



## Engineering Levels Mountains

The Pack Train has become a relic of the past, along with the Prairie Schooner. Modern methods of transportation have leveled mountains, brought San Francisco nearer to New York, and widened the markets of all our great industries.

And the engineering brains and energy, that have developed transportation to the prominence it holds in the business of the world today, are no longer employed in improving means of overland travel alone. Street Railways, Elevator Systems, Inter-urban Lines and Improved Shipping Lines—these are some of the accomplishments of engineering in the development of better transportation.

Neither have the builders of such systems been concerned only in the actual hauling of people and materials. A study of the methods of handling passengers and freight at the large terminals has developed the Terminal Engineer, who has greatly improved existing

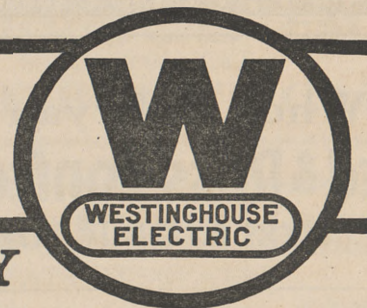
methods, and has developed entirely new ones, as well.

Engineering, as it is applied to transportation, has had to concern itself with many kinds of materials and many ways of handling them under all manner of circumstances. For instance the problems surrounding the handling of iron ore, in bulk, are vastly different from those encountered in moving any one of the finished products manufactured from iron ore, that must also be transported in large quantities. But Engineering constantly meets each situation with improved transportation facilities.

Industry, as a whole, and the nations and the people of the world owe much to the engineers, associated with such large manufacturing industries as Westinghouse. They have not only brought about vast improvements, but they have done so at a constantly decreasing cost to those who derive the greatest benefit from them.

# Westinghouse

## ACHIEVEMENT & OPPORTUNITY



### Freshman Logic.

Prof—How much does a six pound shell weigh?

Fish—I don't know.

Prof—Well, what time does the twelve o'clock train leave?

Fish—Twelve o'clock.

Prof—Then what is the weight of the six pound shell?

Fish—Twelve pounds.—Juggler.

Fish—What's the matter with Mr. Ashburn's eyes?

Soph—I don't know, why?

Fish—I was in his office yesterday asking for a furlough and he asked me twice where my hat was, and it was on my head the whole time.

### A Tragedy.

She laid the still, white form be-

side those that had gone before. No groan, no sign from her. Suddenly she let forth a cry that pierced the still air, making it vibrate into a thousand echoes. It seemed as if it came from her very soul. Twice the cry was repeated and then all was quiet again. She would lay another egg tomorrow.—Pennsylvania Farmer.

### Her Strong Point.

A little girl of five was entertaining the callers while her mother was getting ready. One of the ladies remarked to the other with a significant look, "Not very p-r-e-t-t-y," spelling the last word.

"No," said the child quickly, "but awful s-m-a-r-t."