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Tickets will be sold July 12th to the 29th inclusive.

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Allowed west of Missouri river in both directions within Homeseekers' territory.

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Will be made at Shoshoni and Lander, Wyo., commencing July 16th and ending July 31st, 1906.

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**"Old Home Week"**

Back to the home of childhood; back to the old, old days;  
Back to the dear old wildwood; back to the old home ways,  
Where our young feet strayed in the sun and shade,  
And we gaily roamed in the flow'ry glade;  
When life was a dream in a gnome-land laid,  
And all of the unsought future was bright to our youthful gaze.

Through each field and glen of the golden Then

Once more our feet are straying,  
And we catch the breeze in the old, old trees

That sweet old chants are playing.  
We tread the paths through the dear old grove;

And delve in memory's treasure trove,

And the tired Now in the old Then blends

And we grasp the hands of our playtime friends;

And a new light shines in our weary eyes

As the old, old tunes we're humming.

For we've laid the load by the dusty road

To haste to the Old Home Coming.

Through the quiet street our eager feet

The way to the old house taking.  
To our eager sight on the left and right

The old-time scenes are breaking.  
We stand once more in the dim old hall

While memory's echoing voices call.  
We catch a glimpse of a sweet old face

That used to smile by the fireplace,  
And the old love lies in those dear old eyes

That memory bring to greet us.

And we see once more that form of yore

That memory brings to meet us.

Back to the home of childhood; back to the old, old days;

Back to the dear old wildwood; back to the old home ways,

Where we dreamed youth's dreams midst the golden gleams

That played on waves of the rippling streams;

When life was as light as the noon sun's beams,

And all of the unsought future was bright to our youthful gaze.

**Rambling Thoughts About a Variety of Things**

Last week you went back to the old home, persuaded by the beautiful and touching advertisements of the railroad companies about "Old Home Week." It had been well nigh twenty years since you visited the old home town, and having a few days of comparative idleness you decided to revisit the old scenes.

Of course you had a good time. That was assured before you started. But amidst the good times of that visit there appeared many a memory that saddened you. You discovered that the old court house which seemed a veritable castle in your youthful days is merely a very small building wholly lacking in architectural beauty. The residence of Judge Blank, which was the pride of the community when you were a boy, is a very cheap cottage

compared with the residences that surround you on every side at home. The sidewalks on the business streets are narrow, the stores dingy, the streets dusty, and the same old, dilapidated hitching rack surrounds the public square.

You were at the old home town only a few days until you learned that most of your old companions long since moved away, that many of them are dead, and those who remain grown so old and sedate that it gives you a shock to think you are as old as they. You have never felt your age so much as when one of your old chums introduces you to his son or his daughter, and find that the boy or the girl is as old as you were when you packed up and struck out into the world for yourself.

The old creek where you used to swim and fish, and which was a noble stream when you were a lad, is now a very insignificant, muddy and sluggish creek, and you can scarcely believe it when your old companions tell you that it is fully as big as it ever was. On your way back to the old home you hug yourself with joy at the thought of going down to the old swimming hole and taking another header from the oak stump on the high bank. But when you wander down to the old swimming hole you change your mind and wonder how anybody could ever have taken any pleasure in wallowing around in that dirty water. Then you wander back to the hotel and take a bath in a bucket in your room, muttering because you can not tumble into a porcelain bathtub and have a real, genuine, refreshing bath.

You pause on the corner by the old grocery store and listen for a few minutes to the "village oracles." Then you pass on. The men you once thought the possessors of all wisdom, are discussing very trivial things with an air of great importance, and you saunter on, wondering how you ever conceived the idea that those men were wise. When you left the old town you had your fortune yet to make, and when you get back you are prosperous, well-to-do, and a factor in the business and social life of your home city. It comes as a shock when the men back at the old home confess by their queries that they have not heard of you for years and really never knew what became of you after you left the old home. Somehow or other you fancy that they would have heard of you and mentioned you with pride to strangers had they only been a little more particular about keeping up with the times.

As a matter of fact, unless you happen to have some near and dear relatives at the old home your visit is likely to become somewhat of a bore after the first day. The really bright spot is in meeting some of your old school chums who have been content to remain near the home nest. You get off by yourselves in the shade of the old trees in the court house yard and spend a few happy hours recalling the old school days and inquiring about the old schoolmates. But this pleasure is alloyed by the reports of the untimely death of this one or that one. "Jack" Welch—died in the hospital at Santiago. "Billy" Korns—squeezed to death between the bumpers of a freight train. "Ted" Stanley—the broken down dissolute whose end

was prophesied by his lack of restraint while a schoolboy. "Spike" McGraw—and there you feel proud that you were "Spike's boyhood chum, for "Spike" met the death of a hero. He held the throttle of his engine in a vain endeavor to save his train and its precious burden when he might have escaped by deserting his post. You just knew "Spike" was that kind of a fellow, for he was the boy who invariably took the part of his weaker playmates, and it was "Spike" that finally met the town bully in pitched battle and at last whipped him to a frazzle, and all because the town bully "picked on" some of the little fellows.

There was a ball game while you were back at the old home, and you went down to the old ball grounds—the same old grounds you played on long ago. You felt young and spry as you walked over, but when you got there a lot of things happened to make you realize your age. There was a brawny young fellow behind the bat, right where you used to play. He was just about the age you were when you were making a record as an amateur catcher, and it comes as a shock to learn that he is the son of one of the boys who used to play with you on the old team. Nearly every member of the team is a son of one of the old schoolmates, and somehow or other you forget to watch the fine points of the game and let your mind hark back through more years than you want to acknowledge.

One of the last places you visit is an old frame house that sits back from the street in the shade of peach and apple trees. You have saved that as the crowning pleasure of the visit, and yet, somehow, there is a pathos about the pleasure that gives a pain. In those old rooms you worried about your lessons, or prepared your tackle for the Saturday fishing trip, or planned great deeds for your mature years. And in that corner bedroom—the one whose window looks towards the east—you were called one never-to-be-forgotten night, and there received the farewell kiss and blessing of the best woman God ever made—your mother. You wouldn't miss standing once more in that old room for all the wealth of the Indies, and yet it tears your heartstrings and the dry sobs make your throat ache. Through the mist that dims your eyes you look back through all those years and see again that dear old face. You see again the sister and the brother, who knelt with you by the bedside while the wan and fevered hand of a noble woman caressed your hair, and you see again the bowed form and the stricken face of the strong man who stood there, tearless and rigid because he did not want to make the parting harder for you and the companion of his bosom through the weary but happy years that had slipped into the past. You turn away from that little house and with weary steps and slow return to the hotel. You feel that your visit is over. There is nothing left there for you. Nothing? Ah, the grass-covered mound in God's Acre, just over the hill beyond the town. And there you kneel and let loose the flood of tears that has been beating for egress ever since you caught the first glimpse of the old town upon your visit.

Then you pack your grip and take the train for home—home where duty lies and where loved ones wait for you. The greatest pleasure of the visit back to the old home comes as your train is speeding homeward, for memory is busy. You close your eyes and see the old scenes just as they were in those long dead years. You recall old friends whom you did not recall while wandering about the village streets. And amidst the troop