

~ TWO BELLS ~

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A Herald of Good Cheer and Cooperation

Janett Converse - - - - - Publicity Manager

To The Ladies

IN the pre-Volstead days a song which became very popular was entitled "I don't know where I'm going but I'm on my way."

Judging from the number of cases wherein demerits are given for miss-outs, and the number of "put at foot of list" cases for the same reason and listening to the varied excuses offered, these excuses might be summed up by making it "I don't know why I did it, but I did."

During the past week, nine men who had allowed themselves to be automatically dismissed principally on account of missing out, made application for re-employment. All promised to keep their records in a satisfactory condition in this respect if given another chance, and all being ready with excuses for the past.

Several of these men tried, as the saying goes, "to hide behind a woman's skirts," but, women's skirts these days are too skimpy to afford a good hiding place.

Two of these men claimed that they had young wives who insisted on being taken out on frequent occasions to shows and dances; claiming that they were entitled to some consideration in the way of enjoyment, and that miss-outs frequently followed the evening out.

One man said he could not use an alarm clock as his wife did not like to be awakened so early, and another said that his wife objected to alarm clocks because they woke the baby up. Broken-down automobiles are blamed for numerous miss-outs, sometimes because the man had to take his wife somewhere and was unable to get back in time, but, more frequently this alibi is offered by a single man who has had his best girl out somewhere when the auto broke down.

One man said his wife stopped the clock because she objected to his working on street cars and wanted him to miss out enough so he would be discharged, but now that he has been out of work long enough so the family had nothing in the house to eat, she was willing to waive her objections and allow him to try it again.

There is no question but that you, "Fair Ladies," can be of great assistance in keeping your husbands, sons and sweethearts from missing out if you can but come to a realization of how serious a proposition it is for a man to be out of work in Los Angeles. So, "here's hoping" for your assistance in the future.

LARY LAFFS

Stranger: "I represent a society for the prevention of profanity. I want to take profanity entirely out of your life and—"

Jones: "Hey, mother! Here's a man who wants to buy our car."

Undertaker (to Pat): "Are you one of the family or one of the mourners?"
Pat: "Be gad, I guess I'm one of the mourners, because the corpse owes me \$5.00."

"Hello! Hello! Is this you, Mac?"
"Ay."
"Is this MacPherson I'm talkin' to?"
"Ay, speakin'."

"Well, Mac, it's like this: I want to borrow \$10—"

"All right. I'll tell him as soon as he comes in."

"Are kings and queens always good, daddy?" asked the small daughter, looking up from her fairy book.

"They are not," snorted the practical parent, deep in the sport page, "nine times out of ten you'll find threes out against them."

"Waiter, there is a button in my soup."

Waiter (an ex-printer): "Typographical error, sir. It should have been mutton."

Ocean Passenger: "Why is the steamer slowing down?"

Officer: "Oh, the captain used to be a motorman on a street car and we are nearing a school of whales."

"Willie, your essay isn't neat."
"I told pa so, but he didn't have time to write it over."

BOUQUETS



Left to right: E. L. Jandro, R. G. Monahan, C. E. Rust, A. McKenzie, M. W. Wagner, H. F. Hames.



Left to right: D. W. Gibbs, J. Federbusch, J. B. Woodland, M. L. Moore, E. B. Weaver.

How sweet and gracious, even in common speech,
Is that fine sense which men call "courtesy!"
Wholesome as air and genial as the light,
Welcome in every land as breath of flowers,
It transmutes aliens into trusting friends,
And gives its owner passport 'round the globe.

—Fields.

Mr. Wimberly carries off first honors this week with the bouquets distributed as follows:

For Conductor E. L. Jandro of Division Three from Mrs. Minnie O. Benedict, not only for being accommodating, but also for keeping control of his temper under trying circumstances.

For Conductor R. G. Monahan of Division Three from Mrs. Bristol for his courtesy and efficient service.

For Conductor C. E. Rust of Division One from Mrs. Mary M. Joris for the courtesy and interest shown in giving directions to an elderly woman for making her transfer, giving explicit directions as to just which corner she would get the car.

For Conductor A. McKenzie of Division Four from C. C. MacLean particularly for assisting Mrs. MacLean, who is lame, onto the car and to a seat and for giving a helping hand to Mr. MacLean, and also for his service in general which is thoughtful and courteous.

For Conductor N. W. Wagner of Division Two from Miss Ona Eiemer for directions given her when she had boarded the wrong car, for giving her a transfer and explaining exactly when and where to transfer.

For Conductor H. F. Hames of Division Four from M. A. Foshay for his kindly manner and unflinching courtesy.

For Conductor D. W. Gibbs of Division Four from C. C. Jenkins both for calling all streets clearly and for the courteous manner in which he serves the public.

For Conductor J. Federbusch and Motorman J. B. Woodland both of Division Four from Mr. O'Laughlin for the efficient and courteous manner in which they are serving the public.

For Motorman M. L. Moore of Division Three from C. McCrossan for strict attention to duty and for quick thought and action through which a serious accident was avoided.

For Motorman E. B. Weaver of Division Two from Mrs. Catherine Van Vleet for directing her the best way to reach her home when service was disrupted on account of Marathon dance.

The Art Of Manliness

By Sergeant E. L. Johnson
Of Bureau Public Safety,

Los Angeles Police Department

Two little boys got on the car last night with their mother. They were both bright looking little chaps, both under 10 years of age.

With a rush they swooped down upon the two front seats. When the mother came up the aisle, they were both eager for her to sit down with them. Finally she sat down with them, one on either side. How happy they were. How they laughed and talked. The mother was serenely conscious of a great possession. Her anxious eyes lovingly watched every move they made.

As we went from block to block the car soon filled and there were people standing in the aisle. Two ladies came in. Instantly the two little fellows were on their feet. "Won't you have our seats?" they said. The men in the car did not stir. The ladies smiled and sat down. I looked at the mother. In her eyes was an expression of infinite love and pride. She was making her boys into real gentlemen.

It must necessarily follow that these boys, who were taught so well during their early lives, will always remember their training. They were taught obedience, respect for their elders and every rule in the definition of a gentleman. These boys will become good citizens, because they will be law abiding, courteous and just.

Among the thousands of people who drive upon the streets daily, one often wishes that there were more men, who as boys, had had the ethical education of these boys.

Are you doing your share toward the prevention of unnecessary, avoidable traffic accidents?

To make friends, be friendly.
Courtesy is the right thought behind the act.

The man who will not be courteous is a counterfeit, for courtesy is the hall-mark of an intelligent individual.

Hateful to me as the gates of Hades is he who hides one thing in his mind and speaks another.—
Homer.