

The Frisco-Man



in

1920

ADVERTISING INFORMATION

BETTER

Union



BUILT

Made

OVERALLS

SAVE YOU MONEY. *THEY FIT BETTER
WASH BETTER and WEAR LONGER*

"ASK THE MAN WHO WEARS THEM"

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Monett, Mo.

Chas. Ferguson
Willow Springs, Mo.

Hickman-White Store Co.
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Cofer Clothing Co.
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Chaffee, Mo.

The Eagle Store
Ft. Smith, Ark.

Logan Jones Dry Goods Co.
Kansas City, Mo.



TEXTILE PRODUCTS MFG. CO.
MAKERS

ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI



ONE MOMENT PLEASE!



MANY of your friends and associates have followed our suggestion to buy Accident and Health Insurance from us and those who have suffered disability have congratulated themselves many times upon the benefits received from having "THE TRAVELERS" protection.

When you buy from us you get The Best. There is no time like the present. Make your application now.

The Travelers Insurance Company
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BEST POLICIES
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ACCIDENT AND
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Employment for Disabled Frisco Employees

**THE
CONTINENTAL CASUALTY COMPANY**
(The Railroad Man's Company)

has a few lucrative openings for ex-employees of the FRISCO who have been disabled or otherwise incapacitated for railroad work. If you desire to secure a comfortable income or increase what you already have, please cut out this advertisement and mail with your application. State age, previous railroad occupation and locality desired. **The CONTINENTAL Employs More Railroad Men** than any other company. This is an opportunity to make a good living in spite of misfortune.

(Cut out and mail today)

Continental Casualty Company,
910 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill

I am employed by the
FRISCO SYSTEM

.....Division. Please send me information in regard to your accident and health insurance policies such as are carried by hundreds of my fellow employees.

Age..... Occupation.....

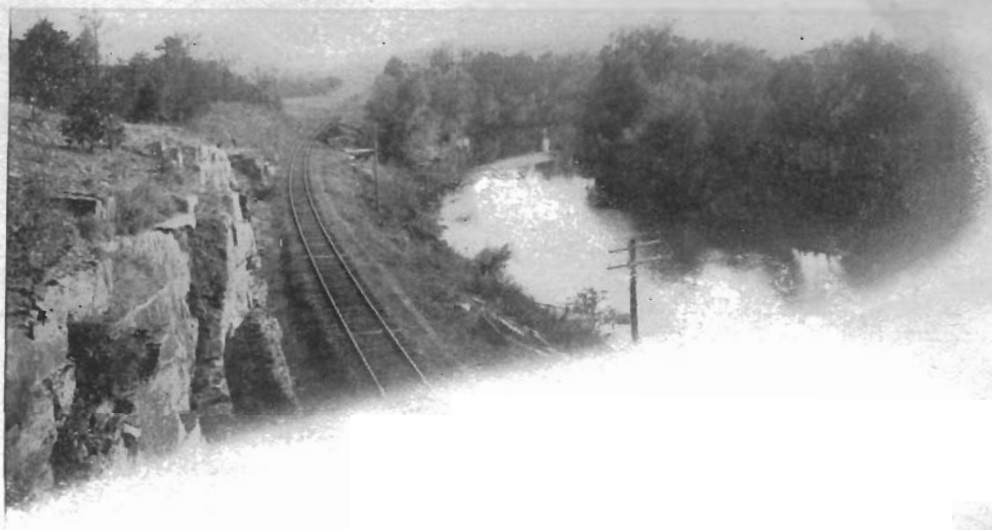
Name

Address.....

CONTINENTAL CASUALTY COMPANY

H. G. B. ALEXANDER,
President

CHICAGO



MY HAVEN OF REST

By Geo. G. Stockard

To the Harricane pines from my life's bitter strain,
I oft would return to renew me again;
At morning to feast on the glorious East,
And at evening to share the repose of the West,
Which steals in the glide of that turbulent tide,
And makes it forever my haven of rest.

If Fate could provide me a boon more desired
Than a palace whose halls are in splendor attired,
I would ask for the cliff and the high mountain steep,
Where the Harricane waters incessantly leap;
At noon to be charmed by the torrent's wild storm;
And at night for its murmurs to soothe me to sleep.



The Frisco-Man

Frisco Building, Saint Louis

Frisco Five

By GEORGE G. STOCKARD,
Claim Agent.

NIGHT has fallen on the streets of the great city and at the long train sheds of the Union Station stand a dozen trains—solid steel palaces with veritable factories dynamic with energy at their heads. It is the October weather and I have come among these travelers of the world with my heart set on a breath of the air in the hill country and I am seeking the place which will give me the needed tonic nearest home, within the fewest hours' reach of the office.

I have just passed a train that would bear me away to the snow-clad Rockies, had I the time to spare; and there is one that might carry me off to the sunny plains and the wonderous Sierras, but I must be within reach of business and within range of the telephone. I pass another of those wandering palaces and its name and my knowledge of its course across the continent make me think of the cool spaces along the shores of those watery depths of our country's northern border, but I recall that already there is a nip of frost in the air and I think again of the way to the South—through the Ozarks where the sun and the frost have wrought the landscape into vast bouquets of the loveliest hues. How those restful mountains lure me to the way among the meadow lands and whited cotton fields; the flight across the magnificent empire of Texas; the shortest way to the warm waters of the Carribean.

Here it is—Frisco No. 5—with the big 1060 fired up and exhaling her

steam like a living being exhaling breath. One cannot pass so fine a machine had not pause to admire its perfection of line and contemplate its vastness of power. There she is, ready to race away with eleven full steel coaches, ready for a sprint of a thousand miles over a track as smooth as glass and as firm as rock, and laid throughout over one of the most picturesque portions of the continent.

I reflect a moment; I can board this train, lounge awhile among its cushioned compartments with a crowd of good fellows, enjoy a good story or a friendly chat. I can send a message to my friend in Dallas to meet me at Fort Smith, and before my written word is an hour old, he handed a message from my friend in answer to mine. I can lie down among my pillows, read awhile, turn out my light and drift away into the land of my dreams and wake in the morning just as the sun's queer alchemy is making pictures in the mountain mists at the crest of the Ozarks in Northern Arkansas; verily the prettiest mountain country in the world.

Mind you, I said nothing of grandeur. I make for these Ozarks no vain glorious boast. I merely pay them the tribute of an humble and contrite heart when I speak of them as the prettiest mountains of our continent. Oh, there may be mountains more beautiful—I said prettiest and the discriminating one, I am sure, will understand.

I leave to the Californian the boast

of big things. I grant him that his state grows the biggest trees; it has some of the deepest canyons, the bluest skies, the finest fruit and likewise some of the biggest prevaricators.

I leave to the dweller of the cactus wastes the glory of the plains and the clearer vision of the stars; to the hermit of the uplifted wilderness of barren rock and jagged peaks of the Middle West the undisputed claim to grandeur and sublimity; but why should I despise my little wren because my neighbor has a mocking bird, or ignore the blue and sapphire lights of Scorpio because there is a sun.

And so it is—I raise my window blind in the morning just as our mighty train is skimming along the shoulder of one of the highest peaks in Northern Arkansas. Someone has named the gorge below this peak "The Devil's Eyebrow," and the name has stuck, though "Tobe" would have been as appropriate a name for an English Prince as this ridiculous name for that transcendent scene. Away off into the

misty valleys and down among the distant domes so far that gray fades into blue and blue into purple, the eye of the traveler sweeps the infinite and closer up to his speeding house the woods are a riot of wonderful colors that shame the vast dullness of the sublime Rockies.

I have never seen such boquets as these hills are in the fall and the spring of the year and nowhere in the entire Ozark uplift are they seen to a finer advantage than along the Frisco between Monett and Fort Smith.

A short space and we have swung past the jagged peaks into a sunny upland—level as a floor and on either side of the track are orchards bending down with the ripe burden that has brought more wealth to two counties of Northwest Arkansas than have the oil fields or the gold mines of any other section of the earth produced in a like area.

Past beautiful homes and little towns bristling with energy and counting their shipments of produce by the hundreds of cars, and down into the quaint



A TYPICAL OZARK SCENE

Athens of Arkansas, with its old-fashioned ways and its people of powerful souls and purposeful character.

As the train leaves Fayetteville we are moving away into the heart of Dixie. I want to sit by the window and have my breakfast as we travel over those fifty miles composing the Boston range of the Ozarks. Below the Winslow tunnel the gorges become more precipitate and in the narrow valleys below the high trestles, the traveler gets a first view of one of the prettiest streams that ever flower through a mountain country.

The swamp angels in the flat lands about Van Buren have given this gem of the earth and air and the mountain height the empty, slanderous and blasphemous name of "Frog Bayou."

The natives who reside along its upper reaches above Mountainburg (the quaintest of all the Ozark towns), have more appropriately named it Harri-cane.

The Indian—he of the savage heart by poetic vision, who fashioned pictures in its limpid depths and heard music in its thundering falls, called it "Monach," meaning Foggy Water.

Call it what you will, there are some of the gamest fish in it that ever put springs in the heels of an angler, and there are depths in its pine woods and rest havens among its heights that make a medicine for tired nerves and broken bodies that has never yet been found in bottles and that surpasses all the wisest doctor's cunning.

I sit there by the diner window looking out on these swirling rapids and those purling depths and think of those evenings by the campfire and those mornings with the fly rod and the wicker creel, when my happy heart bid the troubled world go hang, and I was content with just one red onion, a corn pone and a bacon rind and warm, well-clothed and fashionable in blue jeans, brogans and bandana.

At the foot of that bluff before whose brow the Azoic ages passed and in whose presence the empires of the world have risen up and passed away, I have found time to bathe my soul in a stainless air and draw into my dreams a new resolution and a beginner's understanding of the Poet King's heart when he exclaimed, "A day in thy courts is better than a thousand."

Number 5 will be in Fort Smith in a few minutes and my friend will meet me there with his fly-fishing outfit and with him I will hie back to these quiet scenes and tarry for a week within twelve hours of my office in the city and within a minute's touch of the world's latest heart throb.

And when the frost has changed the Ozark boquets to mounds of purple, I will go forth another twelve hours' journey to the sunny plains of Texas and thence in another week to the warm surf of the Gulf; always in reach of the city office by wire and rail. And yet! and yet! Away from the city into another world.

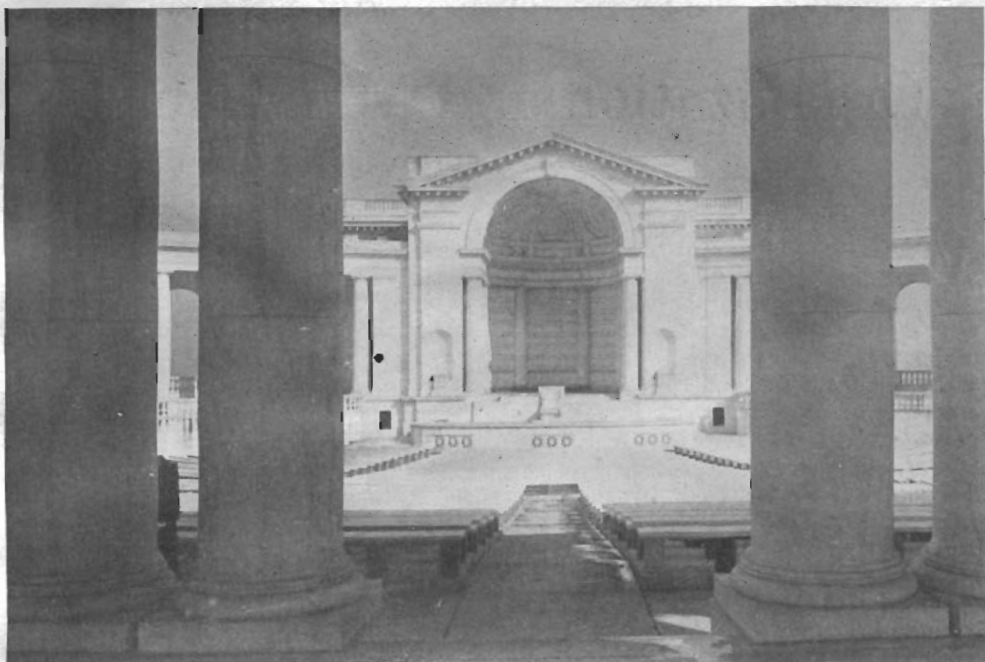
A man of average ability who is absolutely dependable and reliable is worth a regiment of brilliant fellows whose balance wheels are not so certain.

PUBLICATION SUSPENDED

After careful consideration, it has been decided to suspend the publication of this magazine with the April number.

There is a very serious shortage of print paper, and it is becoming increasingly difficult to secure suitable paper for this publication. Other printing costs have increased proportionately, finally forcing the conclusion that we are not justified in continuing the magazine under present conditions.

We desire to thank all our employees for their loyal co-operation during the thirteen years of publication. What success we have had is due largely to this assistance.



GREAT ARLINGTON MEMORIAL AMPHITHEATRE NEARLY FINISHED.

Looking from the colonnade over the seats to the stage of the great amphitheatre at Arlington, Va. After five years of work this beautiful memorial, built of American marble at a cost of \$825,000 is practically completed. It crowns the eastern shore of the Potomac River and looks across upon the Lincoln Memorial and makes the last of the classic white marble structures that adorn the Mall.



GIRLS WORKING ON NEW CURTISS BI-MOTORED "EAGLE."

Girls working on the new 10-passenger bi-motored Curtiss Eagle Airplane, which was one of the Curtiss Aeroplane and Motor Corporation's master exhibits at the Second Annual Aeronautical Exposition in New York last month. It will soon fly to San Francisco for an exposition there.

Organization and Management

By C. E. SAYLER

MUCH has been said regarding the organization and management of factories and shops, whereby new methods may be used to gain the highest standard of efficiency, and in many places new buildings have been erected, new machinery installed, and various devices have been put into operation in order that the cost of production may be reduced; but in many cases, after all this has been done and much money spent, it is found that the high standard of efficiency has not been obtained. In most instances this is due to one of the most important factors in business which is "Management," "System," or in other words, "Human Engineering."

It has been supposed until very recently, that engineering has to do solely with the intelligent development and control of that energy which depended upon fuel and the machine. Accordingly the mechanical engineer early became a recognized aid in the management of a plant and factory. But now that most business men are beginning to analyze their productive processes, the profession of engineering has been extended to include the development and control of that energy which displays itself through the minds and bodies of men. Therefore, a factory or shop, in order to obtain the highest degree of efficiency, must have a competent "Production Manager," or "Superintendent," who must be potentially at least, lawyer, ruler, guide, statesman, judge and confidential friend—all of these and more.

It is a difficult problem to find a production manager or superintendent of real executive ability. It is an easy matter for a company to hire a mechanic. But a man who knows how to direct other men, who knows what a day's work is, and how to get it from the workman in a way that will be both acceptable to the men and just to the owners, is a very rare person. No

workman, if he relies upon others for his thinking and planning, ever becomes really skilled, nor can any foreman work properly if continually nagged and not trusted.

I recently noticed an item where one of our great manufacturing concerns put a new superintendent in charge of one of its plants. Soon production fell off. He sent for the production manager of the corporation who found the weak department and gave the needed advice. Soon trouble arose again, and was again adjusted. A third time the production manager had to come. The plant superintendent proposed they go through the different departments and locate the trouble. "No," said the manager, "I've located the trouble. It's you. You try to do everything yourself. Call the men together, tell them you've made the mistake of not recognizing their worth and giving them responsibility; say that hereafter you will take your responsibility as superintendent by holding each foreman and each man responsible for his own work and that you believe they have the ability to produce good results; that you trust them to pull together and get the plant running again to full capacity." It was bitter medicine, but the superintendent was man enough to take it. He recognized the worth of the men, each in his place. The men responded—the trouble ended.

So we find that regardless of what kind of business we are in, that in order to get the desired results, we must have "Organization and Management," which means "System" obtained by "Human Engineering."

THE PROPER RETORT.

"So you want my daughter, eh?"

"I do, sir."

"Have you any money?"

"A little. How high do you quote her?"—
Brooklyn Citizen.

FRISCO BAND ELECTS OFFICERS.

The Frisco Employees' Band held its regular monthly meeting at the rehearsal room of the Reclamation Plant, Springfield, March 5, at which the officers for the ensuing year were elected. Officers elected were: Mr. Delo, president; Mr. Laws, vice-president; Mr. West, secretary-treasurer; Messrs. Trester, Engle, King and Northrup, board of directors; Mr. Headley, librarian; H. L. Wilks, publicity; Messrs. Hays, Thompson and Manchester, enlistment committee. Mr. Tucker was re-elected as musical director, and Mr. Darlington assistant director.

On March 18 a "get-together" meeting was held, which was attended by quite a number who are interested in the band. Refreshments were served. Messrs. Tucker and Delo were the speakers of the evening, both dwelling on the progress of the band since 1918. Readers of The Frisco-Man, we have these "get-together" meetings often and rehearsals every Thursday evening. If you know music when you hear it, or are interested, come down and join us. We'll be glad to have you with us at any time. If you know of that band in France that plays one piece of music for eight hours without stopping, you should hear us play "Stars and Stripes Forever."—Harold L. Wilks.

FIRST AID HEROISM AMONG RAILROAD MEN.

There was not a moment to lose and both Engineer Kelly and Fireman Reger knew it. The harsh bump-bump of an engine being uncoupled, followed by a sudden cry and the shouts of men's voices told these veterans of the steel road as plainly as print that the brakeman on No. 34 had been run over.

A moment brought them to the scene, together with Richard Laurie, a telegrapher on the same road—the Buffalo, Rochester and Pittsburgh. Sure enough, there was Patrick Murphy lying unconscious on the ground beside his engine. His mutilated leg

told the story. He had been run over while uncoupling the locomotive.

The two trainmen and the telegrapher had been trained in first aid. Hastily they improvised a tourniquet which they applied to the brakeman's leg, thus controlling the hemorrhage. In the meantime one of the bystanders was sent to summon a doctor.

After hours, it seemed to the workers and anxious bystanders, the man of medicine arrived. Instead of the prostrate, half-dead man he had expected to find, the doctor devoted himself to a conscious patient in amazingly good condition, considering the severity of his accident.

For this excellent first-aid work, Engineer John P. Kelly, Fireman Reger and Richard Laurie, the telegrapher, were recently awarded the Red Cross annual prize of \$50, from the William Howard Taft Fund for Railroad Men, to be divided equally between them. Dr. Henry E. Ganiard, of Leroy, N. Y., the physician in the case, said the first aid rendered Mr. Murphy no doubt saved his life. The latter fully recovered from his accident and is now wearing an artificial limb.

There are many other cases of first-aid heroism among railroad men, recognized in the annual prize awards. Captain R. A. Wheeler, R. A. Black, N. V. Decker, C. H. Stewart and Hugh H. Stewart, members of the Clarion Junction first-aid team, Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburgh Railroad, are participants in the second prize of \$25, awarded for proficient first-aid work in the case of Joe Malfara, a section laborer whose left foot was crushed by an engine. The doctors who attended Malfara highly praised the dressings the first-aiders applied and declared special commendation was due.

C. D. Fisher, 1271 Park Boulevard, Camden, N. J., holds the third prize of \$15. Fisher is a Pennsylvania railroad man, employed as gang foreman at the Pavonia Shops. During the past year he rendered first aid to a number of Penn employees, and is said by the doctor who attended many of his cases to have special aptitude for the work.

William Flennard, first-aid attend-

ant, Trenton Shops of the Pennsylvania, won the fourth prize of \$10, for first aid rendered to a hundred employes of his road during 1919. He received his instruction from the Red Cross and holds a Red Cross first-aid certificate.

SERVICE PASS BASIS CHANGED.

In a circular dated March 8, 1920, President Kurn announces that the basis for the issuance of annual service passes will be changed as follows:

Five years' continuous service from date of last employment will entitle the employe to a pass over the division on which he is employed.

Ten years' continuous service from date of last employment will entitle the employe to a pass for himself, and a separate pass for his wife, over the division on which he is employed.

Twenty-five years' continuous service from date of last employment will entitle the employe to a system pass, and a separate pass good over the system for his wife and the dependent members of his family under 12 years of age.

"I regret that we cannot continue our very liberal policy with respect to the issuance of service annuals," says Mr. Kurn, "but it is essential that we reduce the deadhead travel on our passenger trains, and in justice to our patrons, this course is deemed necessary and expedient. I feel that this announcement will be received by all of our employes in the same spirit that it is made, having in view the best interests of the Frisco Lines, and that it will receive your local support."

WHY HE COULDN'T PAY HIS BILL.

A certain buyer upon receiving a request to send a check to cover his bill, sent the following letter:

"For the following reasons I am unable to send you the check asked for:

"I have been held up, held down, sandbagged, walked on, set on, flattened out and squeezed. First by the United States Government for Federal War Tax, Excess Profits Tax, Liberty Loan Bonds, Thrift Stamps, Capital Stock Tax, Merchant's License and

Auto Tax, by every society and organization that the inventive mind of man can invest to extract what I may or may not have.

"I have been solicited by the Society of John the Baptist, the G. A. R., the Woman's Relief, the Navy League, the Red Cross, the Black Cross, the Double Cross, the Children's Home, the Dorcas Society, the Y. M. C. A., the Y. W. C. The Boy Scouts, the Jewish Relief, and every hospital in town. Then on top of it all came the Associated Charities and Salvation Army.

"The Government has so governed my business that I don't know who owns it. I am inspected, suspected, examined and re-examined, informed, required and commanded, so I don't know who I am, where I am or why I am here. All I know is I am supposed to be an inexhaustible supply of money for every known need, desire or hope of the human race. And because I will not sell all I have and go out and beg, borrow or steal money to give away, I have been cussed, discussed, boycotted, talked to, talked about, lied about, held up, hung up, robbed and nearly ruined, and the only reason I am clinging to life is to see what in h—l is coming next."—Daily News Record.

WHERE THE RAILWAY DOLLAR GOES.

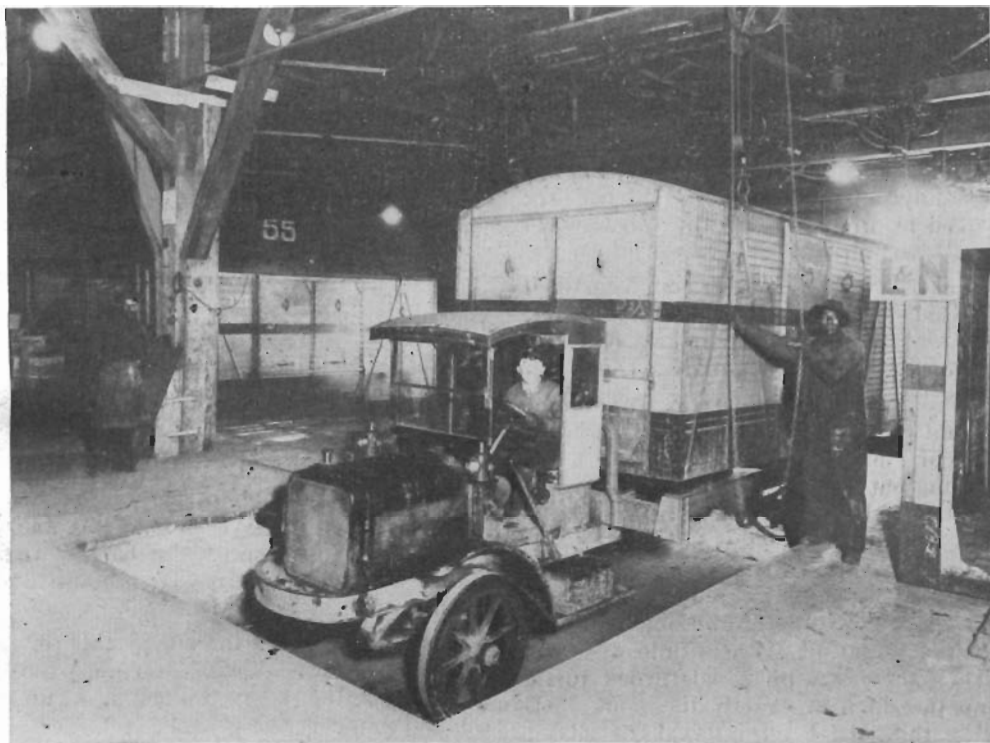
A most interesting feature of the annual report of the Bureau of Railway News and Statistics for the year ending December 31, 1918, covering the railroads of the United States, is that part showing the distribution of the railway dollar in 1918 and 1916. The figures are as follows:

	1918	1916
Labor	\$54.06	\$40.60
Fuel and locomotive supplies	11.11	7.45
Material and supplies.....	14.40	15.77
Loss and damage.....	2.02	1.67
Taxes	3.87	4.46
Total expenses	\$85.46	\$69.95
Interest	8.74	12.48
Rent of leased lines.....	2.59	3.96
Betterments56	1.83
Available for dividends, reserves and surplus.....	2.65	11.78
Total	\$100.00	\$100.00
For deficits00	.00



TRANSFERABLE AUTO TRUCK BODIES USED TO SAVE FREIGHT CARS.

Large numbers of uniform detachable containers, built as auto truck bodies, are being used to save freight cars in transferring freight from one railroad to another in Cincinnati. Freight is taken from cars in the ordinary way and then packed in these containers the same as it would be in freight cars. Cranes then carry the containers to waiting motor trucks on which they are lowered and clamps make them fast.



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE TRANSFERABLE TRUCK BODIES.

This photo shows method used in placing the bodies on the trucks. The containers are fitted with casters so they can be rolled along without cranes if necessary. They are fitted with wide side door and end doors. It is expected that these containers will soon make it possible for railroads to deliver freight directly to its destination.

The Phantom Headlight

By J. T. SMITH

THESE are days of big things. In Hamlet's time people were satisfied with a ghost that looked like a man—and had hollow eyes—and was clothed in white and flapped his transparent draperies, or stretched forth a stern and warning arm. In these days anything that looks like a human being makes no impression. A ghost must be frightened by reason of its proportions. It must be tremendous and dynamic.

Take a phantom train.

There is something swift-moving and irresistible about its flash of fire that stirs the imagination of the dullest—stands the hair on end and sends creepy goose-flesh sensations down the spine.

Of course there are stout-hearted railroaders who will pooh-poo the idea of such apparitions, and who will insist that every mystery of the rail has a natural explanation.

But when three safe and sane engineers, within the space of less than one hour, see looming up before them with flashing headlight, a ghost engine that immediately melts into thin air, there is something so supernatural, so inexpressibly unreal about it, that we are forced to attribute it to the spirit world—at least until we are shown otherwise.

Take the three engineers I have named—"Pud" Butterbaugh, Jake Schneider, and Mat Wolfe. All of them stolid, unresponsive, and unimaginative Dutch.

A ghost, picking this trio for experimental effect or other purpose, shows a lack of knowledge of human nature; as nothing but the weirdest kind of hobgoblin flapdoodle would move any of them. It is the province of this narrative, however, to relate that they were moved, precipitously and unceremoniously moved, and without forethought or calculation—that all of them unloaded, and struck the grass line, and turned turtle into the ditch at exactly the same spot, all within the brief interval of about thirty minutes.

It happened at Hiner's Cut.

Hiner's Cut, in reality, is not much of a cut, ten feet at the deepest. It is at the top of the hill, and from there it is easy down grade for a few miles to the west side yard. The road enters the cut with a short but sharp curve, so that nothing can be seen beyond. At the highest point on the right-hand side of the right-of-way there is an old cemetery, long since deserted, and now overgrown with weeds and vines, and wherein a cluster of pine trees have kept long and faithful sentry.

The stones and markers are of flat marble and have fallen over, or are leaning at an awkward angle. It is a lonely and desolate place, and naturally a ghost would lurk, spring out or stalk forth from this particular spot.

On the night of the apparition there were three sections of No. 71, and running close together. Each had a full tonnage.

Pud Butterbaugh was pulling the first section and was not going to exceed twenty miles an hour up the grade to Hiner's Cut. The night was very dark and Pud was looking straight ahead. Suddenly, right before him, a headlight burst from the cut.

One convulsive tug at the lever, a shout of warning to the fireman, and Pud jumped.

He landed properly, somersaulted into the ditch, gathered himself with a mighty effort, and crawled and rolled to the right-of-way fence. Every second he expected the crash, and he had presence of mind enough to get himself as far away from the wreckage as possible. He brought up against the barb wire, and could go no farther. Then he raised his head and looked.

His engine was in the cut by this time and the train was slowing down. A moment later the head brakeman swung off and came running back.

Pud was now on his feet.

"Are you hurt, Pud?" cried the brakeman, holding up his lantern.

Pud groaned. "Did they hit?" he asked faintly.

"Hit! What are you talking about, Pud? There wasn't anything there."

"What!" cried Pud. "Didn't you see 'em right on to us? Eh, didn't you see 'em?"

"You didn't hear 'em hit, did you?" asked the brakeman. "There wasn't anything ahead. You must have been asleep, Pud, and dreamed it. Let me help you up there."

Pud was not much hurt. He was dirty enough from the roll and his left arm was sprained. Outside of that he had made a very satisfactory landing. He got back into the cab.

"Didn't you see anything?" he asked half sulkily of the fireman.

"I wasn't looking out just then," replied the fireman. "But when you hallooed I gave a glance ahead but didn't see anything. And by the time you had unloaded I didn't see anything else to do but put on the air. You shut off all right, Pud, but you forgot to put on the air. Thirty days for that!"

There was no levity in Pud's face. He got into his place and looked straight ahead in moody silence. He struck the down grade and let the train drift into the yard.

"What was wrong with you, anyway, Pud?" asked the brakeman when they came to a stop.

"You had better see a doctor, Pud," ventured the fireman. "You may not be hurt in any way, but—" he tapped himself suggestively on the head.

Pud made no reply. He got off with a limp.

"Boys, I wish you wouldn't say anything about this," said he. "But I'll be dummed if I can understand it. I wasn't asleep and I wasn't dreaming, and I'm not off in my noodle. I saw a headlight right before me in the cut—that's a cinch!"

"Hello, Pud!" said the yardmaster, holding up his lantern, "What's the matter? Been unloading? I see you lit on your shoulder."

"Did you have an engine up at Hiner's

Cut just before we got there?" asked Pud.

"Not this night," said the yardmaster. "There hasn't been an engine out of the yard since 82 left here three hours ago."

"We met 82 at Lore," said Pud reflectively, "it wasn't them."

Railroad secrets are like murder, they will out. Pud was forced to narrate his experience, and he was compelled to admit that it must have been a trick of the imagination.

"Not on your life," said the head brakeman, scoffing at such a simple explanation.

"It's a ghost out of that old graveyard and it dived straight at Pud on account of his past life. Next trip it will get him if he don't mend his ways."

"Pud probably got a reflection of his own nose," volunteered the fireman. "I've known it was coming for some time."

While these light-headed observations were being exchanged, second 71 came into the yard and the engine brought up opposite.

"Hello, Bill!" cried out the fireman to the yardmaster, "Get the stretcher, Jake's got a bad leg—may be broken. He can't stand on it."

They got the stretchers and assisted Jake out of the cab on to them.

Between moans of pain he said:

"I don't know what it was. I can't explain it. We were coming up the hill to Hiner's Cut and a headlight flashed right in my face. I thought we were in for it, all right. I yelled to the boys and put on the air and jumped. I lit pretty hard on that foot. I can't bear my weight on it."

"Dummed if I understand it," supplemented the fireman. "Jake wasn't asleep. He must have imagined it. There wasn't anything ahead of us. When Jake let out a yell I looked out quick, but before I knew what was up he was down and off and put on the air."

"That's an improvement on Pud," said the first brakeman. "He only shut off."

"This is no time for foolishness," said Pud. "I saw it and Jake saw it, and there is something there." Pud spoke with growing confidence. "I thought

maybe I had imagined it. But when Jake sees it at the same place, that shows there is no imagination about it."

"It is certainly puzzling that both of you should have had the same experience," said the yardmaster.

The talk became more serious. Various theories were advanced to account for the strange affair. Railroad men are not given to silly superstitions, and any intimation of ghosts or mention of the uncanny burial place with the circumstance was vigorously ridiculed.

The crews awaited the arrival of third 71 with a lively curiosity to learn if they had seen anything.

In due time it came in. The fireman and brakeman were standing in the gangway.

"Say," cried out the latter, "'phone for a policeman. We got a crazy man in the cab. He's just had a head-end, and instead of dying at his post, he rolled out into the ditch and ruined his overalls."

Mat Wolfe, the engineer, poked his head out with a sheepish grin.

"Tell 'em about the ghost, Mat."

"A headlight flashed on me just as I was coming to Hiner's Cut, and I got off before they hit. That's all there is to it. I landed easy and I can't tell you anything more about it."

"You will never hear of him wearing a Carnegie medal," continued the brakeman. "He didn't warn us, and he didn't even shut off. We stood by the old tub, the fireman and me, and let 'em hit, and went to our deaths like men, only there wasn't anything doing. The only thing I regret is that we didn't keep on a coming and let Mat walk in. We would if we had known it was a case of 'willies' and he wasn't hurt any."

Mat crawled down, a little dirty and torn, but none the worse otherwise.

"I saw it," said he, "there's no question about it. It flashed out of the cut right ahead. Of course I unloaded—who wouldn't! If any of you can tell me anything about it I wish you would. I can't understand it, and it makes me feel queer."

There seemed to be no satisfactory explanation of the mystery. There were flippant remarks and banterings, talks

of phantom trains and the like, and much wild speculation. There are always these when men are congregated and are stirred by some unusual event.

After all opinions, guesses and theories, one fact remained: Three engineers had seen a headlight close upon them at Hiner's Cut. What they did, or how they acted was entirely incidental, and had no relation whatever to the vital fact that there must have been something real in it to have fooled all three of them.

The headlight was there. That point was settled beyond dispute. A collision was imminent—absolutely no doubt about it. With all this established, the fact remained, and was known to all, that there was no engine there at all and had not been.

It was thrashed over in the talk and boiled down to this point: That the engine had been seen, but did not exist—and hard by was the abode of the dead, and the night was dark.

In explanation of any phenomena we go to the supernatural very reluctantly. It cannot be denied in this case that, after every possible explanation offered was shown to have been impossible, the talk of ghosts and phantom trains was received with some credulity. But there are always scoffers in every group, who stick close to cause and effect, and who insist that every mystery is a mystery only because we do not know all the facts.

The yardmaster was one of these. He was keen to investigate the affair. Just as soon as the yard work permitted they loaded up the crews and ran up to Hiner's Cut on a switch engine.

They went by and came back, approaching the cut with the headlight as the 71's did, but nothing appeared. They did it again and again, without result. They explored the right-of-way and the adjacent territory. The knocked about among the tombs under the deep and gruesome shadows of the pines—but no ghost broke the stillness with a sepulchral voice or flashed a wizard eye. They returned to the yard.

There was now a touch of dawn in the east, announcing the approach of the

great light that dissolves all phantoms and reveals all things in their true proportions.

They took Jake home and Pud and Mat went with him. They extended one another mutual assurance, and all their animated conversation and final conclusions were epitomized in one short expression of Pud's—"Don't it beat hell!"

Hiner's Cut is part of Section 27. Patrick Flynn, one of Ireland's truest sons, is foreman. He lives in a little settlement near the cut and by him lived Dennis Boyle and Maurice Murphy, who had worked for Pat many years.

One day Maurice, casting a sidewise glimpse at the face of fortune beheld, instead of the customary frown, an expansive grin.

A relative died and left his wife \$500 in cash. Thereupon he chafed at the yoke, and with fine Celtic independence resented Patrick's authority. He threw down the shovel and pick and with high head and disdain and majestic step marched off Section 27 a free man.

It is known to all in this beloved land of democracy that, in spite of the Declaration of Independence and the intent of the founders, society has its gradations, or, as a newly arrived Irishman aptly put it—"Here a man's as good as any other man an' a dommed sight betther."

So that Maurice Murphy, in the full of his opulence, rather overshadowed the others, including Patrick Flynn, whose previous pre-eminence depended solely on his title of "Boss of Section 27."

Patrick did not take his dethronement graciously, but took umbrage at the airs of Murphy. He made broad and audible hints that at the end of two months Murphy would come crawling—mind you now, crawling—to him and beg for his old job back.

Mutual friends at once conveyed this pessimistic conjecture to Murphy, who raised his fist somewhat dramatically and hazarded a rejoinder that Pat Flynn would be wanting to borrow ten dollars of him before the month was out.

In this way the social amenities of the settlement were disturbed and re-

adjusted, with the Murphys as the central figures.

Mr. Murphy purchased a phonograph for the entertainment of his friends and the prestige of his home.

Mrs. Murphy appeared in satin materials, rich, but varied in colors. Maggie Murphy, aged eighteen, burst forth in an empire gown with crepe de chine and embroidery, silk fringe and loops of ribbon, and with a fine green satin hat, encircled by shaded plumes.

Pat Flynn, out on the section, by stress of strong inward emotion broke two shovel handles.

Then Murphy gave a reception to celebrate some convenient anniversary.

"Air ye goin', Pat?" asked Dennis Boyle.

"I am not!" replied Pat, digging deep in the gravel.

"Are you?"

"I am," said Dennis. "I'm to run the phonograph. They's twinty records an' t'y goes through t'ree times."

There was the sound of grating teeth, or perhaps it was only the grinding of small stones on Pat's shovel.

"There'll be dancin' an' a roasted pig," Dennis continued. "An' whin the festivities is over, Mr. Murphy—"

"Gawd almighty," shrieked Pat in derision, "Mister—Mister Murphy—who the divil is he? I don't know any *Mister* Murphy."

"Murphy, thin," said Dennis, somewhat disconcerted. "He's going to presint his family with a presint—a look'n glass—five and a haf feet long an' two an' a haf wide, so they can see theirselves full lengt'. I help't uncrate it. We'v wrapped it in a blanket an' hid it in-a fodder shock by the pig pen. Whin the time comes Mr.—I mean Murphy—will give me the wink an' I'm to bring it in the par—front room—an' remove the blanket, while Murphy expresses his sintiments."

The society function was a great success. The gaities and festivities extended deep into the night.

Grand Opera and ragtime, the ravings of John McCullough and the voice of Abraham Lincoln at Gettysburg came forth with equal intensity from the



CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY—LAW DIVISION.

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CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY.

An "airplane" view of the main reading room in the rotunda of the Congressional Library at Washington. This is a room 100 feet in diameter and 125 feet high. From the central desk radiates a pneumatic tube system which carries orders direct to any division of the library.

throat of the phonograph. When at last the felicitous moment for the climax of the evening arrived, Murphy passed Dennis a sapient wink. Dennis at once slid out of the back door, to reappear in a short time, lugging a package which, amid a boisterous and ill-restrained curiosity, he stood on end in the corner.

He then grasped the enshrouding blanket firmly and awaited the signal from Murphy to throw back the folds.

Mr. Murphy strode to the center of the room and beckoned his wife to his side. A momentary silence fell on the assembled guests.

Mr. Murphy scraped his throat and took his wife's hand more awkwardly than affectionately. The silence was somewhat heavy. He had memorized a panegyric of his wife, which now came to him confused and fragmentary.

"In this hour of pleasure an' sentiment," said he, shaking the tackle and seeing a clear field ahead, "an' with the gloom off th' faces iv all, I am presentin' my wife, Mrs. Murphy, a butiful presint, a reminbrance to her whinever she look; upon it of a good and pious woman—a lovin' mother—wan who's heart is kind and thru. (Dennis tipped the frame at the proper angle to her.) Wan the sight of whose face brings joy. Wan who is honored an' loved by us all, now an' foriver."

He passed the cue to Dennis, and then stepped nimbly aside, leaving Mrs. Murphy alone, facing the frame.

With a deft motion, Dennis flung aside the blanket. The pleasant and ingenious arrangement was that at the close of this gracious tribute, Mrs. Murphy would find herself gazing complacently upon her own features in the new mirror.

What she saw was a gilt frame, backed by a half car door, upon which was tacked a life-size picture of Queen Victoria, gazing directly into the eyes of Mr. Murphy, with an expression placid and unmoved by the glorifying words he had just uttered.

There followed a brief and deadly silence—an oppressive and foreboding pause portending the gathering of the intense human passions that make tragedy.

Then Murphy lit on Dennis Boyle and Tim Moriarity hit a Dutchman named Slagle, whom he didn't like anyway. There was an awful uproar.

This brings us to Patrick Flynn, foreman of section 27, absent but active.

It must be recorded of Pat that he looked with growing repugnance on the social elevation of the Murphys. And that his ill will, being a human quality not at all rare, led him to the fodder shock near the pig pen, from which place he made off with the mirror. He then removed the glass, substituted a half grain door with Victoria's picture for good measure, and restored the altered piece to its hiding place.

The possession of the glass bothered him somewhat. He did not want to destroy it, nor for it to be found in his possession. He looked into it and saw a guilty and puzzled countenance. He decided to put it in the old cemetery at Hiner's Cut. He carried it there and placed it over and against the wire fence. It was at the point where the road curves sharply, and just about the height above the rail of a locomotive headlight. It was left in an exact position to reflect fairly and fully to a certain point along the track.

Pat went away. His intention had been to place it among the tombs—but where guilt hangs oppressively on the conscience, it is easier to flee than go forward. After a time three 71's passed the point as narrated, and Murphy's mirror flashed back the headlight of each.

Pat was not satisfied. After all, thought he, neither the mirror nor pieces should be found on his section, or near it. It was best there should be no evidence to support any suspicion that he had taken it. Besides, the interval had enabled him to develop a well-defined idea, wherein there was expressed a wider scope of contempt, and a mere subtle suggestion of disgust. He carried the glass back and placed it inside of Murphy's pig pen, so that in the morning Mr. Murphy, with his confused and banquet-beleaved eyes, saw two Chester white pigs where there was but one the night before.

The officials of the road made an ef-

(Continued on page 21)

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EDITORIAL

WORK.

RENDER unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and unto the Frisco the things that are the Frisco's.

There is a great deal of meaning to the foregoing. There is so much to it, that it deserves not only the closest study, but also the closest application. Work is the essence of life, it is even the arteries of manhood, it is also a moral duty, and that moral duty rests upon the shoulders of every Frisco employe, no matter in what capacity he serves, from the office boy to the president, the machinist apprentice to superintendent, the water boy to roadmaster, and operator to general manager, the duty of loyalty to your work, and to the company.

There is such a thing as a feeling of recompense in the satisfaction derived from a good day's work, but the word "work" as applied to the employe embraces much more than its literal meaning; its scopie breath includes many things attendant upon it; work should be done thoroughly, neatly, carefully and systematically.

Work is the foundation of all results, whether food, clothes, or knowledge, etc., the permanent achievements in this world today great architectural structures, monuments, roads, yea the pyramids, are the handiworks of those who found the art of toiling. Work has made artists, historians, financiers, and statesmen; it reveals the quality of the workman, who, being pleased with its workmanship, places his trademark upon it, to let the world know its

origin, do we still have the same pride today?

Promotions are stepping stones to higher ground and, although we cannot all be presidents and general managers, yet we should remember that the office boy and president are integral parts of the company. The company is the employe's security, and that security should be the pride of each employe.

Two men I honor and no third, said the sage; the two were toilers, one physical and the other spiritual, the third was the idler, and he who idles the time of his employer has no right to call himself man.

MR. STEPHENSON—MEET DR. FRANKLIN.

CHUG, chugging along in his first rude steam locomotive, Stephenson did not look to be "chained lightning" to render the invention safe and most widely useful.

Nor did Benjamin Franklin, as he flew his kite into the storm clouds, foresee how electricity would in a later day spur the "iron horse" on to greater achievements.

Yet today safety and speed in steam railroad operations are reconcilable only in proportion as electric signal devices are employed. Your protector is, ultimately, the electrical apparatus upon which every steam railway relies.

A railroad without telegraph or telephone would hurl itself into the scrap heap.

How else to reach out and warn a train rushing into unseen danger? How else quickly to spread the news of damage done by storm? How else to clear the tracks for the express which carries you onward to your journey's end?

All along the way, night and day, men are alert to shield you from harm. Train dispatchers, telegraph keymen, signal towermen at every city and way station, have no other concern except to see you safely through.

So your trip to New York, Chicago or the coast is safer, quicker, pleasanter than ever Napoleon traveled in state from Paris to Marseilles.

Snugly quartered in a Pullman sleeper you command a thousand watchful hands and eyes for body guards.

But their vigilance would accomplish nothing without equipment in perfect order. On such factors as the proper adjustment of a telegraph receiver and the responsiveness of an electric switch rests your "Safe Home!"

That travel has been made secure today is a tribute to the excellence of electrical equipment no less than the skill of operation and the care of supervision that our steam railroads have consistently maintained.

It is a curious fact that steam railway travel as we know it today is made possible **only by the use of electrical apparatus.** Not for safety alone is this true, but for the successful operation and very life of the road. Signal devices, the telegraph, the telephone—all are necessary to maintain regular schedules. It is this interesting relation between two mighty forces that suggested our theme.

ARE YOU INTERESTED IN YOUR JOB?

DO you know that Thomas Edison went to school at Port Huron, Michigan, and one day the school-teacher sent for his mother and said: "I believe you might as well take Thomas out of school. He is **not** just right. There is no use in his wasting his time here." From that time on Edison has not been in school. When the teacher asked him a question his mind simply went blank. Even today, if you should put Thomas Edison on the witness stand, his mind would go blank. We are all deficient in some respect. There are some things we can do and some things we cannot do.

Did you ever see anyone who was interested in his work that did not succeed, whether he was an employer or an employe? This success may manifest itself in various phases, but the happy man, happy in his work, is a success if he is accomplishing things and going on to bigger and bigger things.

Have a good heart-to-heart talk with yourself. Say to yourself: These men have accomplished things simply because they were interested in what they were doing. Being interested in what they were doing they worked. They were so interested that even rest and sleep and physical welfare were really neglected.

If you are really interested in your work you are bound to succeed, for you will do it better. Real interest greatly outweighs ability when interest is lacking, and while you may feel that your ability is not equal to that of another, your real interest and devotion to your work will bring you a greater amount of success than one who possesses much ability, but has an aversion for his work.

The greatest stumbling block in the pathway of success is common, ordinary laziness.

A loud talker is sometimes mistaken for a brainy man. That is why a big bass drum will draw a crowd.

You will never be fired out of a job if you are always fired with ambition and enthusiasm.

If you have the will power to do a thing, you will soon acquire the man power.

Springtime is tonic time. For quick action and best results, try a mixture of pep, push and punch.

Serious Obstacles

To a real man mean nothing more than an invitation to pull off his coat and clear them away.

Beating Father to It.

"What did your little ones say when you told them there is no Santa Claus?"

"They asked me if I was just finding it out."—Washington Star.

Pension Honor Roll

(W. D. Bassett.)

THE following employes have been recently retired and placed on the pension roll. Their retirement from active service brings to a close many years' association with their fellow employes, who extend to them their very best wishes, and hope that many years of enjoyment are still before them:

John Calvin Bridges, who was recently placed upon the pension list, was born at Auburn, Logan County, Ky., on Nov. 11, 1849. He entered the service of the Frisco Railroad on June 18, 1900, as a laborer in the Machine Shops at Springfield, serving the company faithfully to the date of his retirement on Nov. 30, 1919, when he became seventy years of age.

Ira Towne was born near Olena, Huron County, Ohio, on August 27, 1847. His first experience in railroad service was as a night operator for the C. B. & Q. R. R. in 1874. He entered Frisco service with the old Blackwell, Enid & Southwestern Railway in June 1901, as agent at Breckenridge, Okla., and served continuously in that capacity and at that station until he became seventy years of age on August 31, 1917. He was one of the few employes who, by reason of war conditions and inability to obtain competent agents, was permitted to remain in the service until Dec. 31, 1919; this additional service, however, not entering into the computation of his pension allowance.

John Solomon Bales, who was recently retired and pensioned, was born in McMinn County, Tenn., on March 2, 1848. He entered the service of Red River, Texas & Southern Railway while it was under construction, and served continuously thereafter as a laborer and lamp tender at Sherman, Tex., until date of his retirement on August 31, 1919, when he became seventy years of age.

Martin Heiser, who was retired and pensioned on October 31, 1919, when he reached the retirement age, was born at New Hamburg, Scott County, Mo., on September 5, 1849. He entered the service of the old Hauck lines prior to their absorption by the Frisco, and served continuously in various capacities in the shops at Cape Girardeau until time of his retirement.

James Andrew Harley was born at York, Penn., on October 15, 1852, and entered railroad service in the capacity of freight

brakeman on the Chicago, Pekin & S. W. Railway in the fall of 1872, serving as such for 1 year and 6 months. He later became fireman on the same railroad and was promoted to engineer in 1878. The Santa Fe purchased this line in 1884, retaining him in its service. Mr. Harley left the Santa Fe in 1888 and entered the employ of the Toledo, St. Louis & Western Railway in 1889, running between Charleston, Ill., and East St. Louis, until 1895, when he resigned and entered the service of the Elgin, Joliet & Eastern Railway at Joliet, Ill. He later was employed by the Kansas Midland Railway at Wichita, Kan., as engineer, which railroad was absorbed by the Frisco Lines in 1897, and his service with this company as engineer has been continuous until, by reason of ill health, he was forced to retire, October 16, 1919.

George Miller, traveling boiler inspector, who was recently retired and pensioned account of total disability, was born at Hannibal, Mo., on April 14, 1861. He entered railroad service as boilermaker apprentice for the old Hannibal & St. Joe Railroad on January 2, 1879, remaining with them until September, 1889, when he entered the employ of the Frisco as a boilermaker at the North Shops in Springfield. He served continuously thereafter in that capacity and as boiler inspector and traveling boiler inspector until date of his retirement.

Joseph Louis Weatherford, who was recently retired and pensioned by reason of total disability, was born at Moberly, Mo., on October 20, 1866. He entered the service of this company as a switchman at Joplin, on October 26, 1898, being later transferred to Kansas City as switch tender and pilot. He took the last passenger train out of the old Union Station at Kansas City in the 1903 flood, and backed the first train into the old station after the flood. He also backed the first passenger train into the new Union Station at Kansas City on the night of the opening. He was known to all of the old railroad men as "Old Spot."

The Board of Pensions, at its meeting held on February 23, 1920, authorized payment of pension allowance as follows:

No. 333. Joseph Louis Weatherford, pilot, Kansas City Terminals, aged 53 years October 20, 1919. Length of continuous service, 21 years, 1 month. Monthly pension, \$25. Pension effective January 1, 1920.

At this meeting T. A. Hamilton was elected a member of the board to succeed J. S. Pyeatt; resigned.



SOME VETERANS RECENTLY PENSIONED.

Top row, left to right: James S. Bales, J. A. Harley, J. C. Bridges, Martin Heise.
Bottom row: George Miller, Ira Towne, J. L. Weatherford.

Amount paid pensioners July 1, 1913, to Feb. 29, 1920.....	\$267,552.25
Total number employes pensioned during same period.....	277
Total number of pensioned employes who have passed away.....	79
Total number of employes on pension roll as of March 1, 1920.....	198

In Memoriam.

No. 29. Edwin Byron Messick, crossing watchman, Kansas City Terminals, residence 1111 West 43rd Street, Kansas City, Mo., died March 4, 1920. Pension effective July 1, 1913. Amount per month, \$20. Pension ceased March 31, 1920. Total pension received, \$1,620.

The Phantom Headlight.

(Continued from Page 17)

fort to solve the mystery of the phantom engine in Hiner's Cut, and Pat

Flynn was pressed for explanation and theories, and was asked to exercise special surveillance.

"This is a very strange and puzzling affair," said the Superintendent to Pat, "and we shall feel relieved to find a satisfactory explanation."

"It is a grea-a-t mystery," said Pat with long breath. "It sure is." But when Pat had sufficiently figured it out that he himself had unwittingly been the cause of it, he heaped fresh curses upon the head of Murphy for buying such luxuriant furnishings as a five-foot mirror, and became a staunch supporter of the ghost theory as explaining the phantom headlight.—Copyright Short-story Pub. Co.



SAFETY



FIRST



A Resume of the Work Done by Safety Committees During 1919

Reports of Safety Committees Show Good Results for the Year

REPORTS from various safety committees on the work done and results obtained during the year 1919 indicate continued improvement in our efforts to reduce accidents. While reports from all the committees are not available, the reports received and published are indicative of the work done by all.

THE GENERAL SITUATION.

By H. G. Spencer, Claim Agent.

The question of what results, in my judgment, have been obtained through the Safety Section during the year 1919 is a very difficult one for me to answer.

The customary and probably the only practical method of measuring the results obtained by the Safety Section is to record the number of accidents and comparing the number occurring over different periods of time. While this may be the only practical way of arriving at comparisons, we must not lose sight of the fact that such method does not take into consideration the relative number of chances or opportunities for accident and consequently may be, at times, unfair to districts or locations where the chances for accident have, for any reason, materially increased.

Of course, the ultimate results of the safety movement must be measured by the reduction of avoidable accidents to the lowest possible minimum; but before the practical results may be ex-

pected, there must be a mental preparation, prompting all men who are exposed to hazard, to think in terms of Safety First, before they act and thus avoid the chance or opportunity of accident.

Each time a possible accident is avoided, if such avoidance is due to the teachings of the Safety Section, is a victory for the Section, and although it is not possible to record such victories they are nonetheless true results that will sooner or later show in the reduced number of accidents to be reported. It is unfortunate that it is not practical to score such victories instead of scoring the accidents, which represent our failures, or that a comparison of the number of accidents to the number of chances cannot be secured.

In a material way, the greatest results I have noticed during the year just passed, is the increased interest shown by some of the foremen, in the different departments. Some of these are "cut in" all the time when with or near their men; offering a word, a suggestion or a little assistance, when necessary to drive home a Safety point and showing, by example, the difference between safe and unsafe practices.

Some of these foremen are so interested in the work of the Safety Section that they take it to heart, personally, when one of their men violate any of the rules of safety or sustain injury under avoidable circumstances.

While this increased interest is not altogether a result of the 1919 work of

the section, it has become more noticeable during that time and is, in my judgment, one of the greatest results obtained during that year, and one that will lead to still greater results in the future.

The working foremen are in closest touch with the men who are exposed to hazard, and if the Safety Section can further the interest taken by them in keeping the matter of personal safety always before the men, the results for the succeeding years will be still greater than they have been for the year 1919.

EASTERN DIVISION.

By J. W. Bowler.

A great many accidents have been prevented by instructing men to perform their duties in the proper way and guarding them against the unsafe conditions and unsafe practice in performing their work.

I think in this way more accidents are prevented than in any other. No man should be afraid or hesitate in correcting his fellow man when he sees that he makes a mistake or takes a chance by doing his work in an unsafe way.

There has been a great many conditions corrected in the past year in order to promote Safety First on our division.

Electric bells have been installed at road crossings, station platforms have been repaired where there were holes or defective boards in platform, and overhead wires that hung too low were raised so they would clear men on top of trains with safety.

The coal chute apron has been fixed so it would raise high enough to clear a man on side of car. This condition was corrected at Newburg.

Covers have been made for water boxes in Newburg yard opposite the depot and placed on same, in order to prevent anybody from stepping in same.

The condition of overloading tanks with coal at places has been stopped, in

order to avoid danger of people being hurt by coal falling from tank in yards.

Freight cars in transit have been held at terminal on account of loads being shifted; necessary to reload same in order to avoid danger. Some of these cases were corrected and posts that are put up inside of coal cars, which are wired over the top, in some cases work out and places in wire become broken, causing the load to be in dangerous condition. There has been a number of these cases corrected.

In some cars passing through here loaded with wood or mine crops, same being improperly loaded, causing the doors to spring open at bottom, letting the wood fall out, causing a very dangerous condition. This condition was corrected by taking it up with the division on which cars were loaded and having the cars properly loaded in the future.

Electric lights installed on material platform east of store room Monett. This was necessary account platform being next to oil room and oxweld plant.

Practice of boiler washers at Monett opening throttles while filling up boilers was stopped.

Central Avenue crossing not sufficiently protected at Monett. Additional crossing watchman was put on.

At Clinton pipe connections used in connection with interlocking plant in north end of yard were so constructed that they were dangerous for men switching in having to step over them. This unsafe condition was corrected.

Brake staffs on certain stock cars, 47,000 series, too near center of car, causing brake wheel to extend over the running board. On September 16, Superintendent Car Department advised he had relocated the brake staff on this series of cars and moved them out towards side of the car some ten or twelve inches distance so the brake wheel will clear the running board nicely, and as fast as these cars pass through shops for repair these brake staffs will be relocated.

During the year a great many unsafe conditions around stock pens, freight

houses, station grounds and yards were reported and corrected.

During the year, 114 items were handled by Eastern Division Committee, covering unsafe conditions and practices, nearly all of which were corrected. This does not take into consideration items handled by sub-committees and those reported on SF-1's.

During the year a great deal of good was done in the way of persuading boys and other trespassers not to hop and ride trains, and it is believed the practice was greatly reduced; also the practice of children playing around yards and trains was greatly reduced.

Reporting of obstructions such as scrap and other material scattered over yards has no doubt greatly assisted in keeping yards clean and safe for men to work in.

These are just a few of the many conditions that have been corrected by the Safety First Committee, Eastern Division, and the statistics will show that the decrease in the number of people killed and injured during the past year is one of the best proofs we have to show for the work of safety first all over the country.

The best evidence of the results of the constructive work done by the safety committees of our division is conveyed in the casualty figures furnished by the Safety Department for the year 1919 comparative with year 1918, i. e.;

EMPLOYEES.			
	1918.	1919.	Decrease.
Killed	4	2	2
Injured	319	199	120
ALL PERSONS (Including Employees).			
	1918.	1919.	Decrease.
Killed	28	14	14
Injured	392	299	93

WEST SHOP--SPRINGFIELD.

By Robt. H. Stokes.

I point with pride to the achievements of the 1919 committee, a brief report of which is herewith submitted for our consideration and guidance for the year 1920: One hundred and fifty items were reported and 147 final corrections were made; total number of accidents, 61. The Frisco Railroad, being the pioneer in the safety movement, and the fact that a vigorous and constant campaign has been waged since

its inauguration, made it very easy to accomplish almost the desired result of no accidents during 1919. At each meeting we received many helpful suggestions from Mr. Ball and Mr. Claypool, which gave us a new line to pursue.

The duty of Safety Committee is a pleasure because everyone is willing and anxious to help. In my safety work last year I did not receive a single short answer to any suggestion that was made to anyone in regard to safety work. You will find that is one proposition that everyone agrees on. The West Shops are 100 per cent for the safety movement.

The 1919 committee have a license to crow over the month of May result, with a national drive on, and in competition with all railroads, approximately 2,500 men employed and not one man hurt. This is a record which cannot be beaten under any circumstances whatever and I venture to say it has never been equaled by any organization of this number of men. Think of it, 2,500 men at work on general shop duties for a period of 31 days and no one injured. The committee could not accomplish this result and do not claim the credit of it; the honors belong to and are shared by each individual man at work during that time. They were with the committee at all times and are still with us. Now comes the 1920 committee upon whom rests the responsibility of preventing the movement to fall back. The big thinks seem to have been looked after; it is the small and seemingly unimportant items that require our constant attention. It is up to us to maintain the high standard obtained by committees of former years and improve wherever there is opportunity and at the end of 1920 be able to say, "We beat the record of 1919." Remember, we have the hearty support of our chairman, Mr. Beyer, who has in the past given earnest consideration to any suggestion that will in any way aid the safety movement, and he will do so in the future. This in itself is one of the greatest helps the committee receives, for without the support of the chairman the interest of the committee soon weakens, and we hope and believe Mr. Claypool and Mr. Ball will con-



WIT AND HUMOR

MAY COME SOON.

"Is there an amendment to the Constitution of the United States forbidding a man to kiss his wife or anybody else's wife?" asked the man who had just returned from a two-years' cruise in the South Seas.

"Not yet," replied the cynical citizen.—Birmingham Age-Herald.

HAW, HAW!

"It says here that if you want to develop anything you should exercise it regularly," said the Old Fogey, as he looked up from the newspaper he was reading.

"Huh!" commented the Grouch. "If that was a fact, a woman's jaw would be as big as her chest."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

PROVED.

Mr. Burfee: "Sure, an' what's the matter with the goat this mornin'?"

Mrs. Murfee: "Sure, he cat up a pair of my old corsets."

"Didn't I tell you that corsets were unhealthy?"—Yonkers Statesman.

MADE TO MEASURE.

Mrs. Newrich: "Don't you think, William, now that we are getting into society, that we should have a coat of arms?"

Newrich: "Certainly, my dear, I'll see my tailor about it tomorrow."—Boston Transcript.

OUCH!

"You seem to hate that fellow Smith," said Brown. "What is the trouble between you and him?"

"I introduced him to my wife the other day," replied Jones, "and the gabby boob had to say: 'Why, I thought that the lady you were with in New York was your wife.'"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

FEMININE FINANCIER.

Wife—I got this coat with the money I had saved up for my new dress.

Hub—Going to do without the dress, eh?

Wife—Oh, no; the dressmaker delivered that yesterday.—Boston Transcript.

FROM THE LIMOUSINE.

"That woman who just passed in a limousine bowed with marked cordiality," remarked Mr. Jibway.

"So she did, the cat!" snapped Mrs. Jibway.

"My dear,"

"That was Mrs. Dibble. I've been dodging her ever since I heard she had bought a car. She wouldn't have missed catching me out on foot for a diamond necklace."—Pittsburgh Leader.

A CHOICE OF WORDS.

After having paid a fine of \$5 and costs, a certain man directed some rather indelicate language at Justice Cooney, of Compton, and then ran.

An officer captured him, brought him before the justice, who fined him \$10 more.

"Had you been more chaste and refined in your language," said the justice, "you would not have been chased and refined."—U. S. C. Wampus.

A RETURN FAVOR.

A member of the Chicago bar tells the following story of the coolest man he ever knew. This man was awakened one night by burglars. He got up and went downstairs, and as he entered the dining-room, where the thieves were engaged in wrapping up the silverplate, they covered him with their revolvers. This, however, did not disconcert the householder at all.

"Pardon me for disturbing you, gentlemen," said he, "but I should like you to do me a favor. If it is not too much to ask, will you be so good as to post this letter for me? It must go tonight. It's the premium for my burglary insurance."—Harper's Magazine.

SEEKING INFORMATION.

On a farm in the southern part of the country, some time since, the good housewife noticed a five-year-old girl trying to crawl into a washing machine that stood at the side of the house near one of the porches.

"What in the world are you doing, child?" the mother asked.

The youngster was loath to answer.

Pressed, however, she finally admitted.

"I heard paw tell you a young feller was coming to spark sister, and I made up my mind to see how it was done."—Youngstown Telegram.

WIDOWS ARE WONDERFUL.

The girl's lips quivered, and her breath came in labored gasps. But she did not speak.

"Do you love me?" pleaded the young man.

"I—I don't know," was the answer.

Gently he insinuated his arm around her neck.

"Darling, would you like me to ask your mother first?"

With a sudden cry of terror she grasped his arm.

"No, no," she shrieked convulsively; "she's a widow. I want you myself!"—*Omaha News.*

BEEN THROUH THE MILL.

"Brown acknowledges that he knows nothing about women."

"What an immense experience with them he must have had."—*Boston Transcript.*

DID HE STAY?

Irate Manager—Either you or the dog, madam, will have to get out of this theater!

Lady (charmingly)—All right. I'll go. I wouldn't have Fido miss this film for anything.—*Film Fun.*

MUST UNTIMELY.

"Did she say she would be yours?"

"I don't know what she meant. She merely said, 'Glub-glub.'"

"Good heavens! Were you choking her?"

"No. I proposed right in the middle of a pathetic movie and discovered she was crying."—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

FREE TUITION.

Teacher—Jimmie Stebbins, I'm going to teach you to make faces, right now!

Jimmie—Gee, teacher, you're a wonder at recognizing talent. Mother always said I was cut out for the movies.—*Film Fun.*

VERY HELPFUL.

"These movies are certainly educational."

"What now?"

"Saw one today on how to eat soup."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

HELPFUL.

Studio Manager—Why do you allow Miss Gibson to watch this scene? The star doesn't like her.

Director—That's the reason. I want the star to register intense hate during this scene.—*Film Fun.*

BALD-HEADED ROW FOR OLD MASTERS.

"I understand you have a number of the old masters in your gallery."

"Gallery?" echoed Mr. Crumrox. "Nonsense! I've got 'em right down in the front row."—*Washington Star.*

HOSPITALITY AS IT IS HANDED OUT.

He—"Are you going to have the Blondleys to dinner this season?"

She—"We certainly are. I sha'n't rest until I get even with them for the last one they gave us."—*Life.*

IN TRAINING.

"Jack, I wish you'd give that young brother of mine a talking to. It's time he thought of choosing a career."

"Judging by the hours he keeps, I thought he was studying to be a night-watchman."—*London Tit-Bits.*

SPECIFICATIONS.

"But, Mabel, on what grounds does your father object to me?"

"On any grounds within a mile of our house."—*Houston Post.*

A MOVIE MARVEL.

Dinks—I notice Binks spends all his spare time at the pictures since his wife became a movie actress.

Jinks—Yes; he thinks it's perfectly wonderful to see her carrying on for two mortal hours and never hear a word out of her.—*Film Fun.*

TWO STRINGS ON HER BEAU.

He—"If you could have two wishes come true, what would you wish for?"

She (frankly)—"Well, I'd wish for a husband."

He—"That's only one."

She—"I'd save the other wish until I saw how he turned out."—*Boston Transcript.*

UNDYING SONGS.

"There are songs," said the musician, "that have never, never died. They go ringing down the ages."

"That is true, sir," Brown replied. "For the past six months and upward I have heard my daughter try to kill two or three each evening, but they never, never die."—*London Tit-Bits.*

MEMORIES, MEMORIES.

"I see they are making shingles out of cement now."

"Then I recall my wish to be a boy again."—*Boston Transcript.*

Of Interest to Women

SUMMING up the style features as presented in the new models of this season, we have some breadth over the hips, tighter waists and bodices, straight lines, long-waisted effects, short skirts, little collar lines on suits and high neck lines on dresses. Sleeves are short, some in three-quarter length, and many in kimono style. Skirts are plaited, plain, draped, puffed and extended over the hips. Straight and draped tunics are shown, also apron effects, flounces and ruffles. Plaitings are much in vogue, sometimes entire bodices are plaited and skirts are covered with plaited flounces or narrow plaited ruchings.

A new idea in trimmings takes the form of brilliant-colored embroideries. Puffings, flowers and ribbons, patent leather, suede and colored leather combined with black, all serve to decorate the new models.

For evening wear, lace and net and taffeta is used.

A quaint and effective dress of taffeta has a triple-flounced skirt, each flounce edged with puffing of taffeta. The waist is fitted and cut with points below the waist line.

Plaid materials are much in evidence used alone or in combination with plain fabrics.

One-piece styles lend themselves nicely to bordered materials and embroidery. A new feature on these models is the outstanding pockets and side belts.

Some new skirt models show pinafore fronts; they are smart with short, loose coats of the "blazer" style.

Separate vests and "vested" coats are shown, but many of the coats have open fronts, showing a pretty blouse.

The spring lingerie blouse is beautiful in its handwork of tucking, drawn work or fine insertion. In the best of these models the line of the trimmings follow the thread of the material.

For wear with street suits the blouse should be worn inside of the skirt, but

for dressy wear one sees some models in chemise style and with peplums. Some new blouses show sleeves very wide at the armscye and narrow at the elbow.

Quite a few dresses have bodice and upper part of the skirt cut in one.

Cascade side effects are popular.

High collars are shown, some cut in one with vest sections.

Coats, both those separate and those for suits, are shorter.

Materials of a serge-like weave are used for suits, dresses and coats.

Among the thin fabrics for dresses and blouses are ratines and voiles, organdies and cotton tussah.

Knitted materials in silk and wool are used for dresses of every description.

White will be much in vogue for dresses and blouses. White Chinese crepe, Georgette, silk, organdie and lawn are the materials employed.

One sees blouses with outstanding pocket sections, high collars, and novel sleeve ideas. Some models are fastened in front close to the neck with high collars, turned back to show a facing of contrasting color.

Afternoon and evening dresses show a touch of bright blue.

Skirts on cloth dresses are from one and one-half yard to two yards in width; thin dresses and dancing frocks should have not less than two widths of 36 or 40-inch material. Skirts for young women are extremely short. Those for women of mature years are more conservative and long.

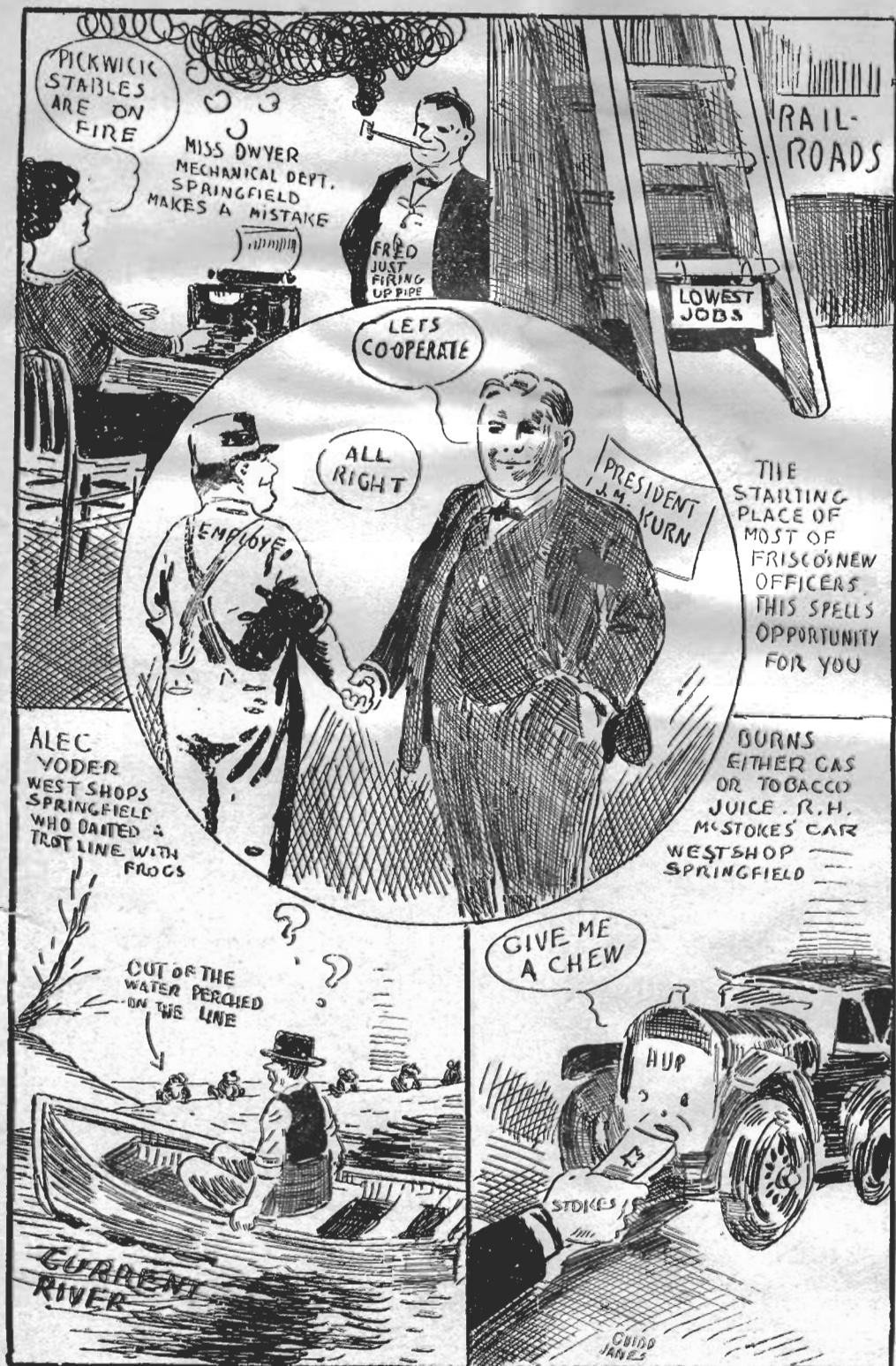
An attractive dress of black taffeta has a trimming of fine taffeta plaiting.

Insertions of fine tucking trim a dress of figured voile in blue tones. A narrow belt of copper-colored ribbon makes a pretty simple decoration for a dress of blue serge.

Some effective and pleasing combinations are: Black satin and tan duvetyn or black satin with old blue knitted cloth.

(Continued on page 43)





Cartoonist's Review



PERSONAL MENTION.

F. G. Fisher has been appointed Assist Master Mechanic, Northern Division, with headquarters at Monett, succeeding W. J. Foley, promoted. Appointment effective March 16, 1920.

W. J. Foley has been appointed Master Mechanic, Western Division, with office at Enid, Oklahoma, succeeding A. J. Devlin, promoted. This appointment also effective March 16, 1920.

A. J. Devlin has been appointed superintendent, North Shops, Springfield, succeeding J. E. Henshaw, transferred. Appointment effective March 16, 1920.

M. M. Sisson has been appointed assistant superintendent, Cherokee Subdivision, including the Sapulpa Terminals, with headquarters at Sapulpa. This appointment effective March 1, 1920.

KANSAS CITY.

(W. J. Findley.)

James Bruce has just returned from Topeka, Kansas, where he claims to have gone to hear a minister. There is something wrong with Jim. That excuse won't go for Kansas City has too many churches and ministers of her own.

Miss Nellie Davis, our efficient stenographer in the Car Department, has been off duty several days lately on account of the illness of her mother, but is now back in her usual place again.

The Store Department has added another new face to their office force, Miss Helen Bogard, comptometer operator.

O. L. Butler, formerly employed at Rose-dale, has been transferred to Chaffee, Mo. We hope he will find as many friends there as he left, and we wish for his every success in his new location and promotion.

Messrs. W. J. Foley, C. D. Toler, Frank Ellis, J. A. Henshaw and A. W. Nelson were in Kansas City Tuesday, March 9, to make out the usual 104 report. Ask Miss Forster whether they ever cause any commotion or not.

Miss Eleanor Forster's mother has been quite ill again, resulting in the absence of Eleanor, whom we missed very much.

We understand that L. J. Leigh is the proud owner of a new car, but the girls all

say that they are from Missouri and will have to be shown.

Ass't Roundhouse Foreman B. R. Reynolds has been absent for a day or two and it is reported that cause was on account of his having a family washing to do. Is that not sufficient warning to the single fellows?

We are very sorry to have lost our stenographer in the Master Mechanic's office, Miss Norine Folsom, who has taken a position with some other company. We all wish her success in her new work.

Also have a new face in the Mechanical Department, Miss Mable Steward has accepted the position as File Clerk, taking the former place of Miss Copeland, who has taken the stenographic position left vacant by Miss Folsom.

At any rate, it seems the Memphis girls and the Kansas City girls have at least created a bit of mutual interest between them over this little "Dispenser of Knowledge," alias "Dispenser of Sweets," and as our girls are of a very optimistic nature they still feel they have something to look forward to.

But here comes the greatest disappointment. We understand from very good authority that another point on the System has entered this "Candy Race," namely; the Master Mechanic's office at Sapulpa, and they, too, are receiving an occasional box of sweets from this particular party. However, knowing Kansas City to be such a popular place, we feel confident our time is close now, so some across, we have your number

Has anyone lost a dog? Call No. 39, as that is headquarters.

Machinist Apprentice Glen Reynolds claims he is quite a business man. For particulars see Glenn.

C. R. Kew, Martin Whelan, and Irene Bruce have been serving on the jury. What is all the row about? Come across and tell the truth.

We are wondering where Mrs. Irene Flegler got her new blouse. Oh, yes, someone reports that it was taken out of a box containing some silk shirts belonging to this particular party.

T. H. Curry, mill foreman, has asked for a leave of absence to visit his home for a while. Have a good time and regain your health while gone.

SPRINGFIELD—L. & D. F. C. DEPT.

(C. E. Martin.)

Here we are, under the colors of the Frisco again, after being under the guiding hand of Uncle Sam for some considerable spell. So that places us all on our honor to work like the mischief for the good of the company, if we don't want to get talked about—grandly explosively and detrimentally talked about. We don't even have the war as a scapegoat for our sins of omission, or commission. Possibly some have in the past attempted to pass the buck along when things were rotten, by laying it onto the Government and assuming that we, the individual, in some way were not to blame. But from here on out the traveling public and the shipping public will cease "blankety blanketing" the United States Railroad Administration and centralize and crystalize their views on the individual railroad and railroader. So we have got to hump some to keep the public off our hump, for they are sure some spoiled, and rightly so, by the trite saying, "The Public Be Pleased." What a grand and glorious feeling we all will have if we can turn out to be the best public pleasers in the sense of righteous pleasing.

Since last issue, Miss Jewell Jones and Bob Tisdale have been vainly trying to qualify as unique and champion class sneezers, to succeed M. C. Harless. Jewell has a wonderful sneeze all right, and if properly cultivated and with a little pruning it may be that some time it can equal "Mulo's." Tisdale's sneeze is entirely too "much," as to quantity and not enough as to quality. His ought to be famed out in a boiler shop or a similar quiet corner, where it will not startle the natives too much.

The famous Cal Stewart library of Freight Claimism is straying promiscuously around the office. C. J. Bowman and C. F. Smith are custodians, but they don't keep it in very good custody. They will gladly show you through the wonderful five-foot library if they think there is any chance of selling it to you. As for C. J. B. and C. F. S., they have all of it stored away in their cerebellum. From here on suspense and debts will be on a strictly cash basis.

The seventeenth of March is no reasonable excuse or alibi for R. T. Tisdale to jeopardize, harass and otherwise endanger the eyesight and mental equilibrium of ye correspondent, by wearing such a disgraceful, disturbing and distracting green necktie. There is such a thing as green. Also there is a green that is greener than green. Now said tie has none of the shades of Old Erin or the shamrock, and it is disturbing to the poor pulse of some to be shocked by such sudden revelations of color. Furthermore, who said R. T. T. was entitled to wear green? Again, furthermore, C. F. Smith had to go consult Dr. Camp on the

morning of the seventeenth of March concerning the condition of his eyes, which helps my contention a lot that neckties with such a loud reputation should be abrogated, eliminated, squelched and sat upon and otherwise discouraged.

W. A. Cripps should he required to wear a skirt, spectacles and procure a certificate if he intends to act as a pedagogue. He is sure a busy human among the O. S. & D. kindergarten.

Tisdale insinuates McKinnel is a bum housekeeper. When Tis moved into McK's desk, it took him two days to move the Carnegie library annex, clean out the hardware novelties and remove the bird nests from the drawers and immediate environs of the desk.

When C. F. Smith moved to his new desk he took his trick frog along. He was afraid to leave it for Sewell as he (Sewell)

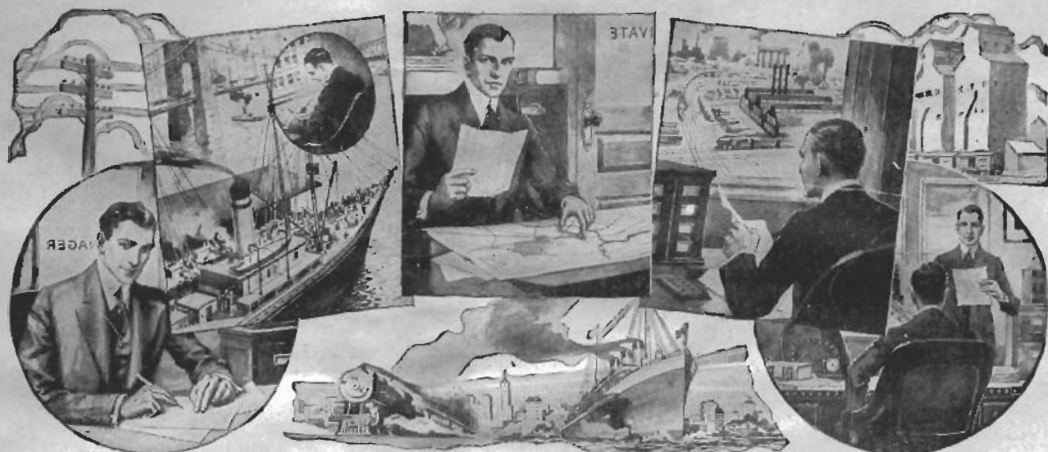


Girls of the File Department, Freight Claim Office, Springfield. A Smile for every purpose.

is a quiet sort of fellow, and it would not be just right to excite him too much, especially during work hours.

After a sojourn of about a year, J. C. (High) Highberger has left us to move his habitat to Kansas City. So H. C. Wehking is looking for a new side-kick. "High" won the esteem and friendship of the fellows from the word go. When it came to long black stogies "High" was there, or the dignity of a town marshal "High" had it, and the gift of gab found "High" a world beater, and that he always had something to say. Not only something, but something MORE to say. May he be kind to Kansas City and not treat them rough.

All aboard! Stoutland bound! Since a certain circular has gone the rounds, such a call as this does not even cause the quiver of an eyelash by W. N. Doss. All at once the Stoutland stock has taken an awful slump. However, by sticking to it, a round-trip could be made in about eight days out of each week and W. N. D. could spend the



A Bigger Job Yours—If You Master Traffic Management

Reconstruction work to be done in Europe and expansion of our foreign trade means a greater demand than ever before for men trained as traffic experts. Great plants working overtime—raw materials shipped in—finished products shipped out—carloads, trainloads, shiploads, going North, East, South, West—contracts placed not on price basis, but for quick delivery—that is the condition we are facing.

"We must have efficient traffic men" say manufacturers, jobbers, railroads, ship owners. Hundreds are needed where one is available. This is the chance for ambitious men to rise to higher positions—to get into an uncrowded calling—to have the specialized knowledge which commands big salaries.

Train by Mail Under LaSalle Experts

This opportunity is yours now. Train while you hold your present job. Only your spare time required to become proficient in every branch of traffic.

Learn from men who have held or are among those now holding the highest positions in the field. Get practical training—the training which equips you to step into one of the highest places. This is what the LaSalle experts offer you.

They will explain every point concerning Freight Rates, Classifications, Tariffs, Bills of Lading, Routing, Claims, Demurrage, Express Rates, Ocean Traffic, R. R. Organization, Regulation and Management, Laws of Carriers, Interstate Commerce Rulings, etc. etc.

How many men are expert on even one of these subjects? You will be made proficient in all.

And here is something more—your enrollment gives you free the privileges of our Business Consulting Service. This means advice from our staff whenever you need help on any special business problem.

Over 950 people here—450 business experts among them—are ready to put you

on the road that leads directly to advancement. Get the complete, combined experience of many authorities, all given in easily understood form.

No Large Fees

The total cost is small. Your increase in earnings will soon pay it (see in next column what McMullen, Wright and other members say). Then also you can pay on easy terms—a little each month if you wish. No hardship in getting this training. Any man can afford it. And the time is now—when the great movement in business is beginning. Give a few hours weekly of your spare time for a few months—and get a larger salary.

Send the Coupon and Get All the Facts

Your request will bring complete information. We will tell you just what the course offers in every detail; all about the opportunities open to trained traffic men. We will also send you our book, "Ten Years Promotion in One" which has shown thousands of men the short road to promotion. If you are ambitious to rise—if you want to enter a paying and uncrowded field of business, get these facts. Sending the coupon implies no obligation upon you. Mail it today.

B. S. McMullen was a freight checker on the docks at Seattle.

Two years after beginning the LaSalle Course in Interstate Commerce and Traffic Management he was appointed General Freight and Passenger Agent.

He said that it would probably have taken him 8 or 10 years to make this advance if he had depended merely upon work and experience.

LaSalle experts helped him to reach this in the space of months.

T. J. Wright, an Illinois member, 3 three promotions since taking the course.

H. S. Watson, of Michigan, figures his increased earning capacity at 400 per cent.

Fred Hoffman, an Ohio member, received 500 per cent profit on his investment in one year.

Among the many LaSalle trained men who are now Traffic Managers or Experts on Interstate Commerce are:

Wm. Ritchie, Vice-President and Traffic Manager, Philadelphia Lawn Mower Co.

P. E. Combs, Traffic Director, Twin City Traffic League, Benton Harbor, Michigan.

P. E. Hamilton, Traffic Manager, Retail Merchants Association of Canada.

Mr. Hamilton says: "I cannot speak too highly of this institution. The course is up-to-date, authentic, and easily understood. My only regret is that I did not take it up five years ago."

The success these men have made can be paralleled by any other ambitious man who will do as they did—train!

LASALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY

"The Largest Business Training Institution in the World"

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Please send me your catalog and full information on your Course and Consulting Service in Interstate Commerce and Railway Traffic. Also a copy of your valuable book for the ambitious man, "Ten Years' Promotion in One." This without obligation on my part.

Name.....

Address.....

Present Position.....



rest of the time visiting, working in the office and doctoring corns. Some of the heartless wretches like Parker have been saying a heap, and it sure makes Stoutland seem a long way off. However, St. Louis is still further away. Also guess we will have less Marshfield and Nangua gas out of Martin. But what really matters, is the hot stuffy condition of flats and apartments when the temperature is around 100 in the shade, and no shade, and the invigoration, inspiration and inhalation of the countryside around the suburbs of Stoutland.

W. A. Cripps say no chance for old maids, if we had any, with our new claim investigator, R. E. Gondelock, as he is married—much married, and got at least three entities around the house besides the fence. In introducing R. E. Gondelock, ladies and gentlemen, allow me to say that he comes from the heart of the M. & N. A., Harrison, Arkansas. He is ex-chief clerk to the freight claim agent and ex-general service in many departments of the M. & N. A. Being a first-class "ex" man, I move we make him "Ex-chequer of the Cuspidor" in the "Loyal Order of the Sons and Daughters of I Will Arise."

Furthermore, he is a fresh-air enthusiast, and will be glad to accommodate a limited few as summer renters in his tent. As you can see, without great effort, there is not much between him and heaven.

While on the job of introducing, might mention the name of W. Shumate, who is now sharing the same waste basket with C. F. Martin. W. S., ladies and claim investigators, is a native son. Hurrah! He comes from several places, say for instance Nangua and other points east and west up and down the line. He is an artist who has evolved or merely transmigrated into an accountant, then degenerated to an investigator. Now that fine looking fellow with the tenor voice is next. He is Head. The local office at Springfield lost a mighty good man and the O. S. & D. Department is, no doubt, the big gainer in the recent acquisition of Earl Head. He is making good Head-way in Cripp's private school. No matter how efficient all others may be, Earl will still be a Head.

R. C. Gilbert and C. H. Rice, both new men in the O. S. & D. Department, need no mention, as they speak for themselves. Both are old heads in the office.

Now don't get in a hurry. Earnest Davis says he is going to have a picture published of his girl. He has had some made, but they don't suit him. He is trying to get some taken that will show Her Majesty's true beauty and at the same time show how much she looks like her Dad. Seems hard to do, in fact paradoxical, but watch future issues, as Earnie is going to "did" it.

Some of the boys could not quite dope out how they lost their money on the Martin-West fight, until they got the morning paper, which explained it satisfactorily.

The joys of the seventeenth of March were drowned in the sorrows of the First of July. So sayeth Carl Smith.

If W. N. Doss walks from Springfield to Springfield via Stoutland very many times this summer, I bet Parker will have to dig him up a new name.

MEMPHIS.

(Effic D. McLaurine.)

In answer to request made in last month's Frisco-Man by West Shop with reference to Machinist Burk, will quote the following



MRS. EVERETT SKINNER.

Miss Agnes Krieselmeyer, mailing clerk Superintendent's Office, Sapulpa, was married evening of February 2nd at the home of Rev. Conkwright, to Mr. Everett Skinner, of Sapulpa.

Miss Krieselmeyer has been employed for a number of years as PBX operator. She has many friends on the Frisco and it is regretted that we have lost her from our "bunch."

from Mr. Burke: "In regards to Brother Home Guards at West Shop—Being very well satisfied with the moonshine of Sunny Tennessee and close enough to the Old Mississippi to be assured of a decent sailor's burial, will resign all claim and rights to cemetery lot to Brother Home Guard Red Miller, and hope no apprentice kid will bump him off his little jumper until ready to enjoy said real estate." We thank you.

We note passes for Mrs. Geo. W. Ellis are arriving daily. Perhaps when they all reach here we will get a glimpse of Mrs. Ellis.

We wonder if Walnut 1250 is still busy after 5 p. m., since our timekeeper has moved over to the bungalow. A voice in the distance says "yes," for the blond butterfly is still at home.



“He Deposits \$500 a Month!”

“See that man at the Receiving Teller’s window? That’s Billy King, Manager for Browning Company. Every month he comes in and deposits \$500. I’ve been watching Billy for a long time—take almost as much interest in him as I do in my own boy.

“Three years ago he started at Browning’s at \$15 a week. Married, had one child, couldn’t save a cent. One day he came in here desperate—wanted to borrow a hundred dollars—wife was sick.

“I said, ‘Billy, I’m going to give you something worth more than a loan—some good advice—and if you’ll follow it I’ll let you have the hundred, too. You don’t want to work for \$15 a week all your life, do you?’ Of course he didn’t. ‘Well,’ I said, ‘there’s a way to climb out of your job to something better. Take up a course with the International Correspondence Schools in the work you want to advance in, and put in some of your evenings getting special training. The Schools will do wonders for you—I know, we’ve got several I. C. S. boys right here in the bank.’

“That very night Billy wrote to Scranton and a few days later started studying at home. Why, in a few months he had doubled his salary! Next thing I knew he was put in charge of his department, and two months ago they made him Manager. And he’s making real money. Owns his own home, has quite a little property beside, and he’s a regular at that window every month. It just shows what a man can do in a little spare time.”

Employers are begging for men with ambition, men who really want to get along in the world and are willing to prove it by training themselves in spare time to do some one thing well.

Prove that *you* are that kind of a man! The International Correspondence Schools are ready and anxious to help you prepare for something better if you’ll simply give them the chance. More than two million men and women in the last 28 years have taken the I. C. S. route to more money. Over 100,000 others are getting ready in the same way right now.

Is there any reason why *you* should let others climb over you when you have the same chance they have? Surely the least you can do is to find out just what there is in this proposition for *you*. Here is all we ask: Without cost, without obligating yourself in any way, simply mark and mail this coupon.

YEAR OUT HERE INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS Box 8650, SCRANTON, PA.

Explain, without obligating me, how I can qualify for the position, or in the subject, before which I mark X.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEER | <input type="checkbox"/> TRAFFIC MANAGER |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Locomotive Fireman | <input type="checkbox"/> BOOKKEEPER |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Traveling Engineer | <input type="checkbox"/> R. R. Agency Accounting |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Traveling Fireman | <input type="checkbox"/> R. R. Gen'l Office Acct'g |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Air Brake Inspector | <input type="checkbox"/> Higher Accounting |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Air Brake Repairman | <input type="checkbox"/> Cert. Public Accountant |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Round House Foreman | <input type="checkbox"/> BUSINESS MANAGEMENT |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Trainmen and Carmen | <input type="checkbox"/> Private Secretary |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Railway Conductor | <input type="checkbox"/> Stenographer and Typist |
| <input type="checkbox"/> MECHANICAL ENGINEER | <input type="checkbox"/> SALESMANSHIP |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Draftsman | <input type="checkbox"/> ADVERTISING |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Toolmaker | <input type="checkbox"/> Railway Mail Clerk |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Machine Shop Practice | <input type="checkbox"/> CIVIL SERVICE |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Gas Engine Operating | <input type="checkbox"/> ELECTRICAL ENGINEER |
| <input type="checkbox"/> CIVIL ENGINEER | <input type="checkbox"/> Electrician |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Surveying and Mapping | <input type="checkbox"/> Electric Wiring |
| <input type="checkbox"/> R. R. Constructing | <input type="checkbox"/> Elec. Lighting & Railways |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Bridge Engineer | <input type="checkbox"/> Telegraph Engineer |
| <input type="checkbox"/> ARCHITECT | <input type="checkbox"/> Telephone Work |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Architectural Draftsman | <input type="checkbox"/> MINE FOREMAN OR ENG'R |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Ship Draftsman | <input type="checkbox"/> Stationary Engineer |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Contractor and Builder | <input type="checkbox"/> AUTOMOBILE OPERATING |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Structural Engineer | <input type="checkbox"/> Auto Repairing |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Concrete Builder | <input type="checkbox"/> Good English <input type="checkbox"/> Spanish |
| <input type="checkbox"/> CHEMIST | <input type="checkbox"/> AGRICULTURE <input type="checkbox"/> French |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Mathematics | <input type="checkbox"/> Poultry Raising <input type="checkbox"/> Italian |

Name _____
 Present _____
 Occupation _____
 Street _____
 and No. _____
 City _____ State _____

Car Department Offices have again returned to Memphis, and we therefore have the pleasure of greeting Miss Ruth Heckle daily.

Our Irish beauty, Miss Alice O'Brien, has resigned, and Miss Irwin has succeeded her. Never again will we paint our office green for the Irish. However, we still have Miss Josephine O'Brien in the Store Department.

Seems as if Kansas City is trying to put one over again in the case of the golden ray (Miss Burdette Golden), but it can't be done, for we have the brother, Herman Golden, in Memphis.

Mrs. Martha Smith is working temporarily in place of Miss Ella Kate Prow, who is recuperating from pneumonia.

Mrs. DeRosset says she is well pleased with her new brick bungalow, new furniture, and last but not least, she is very, very happy with her husband. May you always be so, Mrs. Timekeeper.

SPRINGFIELD--BUREAU OF OPERATING ACCOUNTS.

Sorry the B. of O. A. was not represented in the March issue, but just couldn't make it. Too much unfinished business.

Listen to this: "Effective March 11, smoking in the Bureau is discontinued." Could anything be more sad? Now if we could just get "Father Jim" to quit using Horseshoe our office would be a haven of bliss.

Our friend at the West Shop who wants the ladies in the "Bureau" to come out and ask him over had better draw a map showing location 'n everything of this said "Pis-Gang" and send it in, as the Bureau has never did have any luck finding things, especially men.

Thos. R. Gibson, Jr., just returned from Salem, Mo., where he attended the funeral of his grandfather. The Bureau extends sympathy.

"Hosey" Walters, the best looking man in the Bureau, has been wearing his Sunday clothes to work. He says his old ones are "all tore up." If he tore them, how?

George Allen Moore has purchased an honest-to-goodness Dodge car. Now he and Eleanor can be seen most every evening touring our city.

Miss Mona Watts has returned to work after an absence of three weeks account of the "flu."

Miss Newton, of the Bill Department, says the family has moved into their new home. Everyone get ready, we hope to be invited to a house warming soon.

Thank goodness, we can brag of at least one wedding this spring, even if we don't know just when it will take place. Walter just won't give us any information.

Does anyone know Mr. Ross Aton? He is that good looking, brown-eyed bachelor who holds the position of traveling timekeeper. Well, here's one on him. The other day he was in our office reading and E. L. Welch, our worthy "trouble man,"

was giving a private talk to a few in and around his desk on the wonders done by the clerk's union. He said "the union just got \$275 for a girl in the Claim Office." About that time Ross looked up, and having only heard the last part of the conversation and not knowing who had gotten the \$275, said: "I never saw a girl I'd give \$275 for. Who bought her?" And still he says he loves the ladies.

Miss Wolfe says "Mr. Gibson" does not call at her house. The only "sweet papa" she has is a German gentleman.

T. H. Edmonson was off sick several days with the "flu." Now he's wearing a button on which is inscribed, "I'm making my old clothes do." Why so much economy?

The other day H. P. Fowler was seen giving a demonstration of the "cootie" exercise for the entertainment of several of the ladies. He claims they learned it in France. But you know he's such a joker.

Johnnie, our office boy, is going home on a visit. We do hope some of those "Arkansas Chickens" don't detain him.

BIRMINGHAM SUBDIVISION.

(Glennie Pearl Simmons.)

Mr. F. G. Faulkner, our former assistant superintendent, has been appointed superintendent River and Cape Division, with headquarters in Chaffee, Mo. The employees of the Birmingham Sub extend Mr. Faulkner their best wishes for his success, and know that he deserves the promotion.

Mrs. J. A. Moran, wife of our assistant superintendent, has been visiting friends in Amory, Miss.

Clerk Bob Vanderford went to Springfield recently, and then after being on the job a week, has gone back. Bob is figuring on something, and we wish you well, Bob.

Conductor C. C. Medley spent some time during the past month in Florida, hunting and doing "other things."

General Foreman Shattuck is spending several days in Virginia on business.

Hugo Stender, of the Traffic Department, is busy meeting his friends, after having spent the past seven months in Oklahoma at service agent. Edith sure is glad he's back.

Mrs. Launa Chew, of the Traffic Department, is recovering after having been ill with the "flu."

B. of R. C., No. 291, recently gave a "blow out," and everyone who attended had a "swell time."

Since the track at Pocahontas has been extended to more than two car lengths, Yard Master Dill has accepted a "position" on the Carbon Hill-Amory local regularly.

Marriages among the operators during the past month were "all the go." Operator Borders, of Dora, was married to Miss Windham. Operator Guy Cox, third trick operator at Pratt City, and Miss Clara Leslie, of Adamsville, were married; Operator

**14,000 lbs. of
Almonds from
10 acres at 25¢
a pound,
\$3,500⁰⁰
gross profit**



**\$2,500 to \$3,000 a year
net income for Life**

Why don't you railroad men—you conductors, brakemen, engineers, firemen, yard and shop men, telegraph operators, ticket and freight agents, and office men—follow the lead of your Rock Island brothers, so many of whom are investing a part of their savings in these big income producing almond orchards at Paso Robles, California?

We cannot begin to enumerate here the many remarkable features of this wonderful investment opportunity; but you can take it from Major Paul Hevener, who before joining our association as Assistant Sales Manager, was Superintendent of Insurance of the Rock Island Lines, that this opportunity offers you the surest, safest way of securing

THE R. I. FAMILY at Paso Robles

C. A. Morse, Chief Engr.; E. A. Fleming, Asst. to Pres.; J. R. Pickering, Sup't Trans.; F. J. Shubert, Gen'l Frl. Agt.; A. T. Hawk, Bldg. Engr.; A. W. Towles, Gen'l Supervisor Trans.; C. T. Ames, Sup't Terminals; J. G. Bloom, Sup't H. E. Remington, Ed.; R. L. Mag.; F. M. McKinney, Dis. Trenton, Mo.; W. C. Maier, Off. Asst. Gen. Mgr.; El Reno, A. B. Gilbert, El Reno, Okla.; J. E. Turner, Chief Clk.; Sup't term.; J. B. Mackie, Off. Sup't Trans.; A. E. Owen, Chief Clk.; Pres.; H. A. Ford, Telegrapher, Chgo.; C. E. Murray, Cust. Chgo.; I. Nelson, Off. Gen. Mgr.; Chgo.; W. L. Johnson, Silvis, Ill.; E. Lof Hanson, Silvis, Ill.; T. B. Willard, Sec'y to Gen. Mgr.; Chgo.; H. R. Fertig, Trans. Ins.; C. W. Brott, Sec'y to Asst. of Pres.; J. T. McKennan, Agt. Minn.; R. C. Sattley, Val. Engr.; J. M. Bentile, Off. Sup't Trans.; J. A. Victor, Chf. Ins. Clk.; Chgo.; E. G. Berdan, Stationmaster, Chgo.; R. L. Showers, Dis. Fairbury, Nebr.; Frank H. Frey, Supv. Wage Agreem'ts, Chgo.; E. R. Orr, Off. Pres.; W. W. Canton, Transm., Fairbury, Nebr.; O. H. Rea, Trav. Frl. Cl. Adj.; O. F. McWhorter, Off. Gen. Sup't, Frl. Claims; E. S. Mendenhall, Tel. Liberal, Kans.; R. E. Palmer, Agt., Okla. City; Ernest Pringle, Herington, Kansas; Paul M. LeBaech, Engr. Water Supply, Chgo.; J. A. Goudie, Fireman, Chgo.; W. Morton, Frl. Solle., Kans. City; C. E. Starr, Agt., Howe, Agt.; H. C. Jansen, Iowa Falls, Ia.; T. H. Wilhelm, Gen'l Frl. Agt., Fort Worth, Texas; R. R. Seeds, Div. Sta. Supv., Colo. Spgs., Colo.; W. A. Motton, Agt., Clayton, Mo.; John McGill, Cabinet Maker, Chicago; A. G. Darrall, Loco. Engr., Eldon, Mo.

Financial Independence

that you ever heard of.

Major Hevener knows California like you know railroading. He made a special trip of investigation to Paso Robles. He was so enthusiastic over what he saw there and was so thoroughly convinced of the tremendous money making possibilities of almond growing that he bought two tracts for himself and he is urging his Rock Island friends to buy.

He tells you that this is an absolutely square, safe, conservative and profitable investment—that there are no red lights ahead—that you can pull the throttle open and run along on a smooth, even track without the slightest fear of running into a blind switch. Your interests are safeguarded by one of the largest Trust Companies on the Pacific Coast.

Read What This "R. I." Conductor Says

Rock Island Conductor R. F. Libby of Fort Worth, Texas, was in Paso Robles in February. Here is a part of a letter he wrote to a railroad friend:

"Acre after acre of beautiful almond trees in full bloom; a force of 70 men preparing and setting out new orchards. Not a foot of land but what will be set out in trees. All of the land good for orchards. It is the surest investment for a man for protection in old age."

You do not need to go to California or know the first thing about almond growing in order to take advantage of this opportunity. We plant 700 trees to a 10-acre tract—and bring the whole orchard into full bearing for you. A moderate payment down and monthly payments as low as \$25.00 pays half the cost of a 10-acre orchard; we take the other half out of the crops.

FREE Illustrated Book

It tells the whole story. We will mail it to you at once and Major Hevener will give your inquiry his personal attention. Write or mail the coupon sure—now—TODAY.



Associated Almond Growers of Paso Robles
901-06 Lytton Building
Chicago, Ill.

Associated Almond
Growers of Paso Robles,
Lytton Bldg., Chicago

Name
Address
City State
File 4

Fredie Scott, of Adamsville, married a young lady from Adamsville. As a secret we are of the opinion that there will be another marriage among the operators soon, as we all know when an operator, after working "awfully hard" the day before, catches train 103, in Amory, and comes to Pratt City to see an operator and then goes back on the next train, that wedding bells will surely ring soon.

Wanted to know, by several of the men why "SALLY" doesn't marry his "auburn-haired beauty" who can do everything, and show them he can.

Boys, it is a shame that you cannot everyone rave continuously over a "jazz baby," but I feel sure if you will subscribe for the "Carbon Hill Gazette," after reading same you can don your "Sunday clothes," get the caller to let you off to go see your mother, talk a clerk out of a pass, lose two round trips, and then report you've "actually" learned the first principle of dancing.—"Squeeze her tight."—(O. K. "Bo," but if the school teacher and the postmistress "catch on," we believe that you'll be "jazzing around" after some other men have "cut your hair," trying to be reinstated.)

Below we give you the outline of our little play, entitled "E. T. and Scotty Have It Awfully Bad."

Setting—Either 8th Ave., 24th St., or anywhere. Time—Morning, noon or night. Characters—"Million-Dollar Baby Doll" and

"Tree-Top-Tall Daddy." Climax—June bride, bungalow 'n everything. (Curtain.)

Will the person who so generously promised the writer a box of "good candy" if she would "write up" several of the men, remember and "come across" real soon? If not received before next issue will surely tell all I know on you, and, of course, needless to say where you'd land.

Engineer Dixie E. Green has again spent several days in Florida on business. Several of Mr. Green's most intimate friends believe that if he makes a couple or more trips to Florida he will be able to execute a contract and bring the young lady to Birmingham. Dixie, this would be the best thing you could do, as you must surely realize that a "pretty boy" needs a wife.

In last month's issue the Memphis correspondent wished that she and her friends were as popular as the correspondent for the Birmingham Sub. Well, Miss Effie, we know that you folks around Memphis are popular and all you've told us about recently was marriages, bungalows, vamping maidens, etc. Mrs. Breedlove and her husband are "living happily ever afterwards."

Mighty glad that the Birmingham boys of the West Shop, Springfield, were pleased to see the write-up from Birmingham. Just let me know, through your correspondent, who you want to hear from and I'll do my best to let you know what is going on here. Most of the same old bunch are around the shops and are making their eight hours every day.



TIN SHOP MEN OF THE SPRINGFIELD WEST SHOP.

Left to right: Joe Eldred, Walter E. Martin, Ocie "Snookums" Griffith, Fountain Miller, Rex L. Cooper, Chas. P. Ruscha and Lee Balden.



SPRINGFIELD WEST SHOP MEN.

Left to right: Paul Waldo Stahl, "Sweedie" Claypool, Paul Stahl and Fred Hope. All are prospects for the Leap Year girls.

SPRINGFIELD—WEST SIDE SHOP.

(J. K. Miller.)

Anyone wishing to hear some thrilling tales may see James Nelson, pipe-fitter in the tank shop. Some of Jim's nar- ratives in the Blue Ridge mountains down moonshiners and other bad boys when he was a U. S. Marshal. This way it will make your hair stand

Waldo Stahl is a very busy man helping machinists play pinochle during the day and playing pool at night with L. N., and running around with G.'s he does not have much time to spare.

Carl G. Ross, formerly a Frisco machinist, is now in the automobile business on Pickwick St. Call around and see the old boy.

Nick Schaler, gardener at the West Shop, says he did not have many flowers in 1919, for 1920 he is going to have some that will take the blue ribbon.

Johnny Anderson, fearing the high price of gasoline, sold his Maxwell to Walter Burhead, saying he could not afford it.

"Dog" Crutcher may never drink another drop of liquor as his private stock is all gone. Get this right, it was consumed by "dog" and no one else.

James Albert Clayton seems to be ailing a regular of late. Don't know what the trouble is. May be heart trouble.

Dave is overhauling his fishing gear. He expects to do some bass fishing. Generally gets them when he goes out.

Deckert or any- one new blood on the block.

Want for next year after ways

makes good whether on foot or in the saddle.

Boys, if you want to know anything about fishing see George Kuhns, the sugar king, up stairs. He says use a Rocky Mountain oyster from a six-month clan for catfish. Tie it on a rope and let it down in the water. The fish will suck on it and get their teeth fastened and then all you have to do is pull them out. Says he caught one that weighed 160 pounds skinned, and it needed him an overcoat. How is that for a "story?"

Claude Keltner says the men on the balcony are kicking his dog around just because it is a hound.

Emil Kromer, the cider king, sure was proud to see the March issue of The Frisco-Man. He has nearly forgot about the wrench on the balcony with his trademark on it.

Boys, you might as well stay on the job until the whistle blows, because the sooner you get home the more potatoes you will have to peel. And it is about time now to scrape the leaves off the lawn and dig up the garden. It being daylight when you get home now you will be in time to feed the chickens and run to the grocery store. So why hurry through life, take your time. You have more time than money, and whiskey \$25 per quart. So what's the use.

Machinist J. A. Pullar has been promoted to assistant apprentice instructor. The boys at the West Shop wish him success.

The stopper blew out of John (Crip) Schrable's jug the other night and caused an earthquake. But now he has a ten-pound sack of cigarette papers to hold it down.

The old Indian guide has been located on the balcony. Keltner saw him on the crane track and also operating his lathe shifter.

If you want anything hung on your back see Major Reo or Crabby Smith.

T. A. Nelms, better known as "Texas Tommie," says as long as he can get sweet

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THE BALDWIN
LOCOMOTIVE WORKS
 PHILADELPHIA, PA.

spirits of niter he don't care if John Barleycorn is dead.

Pipefitter J. Nelson was telling the other day how he met an 18-foot alligator in the swamps of Florida and killed said alligator with his pocket knife. Zeke Ruhe says he wishes he had consulted Jeens before he went there, as he had a high-power rifle and a 45 automatic and never got an alligator.

Bill Wallace (C. C. Willie) says there will be no more fishing for him, with John Barleycorn dead. Cheer up, C. C. Willie, better days are coming.

Wonder if J. O. Red, drill press operator, has bought any more night caps.

Walter Muirhead is building a garage all over his back yard. He has purchased a —. He always wanted a path finder; he has one now.

Machinist Short has kinned enough bolts to buy him a Dort, but says he will not give his old horse away.

E. E. Reynolds, Bob Charlton, Homer Daggett and Chas. Miller stroll out every noon hour to smell the alcohol in the radiators of the autos.

John Mangan is in the poultry business. He sold two old hens for \$6.

Bill Wallace says he has quit hunting because the game is not worth the chase.

Swede Johnson, boilermaker, having no place to go or spend his money, should be a good prospect for leap-year girls. him over, girls.

Boilermaker Ginger claims he is keeping one fox hound now, as feed is high.

Roy Noblette, better known as —, claims he has a good way to take wild women. See "Slats" for particulars.

"Hump" Humphreys says he hopes they prohibit the use of Copenhagen snuff in his new office at the casting table.

Machinist Zeke Ruhe has a new helper. He never has to hunt him, all he has to do is turn around and he will find Friday faithfully following him.

Henry "Buick" Patrick is back on the job after being off for about a month with the flu.

Frank Romery is in the stove department. Wonder if the prohis will be allowed to make wine this coming fall.

W. E. Ritter and F. E. Hope, machinist apprentices, were on the repair gang, but they did so much damage that the gang has been renamed "destruction gang."

Bill (Harold Lloyd) White says he doesn't want to go to Cuba. He has always been a heavy drinker, too. (?)

Don't ever offer your pie to I. G. R. man, he might eat it. Signed Herman and Harry Jarrett.

Tom (Plumb) Burns and Joe Snodgrass are giving dancing lessons. For sample the Liberty, they —.

C. V. Steve is hauling cars.
 Born during the war.
 Walter —.

Henry Marlor is going to take lessons in spiritualism from Geo. Kuhn.

Arthur "Sweet bunch of Roses" Clayopol is all dolled up with a new tie and dirty overalls. And some real honest to John \$7 an ounce perfume. It is no wonder "Sis" is strong for "Sweetie."

Fred "Hopeless" Hope and I. G. "Dutch" Reichman say they are going to have all the office girls swimming by next August. Be careful boys, Baby Marie weighs 180 pounds, and M. B. E. is no lightweight.

Machinist Dan Ryan is rapidly coming to the front as a Jazz Baby, according to Hoyle.

Old John Schrable is a good old soul, He knocked the cayotes brain out on the tent pole;

He flagged the mail man down and come to town,

Says this is no place for me to hang around.

Any of this story you don't believe,
Just apply to Foreman Reaves.
He pulled this job off mighty slick,
If you don't believe it ask Bob Elick.

And they claim all of the gall,
He drank all the liquor from Waldo Stahl.
Art Hasler stood by his side,
Looking in vain for the Indian guide.

"Doc" Withall just got his annual hair cut, but says he only wishes he could go without one as long as George Kuhn.

I. Creamer is a new customer at the Bargain Store. Bought two hand-
som Louis so he could see his
indow.

ing any cheap sugar at 4½
see George Kuhn on the
it is pure cane sugar
and tell.

any kind that
ay, get in
North

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Louis Lebovitz, proprietor of the St. Louis Bargain Store, brings his store to work Monday mornings and takes it back Saturday nights, so he can do business there Saturday nights and Sundays.

Bert Connell, pipefitter, is used to riding the front end of streets cars, and not being city broke tried to ride the front end of a Ford on the square one evening.

"Hap" West has not been on a street car in so long he does not know which one to catch to come to work.

All West Shop employes wishing free cigar lighter see George Kuhn up stairs.

"Crip" Schrable one morning recently asked a friend to get him six Dr. D's High Life Specials. After the application of the six he was seen up town stepping around without his crutches and said if he could only get six more he would throw his crutches away forever.

Claude Keltner took his three hounds out the other night and they treed a house cat. and when Claude got there another fellow came up with 10 hounds. These 10 hounds jumped on one of Keltner's dogs. The af-iray last 30 minutes, and when it was over there was no one there except Keltner and his three hounds. Even the house cat was gone.

The reason Ralph Culp does not come out more is because his wife won't let him.

The weather is getting warmer, and if M Duckett does not refrain from using the old pipe he will burn his nose. The col weather is all that has saved him so far, as the stem has been broken off until it is like he is trying to swallow the pipe of smoking it. Use your new or Safety first.

E. E. Reynolds, better known as carries a No. 6 gun L size.

The boys at the V were tickled over the appearance of the Frisco Man, their new very thankful.

Charles
Re-