00 should anything happen to the car, perhaps the demonstrator had better double for me in this scene. I gave him my hat and fur and we told him farewell and he drove down the road to turn around and race with the train. I really got a thrill unequalled, waiting for that train and car.

I was standing on a culvert, tensely gazing in the distance, when I saw smoke and heard a whistle. I stood on tip-toe, afraid I would miss the start, when it rounded the curve. Here came the train, 60 to nothin'; but I looked in vain for the car. What in the world had happened? The train sped past and soon some farmers came up and said the Lincoln had gone off in the ditch. We rushed to the rescue and found the car was turning around and one wheel went off the little ditch, dropping the car down some six inches and tearing the bridge to pieces. Well, we got the car back on the road and waited thirty minutes for another train. I gazed tensely in the distance again and saw a train and a car approaching, but when it got nearer, I saw that a Ford was in the lead and the Lincoln tearing along, and the Ford unaware that he was in the way, or the picture either, refused to give the Lincoln the road. They had to put on the brakes on the Lincoln, at a speed of 58 miles an hour. Curses! Then it started to rain. No more trains that day but freights, so we went uptown where I relieved the driver and they took some pictures of me driving through the town, on my way presumably to the station to beat the train. He told me to come through the town and he would set the machine to register that I was coming twice as fast as I was. When

I passed the camera, I glanced at the speedometer and it showed 50. Too fast, I had to do it again. Forgot to mention between "shots" we had a drenching rain for a change and to break the monotony.

The next morning we were out at 6:30 a. m. and got the morning train, cleared the road, and passed it going about 65 an hour, and we had the scene we wanted. This took place at Strafford, Mo.

From this point we went to a small station known as Brookline, where I was supposed to have met the hero and given him a telegram, showing he had fallen heir to millions (banana oil), and then the next day to the Country Club grounds where we ended the story as all good stories end.

As I write this the numerous feet of film are in the developing tank, the director and his wife are working frantically to get the picture ready for the showing and the theater is getting ready to open with an afternoon performance of "Heart's Desire," an all-star cast, featuring Springfield's local talent! (Ahem!)

Now then, as all interviewers end or begin, I must answer a few questions; try to read your mind in other words and tell you what you'd like to ask me. Yes, I like the movies. I'd hate to tell you what I'd do with a real tempting offer. Yes, our director and his wife were perfectly lovely and we didn't get yelled at once. Nobody lost their temper. You aren't any more conscious in front of a camera than in front of an audience. I know very well I would never have jumped in water over my head and tipped a boat, and gone down rapids for anything but a movie camera. You're all pepped up you know, and when he says "shoot," you just naturally do what you are told to. Yes, it's hard work, sun and rain and darkness mean nothing. Several days we quit work at 11:30 and met again at 12:15 p. m. to grab a bite to eat in the meantime. We were up as early as 5:00 a. m. and worked late; but if you like it, all this work means nothing. No, I haven't decided on my movie name, yet. While taking the pictures on the square we had to have the traffic cops help us keep back the people. Everybody wanted in the picture. There is a certain thrill about sitting in a seat in a movie house and seeing yourself as others see you, and wherever we stopped, we had crowds of people who were witnessing the taking of a real movie for the first time, and most of them wanted in it.

named have crossed the Great Divide into the other life. Yet, at this meeting of the veterans were a number of men who had worked with and served under those who have passed away. There was old Jack Nelson, Tom Hasler, Charles Huffschtmidt, John Weckerly, Hans Tyson, James Mansfield, Link Coover, Cal Dutton and possibly a score of other of the real old senior veterans. And then down into the second class of veterans: C. C. Mills, Bill Morrell, W. H. VanHorn, George Hasler, Charles Dubuque, Robert Lyons, Thomas Lyons, and on down the line, running into the hundreds of Junior class, whose service is 20, 25 and 30 years or more.

And among them I met the old comrade, the old friend and pal of the old-timers and of the junior class, Carl R. Gray. Carl R. Gray, the man who first made it possible for the employes of the Frisco to realize that the Frisco was one large family, bound together by a tie stronger than written contract or schedule of pay; bound together by the greatest, the most enduring of all ties—the tie of abiding faith and confidence in the justice and fairness of our superior officers, and the tie of friendship and love for our co-employees.

We old-timers of the days of C. W. Rogers can look back to those days when as a rule the employes looked upon the general officials as some superior, endowed individual, cold and hard, representing soulless, corporate greed. Men that gave no thought or care to these humans working under them. They were strangers to us, we were strangers to them, they made the train and engine men work 20, 30, and sometimes 40 or more hours continuous service without rest or sleep, and no provisions to eat whatever, and were unjust, unfair in their promotions and discipline, and demanded 100 per cent efficient service from a 30 per cent machine.

But Carl R. Gray, who grew up with us, whom we knew and had faith in, soon taught us that the general officials were human beings like ourselves, upon whose shoulders very, very heavy responsibilities were placed, the responsibility to meet and satisfy the wants of the public first and above all other considerations, and he impressed upon us the fact that himself and his official staff could not give the public the service they were entitled to without the hearty co-operation and support of all classes under him.

It was then the sun began to shine upon us. It was then we employes raised our heads, squared our shoulders, stood erect, looking every man in the face, proud to acknowledge to the world at large that we were members in good standing of the Frisco Family. And while we men took up the study of the airbrakes, boiler construction, steam expansion, draw bar pull, tractive force, and fuel consumption and entered into a friendly competition, one with the other, in an effort toward efficient and economic

A Veteran's Impression of the Reunion

By MICHAEL J. MURPHY

It was my good fortune to be able to attend the second annual reunion of the Frisco Veterans, because I met so many old employes who have continuously served with the Frisco from the days of General Manager C. W.

Roger, D. H. Nichols, Michael Kearney, A. Talmage, John Coffee, and Lyman & Hewett, who, in those days, were the head officials of the old Atlantic & Pacific, now known as the Frisco System. All of the above

service, while at the same time realizing we were an integral part of the Frisco Family to whom every consideration would be given by our superior officers, thus making us feel secure in our jobs, caused us to turn our attention and activities into becoming home builders, tax payers, honest, law-abiding citizens in the community in which we lived. It was then the wife, the mother, feeling this new, exalted spirit among their breadwinners, took heart, and as only women can do, encouraged us in our efforts. They formed their church,

their school, their social circle. They kissed us goodbye when we went to our work, and upon our return to our homes met us with smiles of love, and other endearing expressions, which to us railroad men was but a foretaste of the joys of Heaven.

It was then things began to hum. Physical improvements, safety devices, sanitary measures began to bear fruit, showing what satisfied, contented employes could do, working with one object in view, the object of courteous, safe, efficient service to the public, whose servants we are.

Spent several days in May at Columbia, Missouri, attending the sessions of the Missouri Press Association, during the annual "Journalism Week," the biggest event of its kind in the country, and held under the auspices of the School of Journalism of Missouri University.

It was a visit which was worth many times the time and expense, the memory of which will remain with each visitor for a long time to come.

There was entertaining, delightful Dean Walter Williams of the Missouri University, a charming gentleman, with ideas which have revolutionized the curriculum of schools of journalism throughout the world. Dean Williams is a real character in the educational world and a gentleman supreme.

Then there was that delightfully instructive and entertaining "Wicks of the Manchester Guardian," that famous British paper which ranks with the London Times in fame. Editor Wicks was that rare specimen, a visitor from foreign shores who held his audience without resorting to the usual expedient of criticising his hosts.

And Louis Dodge, writer of "best sellers" in the fiction world. Over a cup of coffee, at the Daniel Boone Tavern, we talked with Dodge about his work and his modesty was such as to leave us with the impression that he is even yet wondering why the public buys his books in such quantities, although their excellence is such as to merit this reward.

But it was among the Missouri editors themselves that we as usual found our greatest delight and charm.

They are wonderful people, these wielders of public opinion in Missouri, and it is always a rare privilege and pleasure to be permitted to sit at their feet and listen to their words of wisdom.

There was the brilliant, charming Mary Blake Woodson of the Kansas City Star, always entertaining, always with something worth while to say; Doug Meng, as corpulent as he is capable and congenial. Doug is one of the most popular newspaper men in Missouri, and deservedly so. Vina Lindsay, of the Kansas City Journal-Post, feature writer and dynamo of energy, was there, and Ted Alford, with his pipe and his smile, optimistic Ted who has remained cheerful in spite of his chosen work of writing politics on a metropolitan newspaper.

Eugene Roach of Carthage, Fred Hull of Mayville, Mitchell White of Mexico, Miss Laura Smitz of Chillicothe, Earl Hodges of Mokane, Will Zorn of West Plains, Sewell of Carthage, Haney of Aurora, Lorry Reagan of Belton, Melton of Caruthersville, Mrs. Nellie Jacoby Omeara of Martinsburg, Anna Nolen Christian of Munroe City. Colonel Bill Wood of Rolla, Fred Harrison of Gallatin, Jim Todd of Maryville, Asa Butler, still an editor even though he is also State Oil Inspector, Charley Fear of Joplin. These and many others. What a gathering of intellect and personality.

ONE DISCORDANT NOTE

By BEN B. LEWIS

A "coyote" is a critter with the obnoxious habit of howling vociferously when most animals is tryin' t' git some sleep; a nocturnal pest of pernicious notions aimed again' th' peaceful slumbers o' creation.

When th' shades o' night has been drawn across th' bright beams o' day, an' th' world succumbs to th' droopy eyelid of an indolent contentment, th' coyote slinks out of his hidden lair, an' lifts his raucous voice in protest an' bitter complaint.

If yuh got a load on yore conscience, th' howl of th' coyote sends shivers up an' down yore spine; an' yuh wishes fervent th' dern nuisance would shut up an' go on away.

We have heard, in a roundabout way, that a meetin' was held in Sherman, Texas, on April 25th. This meetin' was attended by leading business men of Sherman, an' officials an' employes of th' Frisco Lines from various portions of th' Frisco territory. It was th' first time in th' memory of man when Frisco North and Frisco South met in such numbers, to relax their feet under th' same tables, an' discover in each other the true spirit o' brotherhood that comes from a common callin' an' a common "alma mater." These were "Frisco" men, no matter the "division" on which they work; an' they joined together in havin' a plain, old-fashioned good time with their friends, the hosts, the business men of Sherman.

In evidence of th' spirit with which they were met, we mention the fact that the Sherman Daily Democrat, the live-wire, up-an'-going newspaper of Sherman, issued a special edition of th' paper, devoted exclusively to the Frisco, an' containin' an editorial welcome to the Frisco officials an' employes, a full page ad of similar content by th' Sherman Chapter of Commerce, a full page reproduction of an article originally printed in the May issue of the Frisco Employes' Magazine entitled "Transcontinental Oil Train Special, Speeding Over Frisco Lines," and a page of Frisco news and pictures of Frisco folks.

Two elaborate dinners were prepared and served; one about noon an' the other about 6:30 P. M. The noon luncheon was remarkable for its "pep"; an' th' beautiful sprigs o' fellowship an' good-will took root an' began t' grow in th' hearts o' men.

In th' evening — — by th' moonlight!

Those boys of Sherman were not satisfied t' set down to a regular city "six o'clock dinner," prepared of French goo by a Greek cook. No, sir! They fixed up a real, honest t' Gawd ole-time Texas barbecue, an' would have served her in th' good ole-timey way if a frazzlin' rain hadn't busted in an' forced them to serve her indoors. But cold an' damp weather doesn't wilt Sherman hospitality, an' they put 'er over with a whoop, regardless.

They tell me those Frisco boys staid until th' last piece o' beef was et, th' last steamin' cup o' coffee was drunk, an' th' last handshake of good bye an' good wishes was offered an' met!

Then where does th' howl come in?

Boy, listen! They didn't invite me, so of course I didn't git t' go!

E-e-e-e-e-yow! Yip! Yip!—On a midnight hill!

The Editor—His Colyum

In which he is constrained to talk of various things—The Railway Magazine Editors' Convention, the "Journalism Week" at Columbia and Pot Pourri.

This little talk with our readers is published for just what it purports to be—a chance to talk to you just as we might face to face. Wish we might meet each of you, but of course we will be several years older before that can actually happen, and by that time some of the "Frisco Babies" whose pictures we are publishing each month—God Bless Them—will be filling "Dad's" or "Mother's" places with the Frisco.

Who Am I?

I am the monthly message bringing inspiration and cheer to 26,000 employes of the Frisco Lines.

I am the Great Medium through which Employer and Employee talk with one another.

I am the Open Forum through which each employe may have his chance to talk "right out in meetin'."

I am Your publication, your outlet for all the latent literary ability concealed within you.

I am the Visitor who comes each month to your home or to your office bringing good cheer—I hope.

I am One Year Old this month.

I am lusty, growing and ambitious. I expect to be bigger and better each month and each year.

I AM THE FRISCO EMPLOYEES' MAGAZINE.

Conductor Brownfield and Brakeman Stewart Receive Real Praise from Passenger

Superintendent J. A. Moran calls attention to the following letter received at his office:

"I take this means of thanking you for services performed on the night of June 13. On this night I had gone to Memphis to bring my husband home from a hospital there. I was shown every possible courtesy by Conductor J. S. Brownfield and Brakeman J. F. Stewart, on Train No. 806. I cannot tell you how thankful I am to them for their kindness. They not only assisted my husband on and off the train, but made several trips to our berth to see if anything could be done to aid. I surely am very, very thankful to them.—Mrs. Harry Herrell, Hayti, Missouri.

Hire Out to Yourself

By M. A. Schulze

Some day

When you feel gay,

And think you deserve a raise

For your valuable services,

I tell you you what to do.

You put the shoe on the other foot

And hire out to yourself,

Just for a day or two

Put yourself into your employer's place

And keep tab on the work you do.

Let's see,

You were late this morning.

Only ten minutes?

That's true, but whose time was it?

You took pay for it,

Therefore you sold it,

You can't sell eight hours of time

And keep a part of it—

Not unless you give short measure.

Then, again, how about that customer

You rubbed the wrong way?

Not your funeral, you say?

Maybe, but you're paid

For building trade,

Not driving it away.

How about that work you had to do over?

You're not paid to be careless,

You're paid to do work well.

Not twice over,

But once, that's enough!

Then do it right

The first time you do it.

That's what you would do

If you worked for yourself.

Hire out, then, to a man named "You."

Imagine it's up to you

To meet the pay roll,

Then see what a difference it makes

In the point of view,

Say, try it once,

For a day or two.

What Is Efficiency?

By M. A. Schulze

It is doing things, not wishing you could do them, dreaming about them, or wondering if you can do them.

It is the power to learn how to do things by doing them as learning to walk by walking, or learning to sell goods by selling them.

It is knowing how to apply theory to practice.

It is the trick of turning defeat into experience and using it to achieve success.

It is the ability to mass one's personality at any time or place; it is skill in quick mobilization of one's resources.

It is making everything that is past minister to the future.

It is the elimination of the three microbes of weakness—regret, worry and fear.

It is persistence plus politeness.

It is self-reliance clothed with modesty.

It is the hand of steel in the velvet glove.

It is alertness, presence of mind, readiness to adjust one's self to the unexpected.

It is sacrificing personal feelings to the will to win.

It is impinging the ego against the combination of events—luck, fate, custom and prejudice—until they give way.

It is massing the "me" against the universe.

It is the sum of three quantities—purpose, practice and patience.

It is the measure of a man, the real size of his soul.

It is the ability to use one's passions, likes, dislikes, habits, experience, education, mind, body and heart—and not to be used by these things.

It is self-mastery, concentration, vision, and common sense.

It is the sum total of all that's in a man.

Engineers Can Save Coal

1. By working engine in shortest cut off possible to handle train.
2. By carrying as small amount of water as consistent with handling of train.
3. Advise fireman as to grades and shut off points.
4. Advise fireman as to stops and when he will take siding meeting or passing trains.

5. If fireman does not employ best practices, instruct him.
6. Avoid waste of steam by safety valves and by carefully analyzing blows of cylinder packing, valves and report same for repairs.
7. By watching the manner in which engine burns fire that the drafting of engine may be regulated to the best advantage.
8. By avoiding unnecessary stops.
9. By watching closely for defects that increase consumption of coal and reporting same.
10. By keeping oil holes open and oiling all reciprocating parts.
11. By avoiding over pumping of engine flooding valve chambers and cylinders and destroying the lubrication.
12. By seeing that fireman does not overload tenders when taking coal on line of road.
13. By filling boiler with water at completion of trip before turning engine over to hostler.
14. By shutting off electric generator when sun rises.
15. By close co-operation with all concerned.

Firemen Can Save Coal

1. By having fire prepared and leveled, but not too far in advance of leaving time.
2. See that all equipment necessary is on engine before leaving time.
3. Do not try to put all coal on fire-box at one time, nor slug the fire.
4. Fire with as few scoops of coal at a time as possible to meet existing conditions.
5. Breaking up coal to the proper firing size.
6. Do not shake grates except when absolutely necessary and then only slightly.
7. Do not rake fire except to fill a hole or break a bank.
8. Keep the deck clean.
9. Do not permit coal to waste off the gangway.
10. Study the problem of firing and talk about it with other firemen.
11. Watch closely movements of engineer, particularly at shutting off points.
12. Do not overload tenders when taking coal.
13. Stop firing in time to avoid delivering engine to roundhouse with green coal in fire box.
14. By close co-operation with all concerned.

Texas "Skeeters"

With apologies to the author of "The Texas Song,"
 The Texas skeeters are upon us,
 All the livelong day;
 The Texas skeeters are upon us,
 We cannot get away;
 Well we know we can't escape them,
 Morning, noon or night;
 The Texas skeeters are upon us,
 And OH! OUCH! How they bite!
 Emma Helms Clause.

The FRISCO EMPLOYEES' MAGAZINE

Published on the Fifteenth of Each Month

By the

St. Louis-San Francisco Railway

Edited by FLOYD L. BELL

645 Frisco Building

St. Louis, Missouri

This magazine is published in the interests of and for free distribution among the 25,000 employes of the St. Louis-San Francisco Railway. All articles and communications relative to editorial matters should be addressed to the editor.

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Vol. 1 SEPTEMBER, 1924 No. 12

Our First Birthday**ONE Year Old.**

The Frisco Employes' Magazine with this issue completes the first year of its existence, a year that has been filled to the brim with interesting events in its brief but thrilling period.

When, one year ago, the executives of the Frisco Lines conceived and put into being the idea of an employes' magazine, the infant was born with every indication of becoming a lusty member of the railway magazine family. And its parents, then as now, were modestly proud of it. We believe that in the first year of its life the Magazine — Your Magazine — has proven its right to live, has proven also that a real place existed for it.

One year ago the magazine was brought forth with 48 pages and about a dozen correspondents. Today it comes to you each month with 64 pages and with scores of live wire correspondents. The editor of the magazine cannot express his grateful appreciation of the interest shown not alone by recognized reporters but by officials and employes in every department.

The year just passed has been a most interesting one. Whether or not improvement has made itself manifest since the first issue of the magazine we leave entirely with our readers. Candidly, we ourselves believe the lisping infant of a year since has become a youthful prodigy—but the love and affection of a father for his child oftentimes blinds us to his faults.

But that the child has faults we admit—though perhaps they are more obvious to the reader than to the editor. We believe that a child needs correction—not corporal always but a bit of mental and moral suasion now and then. And so if you have noted faults of this, the child of the Frisco, never hesitate an in-

stant to call them to the attention of the foster father.

In the year to come, we hope that the Frisco Employes' Magazine may make a great stride forward, that it may become more than ever truly representative of the great Frisco Family and that its improvement may be constant and marked.

In the meantime the solitary candle on the birthday cake glows brightly and to us it symbolizes a year of achievement and of progress. To you it must also mean that the infant has passed from the swaddling clothes stage to at least the point where we may deck it in rompers and permit it to "cross the street by its 'lone.'"

Our Thanks to These

TO THE St. Louis Post-Dispatch, St. Louis Star, St. Louis Times, St. Louis Globe-Democrat, "Greater St. Louis," Springfield Republican and the Webster Groves News go our earnest and sincere thanks for the compliments paid by these papers on our July issue—the St. Louis number.

The fact that these publications carried to a total of more than 700,000 subscribers the news that the Frisco Employes' Magazine was in existence, is in itself a compliment not to be despised.

Watch the Little Things

SO OFTEN has it been repeated that, "it's the little things that count," the saying has become trite. And yet it is always true and always worth while remembering.

In every issue of this magazine are contained brief accounts of little acts of courtesy on the part of Frisco employes. In each instance some passenger or shipper has written to the company calling attention to these acts. They delight and please all.

In the little courteous acts of life are reflected the true character of a man or woman. And what a difference it does make to the wearied passenger to find the train crew always eager and anxious to please. And the man who remembers always to treat every passenger as though he were a personal friend or a near and dear relative is the man who is going to succeed where some fail.

Getting the News In Early

IT IS unfortunate that a magazine cannot be published as is a newspaper—that is, that

the "forms" may be left open up to the very day of publication. But unfortunately this cannot be done. A magazine must be bound, folded, each page printed in its order and many other details which take time.

A magazine printed on the 15th of the month must have its forms closed to news about the first of the month. This makes it necessary that all articles and news shall be in the hands of the editor several weeks in advance. If you were to visit the offices of one of the nationally circulated magazines you would find that to day, in August, the material for the Christmas issue is in type.

Therefore, when you send in copy later than the 25th of the month please remember it cannot be used, unless of an extreme emergency nature, until the second issue following. We would like very much to print everything that is sent us in the month when received. But it just cannot be done.

In Retrospect

ONE year ago the Frisco Employes' Magazine was just about to appear. The first announcement had been made by President J. M. Kurn of its approaching publication. Departmental heads were becoming interested and now and then a stray bit of correspondence filtered in to the desk of the editor asking for information about the new publication.

With some trepidation, despite a cordial expression of good will from many, the moulding together of the contents for that first issue was begun. It was just a bit of a tedious job for most of the work for that first issue fell upon the shoulders of three or four persons.

There were cover designs to be considered; size of pages, quantity of pages, quality of paper, the letting of the contract for the printing; the arrangement of the contents such as they were; the placing of departments in the magazine; the preparation of material to fill that first issue. These and many other details. All interesting but all experimental in a large measure.

It was the belief of our president that the employes would welcome a publication calculated to bring them into closer relationship with one another and with the executives of the road. His belief has been justified in the results of this first year. A week's mail brings no less than 100 letters from employes from

every part of this great system. And all show their interest by sending in notes, suggestions, friendly criticism and even now and then a bit of a compliment.

Mistakes have been made. Of course there have—many of them. We presume that would have been true even had the magazine been a much older institution. It probably will continue to be true. But the mistakes have been those of the head and not the heart, for our earnest desire has been at all times to give to the readers the very best possible magazine and just how far we may have fallen short of that goal remains only with you to say.

And yet we cannot but feel that some improvement has been made during the year. We hope that we are right in this thought and that you may agree with us.

The correspondents throughout the year have been faithful and loyal, they have given their honest and sincere efforts. Officials and department heads have written many articles and have co-operated to the fullest possible extent.

In the coming year we hope to make a much greater improvement. We hope that when the second volume is complete it may be the privilege of the editor, whether it be us or another, to honestly say that the Frisco Employes' Magazine is many steps nearer the goal, that it is without question the peer of any railroad publication. With your continued co-operation and support we are sure this happy condition can come to pass.

"Comanche Chief" Has Golden Birthday

THE "Comanche Chief," published in Comanche, Texas, recently celebrated its fiftieth anniversary with a splendid special edition, a credit to the city, to the territory and more especially to the enterprise of the staff which labored hard, we are sure, to make this issue the great success it was.

The issue was filled with interesting reminiscences by old time residents of Texas, a few of whom at least have been readers of the paper since it was first launched in 1873. More power to the "Chief" and may its future be blessed with all that is good and nothing that is bad.

May our second year find each of you with a bit more contentment, prosperity and happiness than ever before.

The Man on the Cab Seat

By LISLE B. KELLOGG, Tax Accountant

Our wonderful magazine is one year old this month and is far ahead of them all. Therefore, a few remarks from the head-end may not be out of order.

Don't try to beat the train to the crossing with your auto. REMEMBER you have only ONE car to stop, while I may have from ten to fifty and the odds are against you.

When approaching a crossing you look down the track and see a train a mile away, REMEMBER that a train traveling at forty-five to sixty miles per hour will be on you in A MINUTE.

Count the cars in a train before crossing the track, otherwise the undertaker may be counting the pieces of your anatomy.

It is better to be two minutes late than never to arrive.

Don't think of yourself alone, think of my responsibility for the lives in the coaches.

The engineer is human and may suffer terrible mental agony as the re-

sult of a crossing accident, which he is powerless to prevent. Therefore, do your part at the crossing to prevent your physical suffering and the engineer's mental suffering.

Instead of waving a challenge to the engineer as you barely cross in front of the engine, WAIT, and wave a greeting to the conductor in the caboose as you cross after the train has passed.

Don't try to fool the boss. He usually knows more than you give him credit for.

Be courteous and always respect the wishes of the traveling public. A courteous employe and a satisfied patron are the railroad's best assets.

Don't tax the equipment beyond capacity. The railroad's tax burden is almost unbearable now.

Watch the little things in connection with your work. The railroad is a large institution and a number of little things amount to a great deal when taken as a whole.

Always do your duty as though the "Old Man" was riding with you.

view of our present surroundings and opportunities.

Ten cars of cattle was a reasonably good train for the small locomotive pictured above. The prices of cattle varied greatly in the early days, but the best information I have been able to secure was that \$10 per head was a conservative average at the time the shipping was the greatest and on this basis an entire train load would have a valuation of not exceeding \$3,000. Within the last few weeks Comanche has shipped out dressed poultry in car load lots and the value of a single car was greater than TWO TRAIN LOADS of cattle on the above basis.

During the year 1923 there has been shipped from here eight cars of live poultry and fifteen cars of eggs, each car load having a value equal to or greater than a train load of cattle at the prices prevailing most of the time in the early days.

However, this is still a good shipping point for livestock as our records reveal the fact that for the past ten years we have averaged shipping two hundred cars per year. It was not all cattle, however, but included horses, mules, hogs, sheep and goats. The movement now is not spasmodic, but continues steady throughout the year.

Greater Variety of Products

When the Fort Worth and Rio Grande first came to Comanche our outbound shipments consisted almost entirely of cotton and cattle. Now we ship in addition to this, oats (as many as 300 cars in one year), peanuts (as high as 200 cars in a season), maize, corn, barley, cotton seed, peacans, watermelons, fruits, berries, butter and cream.

The 20,000-bale cotton crop then had a value of possibly \$700,000 as compared with a conservative valuation of \$1,000,000 on our present crop of 7,000 bales.

It might also be interesting information to many to know that Comanche has averaged shipping out her products for the last ten years over both railroads, at the rate of two car loads per day for every day in the year.

So closely has this company been allied with the development and progress of Comanche and Comanche County that we feel that our interests are very much in common. We enjoy prosperity and meet with adversity alike. The change in conditions within the last fifty years has brought before us possibly a keener realization of the fact that it is our business to serve. Our welfare is dependent upon creating and retaining the good will and confidence of whom it serves. To that end it is the present policy of the Frisco to insist on its employes assuming their full responsibility in the local affairs of their home town that are instituted for its advancement.

Co-Operation in Good Work

Through taxation and otherwise the Frisco has aided in the building good roads because it realizes what is of

Frisco Agent at Comanche, Texas, Writes Entertainingly of His Town

By G. W. JESSUP

It is with a degree of pride that the average railroad employe who has spent a major portion of his life at his chosen profession refers to the progress made in railroad transportation, so clearly illustrated in the above picture. He has a feeling that possibly his own personal efforts may have had some part in this achievement.

Some of the pioneers of Comanche can recall when the quickest means of transportation from Ft. Worth was by horseback, consuming a period of about three days, sleeping out in the open, possibly to be awakened in the early morning hours by an attack from the Comanche Indians. Many of those same citizens, who through great personal sacrifice were instrumental in bringing the first railroad here, find that their efforts and achievement are rewarded in the fact that today they may board a Pullman in Ft. Worth, retire in a comfortable berth and after a few hours reach their destination, refreshed, ready for a day's work, having enjoyed the comforts and conveniences equal to a modern home.

In Touch with the World

There was a time when the citizens of Comanche depended on wagons and teams to bring their supplies from Fort Worth, a distance of 112 miles, requiring from three to four days' time. Today the Frisco Lines coming through Comanche forms a part of that great network of transportation systems that make it possible for

Florida to supply us with fresh tropical fruits and Washington and Oregon to furnish us with apples, potatoes, etc. It enables us to serve on our tables today, seafoods taken from the Gulf of Mexico yesterday. Through this same system, Mexico City and San Francisco, Calif., have within the last few months served fresh eggs from Comanche on their breakfast tables as palatable as the day they were gathered from our farms. Also through this efficient service, many a fine fat hen, singing contentedly in our own back yard one week has graced the tables of the most aristocratic of New York City the next.

This is something of the progress made in the transportation to and from Comanche within the memory of many of our present citizens and since the time the Comanche Chief was first established.

An Interesting Comparison

We listen with interest and possibly with a degree of amazement to the stories told of the early days when cattle were shipped from here in train load lots, and it was not an unusual occurrence for Comanche to produce a 20,000 bale cotton crop. So vivid are their pictures of "Big Business" that we almost begin to wish for a recurrence of those good old days.

A little comparison of conditions along that line taken from actual figures may also be of interest to the citizen of today and even have the effect of giving us a more optimistic

benefit to the people along its line is beneficial to them. It has encouraged the building of churches, because history teaches us that Christianity has preceded all civilization and nothing worth while can have a healthful development without it. It has contributed to the support of schools and colleges because ignorance is the greatest foe to development and progress. It has built and encouraged the building of hospitals because health and human happiness are essential to the welfare of any institution, corporation or community.

The Frisco is now glad of the opportunity to rejoice with Comanche in the strides made in the fifty years past, and wishes now to put the past behind us and unite together in increasing our efforts for a greater achievement for the half century to follow.

St. Louis Chamber of Commerce Thanks the Frisco Magazine

Mr. A. B. Hendry, publicity director of the St. Louis Chamber of Commerce, has the following kind message to the Frisco Employes' Magazine:

"The St. Louis Chamber of Commerce is deeply appreciative of and grateful for the splendid July issue of your magazine, a large part of which is devoted to St. Louis. I believe that the double page spread in the center of the magazine, showing St. Louis views, is the most artistic and comprehensive I have ever seen. The Frisco Employes' Magazine is one of the few publications coming each month to our desk which is actually read from cover to cover. You are doing a great work in promoting better relations between employer and employe and the magazine is editorially, artistically and typographically almost perfect. I want to congratulate you upon the splendid showing you are making with this publication and to assure you that it has at all times my own best wishes and those of the Chamber of Commerce of St. Louis."

Frank Fowler, Jr. Is Electrocuted (Snyder, Okla., News)

Fire destroyed the old Taylor house, on East Boundry, Tuesday evening about 6:00 o'clock. The origin of the fire is unknown. It was one of the landmarks remaining from the early days. The house stood almost under the electric line that ran from the light plant to the city well, and the fire burned one of the lines in two. The wire dropped upon a telephone line which was connected with an adjoining wire fence. This threw the heavy voltage into the fence wire.

Frank Fowler, Junior, was leaning against this fence and was killed instantly. He, with many others, was watching the old home burn. He fell forward clinging to the wire. Wallace Violet grabbed him and pulled him loose from the fence.

He was the youngest son of Frank Fowler, Senior, who has been employed by the Frisco railway for over twenty years.

The Magazine Speaks "My First Birthday"

By Eddie Bernard

Ho! Hum! My gosh! How the time does fly. Here 'tis my first birthday an' I'm a whole year old. By gollies, I wunner wot I'm goin' to git for my birthday? Been into a powerful lot of homes an' 't seems to be the reg'lar thing fer young uns ta git birthday presents, all 'cept the step kids an' they allus git left out in the cold. By gosh! They ain't gonna leave me out in the cold, 'cause they ain't got no right 'cause I'm the Frisco Magerzeen, an' I belong to the Frisco Employes, an' I ain't no step kid neither, an' furthermore they can't step on me. I got rights and I'm goin' ta have 'em.

Now alla you Frisco Employes I belong to you and ain't no step kid noway, so come on thru the raspberries with somethin' real fer my berthday and EVERY DAY.

You shure oughtta know by this time that I can't git big an' strong without your support, course I know I consume an awful amount of stuff and it keeps Floyd busy feeding an' preparin' stuff fer me, but I need it an' if Floyd ain't got it I don't git it. Come on, now, alla you, an' kick in with somethin' fer me. I know it! A 'hole lotta you are doin' your best to keep me filled up an' you know I can consume all you give me, but that's neither here nor yonder. I gotta have stuff to fill up on an', 'cause I ain't a step kid I gotta have good stuff. Stuff that's fitten fer a reg'lar magerzeen like I am.

I'm kinda new in this worl' but 'pears to me like everybody is proud of their own and does their best to make their's better than anybody else's; they want their own kids to be bigger an' stronger than t' others an' better lookin'. I'm jest gittin' my growth an' when I do, oh! boy! look out fer snakes, 'cause I'm gonna make this old knock-kneed worl' stan' on its head. But, I gotta have the stuff to do this an' you know where I gotta git it. I GOTTA GIT IT FROM YOU! So come on, now, snap outta the hop an' give me your support like you do anythin' else wot belongs to you.

Two Unusual Runs for Water

Engine 1,285, Engineer Dobbs and Fireman McNeal handled one baggage car, one diner and six sleepers—eight cars in all, train 2/106, Amory to Memphis, June 13th. Departed Amory 3:28 p. m.; arrived Central Station, Memphis, 11:42 p. m.; delayed New Albany 7 minutes for water—waited 6 minutes for 103; elapsed time 3

hours, 14 minutes—Time in motion 3 hours, 1 minute. Used 8,865 gallons of water at the rate of 8.74 gallons per passenger car mile. Included in the water consumption is water blown out of the boiler enroute to keep the dissolved solids below the foaming point. The engine was blown out enough so that the dissolved solids at the end of the trip were nearly the same as at the start of the trip.

On June 1st, engine 1,282, Engineer Strader and Fireman Keith handled a 6-car Shriners' Special, Amory to Memphis without taking water between terminals. Total water consumption for the trip being 6,600 gallons at the rate of 8.68 gallons per passenger car mile.

Hello! Hello!! Hello!!!

Is the telephone your friend or your enemy? For it is one thing or the other, you know, depending on how you use it. Particularly is this true in the matter of the telephone voice. Women sometimes, in a hurry, shriek into the transmitter in a way that is most distressing to the person at the other end of the wire. The discourtesy and the pain in his eardrums tends to antagonize him. She may be all that is gentle and sweet and beauteous, but if her telephone voice is scratchy or querulous a woman doesn't "get away with it." On the other hand, a pleasant voice works magic. A low-pitched, friendly tone, with the words distinctly pronounced, will usually bring you the best cuts of meat from the hardest-boiled of butchers. A dulcet voice will fetch even the haughty plumber. The telephone is yours to command; but keep the command out of your voice. Coo, if it is your nature to coo, and if you aren't a cooing person, purr in your best manner.—Beauty.

Railroad Editors Meet

The conference of Railway Magazine Editors recently met in St. Louis, almost every railway publication in the United States being represented. It was a great meeting and if the other fellows got as much out of it as did the editor of this magazine it was well worth while. They are a splendid bunch of men and women and we sincerely believe each is doing a splendid work. Of course such a gathering was helpful in many ways to each of us, and new ideas and the exchange of some not so new were mutually beneficial. St. Louis railway men enjoyed entertaining these writers and editors, and it is a sincere hope that they will see fit to return one of these days. Editor Van Sant, of the Baltimore & Ohio Magazine, was elected president for the current year, Editor Pulcifer, of the Central Division Pennsylvania News, was made vice president, and to George Flatow, of the Long Island Railway News, went the distinction of being re-elected secretary. The retiring president, Howard Elliott of the Union Pacific Magazine, was given a vote of thanks.



Flashes of Merriment

BOBS

By W. E. Meek

A picture bright we'll keep in mind,
Of her when she was IT.
'Cause we loved her.
But since that day she's not the
kind,
That's made with us a hit.
It now seems a blur.

A girl we loved with hair so long,
But it's now bobbed.
It seems unfair.

For we admired her beauty in song,
But that's been robbed.
It's style, so there.

"I'll have no bob," we've heard her
shout,

"It means so much to me,"
But that's all bosh.
For just you wait 'till she steps out,
A hair cut you will see.
And say, oh! gosh!

You may go strolling down the street,
A barber shop to find.
And walk a mile.
Then never find a shop to greet,
Without the feminine kind.
In single file.

We must admit it is a shame,
To cut the best of hair.
We know it's wrong.
But hair will win for one no fame,
So give us what is fair.
While locks are long.

Now it's a bob that keeps them weary,
Because they do not know.
Shall I one get?
And it's the bob that keeps us leary,
'Cause we admire them so.
And lose our bet.

But now the girl she changeth not,
It's just the hair you see.
And all the rage.
But let her think she is the tot,
Same as she used to be.
Forget her age.

More Frisco Names

By Ben B. Lewis

The Colors are Represented by
Amber, Okla.
Blue, Mo.
Blackwell, Okla.
Brownwood, Mo.
Dunn, Mo.
Gray, Okla.

Greenbrier, Mo.
Neutral, Kan.
Redd, Mo.
White Oak, Okla.

And Lovers' Leap Places by
Bluff, Mo.
Brink, Okla.
Cliff, Mo.
Hill, Ark.
Knobview, Mo.
Mounds, Okla.

In Nature We Find

Appleby, Ark.
Arbor, Mo.
Ash Grove, Mo.
Bay, Ark.
Birch Tree, Mo.
Bois d'Arc, Mo.
Cedar Gap, Mo.
Cedars, Okla.
Cherryvale, Kan.
Cypress, Ark.
Grove, Okla.
Hickory, Okla.
Lone Oak, Kan.
Mountain Grove, Mo.
Mountain Park, Okla.
Mulberry, Kan.
Oakland, Okla.
Old Orchard, Mo.
Olive Branch, Miss.
Peach, Ark.
Pine City, Mo.
Poplar Bluff, Mo.
Shade, Mo.
Walnut Grove, Mo.
Walnut Ridge, Ark.
White Oak, Okla.
Woods, Mo.
Woodville, Okla.

Among the Interesting Indian Names

Arapaho, Okla.
Bokchito, Okla.
Catawissa, Mo.
Catoosa, Okla.
Chickasha, Okla.
Koshkonong, Mo.
Kullituklo, Okla.
Oklahoma City, Okla.
Okmulgee, Okla.
Quapaw, Okla.
Tahlequah, Okla.
Tallipoosa, Mo.
Upalika, Mo.
Vinita, Okla.
Weleetka, Okla.
Wetumka, Okla.

Ogeeches, Okla., is peculiar, but for

the most peculiar name on the Frisco System we recommend: Peculiar, Mo.

If you need a drink after reading all this, try Bourbon, Mo., or Brooks, Kan.—Take your choice!

JUST THOUGHTS ON THINGS

By John L. Godsey

Our National Menagerie

Golf Lynx
Hot Dogs
Blind Pigs
Teddy Bears
Lounge Lizards
Radio Bugs
Fox Trots
Jazz Babies
Oil Sharks
Political Goats
Society Lions
Human Flies
Poor Fish
Owl Cars
Jail Birds
Old Crabs.

"Yes, children," said mother, "you may go and play on the railroad tracks, but be sure to keep off the streets or the autos will get you."

Health Hints for Motorists

1. Always give a woman driver room enough to change her mind, and then some.
2. Avoid trying to beat the fire truck to the fire—picking, you up may delay the fire fighters.
3. Don't use a rubber tire when you want to chip a chunk off the curb-ing.
4. Don't crowd a heavy truck to the curb—you may be a truck driver some day yourself.
5. Always try to beat the engineer of the limited train to the crossing—its sort of livens things up.

Lyre Byrd

Wife—"A little bird told me you were going to buy me a new auto for my birthday."

Husband—"It must have been a little cuckoo."

Leon—"Barber, have you ever shaved a crazy man?"

Barber—"No, but climb in the chair I'll do my best."



Homemakers' Page



LORETTO A. CONNOR, Editor

APROPOS OF ALLIGATORS

Deeply conscious of the honor conferred on this department and with feelings in which gratitude and envy are inseparably blended, we dedicate ourselves to the solemn task of expressing to Mr. Ben Lewis of "Flashes of Merriment" fame our deep appreciation of the invaluable Homemakers' Hints appearing in the August issue.

On first thought we were somewhat chagrined that the jewel of a recipe—novel and unique in the extreme—was not sent directly to this department. Chagrin, however, vanished as mist before the wind when we reflected that no reader of the Frisco Employes' Magazine ever passes up Ben's columns—so the suggestions could not have appeared to such advantage elsewhere.

Letters, too numerous for publication have been received in praise of the idea as something new and inspirational in cookery. Many of our readers are planning to try out fried alligator without delay and a number sent in interesting variations on the theme. Puree of alligator, fricassee, croquettes, Alligator a la Memphis (with apologies to Newburg and the lobster), etc., ad infinitum.

One correspondent is positive baked alligator would be delicious for those having oven accommodations. A woman from Neodesha complained because alligators are not offered regularly in the local markets and a resi-

dent of Springfield wanted to know whether the Mississippi or the Gasconade offers better prospects for a good catch. Several of the beautiful but dumb are inquiring if the alligators must be exactly fourteen feet in length, and how many pounds there are in fourteen feet and what color fly is best to use when angling and whether, in case one doesn't actually catch an alligator, the charm would work as well if one simply bought the beastie, the way friend husband does when he goes fishing and the finny ones are biting elsewhere. Two veterans are after expert opinion as to whether it is advisable to scald before peeling, or peel before scalding and we ourselves—yes, we will admit it, we are pondering somewhat on the relations of a fried alligator diet to the weight reduction problem—we are keeping a close eye on the beam these days.

Well, there is always a rose or two intermingled with the thorns—a few timid souls among the men protested against the use for the tail suggested in the recipe. One safety enthusiast considered the pastime proposed a little rough and risky for the ladies and a six foot brakeman is quite sure the tail would serve a better purpose as a flower vase on the front veranda, or if there be no veranda to adorn, it could be lacquered in the popular Chinese red and hung above the fireplace in the living room.

We thank you.

SOME PRIZE-WINNING RECIPES

Our congratulations to Section Foreman Laden, Central Division, at Okmulgee, on having such a little jewel of a homemaker in his 14-year-old daughter, Mary Margaret.

We had a letter from Mary Margaret recently—a splendid, well-written letter, brimful of suggestions, and household hints. In our opinion any man who has a daughter as capable as she, is to be envied, indeed.

Mary Margaret regularly exhibits her fancy work, canned fruits, vegetables and pastries at the County Fair. She was generous enough to send in the following recipes for cookies and we consider ourselves fortunate to be able to hand them on to our readers, for Mary Margaret's cookies have taken first prize at the County Fair for three consecutive years.

OATMEAL COOKIES

- 1 cup sugar
- 2 eggs
- ¾ cup lard
- ½ cup sour milk
- 2 cups rolled oats
- 2 cups flour
- 1 cup chopped raisins
- 1 teaspoon soda
- 1 teaspoon cinnamon
- ½ teaspoon vanilla
- ½ teaspoon salt

Cream, sugar and lard; add eggs well beaten. Dissolve soda in milk and add to the first mixture. Add rolled oats then flour, cinnamon and salt and put the raisins in before stirring the flour into the first mixture. Add vanilla and mix thoroughly. Spread on the bottom of a buttered



MARY MARGARET LADEN
The "Prize Winner"

and floured cookie sheet, or dripping pan, as thin as possible. Bake in a hot oven ten minutes. Let cool and cut in two-inch squares.

GINGER COOKIES

- 1 cup fat
 - 1 cup sugar
 - 2 eggs
 - 1 cup molasses
 - ½ cup coffee
 - 2¼ cups flour
 - 1 teaspoon soda
 - 2 teaspoons cinnamon
 - 1 teaspoon ginger
 - ½ teaspoon salt
- 1 cup raisins, or nuts, may be added if desired.

Mix in order and drop by spoonful on to a baking sheet and bake in a moderate oven five to eight minutes.

CARAMEL COOKIES

- 2 cups brown sugar
- ½ cup butter and lard mixed
- 2 eggs
- 1 teaspoon soda
- 1 tablespoon water
- 1 teaspoon cream of tartar
- 3 cups flour
- 1 teaspoon vanilla

Cream shortening and sugar; add eggs well beaten; dissolve soda in water and add to first mixture; add vanilla; add flour sifted with cream

of tartar; knead; make into a neat roll and let stand on ice over night. In the morning slice in quarter-inch slices and bake in a hot oven.

POTATO CHIPS

Peel and slice very thin a number of large potatoes; place in cold water and let stand for two hours. Remove and dry thoroughly by placing between soft cloths and patting gently. Drop a few slices at a time into deep fat, which is smoking hot and fry until a light brown; remove from fat and drain; then sprinkle with salt. The secret of crisp potatoe chips lies in the soaking and drying of the potatoe after slicing. This rids the potatoe of some of its starch. One large potatoe will make fifty or seventy-five chips.

Southern Pastries

Marie L. Sheldon, agent, Alcoa, Arkansas has secured from an expert in domestic science the following recipe for making pie crust and assures us that a tender and flakey one is the certain result:

Pour $\frac{1}{2}$ cup boiling water over one cup shortening; beat with fork until creamy. Then add the sifted flour mixture—

- 3 cups flour
- 1 teaspoon salt
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon baking powder

Mix and roll. Sufficient for two pies or four crusts.

The following recipes also contributed by Miss Sheldon are well worth trying:

SALLY LUNN

A delicious Southern Hot Bread.

Sift together:

- 2 cups flour
- 3 teaspoons baking powder
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 tablespoon sugar

add:

- 2 tablespoons melted shortening
- $\frac{3}{4}$ cup milk
- 2 eggs

Mix and bake in greased shallow pan, or gem tins, as preferred.

GOLD PUFF CAKE

- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter
- $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups granulated sugar
- 3 cups pastry flour
- 4 level teaspoons baking powder
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt

add:

- 1 cup sweet milk
- 4 eggs, beaten separately
- 1 teaspoon vanilla

Mix and bake.

NONDESCRIPTS

Break five egg yolks in a bowl, add $\frac{1}{3}$ teaspoon salt and beat well; add flour to make quite stiff, roll out in thin sheet and cut in strips. Fry in deep fat until done, but not brown, turn and remove from kettle when done. When slightly cooled sprinkle with powdered sugar. These are very delicious—literally beyond description.

GINGER BREAD

- 1 cup shortening
- 1 cup molasses
- 1 cup milk (sour)
- 1 cup sugar

- 2 eggs
- 4 cups flour
- 1 teaspoon cinnamon
- 1 teaspoon soda
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons nutmeg
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons ginger.

The Debutante Slouch

Many young women today are sacrificing their chances of securing good positions in offices by the adoption of the so-called "debutante slouch," as posture is undoubtedly one of the points for or against an office worker.

Commenting on this subject, Beauty says:

"Men and women employers expect a business-like atmosphere in their offices; they want alert and interested workers around them. A girl who goes in for her interview wearing new gloves, good shoes and a proper dress will frequently lose out most unaccountably. It is only when she realizes that she must walk with her shoulders erect and sit up straight in her chair, that she will be chosen for any important position. Indifference in this seemingly small detail may appear to indicate, to a possible employer, that she will be indifferent to her work. Besides, it's not especially polite to slide down into a chair and cross the knees. There is a certain lack of respect implied, which in all probability is not intended by the girl who displays it.

"And that's how the pernicious habit of slouching—so repugnant to our grandmothers—sometimes defeats the ambitions of an otherwise desirable girl. Nobody wants the old-fashioned back-boards revived, but we could certainly do with a spirit of independence in the young feminine spines of today."

Tuscan Net

The woman who is interested in novel pillows, scarfs, table runners and similar accessories will revel in the new ones made of Tuscan net, embroidered, or rather darned in vari-colored yarns which the shops are featuring for summer use.

The net comes in interesting shades and is often made over colored silk in alluring combinations. One cushion made of dull green net over orange silk and darned with black squares, touched with orange, was particularly stunning.

Another shimmering pillow was made of orange net over vivid blue silk with the darning in black and matching blue. The edges of each pillow were cross-stitched together with the colors used in darning.

A charming cover for a dark wood table was made of brown net, unlined, and buttonholed around the edges with blue yarn. Square motifs of buff, blue and orange, darned in the corners added to the attractiveness. An equally striking cover was of sand-colored net darned with brown and orange wool and buttonholed in the same shades.

Crocheted Tassels

Crocheted cords and tassels are quite the vogue and without a doubt they

do much to smarten window shades and curtains. They add an individual touch to the simpler ones and fit in effectively with the more formal and elaborate window treatment.

One attractive pull featured four graduated rings, another four graduated balls. The more elaborate pulls show triple tassels, surmounted by engaging flower motifs.

Summer Entertaining

Although the regular meetings of the afternoon clubs may lapse during the summer months there is always a great deal of informal afternoon and evening entertaining to be done for which light refreshments must be planned. To think up "something different" to serve at these gatherings is no easy task.

There are a few suggestions which apply to entertaining at any season of the year, but which are especially timely in connection with the social events of summer.

Above all else the successful hostess must always appear well poised and at ease. She must never permit herself to become flurried and excited as to the outcome of her party. Doubts and questions floating through her mind at the last moment tend to make her appear tired, preoccupied and inhospitable. The surest way to guard against this is not to strive for effects beyond one's resources and capabilities. By no means should one strive to prepare a luncheon too elaborate for the facilities at hand. Simple, yet delicious, "goodies," daintily served by a gracious hostess, are far better than more pretentious ones poorly prepared and served by a hostess on the verge of hysteria.

Remember the three prime requisites for summer luncheons are that they be light, dainty and refreshing.

Cocoanut Dainties

Mix together the following:

- 1 cup of sweetened condensed milk.
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon almond extract.
- 2 cups shredded cocoanut.

Drop from teaspoon into greased pan and bake in moderate oven until brown. Time in cooking about twenty minutes.

Peaches and Cream Sandwiches

Drain the juice from a can of peaches and chop the fruit into small bits. To one three-ounce package of soft cream cheese add one-half cup of chopped peaches. Mix together well and spread between thin slices of white bread. The bread may be cut in circle or crescent shapes.

For some unknown reason they have a way of saying, "Well, God bless you" in St. Louis that appeals to certain individuals.

M. W. Abernathy, division accountant, has been in St. Louis the last few days, looking over business in the general office.



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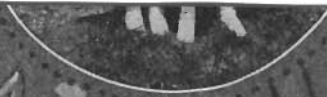


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1—Balfour F. Thompson, Jr., 2 months, son of B. F. Thompson, Birmingham. 2—George Alexander Wilson, Jr., (Buddy), 26 months, son of Geo. A. Wilson, Kansas City, Mo. 3—Carl Bannister, 2 years, 3 months, son of Henry W. Bannister, West Shops. 4—W. Joseph Spangler, 3 years, son of Wm. L. Spangler, Thayer, Mo. 5—Mildred E. Thompson, 2 years and B. F. Thompson, Jr., children of B. F. Thompson, Birmingham, Ala. 6—Irene and Pauline Linders, 5 years, twin daughters of A. Linders, bridge foreman, Western Division. 7—Robt. Wm. Cooper, 3 years, son of T. M. Cooper, Ft. Scott, Kan. 8—Alfred and John Gerdel, 2½ years, twin sons of A. J. Gerdel, St. Louis, Mo. 9—Hazel, 4 years, Paul, 3 years, children of Mrs. Minnie Hulburt Van Mannen, Springfield, Mo. 10—Dorothy May Crow, 3 years, daughter of W. H. Crow, Memphis, Tenn. 11—Paul Albert Huss, 2½ years, son of C. H. Huss, Springfield, Mo.



11

MAKE "YOUR" MAGAZINE

of the Valued Members of the Editorial Staff

a charter member of the reportorial staff of the Frisco Employes' Magazine, and as such has been at all times a valuable reporter. Mr. Darling has a clever way of saying things in his little contributions which make them always interesting.



Miss Irene Woestman

Miss Woestman is our reporter for the Mechanical Department of the Central Division and a very good one. Isn't she pleasant looking? And just as pleasant as she looks.



Folks, Meet "The Texas Coyote" Ben B. Lewis, Himself

And this, members of the Frisco Family, is Ben B. Lewis, the "Texas Coyote" whose whimsical, humorous, yet always philosophical and logical articles have evoked an unusual amount of interest among readers of the Frisco Employes' Magazine. Ben made us promise not to write a thing about him in connection with this picture, we just recalled making that promise. And just to make good on it, we tell you frankly that we shall not say a word about him.

The magazine drew a big asset when it discovered Ben Lewis—or did he discover us. There is a touch of human interest about all his "copy" which makes it all worth while, and any time this "Texas Coyote" wants to put his feet on our desk and smoke his own cigars, the welcome sign is on the door.

Ben Lewis is a hustler, he is working constantly for the success of the Frisco Lines, and the same interest he displays in the magazine is reflected also in his daily work. More power to you, Ben.



May We Present Miss Martha C. Moore?

Every reporter on the staff of the Frisco Employes' Magazine has earned the favor and plaudits of officials, employes and readers. Each has done his—or her—best to make of this magazine a real success.

And foremost among the members of the staff has been Martha C. Moore, editor of the Mechanical Department News. Miss Moore has a "middle"



Reid Darling Always on the Job
Reid Darling, over at Fort Scott, is

We hope to show you others of the staff next month.

name—it is Claribel and she says that she has spent seven years in the service of the Frisco which means she started with us when a mere child. As secretary to John K. Gibson, assistant to superintendent of Motive Power, she is regarded as one of the most efficient and invaluable of employes. We have but one regret. Miss Moore is to leave us this fall to enter the Sargent School of Dramatic Expression in New York. But we hope that out of Greenwich Village she will continue to favor this magazine with her welcome "copy."



M. A. Schulze Is Here With Us

M. A. Schulze is one reporter who is always right on the dot with his copy each month and it is always well written and smacks of an originality which is gratifying to editor and readers alike. Mr. Schulze—ladies and gentlemen of the magazine audience.



And This Is Lois M. Sheppard

That interesting "family news" from out of Fort Worth is written by this young woman—Miss Lois M. Sheppard, a "veteran" of two years' experience. Miss Sheppard is secretary to the auditor of the Frisco's Texas Lines. Miss Sheppard has been an earnest worker for the success of the magazine since it was first established and her material sent in each month has a snap and vitality about it which always makes it welcome.



Well Well, So This Is the Editor

When we sent out the letters asking for photographs of reporters, several replied that only on condition that the Editor permit his own photograph to be used would they send their likeness. At first we had demurred, but it occurred to us that surrounded by such a galaxy of beauty as represented by the young women reporters on this and other pages, no one would notice the editor's photograph any way. So here it is. Those lines indicating worry have been caused by wondering how we are each month to use all the splendid material sent us by our wonderful staff of reporters. It is always best for an editor not to permit the use of his own picture—it's too easy to identify him in case of complaints to be made. But this editor has the natural instincts of a gambler and is willing to take a chance. But please do not let this photograph discourage you—the editor has a kind heart.

We want the photograph of every reporter or contributor. Please send your's to the Editor.



And Here We Have Miss Rose Resnick

From the very outset no one has shown a greater nor a more sustained interest in the success of the Frisco Employees' Magazine than has Miss Rose Resnick, the highly efficient secretary to Vice-President Koontz. Miss Resnick is ever on the alert to find something original and unique that will be of interest to the readers and her assistance has been welcome, indeed, to the editor. Miss Resnick comes of a newspaper family, and perhaps this has something to do with the excellence of her own copy.



Miss Lillian Hultsch

Miss Lillian Hultsch, whose photograph appears herewith, was not one of the "charter members" of the Frisco Employees' Magazine staff, but she has more than made up for this

by being one of the most faithful and efficient reporters we have. Miss Hultsch sends in those breezy, interesting notes from the Telegraph Department each month. In that department, down at Springfield, she is regarded as one of the most valuable employes they have, and her smiling face is well calculated to instill optimism and good cheer in the office where she works.



Miss Mollie Edwards

The Passenger Traffic Department is always certain of excellent representation in the Magazine, for the reporter in that branch of the Frisco Family is one of the most clever and original of the staff. Her name—well you have all seen it at the head of those interesting, chatty bits of news from the eighth floor. May we pre-

Perseverance

By Carl W. Yarborough,
Jonesboro, Ark.

The greatest lesson we have to learn is perseverance; nothing worth while can be accomplished without it; a man will begin a certain task, he labors on while others pass him by without even a casual glance, but when his labor bears fruit and the structure or accomplishment, whatever it may be, becomes a reality, then we exclaim, "Oh, how wonderful, how grand!" The pathway of all successful men is not strewn with roses; indeed, they have their ups and downs, but through it all they persevere. We walk into the office of a railroad president, or the head of any large firm or corporation, we observe the fine furnishings, the large clerical force and we remark, "Mr. President, you have a magnificent office, it must be glorious to hold such an important position with this large company." Then the man who has persevered will reply, "Yes, I have a magnificent office and a large clerical force, but this has meant a journey of forty years. Just forty years ago I started to this office. I started out

sent Miss Mollie Edwards, even better natured and optimistic than this pleasant little likeness shows her to be.



Miss Matilda Hoffman

Of course you read that splendid article printed two or three months since on "Signaling Devices." It was written by Miss Matilda C. Hoffman, reporter for the Signal Department and a member of the staff whose un-failing good nature, when her copy is, through force of circumstances, "cut," or even at times omitted, has won the admiration of the editor. Miss Hoffman writes copiously and well, and her monthly contributions are always entertaining.

on a modest salary; I first held an humble position, but I worked hard and grasped every opportunity and climbed up by degrees. Yes, it has been forty years of hard work, but I have won." We leave the big, busy man who has accomplished so much and begin to reflect back over our past life with its small achievements and realize that we are still small potatoes because we have not persevered.

Brought Home the Bacon

Atlanta, Ga., May 27, 1924.

Dear Mr. Bell:

The West Coast Fruit Company, Clearwater, Fla., handles during a season several thousand cars grape fruit and oranges. Mrs. L. Kline handles traffic for the concern.

For several years we have participated in a very fair share of their Western traffic and the "Song of a Bird" series of jingles seems to have impressed Mrs. Kline with the Frisco's standard of excellence.

This rather unusual appeal for business may be of interest, especially so since it has apparently "brought home the bacon." Sincerely, J. E. Springer.

Signs That Gamblers May Believe In

"Wait! You may lose!"

This is the winner in the American Railway Association contest for a suitable warning at grade crossings.

Motor car drivers who dash across the railroad tracks in defiance of that warning will catalogue themselves as hopeless victims of the gambling instinct. The death rate among poker players at grade crossings should be substantially boosted.

"Wait! You may lose!" shouts the signs to the inveterate gambler.

"You can't bluff me," replies the gambler as he steps on the gas in the path of the express. "I'll call you. What've you got?"

"A pair of engines," says the answer.

"That's all you need," replies the gambler as the crash comes.

Or, if perchance he escapes, you can imagine him calling back, "I knew I had you beat." Once let a motorist with the gambling spirit ignore the new warning and get away with it and he'll be wanting to have all the fast trains in the country sit in on "quiet little games" with him.

The psychology of the thing is all wrong. The only way to stop careless motorists dead in their tracks is with grade crossing signs of this order:

YOU
CAN BEAT THIS TRAIN!
WHY HESITATE?

DON'T STOP!
NOBODY'LL MISS YOU!

TAKE A CHANCE!
REMEMBER YOU CAN
GET HIT BY A TRAIN
ONLY ONCE!

COME AHEAD!
YOU'RE UNIMPORTANT.

TRY OUR ENGINES!
THEY SATISFY.

ONCE ON OUR COWCATCHERS
AND YOU WILL
USE NO OTHERS!

STEP ON THE GAS FIRST!
THIS WILL SAVE YOU
LOOKING FOR THE ENGINE
AFTERWARD!

DON'T
USE YOUR HEAD!
DO YOU WANT TO
LIVE FOREVER?

FORD HASN'T
YET MADE 'EM STRONG ENOUGH
TO HURT
LOCOMOTIVES!

NO PICNICING
ON OUR
COWCATCHERS!

HAVE YOU MADE
THAT WILL?

People love to be reckless if you give them the slightest ground for thinking there is any sporting element in it. The "Stop! Look! Listen!" sign ceased to be of value decades ago. The same sign is in front of too many phonograph and radio stores.

SPRINGFIELD!

Our next issue will feature
Springfield, Mo. Out Sept. 15.



This is John L. Godsey's Impression of the "Staff"



FRISCO FAMILY NEWS

The Good Old Frisco

By C. B. Crow, Fireman,
Jonesboro, Ark.

You can talk about your railroads,
But the one that I like best
Is the grand old Frisco System,
Worth more to me than all the rest.

She pays for my bread and butter,
She pays the butcher for my meat,
And pays the coal man for my fuel,
The grocery man for what I eat.

She pays for all my shoes and stockings,
Overalls and gloves and hat,

My Sunday school and go-to-meeting
Clothes and everything like that.

And she gives me transportation,
Most any place I want to go,
Then why shouldn't I be patient,
And loyal to the old Frisco.

She took me up when I was busted,
Bought a cottage down on Vine,
And helped me to raise a mortgage,
So this cottage could be mine.

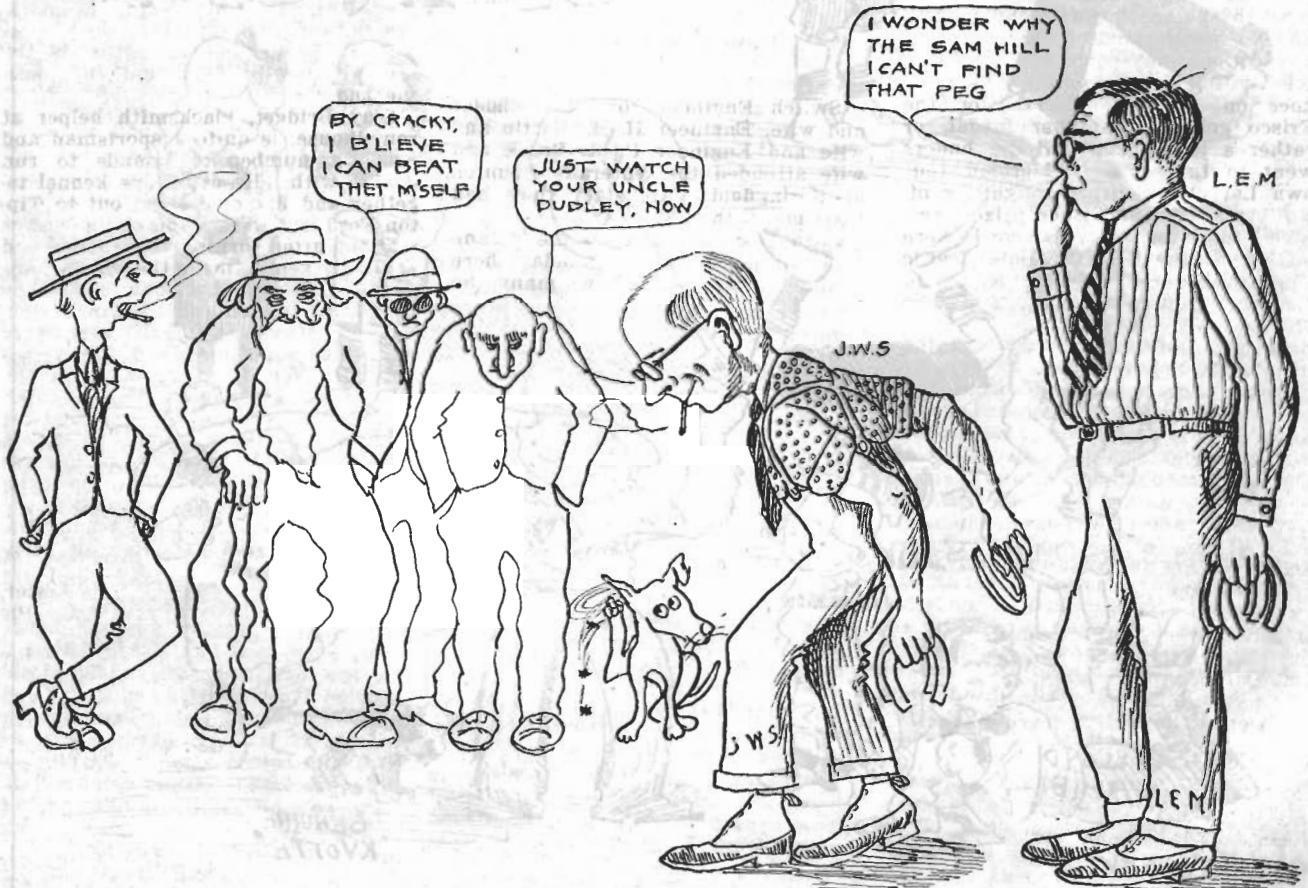
Now just listen to me, brother,
Makes no difference where you go,

You will never find another
System like the old Frisco.

You can talk about your railroads,
In the East and in the West,
Just give me the Frisco System,
She's the one that I love best.

On its first birthday the Magazine thanks each and every reporter for the interest and co-operation shown.

Cartoonist Yeakey Sees a Famous Quois Game



BY CRACKY,
I B' LIEVE
I CAN BEAT
THEY M'SELF

JUST WATCH
YOUR UNCLE
DUDLEY, NOW

I WONDER WHY
THE SAM HILL
I CAN'T FIND
THAT PEG

J.W.S

L.E.M

J.W.S

L.E.M

N. YEAKY

Traffic Department

By Rose Resnick, Reporter

Neil Quinn of office of vice-president traffic is on his vacation—or rather, Neil is on a two weeks' round of golf at Forest Park. Upon leaving the office Saturday, July 19th, he decided that he would rather "follow the pill around" than do anything else, so we arranged to let Neil do that, and upon his return, we may hear something about "Cornelius E. Quinn, the low score medalist." At any rate we know that Neil is going to miss his good old fashioned roll top desk, with which he opens and closes the office each day.

Miss Mabel Hart, one of our able assistants in the stenographic section of the General Freight Office, is on an extended vacation in Southern California. Mabel is due back about July 30th and we are all anxiously awaiting her impressions, particularly of Hollywood.

One of our hard working pay roll clerks, B. L. Vaughn, managed to spend an enjoyable week in and around Wichita and reports a worthwhile trip.

H. F. Sanborn, assistant to Vice-President Koontz, has just returned from a vacation trip to the northwest and Southern California. Mr. Sanborn speaks of a delightful trip and returned with a real coat of tan and renewed vigor. His trip took him through the great northwest country and the wonderland of California.

Vacations may come and vacations may go but you know the golf game goes on forever. Hurrah for the Frisco golfers! Another medal, or rather a loving cup and the honors went to Lawrence C. Hofman (our own Larry), soliciting freight agent, St. Louis. Among other prizes, two loving cups for low golf scores were offered at the big St. Louis Traffic Club outing held at the Kirkwood Country Club, July 22nd, and who should walk off with the handicap prize but demur Lawrence C. Hofman of the Frisco Railroad. Congratulations, Larry—some of us didn't even know you played golf but we know better now. Our only regret is that Freight Traffic Manager Butler was out of town or the Frisco would have walked off with both of the cups. "And I don't mean mebbe."

F. W. Rose of the General Freight Office left his abode as "Possessor of the Archives" on July 23rd, for a two weeks' vacation in Chicago. Mr. Rose is a very faithful son and is on one of his annual pilgrimages to Chicago for a real visit with his mother. Incidentally, the Municipal Opera has lost a follower. If there ever was a light opera fan, Mr. F. W. Rose is "it."

ONLY A LINEMAN

He is only a lineman, the people say,
As they pass him by or give him
the way.

For his tools with their rattle and
bang,

Strike many ears with unpleasant

clang.

His dress is not tidy; face dark tan;
But note—he walks like a man
Not ashamed of his friends, not afraid
of foes

When to his work each morning he
goes.

Not dreading danger of death each
hour,

His trust and hope is the "Unseen
Power"—

Gives strength to his arm, light to
his eye;

He fears not to live, fears not to
die.

A scene on the street a few days ago
With "Only a lineman" in death
laid low.

His pals stood by, their tears fell fast,
Not a word was spoken till he
breathed his last.

They said of their comrade lying
dead at their feet—

"He was only a lineman, ever tidy
and neat,

But his heart was as big as the
world," they said;

"We'll defend his good name now
that he's dead."

And the brotherly love of the gang
that day

Was renewed by the side of their
comrade in clay,

Who loved his friends, feared not his
foes

And had a big heart for humanity's
woes.

Lawton, Oklahoma

By J. L. Shrader

Switch Engineer John R. Geissler and wife, Engineer H. H. Martin and wife and Engineer C. R. Brock and wife attended the Veterans Reunion at Springfield. All state they had the time of their lives.

Conductor Sherrill, from the "Shamrock Limited," spent Sunday here fishing. Didn't say how many he caught, but ask Hank about it.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Black and son, from Altus, spent Sunday here, and to get his car which has been on the rip track.

Miss Ava Geissler, the roadmaster's clerk, is taking her vacation. She states she is going to quit work sometime. We wonder why.

We all wondered what could be the cause of the smile on the face of our ticket clerk. On investigating, found she had purchased a new Dodge coupe. The speed cops are watching her already.

Miss Gertrude Geissler, stenographer from the Oklahoma City freight office, is spending her vacation with home folks.

Mr. Fox, our warehouseman clerk, has been awfully quiet the past two or three months. Wonder what has gone wrong. Oh, yes, cheer up, Foxie, they are coming back.

Ask Slat's Jones if rain will hurt an automobile if you leave it out. Don't know what brand he was drinking, but think it would make a man climb a tall tree.

Oh, where is the man that invented

the song: "Tain't goin' to rain any more." If you find him send him out on the west end for a vacation.

Have always heard it said that a blonde headed woman would make a soldier lay his musket down. But ask Gray about making a freight train jump the track.

Am sure you will be tickled to hear from us out here on the bollies, but nevertheless if any one of you ever come out in this country I want you to call me up. My phone number is: "eight one two green," and now I stay at home.

Joplin News

Number one was a Cannon Ball,
Number two the best of all;

Number eight was a local freight,
Stick your head out the window,
Watch the box cars shake.

Whoa, back up here; I plumb forgot what I started to say, but, anyhow, I can't say it now because Spark Plug or "Pop" one has the "heebe jeebies," and I would hate to have to guess which one, as "Pop" would deny it and poor Sparky can't defend himself.

Mr. J. Wilson, car inspector, paid the hospital in St. Louis a visit last week and advises the place is the best there is and certainly received fine treatment.

Mr. W. B. Berry, master mechanic, paid us a visit this week.

D. D. Junkin, local car repairer, purchased himself a new Ford. Seems to run natural like any other car.

R. S. Watts, car inspector, is the proud father of 9½-pound boy, born the 2nd.

Clay Bridget, blacksmith helper at roundhouse, is quite a sportsman and keeps a number of hounds to run wolves with. He called his kennel together and flivvered them out to Tipton Ford last week to make the wolves scatter; after turning them loose and advising them to make the wolves hard to catch, it was not long until they struck a hot trail and the music commenced. Clay said, "Oh, boy, they sure have them going now," and sure enough they did, but the dogs were in the lead and coming for camp at high speed. That settled the wolf hunt for that night. After taking them back a second time, they even refused to leave the fivver. Some dogs have got a lot of sense at that, ain't they, Clay?

Mr. R. W. Outland, car foreman, wife and daughter, Helen Louise, are visiting in Memphis this week.

M. J. Gray, car inspector at Baxter, is suffering with a broken arm, the result of arguing with a Ford.

"Ain't goin' rain no more." Say, the feller that wrote that song should have lived here for the past two weeks and he would have changed that song a little.

Good night.

Tulsa Freight Station

Edith B. Applegate, Reporter.

Tulsa freight station is enjoying her clean house. We feel very necessary and prosperous since we are all painted and varnished and scrubbed up; we are entertaining every day now; some one's

handbag is always sitting in our office. This past week we had an agent's meeting here with Mr. J. W. Gantz, St. Louis; Mr. B. J. Gleason, Kansas City; Mr. S. L. Oliver, Memphis, and Mr. W. C. Smith of Springfield, Mo., present. They spent a very pleasant and profitable day. The morning was devoted to inspection of warehouse and terminal and the early afternoon to a conference of the committee, after which these visitors were taken for an automobile trip over our city with Messrs. Snyder, James, McGuire and Bittner as hosts. Ask them about Tulsa. We need no boosters; our visitors do the boosting for us.

Edith B. Applegate spent two days in Oklahoma City last week, where she with several other delegates represented the P. E. O. chapters of Tulsa, of which there are three.

F. X. Adams visited us this week in the interest of his work in the claim department.

H. F. Allen was called to Thayer last week by the serious illness of his mother, who is reported as improving.

B. A. Hamilton and the Mrs. have been entertaining Mr. John Boss and Miss Clara Boss of Cape Girardeau, Mo., for a few days, aunt and uncle of Mrs. Hamilton.

R. J. Lewis and Harry Johnson made us a two-day visit recently in the interest of demurrage.

Stores Department, Sherman

Mrs. Iva Sewell

We sure are ignorant this month. Nothing has happened, nobody has been anywhere. Oh! yes, K. P. Guin, he has been sick. No girls working here, but me, to have their hair bobbed, and mine is already bobbed. Not anybody to get married, as most all of us are already tied up. News is just simply scarce. So what am I to do?

There seems to be some attractions at Fort Smith for the employes of the Stores Department, as two of the men have made trips there this summer already. J. J. Fortner, store-room man, visited there a little while back and then A. Machlinski, bolt house man, spent all of last week there.

Anyone who wants to know a good remedy for falling hair please get in touch with Hobart Glascock, he has found a remedy. He wears his hat all the time as a result.

We were honored with a visit by one of our employes, Mrs. True W. Adams of Bonham, Texas, and she wasn't by herself either, as she brought her twin son and daughter with her. She will be remembered as Miss Ethel B. Davis.

Among the new things bought are: A new pair of summer trousers by C. V. Montgomery; a new Star automobile by Hobart Glascock and a Ford sedan by L. McMillan.

Think Jimmie Honaker is going somewhere as he spent about two or three hours with his head in the

guide today. He remarked that he would have to ride three trains to go twenty miles. Wonder where he is going?

The rest are still here but have not done anything worth mentioning. Will try hard to get our names in the magazine in the next report.

* * * *

Mrs. McGowen, secretary to O. R. Carson, superintendent of terminals at Birmingham, Ala., recently secured some passengers for the Frisco Lines for the through car line to California. Her splendid work has been recognized by the passenger traffic department in a personal letter from Mr. J. N. Cornatzar, passenger traffic manager.

Transportation Department, Kansas City, Mo.

A. W. Meyer, Reporter

Store department take notice! Better watch out for your engine compound because Switchmen R. D. Perkins and A. C. Lawhon noted a piece in the roundhouse a day or two ago, and Perkins argued it was chocolate, and Lawhon claimed it was fire brick. Be careful boys; be careful!

A good many of the clerks at Kansas City received a case of eggs April 1st.

Slim Engberg has a new plaything now. It is a snake made of wood.

Radio Bug, B. H. B., is going to build a new house. B. H. Benison is chief clerk to the General Yardmaster at Kansas City.

Our third trick chief yard clerk, Mr. Crumrine, formerly of Monett, Mo., and Miss Josephine Russell were married March 22nd. Monett papers please copy.

Yard Clerk J. W. Ryan had a black eye the other day and he claims his pencil slipped and hit him in the eye.

Broadcasting Girls of Fort Worth

By W. E. Meek

We have some clerks who are not boys,

But girls who long ago destroyed their toys.

They work in harmony with all
To help departments in a stall.

Of course our stenos they are few,
And work so fast we need just two.
One tall, one short, they make a pair,
For Mutt and Jeff, now they are fair.

We have comptometers, you know,
Who sit and toil all in a row.
They number one, two, three and four,
We sometimes wish there were some more.

Our typist clerk performs with skill
As she records each foreign way-bill.

A few, of course, are now away,
We'll mention them some other day.
We've others, too, as good as any,
That makes enough and not too many.

One Man Received the Credit But Another Man Wrote It

In the last issue of the Frisco Employes' Magazine, through some unaccountable error, the article on "Inspection of Trains an Aid to Fuel Saving," which was credited to Mr. E. E. Bell, should have been credited to Mr. J. R. Lynn, transportation inspector, Springfield.

It is not always easy to tell just how such errors are made, but they will creep into type now and then, and a magazine or newspaper has the disadvantage of having its errors stand forth in cold, clear type that all may read. Mr. Lynn wrote an excellent article. Mr. E. E. Bell also writes excellent articles. When the compositor "made up," the names were switched. That is the way it happened. But Lynn wrote the article and it was a mighty good one, too. Our apologies to Mr. Lynn.

Transportation Department Springfield, Mo.

H. C. Holmes, Reporter

Blanche Evans and Irene Schaller, with W. E. Gray and Clarence Wilks, motored to Branson on a recent Sunday, where they enjoyed a hamburger dinner.

Vivian Dantelson and William H. Schaller were married May 31st at the home of the Rev. Leake. Their honeymoon included the Shrine Pilgrimage to Kansas City, thence Chicago and St. Louis, and they are now at home, 814 Pacific St., Springfield, Mo. Mrs. Schaller, prior to her marriage, was a record clerk in this department. The happy couple have the sincere good wishes of the department.

F. H. Masters is on a vacation as this goes to press.

Freda House is making an extended visit to California.

C. H. Huss, general embargo clerk, is spending his vacation with relatives at Lansing, Mich.

The entire department tenders to L. R. Hoff, chief clerk, its sincere sympathy in the loss of his sister, who died suddenly at Sedalia, Mo.

R. L. Patrick has returned from a trip through the west.

Miss Freda House has returned from an extended trip through the west. While in Los Angeles, California she was the house guest of Mrs. Helen Bucher Hudson formerly a record clerk in this office.

Jacqueline Tisdale and Eva Westerberger are making a trip through the west and will spend some time in Yellowstone Park.

Miss Helen Dryden has returned from Detroit where she visited her sister, Mrs. Madge Dryden West, formerly file clerk in this department.

Robert Patrick who was operated a for appendicitis at the Frisco Hospital, St. Louis, is back at his desk very much improved in health.

Miss Hallie Welch, chief of the typing bureau, spent part of her vacation in Kansas City, the remainder motoring to different places in Western Missouri.

W. E. Gray made the trip with the Missouri National Guard to the encampment at Ft. Sill, Okla.

Mr. J. H. Doggrell, superintendent transportation, in company with other Frisco officials attended freight claim prevention meetings in Memphis and Birmingham recently.

C. H. Huss has returned from a visit with relatives in Lansing, Mich.

F. H. Masters has returned from his vacation, a part of which was spent in St. Louis.

Miss Vinnie Hindman spent her vacation with relatives and is now back at her desk.

L. R. Langsford and wife, both of this department, have returned from a trip which included Kansas City and St. Louis.

Mrs. Merle Platte spent her vacation at Verona and other nearby points in Missouri.

Miss Eula Stratton, after a visit to Lawrence, Kansas, has returned to her work in this office.

J. S. Breckenridge, passenger car distributor, with Mrs. Breckenridge, typist, are away on an extended leave as this goes to press. At last report they were in Galveston but were preparing to leave for the west and would visit Los Angeles, San Francisco, Seattle, Tacoma, Denver and other cities before returning to Springfield.

Operating Department Statistician, Springfield

Mallie L. King, Reporter

A very enjoyable picnic was arranged and carried into execution by the office force on Saturday afternoon, July 19th.

The site selected was Rock Crest, a cabin located by the side of James river, about 8 miles from Springfield. About eighty people attended, and the group consisted of most of the office force, with their families. The Fuel Performance clerks, who are stationed at outlying terminal points were present Saturday morning at a fuel meeting called by R. H. Kerr, at Springfield, and attended the picnic with the office clerks in the afternoon.

All available cars were obtained by the committee in charge of the picnic and all the attendants were transported very easily to the site selected.

Swimming contests were engaged in, and various games and contests to pass away the time.

One of the real features of the occasion was a running foot race in which Feirba Justice, the file clerk, challenged three of the longest legged men, namely, George Dunlap, Lewis Blevans and R. H. Kerr, to race

one-hundred yard dash. She bid fair to leave all the male contestants behind, but just before the goal was reached, Feirba fell, and could not be induced to try the race over again. She was absent from the office Monday morning account having to go to the doctor to get her knee mended, but said she had to do the rest of the mending herself.

The prizes for the Whistling Contest (Barney Google and a mouth organ) were awarded to Harry Martin and York Johnson. Lewis Blevans is our champion foot racer as he captured all the prizes. Maude Yakey won the fat ladies' race; Isabel Stroup the skinny ladies' race and Florence Lyons the beauty contest.

I could write a book on what happened at this picnic, but then I don't believe I had better, as someone might try to get even.

But several people are inquiring as to why it took a certain Studebaker car, driven by the fuel performance clerk at Ft. Scott, one hour longer to reach the site of the picnic grounds than it did the other cars. Guess he should have had a road map, as it most certainly is not necessary to go through Galloway five times to reach said grounds. Yes, sir, we have the grounds, and they are not coffee grounds either.

G. J. says he came home in the Ford coupe alone, wasn't room for anything but the ice cream freezers. One freezer was about half full of brick ice cream, which G. J. was to deliver to the Children's Home. However, when they opened the freezer there were only three or four bricks. Anybody know what became of the rest of this ice cream? Results gave G. J. heebie geebies for a week.

The menu was surely fine and there was plenty of everything to eat and drink—lemonade and coffee. Ever hear tell of a picnic with ice cream and cake left over, yes siree, it happened once? And as was stated before, G. J. Williams started to the Children's Home with what was left over. Got there with all but the ice cream.

Purchasing Department

R. B. McBride, Reporter

Robert Collett, fuel agent, and wife left on the 3rd inst., for the Canadian Rockies, returning via Seattle, Portland, Salt Lake City, etc. Of course everybody is working hard while the "boss" is away.

Eleanor Finn is making a trip through Yellowstone Park for her vacation trip—yes, Eleanor is wearing the usual "knickers" and doing the park right.

Frank X. Nachtmann and family have just returned from a 10-day fishing trip on Rabbitt Lake in Minn. Mr. Nachtmann is a very tactful man, he gives his wife credit for catching the biggest fish.

Paul Stephens, our price clerk, is spending his vacation in the "Windy

City"—Chicago. Suppose he will have a lot of wild stories when he returns.

Lucille Meyer is touring the west this summer. She is visiting in Colorado Springs and Salt Lake City.

Judging from the two-karat diamond Mildred Johnson is wearing, Mr. Wood will be looking for a new secretary before many weeks pass. There are some arguments in the office as to whether Leap Year is the direct cause of this gift.

Stephen Kullifay, our office boy, has just returned from his vacation which he spent visiting friends in DeSoto, Missouri.

Francis Coffman spent the Fourth of July visiting in Kentucky and from her remarks about the trip she surely must have had a wonderful time.

Broe Mitchell, of the Fuel Department, spent the Fourth of July on Big Beaver river fishing, and you should hear about the large fish he caught. Too bad it was so warm Broe could not bring back a sample of his catch so that no one could doubt his word.

Mr. Drake, his daughter, Catherine, Margaret Cowan, Kathryn Hughes, Grace McEvoy and Lucille Meyer had a very pleasant visit to Memphis June 29th. They say Mr. Carr, president of the Carr-Lowry Lumber Co., and his family had the day crowded with the best kind of surprises. With such treatment think it will be hard to get them to stay in St. Louis for Sundays anymore, as they all say they are going to make more trips south and it surely must be Memphis they are meaning.

Monett News

Jessie Hall, Reporter

E. L. Mason, electrician, who instructed the educational classes for shopmen at the Railroad Y. M. C. A., has been promoted and transferred to St. Louis Terminal. O. J. Miller, electrician, has been appointed to succeed Mr. Mason as instructor. He was a student at the University of Illinois.

The shop meetings keep up with very good interest. All the Monett pastors assist in these services. A meeting is held under the trees at the mill shop every Thursday noon.

Mrs. Ethel McNeil and James M. Mansfield were married on Friday, May 9, at the Presbyterian parsonage at Carthage, Missouri. The marriage was kept secret until Tuesday, June 3, when it was publicly announced.

Mrs. Mansfield has been employed for the past several years as bill clerk at the east yard office, Monett. Mr. Mansfield is employed in the capacity of switchman at Monett.

We all extend our best wishes for a long and happy future.

A very pleasant surprise was the marriage of Ethel Virginia Amber to Claud Everett Roderick, which occurred Wednesday afternoon, June 4. The Rev. R. L. Bowers of the Central

Methodist Episcopal church of Aurora performed the very impressive ring ceremony.

Mr. Roderick is employed as telegraph operator at the east yard office Monett. Everyone extends very best wishes for a long and happy future.

The Crawford Comedians, who showed in Monett during the week beginning July 21, furnished a fine musical program at the Mill Shop on Thursday noon, at the regular Y. M. C. A. meeting. Secretary Wilhelm gave an interesting talk on the twenty-third Psalm. Nearly two hundred men attended the meeting.

Crawford's Comedians are a valuable asset to the Frisco Railroad besides showing in about twenty-five towns along the Frisco Railroad, and turning in about two thousand dollars in revenue, they furnish gratis music for religious services at the Monett Railroad Y. M. C. A., Shops, etc., which they have been doing annually for over twenty years.

They are very fine show people, their plays are high class and they render a valuable service wherever they are and are worthy of mention

in the Frisco Employes' Magazine.

It is strange when you give some people a little "Safety First" advice they don't heed it. In one of our first issues of the Frisco Employes' Magazine we told you readers about a Ford coupe, steered by a switchman, trying to lure away one of our lady bill clerks and we gave her some good advice to keep off the highways leading to our neighboring county seat towns, but, womanlike, she let a mere man persuade her to Carthage where they were married a short time ago. It was kept a secret until the announcement recently, and now the Frisco Family at Monett join in hearty congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. James M. Mansfield.

Monett can pride herself on being one of the most up-to-date towns on the Frisco in regard to lady clerks. Just think—there is only one left who has not yet fallen a victim to the barber's scissors and she was accused the other day of being as out of date as a horse and buggy—now she says she might bob up some morning and surprise us.

Our Texas Agents

(Engineered, Conducted and Switched around to suit himself.)

By BEN B. LEWIS

Editor's Note (by Ben B. Lewis):—Floyd L. Bell, editor of the classic Railroad Journal in the U. S. A., in our August issue, likened me unto Ring Lardner, Sam Hellman and H. C. Witwer.

If yuh pardons these modest blushes, I wishes t' remark, very simply an' unaffected, that I agrees with him plum wholehearted; an' desires t' add th' names o' Irvin S. Cobb, Stephen Leacock an' Mark Twain. (Alas! How th' mighty has skidded!)

G. E. LITTLEFAIR, General Agent, Fort Worth Local Freight Office says:

"Ruby Long, general clerk, is spending her vacation flirting with the waves at Galveston. She has sent the 'bunch' her picture taken in a very attractive and becoming 'bathing revue' costume.

"Marion Moore, stenographer, is spending her vacation in the smoke of Pittsburgh, Pa.

"Cashier Joe Moorman spent July 4th at his old home in Hot Springs, Arkansas, and brought back with him some Arkansas poison oak and a supply of new and original Arkansas stories.

"Montgomery, Ward & Co., are opening a new retail and mail order house on our rails at the intersection of Camp Bowie Boulevard. The plant is about 200 feet wide by 600 feet long, and is three stories high.

"The freight office and warehouse forces are putting forth mighty efforts for a record in the 'No Claim' campaign."

—What d' yuh mean, flirting?

I didn't know they was any naw

Arkansas stories. Reckon they is?

R. L. RATLIFF, Agent, Cresson, Texas, says:

"Last month Cresson showed \$1,444.91 increase in business over the same month last year. What's the cause? Mr. Tillman and Mr. Russell have been down this way."

—Sounds like th' cattle business is pickin' up. Hope they are lady cattle.

—W. J. Clark, agent, Celina, laid off sick; C. A. Woodford, agent, Rochelle, laid up in the hospital at Brady with appendicitis; and J. R. Deen, agent, Blanket, jes' layin' off; DeWitt Hall, agent, Bluffdale, sore because his stuff got separated from th' rest o' th' gang last month; an' all th' rest o' them so durn lazy this hot weather they kain't write me no news—no wonder this "page" is so slim.

—(Flash! Bulletin!) Ratliff just phone Mr. McCarty from Cresson an' said a burglar or somebody got in th' station las' night an' swiped his typewriter. I reckon that finishes him off fer th' summer, too, as a reporter. But mebbe we c'n sign up th' burglar.

—L. P. Barton, traveling auditor, told me a good un on Jerry Williamson, agent, Hasse. Jerry an' F. A. West, agent, Tolar (What th' Sam hill's yore fust name, boy?) framed up t' go t' California together in July. They got their passes ready, an' everything; got relieved; an' then Jerry, he slivers up t' Tolar, a distance o' 55 miles, t' join West. When he gits there, he discovers he's left his passes to home; so he has t' chug

back 55 miles more t' Hasse, an' 55 miles back ag'in t' Tolar, before he can git started good. As th' feller says: "It's a long, long ways t' Californy!"

—This shiftless nigger, Mose, kickin' about cleanin' up aroun' my desk, on account o' th' "Congratulatory" letters I gits, on my literature, is plum elevatin'. That fool nigger's been stretchin' his imagination t' th' break-in' point. If I ever gits jes' one complimentary letter, I'm aimin' t' frame it as a souvenir. What th' blame' idjit saw, was where I'd been figgerin' how t' meet my bills. Talk about makin' both ends meet! That's th' easiest thing I do. Th' bill fer my last winter's shoes an' th' bill fer last summer's hat meet on my desk every month, regular. An' after figgerin' copious how I ain't gonna pay 'em, they both plunges into th' basket fer Mose t' puzzle over—an' see what he deducts out of 'em!

They c'n congratulate each other if they ever git paid!

Mechanical Department Central Division

By Irene Woestman, Reporter

This being the first anniversary of the Frisco Employes' Magazine, we wish to extend to Mr. Floyd L. Bell, editor, our deep appreciation and congratulate him for his untiring efforts in its behalf. We appreciate the magazine because it has been the means of bringing the Frisco employes in contact with one another, that is, we know what is going on at the different terminals along the line. Also, we have profited by articles written by the different officials on fuel economy, safety first, accidents, etc., as they were very instructive as well as entertaining. Our attention has also been attracted to the different cities that have been advertised, and as the Frisco has 605.13 miles of track in Arkansas, employes in this state are hoping to see one of its cities mentioned in some future issue. We realize, however, that we cannot boast of many magnificent buildings, but Arkansas ranks very high as a productive state, which, of course, has its merits.

As this kind of weather brings vacations, guess we will tell you just what the folks are doing down our way.

You might have known that Chief Clerk C. U. Patrick, wife and daughter went to Florida to see how their orange grove was progressing, however, they did enjoy a few dips in the Atlantic. Judging from Mr. Patrick's disposition since his return, they must have had an enjoyable trip and his grove is doing nicely, at least, he says so.

Grace Harvey, comptometer operator, has gone to her old home town in Northwestern Texas. She did not have much to say about going, but we have all planned to be good listeners on her return.

Since Apollo has been throwing his scorching rays on Fort Smith, Le-vern Cochran, chief clerk in the Store Department has more than earned the vacation that he is spending up north. You know, Fort Smith gets terribly hot during July and August and as this is Mr. Cochran's first summer in Arkansas, he says he has to feed his chickens cracked ice in order to keep them from laying hard boiled eggs.

General Car Foreman W. W. Claypool, his son, Harold, Junior Heyburn, Assistant Superintendent S. J. Frazier and a few other friends spent their vacation on a fishing trip on Current river in Southeastern Missouri. Though it rained almost every day they were out, which made fishing bad, still the two boys enjoyed themselves in such a way that the trip will be long and favorably remembered by them.

J. F. Hill and family spent an enjoyable vacation touring Missouri in a new sedan.

P. W. Checker H. E. J. Barry is putting in his time painting his house and attending baseball games.

The rest of us are looking forward to the time when we will be writing back telling of the good times we are having. So, expect you will hear of that later.

T. F. Gaines was present at the last Central Division Safety First meeting held at Fort Smith on July 11th, at which time he gave a very interesting, as well as instructive talk on safety first items. We were all amazed at the long list of figures he gave us from memory of casualties happening not only in the United States as a whole, but for the Frisco, the different divisions as well as the number of shopmen killed and injured on each division. Mr. Gaines, we hope to see you at future meetings.

Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Denham were recently called to Springfield by the death of Mrs. Denham's mother. We wish to extend to them our deepest sympathy in their bereavement, but at the accepted time we must all bow to the will of the Higher Power and to meet the inevitable with courage that we have lived a life well spent, which must indeed be a satisfaction that brings solace in this hour of trial.

Road Foreman J. F. Hill of the Ft. Smith and O&CC subdivision has been on the Northern Division for the past two weeks assisting in riding engines in the different classes of service prior to the Fuel Department establishing fuel clerks and keeping a daily record of fuel consumption on engines of all classes of service.

Messrs. Robt. Collett and J. E. Whalen stopped off while on their way to attend the fuel meeting at Hugo, and spent a few hours with us at Fort Smith. Always glad to have you come and hope you will soon return.

Reporter H. F. Shivers of Kansas City dropped in to see us last month.

He said he came to Fort Smith to have his picture made for the magazine. Sure hope he hasn't disappointed us.

Mechanical Department Southwestern Division

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

Well, here goes, while I am in the humor I'll take my typewriter in hand and do a few fancy hand springs for the September issue. Pheh, pardon me a minute while I wipe the sweat from my manly brow and go get a glass of ice water from the old jug. Sure is hot in this man's land and I want to state right here I'm going to take my vacation last next year, as I believe that I will need another one by the time all the rest of the office gets through taking theirs.

Did you ever have a perfectly good picnic planned for one of these Saturday afternoons and all arranged to get off early while one of the stenographers is on a vacation, and at the last minute have some one come in and want you to take an investigation and when you get through it's too late to even think of starting and you can't say a word as some one else may have had to do the same thing while you were gone on your vacation? Oh, boy, ain't it a grand and glorious feeling? NOT.

Not much news from us this month as every one is either gone on a vacation or going, but hope to have some perfectly good vacation times to tell about in the next issue.

R. W. Harper has gone to parts west, departed Friday afternoon, and hope to have some vacation news from our timekeeper for next month's issue.

Not to forget our gum punishing car steno, who has gone on one of these said vacations also. Just before starting she received notice that the towns she was to visit were torn up by a tornado, but it did not dampen her ardor to take the trip and she has gone to help rebuild the towns in question. We are hoping against hope that she will present us with some pictures of the storm scenes around Sandusky on her return.

Well, last but not least, comes me. I departs myself on a certain Saturday afternoon on my vacation, arrives in Springfield all OK on Sunday, and eats myself a good chicken dinner at home before I can fully make up my mind that I would brave the dangers of a big city. Well, after inhaling a good supper at same place, I places myself on train No. 10 and departs for said city of grand and glorious fame, St. Louis. Didn't take me but about nine hours to decide I didn't belong there at all. Got out of the depot on Market street and couldn't see the sky but part of the time so thought I would walk about a bit where I could see it, so here goes.

Whew! Let me get on the other side of the street before I go on, that last car almost tore my heel off. Well, after spending fully 25 cents and seeing all those buildings I decided that Sapulpa was the best after all, and, boy, I sure am going to go a different direction next time, as I still have scars on my neck yet where those St. Louisans walked on it when I tried to see the top of some of those buildings. Next step in this so-called progress of vacation time—just a minute while we change scenery. This scene is laid in Oklahoma, otherwise known as God's (?) country. Well next I followed the Frisco down as far as Lawton and forgot my raising, so decided to ride the Rock Island Lines for a ways, so hooked on one of their fast trains and rode thirty-five miles in exactly five hours and thirty-five minutes, and didn't have a failure on line either, didn't have to, that train has been a failure ever since it started.

Well, after arriving at Grandfield, Okla., I decided to rest and see part of the country, and, boy, I want to state right here that Alabama may have its coal and iron mines, Missouri may have its farm country, Mississippi its malaria, but give me those good old oil derricks, pointing skyward in Oklahoma, any time. Drove over one day to see the Burkbennett addition on Red River, just across the line in Texas, and it sure is an impressive sight to see hundreds of oil derricks pointed skyward, forming a regular forest and spouting black gold. We thank you folks if you liked it this far. Continue to the end, if not, please call at the box office and your money will be cheerfully refunded, one dollar down and a dollar every time you catch us.

Myrtle McConnell reports a good time even though her trip carried her only as far as home, which is near Oklahoma City. She still believes in the old theory, there is no place like home. Can't say that we blame her as she seems to be about ten pounds heavier.

A joint fuel meeting with Southwestern Division, Western Division, Sand Springs Railway, and other industries in and around Tulsa was held on July 18th at City Hall, Tulsa. Wonderful talk was given by Mr. G. W. Tolley, federal inspector on Safety First, in all branches of commercial industry. In this talk Mr. Tolley emphasized the two words, "THINK RIGHT." Mr. Tolley brought out the fact that if you think right before you start to do any kind of hazardous work you will have far less trouble and will bring the danger of accidents down to the minimum.

Mr. Eugene Lorton, editor of the Tulsa World, also made a splendid address, and in all, we believe that this fuel meeting brought out some very good points which will develop into a greater saving of fuel and lessening of accidents.

HE WAS A TRAIN CALLER

"An' what's your job around here, young fellow?" asked the farmer of an official at the Terminal Station.

"I'm the train caller," answered that dignitary.

"Well, call me one, then. I'm in a hurry."

F. L. & D. Claim Department

Charlene Willard, Reporter

Mrs. Hannah Dickerson has just returned from a very delightful vacation spent in and around Portland, Oregon.

Ruby Northcutt is very interested in Oklahoma state politics. All loyal Frisco people, living in Oklahoma, are requested to vote for E. Fred Johnson, candidate for State Representative on the Democratic ticket, Tulsa County.

McKinnell certainly has enjoyed the absence of C. J. Bowman, who is spending his vacation in Colorado, because Mac can now operate the opening and closing of the windows in the office as he desires.

Mrs. Lyda Lewis and husband have returned from a trip to Chicago and other Eastern points. Lyda says it was a second honeymoon.

Alma Fielden and sister Freda, employed in the Transportation Department, are spending their vacation touring Yellowstone Park, Salt Lake City and various points in Colorado.

Mrs. Ella Chamberlain, employed in various clerical positions in this office and the office of Superintendent Transportation, since July, 1913, tendered her resignation on June 26, 1924 and is now making her home with her son, Clayton Chamberlain of St. Louis, Mo. The office presented her with several beautiful pieces of silverware as a farewell present.

Who said DIAMOND? Well, we did, just take a look at Era Robinson's new chunk of ice. Ain't love grand?

From the looks of Walter Shumate's battle-scarred face, we are inclined to believe he staged a real fight with some wampus-kittie.

On the occasion of the resignation of Wm. M. Doss, employed as claim investigator in this office for six years, the claim department had a typical get-together meeting at Phelps' Grove July 7th. The ladies brought well-filled baskets and a very delicious picnic lunch was enjoyed by all. Mr. C. H. Baltzell, a guest of Mr. McCormack's, delivered a fine presentation speech at the time Mr. Doss was given a beautiful all-leather traveling bag—a token of the esteem in which the employes held Mr. Doss. Mr. Doss has accepted a position as traffic manager for a lumber concern in Houston, Texas. As much as we regret to lose "Tubby" we are all glad to see him progress and for that reason extend sincere wishes for future prosperity.

Leo Barret loves the bright lights more and more. This time he visited Chicago, Detroit, Montreal and

New York. While in the old town he again saw the "Follies" and several other shows to his liking and we all know the kind of a show Leo likes, for he always gets a seat in the bald-headed row where it is not necessary to wear "specks."

Wonder when we will all get a ride in June Cruise's new Dodge coupe?

We just can't understand why Dazel Lewis is so slow in taking her vacation—suppose she is waiting on someone else to get "his."

W. A. Cripps has patented a magic comb that will wave your hair one morning and the next day, unwave it. We predict that this patent will make him a fortune.

Our office boy, George Willard, has only one girl and her name is Tillie. Now isn't that a romantic name?

C. H. Rice and family enjoyed a fine vacation trip down in Oklahoma and Arkansas and of course took "Lizzie" with them.

Carl Smith, traveling claim adjuster in this office, passed the cigars around the other day. It was an eight pound girl and her name is Ann Kathryn. We hope to print her picture in the magazine very soon.

Since this is the anniversary of our magazine and Mr. Bell has written a circular letter to all reporters, asking for suggestions, criticisms and expressions of approval, the following remarks, made by employes in this office, are printed in the hope that they will attract attention and the urgent necessity of more copies being furnished, given due consideration:

R. E. Goudelock: "It is a very good magazine, indeed. Keep up the good work."

R. D. Gilbert: "Only two days I look forward to—magazine day and pay day."

L. F. Sewell: "I like everything in the magazine. It's the 'cat's meow.' Come on with more of it and if possible, slip us enough copies to go around, so we can take it home for our families to read."

J. E. Head: "It is an interesting family newspaper, containing as well as inter-office gossip, many able articles of an educational value. It is a wonderful medium of connection, even between the most remote points of our great railway system. Bell has rung the bell."

W. A. Cripps: "Say, guy! Why not start an old timers' page, devoted to stories of the past Frisco railroading—sorta give the young Friscoites a history of the road?"

C. H. Rice: "The magazine is good, but there are not enough copies of it. Cripps' suggestion for an 'old timers' page is good. Why not also a page or half page each issue of Frisco history, beginning with the year one? How many of us know that the Frisco used to own a railroad in Arizona and New Mexico?"

J. R. Lodge: "Say, Bell, you don't have to guess what this gang thinks.

Just be sure that the magazine gets here once a month and a few more copies of it."

W. T. Shumate: "I like the magazine all right, but don't like having to do without every other month because we don't receive sufficient copies to go around. That aggravates me."

V. F. Anderson: "A wonderful magazine—effective in cementing the great Frisco family together and to make them realize the greatness of the road of which they are a part. Also, teaches how co-operation will make ours a still greater system."

Accounting Department

Enid, Okla.

Vesta C. Davis, Reporter

C. W. Martin has been appointed to succeed R. E. Dunn as traveling fuel accountant. Although we congratulate Mr. Martin on the promotion, we regret to lose him from our office.

D. S. Thornton, of the auditor's office, has been appointed to succeed Mr. Martin as shop accountant.

Mr. Allen—Ho, Hum. This is a great life if you don't weaken.

Miss Lewis—Do you think there is any danger of one weakening when they get as "hard boiled" as I am?

Local Freight Office, Kansas City

Ruby A. Monroe, Reporter

Frank Gleason, Agent B. J.'s brother, passed away June 27th, after a lingering illness. Words were inadequate to express our sympathy, and we had to be content with allowing our floral offering to echo the comforting words of The Hoosier Poet:

"I cannot say, and I will not say;

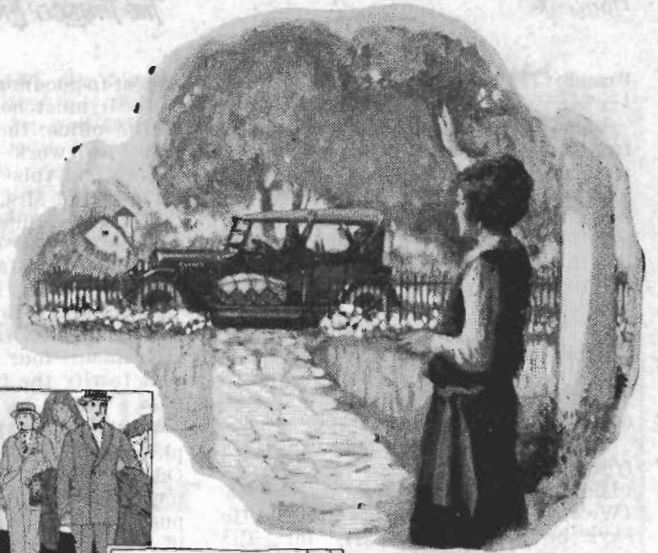
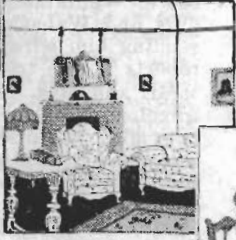
That he is dead, he is just away!

Wm. Rich returned to work the first of the month after a lively bout with Erysipelas, and we are glad Mr. Rich won.

Rich O'Connor returned July 8th from Chicago. The Mrs. accompanied him. Rich intended to take a run down to Detroit by his solitary, but Mrs. O'Connor accidentally left his pass at home. There is method to every successful organization, Rich.

Gus Gabauer is back on the job after a little jaunt to St. Paul and Winnipeg. Gus states he didn't pay much attention to the scenery, but prohibition hasn't hit there yet. He had to come back in a hurry, however, because he couldn't get away from the good-looking girls up there without heart trouble.

Mel Anderson and his "daddy-in-law" (Mel hasn't been married over thirty years, and he blushes every time he says it) went fishing up to Osceola just after the Fourth of July. Skeeter bites were the only bites they got. Mel is too conscientious to tell fish stories so he wouldn't be much of a fisherman. He looked rather peaked so we would recommend Muehlebach's instead of Eagle's



—“Don't forget to send for the New Sears, Roebuck Fall Catalog”



September—

A good time to take care of your Fall needs —Send your orders now to the World's Largest Store

Everything is at its best in September! The golden Indian Summer days—the best of all the year—carry with all their beauty a suggestion of the colder weather to come. Time to prepare for winter!

Our supply of the things you need for fall and winter is most complete. Values are the greatest in years. If you need wearing apparel for any of the members of your household, if you need new furniture, rugs or furnishings for your home, if you would like labor saving equipment for farm or shop, if you want a radio, a gun or a tire—our new General Catalog for fall or winter has it for you at the lowest prices.

The quality of Sears-Roebuck goods has long been recognized by our eight million customers.

They know that we were the first to guarantee merchandise and the first to equip a laboratory to make certain that the goods were of the proper quality. We'd like to have you test our merchandise. We know you will find it the best that can be had at anywhere near the price. And we guarantee it!

Our Catalog of 35,000 bargains is ready. If you haven't already received your copy, use the convenient coupon below.

Sears, Roebuck and Co.

SEND FOR YOUR COPY OF THIS CATALOG

We guarantee to satisfy you and save you money

24 Hour Service!

The World's Largest Store gives you the best service! 99 out of every 100 orders are shipped within twenty-four hours after we receive them.

That's Service!

Mail the coupon TODAY to the store nearest you.

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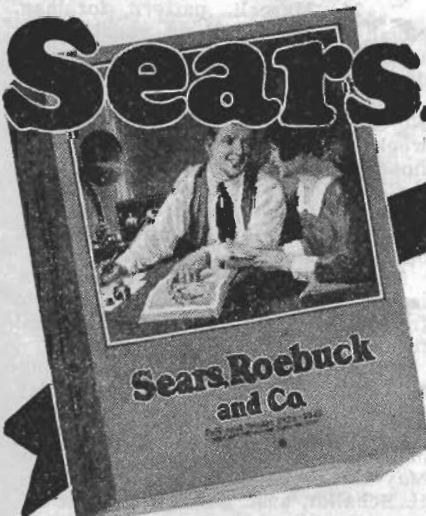
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Brand (\$4.75 per case delivered, 1½%.)

Erma Coleman is sitting on the front seat for publicity this trip, watching for the birdie. All in all it has been a rather interesting month for her. July 6th she took a flying leap from a motor car. (She stopped, but the car didn't.) No apparent damage outside of a badly sprained ankle. The evening of the 16th of July she went on her vacation to Chicago, Washington and New York. The heavens celebrated and gave her a very enthusiastic departure — we darned near had a cyclone down here.

J. S. Fleming returned July 15th from a two weeks' trip to Caldwell, Idaho, Long Beach, Los Angeles, etc. (We've forgotten the rest of it.) He says he can't see clearly into the Japanese immigration problem, but outside of that the west looks fine to him.

Frank Westerman went to Los Angeles, Denver, Salt Lake and San Francisco. (Frank says he likes to work for a railroad company—we wonder why?) He had a dandy good time, and didn't see a bowling match all the time he was gone. It's a great old world, but there's too much of it. The only trouble he had was that an old porter woke him up four times in one night for snoring.

Sol Botwinik is slow in regaining his health (Dan Cupid, M. D.) and we have hopes that the poor boy will be his old self again soon.

Willene Jacobs is back on the job after a trip to Denver. She was sure gone a long time. She tried to climb up Pike's Peak but couldn't make it because she's so accustomed to a Durant. They're right there on the hills all right.

Clay DeGraw is back to the office after a long stay at home with an infected heel. He was away from June 25th to July 14th, and we are glad he is able to resume his work.

Herm, it's either Dan Cupid or Father Time. Which is it going to be?

Erma got away on her vacation, but Miss Martin will be glad when she returns, because her absence has placed so much more stenographic work on her.

Wm. Collins, after an operation, is able to be back on the job. Bill had a little trouble with his lip, which gave his associates and friends real cause for concern. The office force gave him a financial contribution to show him that we were counting on him making the grade, and that we wanted to help out a little bit.

Frank Fenner has a cottage in Utopia. He's putting it up rather, and he's got a big hedge on one side that has to come down, and he's puttin' a fence up on the other side. (Odd how everything is so unevenly divided in this old life of ours, isn't it?) He spends almost every evening, every Sunday, almost every Saturday afternoon out there makin' a real,

honest-to-goodness farmer out of himself. It must be awful to come back to the office, though, and get quietly down to work—when the chiggers are so bad this year.

Craig and Mrs. Lacy went traveling the 15th of June. They visited Denver, Salt Lake City, San Francisco, Sacramento, Merced, Los Angeles, Calif., El Paso, Ft. Worth, Tex., and Tulsa, Okla. He reports fine weather throughout the trip, a delightful time, and about four dozen kodak snaps that testify the fact that he had some trip.

While in Salt Lake City he had the pleasure of shaking hands with Fred Odell, formerly of the uptown commercial office. Fred has a splendid position, Craig states, with the Tariff Bureau of the OS&L Lines at that point.

It doesn't make any difference how steep the hill is, if you just step on the gas and take a little run for it, you'll more than likely make it. And if you don't you'll have the satisfaction of knowing that you did your darndest, and Abe Lincoln couldn't have done more.

Springfield Store Room

Bertha V. Reed, Reporter

We certainly missed the photographs of the Frisco babies in the August issue, but in the future, I believe, the baby page will make its regular appearance.

Anyone wishing to know what "et cetera" means, or how it is spelled, ask Emmett Mayabb or Pearl Fain. Emmett thought it was a town on the Western Division before he consulted his station book, and Pearl admits she doesn't know just what it means.

Ed Thomson, assistant file clerk, Accounting Department, has resigned and will leave us August 1st for Miami, Fla.

Another diamond ring has made its appearance at the store room. The proud possessor of said ring is Beulah Shepherd, and we learned that the lucky fellow is Joe Ball. I suppose congratulations will soon be in order.

May Yates, stenographer, has returned from her vacation which was spent in St. Louis and Detroit with friends and relatives. She reports a wonderful trip.

J. C. Allen, invoice clerk, has returned from his vacation which was spent in Detroit, Mich.

Charles Gustin says that Pearl Ogden is advertising for a drug store cowboy to herd her new Ford coupe. Ed. thinks Pearl looks fine with bobbed hair.

Velma Martin, steno-clerk in lumber office, and Henrietta Truman, stenographer in general storekeeper's office, are spending their vacation at Galveston, Texas.

W. T. Stone, watchman, has returned from Detroit, Mich., where he spent his vacation. Mr. Stone had

the misfortune to lose his purse while there, containing his Frisco annual and Wabash pass, necessitating sending him wire transportation. He reports a nice trip.

Mr. and Mrs. D. N. Mathis, of Los Angeles, Calif., are the parents of a baby girl, Marjorie Alice. Mrs. Mathis was formerly Miss Elizabeth Johnson, stenographer in general storekeeper's office. Probably we will receive a photograph of the young lady for the baby page.

One evening recently Glen Stone's son was catching lightning bugs and putting them into a bottle. He finally let some of them out of the bottle and stepped on them. Glen said, "Now son, what have you done?" He said, "Daddy, I just stepped on them and broke their flashlights."

Josephine Welch left Saturday for Yellowstone Park. She was accompanied by Eva Westensburger and Jacqueline Tisdell. At Cody, Wyo., they will join a party of girls from St. Louis and will tour the park and visit other points of interest in the west.

Master Mechanic Office Eastern Division

Millard F. Brown, Reporter

J. L. Harvey, master mechanic, has been busy the biggest part of this month at Lindenwood getting ready for the opening of the new roundhouse at that point.

Mary Turner, stenographer master mechanic's office, is off taking her vacation. She promises some real news upon her return.

Allan Moore, timekeeper, has just returned from Hollister and Rockaway Beaches. He reports the scenery wonderful and fishing good.

Chas. Elliott, porter, would like to know if a man smothered to death, if his Met. Ins. would come due.

Traveling Timekeepers Lampkin and Davidson were visitors during the first part of the month. Everything went over fine with the exception that Lampkin happened to go through the wrong door.

R. M. Marcell, pattern foreman, North Shops, is off on vacation enjoying the benefits of these warm days.

Jas. Burns, motor car foreman, North Shops, is spending a few weeks' vacation in St. Louis and other important cities in the east.

C. N. Thompson, C. C. to M. M., attended the opening of the Lindenwood Shops and reports everything opened in fine shape.

W. J. Ficke, formerly night foreman at North Roundhouse, has been transferred to Lindenwood as general foreman.

Quite a bit of excitement was caused during the noon hour the other day when it was learned that two popular employees of the Frisco had quietly entered the state of matrimony on May 31st. The lucky man being Wm. H. Schaller, asst. gen. foreman at the

North Side Roundhouse. While the better half to the contract was Vivian Danielson, formerly employed in the office of Superintendent of Transportation. Immediately after the news was broadcasted, Mr. Schaller's friends placed him in chains and presented him with several nice presents; one of which he is not mentioning and the others of which he is very proud, and for which he wishes to thank his fellow foremen and others. They will be at home to their many friends at 814 W. Pacific Street.

Mechanical Department

Martha C. Moore, Reporter

We, all of us, have been just reviewing the August number of the Frisco Employes' Magazine, and it is simply splendid. The pictures of the "feature city" are fine, and makes me want to pay them a visit.

Turning over the pages to the family news I find Mr. Bell has promised that September will be the issue featuring Springfield. Say, we're surely anxious to get that number and we feel especially favored, as it is the birthday number, etc. Count on us to do what we can to make that issue a humdinger.

Glancing at the contributions by Ben Lewis made me feel rather cheap. I will admit the last month or so has found me lacking in energy and stories as well, and I haven't helped out much; but count on me for the September issue. As I've remarked before, from the easy swing of his lines, they apparently come without any effort, but when I get out some stuff it's like buckin' a motor boat with a pair of oars!

Everybody had a fine time the 4th, 5th and 6th of July. You know all those whose services were not needed got off Saturday (without pay) and of course then we stayed off Sunday. Some of us took trips, others stayed at home. Some of us worked, etc., but as for me—well, I wanted my horse about 62 miles from Springfield, so I rode her down there. Yep, I made it in one day, 62 miles in 9 hours to be exact—11 hours on the road with 2 hours for lunch. Of course I'm used to riding so I made the trip fine—and so did the horse—but when we got there we were ready for a "tie-up" for the night. The next morning I was riding at 6:30 a. m., both of us feeling fine, thanks. Haven't heard of any of the rest of the Mechanical force doing anything quite so wild, however, I thoroughly enjoyed every minute of it.

We registered around 95 yesterday, so this is really vacation weather. Mabelle Campbell leaves soon for California. Hazel Dwyer just recently got back from New Mexico, and Rosamond Horn is now speeding toward Denver, where she will spend a happy two weeks visiting friends. Joe McKenna has just returned from his vacation and our insurance clerk, Rufus Clark, has taken his family to

Illinois, so I understand, for a rest. D. G. Stark visited with his family in Cincinnati and while he was gone, a bad, bad burglar entered the Stark home and took about everything he wanted, and many things the Stark family wanted, too. He was preparing himself for the winter, as he took Mr. Stark's winter clothes, his over-

coat, etc. We'll profit by Mr. Stark's experience and leave someone in our house when we go off this summer.

Remember last month I told you Lloyd Lamb had promised to tell me about California and the C-shore, n' everything—I am giving you below the letter he wrote me, which is quite a masterpiece:

Training railroad employees for greater efficiency

THE Railroad Division of the International Correspondence Schools was organized in June, 1898—more than twenty-six years ago.

This division was organized at the suggestion of prominent railway officials who saw the need of some central organization to supply practical instruction to railway employees who were anxious to get ahead.

The plan was an immediate success, and in the last twenty-six years thousands of railroad men have studied the courses of the International Correspondence Schools and found the way to better positions and larger salaries.

To-day the practical value of this plan of instruction is so well recognized that it is endorsed and recommended by

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| <input type="checkbox"/> Traveling Fireman | <input type="checkbox"/> Cost Accountant |
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| <input type="checkbox"/> Air Brake Repairman | <input type="checkbox"/> Private Secretary |
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Dear Martha:

What I know about California:

Isn't that interesting? Sounds like it might come from Dock Fred Cook, Federal Inspector J. R. Vance, the millionaire hobo, or some other of our great American explorers, but I plead guilty. I'm just a country boy. Fact of the matter, when I get outside of the Eastern Division and Willow Springs Sub, I start whistlin' "Home-sick," and as far as California is concerned, all I know about it is what I saw from a Santa Fe Pullman, going from Needles to Los Angeles, where I spent a couple of weeks.

I have heard various and sundry descriptions of the King Midas State, some pro, others con. One canary will warble, (especially if said canary be poetically inclined) "Oh, such grandeur! Lofty mountain peaks, grotesque canyons, gorgeous flowers, encircling wonderful orange groves," while some would-be owl (especially if would-be owl be poetically inclined) will hoot, "Flowers without fragrance, people without haste, rivers without water, fruit without taste."

The realism came to me that we were in California when we pulled over the Colorado river. The porter yawned, raised his eyelids to half mast and muttered, almost audibly, "NEEDLES," and dropped off into another swoon.

I scraped the moss off it and let her fly: "So this is California!"

Some Arizona cow-hand sitting behind me says, "Yes, Needles, and you're stuck from now 'till you get back across this bridge into Arizona." You see the "hoof and mouth" disease made the Arizonians and Californians pretty hostile at each other. Nevertheless I made a stealthy invoice of my loose change and felt assured, when I found I had four one dollar bills, a couple of quarters, and a "Cockfair-Nelson" milk check.

We did not get up into the orange country until late that evening, but it was worth the ride when we did. You have to hand it to the Californians on their orange and English walnut groves.

Will Rogers says it's a shame, they have to go all the way to New York

to get the big, juicy California oranges. I suppose it is on the same principle that we Missourians have to go all the way to New York to get the large Missouri hen eggs.

It was pretty dark when we came through Pasadena, but I afterwards visited the millionaires' hangout, noted for its fifteen mile speed limit and "Busch's Gardens." I held a kind of philanthropic interest in these gardens, because I felt I had in my small way, contributed (via the nickle beer route) to their existence.

When I first contemplated making the trip, I thought it might be well to study Spanish, as I intended to do all my visiting in Los Angeles and vicinity, and it was my understanding that most of the people there divided their time between making money in Los Angeles and spending it across the border in "Tee Wanna" (if I spelled that town like the native sons do, nobody could pronounce it), but I found out after I had taken a few trips with some of the natives (a native of Los Angeles is one who has been there at least six months), that you don't have to speak Spanish at all, and need only a working knowledge of the English lingo. All that is necessary, is to register one of those awe stricken poses, a la Alexander the Great, lamping off the "Hanging Gardens" for his first shoot. Then give 'em your best effort in "How wonderful!" "Isn't it grand," "Ah, yes, it's quite the scarecrow's ear muffs," and you are hitting 305 with the Californians.

One would think these sunburnt dames and hombres would have to be like doctors, need lots of "patients" in showing you around scenes so familiar to them, but they detest having it vividly impressed upon them that they are living, while we poor Missourians are just existing, like a candidate detests hearing he has been nominated.

I hope the term I used back there, "hitting 305," did not confuse you folks as to whom I had in mind in making reference to Alexander the Great. The one I was speaking of was the one you used to hear about, before the "Cubs" went the Macedonians one better and produced for the discriminating public, the real article.

But let's go back to Los Angeles. Two days after my arrival there I gave them the newspaper decision on climate, and after I had been there a week I decided Missouri's climate ought to be carrying a defect card.

Of course I took in the "see-shores," and maybe I have poor eyesight, but I hope I don't have to take a job on some street corner with a bunch of red lead pencils and a tin cup, until I have made one more trip. I know you folks don't care anything about landscapes, climate and the water Balboa discovered down by the seashore. I know what you have been waiting for and I was coming to that right away.

To begin with, I would like to tell you about the interesting interview I had with J. Warren Kerrigan, and the fight I had with Mabel Normand's chauffeur, but sad to say, I never saw a one of them. Gloria, Doug and Mary were out of the city and I got kleig eyes looking around Beverley Hills for someone who looked like Marie Prevost, of Joyce Jack fame. In fact, as far as Hollywood is concerned, you will have to gather your "info" on it from "Motion Picture," "Screenland," "Movie Weekly," etc. (That's where the people of Los Angeles get their dope.)

And now that I have given the "Movies" honorable mention in "What I know about California" about the only thing left is the conclusion, and in conclusion, I wish to state that it was not my intention to stack up the relative merits of Missouri and California, but since I have made such frequent references to both, perhaps the proper title of this article should be "Mud and Sand."

Yours truly,

LLOYD LAMB.

Speaking of vacations—I had part of mine the last week, and as it is too long to include in this article, I shall write it up under another head, and, if Mr. Bell will print it, I'll tell you about one of the most thrilling experiences I have had for a long time.

Kansas City Terminals, Yardmasters and Clerks

A. W. Meyer, Reporter

Well, vacations are about over now with the yard forces and we will all be down to our old force again doing our best for the Frisco. Local happenings are scarce so will not be able to give you much news from this point.

We note the Boliver Harold states the Sarcoxie Berry Association is the oldest in the state and has been in existence for 35 years, also has a membership of 400. Here is hoping their membership will increase to 1,000 shortly and they will remember the Frisco as in the past.

Some folks are like a wheelbarrow, won't do a thing until they are pushed and that is the way I feel today pushing this write-up for the magazine.

The Rosedale Mills burnt down July 5th, and Frisco car 122,750 caught fire. We were unable to get car to the water crain so Yard Clerks J. C. Bagemihl, Arnold Singer and Revising Clerk Bill Walsh got some gunny sacks and wet them and beat out the fire, saving the car and contents. Good work, boys, the Frisco is proud of you.

Well, I spent my vacation at Birmingham, Ala., early in June, and must say it is some town. I couldn't resist seeing this town after reading the write-up in the Frisco Magazine. I will say Birmingham is a fine town, and if you want to get a good idea of the colored section of the town you should read the Saturday Evening Post articles by Mr. Cohn, who lives

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at Birmingham and uses the colored
folks there for his characters.

Personally, I believe it is worth
one's time to spend a week at Bir-
mingham, to see the great iron mines
and mills located there.

Yardmaster Frank Myers returned
Monday from an extended fishing trip
in Clay County. May his fish stories
all be little ones.

Yes, Ross will take his vacation in
September, or I should say start on
his trip over the high seas then.

Mr. Sisson is visiting us today.

Springfield General Store Room
Bertha V. Reed, Reporter

Each reporter is supposed to tell in
honest truth what they think of "our
magazine," also an expression of

opinion as to whether or not any im-
provement has been shown and what
more can be done to make the maga-
zine interesting to all. First to tell
the "honest truth," in my opinion it
is one of the best railroad magazines.
I have inquired of several of the em-
ployes what they think of the maga-
zine and they say it can't be beat.
Everyone waits patiently for the ar-
rival of the magazine each month. I
asked one person in particular, E. M.
Fitzgerald, what he thought of "our
magazine" and he said, I, being a lady,
he couldn't tell me without swearing.
But I believe after all Mr. Fitz thinks
it is a humdinger.

Every issue of the magazine shows
improvement. Before our magazine
was seven months old the pages in-

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Agents J. R. Thompson, Ky. writes: "Received my free suit. It. Made \$110.00 the first month." "Just write" "Send me without obligation, measuring chart and full information about your wonderful free suit offer."

AMERICAN WOOLEN MILLS COMPANY
Dept. 5001 Established 1898 Chicago

creased from 48 to 64, which shows considerable improvement. The Springfield Republican gave the Frisco Employes' Magazine a write-up recently in regard to featuring Springfield in the very near future, which shows that the magazine is devoting a great deal of attention to the Ozark country. We are looking forward with pleasure to this issue featuring Springfield.

On Monday morning, June 29th, Glen V. Stone, chief clerk to Division Storekeeper, walked into the office making all the noise he could to attract our attention and when we looked up from our work to say good-morning, we noticed that Glen wore a smile from ear to ear. We soon found out the news. He was the proud father of a baby girl, which had arrived on June 27th, and weighed 10½ pounds. The young lady has been named Gladys Dolores.

A few days later Mel Lambeth, checker at the store room, seemed happier than usual and upon investigating as to why all the smiles learned that a baby girl, Mary Angeline, had arrived at his home, July 1st.

On July 16th, we learned that a baby boy had arrived at the home of E. A. Thomas, supply car clerk.

On July 18th a baby girl arrived at the home of P. V. Hampton, storekeeper at West Shop. Mr. Hampton won't have as much time now to listen over his radio as he once did.

Do You Want Neat Files

By Orville Coble

Wouldn't you rather handle a neat file than a sprawly, ragged one? The former is actually easier to have if everyone handling the file will cooperate.

The easiest way to put an attachment on a file is the neatest way and it is the only neat way. Now learn the easy method. Take the file in your left hand, holding it up near the brad. With your right hand pull the points of the brad up together; then push the brad down until its points are even with the top of the file. Now place the letter on the file even with the letter below, push up the brad and bend it down. If the file is too thick to push the brad down even with the top of the file pull a portion of the file up to the top of the brad before making the attachment.

That's all there is to it, and it's a lot simpler than this sounds. But a

file clerk can't keep a file straight unless the rest of the office will cooperate, for the stenographers and other clerks make as many attachments as do the file clerks.

Carelessly built up files seem to declare careless handling all the way through, while neat files indicate a careful office.

Office of General Manager

By Orville Coble, Reporter

Virgil Williams and wife have taken their seven year old daughter, Velma, who has been ill for some time, to Kansas City to place her under the care of a skilled orthopedist.

Mike Connelly has joined the property owners' league, having purchased a home on Harrison Street, across from Zack Dunbar.

Since returning from a brief vacation at Rockaway Beach, Ann McClernon is continually and enthusiastically talking about Jack Salmon. We don't know who he is but we understand she "hooked" him in White River.

Springfield Freight Office

Elizabeth Johnson, Reporter

Besse Jones and Mrs. Elizabeth Johnson entertained with a miscellaneous shower Saturday night, July 5th, at the home of the former, in honor of Verna Jones, who is to be married in the early fall to A. B. Mitchell, chief yard clerk. The bride-elect was presented with many useful and beautiful gifts.

Oswald Rainey, yard clerk, accompanied by his wife, spent July 5th to

THE TELEPHONE OPERATOR SAYS—

The Wrong Way to Get Your "Number"

"Hello, hello. Give me main line."

"Sorry, the lines are all busy right now."

Bang goes the receiver slammed on the hook.

Ten seconds later.

"Well, well, give me main line."

"Yes Sir."

A wait of three seconds—the user will swear it's ten minutes—then, "Number, please."

"Olive 4 umph, ugh 6."

"What number, please?"

"Say what's the matter with you? Want me to write you a letter? I said clearly Olive 4567."

"Thank you."

Another second.

The busy signal—the hum which has become familiar to all users of the telephone. Business of frantically pushing the receiver up and down on the hook. "What number did you call, please?"

Repeats the number more or less distinctly, principally less. Another second, "Sorry, the line is busy."

"Give me chief operator."

The supervisor responds. "This is supervisor, what number did you call, please?"

"Say, listen, I didn't call for supervisor, I called for chief operator."

D. PRAGER & SONS

JEWELERS

OFFICIAL RAILROAD WATCH
INSPECTORS

FORT SCOTT, KANSAS

14th motoring in the northern part of the state.

Mary Larkins, secretary to W. C. Smith, agent, is spending her vacation at home. She is being relieved by Mrs. Annabelle Drago.

Mrs. Elizabeth Johnson, accompanied by her mother and grandmother will leave August 3rd for the east. They will visit in Philadelphia, Newark, N. J. and New York.

Oswald Rainey proved himself a real hero when he saved his sister from drowning in the James River, one Sunday not long ago. He came to work and never mentioned the matter to us on Monday. The first we knew about it was about 4:00 p. m., when the Springfield Leader announced it in glittering head lines.

This hot weather is getting the best of some of the heavy weights of this office. Especially Mr. Mills, Mr. Bevier and Mr. Hargis.

From the telephone calls that Blanche Handley, C&CD clerk, is getting, it won't be long until I will have another engagement to announce.

Bruce Crow, demurrage clerk, is spending his vacation in the east.

Miss Handley spent July 4th, 5th and 6th with her mother and father at Agnes, Mo.

Business of explaining carefully and courteously that the "supervisor" answers the first complaint call.

After a few seconds, supervisor succeeds in convincing indignant patron that he should repeat the number.

Perhaps two seconds more elapse, "Here is your party."

* * * *

The Right Way and the Pleasant One

Patron takes receiver off hook and in response to switchboard operator's, "Number, please," says quietly and distinctly, "Main line, please."

Directly the main line answers, "Number, please."

With mouth correctly placed before the transmitter and speaking clearly and distinctly, "Olive 4-5-6-7."

One second later, "This is Olive 4567, with whom did you wish to speak, please?"

A moment later the patron has resumed his regular work, his spirits are unruffled, his temper has been kept in that degree of temperature necessary to calmness and quick business adjustment. The girl at the switchboard later in the day is apt to remark, "Isn't that man Mr. Jones a nice fellow? He is always so pleasant and courteous, it's a real pleasure to answer his calls."

Try it. Be a "Mr. Jones."

MONETT

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EMPLOYEES' PATRONAGE

**Emory Johnson's
Industrial Masterpiece**
"THE MAIL MAN"
Rialto Theatre, Aug. 20-21
MONETT, MO.

General Accounts Department
By O. G. Moul, Reporter

Regret to report that Mr. E. R. Belt, assistant auditor, was severely bruised as a result of being struck by an automobile recently.

Orellia Lambrechts spent her vacation in New York and reports that that portion of our Free Bridge which extends over the ground is nothing compared to the Brooklyn Bridge which winds all over New York (sure you weren't looking at the elevated, Orellia?). After visiting the Statue of Liberty, Atlantic City and various other places of interest, Orellia returned to her home at Leasburg, Mo., for a much needed rest before continuing to St. Louis.

Geo. H. Moore, who was retired October 31, 1923, after twenty years' service in various capacities in the accounting department at St. Louis and Springfield, is now auditor for the House Committee of the City Club of St. Louis. Congratulations, Mr. Moore, your friends here wish you success.

Mr. A. J. H. Thistlethwaite, accountant for Deloitte, Plender Griffiths & Co., was taken ill while in St. Louis recently, but is recuperating rapidly at Eagle River, Wis.

Joe Sondag spent his vacation in the west, having headquarters at Los Angeles, from which point excursions were made to San Bernardino, Riverside, Santa Anna, Mt. Lowe, Long Beach, Pasadena, Catalina Islands and last, but not least, the bathing beaches where he "looked them over," but having forgotten his opera glasses he missed a lot. Joe says it was costly, but expects someone to pay.

Letter From Former Frisco Girl

Mr. Floyd L. Bell,
645 Frisco Bldg.,
St. Louis, Mo.

Dear Sir:-

Here's a word from one of those who married out of the Frisco Family. However, I worked as a Frisco Girl long enough to love "that old Frisco" and to believe that she does have some style!

It is with no little interest I read of the various activities of the Railroad Employees all along the Frisco, especially at West Tulsa, where I once had the rare opportunity of copying records from train sheets into a big book on a high desk. On each side of this record book was a telephone. These two phones got an all-

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day habit or ring at the same time.

When, later, I was working in the Car Accounting and Reclaim Department at Springfield, I could better understand why Springfield had been making so many calls down at the West Tulsa Yard Office.

Here is a picture of the small son of Henrietta Helms Tait, who is known as "Henry" at the Tulsa Freight Office. Like myself, she enjoys reading every word of that "Frisco Employes' Magazine."

I have not been in Texas long enough perhaps to fully appreciate that highly descriptive appellation: "Texas Coyote," but I know something about Texas mosquitoes.

So glad to see that picture of Mr. C. H. Baltzell. Years ago at Thayer, Missouri, I had the pleasure of hearing him "bear down" on his fine slogan, Safety First. It is with sadness that I note that Fred James, the engineer who used to run to Thayer from Springfield, has passed on to where the Master hand is upon the throttle of Eternity. Mr. James was a loving father, a kind neighbor, and true friend.

Greetings to Frisco friends and especially to those under H. W. Johnson's sure supervision, I am,

Sincerely,

EMMA HELMS CLAYPOOL,
Brenham, Texas.

Yard Clerk Dorris Is Business Getter

Oklahoma City, July 17th, 1924—O
Mr. J. W. Nourse:

I am quoting below letter received through Mr. R. C. Mills from P. D. Sheehan, general yardmaster, Oklahoma City, and same is self-explanatory:

"My yard clerk, William P. Dorris, secured 3 passengers, Oklahoma City

to Birmingham, Ala., via our lines, that were going over the Rock Island.

"Their names were, Mrs. Northrup and two children, and were going to some point in Georgia via Rock Island, and Mr. Dorris got in conversation with this party and suggested she travel via Frisco, leaving here on train No. 10, after he had secured the information from the passenger department of the connection to her destination.

"Would be glad to have you handle the matter through its regular channel, so Mr. Dorris will get a letter of thanks from the Passenger Department for the interest he showed in the solicitation."

We sold Mrs. Northrup two tickets form I-B, Nos. 7566-7 to Columbus, Ga., via Birmingham, thence Central of Georgia. Presume you will wish to acknowledge Mr. Dorris' interest and have mention made in an early issue of our magazine.

Yours very truly,

L. W. PRICE.

We Have Sportsmen Along the Line

It is very interesting to learn that T. J. Connell, agent-yardmaster at Dora, Ala., has organized a trap shooting club and he is very optimistic about it, too. What is more wholesome than an outdoor sport of this kind? From the beginning of the history of Alabama, sports have held a very important place in the lives of the people, as sports do, and should. Today, trap shooting is considered one of the leading sports of the country; however, Alabama offers many different kinds of out-door sports, and it is a significant fact that horses, hounds and bird dogs of Northern Alabama hold an important place in the meets where dogs and horses are brought together.

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Car Accountant Office

By Miss Mary Howell, Reporter

Birthday greetings from Room 100. Our magazine is one year old this month and we are as glad to see a copy of it now as we were to see the first copy. May it grow and prosper through the coming year as it has in the year just past.

Mrs. Katherine Beagle and Mrs. Marie Umlauf have been vacationing for two weeks in Salt Lake City, Denver, Colorado Springs and other western points.

Misses Alta and Helen Heflin left Saturday for Eureka Springs, Ark., where they will spend their vacation.

Miss Theda Pyland left July 12th for California. She will be away till September 1st, making an extended tour of the west.

The Carter family are having their floors reinforced since Doris fell through injuring herself to the extent of being off from work one week.

Miss Rubena McMillan has been able to create a greater mystery than the "Bat" by losing her suit case somewhere between Ft. Scott and Hutchison, Kansas. Now ever since we could remember Kansas has been bone dry and now Missouri is—now how, where, when and why could anyone lose a suit case from a Willys-Knight and not know where and when?

Miss Oneta Barnes entered her name in the list of June brides when

Castling's Markets

FT. SMITH, ARK.

3 STORES

GROCERIES FRESH MEATS FISH
and FRESH ROASTED COFFEE

she became the wife of Thomas Hall of Kansas City.

Our office received a visit from Mr. Trobaugh, car accountant for the Missouri Pacific last week. Come again, Mr. Trobaugh.

Mrs. Billie Alderfer has returned from a wonderful trip in the west. While away she visited Portland, Seattle and San Francisco.

Miss Anna Helbig is spending her vacation in Yellowstone National Park.

**Accounting Department,
West Shops, Springfield**

By George Reeves, Reporter

Well folks, we have another one on Charley Small. He has been out exploring again. This time he headed southwest, got as far as Tulsa, happened to get there in the evening, spied the top window lights in some of those high office buildings, took them for lighthouses, got seasick, wired his dad not to feed Towser any more raw meat. It's too bad Charlie, next time take our advice and tote your own.

All the gang got picture post cards from Mary Newton. Mary's ma and her went up to Joe Cannon's town in Illinois to visit some kinfolks. Guess they will visit other points, too, as Mary's leave of absence read for thirty days.

The annual Fourth of July Banquet of West Shop clerical forces was held during the noon hour of July 3rd. Twenty-three pencil pushers, bosses included, sat down to a long, heavily laden table in the chemical laboratory. We had lots of eats, salads, sandwiches, pies, cakes, fruits, brick ice cream, flowers and everything—everything but speeches. The only person that was supposed to make a speech was Miss Ethel Hill, the telephone operator who was transferred from West Shop switchboard account consolidation. She was presented with a beautiful cedar (hope?) chest and a set of glasses and for the first time and probably only time in her life, she was speechless. The offices represented were as follows: superintendent's, shop accountant's, store department, chemical laboratory and west coach shop office. Our next spread will be our combined Xmas tree and feed on December 24th.

Understand Mabel Boren was out "car riding" Saturday evening and lost her hat. Well, Mabel, we all know what a nuisance a girl's hat is anyway and especially are they apt to be blown off when one's head is thrown back. But do not worry, Mabel, for maybe he will trade his "open air" for one like Mr. Shackelford's. This type of car is especially recommended for windy nights by Fred Rauch. Fred ought to know as he is one of Shack's best customers. But still, it is very seldom that peo-

Official R. R. Watch Inspectors
Since 1888**A. Graves Co.**

93 South Main St.

Memphis, Tenn.

Yours for Service and Satisfaction. Try Us

**FISCHER LIME AND
— CEMENT CO. —****Building Materials**

MEMPHIS - TENNESSEE

ple lose their hats going to and from work. We are unable to state at this time whether any reward will be offered for return of the hat as Mabel does not seem to be grieving much over the loss.

Our office boy, Raymond Todd, is very anxious to get his name in our news column, but as he never does anything that is printable we will have to wait until he does.

**Mechanical Department
Kansas City, Missouri**

By H. P. Shivers, Reporter

Mrs. John A. Moffett suffered a very serious accident some time ago, by being thrown out of an automobile, when the car overturned while rounding a corner on Independence Boulevard. Her injuries consisted of one or two ribs broken and several cuts and bruises. The other occupants escaped serious injury. She was confined to her bed for several days as a result of the accident.

Leota Campbell, steno, has returned from a very pleasant visit with home folks at Wallace, Kansas. She came back all fed up on her mother's cooking and also acquired a first-class case of sunburn.

John A. Moffett, asst. timekeeper, and family spent an enjoyable visit with friends and relatives in Chicago Decatur and Milwaukee.

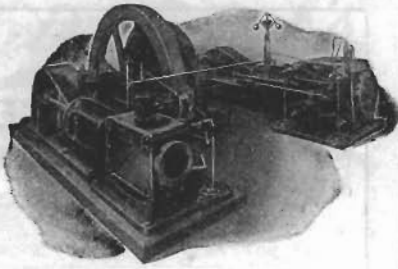
Agnes Lynch, accompanied by her mother, has just returned from an extended visit to New York City and other eastern cities. It was some trip, eh, Agnes?

Mrs. Jack Hawley and daughter, wife and daughter of Coppersmith Jack Hawley, have returned from a visit spent taking in the points of interest in California.

C. O. Edmison, coach foreman,

If You Like Me, Call Me "Paul" ISACSON'S FT. SMITH ARK. Men's and Boys' Outfitters

BIRMINGHAM ADVERTISERS



HARDIE-TYNES MANUFACTURING CO.

Builders of
HIGH GRADE CORLISS ENGINES
Heavy Duty Balanced Valve Engines, Air Compressors
Mining Hoists, Heavy Castings
Special Machinery

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BIRMINGHAM, ALA., U. S. A.

ADAMS, ROWE & NORMAN

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FOR EVERY PURPOSE

CAPACITY OF MINES AND OVENS 2 1/2 MILLION TONS ANNUALLY

W. W. STRINGFELLOW, President
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KILBY FROG & SWITCH CO.

Railroad Crossings, Frogs and Switches

Manganese Track Work
BIRMINGHAM - - ALABAMA

For better Concrete, Culverts and Bridges,

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'ENSLEY' & 'ALA CITY'
BASIC SLAG Birmingham, Ala.
CRUSHED & SCREENED
Birmingham Slag Co.

Brookside-Pratt Mining Co. Supreme Mining Company

INCORPORATED

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Steam and Domestic Coal

Brown-Marx Building
BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

NATIONAL COAL & COKE COMPANY

COAL AND COKE

*Steam, Gas and Domestic Coals
By-Product and Gas Coke*

BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA

Grider Coal Sales Agency

STEAM & DOMESTIC COAL

2,000,000 TONS ANNUALLY
Birmingham, - - Alabama

Woodstock Slag Corp.

WE FURNISH CONCRETE SLAG FOR
EAST THOMAS SHOPS
BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA

A. E. CONYBEAR

CHOICE MEATS - QUALITY GROCERIES
Correct Weights and Courteous Service
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BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

REID & LOWE

Railroad Contractors

Grading and Concrete
Bridge Work

Birmingham, Ala., and Charlotte, N. C.

FRISCO DEPOSITORIES

The American National Bank Okmulgee, Oklahoma

ALONG THE ROAD

We are travelers along life's road. Debt is the burden that rides you. The SAVINGS ACCOUNT is something for you to ride on.

THE CENTRAL NATIONAL BANK
OFFICE IN OKLAHOMA CITY
 COMMERCIAL AND INDUSTRIAL BANKING

It's not what you have made but what you have saved that takes care of you when sick or out of employment.

Save at least a part of your earnings and deposit with us.

We will appreciate the business.

**BANK OF AMORY
 AMORY, MISS.**

BANK OF COMMERCE

CAPITAL, \$50,000.00
 SURPLUS, \$15,500.00

Sapulpa, Okla.

We Appreciate Your Checking Account

4% Paid on Savings Accounts

Successful Banking

— SINCE 1873 —

RESOURCES
 Eighteen Million

The Fort Worth National Bank

FRISCO DEPOSITARY

Main at Fifth Street

UNITED STATES DEPOSITARY

The National Bank of Commerce
with which is affiliated the Federal Commerce Trust Company
in St. Louis

"The National Bank for Savers"

The Merchants and Planters National Bank
SHERMAN, TEXAS

Established 1872
 Capital and Surplus \$1,200,000.00
 Will Appreciate Your Account

spent his vacation visiting home folks at Mattoon, Ill.

Engineers F. Y. Bell, W. G. Cooper and L. A. Buckner, together with their families, spent the past month at South Haven, Minn., fishing, boating, etc.

Wm. Edwards and Miss Georgia Ransdall were quietly married the latter part of June. The cigars and candy were appreciated and we extend to them our best wishes for a long and happy life together.

J. B. Gilliam, general foreman car department, is taking in the sights of Yellowstone Park, Denver and other western points.

DeWitt Durall is the new clerk at the north repair yards.

W. H. Samuels was a Kansas City visitor recently.

J. W. Watkins, transfer foreman, and family have returned from a pleasant visit with home folks at Glen Elder, Kan.

Arthur Thompson is the latest machinist apprentice to be assigned at this point, entering the service July 1st.

R. & B. Foreman Brown and his forces have recently completed the renewing of the decking on the turn table at this point.

Machinist Ralph Fyffe has also joined the ranks of the benefactors.

Eleanor Forster is not going to take her usual vacation this year and we are pledged not to tell why. Wait till next issue and we think the mystery will be cleared up.

Farmers State Bank

ROGERS, ARK.

MAKE OUR BANK YOUR BANK

Western Division
 Transportation Department
 Our Slogan—Boost or Blow

A. L. Kinkade and Elma Williams, Reporters

Messrs. Kurn, Jonah, Koontz, Hutchison, Fraser, Sisson, Cornatzer, McCormack and Stephenson have all recently visited us at Enid.

Agent Wood at Pawnee takes such precaution in keeping things up that he has spoiled his force. Recently the agent started on a little trip and left his typewriter uncovered and Cashier Penfield wired agent as follows: "Typewriter uncovered, what shall I do?" Agent replied: "Cover it up, you darn fool."

Talk about cute names, they have 'em at Blackwell. One clerk is "Honey" and another is "Dew Drop," but to save the steno's reputation, "Honey" is just short for Hunnicutt.

We'll say business is good on the Western Division. July 1st to 21st there have been 1,843 cars of wheat loaded and shipped from stations on the division, practically all of it passing through Enid terminal. Our yard as well as telegraph and dispatching force, has been increased to handle the large amount of business.

Good assurance that our "stenos" are prosperous amid the expense of bobs and marceles—Ada Dillon has gone to Tacoma, Washington to spend 60 days (and all her money). Helen Sinclair spends her time and money with friends in the Lone Star State.

Thirty-four Frisco employes and families spent the 4th of July at

ST. LOUIS ADVERTISERS WHO SEEK FRISCO EMPLOYEES' PATRONAGE

Cantoni's

Tasty Foods for Your Particular Appetite. We Always Have the Best on Hand. Come In and Convince Yourself.

Prices Moderate—Service Good

Main Floor, Frisco Bldg.
298 N. 7th St. 3568 Olive St.

WE NEVER CLOSE

CENTRAL 5728 BOMONT 414

Becht Laundry Co.
We Specialize in Family Laundry
3301-11 Bell Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Stauffer's Park. Among the pastimes indulged in were bathing, boating, fishing, hiking and kodaking, but of course best of all was the old fashioned picnic dinner served at noon. We had fried chicken, ice cream, cake an' everything, oh! boy, it was good and the only regret we had was that we couldn't hold more. You tell the world we shore wouldn't want to be the judge as to whether Claim Agent Sinclair or Dispatcher Constant liked fried chicken the best—from observation it looked to be about 50-50.

Friends of J. W. Hall will be glad to know he is improving rapidly. Mr. Hall had the misfortune of breaking his collar bone June 28th, and has been in the St. Louis hospital.

No, not so many new faces, just old faces in new places. Claudine Cox thinks she will like the bunch if they cut those cruel remarks. Nancy Kengle replaced the blonde alright but added another point for the stenos.

Wichita seems to be a favorite spot—Roadmaster Hinkle and wife, as well as Floyd Wright, roadmaster's clerk, all spent a part of their vacation at that place.

W. N. Hunnicutt, chief clerk at "lackwell, is expected home from the hospital in next day or so and we hope will be first class.

Birmingham Terminals

By John L. Godsey, Reporter

The exodus from 9th Ave. to the New East Thomas yards began on June 30th. All the office fixtures, including Jim Odell, Marshall Ford and the messenger boy, were crated up in box cars about 11 a. m. The three mentioned above, however, were to see that nothing slipped out the doors

J. I. Chappell Optical Co.

Optometrists and Eye Conservation Counsellors

711 Frisco Bldg. ST. LOUIS

Kennard's
4th & WASHINGTON

LEADERS IN THE MIDDLE WEST FOR—

FURNITURE
CARPETS RUGS
DRAPERIES
LINOLEUMS

Kennard's
4th & WASHINGTON

SAINT LOUIS

when going over "Billy Goat Hill." East Thomas is rapidly becoming a railroad center. The Illinois Central shops are just over the tracks and across the field are the new Southern yards and shops at Finley, so we are in the midst of it and there's nothing but "railroad atmosphere" out here. Occasionally though a breeze blows in from the "creek."

Switchman John Giles has returned from the land "where the movie queens grow." He still complains about the "salt" in his eyes from Salt Lake.

Marvin Darrah hopped off on another "round the country" journey, this time going via Colorado, Los Angeles and up to Seattle. Marvin is single and takes these kind of vacations every year.

Mummy Welch announces the arrival of a little lady. Congratulations, son, we gotta nuff yard clerks now, what we need is more stenos.

John J. Connolly was invited down



The Furniture Store where you get a Blue Bird Dinner Set Free
GOLDMAN BROS.
1102-8 Olive St. Louis

If We Want Good Candy WE GO TO

Ibsen's
910-912 OLIVE

Geo. D. Fisher Optical Co.
OPTICIANS
915 LOCUST STREET
We are the FRISCO Official Opticians
Discount on all glasses to employees

Frisco Bldg. Cigar Store
506 OLIVE ST.
We Carry Your Favorite Smoke
Smee & Henderson

to the coast for a nice fishing trip. Eat 'em as fast as you catch 'em. Uncle John, plenty down there.

Tom Connor, who earns his wages in the store department, has just returned from a honeymoon, and like all the newly weds, Tom brings his lunch along.

I present to you, Mr. A. W. Meyer, author of "Consider Now the Yard Clerk," one who is typical of your description as a good yard clerk and who is always on the alert when it comes to his work in the yards. This is our Mr. F. O. Perkins, now stationed at East Thomas and who deserves mention as one who is on the job.

M. H. Ford and family had a delightful time in Savannah, also at Tybee beach, where Ford always gets his summer sunburn.

Charlie Gann, better known as "Gann No. 3," has been advanced to yard clerk. Charlie used to push a bicycle as a messenger. He is called Gann No. 3 because his father and older brother are already in the service.

AMORY, MISS. ADVERTISERS

CLAYMORE-PUCKETT LUMBER COMPANY

(INCORPORATED)

MANUFACTURERS AND WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

Mills on Frisco,
Amory and Bigbee,
Mississippi



Mills on
Mississippian,
Smithville, Miss.

AMORY, MISS.

FOR TEN YEARS WE HAVE HELPED TO MAKE THE FRISCO SAFE

Tulsa Freight Station

By E. B. Applegate, Reporter

Some one suggested this as a sign to be erected at railroad crossings—"Better Stop a Minute Than Forever."

A resolution urging the passage of a state law compelling all automobile drivers to stop, look and listen at every railroad crossing was adopted Friday, July 18th, at the Safety First Claim Prevention and Better Service meeting of Frisco officials, held in the assembly room of the City Hall. About one hundred were in attendance, including General Manager J. H. Fraser, Asst. General Manager M. M. Sisson and a number of other high officials of the road. C. H. Baltzell of Sapulpa, division superintendent, presided as chairman. Mayor Newblock, in a short address, made the visitors welcome to our city, and Eugene Lorton, of the Tulsa World, Republican candidate for United States Senator, made a brief non-political talk. In spite of the heat a very pleasant and profitable day was spent.

Leona Berryman, of Superintendent E. E. McGuire's office, left for Palestine, Texas, for a visit with home folks for a few days.

Sue Meek, Goldie Workman and Nell White, are awaiting transportation to the west, where they expect to spend their vacation doing Yellowstone Park.

Mr. and Mrs. B. A. Hamilton, and little Emily Ann, have gone to Cape Girardeau, Mo., on their vacation.

G. D. Kyger, division clerk, is back on the job again after a very enjoyable trip on the Saba Grotto Special to Indianapolis, Ind.

The reporter from this station motored to Ginger Blue for a three days' vacation covering the Fourth of July, chaperoning Amber Applegate and Esther Danner, F. C. Platt and Stanley Campbell.

Beautiful place, wonderful time, delicious "eats," lovely people—so:

When planning your vacation

And wondering what to do,

Put your bathing suit in a little bag,

And go to Ginger Blue.

It was with keen pleasure we read

W. J. RIEVES Meats and Groceries

Cumb. Phone 25 Ind. Phone 183
AMORY, MISS.

the little poems from the pen of Mr. J. W. Springer, of Atlanta, Ga. We had this pleasure while he was located in Tulsa, and hope that he will find it convenient to contribute often.

Telegraph Department

By Lillian Hultsch, Reporter

L. Rena Webb, chief telephone operator at Memphis, spent one day of her vacation with us on June 24.

We are glad to have Ray with us again after his three weeks' vacation.

Ollie Ousley went on a "sunrise" breakfast recently. What time did the sun rise that morning, Ollie?

Mr. Musgrave is becoming quite a slight of hand performer.

Mr. and Mrs. Troy Miles visited us on July 8th. Both Mr. and Mrs. Miles were former employes of this department.

"S" OFFICE

Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Davis, "V," are the parents of a fine young operator who arrived about a month ago and has been named Phillip Ray. He should have delayed his arrival until after the Democratic Convention, then they could have called him John W.

Operator Pierson, who has been acting as relief operator here for some time, is now relieving Porter at "NY," Monett.

Brownlow Kennedy, "K," spent the 4th at Riverdale on the James.

M. Lutes, "MA," who bid in a recent vacancy, returned here from St. Louis where he has been for the past six months. Welcome home, Barney.

Bill Fraser, "FY," went to St. Louis recently to relieve Fuller, who is relieving Frieze on vacation.

E. B. Shepherd, "SD," spent the 4th on the Gasconade at Wheeler's Mill, out from Crocker.

Frank Feyen has returned to work

AMORY HOTEL CAFE

AMORY, MISS.

MEALS SERVED AT ALL HOURS
OPEN DAY AND NIGHT

after a two weeks' vacation spent in and around Chicago.

Mrs. W. J. Sayers is recovering from an operation for appendicitis.

"Q" Thorson returned here the first of July from Ft. Smith, where he had been relieving Bill Holland for the past month.

Southwestern Division

Transportation Department

By Arthur Jessen, Reporter

Fishing time! Everybody is going, gone or has been fishing, coming back with the weirdest tales you ever heard.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Dally, Mr. and Mrs. Lon Burd and son, Ralph, went fishing in Cow Skin and Grand rivers some time ago. Jack didn't call it fishing, though; he wanted to rest, and rest he did, so they say. The fish came near getting Jack anyway; he went too close to the water, got stuck in the mud and if it hadn't been for his wife and a good pair of old fashioned gallusses, he probably would now be resting between the finny tribe.

Fred Morgan and "Speedy" Reed are contemplating an extended fishing trip, from all appearances. They spend fifteen minutes each noon eating and 45 minutes studying maps of the wild hills of Missouri. By time they get started they will know every little foot path through the woods.

If anyone wants to know how to catch bass, without hook or line, ask the reporter. He caught, apparently, the only bass in Elk River, Missouri, without using such implements. There might be more, but they appear not to want fresh air.

There has been several changes of agents on the Southwestern Division lately. Frank Wright, former agent at Claremore, resigned, and R. M.

For What You Need
When You Need It

COWMAN'S PHARMACY

The Rexall Store

Phones 471-472

Corner Dewey and Park
Sapulpa, - - Oklahoma

Page. of Fairland, was the successful applicant. Jumped right in with hands and feet to make Claremore a Frisco town.

A. E. McCans, formerly of Depew, now Fairland, says he likes the looks of the trees a good deal better than the oil derricks. Kind of a vacation for Art after having been at a busy oil town for nearly four years.

Believe "SI" Slocum finally located the kind of a job he was looking for; he bid in Depew agency after a few months at Wetumka. S. G. Smith is now agent at Wetumka, and L. Gaither, of Mill Creek took over the Chandler agency.

All these men are some of the livest wires on the division, and we can now look for some increases in business at the stations where they now are located.

Mrs. Lon Burd, who in addition to being the wife of our worthy platform foreman, also is file clerk in the superintendent's office, is on a two months' vacation, which she is enjoying canning peaches, putting up blackberries, etc. Hope we will all feel the effects of the vacation later.

CLASSIFIED ADS

Classified advertising under this heading will be charged for at the rate of 5 cents per word, with a minimum of 75 cents. Cash must accompany copy.

AGENTS—WRITE FOR FREE SAMPLES. Sell Madison "Better-Made" Shirts for large Manufacturer direct to wearer. No capital or experience required. Many earn \$100 weekly and bonus. MADISON MILLS, 564 Broadway, New York.

WOULD you never be forgotten? Write your Family Tree record. Our blanks make book records. Sample Free. Taylor Blank Co., Dallas City, Ill.

AGENTS — Raincoat season coming. Prepare now. Full line guaranteed raincoats, topcoats, winter coats. We deliver. Free coat. HYDRO RAIN-COAT CO., Dept. 800, Chicago.

FRISCO WATCH INSPECTORS

MACK CO., Watch Inspectors, 7 East Third Street, Tulsa, Oklahoma.

G. W. HALTOM, R. R. Watch Inspector, Fort Worth, Texas.

P. B. WILLIAMS, AMORY, MISS.

A. J. HANCOCK, jeweler & optometrist, Frisco watch inspector. Neodesha, Kansas.

Kansas City, Missouri

By Premiskus Lee

Milk maids are gradually being displaced by milking machines, and the theory is that the maids are too slow. It surely is not the clothing they wear that's slowing 'em up.

Someone with blue glasses stole all my nice green grapes. If I find his umbrella in the road, I will, in a fit of anger, destroy it.

A recent newspaper headline read: "Showers for the June Bridge."

Present day liquor resembles a woman in that it never gets old.

Railway coaches are a trifle more costly than football coaches, at least the initial cost.

Some people change their minds just as often as their socks, and then there are others that forget both.

Before taking that next drink from a friend, "Stop, Look and Listen, then Wait"—You may lose.

A wet basement formerly was a thorn in the side of the owner—now, it is a blessing.

The recently advertised 250 mile auto race on the Kansas City Speedway was called at 120 laps or 150 miles, on account of a poor track. Did the Speedway officials return part of the entrance fee to the spectators? No, they did not, but they did know that the track was unsafe days before they accepted the money, didn't they? Can the railroad sell a man a ticket for 250 miles and get him just 150 miles and keep the money and get away with it? No, they cannot, but this is just another case to show how cheap railroad transportation is.

Long—Where is the good old fashioned mother of yesterday, who looked after those children to see that they went to school with clean faces, arrived on time and knew their lessons?

Short—I suppose down in the barber shop getting her hair hobbled.

Stranger—How far is it to the closest bootlegger?

Native—I dunno, I live here. Better ast one of them travelin' men, they're better acquainted.

Commercial Office Notes

By G. F. Kleinhoffer

Rudolph Wiltshire, the town crier of Staycoma, broughamed out to Electric Park last week and was spending all of his time in one place, when an officer suggested he exercise some of the moths in his pocketbook—whereupon he became angry and drove away.

I. Reckom, K. K. K. disorganizer from Down Yonder, was in from therein.

Casta Votes and Rich Connors just returned from the Democratic Convention in New York. The buildings we have here, so they say, look like ant hills, as compared with those of New York. Page Ad Vensure.

Gardner—Have you been bothered much by the railroad worm this year?

Horticulturist—No; they are all down in Washington spreading disease now.

TULSA ADVERTISERS

Frisco Drug Co.
FOR
Frisco Employees
15 S. Main TULSA, OKLA.

TULSA CAFE
for
FRISCO MEN

Special Rate
13 S. Main - Tulsa, Oklahoma

Oklahoma Steel Castings Co.

MAKERS OF

Railroad, Oil Field and
Commercial Castings in

OKLAHOMA ELECTRIC STEEL

Tulsa, Okla., Box 658

Nichols Transfer & Storage Co.

DISTRIBUTORS OF CAR LOADS

THE OLDEST AND MOST
RELIABLE

North Boulder and Frisco Right-of-Way
Phone 6-118 TULSA, OKLA.

Edith, Walters won the Finch Contest at the Elks' Club. Pardon me it was not the Elks, it was at the Y. W. (They are so much alike.)

Tilda Soil, in company with Leeda Campbell, Rose Resnig, Charlene Willard and John Sachen Dehavalind to the daisy field Sunday and were caught in a terrible rain. Everybody got soaked but Miss Campbell.

Geo. Story gave a dinner in honor of the members of the Tracing Department at the Free Feed Hotel, Wednesday. The manager of the hotel kindly asked the return of all silverware in order to continue in business. The dinner was a huge success for everybody but the hotel.

Oil W. Warner, from Tulsa, is now a resident of Kansas City. City and County Assessors please note and arrange your records accordingly.

Young Son—Father do you think men should get married?

Father—Yes and no. Yes if she has, and no if she has not.

Bill Deveney and Chas. Stephens don't know as yet who the Democratic nominee is. What d'you know about that? I know who he should have

VACATION IN THE OZARKS

Playground of the Southwest. Advertisers on this page seek the patronage of Frisco Employees, their Families, and Friends

Bryant's Cottages ON THE GASCONADE

S. J. BRYANT, Proprietor

ELECTRIC LIGHTS. FURNACE HEAT
RUNNING WATER

ONE-ROOM, TWO-ROOM, FOUR-ROOM
and EIGHT-ROOM COTTAGES

Rates—\$3 by the day; \$15 by the week. Children under 6 years, half price. Complete campers' outfits for rent. Best cooks and guides.

JEROME, MISSOURI

THE OUTLOOK

—the Ideal Vacation
Resort of the Ozarks

On Meramec River and Indian Creek
ST. CLAIR, MO.

PINEY BLUFF HOME

LOCATED ON THE MERAMEC
COTTAGES—RUNNING WATER
ELECTRIC LIGHTS

Rates, \$2.50 a day—\$16 by the week
Write for Literature Bell Phone, 3F6
G. J. MAUER & SON ST. CLAIR, MO.

Bridge View Cottage

On the Gasconade

BOATING—FISHING—CANOEING
BATHING—DANCING—GOOD MEALS
RIDING PONIES—PRIVATE COTTAGES

Address RUSSELL ANDRES
JEROME, MO.

FOREST HEIGHTS

THE CHILDREN'S PARADISE

Where the air is fresh and cool and the children are welcome. Ten-room home, surrounded by 160 acres of hills and valleys. Natural sand piles, saddle pones, big tent, slide, swings, hammocks; also fresh milk, eggs and butter; 74 miles from St. Louis 1 hour's ride by auto to the Meramec River; 2 miles from the Frisco depot; mail and auto service to the door. \$10.00 per week; children over 6, half rate.
E. L. MITCHELL, R 2, B 55, Bourbon, Mo.

been, but that ain't goin' to quench my thirst.

Dan McDonough, son of D. F. McDonough, division freight agent, Birmingham, awarded coveted Honor Rank, Scout Troop 42.

We are all proud of "little" Dan; he was voted the best all-round scout and given the title as "Honor Camper" during the second period of the general camp, which closed last Saturday at Camp Andrews.

Each period of the general camps the scouts seriously vote to select an honor camper, and in their voting strive to select the scout who best exemplifies the camp spirit. To receive this reward is the highest distinction that can be obtained by a boy at the general camps and a goal toward which every real scout strives. Scouts who attain this honor have their names burned into the big cedar slab which hangs above the fireplace at Camp Andrews. In addition these scouts' pictures will be framed and hung in the messhall as a lasting tribute to their fine work.

"Zeta, Zaddock and Zalma"

In the August issue of the magazine, the printer made it appear that Brakeman A. Steck, of train 875, calls out "Zeta, Zalina and Zadoe." Of course it should have read, "Zeta, Zaddock and Zalma." To appease the wrath of Brakeman Steck, one of the most efficient Frisco employees, it is well that all should know the error was made and of its correction.

Office of Supervisor of Repair Bills

Everyone seems to have had a good time the Fourth, spent at various places.

Jerry Anderson, Bill Vaughan and friends went to Camp Perfecto near Hollister.

Gladys Hooper and friends went to Rockaway Beach.

Lela Pride attended the auto races in Kansas City.

Mr. and Mrs. Watkins visited friends and relatives at Monett.

Mr. Caldwell spent a few days of his vacation entertaining his brother, who motored here from Cincinnati.

Cora Wolkins left the 15th for Indianapolis and Washington, Ind., where she will spend her vacation. Miss Ida Blood accompanied her to St. Louis.

Lois Hughes leaves the 19th for Wichita and Manhattan, Kansas, where she will spend her vacation.

Helen Yates is having quite a time getting ready for her vacation. She leaves August 1st for California.

Ethel Wymer is to attend the Bible Students' Convention held at Columbus, Ohio.

We received very interesting cards from Mr. Baer, giving us an idea, by pictures, of the wonderful views and scenes he enjoyed while on his vacation in Arizona.

Mr. Rogers is giving "Soup Solos" since having several of his teeth extracted.

Lillian Yates has received many compliments from her friends on her beautiful permanent wave and spit curl.

Raymond Blankenbaker has become so speedy he has run several hot boxes on the comptometer since the regular operator, Ruth Douglass, left.

Our traveling car inspectors, Messrs. Davidson, Enslin, Rickman and Williams, favored us with a visit last week.

Signal Department

By Matilda C. Hoffman, Reporter

Installation of new interlocking plant at Turrell, Ark., protecting the junction of the Southern and River Divisions, was started on May 26th and plant placed in service on July 8th. This interlocking plant is within two levers of being the same size as would be required to protect the crossing of two railroads. The work

was rapidly pushed to completion requiring only six weeks and one day from date first started until the plant was placed in service.

Material has now been received and the wayside equipment for automatic train control will be extended from Republic to Billings. Before this installation is completed we expect to have sufficient material for an extension from Billings to Logan which will make a total of 20 miles of train control equipment in service.

V. G. Sisk, who was formerly signal maintainer at Richland, has been promoted to position of signal supervisor with temporary headquarters at Monett, having charge of all automatic block signals and interlocking plants on the Southwestern Division between Monett and Sapulpa. When the automatic block signal installation is completed to East Tulsa, Sisk's headquarters will be changed to Vinita.

Mercy! It seems editors make mistakes as well as secretaries. However, I hope they will be more careful in the future, as I do like my "job."

Carl Thompson went to Sikeston to visit a certain young lady over the week-end recently, but for some unknown reason returned the following day and refused to give out any information concerning his trip.

The Signal Department extend their deepest sympathy to Leading Signal Maintainer W. D. Davis and family in the loss of their loving wife and mother. Mrs. Davis passed on at Carthage, Mo., May 10th, after a lingering illness.

Our chief draftsman has ceased watching the calendar and things are running smoothly in the drafting room once more since Mrs. Cummings has returned from the east.

J. G. Knox, our efficient chief clerk, has returned to the office after a week's absence account illness.

KNOWLEDGE IS POWER

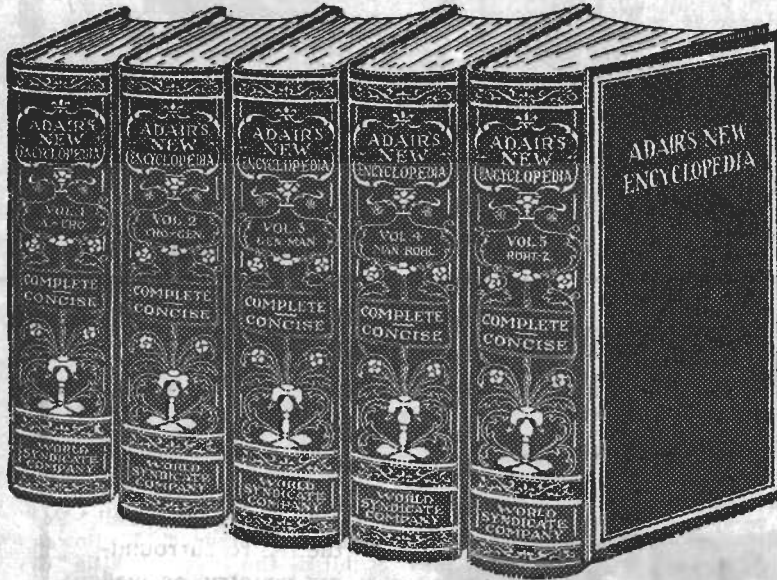
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A very interesting letter from Continental Gin Company has been received by G. R. Carson, superintendent terminals, relating the untiring efforts of Switch Engine Foreman Guy Murphree, to give best service possible at all times, and always looking forward to the interest of the Frisco Railroad, never missing an opportunity to solicit business. This is indeed commendable.

Freight Traffic Manager Butler has conveyed his personal appreciation to Foreman Murphree, together with that of Traffic Department, for his



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activities in this connection, and in letter to Executive General Agent Forrest, Mr. Butler states: "It is indeed gratifying to know that our operating people are interested in our railroad to the extent of doing everything possible to secure business, and if every employe of the Frisco should assume the same interest, we would have the greatest railroad in the world."

Accounting Department Fort Worth, Texas

By Lois M. Sheppard, Reporter

Dorothy Mae, a wee tiny miss weighing 8½ pounds, arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Meek on June 30th. Walter says she is a mighty fine girl and so far her manners are very good for one so young.

Ivan Stephenson had a most enjoyable vacation on the Texas coast this year.

Wm. H. McAlister enjoyed several days' vacation in South Texas.

Joe White (a recent groom) has just returned from a trip east. He reports an unusually good time.

O. T. Howard, bookkeeper, is back after a few days' visit in Illinois with his mother.

Lillian James had a very happy time in California visiting her sister (a bride) and her new brother. She also spent a short time in Chicago and had a very interesting visit with Clara Mae McFrancis, who is attending the Chicago University. Clara Mae is one of our use-to-bes and sends her very best regards to "us all."

Manette Brightwell, who has been in the hospital for some time, is very much improved and we sincerely hope she will be back with us at a very early date.

Katie Johnson, stenographer, and Mrs. R. E. Wesenberg, wife of our demurrage supervisor, spent the 4th of July in Kansas City.

Lotta Moore is visiting her father in Pittsburgh, Pa.

Marion Moore, stenographer, is visiting relatives in Pittsburgh, Pa.

Jessie Arterbury is spending her vacation in Houston and Galveston.

Birmingham News

By Kathryn Yorke, Reporter

Mrs. Launa Chew has returned from Washington, D. C., where she spent ten days' vacation, returning through Atlanta for the week-end, and reports a delightful time.

D. F. McDonough and Mrs. McDonough have moved into their new home in the beautiful Country Club district. We understand that Mr. Mc. doesn't have as much time to chase the golf balls as of yore, account of having to mow the lawns.

H. F. Stender is the proud father of a little daughter whom they have named Edith. If anyone has an extra size hat to spare, kindly send it to Mr. Stender.

Chas. A. Forrest, Jr., is in Miami,

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Fla., where he will spend a few weeks with friends recently moved there from San Francisco, California.

Harry Brown, depot passenger agent, when asked if he liked trap shooting immediately rushed his hand in his pocket and said: "Yes, can't we start a game?" Harry surely understood.

If anyone on the line would care to have some extra fine blackberries, B. F. Thompson would be pleased to supply them. Balfour says he delights in watching the sun rise over the top of the blackberry patch.

Will somebody page the Sheik? For some reason or other C. E. Bowen has acquired the coveted title of "sheik." How Abe gets away with it we don't know, for he doesn't use stay-comb; doesn't even part his hair in the middle.

J. W. Shill has returned to Birmingham as soliciting freight agent. Mr. Shill was formerly chief clerk in Division Freight Agent's office, and we are glad to have him with us again. He has recently been located in Atlanta as traveling freight agent.

Executive General Agent Forrest, besides making a trip through Carolina-Virginia territory with General Agent Springer, has just returned from a business trip to St. Louis and Memphis.

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- 3** They have many features which insure extra long wear such as triple-stitched seams, riveted rust-proof buttons, rip-proof buttonholes and reinforced strain points. They will shrink less than any other overalls made.
- 4** They give solid comfort because the broad two-ply suspenders will not rope or cut the shoulders and the extra long crotch fork will not cut or bind, insuring an easy stride and comfort, before and after laundering.
- 5** They are made with extra high form-fitting bib that will not gap at the sides; the back cut in one piece with suspenders extra high to protect clothing; and side opening reinforcements giving double thickness for button stays and preventing splitting at the sides.
- 6** They are tailored to fit and are snappy and neat in appearance.
- 7** They have many convenient pockets that come in mighty handy, including the Lee special 3-in-one safety watch pocket, safety rule pocket and extra deep, large and roomy front and hip pockets made of heavy durable material with no raw edges.
- 8** Lee Jackets are models for fit and comfort, exceptionally large, roomy and well tailored throughout, with cinderproof form-fitting collar.
- 9** They are made with the sleeves set in and shaped to extra large armholes with roomy elbows and the three button cuff which permits it to be worn snug or loose around the wrist.
- 10** They have many convenient pockets, including the Lee 3-in-1 safety watch pocket, large left inside time book pocket and handy inside match pocket.

Slip into a pair of Lee Overalls at your dealer's and judge for yourself their wearing qualities, comfort features and fine tailoring. Look for Lee on the buttons.

Made by the Makers of Lee Union-Alls

THE H. D. LEE MERCANTILE COMPANY
Kansas City, Mo.

Trenton, N. J., South Bend, Ind., Minneapolis, Minn., San Francisco, Cal.



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IF you ever talk to Conductor I. C. Spear of the Missouri Pacific "Hot Springs Special," he will tell you that he has been timing his trains with the same Hamilton Watch since 1899.

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VIA THE FRISCO AND SANTA FE**