



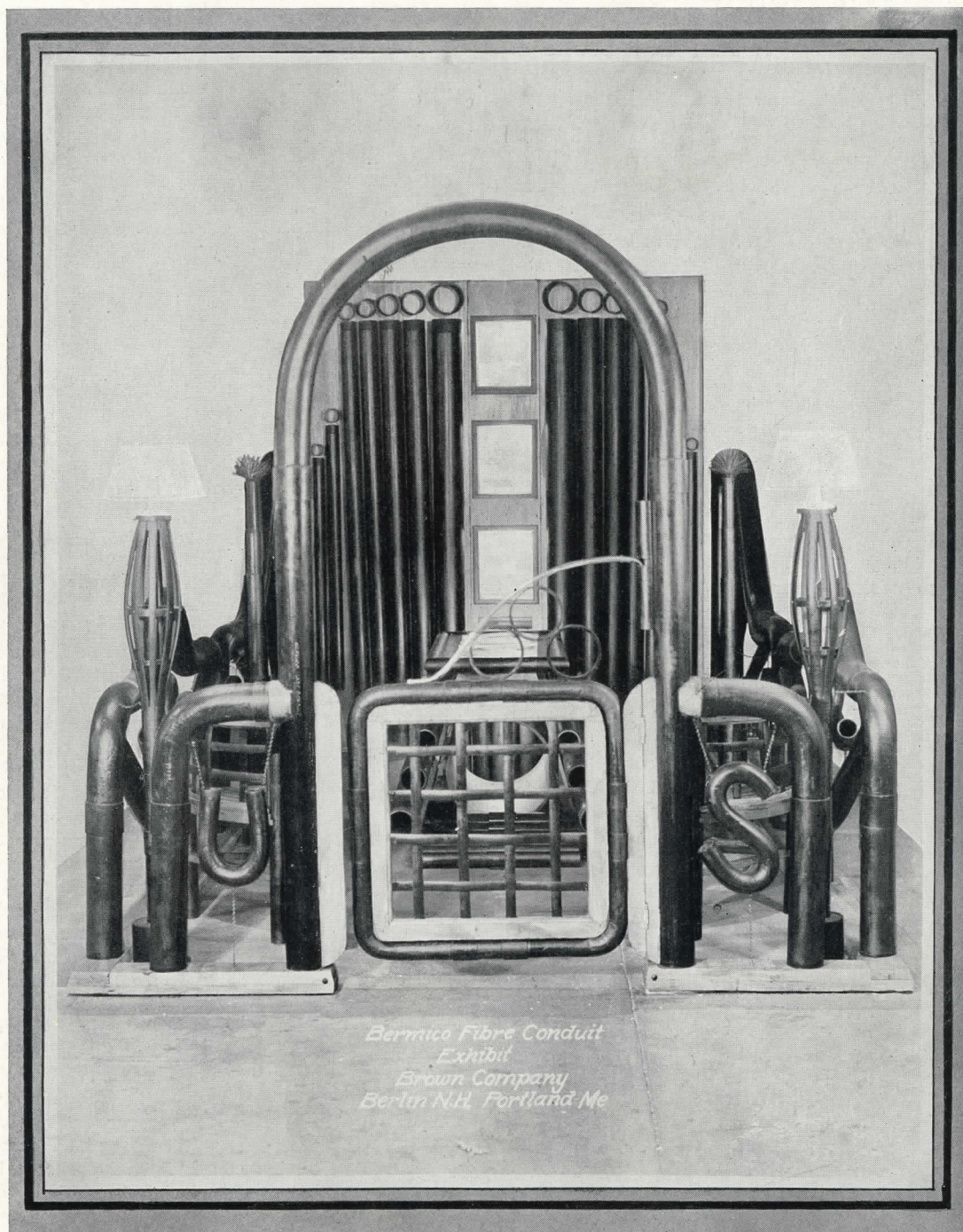
THE BROWN BULLETIN.



VOL. V.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE BROWN BULLETIN PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION
BERLIN, N. H., JUNE 1, 1924

No. 12



*Bermico Fibre Conduit
Exhibit
Brown Company
Berlin N.H. Portland Me*

EXHIBIT OF BERMICO FIBRE CONDUIT
National Electric Light Association, Atlantic City, May 19-23, 1924.

THE BROWN BULLETIN

Vol. V.

JUNE, 1924

No. 12

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H. E. WILKINSON, M. D., Assistant, Office 33 Main Street
On call duty: February, June, October, April, August, December
NORMAN DRESSER, M. D., Assistant, Office 143 Main Street
On call duty: January, May, September, March, July, November

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CABBAGES AND KINGS

AN ancient king sat one day in his forest pondering on how to regain his youthful vigor and retain his power among his clansmen. He realized that he was getting old and that his strength was ebbing away. As he sat there he watched an old lion treading about with incredible swiftness and sureness and he became envious of its powerful strength. The idea came to him that he might become as hearty as the beasts who roamed his forest if he ate their flesh.

When he returned to his camp, he sent out an order that nothing should be served to him except the meat of the strongest animals. For months he ate nothing but meat—but instead of gaining strength and becoming as powerful as the animal, he grew weaker, and finally began laying around with his stone hatchet, until his followers secretly planned to overthrow him.

One day when he was too weak to lead his warriors into the field, they came back bringing a special capture—a stranger from a powerful tribe. This prisoner's body was massive and sinuous and reminded the sick chieftain of the forest creatures. He wished that he could substitute his own body for that of the captive.

The stranger had heard of the king's craving for meat and the reason. He proposed to cure his Majesty in return for his freedom. The king agreed. Whereupon the stranger, accompanied by guards, went far into the wilderness and brought back a mysterious vegetable, round and hard like a stone, which the tribesmen had thought was poison. He ordered a fire to be built and water brought from the river. He crumbled the hard, round, green thing in his hand and dropped it into the boiling water. While it boiled the natives stood around the pot and murmured, thinking that the stranger was brewing a poison to kill the king.

The monarch at first refused to taste the vegetable, but was finally convinced that there could be no harm in it after he had seen the prisoner himself consume a liberal portion. So the king finally consented to eat some of this mysterious vegetable. After tasting it, he liked it so much he called for more. For days the sick man ate only of the queer green vegetables that the stranger gathered and an occasional bit of meat. Soon he was in better health. His jovial disposition returned. He gained weight, grew stronger. The stranger was at once a magic worker and court favorite.

(Continued on Page 11)

CHEMICAL TECHNOLOGY IN BERLIN

TECHNICAL DIRECTOR HUGH K. MOORE REVIEWS EVENTS OF LAST TWENTY-SIX YEARS AT THE ANNUAL BAN- QUET OF PHILOTECHNICAL SOCIETY

AT the banquet and final meeting of the present season held at the Mt. Madison House on Wednesday evening, May 14, members of the Philotechnical Society listened to an impromptu review of "The Development of Chemical Technology in Berlin" by Technical Director Hugh K. Moore. Mr. Moore has contributed twenty-six years of trained labor to the growth of the chemical industries in Berlin. Endowed with indomitable will by Scotch parents, enlivened by a Penrod type of youth, backed by a sound training at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and going from the solution of one problem to the task of another, Mr. Moore has had a prominent part in keeping Berlin industries abreast and in many instances ahead of their contemporaries. Like the Roman, he could be pardoned for speaking of things, "pars quorum fui." An uphill road lies between the woodyard in a pulp mill and a chair in the National Research Council, but this community has seen Mr. Moore climb the steps thereto.

In the business meeting previous to the postprandial program, the following officers were elected for the season of 1924-1925, which will open in October: President, R. A. Webber; secretary, H. P. Vannah; executive committee, Elwood Ebie, chairman, Carl Gunsel, Harry G. Clark, S. L. Swasey, and Louis C. Cramer.

The program included introductory remarks by D. H. McMurtrie, the outgoing president; a review by G. A. Richter, first president of the society, of the fellowship enjoyed and the educational values afforded by the series of meetings that the society has maintained since 1919, and a capable plea by Rev. A. N. Chandler for the retention of the spiritual things of life in the face of that magnification of the material, which is so characteristic of the present age.

Mr. Moore's talk was much too short and can be reported but imperfectly. While some of it related to electrolytic cells and the caustic plant, the story of which has been told in these col-

umns, a great deal of it—particularly that relating to the sulphite mill—was new to many of the men present. At the time that Mr. Moore came to Berlin, the Sulphite Mill depended to a large extent upon outside laboratories for chemical control and upon outside engineers for technical advice. Mr. Moore traced the steps by which the chemical laboratories of the company



Courtesy of Berlin Reporter
HON. HUGH K. MOORE

gradually became self sustaining and independent, so that now improvements are made from within the organization. Mr. Moore emphasized the mutual dependence of advances in chemical technology upon those in electricity, mechanics, hydraulics, and other branches of engineering. It had been his peculiar good fortune to have been trained in times, when lines between these were not as rigid as they are today and he had done much work in all these fields.

Among the major changes occurring during the last quarter of a century are the following, anyone of which would be a broad subject for a special article in this magazine. Acid-proof

digester linings have been greatly improved. The burning of iron pyrites in an Herreschoff furnace to an extent superseded the old flat burners, which were fed with Sicilian and at times Japanese sulphur. But iron pyrites in turn gave way to Louisiana sulphur burned in rotary burners. Various devices have been used for eliminating sublimed sulphur from the acid system. One of these was so crudely designed by a former consulting engineer, that once, in order to clean it, some one held Mr. Moore by the heels and he went down a pipe head first in the only position that permitted him to turn up into the tower. In the midst of the acid trickling down, he was able to clear the system of rubbery masses of sulphur that impeded the flow of gas. Suffice it to say that this device is not in use today. He told of equally hazardous experiences in investigating the losses of pulp through the Burgess sewers and in thawing out a big penstock at La Tuque.

He traced the development of the cooling system through successive stages of straight-pipe, spiral coil, and refrigeration systems and outlined the steps involved in reducing the bleach consumption at a time when cooking time was also being shortened materially. It was in connection with this work that the value of graphic records was demonstrated. From the curve sheets made at this time has grown the efficient system of curves and records now used at the Sulphite Mill. Among other topics treated were the recovery of cymene, the installation of automatic recording devices for the analysis of sulphur dioxide, the elimination of the vomit stacks which formerly belched forth a great deal of sulphur dioxide into the air of the city, and the production of ethane by the hydrogenation of ethylene prepared from alcohol.

During the months following an injury to his hand, Mr. Moore transferred his staff of assistants to his own home. This work forecast changes in equipment which resulted in reducing the number of specks from 10,000 to 28

per square foot. While up to that time but a small proportion of the pulp was bleached, after that time all of the pulp was converted to the better grade.

Since then the La Tuque mills have been remodelled to produce a large tonnage of high-grade pulp. In the place of the old, dangerous Porion evaporators, a radiant heat furnace has been developed to recover the

chemicals from the black liquor. The liquor contains enough fuel to evaporate the water in it and to operate an 800-H. P. boiler.

Among the curious scientific facts of which he had seen striking examples were the following. He had found supercooled water entering the penstock at La Tuque at a temperature of 31 degrees F. From thermal considerations, he had found that the

hydrogenation of ethylene to ethane is an exothermic reaction and he had increased yields miraculously by cooling methods thus improving upon the classical researches of Sabatier and Senderens. He had seen conditions under which hot sulphur dioxide gases entering an exit line had by sudden changes in pressure been changed to solid sulphur dioxide.

PORTLAND OFFICE

Earl Cavanaugh with three friends, recently took a week-end fishing trip to Hanover, Me. Earl reports a fine trip. Although he was provided with a thoroughly up-to-the-minute outfit we have not as yet seen or received any fish. Take more bait next time and try again.

Joe Montfort has been discouraged by his wife about buying a Ford sedan, and it is rumored that Joe has ordered a motorcycle with a side car.

Harry D. Currier is afflicted with a carbuncle, and wishes it was on someone else.

Shortage of fuel. Red has asked Charley to sharpen the buck saw, and gives as his reason that he is moving down to Peaks Island for the summer.

It is understood that Bud Jordan and Joe Montfort have been engaged as preliminaries in the next boxing exhibition at the Exposition Building.

John T. Curran has recently purchased a new Ford sedan and is to commence building a garage at once.

John Vanier took the part of an Indian in a play given at Jefferson Theatre. John was one of the 150 Indians in the cast and they were all out of step but John. We would like to ask, however, "Who ever heard of a fat Indian?"

After every rainstorm, Tom has his troubles. His street resembles a canal in Venice and 'tis said that Tom will shortly break forth in a "Louis XVI Gondola."

Walter Logan was recently seen

driving his new "Kiddie Kar." A description of his wild ride will be given in a later issue.

Mr. Bryan Cady was recently at a dance wearing a "bow" tie and an "arrow" collar. What next?

Will the blacksmith who continually borrows the financial department's long-carriage Underwood, kindly use same with care and save us the trouble of speaking "Greek" when we have use for same.

Mr. Spring, credit manager, has been confined to his home for several weeks, but at the present writing he is improving steadily and is expected about the office shortly.

The sewer is to be reality and Fat Willis will not perform with the hip rubber boots until the coming spring dances.

Mr. Richardson of South Portland and Mr. Costello of Kennebunk are the faces in the financial department. Welcome to the family, boys.

Alvin "Caruso" Googins, credit department, recently entertained the members of a local church with several solos. He will shortly appear at the "Strand" and has our best wishes. Smith Brothers cough drops have worked wonders with his voice.

Bill Barry, accounting department, is a busy man these days. In addition to his office duties, Bill is now manager of Kid Palmer, welterweight champion of Munjoy Hill, (Lloyd's Section); also a regular player on the Fusiliers Baseball team. Bill also has purchased a new bull pup, as all fight managers

have one nowadays, but Bill says the pup has a lot to learn as can testify the South Portland Ladies Whist club, to whom Bill was exhibiting the pup on a recent occasion, much to his embarrassment. Yes, the pup is now one month older and is learning fast. Cur-tain.

Mr. Clarence Perry has taken himself one of those famous flying machines, a plain everyday "Henry Ford" with a Rolls Rough body and everything else.

Phil Twitchell can now handle the wheel accurately; and they say he is a bear for punishing his horn also. The cops need have no fear of a warning when Phil darts around a corner.

In a twilight game recently, Bill Callahan put the ball through a window in a yonder school and he now confines his batting to mere singles. Babe Ruth stuff is costly.

Lennie Stack is having his troubles with the "coupe" just like the rest. Anybody having a good Mah Jongg set may look him up and a deal can be put through.

Harry Todd and Bill Barry have new bats; in fact they are specials and both assert their batting average will be much higher this year. Can we depend on that?

Mr. Worcester intends having a good garden this year and it will not be his fault if it fails him; for he recently bought several bags of fertilizer and followed directions to the letter.

Horton King will not plant his peas up side down this year and we are

glad he is using his better judgment.

There's a middle-aged man from Po-
dunk,

Whose cellar in water is sunk,
When the tide it goes out,
He can dig clams just about,
Now what about that, my dear fellow?

There is a young man named Ralph
Dyer,
Who saw a Ford and did buy'er,
Now he abuses old Lizzie,

And says he's too busy,
To burn the old tub in the fire.

A peach came walking down the street;
She was more than passing fair;
A smile, a nod, a half-closed eye,
And the peach became a pair.

A friend is a person who knows
everything about you but likes you just
the same.

Let mules do the kicking.

The best recipe for having friends—
be one.

"The war," said she reflectively,
"brought about or at least hurried, a
great many marriages."

"True," he replied, "but why dwell
on the horrors of war?"

Many a true word is spoken through
false teeth.



CHEMICAL MILL EXPLOSIONS



Pete McKenzie is working on Man-
ton's shift in the caustic for a month.

We wish Al Watt a very enjoyable
vacation when he goes to the Pacific
Coast to see his brother.

We have heard of boys carrying the
banner, but what's the idea of carrying
a lantern, Johnny.

Twinkle, twinkle, little Star,
O, Brother Parker, there you are,
At the foot of Gorham Hill,
Wishing the Chandler was right "thar."

Our bologna merchant, Mr. G. Hop-
kins, is doing big business lately.

Lawyer LaPointe has been promoted
to the sulphur chloride. The yard
crew has lost their artistic man.

Harry Connolly is back with us again
after having visited Portland and other
summer resorts.

Fred Roberge is thinking seriously of
having a private elevator to go upstairs
when coal is needed for the kettles.

Foreman Manton is much worried
because he has lost two pounds in the
last four weeks. He now weighs 122
net. If he loses much more, he will
disappear entirely.

Capt. James went fishing recently
and got a nice mess of trout and he
says there is still some left.

John Merrigan is undecided whether
he will take his "coop" out before
July or not.

Arthur Lemelin was recently seen

standing in front of a furniture store.
The only thing we could see being
displayed was baby carriages.

Rhubarb market will be overstocked
next fall, as James Gothreau has
planted rhubarb roots.

Joe Gobeil has a new way of testing
tires. He says, back your car up
against a curbstone and cut your tire
in two, then you will know whether
it is good or not.

Noel Lambert and Ernest Barker are
the motorcycle speed demons of the
caustic plant.

Our young friend, Joe Vallis, Jr., of
the electrical crew has gone and done
it at last. He has a liking for taking
trips to the mountains on summer
evenings to indulge in dancing. The
sheik of the present having no use for
camels must needs have some method
of transportation, so Joe buys a car.
Now, this car needed quite a lot of
repairs, but we were surprised to see
him shingle the roof and also put 3-ply
roofing paper on top of the shingles.
We promptly named it "The Caboose,"
looking as if it was discarded by the
Boston & Maine some years ago. His
friends have offered themselves as
flagmen, switchers, etc., so as to make
up a regular train crew to help out in
emergencies, but he refused all offers
—with a smile.

The chemical mill has been reinforced
by the presence of Mr. Cushing of the
research. His duties will keep him at
the sulphur chloride plant.

Gene Marshall is sporting around in
his new sport "Star."

Harold is getting plenty of experi-
ence in his parental duties. Mike is
a close second.

Bad Benny Brann has returned after
a brief illness. He did not lose any
weight from all indications.

Hanky is a quiet boy these days.
No dope.

Dukie says Foamite is better than
Pyrene. He tried it.

Bob Gendron is riding around in his
new Flint.

BROWN COMPANY RELIEF ASSOCIATION

Orders drawn on the treasurer for
the month of April are as follows:

Arthur Trottier.....	\$ 76.67
Andrew Perry.....	86.40
Joseph Doyer.....	39.60
Omer Therrien.....	2.08
Wm. Lemere.....	68.50
Archie Cormier.....	75.00
Wm. Mason.....	24.00
Thomas Collins.....	75.00
Wm. Mooney.....	19.50
Francis C. Slattery.....	66.40
Joseph L'Heureux.....	72.00
Amie Giguere.....	75.00
Vincenzo Alonzo.....	12.00
Peter Tardiff.....	9.20
Fortunste L'Heureux.....	82.80
Dennis Shallow.....	37.48
Wh. Lemieux.....	72.40
Jacob Couture.....	31.00
Harold Cobb.....	37.50
John Oleson.....	27.80
Geo. Gagne.....	56.00
John Q. Farrington.....	31.72

Joseph Goodreau.....	12.50
John Nicholson.....	83.50
Emile Parent.....	47.50
Adelard Gagne.....	54.80
Albert Jolin.....	48.00
Chas. Nault.....	23.30
Jas. Labbe.....	80.00
Camilla Delphonts.....	12.00
Herbert Deal.....	30.80
Lena Roberge.....	45.00
Jos. Tellier.....	81.00
Wm. F. Huntington.....	38.65
Elzear Morneau.....	41.87
Geo. Hawkins.....	38.51
John Baillargeon.....	33.36
L. Cherene.....	48.00
Wm. St. Croix.....	35.40
Alphonse Prince.....	144.00
Henry Beaudet.....	24.00
Archie Routhier.....	45.92
Edmond LaCasse.....	54.00
Geo. Hawkins.....	2.29
Emile Parent.....	38.40
Peter Goodbout.....	44.00
Sam Flamond.....	27.70
H. E. Minnick.....	46.20
Mike Gorman.....	66.00
Rose Lemeux.....	36.00
Emile Quintel.....	54.03
John Fournier.....	11.06
Fred Tuppy.....	64.00
Sam Delphonts.....	24.00
Fred Gogan.....	17.20

Total\$2,531.04

"Spike Hennessey, the guy wot put the Bull in the Bulletin."

SULPHUR

There is hardly a person connected with this organization to whom the word "sulphur" does not bear some relation. These people will range from the men who operate the burners and the accountants who handle the invoices to the buyer who contracts for the material and the traffic manager who attends to its proper distribution to the various plants. To many of these the method of procuring this material should be of interest.

Sulphur is a mineral substance found at various levels of the earth's strata and sometimes on the surface near volcanoes. As mined in this country it is obtained at deep levels. The most economical method of obtaining this is by drilling wells into which is sunk an eight-inch pipe; hot water under pressure then being pumped into it, thus melting and practically purifying the sulphur at the same time. The sulphur in the liquid form is then pumped up and allowed to pour into large wooden bins. These bins, so-

called, are enormous affairs capable of containing 100,000 tons each. The sulphur gradually cools and hardens into one huge mass. In opening up one of these bins for shipment the hardened sulphur is dynamited into the form in which it arrives at the mill.

Some idea of the magnitude of the operations may be gleaned from the following figures—It takes 4,000 barrels of fuel oil daily to heat the 8,000,000 gallons of water which must be pumped down every 24 hours to produce 2,000 tons of sulphur in that period. Once started the pumps cannot be allowed to stop, for, if the pumps are shut down with melted sulphur around the foot of the pipe and inside it, the cooled mass will effectually prevent any further working of the well. Records show that the Union Sulphur Company pumped hot water into one of its workings for fifteen years without cessation, even when an underground river stopped production in

1911. This explains why sulphur companies habitually carry immense stocks above ground.

The greatest demand for sulphur comes from the heavy chemical and paper industries, but large quantities are also used in the manufacture of fertilizer. There is also a great demand for sulphur in the purified form in the drug trade. No doubt many of us can remember the spring days when this same material mixed with molasses was the annual tonic.

Most of the sulphur used by the Brown Company comes from Louisiana, from which state it is shipped by rail to the Gulf coast, then by boat to Portland, Me., and rail to Berlin. Running under normal conditions our Berlin plants use approximately 75 tons daily. Multiplying this by the number of paper mills in operation gives one a clearer idea of the magnitude of the tonnage consumed by our industry alone.



A "Fine" Catch of Brook Trout
Warden:—"Sixty-Three Short Ones at Five Dollars a Critter, Would be—"



CASCADE JUICE



1924

KLEAN KUT KNOCKS

1924

MAY

1. Johnny Bull of the machine room brings in another bar of chocolate for the boys.
2. Fitz attends an old-fashioned spelling bee at the Jim Town school.
3. Coon Morris' day of rest. Nuff Sed.
4. Ralph Grant has the car in shape, all set for the summer.
5. Henry Beaulac joins the art staff of the Bulletin.
6. Alfred Lapointe finds that he is losing weight (he lost one ounce in the last six months).
7. The fishing season is now on, we will have to listen to Pie Crust Smith.
8. Henry Arsenault has his Gorham Bear Cats out for spring training.
9. Wanted—the man who stole the Battler's mask. He will need it when he goes to Lancaster again.
10. A. K. "Old Man" Hull takes measurements for a new finishing room at the Riverside Mill.
11. Yes, the Chevrolet was taken out today.
12. E. A. Bird, the skipper of the good old ship, "Hard Ship," starts his garden today.
13. No news from Mexico, Maine, today. Everything must be peaceful on the Androscoggin.
14. "Pug" Mahaney sells chances on a St. Andrews canary bird.
15. Earl Henderson is raising an army all his own, or are they nurses.
16. President Bouchard of the Ford Club, flivvered to Boston today.
17. Our friend, the merchant, still demands his pound of flesh.
18. Great fishing in Errol today. Was it one or two trout?
19. All kinds of smiles around the mill today. Congress voted to over-ride the President's veto of the Adjusted Compensation Bill.
20. "Snoop" Hayward wearing a different pair of pants today. He left the most of his other pair on the planer yesterday.
21. Herb Schnare sings his new ditty entitled, "I've been working on a scale all day."
22. Archie Soule still winning prizes at whist parties.
23. Butsie Astel gives away most of his tobacco today.
24. Ernest Hannaford still pulling for the Boston Red Sox.
25. "Big" Bert out motoring in the Chandler today. We suppose that "Little" Bert was also out in the Chevrolet.
26. "Pa" Perkins had the Nash looking like a Rolls-Royce. Would you trade it for a Hudson, Al?
27. Earl Noyes is on the look out for worms. What is it, a fishing party, Earl?
28. Scott Crockett refuses to ride with Aubrey Freeman any more.
29. Joe Buteau and Archie are friends again.
30. Our hats are off today to those great old men of the G. A. R. If we have the greatest country in the world today, we can thank them.
31. Today we are getting ready for the cigars that we will get next month, as quite a few of the boys are preparing to wear the ball and chain around their ankle for life.

FINIS

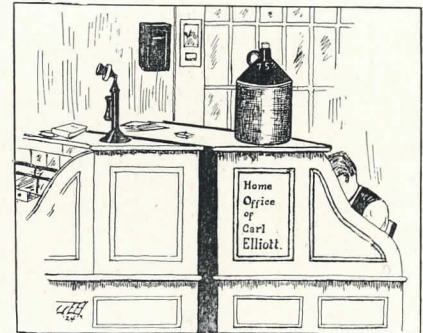
The sulphite department is down for a short time for repairs.

Mr. Harry Corrigan desires to extend his sincere thanks for the many

expressions of sympathy, and donations to assist in the loss which he recently sustained.

The latest thing in electrical inven-

tions is the new appliance tried out on MacFarlane street, Gorham. A person gets out of an automobile with his particular house in darkness. At the moment of alighting, the lights come on. These chemists are all the time getting up new things, but this is a distinct innovation.



The oil scandal proved to be such a money-making business that even Ed Howe is selling "Motorene"—(not a Sinclair product), and he can give you any kind of an oil for the particular type of car that you use.

Maurice got his Chevrolet.

The accident to Herbert Minnick at the Gorham power house, which at the time appeared to be extremely serious, is terminating more favorably than it was expected, and Mr. Minnick is progressing favorably. Fortunately the apparel which he wore at the time of the accident was heavy, otherwise certain death would have been the result.

H. L. Hayden was away on a business trip the early part of the month.

It makes no difference if its Spanish, or Esperanto. If it's printing, you can be sure that Walker can do it—and creditably, too.

If you want striped paper, we've got lots of that striped paint in any shade or combination that you wish for.

It's about time for the big fish (stories) to come in.

We notice our friend, Mr. Gauthier, of the office force, has taken to walking after supper—we didn't say he was alone.

George Watson is looking for some fancy striped paper or other material for a pair of overalls, but we have known people that attain stripes, while others have them thrust upon them. Watch out, George, or you may get yours either way.

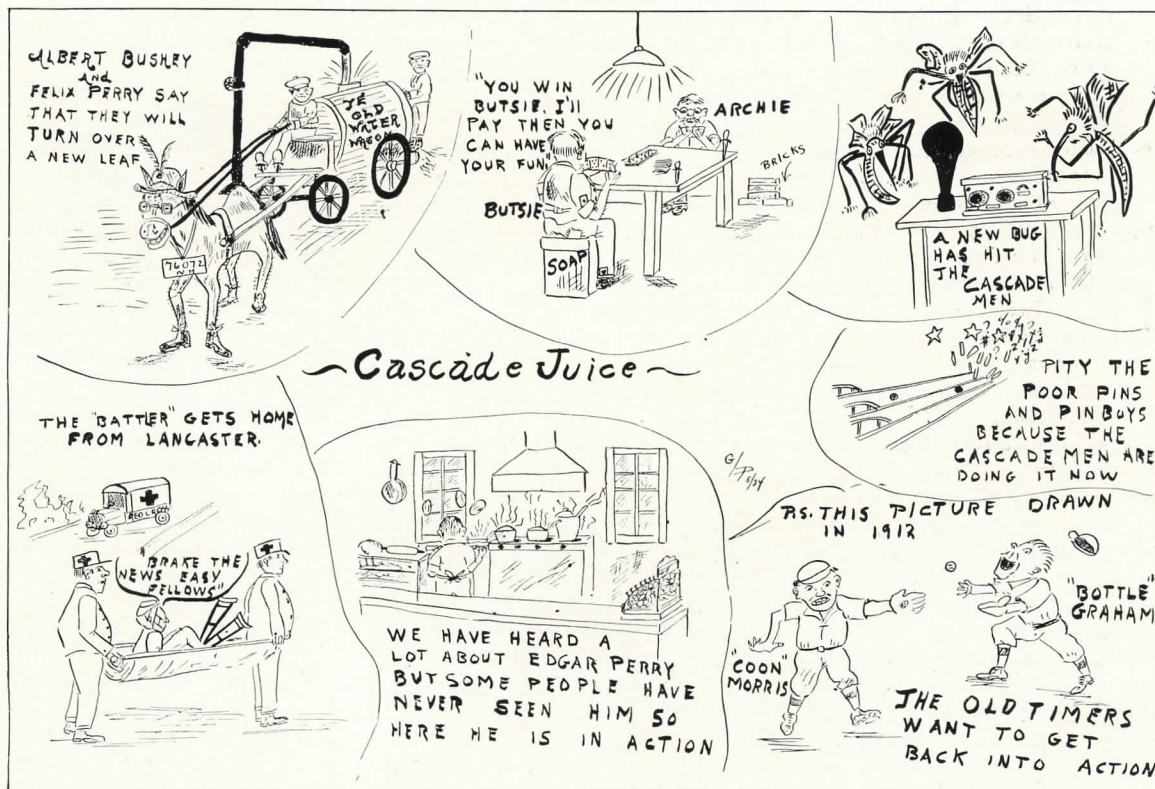
Dana Berry has a lot of trouble with his pulp man. Taylor is getting so slim that Dana can't see him. It's

funny the way these pulp men will act, eh, Dana?

Luther Burbank and our friend, Hull, may be good with the plant cultivation, but we are told that Wm. E. Weeks of the sulphite department has the thing to prevent potatoes from scabbing; it kills the scab—also the sprouts. So that you see there is nothing to

worry about. Tell us about it, Bill.

It is characteristic of a large number of Nibro employees that, when sickness, misfortune, or death comes to a member of the big brotherhood, they willingly do all that they can to aid him. There are many organizations where this is not a feature and it is gratifying to work among such an outfit.



RIVERSIDE SMOKE

We have received so many inquiries as to what is contained in the small, suspicious looking keg with the faucet in it, at the foot of the laboratory stairs that we have decided to divulge the secret publicly, through the columns of the Bulletin. We'll admit that it is sort of "a-la-old-fashioned-beer-type," but we warn you that he who partaketh of it shall thereby decorate his internal organs with Stafford Writing Ink!!! Tough luck, fellows.

Earl White, one of our broke hustlers has for sale a second-hand Ford. He says she will go, if you use Cod Liver Oil.

Leodore Couture, our local speed king, says that this year he will slow down as it costs too much to be handed a tag.

We believe in Safety First, but think the committee ought to inspect every place and post the name of the committeeman that is in charge in each department. We thank you.

A short time ago Alfred Paquet was seen washing his sport coat down at the wet end, and one of the fellows says to him "What's the big idea, trying to save on your laundry bill?" "No," says Paquet, I never knew we

had a polecat here until tonight."

Watch out for a blue streak in the near future, as Skeeter has just given his old boat one coat of whitewash and three coats of blue paint.

James Kearns would like to know how one machine tender gets all his production. When he comes in the place is all filled up with broke.

If James Stewart would look it up, he would find that the boob who wrote and asked who was boss on his shift, is on his shift.

All the real baseball fans are wondering why there isn't more pep shown in regard to our having a representative ball team this summer and hope some one will come to life soon. The real sports enjoy good baseball as much as good hockey. As members of the B. A. A., we demand it, and by our support of the hockey club, we think we are entitled to it.

We are all greatly pleased to hear of the remarkable success of Bill Cantin in pitching for Proctor Academy, Andover, N. H. He has won all his games with an average of fourteen strikeouts per game and with two complete shutouts. We all wish him a continuation of this success. One thing is sure about Bill, he always wears the same size hat or cap.

Rub a dub dub with a—of a bub bub No. 6 is going into the tub and there will be—to pay. Reddy Rosie and Joey will sigh and say what a job we had in our yesterdays. When the "Old Man" comes in with the calender spots and fifty-seven other complaints, they will wish the man that got the orders for Bond was head fireman for the devil in Hades.

We understand Paquette, third hand on No. 5 machine, has been inquiring about a bounty on pole cats. In fact he has led one of the boys to believe that he can lay his hands on a rather fine specimen, with an extra thick hide. Good luck to him as it is almost certain ruin to leave any clothes hanging up in the mill.

Rosie Belanger was seen playing with a mouse to which he had tied a string. He seemed to be having the time of his life. Naturally it brings up the question, which deserves the most sympathy, the mouse or Rosie?

We expect to get a new cutter and stock room at about the same time as: Nils Jackson gets to be a real gardener.

Irving Teare believes in working Saturday afternoons.

Andy Mullen pays to see a ball game.

Joe Cooper takes a vacation.

Syl Peters gets off the water wagon.

Napoleon Lebreque can find all the paper ready to ship.

Pete Remillard can run a truck reasonably straight.

Pete Vien does not make more than twenty trips to the cutter room each day.

Amedi Routhier says something.

Bill Goodreau and Henry Bedard shut off some gas.

John Goulette gets a car that doesn't have oil on the floor.

Bill Lemere stops talking.

Frank Dumont finds out what language he is trying to talk.

Joe Streeter can keep his truck from jumping fences.

Pete Hamel stops feeding bricks to his hens.

Emile Laglore does a day's work.

Joe Bernier is put in a cage.

Edward Filteau buys a piece of tobacco.

Thibeault and Therrien press cut as much as Clinch and Roy.

Morin, Chaloux and Percy Cooper can or will cut as much as Johnson on cutters.

The girls leave some of their crocheting and sewing at home.

Alice Cote and Lucienne Royer get their hair bobbed.

Mike Egan talks like a human being over the telephone.

Alec Murdock keeps out of the towel room.

The "Old Man" stops swearing about the weather and our friend "Spike" Hennessey leaves his fork and shovel at the Cascade when he visits us.

Also when the whole bunch works a full eight hours.

Towel Room Class

Watch Ethel with her gold coat some nice day,

It's certainly the "cat's meow" they say, And Eva with her scarf of rainbow hues,

Will chase away those pesky towel room blues.

Come on, Eugenie, in your suit of poiret twill,

We know you're out to make a great big kill.

Well, look at Lyd with coat of camel's hair,

And green, with rows of buttons everywhere.

See Marie Louise with wrap of reindeer brown,

She's sure to be the topic all around. Next, right in line is Laurinana's grey polaire,

We all agree that she looks quite the bear,

And Arlene in her suit of boyish form Comes into view and, smiling, passes on.

While Edna in her dress of tan silk crepe

Would have you know that she's quite up-to-date.

We've heard Bertha's Canton crepe is oh! so grand,

She swears there's not another in the land.

We're all aware that Isabelle's coat is tan

And join together in saying that she looks grand.

While Bella's black and white hat makes her look

Just like the models that we all see in the books.

Mich, too, can boast of style in her new suit.

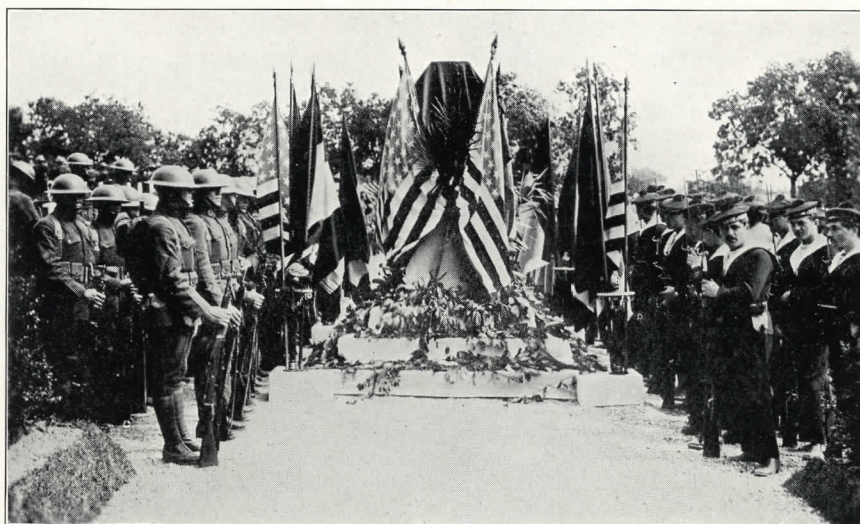
It's tailor-made and in it she looks cute. Don't forget to gaze on Alice's small feet,

You'll say her sandals never could be beat.

Irene and Alice choose their coats alike, They're sisters, so you see its quite all right.

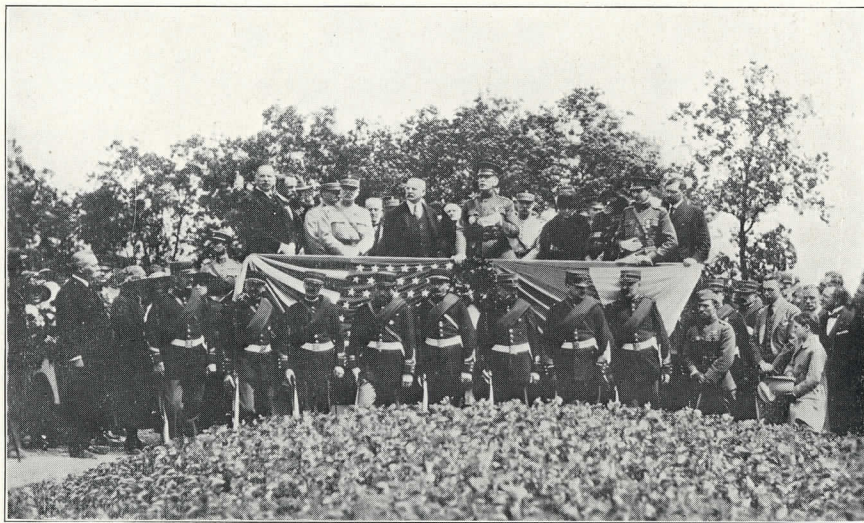
We'll end with Annette's coat of big brown check,

It certainly is the style you can't forget.



Catafalque at American Cemetery at Suresne, Near Paris, France, on Memorial Day, 1921. Guard of American Soldiers and French Marines

SULPHITE MILL GAS



Memorial Day at Suresnes, France, in 1921. On the Stand are Marshall Petain, Commander-in-Chief of the French Army, Hugh C. Wallace, Then United States Ambassador to France, Major General Allen, Then Commanding the American Army of Occupation in Germany, and Colonel Cabot Ward, Then District Commander of the American Legion in Europe.

Recently the Burgess girls were entertained at the home of Mary Ryan in honor of Miss Martha Fagan the Burgess nurse who is leaving to take up private nursing in Portland. This party was a surprise to Miss Fagan, who was ushered into the room where the girls were assembled. Whist was enjoyed and the first prize was awarded to Miss Fagan, a gift from the girls, just to remind her of the girls at Burgess who wish her the best of luck in her new work. Later delicious refreshments were served by the hostess.

An Appreciation

Saturday, May 3rd, Martha Fagan, for many months nurse at the Sulphite Mill, was presented with a purse of money in appreciation of her kindness and tireless devotion to duty while in charge of the First Aid Room. The purse was given by the men of the mill and office, and the willingness which everyone displayed in adding his "mite" to the subscription showed the high esteem in which Miss Fagan was held by everyone throughout the plant. Never too busy to attend to anyone who called for treatment, and receiving everyone from laborer to foreman in the same polite and gracious manner, Miss Fagan won for herself a host of friends who will not soon forget her and who join, one and all, in wishing her success and happiness in her new

work which she has taken up in Portland.

Card of Thanks

Berlin, N. H.

My Dear Friends:—

I wish to thank you all for the kind remembrance, good will and friendship. It was very kind in you to remember me in that way. There will always be a warm spot in my heart for my associates at Burgess. Hoping I shall meet you all again.

I am very sincerely,

MARTHA FAGAN.

May 5, 1924.

From Another Part of the Mill

Miss Fagan resigned her position in the Brown Company nursing department the first of the month of May. She left at the Sulphite Mill a host of friends who deeply regret her departure. It is the general opinion of all the Sulphite Mill employees that her work has been the best possible. The unanimity of this opinion is truly remarkable, as well it might be for she has been prodigal of attention to her patients. The Relief Association in her departure have lost an efficient helper. There was a genial atmosphere in her first aid room and an assurance of painstaking attention graciously given. The employees of the mill presented Miss Fagan with a purse of money as

a token of the high esteem in which she was held.

Burgess Band

Sunday evening, May 11th, the Burgess Military Band gave its second concert of the season in the city hall auditorium before a record breaking attendance. The program was splendidly arranged and contained two of the best known opera selections, Martha and the Bohemian Girl. The beautiful melodies contained in these two selections are known to almost everyone and the prolonged applause following each rendition showed that they were deeply appreciated by the audience. Strauss' most famous waltz, The Blue Danube, was rendered in a fine manner and added much to the beauty of the program.

The many requests received by Bandmaster Stevens for a repetition of Cohan's successful musical comedy selection, "The Rise of Rosie O'Riley," influenced him to again place it on the program. The tuneful melodies of this selection have met with the approval of music lovers everywhere during the past season.

The band was again fortunate in obtaining the services of Mr. George Pinhero who sang two splendid numbers and generously responded to numerous encores. The piano accompaniments to Mr. Pinhero's songs were played by Mrs. Maud Clarke Barney in her usual artistic manner.

The splendid attendance at this concert was very gratifying to the members of the band who had worked zealously in order to do justice to the difficult program. The interest taken by the people shows to a very marked degree that a band program, well played and carefully selected, is greatly enjoyed by the citizens of Berlin in general.

The management of the band wish also to thank Mr. E. A. Steady and Mr. Earl Young for their valued assistance in making this concert a successful one.

THE PROGRAM

March	The Chimes of Liberty	Goldman
Selection From the Opera, "Martha"		Flotow
Vocal Solo	Selected	Mr. Pinhero
Reverie	Eternal Spring	Engelman
Selection, The Rise of Rosie O'Reilly		Cohan
	(By request)	

(a) An Orange Grove in California

Berlin

(b) So This is Venice

Warren

Vocal Solo Selected Mr. Pinhero
Waltz The Blue Danube Strauss
Selection Balfe
From the Opera "Bohemian Girl"
March of the Marines Brooke
The Star Spangled Banner

Mr. Stanley Cabana recently was appointed by the Boston Globe to act as its Berlin correspondent. With a little practice we expect him to write as fluently as he talks, and that is sufficient.

Miss Elsie Porter recently (that is about three weeks ago) entertained a visitor from East Angus. When our telephone operator, Miss Porter, is extra pleasant you may know she expects a visitor from East Angus, P. Q.

The electric shop crew have presented William "Spark Plug" Sweeney with a new auto. This machine was built by the crew so that Bill could get the 5 days he is always raving about.

Autowork, Ha Bill.

Mr. William Aikens has bought a 1924 Saxon car from Benjamin F. Dale.

In the final roll off of the doubles tournament at the YMCA, Hannah and Oleson defeated Ryan and Watt in a very close 10 string match. The score was as follows:

Hannah	920	Ryan	979
Oleson	955	Watt	884

1,875	1,863
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In the Berlin City League at the City Bowling Alleys, the Burgess team, composed of Ryan, Watt, Gonya, Laffin and McGivney is leading the league, closely pressed by the Berlin Mills Team and the Town Team.

High individual average, Oleson—93.

High 3 string total, Ryan—328.

High single string, Ryan—129.

High team single string total, American Legion—494.

High team three string total, Berlin Mills—1,409.

BURGESS RELIEF

ASSOCIATION NOTES

On April 19th, Herbert McLellan of the electrical crew was severely burned in the right hand, with an electric flash, while pushing in a switch. At the present writing his hand is healing very well.

On April 30th, Narcisse Letellier of the save-all crew, fractured two ribs. He was closing a door in the wood m and struck his chest against a

piece of iron on the door, causing the injury. He reports that he is getting along fine.

Forest Stewart of the maintenance crew has been removed to the sanitarium in Pembroke, suffering with lung trouble. His friends here in the mill will be glad to learn that since his confinement there, he is feeling much better.

Elphage Chaurest, who has been out since December 2nd, has returned to work. A heavy roll fell on his left arm, crushing same quite badly, also injuring the nerves.

Ed. Schambis of the chemical mill, who has been out since February 14th with a case of general nervous exhaustion, is reported to be much improved.

Edward Nolette, of the chemical mill, who was operated upon March 24th for appendicitis, is gaining rapidly and is expected back to work in a short while.

We are glad to have Joe Ramsey back on the job after his long illness and convalescence. Joe has put in many years of faithful work here.

BURGESS RELIEF ASSOCIATION

The indemnities for accidents and sickness for the month of April are as follows:

Lucien Martin.....	\$ 58.80
Elphage Chaurest.....	84.60
Felix Croteau.....	50.00
Phileas Gagne.....	55.20
Joseph A. Croteau.....	50.00
Patrick Peters.....	20.00
Robert Riva.....	87.50
Joseph Beaudet.....	66.40
Jeanne Albert.....	28.00
Chas. Rainville.....	12.00
Edmund Schambris.....	47.20
Geo. Gagniere.....	20.00
Amedie Labonte.....	60.00
Leon A. Noel.....	24.00
David Carrier.....	27.15
Edward Nolette.....	12.00
George Lessard.....	12.40
Mrs. Vincenzo Baldesara.....	24.00
Ernest Nolette.....	53.20
Adelard Laundry.....	78.15
John Litanovich.....	26.00
Charles Rainville.....	28.00
Peter Lavigne.....	48.00

Total\$972.60

APRIL ACCIDENTS

UPPER PLANTS

Serious accidents..... 0

Minor accidents..... 14
Without loss of time..... 39
Total 53

SULPHITE MILL

Serious accidents..... 0
Minor accidents..... 4
Without loss of time..... 24

Total 28

CASCADE MILL

Serious accidents..... 0
Minor accidents..... 12
Without loss of time..... 48

Total 60

LIST OF DEATHS

UPPER PLANTS

(Tube Mill)

Richard Sears was born October 30, 1868. He first came to work for the company at the sulphite mill June 9, 1916, and was transferred to the tube mill November 6, 1923, where he was working at the time of his death, May 10, 1924.

(Saw Mill)

Tof. St. Clair was born March 24, 1849. He first came to work for the company in 1865, where he worked until his death April 23, 1924.

CASCADE MILL

William Johnson was born April 6, 1866. He began working for the company at the Cascade mill, November 1, 1904, where he was working at the time of his death April 28, 1924.

LIST OF PROMOTIONS

CASCADE MILL

John Campbell from beater man to assistant beater engineer.

Wm. Tipert from baling man to weigher.

David Holmes from helper to acid maker.

William Gagnon from 1st helper to cook.

(Continued from Page 2)

One day after the king had fully recovered, he offered the stranger his freedom or the job of medicine man in the tribe, an exceptional honor. The stranger chose to return to his people and was escorted to the borderland with much beating of tom toms and shouting of good will.

A head of cabbage saved two lives that time. It has been saving lives ever since. Too much meat will undermine even a king's strength. Better turn the sod in your back yard and start planting your vegetables today. They will thrive in the spring rains and later on you will be very glad you have a home garden.

SAY IT WITH FLOWERS

BY A. K. HULL

LESSON III

IN beginning we will say that what we think about the weather is not said with flowers. According to our memory we are just about a month late in starting the season's gardening. It is plainly to be seen that one of the seasons of the year has been dropped. We jump from winter to summer. It will soon be so that the three seasons will be called July, August and winter. It is very discouraging for us young (?) ambitious gardeners to sit in the house with our plants growing up so tall, so lank and pale. All we can do is sit tight and hope and pray as the "Old Man" only knows how for the sunshine that puts the very life into our flowers and plants.

If we are fortunate enough to have a good fall, all will come out all right. Let us hope so, assuming you have plants ready to go out or will have some in due season. We would like to inform you, that there is as much or probably more in cultivation than in heavy fertilization. This applies to all vegetation. A fairly good crop can be produced on poor soil by much and proper cultivation, but little can be grown from the best of soil when not cultivated.

In tying up your tomatoes or any other plant, use some kind of soft twine and don't draw them up too tight, remembering all the time that the diameter of the stem you're tying is going to increase. It seems like Dumbell talk to say anything about watering now, but before the summer is over, no doubt some of you might need a little advice in regard to this feature of gardening. Frequent light watering is detrimental instead of beneficial to your plants. Folks think that if they take a hose and go over their gardens in ten minutes they have done a great job. If they will take the pains to investigate they will find that they have not even laid the dust except in spots. The ordinary hose nozzle does more harm than good. It is liable to injure the leaves and it washes and knocks the leaves of the plants around and cakes the soil. My way is to take the sprinkler off the watering pot and pour on enough every evening to last until the next one. Watering is a trick in itself and only practice

and observation will ever teach you to reach some degree of perfection. Please let all we have said about cultivation circulate freely through your dome, then take a hand cultivator or hoe and go to it, and also make it snappy.

Don't let the potato bugs eat up all your plants while you sit on the back piazza and smoke. Better not have anything to do with a garden if you have no desire or life enough to take care of one properly. If you have that tired feeling and from personal observation I know some of you do, just try this tonic: A couple of hours' work in the garden after supper or before breakfast. Well I guess we have said enough for one that doesn't know any more on the subject. Remember, please, that these articles were not written by a professional gardener, but by one who has from childhood had a great love for flowers and vegetation of all kinds, and all he knows has been accomplished by observation and intimacy with the great handiwork of nature.

In concluding will say that the most interesting thing in life is the study of nature that reveals such beauty and grandeur beyond description. Look around when the trees and plants are at the height of their growing season and see the vari-colored foliage and blossoms of so many shapes, formations and marvelous coloring, to realize what the hand of nature does with its paint brush. Where can one find greater recreation and more pleasure than in work among the great handiwork of nature? We must each have a hobby in order to keep ourselves fit for active duties, and anyone who works in office, mill, factory, store or bank will find that it is restful and fascinating to get out among some flowers and growing things for recreation. If you do not have a hobby outside of joy riding, why not try a small flower and vegetable garden? It is surely most absorbing. You will find after a little while, yourself so engrossed that you will forget your cares and worries of the day. Just to work with and watch their growth from day to day, and study the habits of the various plants will give you something worthwhile for the

small cost and labor involved. The boys and girls, even the little kids will enjoy and be attracted, for they in no small manner appreciate the beauty in nature.

We will now turn our pen over to Mr. Hennessey expecting him to write about his experiences at Portsmouth last summer and what his anticipations are in regard to the coming trip to Fort Terry in August. We doubt if much of it will get by the censors.

WHY?

Some of our readers have questioned why we published a picture of the Soldiers' Monument at Lancaster in the last issue of the Brown Bulletin. To tell the truth, it was not our purpose to boost the aspiring county seat at Lancaster. The fact remains, however, that at the outbreak of the Civil War, population in the Androscoggin Valley was scattered. Many of the men who enlisted from the valley did so at Lancaster and some of their names are upon the Lancaster monument. There is no memorial in this part of the county to the men who wore the Blue.

This year, William Blair of Gorham is Commander of the Department of New Hampshire of the Grand Army of the Republic. Although he lived in Milan at the time of enlistment, his name is upon the monument at Lancaster. This is true also of others.

We published it because we thought it right to remember the services of those who served with Meade at Gettysburg, with Burnside at Fredericksburg, with Sheridan in the Shenandoah, with Sherman from Atlanta to the sea, with Thomas at Chattanooga, and with Grant in the Wilderness, before Petersburg, and at Appomattox.



Windigo Fire Behind Boom and Drive Shed
Towards Sawyer Lake



UPPER PLANTS NOTES



The pink ribbon which is supposed to hold a hidden sparkler is still the subject of all conversation.

Charlie Baker is spending a few weeks in Cherryville, Maine, where he will seek to regain his former good health before returning to his desk in the window frame department.

Miss Orena Morris recently spent a few days in Portland. To all appearances it will take her some time to break away from her castle of dreams. Funny, what Portland will do to some folks.

Miss Dagna Oleson has given up her work in the purchasing department for a few weeks.

Edgar Morris enjoyed a three days' fishing trip lately. He has a good line of fish stories to pass on to interested parties. Anyone who is fond of going fishing will be greatly benefitted by interviewing Mr. Morris. By the way, he really did haul in several fairly large beauties—which show that he's a fisherman in spite of weather conditions, high water, etc.

No more "bobs"—as yet.

Rena Morris has joined the Fordites. She's got her little yellow slip of paper and all the necessary furnishings so that she is now a full fledged member of the Universal Club. It's a coupe. Want a ride?

We are wondering when we are going to have the privilege of enjoying another social evening together. They are too far apart. Somebody please start something.

The main office employees as a group and as individuals extend much sympathy to Eva Young who recently suffered the loss of her father, Mr. M. E. Young, who died May 11, after a long illness. Mr. Young was a prominent business man and a highly respected citizen.

We regret very much that Eva Young is not to return to her old desk in the main office. We shall greatly miss her in our work and in our good times. Eva is blessed with that pleasing per-

sonality which wins all hearts wherever she goes. We know that someone will profit by our loss and so with full hearts we extend our best wishes to her. And may all good things be hers wherever she goes and in whatever future course she may take.

The Roads of Our Autoists

To Boston—Maurice Oleson.
To Keezar Lake—Morris McCarty.
To Gorham, Me.—Ida Austin.
To Brown Farm—No-no-Nora.
To Lockes Mills and Bryant's Pond—Warren Oleson and Merle Philbrick.
Anywhere out of town—Rena Morris.
Most anywhere—Col. Berwick.

The main thing on the program now is—fishing. Every man who owns a fishing tackle, a little string and a few hooks,—or who has the cash to buy the necessary articles, stands a fairly good chance of being cross-eyed because of the perfect beauty of a fish that swims continually before his eager eye, too close for comfort. And because of this all-absorbing vision all things are changed. Hi Sing says these wise words as he shakes his head and makes gestures of disgust,—

White man all-a-time crazy now. No see wife—no see chillun—no see belly good dish oatmeal in morning. All-a-time see camp fire—big woods—much hot fry-pan—with fish—all gold brown—much tickle nose—much please tongue. All-a-time see running water—still water—fish in waters. All-a-time dream—dream—dream. Sick man—for fishing.

Oscar, our well known Swedish warbler, recently changed his desk around in order to keep his eyes on the girls of the accounting department.

McCarthy is overhauling his detachable marine engine. From all appearances the fishing season is approaching.

Frank Oeschger, our popular piano hound, is getting his motorcycle in shape for his second annual tour of the states east of the Mississippi. Frank starts on his two weeks' vacation next month, and says he is going to take them all in.

Grace Fiendel has gone and done it. Done what? Bobbed her hair of

course.

We wonder if Marian Brown has to pay double fare between here and North Stratford, on account of occupying more than one seat.

RESEARCH DEPARTMENT

Born, May 12, a son, to Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Webber.

Miss Bonneau of the office staff has taken Mrs. Webber's place as stenographer to Mr. Moore. Miss McKelvey has taken Miss Bonneau's place in the office, and Miss Gertrude Streete of Island Pond, has been engaged to fill Miss McKelvey's place.

Leo McGivney is a new employee at the tube mill.

The Jolliettes were entertained by Miss Studd and others by a May party at the Girls Club. The decorations were yellow and lavender and a dainty lunch was served. Each one was presented with a May basket.

H. P. Vannah has been elected secretary of the New Hampshire Academy of Science.

The courtyard between our two buildings has been fenced in, and under the direction of our landscape gardener, Fred Pilgrim, promises to be a cool and shady nook this summer—that is if the grass Fred sowed comes up.

Fudge, fudge, everywhere! Notice the signs? Ten cents for delicious bars of divinity or chocolate nut fudge in Miss Bonneau's office.

A recent bowling match was held between the "Bootleggers" and the "Square Heads." The latter defeated the former by 70 points. The Bootleggers consisted of Doc Wiggin, Mose Hescok, Fred Djerf, and Skish Oleson, while the Square Heads were Nils Johnson, W. Johnson, H. Johnson and Carl Michelson. Some match!

How is the house coming, Mac? Any one going by Mac's new house in Gorham, at any time of night, is apt to hear the strokes of the hammer, as Mac is pretty busy this spring on the repair end.

We extend sympathy to Miss Beatrice Hayes on the loss of her niece.

Business trips for the month included: Mr. Ritcher and Mr. Van Arsdel to New York, and Mr. Schur to Boston.

Dick Dickinson spent a week recently, at his home in Holyoke, Mass.

Carl Gunsel and Ike Webber are sporting new Dodge cars. Carl's is a

coupe, and Ike's a roadster.

Jere Steady has resumed his jitney service between Berlin Mills and the post office. Same fare as usual.

W. B. Van Arsdel and H. P. Vannah had papers at the recent meeting of the New Hampshire Academy of Science held at Randolph. Mr. Van Arsdel has been president of the organization during the past year.

J. H. Graff delivered the presidential address to the Young People's Religious Conference of Coos County at the banquet held at the Y. M. C. A. on the evening of May 16th.

Mr. Fred Pilgrim wishes to announce that those desiring small sized cans of his O I Auto Polish can find these on sale at Woolworth's 5 and 10 cent store. The price is 10 cents instead of 15 cents as recently announced through these pages.

Why Not Be True and Natural

The daylight saving plan is a broad and expansive field for discussion,—and why it should be so is a subject in itself.

However, when you peel the varnish off and get down to the bare boards, where is the argument? Is it not just a case of putting gilt paint on a rough stone and trying to believe it is a pure gold nugget? Is it merely a case of pure and simple and blindfolded imagination?

One of the most childish things about it is the fact that thousands of persons who are of the voting age strut up to the ballot box like a huge flock of bantam hens and roosters and airily slip their folded white paper under the lid—the same slips of paper in due time being the cause of thousands of supposedly intelligent human beings getting up at four, five, six and seven o'clock in the morning and they really think they are rising at their usual hour of five, six, seven or eight. Wonderful imaginations some folks have. Like to kid themselves into the belief that they are modern, up-to-date, when what they really are doing is letting Mother Nature stand back and laugh at them as she goes her own sweet, true way pitying them for their lack of vision.

So many millions of people are chasing after Mr. Greenback or that precious luxury, pleasure, that they will resort even to the puny trick of rushing Mother Nature, and of spinning old Father Time's hands around like a top. Perhaps, like a two-year-old child, they like to hear the "buzz."

Oh, it is so much nicer to get up with the birds and enjoy the fragrant morning air,—so much nicer to get out and enjoy the beauty and splendor of the sweet waking world,—so much nicer to take a shovel, spade, etc., and

get out to dig in the little two by twice garden. Yes, ever so much nicer. True—every bit. But why set the clock back to do it? Only one reasonable and acceptable fact—and that fact is the lack of will power. Living entirely on imagination, chasing rainbows and bright-colored phantoms may be an exciting game, full of alluring fancies and many agreeable surprises, but it is not the real and natural life, nor is it the true one.

When human beings get to that stage where they can use their heads, daylight saving will be but a petty joke. But at the present time there seems to be no hope of tickling up the grey matter in the thick and impenetrable domes of a few million of our population.

The farmer has so much more time to sow his seed,—so much more time to devote to haying, and so much more time to enjoy his flivver rides by having daylight saving. He used to get up at four, but—now he rolls out at three. He used to seek his bed at nine,—now it is usually ten or eleven. Question—what does it profit a man if he gets an hour of early morning light and loses two hours of needed rest at night? Oh,—a great and marvelous thing—imagination. Some folks can live on it, but most of them fail to thrive.

The housewife gets her wash out on the line before the sun has had time to say "Good-morning" to the clouds, hills and trees. In the evening she goes to the theatre or to Mrs. Ding-cum-fuddy's gossip party returning at ten instead of eleven. She has to tell hubby all the news and a few pluses. She has to give him her opinion of all she has seen and heard. She must have a bite to eat and a cup of coffee. Then she is ready to get into bed with

just time enough to turn over once and wink twice before the alarm clock rattles off its morning speech and it is another day—with ironing staring her in the face like a spectre. Great thing—imagination. Some folks live on it—but many fail to thrive.

It is nothing short of abuse to drag school children out of their beds at six or six-thirty every morning so that they can get to school on time, and then drive them to bed at night before it is dark. The streets are so tempting to youngsters who love to toss a ball, skip rope, play tag and hide-and-seek. And nothing is quite so nice as the great circle of land within the protection of the big street light. The kiddies love it. And to take it away from them is almost a crime. They are actually deprived of the best part of their day. Your children are—and the children of other people. And still—imagination is wonderful.

The boasting, pompous, I-don't-care fellows who think the whole world made for their individual wants, desires and pleasures are the ones who make the daylight saving law. They, however, do not have to pay in full for their folly. The children who do not want it have to pay and pay high. The business man, the financiers, common laborers, the farmers, the housewives,—they all have to pay.

There are sure to be mix-ups on the railroads, confusion among business houses and all sorts of disagreeable happenings among the communities where daylight saving is used.

After all—is there any argument for daylight saving? Why is not the true and natural way the only way?

Are we living on imagination—or we guided and guarded by the vision of reality? Are we real or are we "make believe?"

THE LOCATION OF FOREST FIRES

By JOE DAWE

A Short Treatise on their Location and Prevention

WITH the coming of spring with its attendant dangers from forest fires, a short treatise on their location and prevention may be of interest.

The aeroplane has been claimed by some to be the best means of location, both from the speed at which great distances are covered and the wide area over which it is possible to see from the height at which the plane travels.

There are, however, many admitted serious objections to the use of the plane for this purpose. Firstly, the actual cost of flying is probably not less than \$5.00 per square mile of area covered by the reconnaissance, and one or two accidents in the course of a season's flying will increase the cost enormously, especially if attended by loss of life. Secondly, reports received by plane are untrustworthy, for to obtain anything like a correct report on location, it is absolutely necessary for the pilot to be familiar with the country, not only on the ground but in the air. His knowledge must be such as to enable him to make a location within a few miles of a well-known landmark, with the correct compass direction from the point at which the fire-fighters would set out. This is absolutely necessary in districts which are only roughly mapped. He must also be able to locate on existing maps the seat of the fire, the direction in which and the speed at which it is travelling, and to make a fairly correct report as to the width and depth of the fire.

With a skilled observer this could easily be done provided that he were able to locate the fire at its inception, but if the fire have a good start and the surrounding country be overlaid with smoke, it is not only impossible for him to locate the seat of the fire, but he cannot tell the direction in which it is travelling, for between the start of the fire and the time of location the wind may have fluctuated in various directions and covered the whole area with a pall of smoke, which it would be impossible for him to penetrate. The observer may, in a case such as this, assume from various indi-

cations that the fire is at a certain spot and report it travelling at a certain rate and direction, that is to say the direction in which the wind is travelling at his altitude. But on the ground the wind may be in an entirely different direction, with the result that the party of fire-fighters on arriving at the point given to intercept the fire, would find it miles away in an opposite direction.

A case is on record where an aeroplane report of a fire was from the above causes over 30 miles out. The report also stated that it was a large and serious fire, whereas it was a series of small fires totally unconnected one with the other. Although serious, it was not of such a magnitude as had been reported. The result was a considerable loss of time in arriving at the actual location of the fires and a still further loss of time in splitting up the party to fight a series of small fires, when the error was discovered.

From these facts it would seem that except under very favorable conditions, the aeroplane if not actually useless, is not sufficiently reliable to warrant its use in fire location.

The location and prevention of fires has been greatly dependent on government fire-rangers, which in the past have been unsatisfactory owing to the unskilled material from which the rangers have been recruited. This service was and is assisted by private associations and railway employees. The disadvantages of this system is the lack of rapid communication. In many cases the ranger must travel a great distance in order to make his report. The fire may be a week old before action can be taken. There is also another great disadvantage, in that the easiest and most natural mode of travel is by water. This necessitates the ranger remaining at low levels except at long intervals, when he may climb a hill to look round the country. It is only by what may be termed accident that he stumbles across a fire at the moment of its inception. Should it get beyond his control he may have to travel many miles to obtain help.

Of late years rangers have been assisted by the erection of look-out

towers and camps placed on commanding heights of land. These towers are so placed as to cover a radius of about 25 miles, each tower having a reliable sketch map showing known points and distances in the area and being equipped with a telephone connected with other towers in the district and with headquarters. By this means accurate location and the direction of the wind can be given. The course of the fire can be followed until such time as the area is obscured by smoke. In the meantime other towers have located the fire and are reporting its progress and direction. By means of the reports from two or more towers, the exact spot of the fire can be laid off on the map at headquarters. It would seem therefore that the lookout system may be depended on for location and reports on progress.

The question of location having been dealt with, we come to the best means of rapidly getting the fire under control and this all depends on rapid transport.

It has been claimed that it is possible to transport sufficient men on a plane to subdue a fire before it gets out of control. To do this, the location must be accurate and it must be reported almost at the moment of its inception. Under these favorable circumstances it might be possible to transport sufficient men to get the fire under control, but again there would be very few places in the bush where it would be possible for even a hydroplane to make a landing and then probably miles from the seat of the fire. Under these circumstances the plane may be eliminated and it remains a question of providing good transportation by river and rail for a small or large body of men.

It resolves itself into the fact that a series of trunk roads should be constructed, leading from and to strategic points, capable of supporting trucks, lorries or wheeled traffic. Offsetting from the roads should be a series of trails, easy of travel to men loaded with tools and provisions.

These roads should be constructed on a cooperation basis by the various owners of limits and possibly with

government assistance and should be so mapped out that the roads and trails would combine one with the other to give rapid and direct transportation all over the district. If this were done and the country covered with a network of roads and trails, it would be an easy matter not only to get up fire-fighters from the headquarters of the owner of the limit affected, but all these roads being intercommunicating, it would be possible for owners of other adjacent limits to send help from other directions. With good roads of communication, the great difficulty of bringing up supplies would be obliterated.

Having assumed that good roads are a necessity for effectual fire-fighting, the question now arises as to whether, now that means of intercommunication have been made easy over whole dis-

tricts and the means of travel are not confined to the valleys, it would not be more economical to do away with look-outs and establish a series of effective patrols, by motor cyclists assisted by phones.

given areas. Phones should also be placed at various points in the area from which the patrol would report when passing, thus forming the equivalent to a time-clock system. If these patrols were effectively carried out, a great many fires would be checked almost before they had started and it would be known, and this is a very important thing, whether there were any trappers or campers in the area and a watch kept on them. To make this more effective, a law should be passed compelling persons going into the bush to report their arrival and departure to the fire station nearest their camp. In case they failed to report, the ranger should have the power to send them down to headquarters. The permit system now in use should be retained and more rigidly enforced.

It may be said that this is a most expensive solution but a little thought will convince one that such is not the case. The construction of roads would be the main expense, but, when it is taken into consideration that these roads will later be used by limit holders in their operations, the expense merely becomes an investment. Easy transportation is an important consideration to the jobber and will make a material difference in his price for cutting. There will be an enormous saving to the company in getting supplies into the bush and it will be found in time that the roads will pay for themselves. Limit holders who have built roads have already proved this. The number of men on patrol would not exceed the numbers required for look-outs and the cost of motor cycles

would not exceed the cost of towers. The cost of transportation of supplies to the rangers would be materially reduced by the use of trucks as also the time, which is money, in getting them there. Further, the roads would be available in the summer and winter roads would not have to be depended on as they are now.

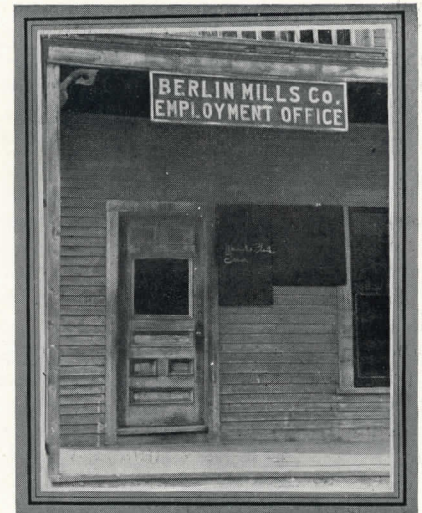
The cost of getting fire-fighters onto the scene would be negligible compared with the present cost and the saving in time in getting them there would represent thousands of dollars in property. The value of property saved in any one fire by having it reported early and by having fire-fighters quickly on the ground would probably more than pay for the initial outlay in that particular area.



Winter View of Fire Lookout Station on West Magalloway Mountain

A motor cyclist could easily travel the trunk roads and there is no reason why the trails should not be made available for him. A cyclist only requires a path 12 inches wide to travel on and 100 to 150 miles a day could be covered without fatigue by an experienced cyclist. A camp could be established at a suitable center in the area, connected by phone with the headquarters and adjacent camps, at which would be stationed two or three men, whose duty would be to patrol

ACCOUNTING DEPARTMENT, QUEBEC OFFICE. LEFT TO RIGHT: MARCEL SAVARD, C. E. GENEUREUX, C. H. MOTT, HENRI PELLETIER, W. L. BENNETT.



A New Kind of Work



ACCOUNTING DEPARTMENT, QUEBEC OFFICE. LEFT TO RIGHT: MARCEL SAVARD, C. E. GENEUREUX, C. H. MOTT, HENRI PELLETIER, W. L. BENNETT.

Farewell Party to Ralph McKinney

ABOUT one hundred and fifty men gathered in the gymnasium at the Y. M. C. A. on the evening of May 12th to give a farewell dinner to Mr. Ralph McKinney, who is leaving his position at the head of the electrical work at the Upper Plants in order to go to Boulder, Colorado, where it is expected that climatic conditions will benefit his wife's health. The character of the gathering was a tribute to the man, who for sixteen years has occupied positions of increasing trust and responsibility with the Brown Company. In it were men from the electrical crews, the offices, and the various social and religious organizations of the city.

The room was decorated in purple and white, while upon the railing of the balcony were displayed placards with the names of various Colorado cities, such as Steamboat Springs, Cripple Creek, Denver, Swink, Saw Pit, Rocky Ford, Fair Play, Wild Horse, Black Hawk, and Boulder. On the table in front of the seat of honor was a large steel-colored horseshoe with the words, "Berlin's Champion Horse Shoe Pitcher," a tribute to the prowess of Mr. McKinney in years past.

The orchestra was the Cascade product headed by the genial Al Perkins, who was assisted by Mildred Perkins and Tony Alati. The Pike's Peak quartette especially named for the occasion comprised George Pinhero, John Gibb, C. Arold Brown, and Walter Elliott. W. B. Van Arsdell, the well-known Methodist organist, acted as pianist.

Seated at the honor table were Mr. Ralph McKinney and his sons, Lewis and Bartlett, Rev. A. N. Chandler, Rev. E. W. Moore, Col. Oscar P. Cole, Secretary H. C. Flewellyn, and Messrs. George Abbott, H. K. Moore, Stephen Byrd, Ovide Falardeau, Walter Haines, C. T. Oleson, R. E. Pennock, R. E. Stillson, Arthur Martin, Oscar Robinson, and Dave Hazzard.

The menu was as follows:

Roast Beef	Boiled Ham
	Mashed Potatoes
Green Peas	Fruit Salad
Cake	Rolls
	Ice Cream
	Coffee

The program was as follows:

Rev. A. N. Chandler	Toastmaster
Blessing	Rev. E. W. Moore
Music	Perkins Orchestra

"Hunting Song".....Pike's Peak Quartette
"A Little Close Harmony"

Pike's Peak Quartette

Address.....H. C. Flewellyn

Tenor Solo.....George Pinhero

Address.....George Abbott

Tenor Solo.....John Laffin

Address.....Colonel Cole

Response.....Ralph McKinney.

Baritone Solo.....C. Arold Brown

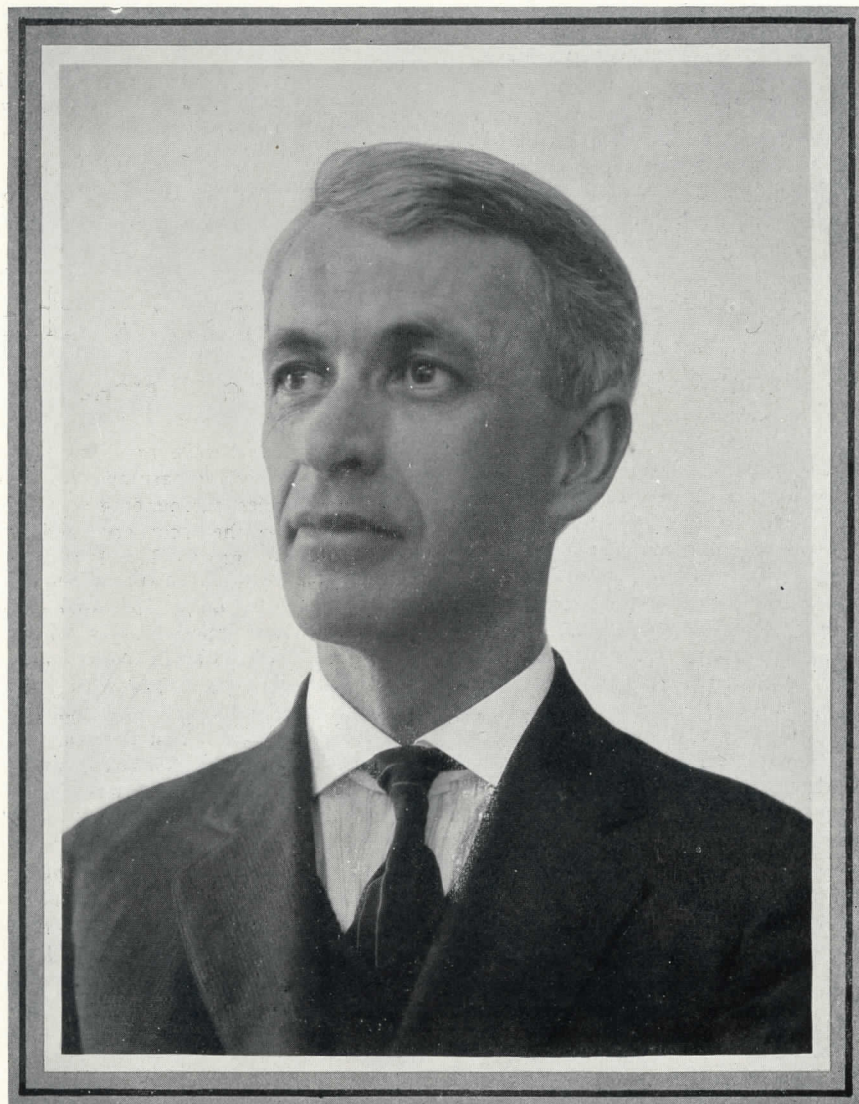
"The Rosary".....Pike's Peak Quartette

"Over the Ocean Blue"

Pike's Peak Quartette

Rev. A. N. Chandler, the Baptist minister, proved himself one of the ablest of local toastmasters. In the course of remarks preliminary to the introduction of the speakers, he

characterized Mr. McKinney as a good neighbor. He told the story of the philosopher living by the side of the road, who questioned the man whose moving van passed his door, as to the kind of people in the town from whence he came. The man expressed his pleasure at moving from such a town and described the people as poor neighbors. The philosopher told him that he would find the people the same in the town to which he was going. Another day he questioned a second man who was moving from the same town that the first had moved from and to the same town that the first had moved to. The second man praised the town whence he came and ex-



RALPH MCKINNEY

pressed his sorrow at moving away from its good people. The philosopher, however, consoled him, telling him that he would find the same kind of people in the second. Whereupon one who had heard both conversations took the philosopher to task for giving the two different men opposite answers. But the philosopher shook his head and defended the truth of both his statements. The man who found the first town ill would find the second also, because of his general attitude toward other people, while the man who left good neighbors in the first town would find people of the same sort in the second. He inferred that the tribute paid to Mr. McKinney by the men from many walks in life who had come there that evening promised that Mr. McKinney would, because of his own worth, find good neighbors among the mountains of Colorado as he had among the hills of New Hampshire.

In the course of his speech, Secretary H. C. Flewellyn of the Berlin Y. M. C. A. spoke of the quiet unobtrusive service that Mr. McKinney had performed as Director of the Y. M. C. A. since its organization twelve or thirteen years ago. He had been pleased to find in the membership lists

that a Mac is secretary of the Y. M. C. A. at Boulder and he imagined that there would be a conclave of Scots, when McKinney arrived. He expressed the best wishes of the members of the local Y for Mr. McKinney and voiced the hope that Mr. McKinney would return to Berlin.

Speaking for the management of the Brown Company, Mr. George Abbott stated that he had known Mr. McKinney for many years. Mr. McKinney came to the Riverside Mill about sixteen years ago with no skilled knowledge beyond that gained in an experience of six months at another mill. From there he had been transferred to the electrical crews at Burgess, where by intense application and study he had prepared himself for advancement. He had raised a family and proved his value to the community. He had been loyal to the Brown Company and, when needed, had willingly worked many hours in the day. During the period of his service, the company had grown from a consumer of 5,000 kilowatts to one using 33,000 kilowatts. Mr. McKinney had played a man's part in the development involved. The Brown Company owed much to Ralph

McKinney and would be glad to see him back, when his wife regains her health.

Colonel O. P. Cole, who learned his oratory under Trueblood of Michigan and his geography with Roosevelt and Wood in Cuba and with Pershing in France, could rightly accuse the previous speakers of stealing his thunder. In true congressional style he pictured the march of the English-speaking peoples slowly along the Mohawk trail, down the Ohio, and on across the continent and through the Colorado passes to California. In his pioneer journey, however, Mr. McKinney would go in much faster fashion along the way that was taken by the French explorers. He summarized all that had been said by previous speakers and on behalf of those there presented Mr. McKinney with a purse and wished him, "Godspeed and good luck."

Ralph McKinney in his quiet way expressed his appreciation of the good-fellowship shown. He had been asked to come that evening and had expected to find there some of the men of his crew. He felt that whatever success had been his had been due to those about him.

My Impressions of the Everglades

BY G. A. RICHTER

A December house-boat trip in Florida is a pleasurable experience, judging from the enthusiastic report given by Mr. G. A. Richter, Chief of the Research Department, in his illustrated talk, "My Impressions of the Everglades," before the Philotechnical Society, May 7th. There were harrowing experiences, of course, for the party, such as the battle with mosquitoes at Clewiston, the near disaster with the snake at the Lake, and the perils of swamp navigation whether by boat in the canal or by foot in the saw-grass,—or adrift on Lake Okeechobee. These troubles were easily forgotten, however, by the excursions to beautiful Miami and fashionable West Palm Beach, by surveys of the portions of the Everglades now under cultivation, by tours of sugar plantations and sugar mills by conferences with the leaders of the movement for development of the 'Glades, and last, but by no means least, a raid on a marsh where capable hunters bag

thirty birds before breakfast.

The Everglades are an area of 4,000 square miles surrounding Lake Okeechobee, in the southern end of the Florida peninsula. This lake is second in size only to Lake Michigan for bodies of water lying entirely within the States. Until recent years this lake swept over its banks with each seasonal rain and overflowed the flat area lying between it and the sea. As the lake water receded, aquatic vegetation, such as saw-grass, water-hyacinths, and rushes, made a year's growth, only to be drowned the next season. Their submergence in water prevented their subsequent dissolution. The series of growth extended over a sufficiently long period of time to give layers of this organic material eight and ten feet deep. Its fertility is high.

The combination of fertile soil and southern climates began to attract planters to this area about twenty-five years ago, following the start of the drainage movement. This question of

drainage is solved by cutting canals from the Lake through to the sea. The flood waters are carried off without the earlier overflow of the land. The canals serve also to carry off the water draining from the soil itself. These great canals are navigable and by means of a system of locks for controlling the depth of water in them, have become available to freight and passenger carriers. A road built of dried marl, or soft limestone, parallels the canals. This marl underlies the organic soil and when dredged up and dried out offers an unrivalled road-bed.

The communities that have sprung up on the Everglades have not reached the developed stage as yet. The hotels are small, the stores are few, and the houses are not pretentious. There is no lack of Fords, however. The settlers are truck gardeners who raise early vegetables for the northern markets. Celery, lettuce, spinach, small fruit, and tomatoes are the principal crops grown

by them.

Out in the undeveloped, though drained Everglades, there are three types of soil which may be distinguished by the predominant plant occurring there. Beginning with the saw-grass which grows in the wetter soil, there follows the elder-berry and custard-apple soils, the latter representing the dryer of the three soils. There are no trees in the 'Glades barring the few that are found on the occasional hummock.

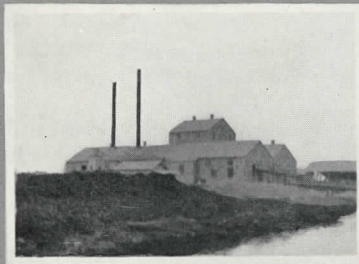
The suitability of the southern climate in the Everglades region is well

illustrated by the rich tropical growths found in the cities which have developed on the fringe of land lying between the Everglades and the sea. This fringe consists of sandy soil almost devoid of organic material, yet it supports the royal palm, orange and citrus trees, and an imported tree called Australian pine, which in less than ten years' time grows to a diameter of eight to ten inches at the base and to a height of over thirty feet. This tree is farmed on artificial islands built up from sand, marl, and coral pumped from the bay by huge dredges.

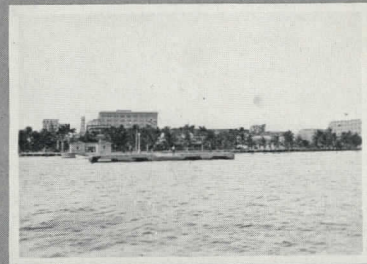
The future of the Everglades is indicated by the present success of two of the largest companies in there. These are sugar plantations equipped with sugar mills to take care of their own crops. One plantation has 5,000 acres under cane, the other very much more. Whereas a Cuban crop of twenty tons of cane per acre is a worthy standard, the Everglades planters are cutting thirty to forty tons of cane per acre yearly, with a yield of ten pounds of sugar per one hundred pounds cane.



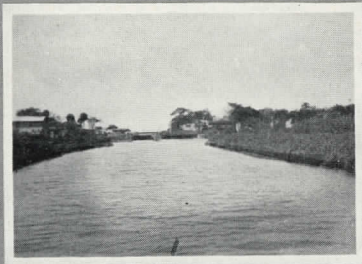
Miami



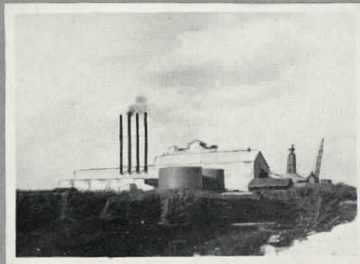
*Sugar Mill near
Lake Okechobee*



West Palm Beach



Everglades Community



Sugar Mill in Cane field



Dredge

Public Library Notes

Race—William McFee.

In this novel William McFee returns to the earlier matter and manner of "Casuals of the Sea," leaving behind him for the time being, the exotic scenes of the Mediterranean which concerned him in "Captain Macedoine's Daughter" and "Command."

Green Timber—Harold Bindloss.

It is a love story; a story of adventure upon the seas and in the Canadian woods; a story of high romance, with the flavor of bucaneer days; but above

all it is a story of achievement.

The Prisoner Who Sang—Joban Bojer.

The novel is not a mere series of appalling adventures. It is the story of a strange soul with tremendous curiosity about life and tremendous vitality. Part of the strength of its appeal for the reader is due to universally shared traits of humanity which this Andreas Berget shows forth to us. We are as readers pursued into the hidden fastness of our mind so relentlessly that at times we feel moved to cry out:

"There, but for the grace of God, go I."

The Mazaroff Mystery—J. S. Fletcher.

This is that rare kind of mystery story which discloses at once an important factor in the situation, but one which leads into the most baffling bewilderment. Marvyn Holt motors from London to Marrasdale Moor with Mr. Mazaroff who proves to be a charming and generous gentleman. Holt is amazed to hear from him that the district knew him years ago under a

ventures that surpass everything we different name—and the next day Mazaroff is found murdered. Throughout the whole course of the narrative there appear a varied number of characters deeply involved in the secret of the identity so boldly announced to the reader. But only the combined efforts of all concerned bring to light the reasons for the secret and for the interest of those who knew it.

Vindication—Stephen McKenna.

"Vindication" is perhaps Mr. McKenna's finest and bitterest social study in which he reveals again his uncanny knowledge of feminine psychology.

So Big—Edna Ferber.

"Living is just one grand adventure. The more kinds of people you see, the more things you do, and the more things that happen to you the richer you are."

King Tommy—George Birmingham.

A young man buys lavishly of the declining German mark—when the decline started. He found it was a steady and rapid decline and started to get something for his money—he got it good and plenty! Much intrigue and more humor.

Children of the Age—Knut Hansun.

People who enjoyed "Growth of the Soil" will like this book written of the decay of the old order of the proud Swedish German.

A Cure of Souls—May Sinclair.

The bitter portrayal of a man who thinks only of himself, his comfort, and his desires. Written in a clever and brilliant style.

Fidelia—Edwin Balmer.

A story of youth and romance, of marriage and sacrifice, of joy and sorrow. The alluring Fidelia awakens David and Alice from their dream of first love and brings them face to face with life.

The Black Gang—Cyril McNeile.

Bull Dog Drummond again in adventures that surpass everything we have read in a long while. A real hair-lifting tale.

The Green Archer—Edgar Wallace.

The Master of Mystery Story writing here depicts the ghost-like Green Archer who comes to haunt the castle where he was hanged centuries before.

Audacity—Ben Ames Williams.

Complications arising from a case of mistaken identity.

The Traveler in the Fur Cloak—Stanley Weyman.

A most romantic novel of the thrilling adventures and the escape of an English envoy from Austria through the turbulent German States.

Heirs Apparent—Philip Gibbs.

Youth, its problems, its scorn of middle-aged compromises.

Told by An Idiot—Rose Macaulay.

The story begins in 1879 when the wild young folks of the Victorian era are shocking their parents, the early Victorians, as those early Victorians shocked their own parents before them. It ends in modern times with our children shocking their parents and everyone wondering "what the next generation will be."

The Callahans and the Murphys—

Kathleen Norris.

A marvelous understanding of human nature, and in this instance the warm, generous, simple and lovable natures of the Irish-American families; their delicious humor and splendid courage makes an ideal and interesting story.

The Wrath to Come—E. Phillips

Oppenheim.

A story of world politics in 1950, of the partially worked out plan of disarmament; the newly formed alliance against America, and the wily schemes of the American Secret Service, gives us a thrilling story. One of the author's finest books.

The Dream—H. G. Wells.

Humorous, and intensely interesting is this book showing clearly the author's inventive genius in the telling of a story of today from the standpoint of 2,000 years ahead.

Lonely Furrow—Maud Diver.

"It is a novel dealing essentially with characters, with clash and counter-clash of temperament. From a quiet beginning it works up to a dramatic climax; but the drama springs more from hidden emotion and tension than from external incidents."

Bardelys; the Magnificent—Rafael Sabatini.

Written in the year of Louis 13th and the Rebellion. A story of adventure, love and intrigue that will give the most blasé reader a thrill.

The Fir and the Palm—Princess Bibesco.

A bright and interesting story of international society, a clever but poor girl, and the inner circles of diplomacy.

Wandering Stars—Clemence Dane.

An imaginative and mystical story of a wife's power and of a great actress' failure.

Her Crystal Ball—Elizabeth Marbury.

Miss Marbury, known to the public as an active dramatic agent and politician, gives in this book some interesting interviews and incidents concerning a great many well known people of her acquaintance. Among them are: Mrs. Wm. Waldorf Astor, Frances Hodgson Burnett, Charles Frohman,

Max Beerbohm, Oscar Wilde, Anne Morgan, Henry Adams, Emma Calve, and Irene Castle.

Prisons and Common Sense—Thos. Mott Osborne.

Shall our prisons protect society or remain breeding places of crime? This vital problem and its solution is brilliantly discussed by the man who has devoted his life to prison reform.

What the Butler Winked At—Eric

Horne.

"The autobiography of a butler for fifty-seven years in service with the nobility and gentry." "A first-rate book."—N. Y. Tribune.

The Friendship of God—A. Maud Royden.

The relation of religion to everyday life.

Poison Mysteries in History, Romance and Crime—C. J. S. Thompson.

True and thrilling mystery. The essence of a hundred mystery stories, the plots of a hundred dramas.

Sayings of Queen Elizabeth—F. Chamberlain-Dodd.

To Burghley, gouty:—"My Lord, we make use of you not for your bad legs but for your good head." One of the most absolute monarchs the world has ever known.

The Fabulous Forties—Mead Minnigerode.

A delightfully true picture of America from 1840 to 1850, the awkward age of America.

"And one is rather entertained, somehow, by the precepts that 'ladies should never dine with their gloves on unless their hands are not fit to be seen'; that if at dinner 'a lady should raise an unmanageable portion to her mouth you should cease all conversation with her and look steadily into the opposite part of the room.'" Page 81.

Everyone should read this book who is interested in old-fashioned manners, pictures, fashions (Godey's Ladies Book) or the theatre in the time of Booth, Patti, and Macready.

Books Due in This Month.

Sunlight and Song—Mme. Jeritza.

Personal Religion and the Life of Devotion—Dean Inge.

The White Devil of the Black Sea—L. S. Palen.

Damaged Souls—Gamaliel Bradford.

The Failure—Papini.

Library Catalogue

The first catalogue of the Berlin Public Library is being circulated to all who are interested. If you have not received one with your last book just ask for it at the desk the next time you pass the library.