

happy camp has gone! The mass of Hungarians, Italians and Irishmen have taken the former's place, the shack has replaced the latter. The shelters consist of old blankets stretched on poles, boards fashioned into a rough lean-to, anything in fact to keep the water off of them. Bosses are running to and fro, driving, cursing and driving again. Profanity taints the air, quarrels are frequent, beer is flowing and all is a stir. The steam shovels and the gauge are at work cutting and filling in the roadbed; next come the tracklayers; the bridge and masonry are also at work; the telephone, telegraph and signal corps follow in their wake; and the building crews are erecting the stations and other railway buildings.

In a few years we have, by the process of evolution, the railroad—the most valuable asset to any nation.

Yes, just a few years have passed! Once we viewed this region from a certain hill. Then it was a beautiful country vast in its undiscovered and unutilized resources. Now it is still more beautiful, labor and capital have increased its value tenfold. Farms appear along the road of iron so constructed from ocean to ocean—a link in the chain connecting two great worlds. Hark! there is a shrill whistle and down the track, drawn by a powerful locomotive, passes a train of cars laden with merchandise. Soon another whistle! But this time the train is of another character—it bears human freight. In short it is only another triumph of Science! Engineering may involve hardships, separation from friends and so forth, yet this healthy vigorous life is entrancing, doing good to mankind and posterity is enviable indeed, and after all it is with a feeling of pride that we reckon ourselves among “the men of no home.”

R. T. BOWES, '12.

