

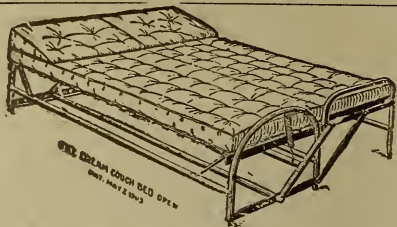
Boston & Maine Railroad Men

DECEMBER, 1915



COLLEGE HALL, HOME OF THE DARTMOUTH CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION, WHERE THE ANNUAL OLDER BOYS' CONFERENCE WAS HELD, DECEMBER 3, 4 AND 5, 1915.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE BOSTON & MAINE
RAILROAD DEPARTMENT, YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION
CONCORD, N. H.



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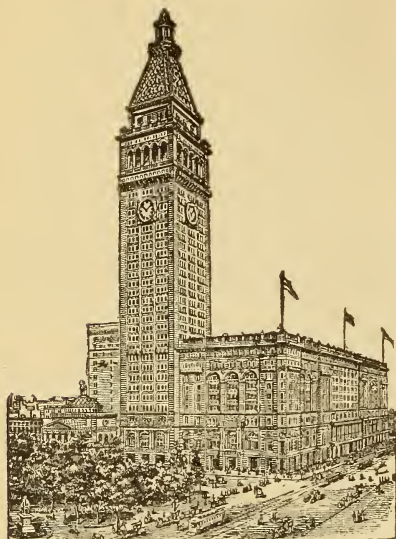
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CUSTOMERS if favored with your patronage.

BOSTON & MAINE
... RAILROAD MEN ...

Vol. XIX

DECEMBER, 1915

No. 11

A Christmas Story.

A light rap at the outer door drew the attention of the gray-haired woman.

"Come in," she called.

The door slowly opened. A trim young woman stood at the threshold. She looked around and smiled and nodded.

"Good morning," she said, and her voice was clear and pleasant. "May I come in?"

The elderly woman stepped forward.

"Why, yes," she answered. "Take this chair. Have you walked far?"

"Only from the village. The hill is a little steep. I am not used to hills lately."

She smiled and nodded again.

"Take off your hat," said the gray-haired woman, "and your jacket. You are quite welcome to rest as long as you like."

"You are very good," said the stranger. "I am not really so tired. It was the dear old house that drew me in. I thought I would like to come."

There was a faint accent to her speech, and she chose her words with a peculiar precision. Perhaps the elderly woman did not notice this peculiarity. She knew that the voice was a pleasant one and that the girl's smiling face—she was little more than a girl—seemed to bring sunshine with it.

"Our home is an old one," she said, with a little sigh. "It needs many im-

provements, but we have n't the means to make them."

"So?" said the girl, with a touch of sympathy in her voice. "Perhaps these improvements would take away the dear old home's niceness. You do not live alone?"

"No, there are two of us—my husband and I."

"And the children—they are away, then?"

The gray-haired woman turned back to the table.

"We have but one child—a son. He is away."

The girl arose quickly.

"Let me help you, madam." She drew off her jacket and hung it on a hook behind the door. "Ah, you will see what a fine bringing-up I have. Is there not an apron I may wear?"

The gray-haired woman turned and looked at her.

"Why should you want to help me?" she asked. "You are welcome to stay and rest. You must n't feel under any obligations."

The girl laughed.

"You think I am like the tramp," she said. "No, no; I love to help you. Perhaps when you see how quick I am, how willing I am, how careful I am, you will let me stay a little while here in this dear old place. I have no home just now. I hear of a place and I go to see it. I look from the car window at the pretty village. I like it so much I stop. Then I see the hills. I say I will walk there. I love the hills.

There are so many where I was born. And so I walk and walk and here I am. If you like me will you let me stay, madam, please?"

She said all this very fast, and while she talked she fastened the apron she had found on a cupboard shelf around her slender waist.

The gray-haired woman smilingly hesitated.

"There is n't much to do," she said, "and we have no money to pay for help."

"Let us not talk of it," cried the girl. "I am not so very poor. You will let me stay a few days. Perhaps you will not like me at all."

The gray-haired woman smiled.

"I think I like you already," she said. "You are young, you are pretty, you are full of life. I have had no young person near me since—since my son went away. I do not think your wish to stay here can be prompted by any bad motive. We are two plain old people, my husband and I. There is nothing in this home that would attract a wicked person."

"Then I may stay?" cried the girl.

"If you like; I am a lonely old woman, and I am glad to see your face and hear your voice."

"I am very glad you like my face and my voice," laughed the girl. "And now I will show you what my fingers can do. Is it pies that you make?"

"Yes. I am getting ready for Christmas."

"Ah, so," cried the girl. "It is next Saturday. Fine. You will let me eat of the Christmas dinner, too?"

"If you are here," said the woman, "you will be welcome." She softly sighed. "For thirty-five years we have eaten Christmas dinner in that old

room—and never alone, until—until my son went away."

"Yes, yes," said the girl hurriedly. "But you will not be alone this time. Now, what can I do to earn my dinner?"

The gray-haired woman laughed.

"You will earn it by just being here," she said. "Your laugh is so cheerful; and what a pretty dress that is, and how beautifully it fits."

"You like it?" said the girl. "I am glad. I made it all myself. I have been where dressmakers do not come. Oh, I can do many things. You will excuse me if I boast. I want you to like me—and may be you will not find me out if I do not tell you how very useful I am."

She laughed merrily and the gray-haired woman looked at her with a tender smile.

"You are like a child," she said. "You make me think of my sister Alma, who never grew up. She has been dead many years."

The girl pinned up her sleeves on her fair, round arms.

"Now you will tell me what to do, and while we work we will talk. You have said something about your son—has he gone far away?"

The woman looked at her with troubled eyes.

"We do not know. We have not heard from him, and so we think he must be far away."

The girl nodded.

"Yes, yes," she said. "He was far away, no doubt, and why should he go?"

"It is an unhappy story," said the mother. "My son quarreled with his father. It was about a girl. Our boy had gone away to the city. There was

so little for him on the farm. His father thought he was wrong to go, but John was ambitious and there was no chance for him here. And then he came home one day and said he was going to marry. And it came out that the girl was foreign and on the stage. And when John's father heard this he was very angry. To him the theatre is a wicked place. It was the way he was brought up. Perhaps he is too hard. Anyway, he told John that he must give up the girl or he would disown him. And John is proud, too, and they had words and John went away, and since that day his father has never spoken his name." She suddenly put her apron to her eyes. "My dear, dear son," she sobbed.

The girl's face flushed. She went to the weeping mother and touched her hand.

"Don't cry," she gently said, "perhaps there is good news. Look at me. What do you see?" She drew back a little and her laughing eyes grew serious and she held up her pretty head. "A young woman, a strong and healthy and useful young woman—a good young woman, believe me."

The mother's wet eyes stared at the girl.

"Why do you tell me this?" she asked.

"Because," the girl answered, "because I want you to think well of me. I must help you to know me. I have no one here to speak for me, so I speak for myself." Her eyes suddenly grew tender. "Can't you guess why I have come here?" and her voice was low and sweet.

The mother took a step nearer.

"You!" she whispered.

"I see you guess," cried the girl. "Yes, I am your son's wife!"

For a moment the mother hesitated. Here was the woman who had taken her boy away from her. Many times she had felt bitterly toward this unknown girl. Now, she was here—here in John's home.

The mother opened her arms.

"John's wife," she murmured, and held the girl close.

"That excuses all else," laughed the girl a little hysterically, "but I did not mean to tell you quite so soon."

"My son, where is my son?" cried the mother. "Is he well?"

"He is well and happy, madam," replied the girl. "Very well, madam, and happier soon, I think."

"And why did he not come with you? Where is he?"

The girl gently pushed the gray-haired woman into a chair.

"Let me tell it—all in my own way, madam mother. It is like this: John married me one—two—three years ago. Who was I? A poor girl trying to earn a living, an honest living, madam mother. On the stage, yes. I will tell you how that was. When we came to this country my father, he was a carver of wood and stone, had a fine business. Then he was killed in an accident and we were very poor, my mother and I. And so, because we were so poor, I sang for a manager and he gave me a place on the stage. Then my poor mother died—she was never strong after my father went away—and I stayed at the theatre, and there John heard me. And though I did not know it, he watched over me when I went to my home at night. And one night two men were very rude to me and John ran up and beat them so hard with his fists that they crept away much hurt. Then we were acquainted and pretty soon he asked me to marry him. I

loved your son very dearly, madam mother; he was so big and brave and good, and I was glad, so glad, to say yes. So John said he would go home and tell the father and the mother. And when he came back he seemed like another John, and he told me he had no father now, and no mother, and that he had only me. And so, because I loved John, we were married and went away, far away into the desert and into the wilderness. We lived sometimes at Goldfield and sometimes at Rhyolite, and then at Rawhide. And we were very, very poor, and John had the fever and there was only me—I was doctor and nurse and all—and, please God, he did not die.” The hand of the older woman stole into the girl’s and held it close. “Then the luck changed. John is made a manager. He has the charge of a mine. Oh, how he worked! Then he has a mine of his own. And pretty soon my big, hopeful, always patient, always loving John—I kiss his mother’s hand—is rich, quite rich. Then I say to him, ‘Let us rest a little, John, and go home to the old mother,’ for he had told me everything. But he says, ‘No, not yet.’ Then I know he will go some time. So when the great company is formed—it is my John’s company—it is necessary that he come to New York. So I come with him—he can go nowhere without me—and I say to him, ‘While you are busy with your directors I will go to the old home and see what I shall see. It was because of me that they turned you away, John. Perhaps,’ I laughed, ‘because of me that they will take you back. Trust me John,’ I say. ‘If all goes as well as I hope it will go, we will eat the Christmas dinner together. But I did not mean to tell you quite so soon, madam mother.’”

The mother arose.

“My boy is coming home,” she cried. Then her face clouded. “But his father—he is so hard and unyielding—I’m afraid he has not forgiven him.”

“Leave him to me, madam,” cried the girl. “Hush, I think he is coming. Not a word, madam. Leave him to me.”

The bent form of the tall old man appeared in the doorway.

“Hiram,” said the gray-haired woman. “I have a visitor here. She will stay with us for a day or two.”

The old man looked at the girl curiously.

“You are quite welcome,” he said.

“I am Elsa Lind,” said the girl, with a little curtsy. “I am glad you say I am welcome.”

He looked at her curiously again, and then passed into the inner room.

The dinner, which Elsa insisted upon serving, was a quiet meal. The eyes of the old man followed the quick, lithe figure and the sunshiny face with a wondering interest, and once he looked across the table at John’s mother and nodded his head in approval.

When the table was cleared and the women had finished the kitchen work, the old man brought out the big family bible and read aloud the story of the Prodigal Son. He read it slowly and impressively, as he had read it many times before. Then there was a little silence, and presently out of it came a voice, a voice that sang of mercy and forgiveness, an exquisite voice, sweet and full of quivering pathos.

It was the voice of Elsa, sitting in the darkest corner of the room. The song was new to her hearers, a German folk-tune with English words, and it seemed to follow the Prodigal’s story with almost startling appropriateness.

They had never heard a real singer before. It was a revelation to them.

Then when the last quivering note died away the old man closed the book.

"Let us pray," he said softly.

But here his voice broke down and for a long time he could say nothing.

They were very good friends the next morning, and when the girl and the mother met in the kitchen after the breakfast the latter shook her head reproachfully at the smiling Elsa.

"It is no wonder you charmed my boy," she said, with a little catch in her voice. "You are charming his grim old father."

"Surely, you do not forget," laughed the girl, "that I was on the stage."

The girl had left a bag at the station and the old man drove with her to get it. And when she came back she waved her hand to John's mother on the porch and there was something more than a graceful greeting in the gesture.

"Wait, good sir, if you please," she said to the old man before he could drive away. "To-morrow is Christmas Day. May I ask a friend to dine with me here? The good mother is willing."

The old man nodded.

"Your friend will be welcome for your sake, little lady," he said, and drove to the barn.

"It goes well, madam mother," said the girl.

"And yet I am afraid," whispered the mother. "John's father is a hard and stubborn man."

"We will see," said John's wife. "We will see."

That night the girl sang for the old man, not once, but a dozen times. She sang the tender old Scotch ballads, for which he asked. She sang the hymns he wanted, and last of all she sang "Abide With Me."

There was a little silence after she finished.

"I think that is quite enough for to-night," said the girl. "You will tire of me. To-morrow—to-morrow is a busy day. Good night, good night."

"Good night," said the old man in a muffled tone, and as the girl passed him she saw that there were tears on his weather-beaten cheek.

Christmas Day dawned bright and clear, and two busy women in the old-fashioned farmhouse hailed the sunshine as a good omen.

"To think," whispered the mother, "that my boy is coming! But, oh, I'm afraid, I'm afraid. Are you sure he will be here?"

"John always keeps his engagements," said John's wife. "And when the engagement is with his wife and his mother—to say nothing of his father—I do not think he will break his rule."

"Hush," said the mother, in alarm, "his father is there in the other room."

It certainly was a fine Christmas spread. The turkey was the tenderest, and all its train of accessory dishes the most palatable that culinary art could offer. And presently, when the girl had cast a final glance at the clock and another through the window, the old man was bidden to the feast.

He looked at the trim young woman inquiringly as he seated himself.

"You spoke of a friend," he said.

"Yes, sir," she quickly answered. "He will be here. Seat yourself, madam. Hark, he is here!"

The outer door suddenly opened, a tall young man stepped into the room and looked quickly about him. With a swift movement, he stepped to his mother's side and kissed her cheek, and then drew back.

"John!" the mother whispered, but

her eyes were on the stern face of the old man.

The girl's hand rested lovingly on the young man's shoulder.

"Father," she bravely said, "this is my friend, my dearest friend—will you bid him welcome?"

The old man's face was dark, he hesitated, his troubled look rested on the girl's sunny face.

Then he spoke, but his voice was hoarse and scarcely audible.

"Your friend has welcome for your sake," he slowly said.

At that the young woman cried out and ran around the table and put her arms about his neck and kissed his wrinkled cheek.

"Ah, such a Christmas Day," she murmured.

And the old man stretched his hand across the table and gripped the hand of his son.

"Come, come," he cried, "the dinner is waiting."—By W. R. ROSE, in *Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

Station Notes.

The American Express Company is moving their up-town office to the passenger station, and the telegraph office has been partitioned off for the accommodation of the express company.

Everett Alden Smith is the new messenger at the station.

James Bolton, formerly caretaker of Mr. Kimball's castle at Belknap Point, has been working in the baggage room for a few weeks.

Howard Moore, demurrage clerk, has moved from the yard office to the freight office.

James Nichols, assistant chief baggage master, is suffering a great bereavement in the sudden death of his wife.

The matron has been put back in the station and Mrs. Clara Mullen is holding the position.

Operator Arthur M. Osborn is working in the dispatcher's office for a few months and J. E. Callahan is holding "S U" office.

Joseph J. Holden, from the paymaster's office in Boston, has been transferred to the assistant paymaster's office at Concord.

W. R. J. Hayden has succeeded E. M. Whittaker as stenographer in the trainmaster's office. Mr. Whittaker has accepted a lucrative civil service position at Washington, D. C.

Harold Fowler, of the assistant treasurer's office, is making frequent visits to Lakeport. We understand it is one of those "air" school "marms." It is rumored that Harold may locate there.

It has just leaked out that Albert I. Larivee, secretary to the president of the Concord & Montreal, is also attending school teachers' conventions in Abington, Mass.

Come on, boys, chip a quarter for a subscription to the Boston & Maine RAILROAD MEN. It will not only help to pay for the publishing of the magazine, but it will insure a good medium through which to transmit the Y. M. C. A. news.

F. A. Cloutier, chief clerk in the engineering department, is celebrating the advent of a baby girl in his family. All doing well.

Overheard in the yard. Conductor, giving headway motion, said: "Come up here awhile, boys, I must get my boggy."

Penn Haselton laid off three days to get a deer. He usually finds one in a single evening.

The December meeting of the Southern Division Safety First Committee was held in Lowell. After the meeting, the committee made an inspection of the yard.

Not an employee killed on the Boston & Maine during the month of November, and fifty-seven consecutive days without a fatality to a B. & M. employee is a record not before equalled. Surely, safety first is taking root and demonstrating that men are being more attentive to safe handling of self.

Mr. George P. Burke wishes to announce that there was no truth in the rumor of his reported engagement. However, George is very much in love.

H. E. Fitzgerald, time clerk and well-known club man, recently made a business trip to his old homestead. He found the folks all well, but in their shells for the winter.

F. H. Parker, chief time clerk, now a prominent member of the anti-race-suicide society, spent the week-end in Wakefield, Mass., the town of his birth and undoing.

C. A. Campbell, the well-known Sunday School League bowler, is becoming prominent in society, and recently entertained a few selected friends at his apartments.

Ward Crosby, chief engineer of the Carolina, Clinchfield & Ohio Railroad, died at Johnson City, Tenn., December

5. Mr. Crosby was formerly an engineer for the Concord & Montreal Railroad and, after the lease, assistant chief engineer under F. A. Merrill. He was a man of very even temperament, kindly, and a home-loving man with recognized ability. His death will be mourned by a large circle of friends in this community, as well as the many new ones in the south.

What Prohibition is Doing.

Prohibition and the fiscal year ending June 30, 1915:

United States revenues from liquor dropped over \$23,000,000.

Fifteen million gallons less whiskey drank.

Two hundred million, three hundred thousand, four hundred and thirty-six less gallons of beer.

Over 17,000 fewer liquor dealers, legal AND ILLEGAL.

And yet some croakers around this town say no-license only causes more liquor to be sold. The above figures swat that lie and kill it forever.

MORE COMING.

Prohibition will go into operation January 1, 1916, in Oregon, Washington, Colorado, Iowa, Idaho, South Carolina.

We will see how that will affect the Federal revenue the last half of the fiscal year 1916, from January 1 to June 30, 1916.

Both Out.

"So that infernal tailor has been calling again with my bill. Did you tell him I was out?"

"Yes, sir, and I told him I thought he was, too."

BOSTON & MAINE RAILROAD MEN,

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE
RAILROAD DEP'T Y. M. C. A.,
CONCORD, N. H.

SUBSCRIPTION. 25 CENTS PER ANNUM

Entered as second class mail, July 26, 1904, at
the Post Office at Concord, N. H.

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Here and There.

How about some more fellows for the Mechanical Drawing class at the "Y"? It is too good an opportunity to miss. Line up for the three months' term beginning January 1.

A number of fellows have signed up for an Air Brake class to begin the first of the year. Are n't there a few fellows in the shops who would like to get into this class for a three months' course? The class will begin as soon as we get enough fellows signed up to guarantee the expense. The instructor will be on duty one afternoon and evening each week, and will hold an afternoon and an evening class for the benefit of the larger number.

Get the habit of using the railroad men's club house when possible. Drop in when you are up-town these wintry nights. Make yourself a Christmas present of a membership in the Association.

John Hyland, of the stores department, has returned to work after being laid up for the last month with a crushed finger.

F. P. Knight, of the freight repair department, received quite a severe injury to his foot the latter part of last month; recent reports, however, indicate that he is fully recovering from the injury.

Martin Conroy, of the car department, who was so severely injured by a sliver hitting him in the eye, has been in the Eye and Ear Hospital for the last month, and although he will apparently lose the sight of the eye, the attending physicians hope to save the eye at least.

The Association placed 53,257 men and boys in positions last year, and counselled, trained and inspired many thousands more for work and life.

Following is the list of new members and renewals for the month: O. E. Sawyer, E. M. Bean, C. E. Sanborn, B. H. Bartlett, F. P. Richardson, A. H. Broad, J. P. Symonds, J. B. Gavelle, G. L. Hastings, F. H. George, M. S. Bills, H. B. Goulding, C. G. Pillsbury, E. P. Shurtleff, J. H. Wood, E. C. Dunklee, B. L. Geer, E. B. Chandler, J. J. O'Connor, A. B. Cole, A. T. Weston, A. F. Pickering, Frank Wright, H. T. Clark, Warren Jukes, M. R. Hayden, C. A. Littlefield, H. S. Morrow, J. H. Flanders, P. J. Leonard, F. A. Blake, C. C. Langley, W. G. Crosby, R. H. Huse, U. S. Duncan, Orrin Bean, O. T. Spaulding.

The board-top ping pong table has arrived at last, and now we can look for some fast work by the enthusiasts.

An unusual array of good reading matter has come in during the last few days in the holiday numbers of the various magazines. We respectfully call attention to the same, and urge a larger number of men to get the reading-room habit.

Several Concord men, including the Secretary, had the privilege of hearing John R. Mott, the new General Secretary of the International Committee, speak on the "War in Europe, and the Young Men's Christian Association." Mr. Mott's recital of events connected with his recent trip to these war-stricken countries, held the attention of the more than 700 men, who attended the banquet, for a full hour and a half. The occasion was the forty-fourth annual convention of the Massachusetts and Rhode Island State Committees.

The first of the series of men's meetings held under the auspices of the City Association was successful in every way, and we hope that interest will continue to grow so that the five that are to follow will be even stronger and better.

The relief committee of the Association is doing good work in reporting cases of sickness and accidents to the office, as well as making visits to the sick. Keep in mind the personnel of the committee, and report to them any cases that come under your observation. For the shops, report to Messrs. Martin, Burnham, Robinson or West of the shops, or Messrs. Turcott, Mason or Flanders for the road men.

At the present time there are thirty Bible societies in the world, that issue the whole Bible or a part of it, in 500 languages, with an aggregate circulation of over 18,000,000. With the pri-

vate circulation added, the total distribution exceeds 28,000,000 copies.

"BOYS WANTED."—The SALOONS of this country will need 500,000 new patrons this year. During the past year they have lost more than that number. Have you a boy at your home for them? The men who vote for saloons should be willing to furnish boys to fill them.

Bowling.

Interest in the bowling league continues to grow, and the following lists tell of the work done up to date. Individual scores of the ten highest men are given, as well as the standing of the teams to date:

Standing of teams December 11, 1915:

	Won.	Lost.	P. C.
Blacksmiths,	12	4	.750
Freight Shop,	11	5	.687
Machinists,	10	6	.625
Freight Clerks,	9	7	.562
Boilermakers,	8	8	.500
Timekeepers,	6	10	.375
Stores Department,	6	10	.375
Mech. Clerks,	2	14	.125

Individual averages, of ten leading men:

T. F. Dennen, Blacksmiths,	279
W. H. Woodward, Freight Clerks,	272
T. J. O'Brien, Blacksmiths,	271
J. S. Kendall, Freight Shop,	268
B. F. Loveren, Mech. Clerks,	267
F. E. King, Blacksmiths,	267
C. H. Moberg, Boilermakers,	267
J. McCann, Machinists,	265
R. N. Spinney, Machinists,	258
D. B. Favor, Stores Department,	257

Hit the Mark.

"I never saw a girl that could hit anything she threw at."

"Well, you never saw my girl throw a hint."—*Indianapolis Star.*

selves, were of a character that deeply touched the hearts and lives of the boys. More than 100 boys made decisions for the Christian life and 217 boys took forward steps for definite Christian service. The following report shows how widely the state was represented:

Number of delegates.....	367
Number of speakers and others attending	39
	—
Total.....	406
Number of organizations represented	100
Number of denominations represented	15
Average age of delegates.....	17

Shop Notes.

George Tewksbury, of the machine shop, has recently bought a farm in East Concord, where he expects to plunge more or less recklessly in the chicken business.

Among the newly married men whose names haven't been mentioned previously in this column are Ernest Dow, of the mill room, Napoleon Couture, machinist, and William Willard, boiler-maker.

Waldo B. Jones has returned from a hunting trip in the north country. As far as known, he shot nothing larger than a couple of birds.

"About this time of the year, look out for snow shovels" is the motto of the cabinet shop.

D. Bartlett Favor recently visited friends in Laconia.

The latest structure added to the car department group is Jim Welch's blacksmith shop, a much-needed addition.

Richard Henry Libby Hill spent Thanksgiving at his home in Epsom.

The New Hampshire Goat Company appears to have died a natural death. No stock has been on the market for some time. The approach of winter probably had a depressing effect, which was responsible for the drop of 1711 points below par.

Frank Silva and Darius Turecott started on their annual deer hunt up around North Woodstock, December 1.

We understand that J. F. Spellman, Stk. at the engine house, enjoyed a perfectly good Thanksgiving dinner.

The men are enjoying the shop meetings again, Wednesdays in the big machine shop, and Thursdays in the car shop. From now on, the meetings in the car department will be held in the cab shop. The men themselves suggest the change, as it will give more comfortable quarters.

City Association Notes.

The High School Club had as their guests, Tuesday, December 14, the Fenno basketball team, of Boston. The boys came up on the 6 o'clock train and were entertained at lunch at 6.30. The invited guests included Principal Cook of the High School and C. H. Ainsworth. At 7.45 there was a basketball game in the gymnasium which illustrated clean sport in a remarkable degree and resulted in a win for the home team with a score of 43 to 31. Mr. Beal, who is a director of the Fenno's, gave an interesting lecture in the First Baptist church chapel on "China in Revolution," illustrated with many unusual pictures. At the noon period Mr. Beal spoke to the pupils at the High School.

The first of the series of men's meetings was held at the Star Theatre, Sunday afternoon, at 3 o'clock. The song service conducted by O. W. Crowell was full of life and snap, with H. B. Hall at the piano and H. W. Rainie as cornetist. During the meeting the Concord Octette rendered a number of fine selections. J. C. Tilton, president of the Association, introduced the speaker, Allan C. Emery, of Boston, Mass., who took as his topic, "Down and Out and Up and Out." Mr. Emery's address was strong and forceful, ending with an earnest appeal to the men to accept Jesus Christ as their personal Saviour. A number of well organized committees handled the details of the meeting. These meetings, for men only, will continue for a number of months and are designed to reach the non-churchgoing man. The next service will be January 2, when the speaker will be Dr. Ira Landrith.

Boosters!

There is no word in the English language that can be cited which is more significant and which is more abused than the word "BOOSTERS."

The average reader, who seldom gives thought to the word used, just so long as it is right and proper, would probably advise you that the word BOOSTERS is a slang word—one of the exclusive possessions of the "Lower Ten"—and seldom used by the "Upper Five." But in that conclusion they are greatly in error, for the word appears in the best dictionaries in about the following forms:

BOOST, v. t. To help; to lift; to push; to boom or advocate.

BOOST, v. i. To lend assistance.

BOOST, n. A helpful lift or push; a recommendation; anything that helps.

BOOSTER, n. One who helps or encourages; a supporter or advocate.

BOOSTERS, n. pl.

BOOSTING, v. t.

From the definitions offered, one can readily grasp what the word means, what it truly signifies—to boost; to help; to push; to boom or advocate; to be on the job with sleeves rolled up doing one's share of the task which remains unfinished.

This is what we need in the Association—a few more "BOOSTERS." Boost our membership; Boost our subscription list to RAILROAD MEN; Boost our Educational Department; in fact, just Boost.

How many men in and around the offices will make themselves a Christmas present of a year's membership in the Association? We need both men to do and money to do with.

At the Ticket Window.

A rough-looking individual, from all appearances a ruralist, appeared at the window one day and repeated in a high-school oration voice:

"I want a ticket to Susie, Oklahoma."

The agent was pretty well acquainted with the town line-up along the Rock Island territory, and this was a new one to him.

"What was the name of that town?" he questioned the farmer.

"Susie," he repeated, "Susie, Susie, Susie, Oklahoma."

The agent asked him to spell it.

"S-u-s-i-e," came back to him.

Down came an office reference book. No "Susie, Oklahoma," in it. Then a big fat guide—still no "Susie." Followed a folder—but no "Susie" graced the closely printed list.

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We sell the best hand cleanser on the market

Camera Supplies

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“We have no such town on our line—and I can find no Susie on any other line in Oklahoma,” the agent replied after a fifteen-minute search through the available references.

“Say, young feller, don’t you suppose I know where I ’m going?” retorted the farmer. “Susie may not be as big a town as this here Topeker, but let me tell you, mister man, it’s a comin’ town, and it’s on the map.

“Do you live there?” inquired the ticket agent.

“No,” answered the enraged patron, “but my sister does, and she knows how to get there. She told me to take this here Rock Island of yours.”

Once more the agent pored through his folders. After a ten-minutes’ search the farmer’s voice came to him from the window.

“Say, my lad,” he yelled, “I believe I am mistaken about that Susie, after all. I remember now that it was Sarah I want to go to.”

Another perspiring search, but no Sarah, Oklahoma, in the records at the Rock Island office. Finally the agent took his pencil and followed slowly the list of Oklahoma towns beginning with the letter “S.” Finally, he turned to the whiskers peering madly through the bars.

“I ’ll have to quit,” he said to the farmer. “The closest relative to Sarah that I can find is this one—Sayre.”

The agriculturist turned and sent a glistening stream of tobacco juice to the spittoon just across the room. Then he stroked his streaked beard affectionately.

“Young feller,” he exclaimed at last, “you have it. That is where I want to go—to—Sayre. It’s funny, hain’t it? How do you suppose I thought of Sarah and Susie? By gosh, that was a good one on me. Har! har! har!”—*Rock Island Employes’ Magazine.*

LUCK.

A little bit of effort, a little bit of thought,
A little bit of daring and of pluck,
A little bit of courage in the fight that’s
 being fought,
All this is often looked upon as luck.

A little bit of vision, and of faith a little,
 too,
A bit of stern resistance when you’re
 struck,
A little bit of purpose in the work you have
 to do,
All this is in the masonry of luck.

A little bit of wisdom, and the magic of a
 smile,
Some real determination when you’re
 stuck,
The grit to keep on going till you make
 another mile,
Are catalogued and labeled under luck.

The wish to travel pathways that were
 never trod before,
To hold the lines against the foes that
 buck,
To keep the spirit beating when the flesh is
 weak and sore,
All this is in the parentage of luck.

To do the right when wrong would seem to
 fill your purse with gold,
To cling to truth, nor fear the devil’s
 muck,
To play your part unselfishly, be ever brave
 and bold,
Herein you find the mystery of luck.

—Exchange.

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— DAVID E. MURPHY —

SERMONETTES.

Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. Luke ii, 10.

The Christmas joy is "to all people,"—therefore our joy, in order to be true and lasting, must rise to the higher plane of love, and our own blessing be made a blessing to others. Let these days be marked by thoughtful kindness, not only to our loved ones, but to those whose lives are desolate and perhaps utterly hopeless. Let each one of us plan to pass on some of the sunlight of His love to some sad heart whom no other is likely to reach. . . . Let us pray the Master to multiply our own little life until it shall touch in blessing the uttermost part of the earth and our Christmas joy thus be "to all people." There are lonely hearts that we can cheer and cherish by the expenditure of a single postage stamp and a heartfelt assurance of remembrance, love, and prayer.—A. B. SIMPSON.

We believe and are sure that thou art that Christ, the Son of the living God. John vi. 69.

The man who is sure of nothing will accomplish nothing. "He that doubteth is like the surge of the sea, driven by the wind and tossed." He is the sport and plaything of circumstances. Life for him is bound to be without meaning, purpose, or end. It is a man's positives that count, and if he has no positives he will count for nothing. This is true even of our secular life; it is still more true of the moral life; it is most true of all of the Christian life. If a man is to live the Christian life there must be certain things which are not mere guesswork to him, but of which he is quite sure.—J. D. JONES.

One thing I know, that, whereas I was blind, now I see. John ix. 25.

Never be hindered the thousandth part of a second by what you do not know. Take what you believe; live on that; and

never be hampered, . . . beguiled, and bewildered by doubts and questionings and imaginings and theories of men.—ALEXANDER MCKENZIE.

Praise ye the Lord. Ps. cxlvi. 1.

For grace that makes the feeble strong,
For every martyr's triumph song,
For love that knows not mete nor bound,
For faith that belts the world around,
For gifts that fall from grateful hands,
For Christian homes in distant lands,
For that fair banner of the Cross,
Unstained by shame or sordid dross,
For daily help in time of need,
For answer swift whene'er we plead,—
From households and from homes we raise
This day the anthem of our praise.

—MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Stand fast in one spirit, with one mind striving together for the faith of the gospel. Phil. i. 27.

It is when we strive together for a common object that we rise above our petty jealousies and rivalries and recognize our essential oneness in Jesus Christ.—F. B. MEYER.

With long life will I satisfy him. Ps. xci. 16.

Are you faint with hope delayed?
Life is long!
Tarrys that for which you prayed?
Life is long!

What delights may not abide,
What ambitions satisfied,
What possessions may not be
In God's great eternity?
Lift the heart! Be glad and strong!
Life is long!

—AMOS R. WELLS.

Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven. Matt. v. 16.

Men are convinced more quickly and certainly by what they see than by what they hear. It is not: "Let your lips speak," but: "Let your light shine." The living epistle is not known and heard of all men, but known and read.—MALTBIE D. BABCOCK.

Your sorrow shall be turned into joy. John xvi. 20.

It is as though sorrow were the raw material out of which He makes joy. . . . So you must not be surprised if now you have sorrow, for out of your present affliction He is making the "eternal weight of glory" and you cannot have that without this. It worketh the "far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."—F. B. MEYER.

Christ is . . . entered into . . . heaven, . . . now to appear in the presence of God for us. . . . Once in the end of the world hath he appeared to put away sin by the sacrifice of himself. . . . Unto them that look for him shall he appear the second time without sin unto salvation. Heb. ix. 24-28.

We are inclined to forget that we are concerned here, not with a theory, but with a fact; not with probabilities, but with divinely predicted realities. Just as surely as He "appeared to put away sin," as surely as He now "appears in the presence of God," so surely will He "appear a second time."—CHARLES R. ERDMAN.

His father (answering a request for further funds)—Why, when I was your age I didn't have as much money to spend in a month as you have in a week.

The Son—Well, pater, don't grumble at me for that—it's grandfather you ought to blame.

FELLOWSHIP.

When a man ain't got a cent, an' he's feelin' kind of blue,
An' the clouds hang dark and heavy, an' won't let the sunshine through,
It's a great thing, O my brethren, for a fellow just to lay
His hand upon your shoulder in a friendly sort of way.

It makes a man feel queerish; it makes the teardrops start,
An' you sort o' feel a flutter in the region of the heart.
You can't look up and meet his eyes; you don't know what to say,
When his hand is on your shoulder in a friendly sort of way.

O, the world's a curious compound, with its honey and its gall,
With its cares and bitter crosses—but a good world after all;
And a good God must have made it—leastwise that is what I say,
When his hand is on your shoulder in a friendly sort of way.

—JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

Sure.

"Don't you think that we should have a more elastic currency?" asked the Old Fogey.

"It is elastic enough," replied the Grouch. "Why don't they make it more adhesive?"

Love at First Sight.

"Do you believe in love at first sight?"

"Of course I do. There's Maggsby, for instance. Do you suppose his wife would have married him if she'd taken a second look at his face?"

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Defining The Relationship.

“What’s the matter with Jones? He seems to be furiously angry at the deacon.”

“Yes. You see, Jones got mad at him and wrote calling him a donkey, and the deacon in replying addressed him as ‘brother’.”

Homeless Ones.

In a large city there are many who are homeless. They may not be poor, but they are far from home and those dear to them. They may find some enjoyment in museum, art gallery, library or theater. They may find some social pleasure in club life or social organizations, and the churches may bring them some comfort and society. But all these do not take the place of home. The lonely one needs some friend in whose home he may be a familiar guest. Have you a home in which you are happy? Do you know of some homeless man or woman to whom you could give a home welcome? There are many women, young and old, who would appreciate being given that “home” feeling. To many a young man it would mean his salvation. It may take some self-sacrifice to open your family circle to an outsider. It surely calls for much unselfishness, but it is true brotherly love. How

would it be were a brother or sister of your own, or a child of your heart, away among strangers? Look about you to see if there is not some one whom you may make welcome. Let us not forget in the struggle for existence, that we are all one kin.

Advice.

“What are you carrying a cane for?”

“I ’m having a deuce of a time with water on the knee.”

“Why don’t you try wearing pumps?”—*Lippincott’s*.

Mrs. Johnson Is Ahead.

Johnson was very worried about a new business scheme he had in hand.

“Tell me about it,” pleaded his wife.

“Perhaps I might be able to help you.”

The husband drew himself up and looked straightly at her.

“Certainly not!” he replied firmly.

“This matter requires great secrecy, and no woman could ever keep anything to herself.”

“Can’t they?” replied Mrs. Johnson, with quiet bitterness. “Have I ever told anyone about the time you broke open little Tommy’s bank, took out \$2, went and got drunk and were run in for fighting a policeman?”

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