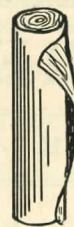




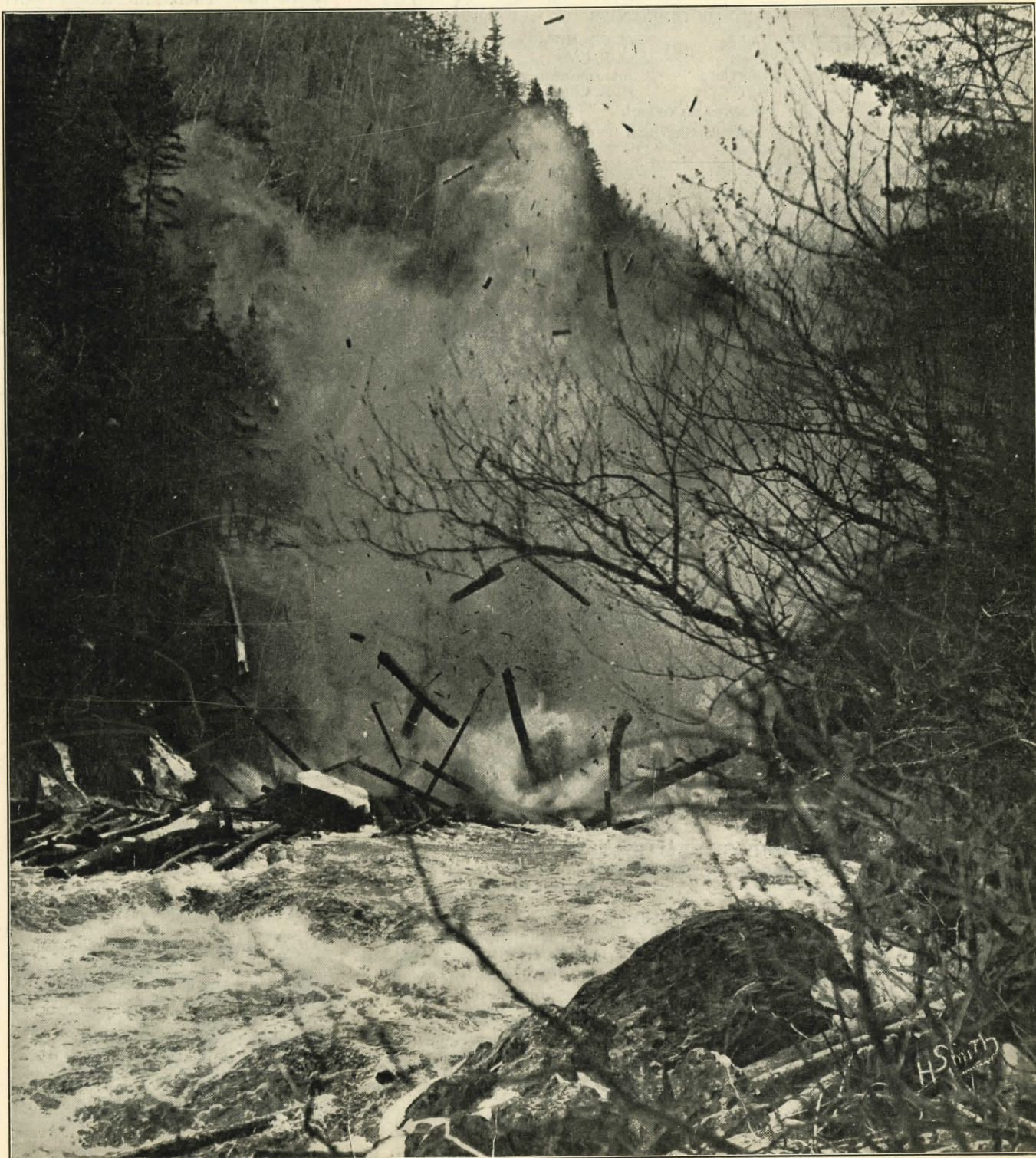
# THE BROWN BULLETIN\*



VOL. III.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE BROWN BULLETIN PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION  
BERLIN, N. H., JULY 1, 1921

No. 1





# THE BROWN BULLETIN

Vol. III.

JULY, 1921

No. 1

Editor—W. E. Taft  
 Associate Editors—G. L. Cave, H. A. Chase, W. L. Bennett  
 Photographs—John Graff, Howard Smith

Cartoons—Stark Wilson  
 Athletics—G. Lovett, Jos. Hennessey, H. T. Raeburn  
 Business Manager—J. H. Briggs

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(Affiliated with Metropolitan Life Insurance Company since 1916)

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Available to all employees of one or more years service

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 Dr. Wilkinson

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 Sat., 9-10.30.  
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 Sat. 10.30-12.  
 CASCADE MILL, Mornings, 9-12.

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 J. B. Morneau, Riverside  
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 T. D. Walsh, Cascade  
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 C. J. Oleson, Upper Plants  
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 STEAM DEPARTMENT  
 Wm. Richardson

### ELECTRICAL DEPARTMENT

I. C. Morse  
 PAPER DEPARTMENT  
 L. A. Morse

### GROUND WOOD DEPARTMENT

H. Gosselin

### BARKER MILL

Otis Sanborn  
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 W. McDougall, Shift "A" Asst. Chief  
 W. Plummer, Shift "B" Asst. Chief  
 M. Myler, Shift "C" Asst. Chief

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Digester House  
 G. Adams  
 P. McIntyre

### HOSEMEN "B" SHIFT

Digester House  
 C. Holmstead  
 E. McKee

### Machine Room

W. Church  
 J. Clouthier  
 E. Cadorette  
 E. Perron  
 F. King  
 W. Rousseau

### Machine Room

P. Hayes  
 C. Bergeron  
 C. Locke  
 F. Francour  
 A. Dion  
 F. Theborge

### Wood Room

J. Violet  
 H. Mader  
 A. Holt  
 B. Dillon

### Wood Room

D. McNichol  
 A. Labelle  
 C. Picard  
 C. Murphy

### HOSEMEN "C" SHIFT

Digester House

W. Berryman

J. Keating

Machine Room

L. Stewart  
 N. Couture  
 M. Frost

W. Baker  
 O. Beaulac  
 F. Gagne

### Wood Room

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 F. Dupuis

A. Croteau  
 F. Biladeau

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A. Hamilton  
 A. Nadeau  
 L. Frechette

F. White  
 J. Dickey  
 J. Moody

P. Thomas

J. Brunelle, Heine Fire Pump, Shift "A"  
 J. Caie, Heine Fire Pump, Shift "B"  
 F. Donahue, Heine Fire Pump, Shift "C"  
 P. Larochelle, Repair Inspector



## WHO GOT HIT WITH THE BRICK?

An Irishman passing under a scaffold was struck on the head by a falling brick and quite badly injured. He obtained a lawyer and sued for damage. The case was decided in his favor. On going to his lawyer for his money, he was presented with an elaborate bill for services, the total showing that he owed the lawyer a few dollars. He looked it over and then remarked very forcibly, "Who the devil got hit by that brick?"

The same sentiments are being expressed regarding the new monument erected supposedly in honor of our soldiers, as to why the city officials' names should be perpetuated at all, and especially in large letters, while our heroes, who suffered and some of whom gave their lives, have their services commemorated in decidedly small type.

"Who got hit by that brick anyway?"

## SOME REASONS FOR LIFE INSURANCE

A dead man works a long time after death, if insured. For thus, his family receives the wages he did not live to earn.

Incorporate yourself. Capitalize your skill and power. Corporations outlive individuals. Life insurance will grant you a charter.

You will be gone a long time when you go for good, and the family will require three meals daily just the same as now.

Like a stiff neck, insurance makes a man carry his head up. Anything that increases his self-respect is good; better is that which increases his self reliance; best of all is that which does both and demonstrates his value in plain figures.

One little realizes how much suspenders have to do with our appearance in society. The same with life insurance; it is an extra brace to keep the family together.

*Do you understand your Group Life Certificate?*



## Obituary

### CASCADE MILL

George Eaton was born January 26, 1874. He has worked for the Brown Company at the Cascade mill since June 8, 1914. His home was in Gorham, N. H. He died May 14, 1921.

Luigi Francia was born in Italy, Jan. 17, 1879. He first came to the Company in April of the present year, being employed at Cascade mill. He died May 25.

James Bergeron was born in Canada November 11, 1872. He came to work for the Company at the Cascade mill Jan. 4, 1917. His death occurred May 27, 1921.

### SULPHITE MILL

Laurence Seams was born in Canada July 4, 1868. He first came to this Company July 8, 1918, and worked continuously at the Sulphite mill. He died May 24, 1921.

William Garrahan was born Sept. 17, 1866. He first came to the Brown Company Nov. 2, 1906. At the time of his death he was an employee of the Sulphite mill. His death occurred June 7, 1921.

### SAW MILL

David Duval was born in Canada, July 10, 1886. His first employment with the Company was in July, 1919. At the time of his death he was employed on New Construction. He died on May 17th of this year.

## ACCIDENTS FOR THE MONTH OF MAY, 1921

### SULPHITE MILL

Serious accidents.....	0
Minor accidents.....	8
Accidents without loss of time.....	22
Total.....	30

### UPPER PLANTS

Serious accidents.....	0
Minor accidents.....	10
Accidents without loss of time.....	30
Total .....	40

### CASCADE MILL

Serious accidents.....	0
Minor accidents.....	6
Accidents without loss of time.....	30
Total .....	36

## A PARTY UNIQUE

The Photo Section Girls acted as hostesses recently at a little *roof garden party* where the Joliettes were entertained once again.

Promptly at 12.30 we were ushered to the Research Roof, accompanied by Messrs. Goldsmith and Vannah as guests. Many were the Oh's! and Ah's! emitted when we beheld the Research Roof Garden. We knew that there would be flowers as the research girls have long since been contesting as to who had the prettiest flowers, but we did not expect to see the little rustic table and benches, and last but not least, so many "eats." There were sandwiches, oh, so many kinds! also salads, coffee and strawberry shortcake with real whipped cream. (If the research men missed any of their beakers we hope they won't blame us.)

After doing justice to the table and its contents we made use of two cameras which had been loaned for the occasion and so got another fine group of pictures for our "comic" scrap books.

We look forward to these little meetings and luncheons with a great deal of pleasure and our one desire is that they may continue.

A JOLIETTE.

## ADAM'S ADVANTAGE

Whatever troubles Adam had,

This must have made him sore,  
When he and Mother Eve fell out  
He couldn't slam the door.

—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

Whatever troubles Adam had,  
And he had some, I 'spose,

He never sat behind a hat  
At moving picture shows.

—*Houston Post.*

Whatever troubles Adam had  
He always had a chance,  
For sure he never had to fear  
That Eve would wear the pants.

—*New Orleans Item.*

Whatever troubles Adam had  
He didn't have to shiver  
Out upon a mountain road  
Patching tires for a flivver.

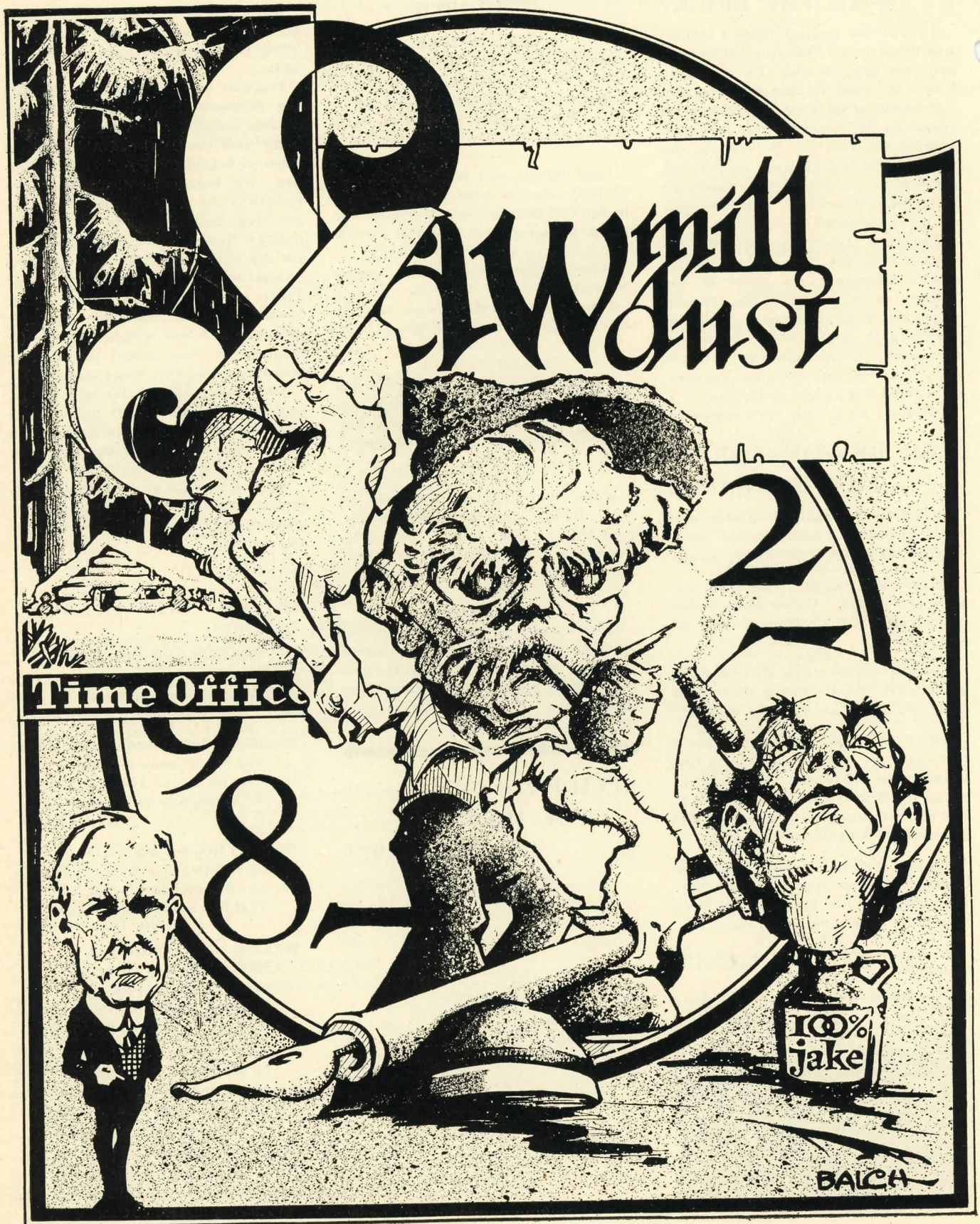
—*La Jolla, Calif., Journal.*

Whatever troubles Adam had  
I'll bet one made him fleet-o-  
Not having any clothes you see,  
He had to dodge the spry mosquito.

—*Disston Bits.*

Whatever troubles Adam had:  
(I do not know the facts)  
He never had to fill out blanks  
And pay an income tax.







# UPPER PLANTS NOTES

## SAW MILL DUST

Boston & Maine bridge now repaired.  
We are at your service for loads to East Side.  
"LIGHT" TRUCKING.

We wonder if the Commissioner of Vehicles was thinking of "deuces wild" when he issued plates No. 22232. By the way that flivver flies around we must say, he knows the "wild" ones.

One of our time office "nuisances" is now a real support of our Berlin Baseball Club after two long years of knocking. He was allowed to don the uniform at the Newport, Vt., game and, although we got the worst trimming of the year, we have Henry as a booster.

Another good man gone wrong. Arthur Napert, popular man around town, signed a life contract with Miss Leda Bedard on June 7th at St. Agathe, Quebec. Mr. Napert received his \*B.I. degree from Victoriaville College some years ago, after which he entered the employ of the Brown Company, where he has been a member of the Loading and Sticking department (mostly sticking) for eleven odd years.

\*Beer Inhaler.

"Jack" Maloney, an employee of the Brown Company for over thirty-five years has been transferred from night watchman at the store to the time office where he is taking the place of Martin Hanson.

George Oleson of the time office is on the sick list.

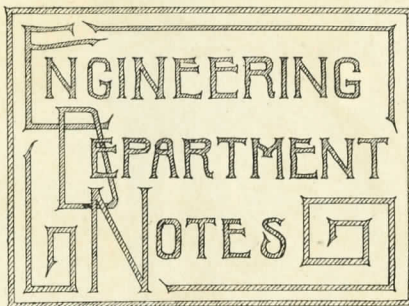
Pete Beaudoin's shop is the meeting place of the company, (meat Mac).

Punch out on the red clock.

James Mason Balch, who has been employed summers at the upper mills time office and Storehouse A, graduated this June from the Commercial Advertising course of the Art Students' League of New York City. Jimmie finished at the Berlin High school in 1915 and then went to Dartmouth for three years. At Dartmouth he was art editor of the Jack o' Lantern. His course at Dartmouth was interrupted by his enlistment in the Coast Artillery. After the signing of the armistice the artistic instinct in Jimmy conquered the academic learning and he

transferred his activities to New York City. At the Art Student's League his abilities were immediately recognized and he has won a number of first, second and third prizes, his best work being retained by the League for exhibition purposes. He graduated among the first six of his class and is looking forward to starting business for himself. All the members of the saw mill wish him the best of success.

This month Jimmie has sent us a cartoon, the original of which is a splendid example of the "spatter" work, which is one of the newest things in cartooning. Jimmie is with us for the summer and we hope to have more of his cartoons.



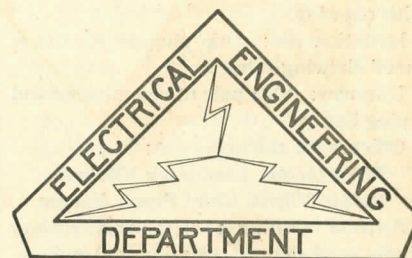
A general renovation and redevelopment of the older power plants is well under way and the newest power station, the Riverside No. 2 plant, is practically completed. The tasteful combination of red and gray bricks and green tile roof at the latter does much to brighten up the appearance of Main street at "the Narrows." The Cross power station has been fitted with three new water wheels and the fourth is being put in place. The complete plant will contain five. Next in line is the Gorham power house upon which work has already been started. This presents a few difficulties not encountered in the others because of its location. Its distance from the railroad track necessitates building a spur track. In order to build this a trestle must be constructed which makes it necessary to drain the canal through which it runs.

This department is represented upon the Berlin Town baseball team by "Bud" Jacobs who is holding down his old job at second base.

H. C. Bates of this office has been recently remodeling and adding to the Brown Farm buildings at Magalloway.

Owing to the disbanding of several teams in the interdepartmental league, it looks as if George Lovett had lost his job as umpire in chief. He was in great demand for a while.

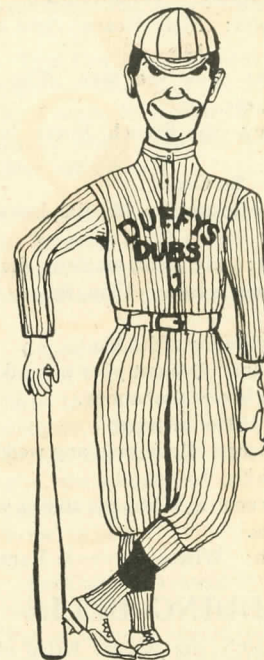
Get our new heading? How about some more department headings?



Husky Elliott, our efficiency engineer, was laid up with blood poisoning in his right foot the week following June 5. Husky is back to work now, as lively and efficient as ever.

Mike Jacobs missed his calling; instead of being a transmission engineer, he should have been a circus barker.

HUSKY THE BOY BALL  
PLAYER (?)  
FROM THE ELEC. ENG. DEPT



HUSKY POSED ESPECIALLY FOR THIS PICTURE



Found: One small can of ohms, also a few K. V. A's. Loser apply to Mike Jacobs.

#### ATTENTION ELECTRICIANS!

A new society has been formed by our transmission engineer, Mike Jacobs, and our switchboard engineer, Ralph Wilson. The name of the society is "The Mystic Order of the K. V. A." All electricians and would-be electricians are cordially invited to join.

Qualifications for members: Must be able to chew tobacco and to supply officers with chewing.

Initiation fee: One plug of Five Brothers' chewing tobacco.

Uniform: One pair of red mittens and a plug hat.

Officers for the order are:

Mike Jacobs, Lord High Kilowatt,

Ralph Wilson, Chief Power Factor.

Anyone wishing to join this society kindly send their application to Am. Pere, Recording Secretary.

Fine watch and clock repairing is being done by our efficiency engineer, Mr. Austin Elliott. Husky has an exceptionally fine jewelers' outfit, consisting of one two-pound machine hammer, a cold chisel, one hand drill, a ten-inch ratchet screw driver. Husky says his work will satisfy anyone.

#### KREAM KRISP SECRETS

##### FAVORITE SAYINGS AROUND THE PLANT

Delphis Ramsey: Tommyrotten.

John Thoits: Moly Hoses—(rest censored).

Mr. Smith: Now see here. The law of averages, etc., etc.

Paul Dubey (the French Jew): Is my darlink in?

Mr. Cox: By Gad.

Constance Bostwick: My Ralphus said, etc.

Alice Lott: My Josef, etc., etc., etc.

Elmer Christiansen: Why, the—fool

Lepha Pickford: Oh! Ma.

"Kid" Mann: I've got your name down for a pool, where's the money.

Ed Reid: Er-er-er-wren.

Albert Chase: Have you any wedding dates on file?

Cy Baillargeon: When the robins wear rubber boots.

Bill Roach: Where the—is Ramsey.

#### WEDDING BELLS

On June 10th, the Kream Krisp office gave a "farewell" party to two of its members who were preparing to take the

fatal step. The party was a complete surprise, and the dinner a great success. Constance and Ralph were presented with an electric grill, while Bill and Anne received an electric coffee perculator.

Constance Bostwick was married to Ralph Leighton of the research department June 27th, and "Bill" Roach to Anne Malloy on June 28th.

"Kid" Mann, the mascot, predicts that our little Lepha will be the next victim.



CONSTANCE AND RALPH



BILL AND ANNE

Ed Reid holds the record so far in this department for luck. We think Ed must have been kicked in the chest by a mule years ago and still carries the imprint of the shoe there.

One of the boys came to work the other day and discovered item by item that he had left at home, fountain pen, necktie and pencil. Sure! he's in love—Yes—married by this time.

Elmer Christiansen is building a home this summer on Milan road.

Put on a base ball catcher's mask and chest protector, football pants and hockey shin guards, stuff your ears with cotton and then ask Henry Miller who unloaded the potatoes from his ford.

John Thoits is trying to establish some new high jump records. He met his Waterloo trying to clear a two h. p. motor when a 3" T on a steam line cracked over his head.

The addition to the camp at Pond View is finished. Eight men can now sit comfortably around the table.

Mac and Joe have returned after taking a three months' course in advanced painting.

A recent article in the Berlin Reporter casts reflections on our draftswoman as she was the only person near when the fire started. The article also disproves the law of gravitation as the fire started on a side wall.

An' why is "Pol" Dubey so 'appy we wonder  
Why do he sing an' walk 'round steppin' high,  
I'll tell ye me lads an' ye'll no longer ponder—  
His girl's comin' north for the Forth o' July.

"Live Wire" MacKinnon is glad to be back with us again after enjoying a two months' vacation spoiling paint for "Banjo" Brown. What did you say "Banjo" calls you "Mac" when he really wants you to move?

Warm weather will soon be here. Bushway has put on his summer uniform consisting of one pair of khaki pants, one pair overalls, two frocks or jumpers, one cap and a pair of gloves, if he can find a pair that someone has mislaid.

Erwin Rines visited Albert Hanson's circus tent last week and went away well pleased with the performance. But he didn't visit Hickeyville the next night as he was scheduled to.



Butts Ryder should soon be passing the smokes. But if he is as close on smokes as he is on chewing tobacco, we will be out of luck.

Harold Ryder says: Wine, women and song are the ruination of young men, so he has given up singing.

Ernest Bushway has given up the California Bee Brew. Reason: His wife threw the bottles out as little "Ernie" was getting so fat she couldn't get him up in the morning.

Ed Hamel and Henry Miller made a flying trip to Lancaster, Whitefield and Littleton with the wholesale idea in mind. After burning up considerable gas and oil they returned home with only one baby porker, the result of a 160-mile drive.

Albert Hanson can boast of having the first circus tent in town this season. He is boarding himself in the same tent. He may be a good cook but we will not accept any invitation to dine with him for a while. When is she coming back, Albert?

Hans Hawkinson is again repairing automobiles. If you want further information go out on the highway and notice the skips. Looking for further repairing, Hans?

### RESEARCH DEPARTMENT

A party consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Elwood Ebie and Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Jones motored to Success Pond over Memorial Day. G. E. Wightman and Mr. and Mrs. John S. Little were members of another party.

We would like to know what great mystery involves a snapshot that Bill Bennett took of Pete McCrystle. He was very particular as to whom he showed it.

The transportation department is patiently waiting request from Mr. Fogarty to trace a shipment that went over the Boston & Maine tracks.

*Vacations next. Hooray!*

Eli Marcou, formerly a member of the Research staff, now a student at the University of Maine, called on us recently renewing acquaintances.

True to their Alma Mater, Robert Sawyer and Wilfred Owen of the Bureau of Tests attended the Commencement exercises at the New Hampshire College. Mr. Owen is now a "full fledged gradu-

ate," having received his degree. Oscar Taylor is also in attendance at Norwich University.

By the time this goes to press we will have lost two of our perfectly safe and sane members of the male sex—Knapp and Leighton. Congratulations boys! We hope you won't forget the cigars *and candy*.

Nils Johnson has purchased a new Buick touring car.

Chester H. Goldsmith has been called home to Beverly, Mass., by the serious illness of his mother. We all hope for her complete and speedy recovery.

Walter W. Webber and John Goodwin were in attendance at the University of Maine commencement. "Rooting" for Maine may be all right, but it rather inconveniences one, doesn't it, Ike.

Miss Jean Williamson of the stenographic force is enjoying her vacation this week.

Oh, Newton went a-camping,  
And the moon did shine so bright  
That the next day at the office,  
Poor "Newt" sure was a sight.  
(Referring to Newton Nourse.)

NOTE: Nourse, some day when you are re-searching, why not invent some sort of an asbestos mask?

The Research department girls entertained the Jolliettes at the Girls Club on the evening of June 17th. A bountiful supper was served after which they departed to the Albert Theatre to see "Doug" Fairbanks. Fortunately, they escaped the dreams that "Doug" had after eating a lobster salad and a rarebit. The boys are still wondering what was in that two-quart pail. We'll never tell.

Knapp is now numbered among the male members of the Research staff who are passé. June the 20th he took the fatal step and is now "somewhere in the wilds of America," on his honeymoon. He got away from us this time but we are inclined to believe that July 5th will be a red letter day for Knapp.

About fifteen members of the Brown Company, mainly from the Research department, attended the second annual meeting of the New Hampshire Academy of Science at Randolph on May 27-29. The program included six papers, a visit to the Cascade mill and Research laboratory as guests of the Brown Company,

and a hike up through King's Ravine in the form of a walking lecture by the several geologists, foresters and big hunters present. Among the papers were these on "Industrial Research" by G. A. Richter, an exposition of the development of a research staff, and "Evaluating the Muddy Details" by D. H. McMurtrie, an account of the variable factors to be dealt with in mill work. W. B. Van Arsdell and F. M. Jones were members of the committee on arrangements.

### ELECTRICAL REPAIR SHOP

#### ATTENTION—AUTO OWNERS

Be it known to all, that I, H. Hanson Farrington, am in the automobile repair business. I repair automobiles, Fords and Chevrolets. I guarantee that any car that I fix will never trouble the owner or anyone else again. My labor rates are extremely cheap for so experienced a man as myself, only \$3.50 per hour, so do not hesitate to bring on your buzz wagons. I can junk the best car made.

(Signed) H. HANSON FARRINGTON.

### STORE

Eddie Clouthier is spending two weeks' vacation from his duties in the store.

Theresa Keenan is spending three weeks in New York. Ruth Dahl is taking her place.

### BLACKSMITH SHOP SPARKS

Roy Brown is having a lot of fun this spring with his Ford. He has been out fishing every week-end, and has caught a number of big, heavy trout.

Tom Gravel is a bit peeved at Jerry Kid Cantin. Tom does not like the remarks Jerry made in regard to a race. Tom is a good singer, but as an auto racer he does not shine.

Hans Bjornsund is going to give lessons in bowling in the near future. Happy Hynes, Wad Gifford and Jerry Cantin will take lessons from big Hans.

Captain Jim Flaherty returned recently from a trip down in Maine. Jim has a farm that he intends to sell to Baptiste Couture. Baptiste will trade his touring car for the farm, but he expects Jim to give him a bunch of coin to boot, for his car is a three-in-one car and it is a hard breed to beat.

Pat Collins is organizing a hurly ball team. He is a past master of the game. Pat at one time played for his home team, better known as the County Clare Tack.



Bill Willet cannot make Joe Dunn and Sylvanus Wedge believe that his big Hudson Super-Six can speed up to sixty miles an hour. Sylvanus claims that a rifle shot cannot travel sixty miles an hour, and if Bill was going a sixty-mile clip and fired a rifle he would pass the bullet on the road or run into it and shoot himself.

Lloyd Budway has turned farmer. Lloyd has a fine garden and is busy every evening pulling weeds.

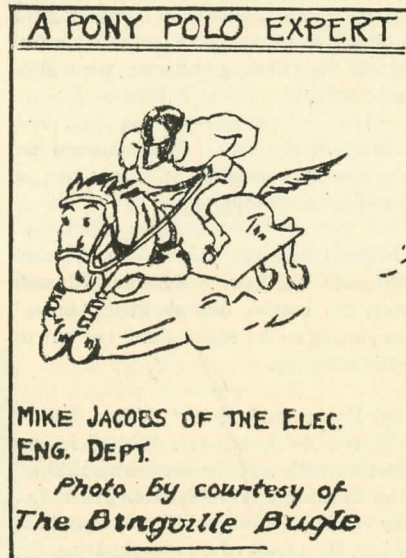
John Albert is getting a big grab chain made for Wad Gifford. Jack has an idea that it will be a hard job to hitch Wad with a Carracut hitch, but Jack is game and will make a try. Watch Wad when Jack starts.

Len Bowles, the flyweight champ of

Berlin, claims that he handles more heavy weights than any man working for the Brown Company.

Jim Flaherty, the shop salvage man, is working with Baptiste Couture. Bill Studd says they are a good team, for they act and look alike.

Jim Malloy is very much pleased with the new power punch and shear that was recently installed in the shop. The punch will punch holes in cold iron or soft steel from 3/16" up to 3/4" at a very fast clip. The shear will cut flat iron up to 1"x6" and angle iron up to 4"x4"x1/2", and can be used to cut circles out of steel plate. Jim says that the machine is a great time and labor saver, and it will be of great value to all the departments that need iron cut and holes in same in a hurry, for the shear will cut and punch iron and soft steel at a very high rate of speed.



## CHEMICAL MILL EXPLOSIONS

Amie Devost is helping Picard in the moving business these days of slack business.

Hanson, Gunsel & Company went over the range recently and returned very much alive.

Cliff Mooney has suddenly taken a great desire to visit Shelburne and vicinity each week-end.

Eldon McGivney motored over to Lisbon in a silent Knight to witness the Berlin-Lisbon baseball game.

Fred Begin at last got tired of pumping tires on his car and now uses a rubber compound instead of inner tubes.

James Barnes, our captain, has returned to civilization again.

Cecil Manton is still planing at the planing mill.

Everett Oleson is still selling Velies.

Jos. Rabichaud works for the city now.

Jos. LaPointe is laboring to sell motor oil.

Charles Barton is still catching the big fish. Ben Brann, please take notice.

Jack Reid finally went fishing and had his usual luck.

Henry Bubreuil was recently struck with the automobile fever and purchased a Packard.

A. Ernest McKay attended the Gorham hop, June 10th.

Another consignment of kittens arrived at Jack Reid's house. No more expected this month.

During the last two weeks of June, the shining face of Arvid was missed. He was away on his vacation.

Why is it that when George Reid rides on the car, it is always headed towards Lancaster?

Wilfred Poley is trying to raise dough by selling yeast cakes.

The caustic plant boiler house has a very important crew of head firemen. Each one of them can be considered as a genius. One is a philanthropist, the second one is a dancer and the third one, but not the least, is a comedian from Bangor, Maine. What a trio for Tommy Levine's minstrel show!

One day last week Joe Paradis came in to work happier than ever. When asked what was the matter, Joe said "Nothing, nothing, but my wife has gone to Canada."

Mike Griffin has a garden and from all

reports is making things interesting for the potato bugs.

Fred Clark has been talking farms for the last six months. Some time last month he paid a visit to his brother-in-law in Maine. On his way back to Berlin he stopped one day in Lewiston. As soon as he returned to work he was asked:—"When are you going to buy your farm?" "Never!" said Fred, "Lewiston for mine."

The latest song-hit just released from the press, by H. A. Knapp:—"A Paradise for Two."

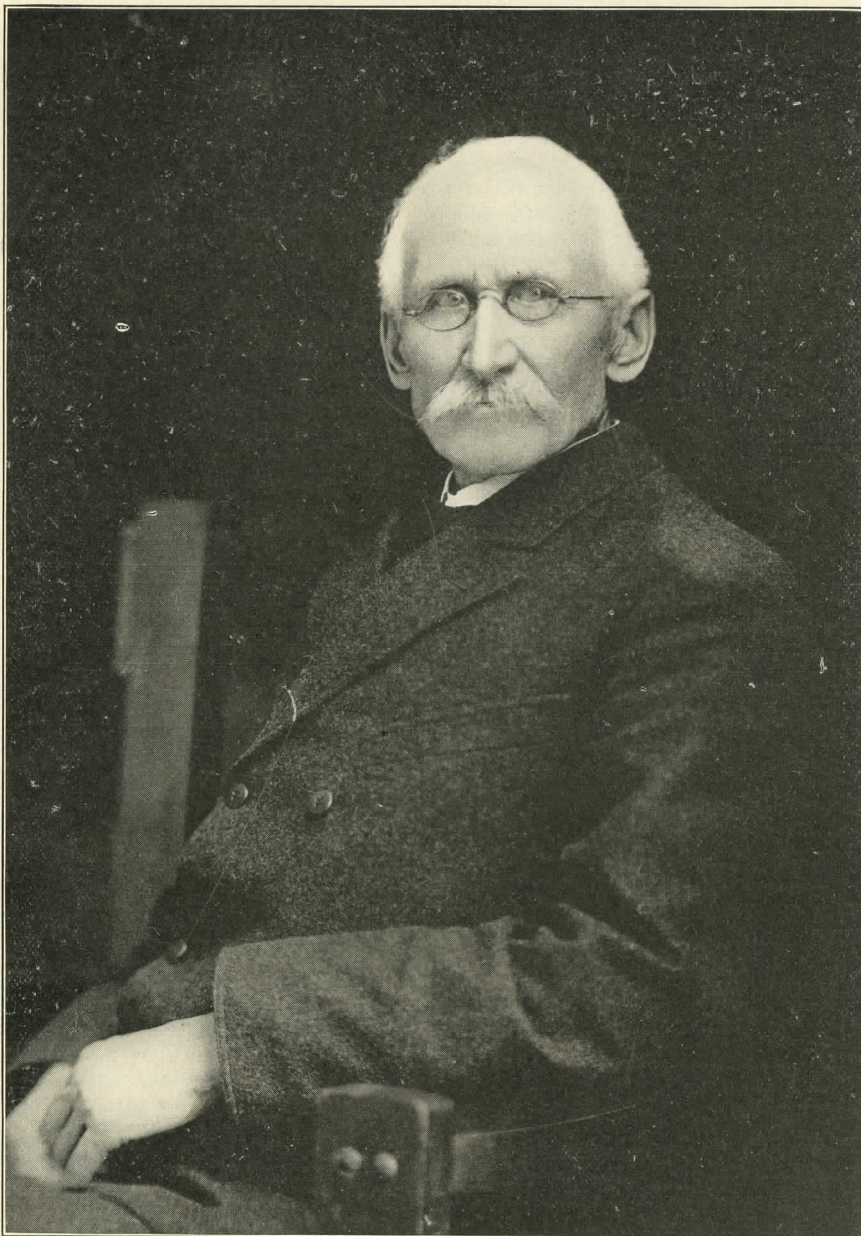
Jos. Vallis' ability as a salesman has been established. Someone gave him three-fifty for his 1917 Ford.

No matter what happens, keep your chin up. When you indulge in gloom you are hurting yourself most of all. We know there are some feelings that poison us just as certainly as arsenic. They have a direct effect upon the body. Anger reddens the face, fright makes the hair stand on end, grief destroys the appetite and embarrassment makes the mouth dry. One of the surest mental poisons is despair. It dulls the brain and confuses the hands. Why give up? As long as you live you will have some sort of a chance. Nine-tenths of success, after all, is enthusiasm. The man that faces misfortune with a smile and a stout heart cannot be beaten. There is always Tomorrow, and what Tomorrow has in store for us no man knows. At least, make up your mind to this one thing—no matter what fate may do to us it shall not make us afraid. Keep your chin up.



# TWENTY-FIVE YEARS WITH THE BROWN COMPANY

By AUGUSTUS M. CARTER



I was born at Bethel, Oxford County, Maine, October 9, 1840, on a farm which has been occupied by my father and grandfather since 1799. My grandfather was a doctor, the first to practice on the Androscoggin river above Livermore. My father was a lawyer and I have been occupied with a little of everything during my life. I was educated in the country school and at Paris Hill Academy. Until twenty years of age I was engaged in

farm work, teaching school winters and clerking in the country store. While attending school at Paris I got a little education and training in civil engineering. In 1861 I worked on a truck farm at Flushing, Long Island, doing the selling in New York City. From there I went to Chicopee, Mass., where I was employed for a short period in the Ames Arms Co. Machine shop; going home from there on a visit I gave up my position to my next

younger brother and remained at home on the farm. After a short time I enlisted in the 7th Maine Battery Light Artillery where I served as a Line Sergeant until the close of the Civil War. I was under actual fire for 167 days and participated in nine of the largest battles of the rebellion. I never was injured in any way and as I look back upon that period I consider it as being the safest place I ever was in, having not lived so long a period at any time without being injured in some way such as to incapacitate me from doing my regular work.

I was discharged in June, 1865 and occupied myself mostly with farming until the spring of 1867, when I went back as a clerk in the country store where I remained until December of that year.

At Christmas, 1867, I was married to Mary Francis Stanley. Of this union I had two children, a son and a daughter, my daughter being my housekeeper and especial boss. At the time of my marriage I went back to the farm but the calls for land surveying became so numerous I decided to make that my work.

I soon became attached to the Androscoggin Water Power Co., the Berlin Mills Co. and Hugh J. Chisolm, the first paper man at Rumford Falls. While in their employ on Swift River, I conceived the idea of building a railroad from Rumford Falls to Bemis in which I so far interested Mr. Plummer of the Androscoggin Water Power Co., that he instructed me to run a line of levels over the routes to see if the grades would be practical, and after I had completed plotting he arranged a meeting of the three firms above mentioned at the office of the Berlin Mills Co. in Portland, where I made my report, and they decided to construct the railroad before leaving the room. I then went back and worked a year on the location.

In 1896 I went to work permanently for the Berlin Mills Company in whose employ I have been ever since. My work for them has consisted of land surveying, civil engineering, land exploring, bossing a logging camp and driving river.

It was my good fortune to come in immediate contact with such men as Horace F. Frost, Wm. Mahaney, Wm. Laffin and several other of the old wood bosses who were men of exceptional ability in their line of work, capable, faithful and strictly honest, men who would have grieved more over the loss of five dollars of the Company's money than one hundred dollars of their own.

I am the second of a family of eleven children, the four oldest and youngest of which are now living. I make my home now, as I always have, on my ancestors' farm at Bethel, to which I have



added by purchase two adjoining farms; my especial hobby being that of a breeder of thoroughbred cattle, hogs and sheep.

I can look back with a great deal of pleasure to the large number of young men or boys whom I have started in my line of work and congratulate myself that the greater share of them have made good, several of them being now in the employ of the Brown Company.

I have always voted at every presidential and state election since becoming of age, but never held a political office of any description in my life.

## A LESSON IN RIVER DRIVING

Have you ever seen a "drive?" If you haven't, you little realize what an easy part of the work we are doing here in Berlin. To work seven days a week, rain or shine, from six a. m. till seven p. m., with just a few minutes to eat a lunch at ten and another at two, is some job. For recreation there is nothing so welcome as sleep.

Driving may not be what it used to be in the olden days, but from the few days I spent becoming a bit acquainted, I realize it takes brains and brawn. To push, pull and pry with a cantdog all day takes endurance but add to this the shifting and lugging strains on your back; the standing, shifting and stepping from logs in and out of the water, and you have a man's size day's work.

It takes judgment and knowledge to decide when and where to place a charge of dynamite so that the explosion will effectively loosen logs from a jam and yet minimize the waste of pulpwood by blowing it to small bits.

Most all trades have expressions or terms used to express certain operations or articles used. The drivers have a vocabulary of their own, and I interpret a few of their words as follows:

A Gillpoke—A useless person or thing in ordinary conversation. In fact, a log sticking into the river bottom and holding back several others.

A Bar Room—The bunk house, where the drivers live.

A Cat—A very agile driver, who has ability to ride a log.

A Trip—A moveable boom, which holds back logs or allows them to float down river at the will of the drivers.

A blow—The explosion of dynamite used to loosen the logs in a jam.

A Jam—A bunch of logs so wedged together that they will not float down river.

A Landing—A pile of logs on the bank of the stream ready to be floated.

A glance at the accompanying page of photos will give you an idea of what a jam is and you can see for yourself the tremendous amount of effort necessary to clear the river in order that the millions of feet above may float to Berlin.

## GET-TOGETHER CLUB

The last issue of the Bulletin went to press a very short time after the Get-Together Club outing and therefore the club did not have time to properly acknowledge their appreciation for the favors received from the different mills.

In this issue we want to thank first the Burgess Band for playing at the outing. This is not the first time they have been one of the important factors in the success of different outings. An outing does not seem complete without them. The band puts the pep into it and bridges over the period between events, that would drag if it were not for their playing. We therefore depend on the band to keep things moving for time should never drag at a successful outing.

The directors of the club realize that they not only need the services of the band but the co-operation of all the mills. At the last outing they depended on the Sulphite and Cascade mill for help and were not disappointed. They feel that as in the past, they can in the future always be confident that not only the band but the Brown Company itself is behind them.

Now at this time the directors of the club wish to show their appreciation by acknowledging the different favors received, and assure not only the band but everyone who contributed towards the success of the last outing, that they are very grateful.

### THE DIRECTORS OF THE CLUB.

## LIST OF PROMOTIONS

### SULPHITE MILL

May 31, Rosario Corella from laborer to mason's helper.

June 8, James Noonan from laborer to common labor foreman, days.

### CASCADE MILL

May 16, Joseph Tanguay from finisher to laboratory assistant.

May 16, Frank Demonte from laborer to acid burner.

May 24, Omer Gagne from broke hustler to 4th hand.

June 1, Alonzo H. Stone from spare helper to salvage gang boss.

June 1, Rupert H. Vail from spare man to boss cleaner.

### SAW MILL

June 2, Alphonse Bertin from laborer to carpenter.

June 6, Adelard Vizina from laborer to carpenter.

## PONTOOK FISHING

Tom Taylor fished at Pontook dam  
And hooked a mammoth trout,  
But being rather slight of build  
He couldn't pull him out.

But ere he cut his oiled silk line  
He took some bait box tin,  
Scratched "T. M. Taylor" on it  
And hooked it to his fin.

"Ho! Ho!" said Ole Johnson,  
Hearing Taylor tug and stew,  
"I surely have the avoirdupois,  
I'll see what I can do."

So baiting up a new snell hook  
When evening shades were young,  
He made a cast that caught the trout  
Right in his big thick tongue.

With singing reel and bending rod  
Ole sure did howl and yelp  
"Come quick, come quick, Martin Hanson  
I really need your help!"

So two to one the trout gave up,  
Weighing eight pounds on a bet  
And sportingly they landed him  
In French's bushel net.

So sporting men and ladies, too,  
Who fish at Pontook dam,  
For luck and such emergencies  
Must bring an extra man.

## SAWYERS CAMP

One of the largest brook trout ever caught in Bear river was recently landed by a twelve year old angler, Kelsea Moore of Berlin, N. H.

The fish measured 13¾ inches and weighed one and one-quarter pounds. A farm fed angle worm was used as a lure. After seeing Mr. Trout safely landed, a more delighted kid would be hard to find.

If anyone doubts this fish yarn send them to Sawyer.

'Twas only when she'd eaten of the apple,  
That Eve became inclined to be a prude,  
And found that e'er more sh'd have to grapple

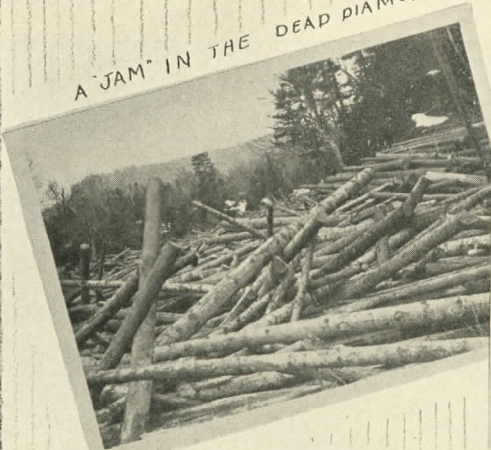
With the much debated problem of the nude.

Reaction came about in fashions recent,  
Now girls conceal so little from the men,  
It would seem that in the name of all that's decent,

Some one ought to pass the apples round again.



A "JAM" IN THE DEAD DIAMOND



"JAM" AT THE "PEAKS"

LOGS ABOVE A "TRIP"



A  
COUPLE  
OF  
"BLOWS"



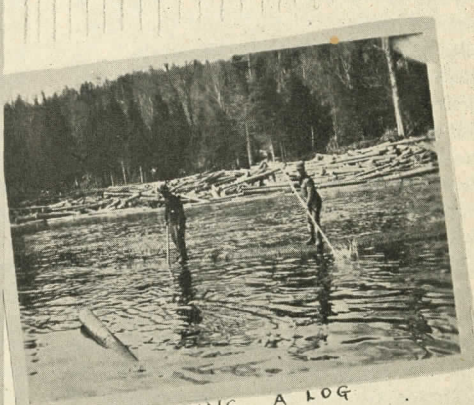
WORKING  
OUT  
LOGS  
FROM  
A  
JAM



THE WATCH AT THE TRIP



CARRYING THE LUNCH

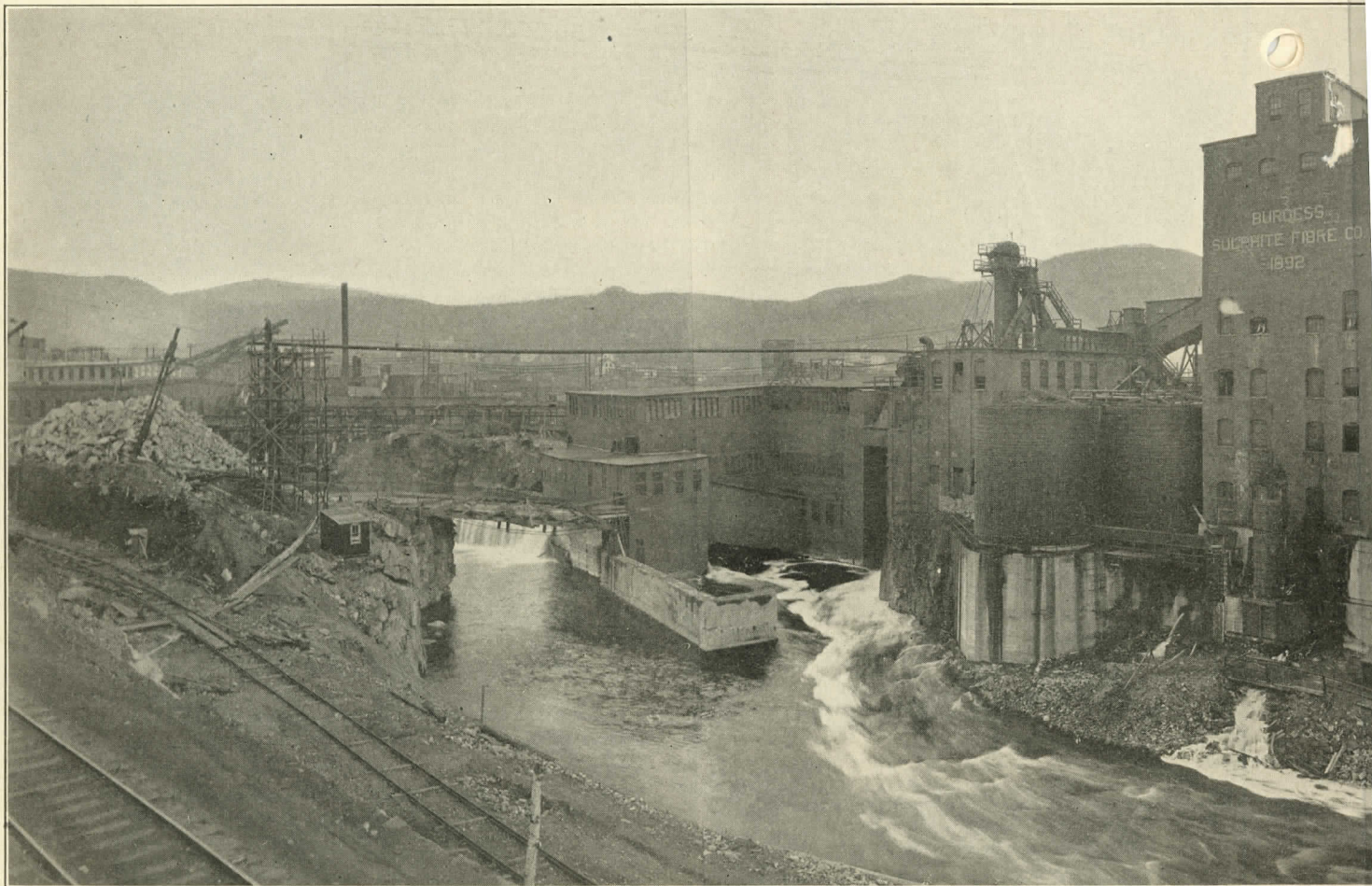


RIDEING A LOG

Hsmith



## BROWN COMPANY

EIGHTH ANNUAL  
BURGESS MINSTRELS

Two traveling salesmen, one of whom has been here for four successive years at this period of year, were talking together in the hotel lobby. One said to the other, "What are you going to do tonight, a game of cards?" "No," said the other, "I'm going to the Burgess Minstrels." "I don't care for these amateur entertainments," said the other. "Well, you will find that this is something different. In the first place, the Burgess Relief Association is for the purpose of helping the employees of the Sulphite Division of the Brown Co. in such a way that by the payment of a small sum each month, they are assured relief for several weeks in case of accident or sickness and the Minstrel Entertainment is gotten up in the second place for the purpose of securing additional funds for the Relief Association. I have been here, this is the fourth year, at

this time. At first I came as a matter of policy and as a representative of the trade, but now I come both for that reason and because I enjoy the entertainment and it is worth it." Whereupon the two salesmen appeared at the Albert Theatre to attend the 8th Annual Minstrel Show of the Brown Relief Association.

Upon entering the theatre they were presented with a program by one of the boys dressed in the costume of a Colonial Gentleman, who deserve at least a mention because of their artistic make-up.

The program itself deserves mention because of the frontispiece drawn by Miss Bostwick.

A stranger entering the theatre in a city of the size of Berlin would hardly expect the arrangement and scenery of a Metropolitan theatre. This, however, would be the impression on entering the

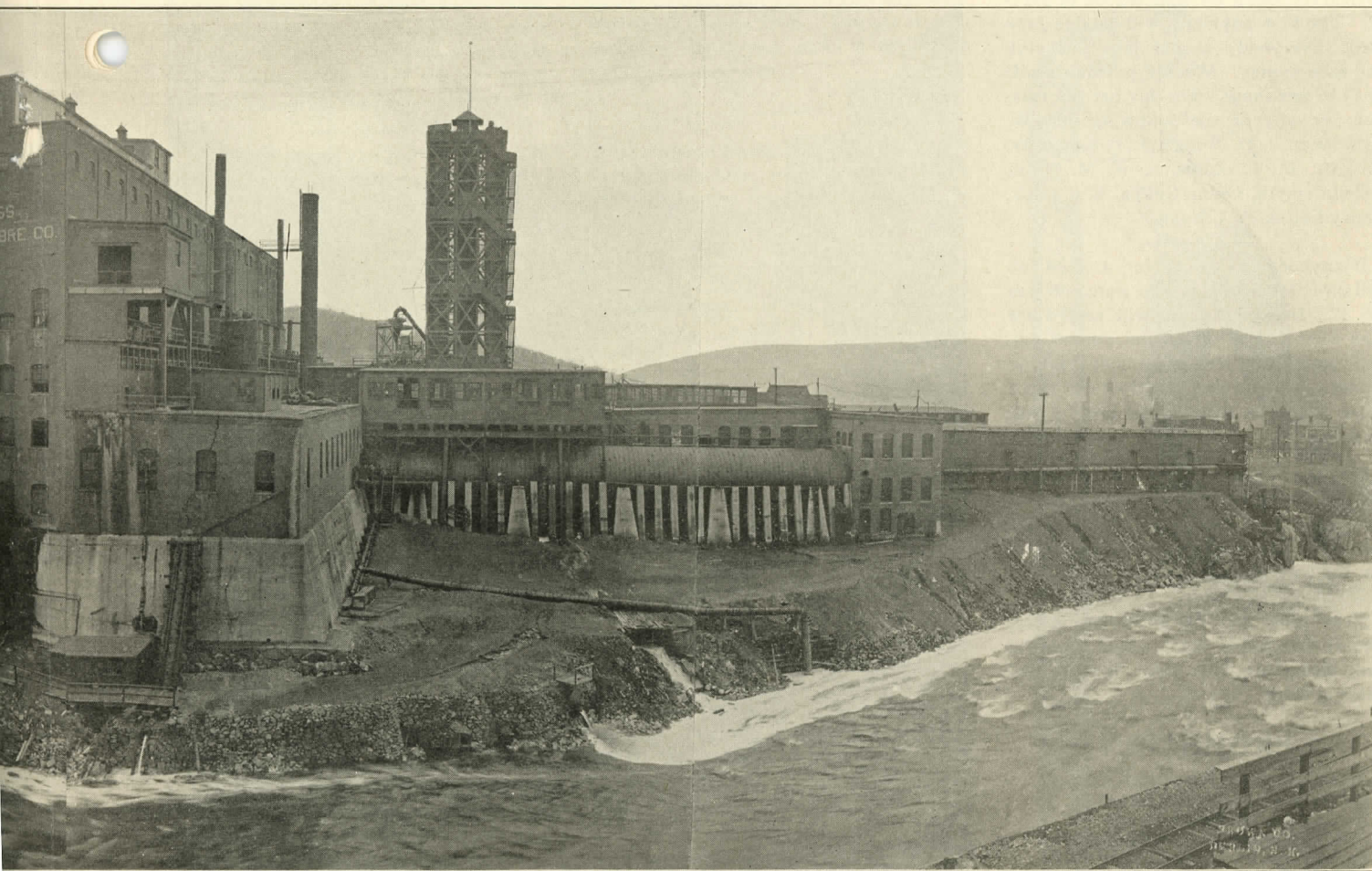
Albert Theatre on the night of June 1st and it is also true of the second evening's performance.

The theatre was well filled with an appreciative audience, who looked forward with enthusiasm to an evening of real entertainment rather than simply being present out of respect. The curtain goes up and one is struck by the beauty and artistic design of the first act, which is the Lounge of the Come On Inn. It would be impossible to go through the different numbers and pick out those especially deserving of mention without slighting other well deserving numbers. Everything seemed to measure up to the expectation of the audience.

We cannot pass "Jimmy" without giving him the compliment of being a real boy and an excellent singer. Biff, Boom, Bang, typical college boys, received their share of applause. "Wild Rose," by Rose, Elden and the boys, gave evidence that there was even better things to come in the later acts. Then Jeff McGivney, at his best, in "Look for the Silver Lining,"



## SULPHITE MILL



in which the stage effect was exceptional. "What Priscilla Missed," by Lora Rowell, Jim McGivney, Dennis Campbell and Bob Briggs, was put over with their usual ease. Elsie Porter, as Mrs Poster, played up to the difficult part of a jealous wife and received loud applause from the audience. At the second curtain with Rose singing, the refrain "Look for the Silver Lining" made the scene very effective.

In act two it is almost unnecessary to go over it, as the scenic effect was even more beautiful and artistic than the first act.

The development of the plot brings us to the Murads Garden with the entire company assembled in different national costumes. The audience went into ecstasy from the delightful rendition of the works of a musician by Jack Cavagnaro's Jazz Band.

A stranger would be moved to ask, "What's the joke about the Herald Reporter?" Needless to say there was no one in the audience who reads the daily papers but appreciated the hugeness of

the joke and commended the ability with which it was portrayed.

Although the hour was getting late, due to the unavoidable stage waits where stage property is handled for the first time, we did not see one get up and leave the theatre, because from previous years we knew that something even better was in store for us and we were not disappointed. The stranger has been informed that the costumes and scenery were designed and manufactured locally by the employees of the Sulphite Division of the Brown Company, with the exception of a few costumes used in the second act. When one saw the spectacular scenery of the third act, one is moved to wonder why some of these employees of the Brown Company do not go on the road or go into business. The writer is almost moved to compare the last scene in Ellen Terry and Henry Irving's "Knights of King Arthur" in so far as excellence and illusions are concerned. The lighting and color effects on the wings of the butterflies were wonderful and one couldn't help wondering

whether the next performance of the Burgess Relief Association would be able to qualify with this performance.

The numbers rendered by the orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Raeburn, helped in no small way to make the entertainment a success. It is understood that several of the musical numbers were composed by Messrs. Schur and Raeburn.

Efforts were made to secure photographs as in former years of the different acts of this production, but owing to some technical trouble only the panorama of the parade was obtained.

Having undertaken to express, in a jerky way, the impressions of an outsider at this 8th Annual Minstrel Show of the Burgess Relief Association, the writer wishes to call attention to the third paragraph of the foreword printed in the program:

"It gives evidence of the community spirit, loyalty and cooperation of the employers, employees and management, in devoting so much of their time and work at rehearsals for the purpose of bringing about an excellent and more successful entertainment each year."



## NOTICE

The "Let's Go" vacation club has opened its books for the season of 1921-22. The first payment will be due June 23rd. Everybody should join this club and save money. Weekly payments will be \$1.00 per share. For further information see any of the following: F. W. Rahmanop, J. H. Briggs, J. P. Fagan, W. E. Taft, H. T. Raeburn, A. M. Gillis, Cecelia Smyth, Oscar Gonya, E. P. Cook, Henry Eaton, P. A. Ryan.

If anybody is looking for a good job call on Peter Belanger who works on pan No. 12. He said that he will need a few men when the International Paper Company starts up. He will be boss machine tender. He says that any fool can run a paper machine whether or not he has seen one.

Babe Ruth made a home run with three men on bases but the Yankees lost. It reminds one of that other item equally famous: The operation was successful but the patient died.

Next time you go to a ball game, Michel Bouchard, don't forget to bring your cigarettes with you. We are not keeping store.

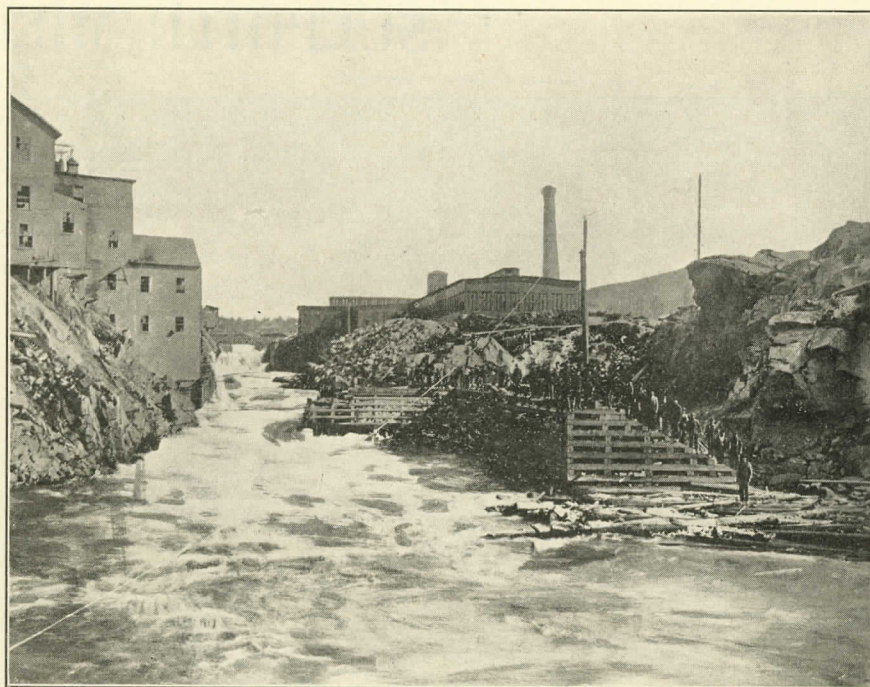
## PROMOTION

Promotion comes to him who sticks  
Unto his work and never kicks,  
Who watches neither clock nor sun  
To tell him when his task is done;  
Who toils not by a stated chart,  
Defining to a jot his part,  
But gladly does a little more  
Than he's remunerated for.  
The man in factory or shop  
Who rises quickly to the top  
Is he who gives what can't be bought:  
Intelligence and careful thought.

No one can say just when begins  
The service that promotion wins,  
Or when it ends; 'tis not defined  
By certain hours of any kind  
Of system that has been devised,  
Merit cannot be systemized.  
It is at work when it's at play;  
It serves each minute of the day;  
'Tis always at its post, to see  
New ways of help and use to be.  
Merit from duty never slinks  
Its cardinal virtue is—it thinks.

Promotion comes to him who tries  
Not solely for a selfish prize,  
But day by day and year by year  
Holds his employer's interests dear.  
Who measures not by what he earns  
The sum of labor he returns,  
Not counts his day of toiling through  
Till he's done all that he can do.  
His strength is not of muscle bred,  
But of the heart and of the head.  
The man who would the top attain,  
Must demonstrate he has a brain.

—Exchange.



This picture, probably taken in 1892, shows the construction crew at work on the Burgess Dam. In the background is the Riverside Paper Mill, while to the left is one of the two mills of the Forest Fibre Company.

The Forest Fibre Company was established at Berlin in July, 1877, by Mr. H. H. Furbish and employed the soda process at a time when there were no sulphite mills in America. In 1871 Mr. Furbish was attracted to the manufacture of wood fibre by the soda process. He conducted experiments in New York for the perfection of this process until 1873 and from 1873 to 1877 was manager of experimental works at Yarmouth, Maine. "Mill A," built in 1877, could manufacture three tons of wood pulp a day and the capacity soon approached six tons a day. In 1880 "Mill B," which eventually had a capacity of 25 tons a day, was built. The pit for the new penstocks was cut through the site formerly occupied by these mills.

The "History of Coos County" published in 1888, gives the following description of the mill and the process that was due to be supplanted by the more modern sulphite process.

"The large chemical pulp-mill of this company attracts prominently the attention of every visitor to Berlin, by its conspicuous location, the prominence and size of the buildings, the thick clouds of smoke rising from the massive smokestacks of its furnaces, and in the evening by the brilliancy of the electric lights which not only illuminate the large grounds of the plant, but a much larger area. In the

manufacture of wood-pulp in this manufactory, the wood used is principally poplar and spruce; the poplar is brought from the surrounding country, and the spruce consists of the slabs and waste product from the saw-mills of the Berlin Mills Company, several hundred yards above, and connected with the pulp mills by a car track. The logs and sticks, of any and all sizes, are fed into a large hopper and descend upon a set of heavy knives revolving with great rapidity. Here they are speedily converted into small chips, which, falling on an elevator belt, are carried into an adjoining building, and dropped upon the floor of the mill. They are then shoveled into iron boilers set beneath the floor, where the chemicals are added, and the chips reduced to pulp by boiling. After coming from the boilers the pulp is taken to large wooden tanks and passed through heavy rollers, thus straightening out the fibre and removing a large proportion of the water and chemicals. It then passes through the pressing room, where it is made into cheeses under a hydraulic pressure of 3,500 pounds to the square inch, after which it is tied up in bags and is ready for the market. The liquid pressed from the pulp is taken to an adjoining building, and the chemicals reclaimed with very little loss."

The same author was also very much impressed when he visited the mill of the old White Mountain Pulp & Paper Co., situated at the mouth of Dead River on property now owned by the International. He states, "The mill . . . is lighted at night by forty-one of Edison's incandes-



cent electric lights." Evidently the old carbon filament lamps seemed very wonderful and forty-one of them made a great impression on the inky darkness then prevalent in Berlin. The statement leads one to wonder how many electric lights are now in use by the Brown Company.

**Auto Owners.** Take Joe Vaillancourt's advice and don't use gas and make Spruce Hill on high. Don't forget that Joe is known as the Speed King.

It is rumored that Philbert Vaillancourt was very mad when he saw a joke on him in the Bulletin last month and blamed a few of his friends for it. You are wrong, Philbert. Can't you stand a little joke without getting mad.

Mr. George Perrault, machine tender B on dryer machine, was presented with a ten pound baby boy, Robert Joseph, on June 16th.



While going home after my 4 to 12 shift last week, I saw a couple of bare legs and two generous sized feet, quite devoid of covering, hanging gracefully out of a second story window of a building on Grafton street. Someone had evidently placed his bed near the window and hung his pedal extremities out to air. I had an earnest desire for a bean shooter or sling shot for a large expanse of male tootsies make a very inviting target.

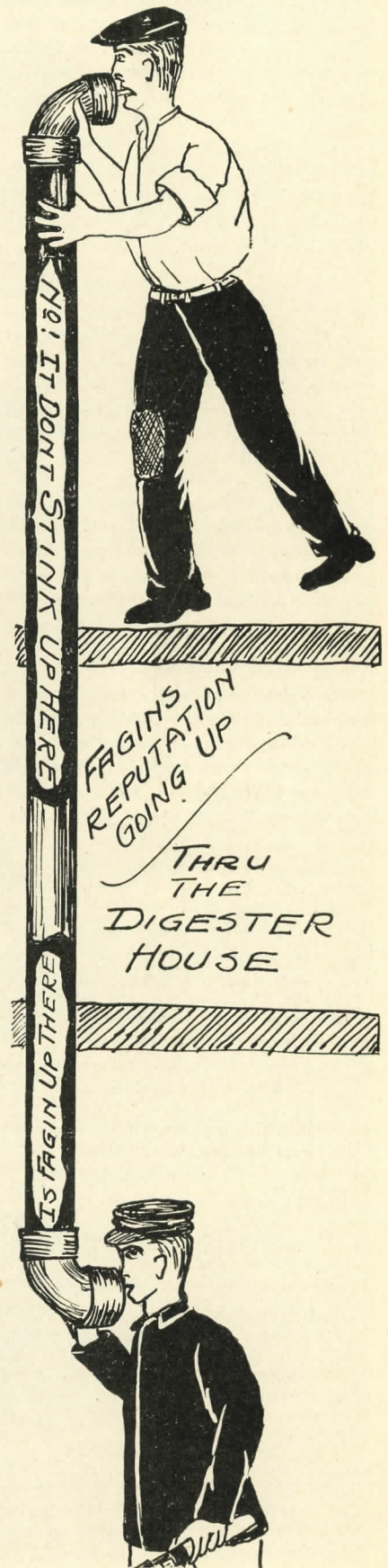
Alfred Bedard is back with us after suffering from cuts and bruises received in a motorcycle accident which happened at Derby Line, Vt. Mr. Bedard was in the side car. The driver, Wilfred Pelquin, was badly hurt and is still confined to his bed in St. Louis Hospital with a broken leg.

Saturday afternoon, June 11th, a Reo speed wagon bound for Hanover, Maine, carried the Grumbleknots to Indian Rock Camps for the annual camping trip. The girls agreed upon first sight that it was

an ideal place to spend the week-end. Cottages so clean and cozy, the lake just the place to swim (for those who could) and row boats aplenty, but the best of all the fine meals served by Mr. Holt. To say that each meal was looked forward to is to express it mildly for the big question seemed to be "When do we eat?" 'Tis true it rained but in spite of the weather the Grumbleknots returned Sunday night with each and everyone sincere in their praise of Indian Rock Camps.



J. V. PERRIN, Canadian Correspondent





I think that they should have a fence put up around the YMCA field so that when there is a baseball game, the people who wish to see the game will have to pay. At the game with Island Pond I noticed that one out of twelve would buy a ticket and better still, I saw one of your councilmen refuse to buy a ticket. Be sports, Brown Company boys, and show your town team what we can do to support them.

A passionate love for flowers was exemplified a night or two before Memorial Day when several gardens on High street were robbed. In one case all the plants were taken roots and all. In another case a woman had bought plants and planted them just the day before and they were all taken.

Jos. Pelletier said that my wife and I divided our possessions. My wife gets all the real estate and personal property and I have to pay her one dollar a day board and sleep in the smoke house. On and after this date each one of us pays our own bills.

When Henry Morrisette started to work here he was standing behind wet machine No. 10 and asked one of the fellows where all the stock came from. He was told there was a bull-gang on the roof carrying the stock in pails from the bleachery.

## AN ODE TO RORY

There was a P. I. in our mill  
And he was wonderous wise,  
He could ride down thru the rapids  
On a log of any size.

He took us up to Sessions Pond,  
He knew what he was about,  
To show us just how and where  
To catch the speckled trout.

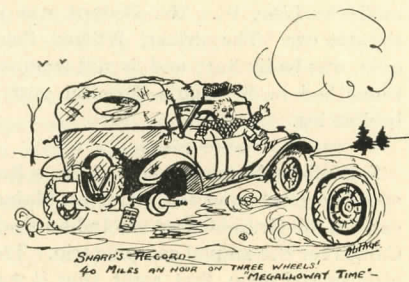
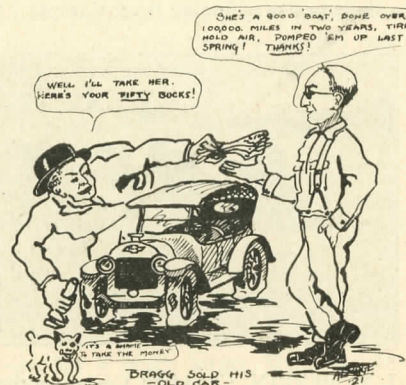
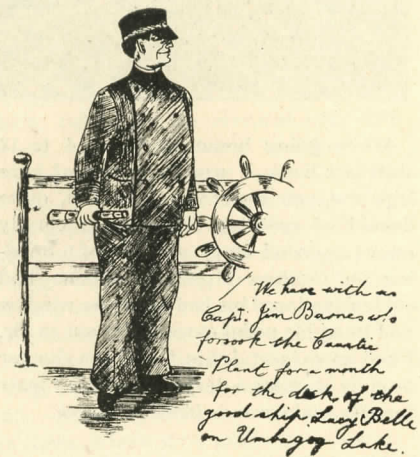
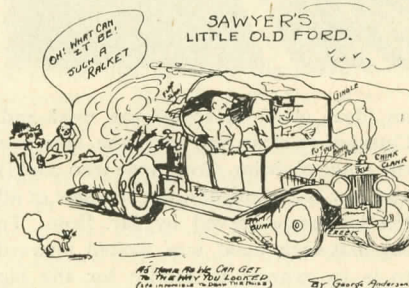
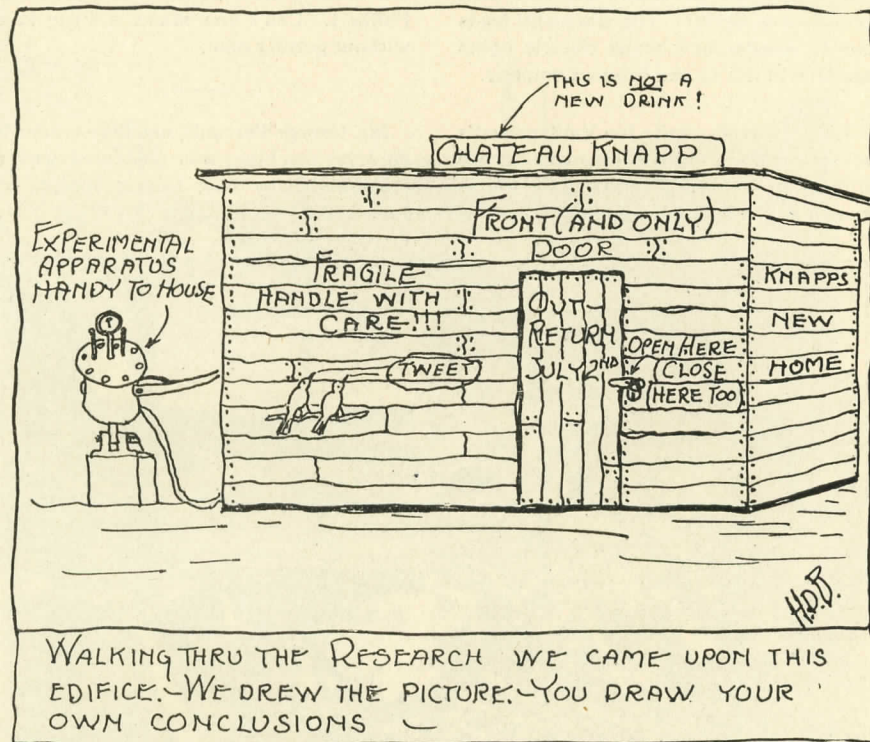
That night before we went to sleep  
He climbed up in a tree,  
"For any old place I hang my hat  
Is Home Sweet Home," said he.

The next morn, bright and early,  
We all rose up with glee,  
To catch those trout, he'd show us  
where;  
"Well, that's enough," says we.

We then went out upon a raft,  
Which did not suit poor "Rory."  
The raft did have no "Safety Rails,"  
The same as his old "Dory."

Six times he dipped into the pond  
Before the sun went down,  
And the last time his B-Bart ran out,  
So we let the P. I. drown.

## OUR CARTOONISTS' CORNER











## PORTLAND OFFICE



C. F. Safford, accounting department, moved to his summer home on Great Diamond Island. It is his hobby to work in his garden and he has remarked that he enjoys it as much now as he did on his first visit to the island thirty years ago.

D. W. Linton of Berlin office was a recent visitor to Portland office and F. W. Farrington also paid us a visit.

George McGlaflin and family have moved to Long Island for the summer.

Cards have been received announcing the engagement of Philip Hamilton, finance department, to Miss Laura Sleeper.

A large boat landing float has been constructed for Mr. Brown to be used at his summer home at Falmouth Foreside.

Edward F. Moody, pulp sales department, has put into commission his large motor cruiser, *The Wanderer*, and will use it between the office and his summer home on Great Diamond Island.

E. L. Richardson, pulp sales division, has purchased a Ford and finds much pleasure in motoring.

H. C. Currier, retail department, has returned from a business trip through Maine and reports no change in business conditions. Mr. Currier's hobby is fishing and he spends all his spare time at his cottage on the shores of Sebago Lake.

J. O. McLean, manager retail department, has returned from a business trip in New York City.

Recently the retail department adopted an advertising campaign, to bring before the public the fact that we do sell all kinds of lumber necessary for the house builder. In this connection our new White truck, William Curran driver, has made several long trips into the country, some forty and fifty miles, to advertise the foregoing fact and as the possibilities of this method loom up large it might mean an addition to our fleet of trucks. There is no question but what it will in the future be a great incentive to retail department sales.

From the cool and fallish weather we are experiencing it hardly seems as

though we are on the threshold of summer but we are nevertheless, because the vacation schedule has been posted on the bulletin board.

The members of the Portland office extend to their co-workers in Berlin many thanks for their kind invitation to attend the recent outing of the Get-Together Club. But we regret to say that the invitation was received in the 9 o'clock mail on the day of the outing which made it too late for anyone wishing to go to

make connections with the morning train.

W. D. Bryant, Berlin office, visited Portland office recently. There seems to be a little speculation as to when Mr. Bryant last visited Portland, but they all appear to agree that it was quite a few years ago.

H. B. Chase, purchasing department, has taken a cottage at Old Orchard for a few weeks.

## GLADIOLUS---MY HOBBY

By L. E. MORTINSON

KREAM KRISP DEPARTMENT, PORTLAND, MAINE

It has been suggested to me that I, through the Bulletin, "tell the world" of my experiences in growing Gladiolus, which have made me so enthusiastic regarding them.

I do not believe that one has to be a natural flower lover to become enamoured of the Gladiolus. As a matter of fact, I never knew I cared for flowers or floral growth until I started planting this wonderful flower. And, in a way, this was an accident. One winter, about seven years ago, some enterprising nursery sent me one of their catalogues, and having a little space for a garden, I thought I would plant a few flowers to liven up the appearance of the house and grounds a bit. So I did as most everybody else does—purchased some pansies, asters and all the other plants which everyone knows and grows. In this catalogue I saw listed some Gladiolus seedlings, with no enlightening description whatever. I'll confess, I did not know what they were; but being always willing to take a chance, I bought a dozen and stretched them way across the garden, with about three feet between the bulbs. I had no idea whether they would grow into plants, bushes or trees.

In August I got my surprise. After watching several swordlike leaves appear and grow and almost despairing of seeing a flower, these bulbs all seemed to shoot out a funny looking stalk which, in a few days, blossomed out into the most attractive flowers I have ever seen. I was landed right then, and the next year I had no miscellaneous garden, but all Gladiolus. And from then on, the raising of this flower has become a downright

"hobby" with me. I will now endeavor to pass on to others information regarding Gladiolus culture, which may tend to make other enthusiasts.

No matter what other plants may be found in your mid-summer garden, the Gladiolus will dominate them all with its rainbow array of color, its stately and graceful spikes of bloom, held aloft so proudly. Be your color preference what it may, there is a "Glad" that will have special appeal for you; the newer sorts embracing infinite shades of pink and rose, soft yellow, brilliant scarlet and crimson, rare blue, white and orange tones.

Did you ever pause to admire a flower shop window, filled with Gladioli in a riot of gorgeous tints, and wish you might grow such flowers in your garden? Well, you can, and very easily too. I am going to tell you how.

Gladioli are sun-worshipers, but as to soil are not fastidious so long as it is not extremely heavy. Even then, the texture may be lightened by the addition of sand or well decomposed manure. Of course a rich soil and liberal water in dry weather will mean bigger flowers and longer spikes of them. Gladioli are almost humanly responsive to extra care.

A bulb of moderate size should be set five inches deep; larger ones six and seven inches. They will grow more vigorously and support their blooms better than with shallow planting. Six inches apart in the row, and the rows about a foot apart is excellent spacing when planted for mass effect or for cut flowers.

By setting the first bulbs when the earliest vegetable garden is made, and



then at intervals of ten days until July 1st, an abundance of bloom may be had from July until frost.

The greatest need of Gladioli, in order to bring them to perfection, is plenty of water from the time they are six or eight inches high until they commence to flower; in fact all the water they can stand. But when the flowers are in bloom, water either early in the morning or evening—never when the sun is shining.

At all times from the planting until bulbs are being dug up, the ground should be well cultivated and kept free from weeds. This is very essential.

When the flowers are cut there should be at least four full leaves left on the bulb, and the stalk never should be snapped off, but always cut. Cut when the bloom is just opening. By removing the faded flowers from the lower part of the spikes, a bouquet will retain its beauty a full week and oftentimes more.

After the frost has killed the plants, or in the absence of frost, they have ripened, the bulbs are easily dug and after the green stalk and leaves are cut off, it is well to leave them in a frost-protected place for a week or two to dry off. Then they can be more easily cleaned and stored for the winter. The cleaning consists of separating the old bulb from the new (this old bulb is easily found on account of its shrivelled up condition) but not on any account should the skin coverings be removed. This is their winter overcoat. At this time, an extremely busy time for a large planter, is also an anxious time for him as he will now see whether or not the conditions of growth have been favorable enough to give him additional bulbs, and lots of little baby bulbs called bulblets. For the grower who plants as a business, this is mighty important, as usually the increase in bulbs is from one to three, which means money to him. I have seen an increase of six good sized bulbs from one medium bulb planted besides a full handfull of bulblets. So, other than the flowering season, this is the most important and interesting, especially to one who grows in quantity.

Although the Gladiolus has for many years been one of the most popular flowers, it has not yet come into its own. Its usefulness as a factor in achieving lovely pictures in the garden is but half suspected, and while as a cut flower has long been recognized, the more subtle employment of these lovely flowers in interior decorative schemes is almost an untried field.

In the garden we are coming more and more to plan our beds and borders with a view to bringing about beautiful pictures,

rather than merely to grow healthy, luxuriant plants. The hap-hazard plantings of the old gardens are not the ideals of today. Now, when we set side by side two plants, we do not intend that later on, at the period of their blossoming they shall cry out at each other, but that the form and color of one shall enhance the beauty of the other, and so on throughout the border, until we have attained a harmonious breadth of color that is a continual delight to the eye. It is in this sort of gardening that the Gladiolus is pre-eminently fitted to shine. No other flower can boast of so wide a range of color. We may choose at will just the desired hue for the completion of any flower picture and moreover, by nicely timing the planting of the bulbs, the spikes may be brought to perfection at any time from July throughout the autumn that suits the plans of the picture making gardener. I have no great opportunity for this, and as I plant in fairly large quantities, am forced to plant in rows of four and sometimes five to a bed. However, this form of massing makes a good show when the blooms appear, and is more attractive than the way in which the large nurseries plant, long rows with three and four feet between rows.

Gladioli, more than any other flower, are known by names, standardized by the Gladiolus Nomenclature Committee. New varieties are every year being hybridized, and if worthy of a name, particularly from the commercial standpoint, the grower is allowed to name whatever varieties he originates. These names and full descriptions, together with parent flowers, must be submitted to the Nomenclature Committee of the American Gladiolus Society for registration. Every once in a while new species are originated. Two of these are most important; one a fluted and ruffled flower specie, originated by A. E. Kunderd and called "Kunderdi" (and these are truly wonderful)—the other an Orchid-like Gladioli called "Primulinus Hybrids," obtained from crossing the species "Primulinus," a rare South African flower, with the best and largest varieties of standard sorts. This new race is the coming Gladiolus. Their beauty is hard to describe, exquisite shades of all colors, from terra cotta through bronze, copper, rose, pink, saffron, apricot, buff, a very few lavenders, and an occasional white. Smaller than the other types of Gladioli, their daintiness of form and arrangement on the spikes add to their decorative value.

It is very difficult for the new planter to make bulb selection from catalogues, as there are so many varieties at so many different and very often high prices;

therefore, the best way to do is to try small collections of named varieties and then make selection of what they like for buying in greater quantity for the next year's planting. It is not uncommon for the amateur grower to have more than a hundred varieties, sometimes only a bulb or two of something new and expensive, and of other varieties he may have a dozen or hundred, according to the beauty of the bloom, for that is what the amateur grows for, whereas the professional gardener grows thousands of one variety for the bulbs alone. Of course every grower has favorites. Mine is a variety from California named "Anna Eberius." It is catalogued as Nell Rose, but it is very difficult to describe. In my estimation it is a wonderful color. Other favorites are, "Peace," a strong and massive white; "Schwabens," an immense and impressive yellow; "War," a glowing crimson; "Prince of Wales," a soft salmon with under-tone like the Ophelia Rose. None of these varieties are very expensive, considering the return, \$2.00 per dozen bulbs being the highest I have ever seen listed, and any or all would make a good start toward growing the better class of Gladioli. It is best to keep away from mixtures unless very certain of the one from whom purchasing. Nine times out of ten, a mixture bought commercially in quantity is a failure so far as the flower is concerned. The best known varieties and also probably the best liked are, America, pink; Mrs. Frank Pendleton, pink with a carmine throat; Mrs. Francis King, deep flame with large flower; and Halley, salmon and very early. Everyone should plant these.

Often called the "Poor Man's Orchid"—this wonderful flower ought to be called "Every Man's Comfort." In the Gladiolus Kingdom there is such infinite variety of color, marking and form that they stand without rivals for gorgeous and graceful charm and decorative value. Ease of culture adds to their popularity, as they give such satisfaction for a minimum expenditure of money and labor. The very moderate prices of the old varieties (and many of them are beautiful) plead for their generous use; but as velvets or tapestries of rich and exclusive design are recognized and appreciated at a glance, so the aristocrats of the Gladiolus world are full of distinction and well worth the higher prices, which must necessarily be asked for the unusual and the unique.

Surely no one need sigh for a gay garden for three months of the year who plants these lovely, willing flowers with a free hand.





## CASCADE JUICE



Emery Webb got so popular that he had to sell his Ford and get a smaller bus. He says that he misses Earl and Bill terribly.

We learn through the newspapers that Chester Veazie has gone and did it. We haven't seen the cigars yet but, Chet, we wish you the best of luck and a long life of happiness.

Spike Hennessey claims to have all the fisherman stopped a mile, but if he has, then he must have a lot of fish salted for next winter, because there are some of us that eat fish and if we could procure the right kind of bait, would also become a disciple of Izaak Walton, otherwise, Spike, we let you catch them.

"Bush," of the office force, broke into major company in baseball, that is, in the Nibroc Twilight League, and when he connected with one of Steve's fast ones and drove it towards Gorham, quite a distance, Bush watched it for five minutes, then said, "Gee, see it go." and started and made third at that. Babe Ruth had better step aside, for Bush is coming.

John Mooney is willing to take all bets on the big fight, as long as no one wants to bet any money. Mooney claims that Carpentier can never knock Dempsey out, but "Shady" says, "Rave on, brother John, your education has been neglected. For chin music, you are a second rater when it comes to judging the big scrapers." Mooney says that they never did raise a fighter in Europe. "Shady" asks John when he was born. John says if Carpentier defeats Dempsey he will match Hugh Daley with Carpentier. Hughie claims he is not scientific, he received his training in the woods of New Hampshire, and he is willing to take a chance with Carpentier. He is a human being even though he is Irish.

"Shady" Palmer is back on the works riding the boys in his usual expert manner.

Percy Barchard took a week's leave of absence so he could plant his little farm. All the boys are interested in where Percy's farm is located and also what did he plant.

John Lynch is running around the mill with a lot of little glooms flying around. No one seems to know what the trouble is, but a voice in the far distance informs

us that John's running mate, the Hon. J. B. Guerin, is on the sick list.

Alfred Morterson has gone to Rumford, Maine, on a three weeks' business trip.

When it comes to climbing poles, these linemen who wear spurs have to take a back seat when Andy Johnson's crew comes along. These men painted all the poles of the Gorham line from Gorham power house to Cascade mill. Taking the small ones and tall ones, lean ones and stout ones, they were all just the same, and not one man used a pair of climbers.

Walter Dwyer has returned to work, after being quarantined in his home for three weeks. The doctor ordered the health officer to fumigate his house a week before he did, but from some unknown reason it was neglected and Walter had to spend an extra week cooped up in the house.

James Keenan of La Tuque, Canada, a former Cascade employee, has been visiting relatives and friends here for the past week.

John Sharpe of the time office is enjoying a two weeks' vacation in Portland and Biddeford, Maine.

Mr. and Mrs. John E. LaPage are the happy parents of an eight pound baby girl, Cecile Irene, born May 11, 1921. Congratulations, John, old scout.

Mr. Ronaldo Grenier of the machine room was married to Miss Olida Montminy, May 16, 1921. The young couple will make their home at the Cascade with the groom's father, Mr. Archie Grenier. The machine room bunch wish you and your wife the best of luck and wishes, Ronaldo.

Joseph Tanguay, formerly of the finishing room, has returned from a four days' course in chemistry ??? and has taken up his duties in the Cascade laboratory.

Some of the auto fiends at the mill are looking for new inventions providing a fire department with each machine and others refuse the aid of the extinguishers. Everything was humming along nicely when the smell of burned tin became evident, and then the bird commenced to smoke. Well, however, they disembarked

the crew and stood aft, looking towards the bow, but she smoked more and more. It looked as though relief had come when a big bark with a portly party at the helm, thought he had become twisted in his S. O. S. signals, and immediately proceeded to extinguish the flames with the Pyrene. For some reason or other the cap'n of the burning boat refused the proffered aid with the ejaculation, "D—n her, let her burn." When the little machine had smoked to her heart's content, the journey to the Cascade was finished. It must have been insurance or something that suggested this move on the part of the cap'n of the smaller craft.

Moral—Pyrene extinguishers are not always desired.

Things in the sulphite have commenced to pick up, and some of the boys have that happy-go-lucky smile on their faces after their vacations.

It seemed rather strange to hear the machines after their long shut-down. Sounded pretty good, they all say.

Vic Heath thought he would go down and see the nurse, so he sought to remove the number plate from his machine, it's a Chandler, you know, hurt his hand quite badly, too. Vic said that was the first time that he had held hands for quite a while. Funny what fellows will do some times in their deperation.

### NIBROC TWILIGHT LEAGUE

The first series of games in the Nibroc Twilight League ended on June 10th. The series was won by the Neversweats.

	Won	Lost	Percent
NEVERSWEATS	5	1	.833
Tanks	3	3	.500
Towels	2	4	.333
Bulls	2	4	.333

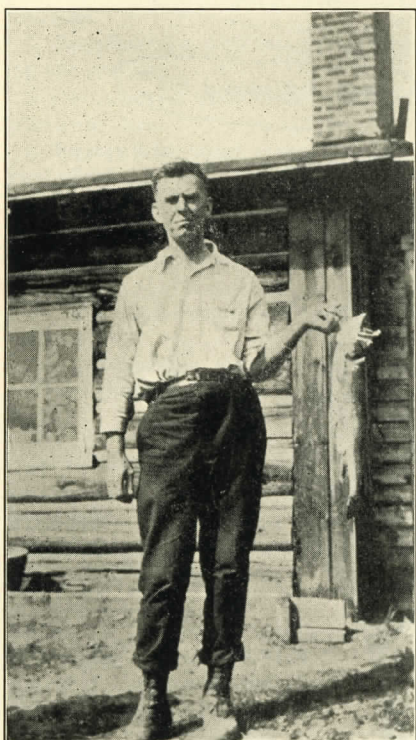
The following is a list of the purse winners among the electricians' base ball team:

	Purse
Greatest number of three base hits	
Winners, "Steve" McGivney and "Snoopy" Hayward	\$2.50
Greatest number of two base hits	
Winner, "Steve" McGivney	\$2.00
Greatest number of one base hits	
Winners, "Steve" McGivney and "Slicky" Haney	\$1.00
Greatest number of stolen bases	
Winner, "Steve" McGivney	\$1.50
Greatest number of strike outs	
Winner, "Muddy" McGee	Canadian nickel with hole in it.





If anyone wants a good guide to go fishing or hunting, apply to Mr. Tommy Atkins, as he acquired good experience Sunday, May the 29th, when he got lost in the bush, having to walk for six hours



We promised our readers last month a picture of S. J. Maloney of La Tuque and his six pound square tailed trout, captured May 14, 1921. This is the record catch of the season to date.

to find his way home; finally landing at Wayagamac Lake. He went out fishing by automobile and came back home by velocipede "speeder." Atta boy, Tommy, you deserve a gold medal.

Mr. Reginald A. Fairbairn was asked why there never was any cream on the

milk bought at the milk station. He was not very positive in his answer. But Reg-like, he said that the cows were not the type that gave cream.

Oh, Reggie, did you get the bill for storage of that tin Lizzie?

H. R. Annable and George MacNaugh-

A rush order of "cow bells" is being put through the purchasing department, as quite a number of the La Tuque disciples of Izaak Walton are in the habit of losing themselves in the woods on their week-end fishing trips. Notably Mr. Barrie Atkins of the laboratory staff, for whom an extra large size will be needed.



Jim Armstrong's crew moving a cottage house (one of the old landmarks along the bank) bodily from its foundation to the other side of the town, where its new foundation is awaiting. The trip was made in less than a day, without mishap.

ton were the guests of Mr. M. J. Dumit on a canoe trip down the St. Maurice to Grand Mere. They had a very good trip, though we would like to know why Mike threw stones at George.

Once upon a time there was a man whose feet were so big that his shoes were shipped to him in two cases, no cases being big enough to hold both. Have Gillis Creighton finish this story.

We are glad to report that all the forest fires in this section are out, thanks to the heavy shower of the past week.

Mr. D. P. Brown has come up to spend two or three weeks with us and to enjoy the fishing at Lake Wayagamac, which is at its best at this season.

Mr. J. S. Maloney is to move into the "Bartlett House" July 1st, and A. E.



Sloan will take the Maloney house and bring Mrs. Sloan and his daughter Muriel up from Portland to make their home in La Tuque.

Mr. Frederick Berger Bjourland, sulphate mill superintendent, and better known as "Moose," was married on June 1st at St. John's church, Ogdensburg, New York, to Miss Elizabeth Chapman, daughter of Mrs. Frank Chapman. After a honeymoon of two or three weeks in New York City and the Thousand Islands they will return to La Tuque and start housekeeping in the new house recently finished for them. Best wishes to the "Newly Weds."

A very sad drowning accident happened at Oscalano late in May, when Mr. Mowett, Mrs. Mowett and two of their three children and the young son of Mr. McKenzie were drowned about fifty miles north of Oscalana. The party left Oscalana for Obijouant in two canoes, where Mr. Mowett is Factor for the Hudson Bay Co. The canoes were in charge of Mr. McKenzie and his oldest son and two Indians, and left Oscalana at 5 a. m., hoping to make the sixty mile trip in a day. Owing to a high wind and high waves on Lac Oscalana which is very wide at this point, they were delayed. Still desiring to make their destination the same day they pushed on. During the evening the wind increased in force and one of the canoes took in considerable water and Mr. McKenzie tried to help them out of this difficulty. The wind drove the canoes towards the shore and in among the trees that were partly submerged in high water. In the darkness the two canoes were capsized and five drowned at 10 p. m., in twenty feet of water. Four of the bodies were recovered the next day, but the body of the McKenzie boy is still missing. One little girl who was attending the convent at La Tuque survives of the Mowett family.

The old William Ritchie house on the bank of the St. Maurice river at La Tuque was recently destroyed by fire of an unknown origin. This house served as "Woods Headquarters" for Mr. Wm. Ritchie some 30 or 40 years ago, at which time he owned large limits along the St. Maurice and on the present town site of La Tuque. He cut the timber on the present town site some thirty years ago, and tells us that the best of white pine and spruce made up the virgin stand of timber, but the forest fires that burned over this area after the timber was cut, removed all evidence of the forest and left bare, rocky hills and a barren, sandy waste where the town now sits.





Mr. Cecil Beaumont Bradley, better known as "Pat," who was for years connected with the forestry department and until recently situated at La Tuque, was married in Montreal to Mrs. Howard Grover Huber nee Martha Brown of Three Rivers, Quebec. We understand that Mr. and Mrs. Bradley are to take up their residence in Quebec, after a two weeks' honeymoon at Lake Placid.

#### LA TUQUE PROMOTIONS FOR MAY

J. Jeffrey from yard labor to sawmill, bull chain.

O. Beaulieu from yard labor to sawmill, oiler.

O. Thebeault from yard labor to sawmill, yard sorter.

Pete Boudreau from yard labor to sawmill, yard piler.

Arthur Hamel from yard labor to sawmill, setter.

Felix Laframboise from millwright to sawmill, filer.

D. Desbiens from wood room to sawmill, spare hand.

A. Genois from wood room to sawmill, egerman.

L. Beaulieu from yard labor to sawmill, log pile engineer.

S. Furlong from yard labor to sawmill, take-away man.

C. Harvey from wood room to sawmill, yard piler.

Bill Martell from yard labor to sawmill, foreman sawmill boiler.

J. Rioat from yard labor to sawmill, dogger.

Joe Allemand, from millwright to sawmill, sawyer.

Adelard Belanger from salvage to sawmill, millwright.

#### LA TUQUE ACCIDENTS FOR MAY

Dept.	Injury	Days Lost
Wood room	Crushed toe	2
Machine room	Crushed arm	5
Saw mill	Crushed toe	26
Saw mill	Cut face	4
Laborers	Foreign body in eye	2
Millwrights	Bruised fingers	1
Woods	Bruises of body	31
Woods	Bruised foot	16
Woods	Bruised leg	18
Total days lost		105
Total accidents.....		9
Total accidents without loss of time		7
Grand total		16

#### RIVER HURON OPERATION

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Brown were recent visitors.

Although we have had a considerable spell of dry weather, we are glad to be able to report no forest fires so far. We have secured a number of fire signs and they have been put up in conspicuous places in and about the wood pile and piling conveyor, reading as follows in French and English: "*If you see fire, put it out.*"

We have been very successful in getting jobbers this year and estimate reports are being turned in in good shape.

Mr. Horan has purchased a new car.

Mr. Prairie, who was out putting the finishing touches to the conveyor, is now down at Lewiston, Maine.

Mr. Joseph Daw of the Quebec office (the same who performed on the conveyor last winter) is again in our midst. He is constructing an experimental sluice.

We are indebted to Mr. Heck for having secured a Burroughs Calculator for us; we are making good use of it.

After reading the account in the Bulletin last month of the large quantities of fish being caught at La Tuque and elsewhere, Daw and Mott got the fishing fever and one fine evening they set out to break the record but instead of breaking any record, Mott broke his rod. After an eight mile drive, they arrived back with a very fine catch of three large trout, each averaging about four inches. Some catch.

At present we have a survey party out from Quebec checking up the boundries of the Company's property. This party has a very military aspect and is run on strictly military lines. One might almost imagine oneself in France when, if walking through the bush, you stumble across a gentleman fully dressed in a Captain's Uniform of His Majesty's Forces. Everything is carried out under military discipline, even to the lines and the Tin Lizzie, which has been pressed into their service, has a strictly regimental knock in the cylinders. Should you happen to be outside their tent at night, you would be reminded of the gentlemen in that immortal poem who shouldered his crutch and told how wars were won. The French habitants around here are considerably perturbed, as they think there is a military occupation of the district.

#### AMQUI OPERATION

Messrs Corbett and Dale were business visitors in Amqui recently. The weather

man made the boys appreciate the big, warm overcoats that had been left at home.

J. A. Allaire is rapidly recovering from a serious attack of typhoid.

Loading at Matalik siding has been completed. This cleans up the tail end of three years' cutting.

We hope to start piling out at Salmon Lake within three weeks, sooner if the rain maker is good to us.

#### TEMISCOUATA DISTRICT

Driving in this district came to an inglorious finish on May 26th, after an unsatisfactory season. Small drives on the River Perches and Green River were brought down successfully, but about half that on the Cacouna Bras was left to its fate on May 7th, owing to lack of water.

A winter of light snowfall, followed by an almost rainless spring, has brought the inevitable fire season. Fires have been causing continued anxiety to forest owners for some weeks in this region. At present writing there appears to be no relief. So far but two fires have occurred on Brown Corporation property, causing only minor damage.

Having disposed of the unpleasant news, it is a pleasure to recall the visit of Mrs. J. V. Perrin and their little daughter Barbara, to their former home in Riviere du Loup.

Also that of John Heck, who gave our books the usual fine-tooth combing.

J. V. Perrin also came across from Bersimis about that time to meet Mrs. Jim and Barbara, and to take them back with him to Papinachois.

Consequently nothing to it but that the simultaneous arrival of these two song birds was the signal for the semi-annual rehearsal of the famous Poison Ivy Quartette (Heck, Perrin, Beede—fourth position open, as usual) on Beede's verandah. Many up-to-date numbers, such as Mandy Lee, swipes and all, were very well done.

The reporter for the Temiscouata District is happy to observe, as he closes up his typewriter, and looks out into la Rue de l'Eglise, that it is at last beginning to rain in Riviere du Loup.

Things are looking up after all!



## BERSIMIS OPERATION

Harold Doyle, recently returned from Regina, where employed on newspaper work, has joined the forestry department at Papinachois.

Jack Davies is once more with us, after his recent accident, but we were sorry to see him turn out for football in new tennis shoes the other day. Perhaps this is due to the strain he has been through lately, so we hope for the best.

Mlle. Girard's wedding took place on the 18th. Papinachois spent an enjoyable evening's dancing to celebrate this affair. Among the dancing throng could be seen Doc and Mrs. Powers, Mlle. Helena Maloney, Jimmy Perrin, the forestry crowd in full force, Fred and brother, and Scotty. Supper served at midnight was a finishing touch to a very happy event.

Glad to see Deke and his party enjoy themselves so much on their recent trip to Bersimis. Doctor and Mrs. Powers excelled themselves once more in entertaining for, on the party leaving for camp,



We were all very glad to see Bob Cumming who has just returned to civilization, after spending the winter in the woods up on the North Shore. Incidentally, Bob has acquired a tan, which will probably be a part of his makeup for many years.

Messrs. O. B. Brown and W. R. Brown were here recently on business.

Daw is again doing some work out at Riviere Jaune. On his last trip to this operation, it was reported that he fell off a conveyor and only escaped death or serious injury by landing in a snowdrift. Our advice to Daw this time is not to try any nose dives off the conveyor, as this is not the season for snowdrifts.

Louie Parent, our office assistant, has been confined to his home through sickness for the last month, but is now up and around and hopes to be back on the job in a few days.

one could easily see the air agreed with them. Bob Cumming kept Jimmy Perrin busy with the "Brunswick" all the afternoon, and the flying leap Deke took into the rig will ever be remembered. Too bad his pants did not stand the strain, but the offer from the fair member of Needlework Guild fame must surely have recompensed him, so here's to their next visit to Papinachois.

Harry Bishop is at present on vacation down near Berlin.

Bob Cumming is taking a well-earned vacation, having had quite a strenuous time in the bush this year.

Scotty has one at last and at all times of the night you can hear him saying, "Come and see my trout; such a beauty, weighs 9 ozs." And now he is going in

Duncan Anderson, once more breaking records, tried to swim the St. Lawrence, starting from Bersimis in a tipped up canoe. Only nourishment taken was canned peaches and ginger ale.

Mr. A. T. Spring, of the Portland office, was a recent visitor to Quebec.

Pat Bradley fooled us all by slipping off and getting married on June 1st. Of course we knew that Pat was to take the big leap some time in June, but Pat put one over on us by doing the trick a little sooner than we expected.

Encouraged by Pat's action, Jim Cassidy of the Trois Pistoles operation, got off quietly a few days later, and also took unto himself a wife.

Well, boys, accept our most hearty congratulations and best wishes.

When Scotty stopped off here on his way to Bersimis recently, he gave a bagpipe concert up at Daw's house, which was so well liked by the neighbors that hardly a day has passed since without some of them asking Daw when they may expect Scotty and his bagpipes again.

## STRANGERS THREE

Pessimist and Optimist met one day and they began to discuss the merits of their respective philosophies.

"Everything that is isn't," said Pessimist. "Nothing can be set to rights."

Optimist replied, "You are wrong, friend; everything that isn't is. From nothing everything was created. For everything wrong there is a remedy."

Then Pessimist challenged him: "Come let us take the open road together; we will see what we shall see."

They had hardly started before they were overtaken by a stranger. His face had no trace of bitterness. Pessimist felt indifferent toward him. He was very silent; no inviting smile illumined his countenance. Optimist felt no attraction toward him. But he seemed civil enough, so they invited him to join their philosophic walk.

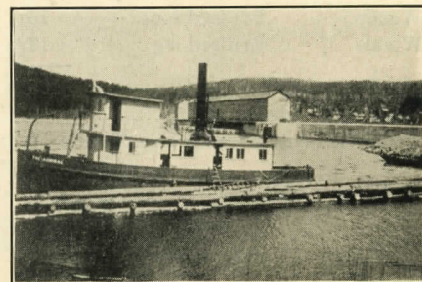
The three were only an hour or so on the road when they came upon a car, stalled in a ditch.

"That fellow will never get that car out of that ditch in this forsaken place," said Pessimist.

"Oh," replied Optimist, "he will get clear all right. Some farmer with a team will be along bye and bye."

They turned to their new companion for his opinion, but, in the same moment they saw him get down and under the car. They watched him for some minutes. Soon he rose, covered with the dirt of the road. He said to the owner of the car, "Friend, if you will get in and take the wheel I'll shove from behind, and I think you'll pull out all right." In a few seconds the car started off. The willing stranger begun to dust off his clothes with his palms. Then it occurred to the two philosophers to ask his name, for hitherto they were unaware of his cognomen.

"Friends, my name is Peptimist. I am by occupation a doer. What is not, I cause to be. What is wrong, I right. My tools are thought and action."



THE ADMIRAL

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