

### Joseph Schermann

Joseph Schermann, one our veterans in point of service, died at his home in Neodesha, Kans., July 10, 1914, aged sixty-one years.

Mr. Schermann was born in Lokenhaus, County Eisenberger, Hungary, February 21, 1853, where he lived with his parents until April 17, 1883 when accompanied by his wife and baby daughter he left his native land for America. They landed in Baltimore, Md., but came west to Leavenworth, Kans., where they remained for a short visit with relatives. Later they located in Anderson County, Kans., but after a year's residence there, moved to Neodesha, Kans., where they have since resided.

From his father Mr. Schermann learned the blacksmith trade, served his apprenticeship, made his masterpiece and received his diploma under him. Shortly after coming to America, Mr. Schermann secured a position with the Frisco, and has been in continuous service for the last thirty years, serving as blacksmith at Monett, Neodesha, and Wichita.

Mr. Schermann was held in high esteem by his railroad associates and will be remembered by his many friends as a man of untiring energy, industrious and frugal, proud of his family and loyal to his friends.

He is survived by his wife and six children, five daughters and one son, A. C. Schermann, who is employed as water service foreman on the Kansas Division.

Mrs. Joseph Schermann and family desire to thank the officers and employes of the Frisco for their expressions of sympathy and for the kindness and courtesies shown in their recent sorrow, also for their beautiful floral tributes.

### Agent at Haverhill

One of the most active members of the Safety First committee and enthusiastic attendants at the Agents' Meeting on the Kansas Division, is Miss Lorene J. Dungey, agent at Haverhill, Kans.

Miss Dungey has been with the Fris-



co for the last three years serving as agent at Saxman, later at Keighley, and May 28, 1914, she was appointed agent at Haverhill, succeeding the late J. W. Brown, one of our veterans in point of service.

### Try

To make a better showing in freight claim payments.

Reduce errors.

You can if you try.

### "IF LINCOLN WERE ALIVE TODAY"

The following from Howard Elliott, of the Salt Lake Route, is well worthy of space in *The Frisco-Man*. It is a parallel of the famous Gettysburg address of President Lincoln and deals with the economic war of the present:

Four score and ten years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new industry, conceived by private invention and dedicated to the quasi public purpose of moving persons and property from place to place. Now we are engaged in a great economic war, testing whether that industry or any industry so conceived and so dedicated can long endure. We have reached a crisis in that war. We have come to the point where we must decide whether our great steel highways built and operated as private companies, and supervised by the Government, can continue in their present form, and be allowed to earn a reasonable return on the fair value of the property devoted to the public service, or whether that business, encompassed by regulations impossible of fulfillment, shall be made unprofitable and then be taken over by the Government. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should discuss this. But in a large sense, we should discuss it only with full realization of its economic effect, without bias, and with careful deliberation upon complete survey of the facts. The brave men living and dead who struggled to perfect the science of railroading have dedicated to society a transportation machine that commands the admiration and respect of all mankind. The world will little note nor long remember what we say, but it can never forget what they did. It is for us, who remain, to dedicate ourselves to the great task remaining before us, that we here highly resolve that their efforts shall not have been in vain, that this industry, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that private enterprise under public direction shall not perish from our land.

### *Courtesy on the Rails*

A railroad company of Long Island issued a booklet on courtesy for the benefit of its employes. The book contains good suggestions, of which the following are examples:

"In handling the public we must all take the public as it is and not as it should be.

"Those of us who come in contact with the public do much toward educating it by example of what the public should be.

"We can never make the public better by imitating it.

"It is only the boy amateur who

flies into a rage at resistance and pounds up that which he is attempting.

"Every man has ambition enough.

"Every man in every position wants to mount higher, but merely wanting does not get him higher.

"It is performance of the immediate job that gets him higher.

"Our colleges today are turning out a great many 'civil engineers,' but we find there is a much greater demand for 'civil conductors.'"

Creation of opportunity is the opportunity of the man.—Mediator.

# LET'S LAUGH

*There are lots of funny things along the Frisco and THE FRISCO-MAN wants to hear about them in order that it may print them in this department.*

It's all right to decorate an old house with paint, but a cynical old face—well, that's different.

## A Full Day

At a recent dinner given to the Giants and the White Sox after their world-circling tour, one of the speakers said that a friend of his named Cassidy went to mass and heard the priest preach on the "Judgment Day." After the services he waylaid the clergyman.

"Father," inquired Cassidy, "I want to ask you something. You say that when the trumpet blows on 'Judgment Day' everybody who ever lived in this world will come before the 'Judgment Seat' to be judged for their sins on earth?"

"I so stated."

"Will Adam and Eve be there?"

"Undoubtedly."

"And Cain and Abel?"

"To be sure."

"And Jack Johnson and Jim Jeffries?"

"I assume so."

"And Ban Johnson and Charley Murphy?"

"They will."

"And the A. O. H.'s and the A. P. A.'s?"

"I told you everybody would be there."

"One thing more: Will Hogan that sued me in the magistrate's court last week and me both be there?"

"I tell you, yes."

"Then there'll be dam' little judging done the first day!" said Cassidy.

## A Chest of Eggs

"When I arose to speak," related a martyred statesman, "some one hurled a base, cowardly egg at me and it struck me in the chest."

"And what kind of an egg might that be?" asked a fresh young man.

"A base, cowardly egg," explained the statesman, "is one that hits you and then runs."

## Sublime to Ridiculous

He was enraptured with the scenery. His fair companion at the country resort sat upon the stone wall beside him.

"Behold that exquisite sunset!" he exclaimed. "Note the delicate flesh tints, the cream shades, the long dashes of vermillion and the almost living fire that leaps from the sinking sun as from a fountain. Behold the framework of darkening skies and of deep green. Isn't it wonderful?"

His fair companion sighed heavily.

"You bet it is!" she exclaimed. "It looks just like a great big lobster salad!"—Lippincott's.

## No Use

When visiting the wounded men in a field hospital an army chaplain came to one poor fellow who was groaning pitifully.

"Come, my poor fellow, bear the pain like a man," said the chaplain. "It's no use kicking against fate."

"Bedad, sorr," murmured the sufferer, "you're right, especially when, as in my case, they're the fate of an army mule."

**All He Needed**

"Say, have you forgotten that you owe me a hundred francs?"

"No, not yet; give me time."—Pele-Mele.

**Lacking Courage**

Miss Bute—Jack Timmid has asked me if he might call tonight. I think he wants to tell me he loves me.

Her Friend—Oh, that goes without saying.

Miss Bute—Yes, and I'm afraid he will, too.—Boston Evening Transcript.

**In Haste**

Mr. Benham—Why did that woman keep you standing at the door for half an hour?

His Talkative Wife—She said she hadn't time to come in.—Pearson's Weekly.

**Information**

"What are you fishing for, my lad?"

"Fish."

"What kind of fish."

"Fresh."—Boston Transcript.

**What Did She Mean?**

Teacher (to pupil who has been pulling a seat-mate's hair)—"You are not fit to sit with decent people. Come up here and sit with me."

**Willing Messenger**

Mrs. Subbubs (to tramp)—"Out of work, are you? Then you're just in time. I've a cord of wood to be cut up and I was just going to send for a man to do it."

Tramp—"That so, mum? Where does he live? I'll go and get him."—Boston Transcript.

**Bluff Called**

The following exchange of courtesly was recently chronicled in a German paper's advertisements:

"The gentleman who found a brown purse, containing a sum of money, in the Blumenstrasse, is requested to forward it to the address of the loser, as he is recognized."

A couple of days later appeared the response, which, although courteous, had an elusive air, to say the least:

"The recognized gentleman who picked up a brown purse in the Blumenstrasse requests the loser to call at his house at a convenient day."—Everybody's Magazine.

**Talented**

An old Scotch farmer being elected a member of the local school board, visited the school and tested the intelligence of the class by his questions. The first inquiry was:

"Noo, boys, can ony o' ye tell me what naething is?"

After a moment's silence a small boy in the back seat arose and replied:

"It's what ye gie me t'other day for haudin' yer horse!"

**Willing To Think of It**

Pat was a bashful lover and Bidly was coy, but not too coy.

"Bidly," Pat began timidly, "did yer iver think of marryin'?"

"Sure, now, th' subject has niver interred me thoughts," demurely replied Bidly.

"It's sorry Oi am," said Pat, turning away.

"Wan minute, Pat!" called Bidly softly. "Ye've set me a thinkin'."—Harper's Bazaar.



Celebrating Ozark Division Safety First victory, at Thayer, Mo., July 17, 1914, with flag and pennant raising ceremonies.

