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NMAH

Boston & Maine

Railroad Men

SEPTEMBER, 1917

My Native Land

Breathes there the man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
"This is my own, my native land!"
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd
As home his footsteps he hath turn'd
From wandering on a foreign strand?
If such there breathe, go, mark him well!
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
Despite those titles, power and pelf,
The wretch—concentred all in self—
Living, shall forfeit fair renown
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonour'd and unsung.

—*Sir Walter Scott.*

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CONCORD, N. H.

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BOSTON & MAINE ... RAILROAD MEN ...

Vol. XXI

SEPTEMBER, 1917

No. 6

Following the Camp.

By HENRY J. ALLEN,
Editor *Wichita Beacon*.

I do not live in an atmosphere that makes for any particular form of religious fervor or enthusiasm. There is no mysticism round about the place I labor in. The grist of the day in a daily newspaper office is of fact. When I stumble away from fact, I have to hire a lawyer to help me through my trouble. Yet out of that unemotional atmosphere it's easy to come and say that I believe *the most practical, the most useful, the most usable thing in the world to-day is the religion of Jesus Christ.*

One afternoon, two thousand years ago, John the Baptist stood with two of his disciples by the roadside in the Roman Province of Palestine and Jesus of Nazareth was passing by: John said, "Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world."

The two thousand years that have spanned that day to this have changed every fact of life but they have not disturbed the living truth of John's words. Men now know that this truth is at the foundation of the only civilization worthy to be saved. Fewer men are disputing it to-day than ever before. Yet while this truth is before us in all the obvious forms of multiplied Christian achievement men are not hurrying to join the church. The victories of faith

have builded so many safeguards and sanctuaries that no man need sacrifice seriously for his faith to meet any urgent need. He may so easily and so comfortably shirk what he has been scientifically trained to shirk. He can put off God so quietly, without serious thought, that putting him off has become a habit. Yet he does not reject God's program—in fact, he more than half expects some day to do something for it. He's in no hurry!

But if I might stand to-morrow as a prophet having power to declare in any American community and say with authority, "Next Sunday, and thereafter, no church bells shall ring in this town: we've been taking inventory and find that Christianity does n't pay here. The Church is no longer a going enterprise. The men who get into all the other big games stay out of this. Less than 25 per cent. of them have become members—and some who have become members are not giving themselves in any sense. Therefore these church properties are for sale as business institutions. The Y. M. C. A. will be turned into a warehouse. The various institutions for charity and service will be closed because the church organizations which keep them alive are to be dissolved"—if I could declare that to any American community the whole population would fall across my pathway, saying, according to their various interests, "Think of my real estate; think of my bank stock; think of my store; think of my rentals."

DISTINCTIVE PORTRAITURE

AT YOUR HOME
OR AT **THE KIMBALL STUDIO**

15 NORTH MAIN ST.

CONCORD, N. H.

The Commercial Club would hold a special meeting—and it would be a full attendance. They would come offering terms. They 'd say, "In' God's name don't close the churches; don't put Jesus Christ out of business in this town. You 'll ruin us!"

If this be true—and beyond all controversy it is true—then what's the vital man doing who is living off the protection of this civilization and refusing to identify himself with the program that 's carrying the burden of the work? He 's sponging!

Being a Christian worthy to meet the demand of this day is a man's job—the work is man's size.

You are needed, not for the Church's sake, but for the world's sake. Christ's goal on earth is the worthy community; his program has been the straightening and steadying force in all our shocks. The man who believes in Christian civilization, who admits the debt of the ages to the Master's cause, ought to relate himself to it, because unrelated men accomplish nothing for any program. If you believe in Jesus Christ, be a soldier—quit following the camp!

It Can Be Done.

Somebody said that it could n't be done,
But he, with a chuckle, replied
That maybe it could n't, but he would be one
Who would n't say so till he 'd tried.
So he buckled right in, with the trace of a grin
On his face; if he worried, he hid it.
He started to sing as he tackled the thing
That could n't be done—and he did it.

Somebody scoffed: "Oh, you 'll never do that—
At least no one ever has done it."
But he took off his coat, and he took off his
hat,
And the first thing we knew he 'd begun it;
With the lift of his chin and a bit of a grin,
Without any doubting or quiddit;
He started to sing as he tackled the thing
That could n't be done—and he did it.

There are thousands to tell you it cannot be
done;
There are thousands to prophesy failure;
There are thousands to point out to you, one
by one,
The dangers that wait to assail you.
But just buckle in with a bit of a grin,
Then take off your coat and go to it.
Just start in to sing as you tackle the thing
That "cannot be done"—and you 'll do it.
Selected.

Boston Shoe and Clothing Store

IT PAYS TO WALK A LITTLE OUT OF THE WAY

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Say, "Hello!"

—

When you see a friend in woe,
 Walk right up, and say, "Hello."
 Say, "Old Brother, How d' ye do;
 How's the world a usin' u?"
 Waltz right up, and don't be slow,
 Laugh and shake and say, "Hello."
 Slap the brother on the back;
 Bring your hand down with a whack.
 His clothes are poor—makes no show
 Never mind, just say, "Hello."
 That home-spun shirt may conceal
 A great strong heart, true as steel;
 That old coat and shabby vest
 Cut no ice, but do your best
 To make him happy here on earth,
 And to feel that he's of some worth.
 Don't you know that such a chap
 Has every day his sure mishap?
 All he needs is hearty cheer
 To make him happy while he's here.
 Don't let him think, that the earth
 Was dead against him since his birth.
 Crack his shell, draw him out;
 Don't let him whine, sulk or pout.
 Make him tell you all the woes
 Of his heart before he goes.
 Don't tell him he's a chump
 But tell him to get up and hump;
 Tell him not to be slow,
 But get around, and say, "Hello!
 I'm alive, what can I do
 To help myself, as well as you?"
 Do not wait until he's dead

To strew bouquets around his head.
 Nice words spoken are out of place,
 If not said before his face.
 Make him see that you're his friend,
 And will stay such to the end.
 Yes, tell him now though he's rough:
 "Why, old brother, you are just the stuff
 This world needs to make it go;
 Now brace up, and cry, "Hello!"
 There are plenty of such about,
 That are worth digging out.
 In this way you surely can
 Make him feel that he's a man.
 He will always think of you
 As his best friend, tried and true.
 In the future you will know
 What good it does to say, "Hello!"

—Selected.

—

Dr. Clarence True Wilson, general secretary of the Board of Temperance, Prohibition, and Public Morals, has given out an authoritative interview in which he expresses his belief that the breweries and distilleries of the country will be closed within a short time to conserve the food supply. Leading members of Congress are interesting themselves in the question of how much grain is used in making liquor. With the food supply of the country in the critical state that it is, this action on the part of Congress is entirely to be expected.

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The Man With His Own Hell.

By MAX J. EXNER, M. D.

I had spoken to a jammed house in that army Association building on the Mexican border, the message of clean living and high ideals in the most sacred relationships of life. The secretary and I stood watching the boys now discussing the lecture in groups, writing letters, playing games, or singing. Pointing to a corner of the house he said: "See the fellow leaning against that post?" "Yes," I answered. His thoughts seemed to be far away and not altogether happy. He stood with arms folded and head bent apparently oblivious of his surroundings, a powerful, handsome chap.

"He is one of the most earnest Christian workers I have," said the secretary, "but he is living in a hell of his own, and it is only his Christian purpose that keeps him from suicide. I want you to meet him and help him if you can."

He awoke from his reverie with a start on being addressed and for a moment a winning smile lit up his handsome

face. He said, "Doctor, I heard your lecture and would like to talk with you. Would you mind walking a bit?" We stepped out under the blazing stars and strolled into the desert. We had walked in silence for a time when he said, "Doctor, I am afraid you can't help me. I wish you could. But I want to tell you my story with the hope that it may help you to keep other fellows from my folly and misfortune.

"I was brought up in a good home and have the best of parents. Up to eight years ago I had lived a clean life. At that time I went out one evening with a bunch of fellows for a social time. I let them persuade me to take a few drinks with them. Not being used to it it robbed me of sense. Then the fellows said, 'Let's go down the line.' I protested but being under the influence of liquor I yielded. I contracted syphilis that one and only time I ever did such a thing. I was treated by a competent physician and was led to believe that I was cured.

"Several years ago, I met the finest, noblest girl in the world and we became engaged. My love for her filled my whole life and I thought there never was a fellow so happy and so fortunate. It

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was marred only by the memory of my single misstep, the hideousness of which our beautiful relationship made me realize more than ever. I had many bitter hours in the midst of my joy because I could not bring her a purity of manhood to match her purity of womanhood. And yet, Doctor—"he stopped walking and his powerful hand gripped my arm in a vise-like grip which spoke of his passionate earnestness. "I wasn't bad at heart. That sort of thing was against my principles and I never would have done it, never could have done it, if I had been in possession of my right senses. But I was drunk, drunk just once, and now this!" He loosened his grip on my arm with a gesture of despair as he turned his face away and stood gazing out over the moonlit desert. After a little I took his arm and we walked on among the sage and cacti under the glorious Texas sky. The wonderful atmosphere of that desert night was stirring the nobler man in both of us. It seemed a pity to mar it with such tragedy of human hearts.

After walking in silence for a little he said in a tone of weary dejection, "Well, Doctor, I thought I was cured. I wasn't. Under the influence of the heat and the strenuous physical life down here the disease has broken out again. You know what that means. I am a ruined man. I never can marry, and O God what I can say to that girl?" He stopped again and stiffening into fierce agitation as with clenched fists, he

said, "No one need argue with me about hell. I know what it means to live in it here and now."

I took him by the arm and led him back to the camp. I tried to tell him that the case was not quite so hopeless as he had put it. But he knew he had the main facts straight and my attempts at comfort limped lame.

Before reaching camp he stopped and faced me once more and now again that manly smile transformed his face as he said, "I am trying not to be a quitter. I know God and the fellowship of service with Him. If it were not for that I would have quit long ago. I am trying to help the other fellow in the way that I wish some one had helped me at the right time. That somehow makes life worth while. I don't know what else could."

As he walked away and I gazed across the desert at the blazing men I recalled the saying, "And he sold his birthright for a mess of pottage," a man who had the capacity for the richest joys of life.

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The One Way to Peace.

There is much talk of peace as the fourth year of the Great War begins. Premonitions, vague and elusive, of peace are in the air. The desire for peace has become a dull, torturing ache at the heart of the world.

Such a moment has its dangers, subtle, seductive, real. The longing for peace in the hearts of men is likely to steal away the judgment from their minds.

At this moment of the world's war weariness sundry well intentioned but muddy minded individuals and groups are demanding peace. They are demanding it not of Germany but of the Allies. They want peace, apparently,

on any terms—or none. They hurl their demand for the cessation of war with a lordly gesture at the world, as who should shout at the storm-wracked sky and the hurtling winds, "Be still." Then they descend to particulars and would have the United States announce in bold, clear tones upon what terms it will make peace. Or rather they insist that the United States shall lay down certain demands which it will not make on Germany, and, what is more, it will not countenance its allies' making on Germany.

Such outbursts as these must be very comforting to Germany. There is nothing Germany would like better than the adoption of sundry self-denying ordinances by its enemies, which of course will be binding on them but not on Germany—for what binds Germany save Germany's lawless will? But they only blur the issues and muddy the waters.

There is one issue in the Great War and only one. Until that issue is decided there can be no peace worth having. When that issue is decided, every lesser difference will fade away.

Shall German autoeracy, German ruthlessness, the German will to power, the German blasphemy of a partnership between the Hohenzollern and Almighty God for the exaltation by force and frightfulness of the German nation, crush under the heel of German militarism the world's precious possessions of justice and humanity and democracy and righteousness?

Not the fate of the German colonies, not the possession of Italia Irredenta, not the destiny of Alsace-Lorraine, not the future of Poland or the status of Constantinople or the solution of the eternal Balkan problem, not who shall

pay the piper, not even the freedom of the seas and the sacredness of a nation's word given on a "scrap of paper"—none of these is the matter at issue. These are corollaries; some of them may even prove to be irrelevancies. All of them come after.

The world must be made safe. It must be made safe against German autocracy, German aggression, German faithlessness, German frightfulness. It must be made safe for democracy. It must be made safe for humanity.

Then and then only will it be in order to consider collateral but inevitably minor questions. Then only can the world have a peace worth having.

Two Golden Days.

There are two days of the week upon which and about which I never worry, two care-free days kept sacredly free from fear and apprehension.

One of these days is yesterday. Yesterday with all its cares and frets, with all its pains and aches, all its faults, its mistakes and blunders, has passed beyond the reach of my recall. I cannot undo an act that I wrought. I cannot unsay a word that I said on Yesterday. All that it holds of my life, of regret and sorrow, is in the hand of the Mighty Love that can bring sweet waters out of the bitterest desert—the love that can make the wrong things right, that can turn weeping into laughter, that can give beauty for ashes, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness, joy of the morning for the woe of night.

Save for the beautiful memories that linger, sweet and tender like the perfume of roses, in the heart of the day

that is gone, I have nothing to do with yesterday.

And the other day I do not worry about is To-morrow. To-morrow, with all its possible adversities, its burdens, its perils, its large promises and poor performance, its failures and mistakes, is as far beyond the reach of my mastery as its dead sister—yesterday. Its sun will rise in roseate splendor, or beyond a mask of weeping clouds. But it will rise. Until then the same love and patience that held yesterday, and holds to-morrow, shine with tender promise into the heart of to-day. I have no possession in that unborn day of grace. All else is in the infinite keeping of that Infinite Love that holds for me the treasure of yesterday, the love that is higher than the stars, wider than the sky, deeper than the seas.

There is left for myself, then, but one day of the week—to-day. Any man can fight the battles of to-day. Any woman can carry the burdens of just one day.

Shop of Your Own.

Some time ago this paragraph appeared in our columns, it recently was printed in *Collier's* and the *Bulletin* of the University of Arizona School of Mines. It seems to us it is good enough to print again.

To the married man who *thinks* he cannot get along without his drinks, the following is suggested as a solution to the bondage of his habit: First—Start a saloon in your own house. Second—Be the only customer and you'll have no license to pay. Give your wife \$2 to buy a gallon of whiskey and remember there are sixty-nine drinks in one

gallon. Third—Buy your drinks from no one but your wife, and by the time the gallon is gone she will have \$8 to put in the bank and \$2 to start business again. Fourth—Should you live ten years and continue to buy booze from her, and then die with snakes in your boots, she will have money enough to bury you decently, educate your children, buy a house and lot, marry a decent man, and quit thinking about you.

The Upper Room.

Whatever opinions one might hold relative to the specific value of prayer, he would be a very heathen and infidel, indeed, who would not allow that it would be a good and helpful thing, in times of perplexity and peril like these, to confess human short-sightedness and possibility to err, and to lift at least a questioning eye to a possible source of more-than-human wisdom and leading. Prayer in that very initial and nebulous way could scarcely seem unreasonable to any intelligent man, but let any man begin honestly to pray, even after that fashion, and he has started on a way that ends in a positive and assured faith in an infinite and good God who can and does help those who come to Him. Prayer is a thing that a man comes to believe in more and more because he does it, and history has no record of men who were skeptical of prayer who kept on praying. The answer to one claiming disbelief in prayer is not a reasoned argument in its favor, but rather an invitation to pray. Praying will do what no argument could possibly do.—The Christian Guardian.

Building Notes.

L. G. Perry, of the stores department, has accepted a position with the N. H. & H. R. R.

O. T. Spaulding and family are enjoying a vacation at York Beach, and Lunenburg, Vt.

Engineer Carl made a flying visit to the building last week. We hear that he has sold his farm at W. Lebanon and is light housekeeping for the rest of the season.

H. A. Bragg and family are back from a short stay at Oak Bluffs, Mass. No "fish stories."

Ted Little, of the Southern Division, is running a chicken farm at Lowell as a side issue.

M. J. Burke is filling up with "salt air" at Boston, Mass.

A. D. Story is doing spare work at Lowell. Wonder if anything on the Bristol branch got on his nerves? Consult Jim Wallace for details.

Jeremiah Spellman and Jim Kenney have been spending some pleasant evenings of late at—everybody get ready for a "tin shower."

God's Best Gift.

God thought to give the sweetest thing
 In His Almighty Power, and deeply pondering
 What it should be—one hour
 In fondest joy and love of heart
 Outweighing every other,
 He moved the gates of heaven apart
 And gave to earth a mother.

—G. Newell Lovejoy.

SELLS FOR LESS

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11 SOUTH MAIN STREET

Ladies' and Gentlemen's Tailor, We do Pressing Also

I. D. GIBERT

"Doctored" Gold.

Why don't jewelers melt up \$10 and \$20 gold pieces in order to use the metal in the manufacture of gold jewelry? Indeed, gold pieces were used some 40 years ago by enterprising jewelers and with success, too—until the practice was stopped in a very novel but effective way, according to the *Popular Science Monthly*. In those days jewelers bought enough \$10 and \$20 gold pieces for the work in hand. The gold was melted, the necessary alloys were added, and all manner of fine Etruscan work was turned out.

It was not long, however, before the Government began to wonder what was becoming of its gold pieces. The officials knew the people were not hoarding gold, so a quiet investigation took place. It was then discovered that the makers of gold jewelry were to blame. Having found the cause, it was not difficult for the officials to find a cure. They did it by "peppering" the coins with iridium. Resembling black emery in the crude state, iridium requires a heat of 3542 degrees Fahrenheit to melt it. Gold, on the other hand, can be melted at 1913 degrees Fahrenheit. It is easy to see, then, how the unsuspecting jeweler melting up his gold pieces at the temperature required, got a large number of unmelted specks of iridium in his metal when it cooled.

You can imagine his dismay when his analysis and deductions revealed that he had been trapped.

Railroad Mileage.

The mileage of American railroads aggregates 270,000, and forms 40 per cent. of the railways of the entire world. Russia comes next with 50,000 miles. The other countries and their respective mileages in order being Germany, 40,000; India, 35,000; France, 32,000; Canada, 30,000; Austria-Hungary, 29,000; Great Britain, 25,000; Argentina, 21,000; Australia, 20,000; Mexico, 16,000; Brazil, 16,000; Italy, 11,000; British South Africa, 11,000; Spain, 10,000; Sweden, 9,000; Japan (including Corea), 7,000; China, 6,000; Belgium, 6,000, and Chile, 4,000.

Of the world's railways outside the United States slightly more than one-half are government owned or controlled; of the telegraphs outside of this country approximately two-thirds are government owned and operated.—Train Dispatchers' Bulletin.

RYAN, The Saw Man

SAW REPAIRING IN ALL ITS BRANCHES

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Facts Worth Noting.

A fund of \$10,000,000 is to be raised by American Jews for the relief of the Jewish war sufferers. Already more than \$2,000,000 of the fund has been pledged by prominent Jews, many of them being men of nation wide influence, among them being Jacob H. Schiff, Julius Rosenwald, who has given liberally to the erection of Y. M. C. A. buildings for negroes, and Henry Morgenthau, former ambassador to Turkey.

Frank Rockefeller, youngest brother of John D. Rockefeller, died in Cleveland last week, aged seventy-two. With his brothers John D. and W. A., he organized the Standard Oil Company, but later withdrew from the company.

Dr. John Henry Jowett, pastor of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church of New York, has accepted a call to Westminster Chapel, London, to succeed Rev. J. Campbell Morgan who has resigned. He will remain in America, however, until next year.

Conscription for farm service is being proposed by Secretary Houston in order to insure the harvesting of the largest crops possible. There is a serious shortage of farm labor, and specific authority to mobilize an army of farmers will be sought from the Government in consequence. The food problem is one of the most serious of the present crisis both in this country and in Europe.

Current News and Comment.

Mr. F. W. Teague, General Secretary of the City Association, has resigned to take up work with the Naval Department of the Y. M. C. A. at Newport, R. I. This leaves the City and R. R. departments without secretaries, and no immediate prospect of filling either vacancy, as owing to the emergency created by the war there is an unusual pressure on the Y. M. C. A. to provide leaders not only for the army camps, but for the positions made vacant by the summoning of men from the home field, either for the colors or for army camp work.

A camp building will be erected for every five thousand men enlisted, calling for seven employed officers. Seventy-five men are being sent each month overseas for work among the American troops in France. One of the greatest opportunities ever offered is the prospect of sending five hundred secretaries for work among the troops of the French army. A similar mission in all probability will be inaugurated for the Russian army.

It is expected that the American Young Men's Christian Association will be called on to provide three thousand army secretaries and keep this force up during the war.

William H. Avery

Pianos and Victrolas

5 Capitol Street, Concord, N. H.

Roquefort Cheese.

Roquefort cheese is made in France and from the milk of a certain breed of sheep, which are fed on wild thyme, and the cheese has a wild time trying to keep from stinking itself to death in its infancy. The wild thyme grows on the banks of the Lot, Tarn and other rivers in the department of Aveyron in France, and after it has first been besheeped and then becheesed it generates a lot of the tairdese smells that ever perambulated down the pike.

Thyme is a kind of an aromatic plant with a pungent odor, and after it is converted into Roquefort cheese it is the pungentest thing known to man. After this cheese is made it is put in solitary confinement until its whiskers begin to turn gray and gangrene sets in, when it is taken out and chained to a post. Before it is served it is chloroformed or knocked in the head with an axe. It is then brought to the table in little square sections about the size of a domino. It is served at the close of meals together with black coffee. It usually has a running mate in the shape of a little round cracker that has to be broken with a maul.

Roquefort cheese is of a dull white color, except in spots, where mortification has set in. Some claim it to be inhabited, but this is not true. Even the intrepid and mephitic microbe flees from

it as we flee from a pestilence. We have seen Limburger cheese strong enough to shoulder a two-bushel sack of wheat, but a piece of Roquefort the size of a dice can carry an election. Limburger is a rose geranium when compared with Roquefort. There is as much difference between them as there is between the purr of a kitten and the roar of a lion. Some people who claim to be civilized say they like Roquefort cheese but they only eat it because it is imported and expensive. A man who will eat it is an open sepulchre, and should be quarantined or driven into the wilderness and never again allowed to look into the face of a human being.—*Anonymous.*

Empty and Cracked.

Two men were hurrying along, and met at the corner of a street, only to collide and knock their heads.

"Why don't you look where you are going?" said one.

"I was just going to say the same," said the other, "for you made my head ring."

"Your head ring?"

"Yes."

"That shows it's empty."

"Did n't your head ring?" asked the other."

"No," was the reply.

"Then that shows it's cracked."

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Shop Notes.

Overtime, holidays, Sundays, every day is the rule at the shops during the war rush.

Foreman Vinton of the upholstering department is up country for a short rest.

Ellis Clark has returned from a two weeks' stay at Eastport, Me.

Will Emery is back from old Vermont with a fine coat of tan and an appetite that makes him think of the high cost of living.

Frank Vinton, the talented Association violinist, had a hard time to break away from Sanford, Me. A very attractive place, we judge.

A large number of shop men were on the "Prom" at Hampton Beach last Sunday.

The ball game at Rollins Park, Saturday afternoon, between the Freight Department and the Machine Shop showed old time form and was favored with a large attendance of the fair sex.

Herbert Knight, formerly of the motive power department, is in town for a few days.

We understand that Fred Knight, who officiated as best man at a wedding in East Concord a few days ago came

near putting one over on the bridegroom.

Walter Bean has been detailed as "traffic" officer at the camp grounds during the stay of the troops.

Allie Chase, of the stores department, was a very welcome visitor at the grange meeting last Tuesday night.

Foreman Guy Adams is enjoying his annual rest sightseeing in Concord.

G. B. Lyna, of the Billerica stores department, was a week-end visitor at the building.

Yard Notes.

Lloyd Dame is spending a week's vacation in Dunbarton.

Henry "Lum" Robinson takes evening trips to Manchester and "grabs a handle on the milk train" for the return ride.

In our last issue we had one of our fellow workers as going on a haying trip and we wish to correct the error. We surmise he was fired when the farmer saw him, so he got angry and went to the beach instead.

"Pegleg" Symonds has transferred his stamping ground from Boston to Penacook. The last car is too early so he walks.

Advertising Rates in This Paper

25c per Column=Inch, per issue, regardless of location

Locations optional from among unsold space

Ask T. P. Rolfe, the veteran yard office operator, if he's "got any wires."

"William," of the yard, has returned from his vacation and says he'd never know the difference. We judge from this that "Bill" has it pretty easy nights.

Nicholas E. Fisher is soon to leave for Ayer, Mass., for the draft army.

Clark rushes the cars and "Pegleg" Symonds takes the cigars.

Don't forget to pay your dues to the association of which you are a member. The fact that the various railway and technical associations are finding it advisable to cancel their arrangements for conventions will be a considerable handicap on association activities. Yet it will be very important that the usefulness of the organizations be not impaired; for the associations, without exception, have been organized and kept going for a purpose, and that purpose is solely for the advancement of the art. In these days when the utmost efficiency is demanded in every calling, it will be more essential than ever before to maintain the usual mediums for the exchange of information, and ideas and for recording progress. It is a custom based on convenience that the secretaries of the various associations have come to depend very largely upon the conventions for keeping their membership list alive and re-

ceiving the payment of dues. With the conventions canceled there will be danger that the members neglect to renew the financial and moral support without which the associations cannot continue their work. It will not be fair to the secretary or others in charge of the association's activities if their management of the association is handicapped by indifference on the part of the members. The proper thing to do, therefore, will be for each member to bear in mind his allegiance to his own technical societies or railway organizations, keep his membership in good standing and forward his dues promptly at the appointed time.—Railway Review.

The Alternative.

Doctor—You must go away for a long rest.

Overworked Merchant—But, doctor, I'm too busy to go away.

Doctor—Well, then, you must stop advertising.

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It Was His Own.

Slater was absorbed in the evening news when his young son's crying disturbed him. "What is that child howling for now?" he demanded irascibly. "He wants his own way," said Mrs. Slater.

"Well," argued Slater absent-mindedly, as his eye fell on a particularly interesting item, "if it 's his, why don't you let him have it?"

Nothing is Certain.

"You can't tell what sort of a cook a wife will make."

"And you can't tell what sort of a wife a cook will make, and there you are."—*Washington Herald*.

Obviously.

"We ought to have named that boy 'Flannel,'" remarked the father.

"Why should we have named him 'Flannel'?" asked the mother in surprise.

"Because he shrinks from washing."

Puzzlers.

Where can a man buy a cap for his knee?

Or a key for a lock of his hair?

Can his eyes be called an academy

Because there are pupils there?

In the crown of his head, what gems are set?

Who travels the bridge on his nose?

Can he use, when shingling the roof of his mouth,

The nails on the ends of his toes?

What does he raise from the slip of his tongue?

Who plays the drums of his ears?

And who can tell the cut and style

Of the coat his stomach wears?

Can the crook of his elbow be sent to jail,

And if so, what did it do?

How does he sharpen his shoulder blades?

I'll be hanged if I know—do you?

—Selected.

To the Boys in Khaki.

Shower and Tub Baths at the R. R. Dept. Y. M. C. A.

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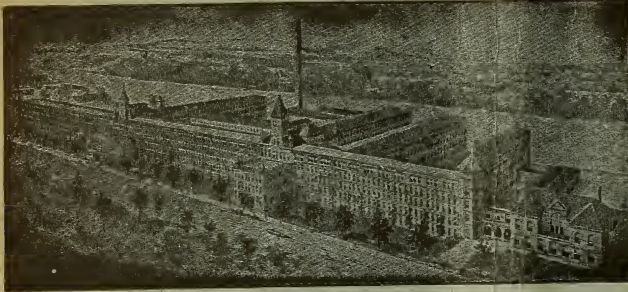
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