



INVITATION.

VISITORS are always welcome at *The Companion* building, and every opportunity is gladly given them to witness each stage in the process of preparing and issuing the paper. A guide is always in readiness to conduct them through the various departments, and to point out the principal features of interest. As practically the entire work of illustrating, printing, folding and mailing, in addition to all the details of business and editorial management, is carried on in this building, there is sufficient diversity of occupation to interest every one and well repay a visit.



New England and Other Matters.

THE new subway between Boston and Cambridge will not be in public operation until early in the spring, but the work upon this great undertaking is now practically done. It has cost six million dollars. On December 29th the first car was run the full length of the Cambridge part of the tunnel, and now trains of cars are being run all the way from Harvard Square to Park Street for the instruction of their crews and to test the tracks and gear. The whole distance is three and a half miles, and the running time will be eight minutes; the running time of the present surface cars is about thirty minutes. The new station at Park Street is below that of the subway now in use, and is about fifty feet below the level of the Common. Under Beacon Hill the subway is a hundred feet below the surface. The trains emerge from the subway near the shore of the Charles, and cross the river on the new Cambridge bridge. In Cambridge the subway extends from the river to Harvard Square, with two stations on the way. If the present plans are carried out, subways from Park Street to the South Station and also through the Back Bay will be built within the next few years.



ONE of the duties of the United States Geographic Board is to decide on the proper spelling of names of towns, rivers, lakes and mountains when local authorities differ. Some of the numerous and troublesome Indian names in Maine are given special attention in the latest list of decisions made public. Names that have hitherto been spelled in various ways are now declared to be spelled properly as follows: Caucomognooc, lake and river; Chenuquasabamticook, lake and stream; Nicatous, lake and stream; Nollesemic, lake; Squa Pan, lake and railroad-station; Sysladobsis, lake; Umbazookus, lake.



THE town of Ashburnham, Massachusetts, received a unique New-year gift. It was a complete water-system, to replace the present plant, which is antiquated and inefficient. The donor is a native of the town, Mr. Ivers W. Adams, now a retired business man of Boston. The cost of the new system will be about fifty thousand dollars, and Mr. Adams will bear the entire expense. His act may offer a suggestion to those prosperous and loyal sons of New England towns that are already well supplied with libraries, town halls, school buildings, pleasure-grounds and public memorials. Pure water, and enough of it, is a living necessity for every community, and the name of the man who provides such a supply may well be held in grateful remembrance by the generations that follow him.



A CLERGYMAN who has traveled much through rural regions expresses in the *Christian Register* his hope that the endowment of inns may in time become common in this country. He mentions two endowed inns in New England, one at Templeton, Massachusetts, and the other at Springfield, Vermont. These were presented to the respective towns by wealthy and public-spirited citizens. Several other good public houses are maintained in small villages at a constant financial loss, which is made up by individuals or organizations having the welfare and good name of the community at heart. The writer in the *Christian Register* recalls the fact that in ancient Judea and Syria public houses were maintained for the free use of travelers, sometimes by wealthy men, and sometimes as public institutions for which taxes were levied.



FOUNDERS of the New England educational system would never have dreamed of the debate recently held between the Chinese students of Amherst College and those of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, or of the meetings of the Cosmopolitan Club of Harvard, which is composed of students from many foreign lands. The world is much smaller than it used to be, and it is hardly more of an

undertaking now for a boy to come from the Orient to a New England college than it was a century and a half ago for one to come from the Berkshires to Boston. It would be a good thing for the bright boys of foreign lands, and a good thing for their native countries, if many more of them came to America to complete their education. And American boys also may profit by such associations.



FIGURES concerning the earnings of boys who are working their way through college are common; less common is it to see similar statistics regarding boys in the lower schools. A recent canvass of the Springfield, Massachusetts, vocational school shows that all but thirteen of the seventy-five boys enrolled there are earning money outside of school hours. They are machinists, carpenters, clerks, newsboys, chore boys, messenger boys, drivers of delivery wagons and furnace-tenders. One earns a dollar a week by polishing the brass work of automobiles; another gets two dollars a week for collecting rents; another works three hours every evening in a bakery. And all of them manage to have their share of fun and good, wholesome exercise. These boys will have an advantage in later years over their mates who at school learn much about spending money, and nothing about earning it.



THE large crops of the potato-raising states, to which there was a reference on this page last week, are not equal to the home demand, and millions of bushels will be imported in the next few months, most of them from Scotland. Usually this country imports relatively few potatoes, but last autumn the United States crop fell below the normal. When there was a similar shortage in 1909, eight and a half million bushels were imported, and it is not unlikely that as many will be brought in this year. The New York newspapers tell of British liners bringing as part of their cargoes from ten thousand to twenty thousand bags of potatoes, each of which contained a little less than three bushels. Last month those Scotch potatoes, after paying a duty of twenty-five cents a bushel, were sold in the New York market for a lower price than the New England potatoes, although, it is said, they are not inferior in quality.



AN EFFECTIVE INSTRUMENT.

A STORY with a grimly dramatic turn comes from the *London Nation*. John Bright, during a visit to Ireland, went walking one day in the County Tipperary. Seeing a man with his coat off, working in the fields, he went up and talked to him.

"Are you the tenant of this farm?" Bright began.

"Yes," replied the man.

"You have a comfortable place?"

"Yes, indeed, comfortable enough."

"You have a good landlord?"

"Yes, I have no complaint to make of him."

"He has made the place comfortable for you?"

"Not at all; all that you see I have done myself. I have built and drained and fenced and done everything with my own hands and my little bit of money."

"Then you hold under a long lease?"

"Not at all; I never saw the like. I hold from year to year."

"But, then, you must have great confidence in your landlord?"

"Yes, I have confidence enough. I think I am sure enough."

"But assuredly you must hold under some sort of instrument? You cannot be altogether at the mercy of your landlord, without some sort of security?"

"Yes, I do hold under an instrument."

"Ah, I thought so! Would you let me see it?"

"Certainly."

They then went into the house. The man walked straight to the fireplace and took down a blunderbuss that was hanging over it.

"That," said he, "is the instrument I hold under."



A MODERN ADAM.

BOBBIE has recently begun to go to Sunday-school, and takes the deepest interest in the Bible stories which he learns there. The account of the creation of Eve, says the *Milwaukee Free Press*, made an especial impression, and Bobbie repeated it with careful exactness to his parents on his return from school.

The next day, after he had been putting in a long afternoon of hard play, and had run about a great deal, he felt a pain in his side, and his mother found him lying on his bed, crying bitterly.

"What is the matter with my little boy?" asked his mother, sympathetically.

"I'm getting a wife!" sobbed Bobbie.



A "SPORTY COURSE."

"OLD Tom" Morris, the famous golf professional of St. Andrews, was once shown the moon through a good-sized telescope which belonged to Colonel Allen, then a resident of St. Andrews.

His only comment, according to *Golf Illustrated*, was:

"Eh! She's terrible fu' of bunkers!"