

MAINE CENTRAL MAGAZINE



JULY, 1924

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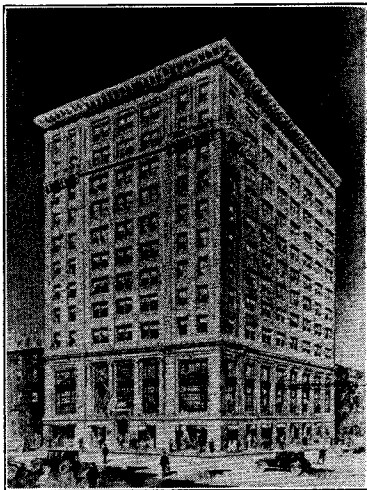
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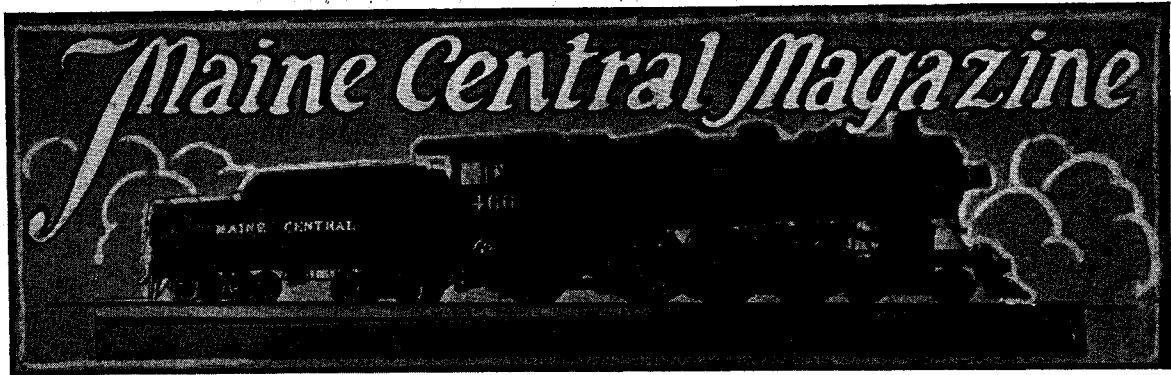
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Vol. 1

JULY, 1924

No. 7

Colorful Scenes At Union Station

Picturesque Thousands Daily Pour Through the "Gateway of Maine" — Regiments of Boy and Girl Campers on Vacation's Opening Week—Some Lessons in the Efficiency of Modern Service.

IT HAS seemed, in the last three weeks, as though all the world passed through Union Station at Portland. Certainly every state, and probably every foreign nation, has been represented.

For Union Station is the great gateway to Maine. From here the Maine Central Railroad Company's network of lines radiate to the lakes, to the streams, to the coast, to the deep woods—in short, to every point in this National Vacationland. * * * It is the gateway, as the American people are coming more and more to understand, to a summer elysium whose charms are wholly without parallel.

—XXXX—

The general closing of the schools on June 28, let loose the tide of tourist travel which poured through this Union Station and seeped into Maine's every crevice and corner. And what wonderfully animated, vividly picturesque scenes the big station has presented day by day! It is lively enough at all times; but in these golden weeks of early summer it is the setting of a picture—or rather a series of pictures—fully as metropolitan, and infinitely more varied, than you would expect in the terminal stations of great cities. It is the seething, picturesque, colorful show

The growth of business at the ticket office, Union Station, Portland, may aptly be termed remarkable.

Twenty years ago this ticket office had a force of seven persons; today there are thirty-four.

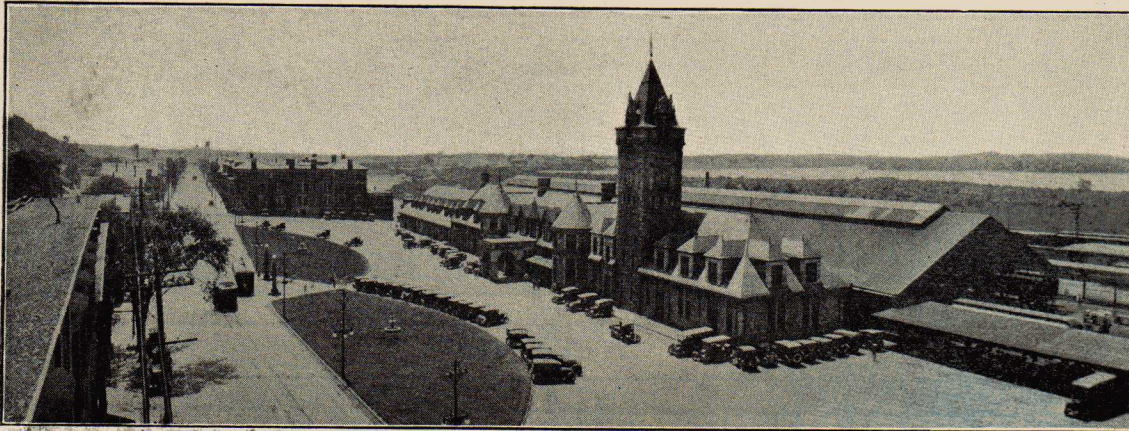
Twenty years ago it had one telephone, over which came, daily, from a dozen to twenty inquiries. Today there are eight clerks whose sole duty it is to answer calls—which, on at least one memorable day, numbered eighteen hundred.

In other departments of the station the increase is almost equally noticeable. Twenty years ago, twelve special cars were sent out from Portland, to convey boy and girl campers in this vicinity to their homes. This year there will be eighty-eight.

place of Portland—albeit there are those who don't fully appreciate the fact.

Take a look at the scene unfolded in one of the rush hours: Porters in smart uniforms and red caps. Taxi-cabs in battalions. Baggage and mail piled, sometimes, mountain high. Long, long trains, running in extra sections—a dozen Pullmans in some of them. And the people—the advance guard of a nation visiting Maine! The crowds that surge into Railroad Square are not so much objects





Unusual View of Union Station, "Gateway of Maine," Taken for the Maine Central Magazine from Roof of the West End Hotel. Station at Right; Maine Central General Office Building at left.

of interest—they are mostly "home folks;" it is those who are passing through. Girl campers by regiments, in the frankly serviceable costumes once thought so impossible, but, in the last three years, sanctified by summer fashion as entirely necessary. Ziegfeld's chorus has nothing on them whatever as they come swarming from the cars. Boy campers, also in regiments: young America in the making. They go largely to community camps, now highly specialized features of our summer life, that cluster along many inland lakes and streams. And the adult groups—could they possibly be more varied? You see, they represent all America—from the very rich, in the drawing rooms of luxurious Pullmans, to those who have made genuine sacrifices for their fortnight in the life-giving air of Maine.

—○○○—

"How many go through each day?" a high official was asked.

"It is not possible to say," he answered.

"I would not care even to guess."

"Hundreds?"

"Thousands."

"And each week?"

"Tens of thousands."

"Are there as many as last year?"

"Fully as many. I think there are more."

Another official said: "Conservatively estimated, there are 3000 daily."

Details of the Maine Central's summer train service have been widely published and need not be repeated here. Nine trains

were added on the Portland division, and there were numerous changes in the running time of trains already in service. The Rockland and Bar Harbor expresses, with their special dining cars and through connections with New York, Washington and Philadelphia, are especially appreciated by those who go to the exclusive coast resorts.

—○○○—

Specifically, in the week of June 29, one hundred special cars filled with boy and girl campers left Union Station over Maine Central lines for points east. The campers will begin returning home on August 26, special cars from Portland alone being run as follows: August 26, five; 27th, nine; 28th, 20; 29th, 12; 30th, 18; 31st, 6; September 1st, 4; 3rd, 7. Those on August 28 will go to Philadelphia and Chicago; those on September 1 to Philadelphia and New York; all of the others to New York only.

The new "order table"—which differs from an ordinary telephone switchboard or branch exchange chiefly in that messages are received and answered but are not sent—is now working finely. Here five operators give general information regarding train service, and three confine themselves to Pullman reservations. Eight telephone operators to answer questions and respond to requests—and, believe us, they are kept busy! There are five others on the inter-phones, and nine sellers at the ticket windows. These figures alone give an idea of the volume of summer travel—and also of the ease,

(Continued on Page 16)

"Good Old Days?" Ask Bill Locke!

He's a Believer in the Present—Railroad Service to the Public Actually Cheaper, In Some Instances, Than Forty Years Ago—How He Once Kept Time From Hanging Upon His Hands



WILLIAM LOCKE—known with affectionate brevity as Bill Locke to everyone throughout the system—began his career as a railroad man 44 years ago. His first job was as station agent at Fryeburg—then on the Portland and Ogdensburg railroad; now on the Mountain Division of the Maine Central.

Fryeburg station, in this year of grace, 1924, employs three men and a woman. But in those more simple days, when you saw Mr. William Locke, you saw the entire crew. He did all the baggage work, all the freight work, all the ticket work; and to prevent time from hanging heavily on his hands, or anything like that, he kept the station stove filled with wood, helped load wood into the engines, and operated the telegraph. One thing he wasn't required to do was operate switch lights, there being then no night trains.

In 1889 Mr. Locke came to Portland,—a Portland very different from the metropolitan city of today, and a Maine Central very different from the great system that has spread its network of rails over three New England states. There are 517 persons now in the general offices—a whole city block of red brick near the Union Station; then, in one tiny wing, there were 47 persons — officials, clerks and all—not forgetting Walter C. Adams, the negro errand boy, who appears to have been something of a character. Arthur Sewall was the Maine Central's president, and Payson Tucker, of beloved memory, its general manager.

Mr. Locke's first job in Portland was clerk in the general freight office at \$50 a month—which was \$15 more than he had been getting at Fryeburg. "And I suppose," ventured the reporter, with lively recollections of others who had spoken of the 'good old times,' "you could live better than on four times that amount today?"

"Not by a darned sight!" replied Mr. Locke, promptly.

"You got \$50 a month?"

"Yes."

"And what did it cost you to live?"

"About sixty."

To be sure, he explained, coal was \$5 a ton; eggs were purchasable, if you knew where, at 95 cents for

nineteen dozen; he paid \$12.50 a month rent for an entire cottage house. "But that \$12.50," he said, "represented a fourth of my whole salary; and there were several things—cotton cloth, for example—higher then than they are now."

He remained a clerk until 1897, when he went on the road; and he has been on it, in one capacity or another, ever since. At present he is traveling freight agent on the Mountain Division. The traveling freight agents—there are five—were formerly "turned loose," to cover the system as they pleased; but now they are assigned to territory.

Asked to state in one paragraph the conclusion reached through his long, long years of service—whether or not he would be a railroad man had he his life to live over—Mr. Locke replied:

"You bet I would! There are no finer people anywhere. If the people were half as square with the railroads as the railroads are with the people, it would be a better world!" A little later he added, with characteristic emphasis:

"Take any gathering of men, and 95 per cent. of 'em know all about how to run a railroad. The other five per cent.—the railroad men themselves — admit they don't know anything about it!"

Which, when you stop to think of it, is pretty much true of human nature and of every business.

Comparing, in another fleeting glimpse, old times with the present — and

showing that, contrary to popular belief, the public didn't always get so much more for its money then than it does now—Mr. Locke recalled that in 1881-82 the fare from Fryeburg to Portland was \$1.35—round trip, \$3. And the railroad could keep it all. Now the fare is \$1.31, or four cents cheaper; and out of that the State of Maine gets five and one-half per cent. No—the "good old days" were not always so good, from the public point of view! Everybody knows that railroad service is infinitely better now than a half century ago; but how many know, or stop to realize, that at least some of this service is given the public at lesser rates?

Asked for the best railroad story he had ever heard, Mr. Locke recalled the once famous order issued by

A Bit of Finance

Forty years ago, when Mr. Locke was station agent at Fryeburg, freight rates were lower than they are now. But listen to the following:

"The carload rate on flour," he said, "was \$22.50 from Fryeburg to Portland. Now, if a carload was shipped from the west over the Mountain Division, and dropped off at Fryeburg, they made us pay freight on it to Portland—plus the charge from Portland back to Fryeburg. It was just as though that car had been clear through to Portland and then returned to us. In other words, we paid \$22.50 more in freight charges for flour than they had to pay in Portland, fifty miles beyond."

(Continued on Page 31)

Maine Central Magazine

O. A. SHEPARD, Editor

Published Each Month by the Maine Central Railroad Company, and devoted to the interests of the company and its employes.

Communications by members of the Maine Central family, and by all others interested, will be gladly received. They may be addressed to magazine headquarters, Room 244, 222-242 St. John street, Portland.

Advertising rates made known upon application.

JULY, 1924

Editorial

Varied Interests

A few days ago, as told elsewhere in this issue, a group representing hundreds of railroad workers met in a Bangor hotel. The discussions related wholly to industrial affairs.

Soon afterward, hundreds of miles away, another group met in a hotel nationally famous for its comforts and beauty. The members of this group were largely visitors from New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and other large cities. Their discussion related to plans for summer pleasure—how best to spend golden hours in a paradise of lake and hills.

These meetings—one of wealthy tourists, the other expressing the earnest, thoughtful sentiments of independent labor—seemed to have nothing in common. And yet both related to the Maine Central Railroad. The first was by Maine Central employes; the second was by guests of a Maine Central hotel. One far-reaching company had made both possible.

This is what first impresses, perhaps, those who become associated with the Maine Central Railroad Company—its wide diversity of interests. The sort of interests, we think, that upbuild communities, that furnish the industrial life-blood to states. Yes—interests with which the prosperity of Maine is so interwoven that the success of one must inevitably mean the success of the other.

It is a big, big subject. A few paragraphs cannot do it justice. But is it not worth thinking over?

Jottings

Sunday before last the writer of this paragraph found himself at Old Orchard, where people were spread so thickly along two miles of shining sand that the tide had hard work coming in. There were enough to have populated a metropolitan city. He had not been there very long when he ran into a group from Lewiston, his former home; a few minutes later he met another group. Then he found Lewiston residents in battalions.

"What's the idea?" he asked. "An old home day?"

Then they told him. Connecting train arrangements each Sunday, thanks to the Maine Central's summer schedule, make Old Orchard—although forty or more miles from their city—surprisingly easy of access. Leaving Lewiston at 8.10, on the train from Waterville, they arrive in Portland in time to connect with the B. and M. train that reaches this most famous of Maine resorts—a little after ten. Returning, they leave at 5.07, connect with the Maine Central in Portland at six, and get home almost in time for supper. A whole day at the seashore—with a minimum of travel and discomfort!

On the other hand, Taylor Pond, six miles from the heart of Lewiston and the logical playground of its population, has no rail transportation at all. The only way to get there, if you are not so fortunate as to own an automobile or find one of the infrequent "jitneys," is to walk. Old Orchard, to all practical intents and purposes, is thus brought much nearer. Which explains in part, perhaps, why the writer met so many from Lewiston on this golden Sunday afternoon. Probably there was a proportionate outpouring from Waterville, had he known any from that city.

Just one little example, noted at random, of the Maine Central's contribution to the sum total of summer pleasure.

Special advance sheets of the New York Central Lines Magazine, sent a few days ago to the editors of all other railroad publications and to the daily press, contain an interesting and somewhat significant story. It is to the effect that the New York Central Veterans' Association has acquired a fine camp on the shores of Lake Placid, in the Adiron-

(Continued on Page 23)



The Maine Central Family

A Wide Variety of Personal Paragraphs,
Pictures and Stories from the
Three Divisions

As Engineer Benjamin Staples, Train No. 1, was pulling onto the bridge between Benton and Fairfield a few mornings ago, a dog at the other end came within his range of vision. Just a small collie dog, sadly bewildered and frightened at the steel death tearing down upon him.

Engineer Staples deliberately slowed his train, giving the frightened animal time to collect his wits—if dogs do collect their wits—and scramble out of the way. The little act of kindness didn't pass unnoticed, as Mr. Staples supposed it would—for an eye-witness told the newspaper boys about it.

"You learn a lot about people on these trains. You get so you can pick out the real folks the moment your eye rests on them; and you also know the other kind. They may think they fool us—do think so sometimes—but they're only kidding themselves."

Introducing "Patsy"

Just as this issue of the Magazine is going to press, the New England Association of Railroad Veterans is due to meet in Pythian Temple, Portland; the session will be ended by the time these lines are read.

The Association, which was organized in 1912, has a membership of nearly 10,000—all employes of New England roads, who have been twenty years or more in service. Included in this membership is every president, general manager and superintendent.

Supt. Charles H. Priest of the Portland Terminal Company is among the local speakers, and Harry O. Noyes, also of the Portland Terminal Company, is one of those in charge of arrangements. This is a special meeting, and its object is to interest eligible railroad veterans of Portland, and of Maine generally, in the Association's work.



This is "Patsy," the high-powered motor boat connecting Greenville Junction with the Mt. Kineo House, beautiful and nationally famous Maine Central hotel.

Patsy is built of mahogany, is lighted by electricity, and is driven by a 225 h. p. engine. She is upholstered in velour and Wilton carpeting, and a trip in her has all the exhilaration of an automobile ride by water. In fact, she resembles an automobile made sea-worthy. And she is as speedy as she is beautiful, being capable of thirty miles an hour.

If you who read these lines happen to own an automobile, here's an idea for a good trip: Go to Greenville Junction, leave the automobile in a garage—there are ample facilities—and let Patsy take you to the hotel. The manager will send her to meet you, if you write or telephone him when you are coming. Your visit can be as long or as short as you desire.

Here, with Portland as a starting point, is an ideal trip: Route (Blue Book) 604, Portland to Augusta, 65 miles; route 621, Augusta to Newport, 50 miles; route 625, Newport to Greenville Junction, 57 miles. Convenient routes can easily be figured by the residents of other cities.

Joe Davidson, one of the Maine Central's veteran train boys, found his picture on the front page of the Lewiston Evening Journal a few days ago. And the picture was accompanied by a half-column interview, written by Sam E. Conner, of the Journal staff.

"There are few men merchandising on the trains who are better known and liked than Joe," writes Mr. Conner. "You've simply got to like him, whether you really care to or not." And he quotes Joe as uttering this cheerful philosophy:

"To be successful on a train, you've got to be good-natured. It's the smile, not the grouch, that gets you across with the public. . . . On this job it is a constant study of human nature. You have to study the passengers on each train and each car of it, and conduct yourself accordingly.

"Did you ever see me go down through a car, not sell a thing and come back scowling? You never will. Keep smiling, and the first thing you know they'll find there is something in your basket that they want.

How many know that Frank A. Munsey, who juggles New York newspapers around with startling dexterity and may some day own all of them, is a member of the Maine Central family—or, at least, of its alumni? He was formerly a telegrapher in Maine Central service. And, although we have no list before us at this writing, there are many other famous men.

high compliment to the ability of President Morris McDonald and to General Manager Dana C. Douglass of the Maine Central, both of whom, he said, had recently called on him at Montreal."

Blacksmith Force

Supt. Priest of the Portland Terminal Company had no idea he was talking for publication—that his visitor from the Magazine was taking mental notes. And so without a thought of possible consequences he declared:

"No, I didn't really catch any fish at Sebago Lake on my vacation—didn't get a nibble. But I did find a most remarkable place to eat. It wasn't a regular restaurant or anything like that, you understand, or I shouldn't mention it; in fact, its sheer novelty was its principal charm. In winter the Portland-Sebago Ice Company keeps big crews of ice cutters at the lake; and in summer, although the crews have gone, the place where they eat remains open. It's just a big wooden building, containing three or four long tables and a few smaller ones—all rough and unpainted, inside and out. In winter, of course, it is just for the ice crews; in summer they accommodate any transients who come along. But such cooking! One of the boys from the office went there with me—it's about a four-minute walk from the station—and we had an experience we'll not soon forget. Chicken soup, chicken pies that were really chicken, rolls, cookies and the old-fashioned, home-like things you don't often find now-a-days unless you have a home of your own—they were all there! It was all so novel and—well, sort of genuine—that it made an impression. Yes, there are many interesting spots near Portland, and some of them are found by pure accident."

A distinguished party recently visited Portland and was then conveyed over the Portland and Eastern divisions of the Maine Central.

The party was headed by D. Crombie of Montreal, chief of transportation of the Canadian National Railways, which include both the Grand Trunk and Canadian Northern. Others were F. Price, chief of car service, Canadian National Railways; M. J. Donally of Ottawa, terminal expert, and Mr. Crombie's two children, Catherine and George. They came in a special car, spent the night in Portland, and left for St. John, N. B., over the Maine Central system, going via Lewiston, Waterville, Bangor and Vanceboro.

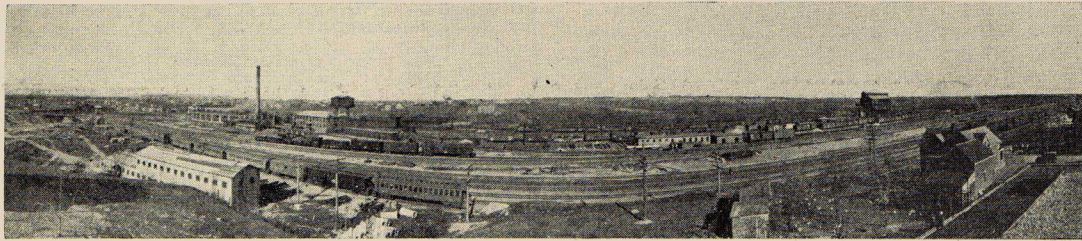
Mr. Crombie, who is one of the highest railroad officials in Canada, was quoted as follows by a representative of the Portland Evening Express: "He expressed the pleasure which the trip from Portland to St. John was to give him, because it would be the first time he had traversed the Maine Central line between these points. He said that the Maine Central and Canadian National Railways interchanged a large amount of business, and he was very anxious to familiarize himself with the Maine Central Railroad's main line, and with the conditions existing along it. He also paid a



Here is the blacksmith force of the Thompson's Point Shops.

You won't recognize the background, because Artist Harry Stone has drawn in a background of his own, making a sort of impressionistic sketch. But, if you work in the motive power department, you will recognize most of the faces. At the right is Foreman John M. MacDonald, the inventive genius who has filled this shop with the products of his creative skill.

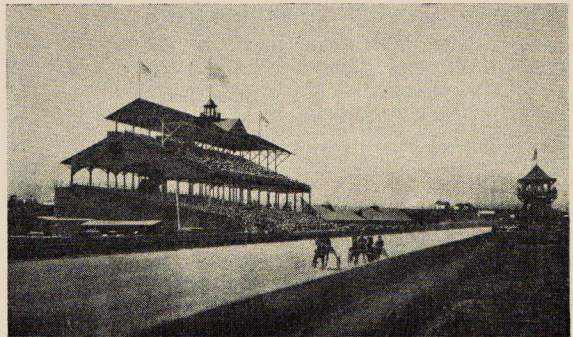
Rigby As It Is Now—And As It Used to Be



These two pictures tell their own story. The lower, taken from a rare old photograph loaned to the Maine Central Magazine, shows Rigby as it used to be—a famous race course.

The other, photographed very recently, shows the Rigby of today—a giant freight terminal constructed at a cost of one and three-quarters millions.

The thud of hoofs, the cheers of massed thousands, the romance and color of sporting life have given way to the march of industrial progress. Rigby isn't so romantic now, but it means a whole lot more in the development of Maine.



Crack Runs

No. 469, one of the Maine Central's two new passenger locomotives, is to haul Trains 11 and 8; and Paul and George are the engineers.

No. 470, the other new passenger giant, is to haul Trains 153 and 156, the engineers being Staples and Hooper.

The firemen's jobs, as this is written, have not been bid in.

PORTLAND DIVISION :

Frank J. Landry, carman at the South Portland shops, is the father of a son, born July 2.

John A. Webber, chief clerk in the office of Supt. Priest, Portland Terminal Co., is on his vacation, which will continue through July.

George H. Parrott, machinist at the Thompson's Point shops, has returned from Lynn, where he was called by the illness of his mother.

C. H. Corbett, car inspector, Portland, has returned from a visit with his mother in Halifax—his first in eighteen years.

Friends of John M. Forestell, carman at the Thompson's Point shops, extend deepest sympathy in his double loss, which occurred on July 4—the death of his wife and infant son.

Thomas E. Oates, car inspector, Union Station, Portland, is happy these days. The reason—a very good one—is named Donald Franklin and has been here only a short time.

L. W. Merritt, ticket agent at Union Station, Portland, and Mrs. Merritt are spending a few weeks at Farmington. E. S. Bean, assistant ticket agent, is acting as head of the department.

Two hundred new members have thus far been secured in the Portland Railroad Y. M. C. A. drive. The drive is not ended, by any means, and it is hoped to get another hundred in the next two or three weeks.

E. L. Woodward, one of the editors of "Railroad Age," which is published in Chicago, was recently at Rigby, getting material for an extensive article. This really remarkable terminal has, in the last few months, received a great deal of attention—from both railroad magazines and the daily press.

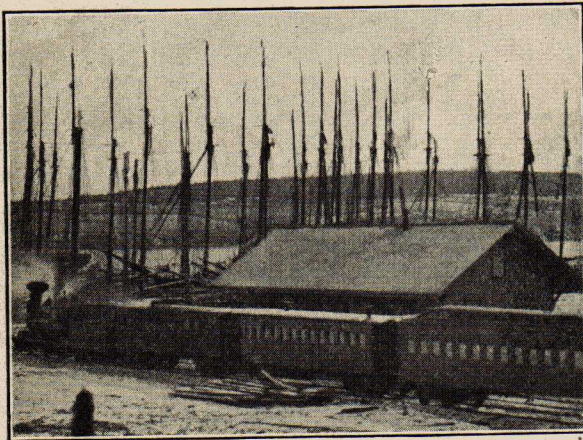
It takes considerable to ruffle Frank H. Bennett, general foreman at Thompson's Point; but he uttered a violent ejaculation the other day on receiving a note which read: "Dear Sir: We are new

comers to Portland and formerly lived in Chicago, where there was a merry-go-round near our home. My children miss this merry-go-round very much. Will it be all right for them to use your turn-table?"

Joseph E. Moore, general secretary, Association of Shop Crafts Employes, accompanied by Mrs. Moore, sailed from Boston, July 5, on the Samaria. They are to spend three months in England—making Leeds their headquarters, but traveling widely—and will return in October, on the same boat. Mr. Moore has promised to write the Magazine a letter from England; his many friends hope that he won't forget.

The Canadian National Railways Magazine, in a recent issue, had a facsimile, and extensive write-up, of a Toronto paper printed on the day after Abraham Lincoln was assassinated. Well, Mrs. William G. Hunton of Portland, wife of the Maine Central's industrial agent, has among her cherished possessions a copy of the Lewiston Evening Journal of the same date. There are four pages, which bristle with details of the tragic horror at Washington and which show that the art of vivid, graphic reporting was known to the news writers of that earlier day.

The First Train



The above, taken from a photograph so rare as to be very valuable, shows the first train entering Bucksport.

The date was December 12, 1874, and the road was the "B. & B."—Bangor and Bucksport, a narrow gauge. Notice the array of shipping in the background! Those were the days when Bucksport and Bangor were far greater shipping centers than they now are.

This unique old photograph was sent to the magazine by E. M. Pierce, agent at Bucksport station—being kindly loaned by its owner, W. T. Hill.

EASTERN DIVISION :

Miss Vira Sears, clerk in Mr. Jackman's office, Vanceboro, spent her vacation at Old Orchard Beach.

Walter Leavitt, engineman, is handling passenger trains on the Bar Harbor branch.

Joe's Lesson

This little dialect poem was written by Romeo Dyer when he worked in the Waterville shops. He is not now in Maine Central employ. It is genuinely clever, we think:

You know Joe Peter Lessor,
Dat work on Rollroad Shop—
De feller wit de beeg moostache,
An' not mooch hairs on top?

I tink you know de jenniman;
Mebby to-nigte hees here,
You can't meestak, hees nose is brak'
He on'y get won ear.

An' hees off eye is mak' of glass;
Wich happins to be so,
Becos som dang'rous place he pass,
Ware hees no beeznes go.

He'es get three feenger gon hees han;
Beside de tumb he lose;
An' if you look—you neever fin'
Ten toe insides hees shoes.

Two hees bes' rib blow off hees side,
Wit' dinimite las' fall;
An' 'bout wan half hees coller bones,
Is soak on akihall.

He have more axident, dat man,
Den I kin tol' you 'bout;
By sacree diable! he ben almos'
Turn insides wrong sides out!

An' how hees los' dem feenger—
An' how hees broked hees nose,
An' stove de res' hees body?
Wall, how on hell you spose!

Becor he allers tak de leap,
Befor' he take de look;
Becor he nevairseen de hose,
Befor' de jump is took.

But now Joe Peter Lessor,
Is veery careful man;
He kap hees good eye open,
An' watch out all she can.

"By Cripes!" Joe say to me won day,
"Iguess tings aint so worse,
Sence I tak' de new insurance,
Wat dey call it, 'Safety Firs'."

Dispatcher Hendrickson has been enjoying a vacation. His trick was handled by A. W. Dodge.

F. E. Fahey, conductor, has been absent on account of illness.

E. M. Shaw, the veteran passenger conductor, is taking an extended vacation.

C. W. Hayford, clerk and operator at Eastport, has bid in similar position at Cherryfield.

C. E. Scribner, who has been operator at Washington Junction for several years, has been appointed agent at Deadwater.

R. T. McLaughlin of the motive power department, Bangor, has been appointed summer agent at Seal Harbor.

Miss Marjorie R. Jordan, clerk, motive power department, Vanceboro, was in Mattawamkeag recently in connection with her duties.

D. W. Launder, foreman at Vanceboro engine house, recently enjoyed a pleasant auto trip through St. Leonards and Grand Falls, N. B.

M. S. Cleary, car inspector, and Harold Burr, clerk, are showing some of the other boys on the division how a Nash car can be driven, both having purchased new cars recently.

Post cards have been received by several Bangor men from Charles H. Leard of the motive power department, who is on his wedding trip to the Pacific coast.

Frank Jenkins thinks his engineer, John Toole, has made a record for good handling of a freight train. A corn-cob pipe was recently left on the brake wheel at the rear of his caboose, and it was still there after making two round trips to Mt. Desert Ferry, a total of 168 miles.

Engineer George M. Hibbard is recovering from his recent scalding. Mr. Hibbard is a spare man on the Bangor board—running more often on the Portland than the Eastern division, but having many friends on both. They regretted to hear of his accident, and are glad for his steady progress toward recovery.

The Madison Crew



Here's a snap-shot of the section crew of Madison yard.

Reading from left to right, the men are: R. E. Gordon, foreman; A. A. Otis, Mill Williams, Ralph L. Piper, trackmen.

MOUNTAIN DIVISION :

F. B. Gallant, dispatcher, and Mrs. Gallant, motored to Boston to spend the Fourth.

A. E. Trask, from the Portland Terminal, has bid off summer position as first trick telegrapher, Fabyans.

Mental Confusion

V. F. Truland, fireman, Mountain Division, sends this good one:

Ray O. Dixon's Wye problem reminds the writer of a story of a hostler being called to fire an engine to Waterville from Portland, which was changed enroute to Leeds Junction and return without the hostler knowing anything about it.

Business was good and firemen scarce, so Tom the hostler, was called to perform the duties of smoke artist on an extra to Waterville, due to leave at 7 P.M.

The trip going over was uneventful, except for the occasional questions of Tom asking Leon the Eagle Eye, if he was doing all right, until they stopped at Leeds for water.

The Eagle Eye goes into the office and gets a "31" annulling his running order to Waterville and a "19" to run extra to Portland with a message to turn at Leeds.

Leon tips the head shack to say nothing to Tom, and they set the train off and start getting another one together and go around the wye.

Meanwhile, Tom is busy pulling clinkers and does not notice that they are going around the wye. Finally they get made up and start for Portland.

"How far is it from here to Waterville?" Tom asks.

"About 47 miles," comes the answer.

After a while they come into Lewiston and Tom asks, "What town is this, and how far is it from Waterville?"

"Oh, this is Maranacook, about 37 miles from Waterville."

"Where will we stay up there?"

"Up to the Y. M."

"When do you suppose they will send us back?"

"Probably tomorrow, if they don't send us to Bangor."

Occasionally Tom would ask how much farther it was to Waterville, and Leon would make it a few miles less until finally they came down by Union Station.

Tom remarked, "That looks like Union Station in Portland," and Leon replied, "Yes, the station here at Waterville is almost the same as that one in Portland."

Then they dropped down into Yard 8, left the train and poked along down to the turn-table pit and across the pit Tom saw Tom Henry and exclaimed, "Why that looks like Tom Henry!" but Leon said, "No, that's the foreman here at Waterville; he looks quite a lot like Tom Henry."

This topped the whole affair and poor Tom was so confused that he didn't realize he was in Portland until they piloted him up to the bridge.

Then, when he saw he was back home, he said, "Well, how did we get back without turning the engine?" For he knew he had not been on any turn-table.

Mrs. D. W. Pomerleau, wife of Agent Pomerleau at Clifton, now in the Sherbrooke Hospital, is reported recovering.

The Lancaster end of the paper train, so called, has been taken off, and Conductor James O'Dowd has taken position as conductor of 372-373.

F. B. Kingsley, conductor, who returned to work a month ago, has taken one of the passenger conductor's jobs out of Portland for the summer.

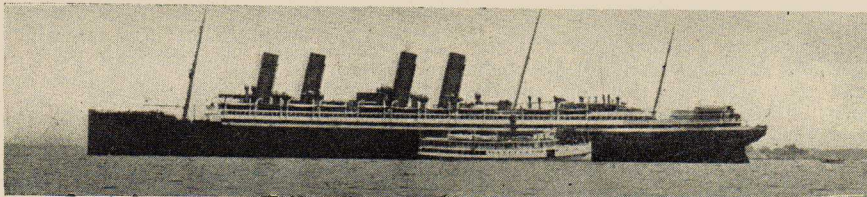
Mrs. J. A. Kingsley, wife of the clerk at Lancaster, and two children are spending a couple of months at Mrs. Kingsley's old home in Chatham, Mass.

E. F. Haley, clerk in Supt. Arsnault's office, Lancaster, and James Bucknam, hostler at Lancaster, with their wives, are spending a few days at Biddeford Pool.

The Maine Central in an Early, Picturesque Episode of War History

This view, contributed by W. E. Lucey, auditor passenger accounts, general offices, Portland, recalls the beginning of the Great War.

It shows the Maine Central steamer "Norumbega" unloading gold, mail and baggage from the North German Lloyd steamer "Kronprinzessin Cecilie," at Bar Harbor, August 5, 1914.



War had been only a few hours declared—and the Kronprinzessin Cecilie, driven from the seas through fear of the British fleet, had taken refuge in this Maine port. How clearly the writer recalls the wave of excitement that swept through Bangor, nearest large city to Bar Harbor, when the news became known! For somehow it seemed to bring the war very near home; even thus early, it was touching our shores.

Mr. Lucey noticed this picture of the "Kronprinzessin Cecilie" and the "Norumbega" in a magazine. He wrote to the publishers, got the original print, and had two enlargements made. One he kept; the other went to Supt. McLaughlin of the Eastern Division. They are believed to be the only pictures of an interesting historical episode now in existence.

The "Kronprinzessin Cecilie," it will be remembered, became the "George Washington"—in which President Wilson and his party were conveyed to the Peace Conference.

Miss Doris Berry, daughter of Deola O. Berry, trainman, Lancaster, who was operated upon for appendicitis in the Lancaster Hospital several weeks ago, has recovered sufficiently to be moved home.

Mrs. O. R. Burdwood, wife of the third trick operator at Bartlett, now in the Morrison Hospital at Whitefield, is reported recovering from a severe illness.

L. F. Brean, former roadmaster at Lancaster, has sold his home and moved his family and household goods to Rumford. Mr. J. F. Collins from Brunswick has taken Mr. Brean's place.

C. A. Poor has bid off temporary position as second trick operator at West Baldwin, subject to return of H. Q. Petrie, who has bid off position as second trick operator at Fabyans for the summer.

JAMES T. MCGANN

James T. McGann of Bangor, forty years an employe of the Maine Central Railroad—for the past thirty-five as engineer—died recently after an illness of several months.

Mr. McGann was son of the late James and Catherine Dugan McGann, and was born in Bangor 59 years ago. He was always kindly, always courteous, and was one of the Maine Central's most efficient employes. Surviving relatives are a sister, Mrs. Fannie E. Davis; a niece, Miss Louise C. Davis, and a nephew, Harry A. Davis, all of Bangor.

Mr. McGann was a member of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, and was an attendant of St. Mary's Catholic church.

THANKS!

The Brunswick Record prints a long article about the new Maine Central bridge across the Androscoggin River at Topsham, ending with the following kindly paragraphs:

"The Maine Central Railroad believes in adequate and dependable transportation, realizing that upon such transportation depends the prosperity of the manufacturers and farmers in the State of Maine. It has 1,471 miles of track in the State, penetrating every county except York and thus forming the connecting link between Maine and the ever-increasing markets of New England and the West. This enables Maine shippers to compete successfully with other sections of the country, through the road's well-defined policy of developing the State by maintaining high-grade, all-year-round service and favorable freight rates.

"The Maine Central also believes in progress, in service, in increased efficiency, and in keeping faith with the public and with its employes. A look at the great engineering and construction feat, the Rigby Terminal, proves beyond doubt that progress and service are indelibly written in every department of the system. 'For Maine and its people' might very well be termed the Maine Central's slogan."

The article is illustrated by two views of the new bridge and is given a three-column head. It describes the bridge in detail—practically as in a recent issue of the MAINE CENTRAL MAGAZINE.

How the Freight Is Handled

Operations at the Station on Commercial Street, Portland, Described In
An Article by One Who Intimately Understands Them---A System
As Efficient as It Is Elaborate

How many merchants whose cars come through the great freight station on Commercial street, Portland, know just how these cars are handled? How many know the intricate yet eminently practical system whereby the receipt of freight is so arranged that all superfluous movements are eliminated?

In our May issue we printed an article about this station; but here is another phase of the subject—one in more intimate and exact detail. It traces each car, step by step, in its journey through the maze of tracks, and makes clear how the public is well and promptly served.

What follows was kindly written for the Maine Central Magazine by one who for years has been intimately in touch with these freight activities—and who therefore is qualified to discuss this broad subject both interestingly and instructively.

—Editor.

IN MAY the Magazine stated that in March there were 6,242 cars handled to and from this freight station. Twenty thousand, nine hundred and seventy-two tons of freight, or an average of 807 tons per day, were actually handled as inward, outward and transfer freight.

This being a joint station of three companies, a separate record is kept showing the amount of business that is handled for each company, so that while there are but one station and one crew, the records are made up as though there were three separate stations.

The same is true in the freight office work on the second floor. While a certain part of the work is carried on as though there is but one company, yet the accounts and general work of the different departments are so arranged that in the volume of detail handled, each road practically maintains its own identity.

It will probably be interesting to know more about the actual receiving, loading and forwarding of this freight.

The system for the receipt of freight from the public is so arranged that all possible lost motion is eliminated. For instance, there are eighteen tracks at the freight house, each holding from fourteen to sixteen cars and each car position is a block number. The first car in on track one is 1-1; the seventh car on track fifteen is 15-7. The track

number is shown first, and then the next number represents the position of the car, figuring from the bunter end of the track.

On track eighteen, car one, we have the Steep Falls and way; on 17-1 we load car for Thompson's Point; on track 16-1 we have the Readfield and way; on track 15-1 we have the Rumford Jct. and way. These cars are, of course, opposite each other and are directly opposite doors No. 1 and No. 2 in the Maine Central outward house; therefore, we receive at doors No. 1 and No. 2, freight destined to points served by these cars.

There is a book listing all of the stations on the Maine Central, Boston & Maine, New York, New Haven & Hartford and Bangor & Aroostook Railroads. It is printed in alphabetical order, showing the door numbers where freight will be received for the various stations, and this book is furnished to the principal shippers throughout the city.

In addition, there are signs printed and located near the doorway inside of the freight house next to the cars, showing the block number and destination of the regular cars that are loaded on the various tracks opposite these doors, so that the same general scheme is carried through from the beginning.

In the balloting and handling of transfer freight, these block numbers are used instead of station names, which makes it very much clearer to the trucker, especially if he is inexperienced, just where the car is standing that he has freight to load into. If he has a ballot showing that his freight is going

When 6,242 cars, representing 20,972 tons of freight, are handled in one month—and when, moreover, this is the joint station for three companies—the real magnitude of the operations on Commercial street can readily be appreciated.

In this article the balloting and handling of transfer freight; the duties of the crews; the carefully worked out plans of placing, loading, switching and forwarding are all described. There are many details, the more important of which are explained by an expert in freight handling.

Surely, this part of Commercial street—the giant freight station, with the Portland Terminal Company offices and Railroad Y. M. C. A. almost opposite—is almost a city in itself. You'd think so should you see the hundreds swarm out at noon.

\$12,062 Surplus After Charges In May

The statement of Maine Central operating results for the month of May—made public June 25, shows surplus after charges of \$12,062, as contrasted with a deficit of \$49,720 for May, 1923.

The surplus after charges from Jan. 1 to May 31, 1924 is \$85,345. In the corresponding period of 1923, the deficit was \$601,033.

President McDonald's statement, in full, follows:

	May 1924	May 1923	Decrease
Freight Revenue.....	\$1,161,297	\$1,285,025	\$123,728
Passenger Revenue.....	323,107	363,549	40,442
Railway Operating Revenues.....	1,641,158	1,794,727	153,569
Surplus after Charges.....	12,062	Def. 49,720	Inc. 61,782
PERIOD FROM JANUARY 1ST TO MAY 31ST—(Five Months)			
Railway Operating Revenues.....	\$8,654,864	\$8,524,550	Inc. \$130,314
Surplus after Charges.....	85,345	Def. 601,033	Inc. 686,378

From estimates now in hand, it would appear that fixed charges for the month of June, 1924, would be fully earned.

MORRIS McDONALD, President.

to track 13-5, he goes to track thirteen to load his freight into the fifth car, but before doing so, notes a printed sign hanging on the outside of car showing it to be 13-5. He then puts freight into car and leaves the ballot in the ballot box, where it is later taken care of.

—XXXX—

In the handling of inward freight for Portland delivery, it is trucked from the cars to the inward house, where it is placed either in alphabetical order, or at a point assigned for a particular consignee. Quite a number of the larger concerns have a great quantity of freight arriving, making it advisable to set aside a certain section of the freight house for their freight, and signs are located conveniently for information of employes.

The majority of cars received contain freight for Portland delivery, and for east or west as the case may be. Very few contain only Portland delivery freight, although such cars arrive daily from a few of the principal points, or wherever there is enough freight to warrant such loading, having in mind the general scheme of proper loading and use of equipment.

Cars from the West arriving with freight for Portland proper are placed as near the inward house as possible for quick handling and short trucking. Those containing freight for points East are placed near the cars that are being loaded east.

The same principle is applied in the case of cars from the east having freight for Portland proper, or points west.

—XXXX—

In handling this freight the crews are made up into "gangs." A checker heads each gang, and has a "loader and caller" to load the freight and call the marks on it to him. There are usually four truckers. The number of truckers, however, varies, as often a supervisor will transfer a trucker from one crew to another because the first crew may have a short distance to handle his freight and the second a longer distance. In order to facilitate the handling and avoid delay, each gang has an extra truck,

so that, when consistent, the checker and loader may be loading and preparing a truck—and, when the trucker returns, he may drop his empty truck and take the loaded one.

In transferring freight arriving in one car to another car, to be sent along, a ballot system is used. When the checker and loader prepare a load for the trucker, a ballot is made at the same time, showing the number of pieces, waybill reference, checker's letter and trucker's number; and when the trucker arrives at the car where he is to load the freight, this ballot is left in a ballot box inside the car. Later a ballot clerk examines each ballot, and if it is found that freight is loaded into the wrong car, the error is corrected and the ballot referred to the foreman for further handling.

Great effort is made to maintain regular service. This necessitates a carefully worked out plan of placing, loading, switching and forwarding.

—XXXX—

In the first place, where empty cars are required, they are sorted out so far forth as possible in order that Maine Central cars may be loaded to M. C. points, Boston & Maine cars to B & M points, and other cars for or in the direction of the owning road.

After the cars are placed, and before they are loaded, they are given final inspection by a force of inspectors. Such light repairs as necessary are made, when possible to do so without sending car to the repair track, and such cars as are found not to be in fit condition to load are rejected, being later switched out and other cars substituted.

Such cars as are regularly loaded each day are so placed, and the loading so arranged, that freight for the same points is loaded into the car standing in the same location every day.

These cars stand in station order and also in train order.

The loading is completed, and the cars are all ready for the yard crews to handle again, at 5.30 P.M., with the exception of cars for No. 339, which are ready at five.

(Continued on Page 24)

Temporary
General
Chairman
Chosen at
Bangor
Meeting

**B. L. King Heads
Shop Crafts
Association**

Proposed
Changes in
By-Laws
Are to be
Considered

At the quarterly meeting of the General Board, Association of Shop Crafts Employees, Motive Power Department, Maine Central Railroad and Portland Terminal Company, held in Bangor, B. L. King was chosen general chairman. He will fill the unexpired term—three months—of General Chairman Carl S. Robbins, whose sudden death occurred recently in Waterville.

The meeting, which was on June 26, was attended by B. L. King, R. R. Lynk, H. N. Latham

and George B. Hunter, Bangor District; George Edgington, A. J. Pine, C. L. Blackman, Waterville District; J. E. Moore, George H. Parrott, Thomas E. Oates, Portland District. P. D. Kelly of Waterville District, and Nap. Babthold of Portland District, were absent. Penobscot Exchange was the gathering place, and the business sessions were in an up-town hall. It was a busy day, these sessions lasting from nine in the morning to five in the afternoon—

(Continued on Page 30)

These Are The Proposed Changes To Be Considered

The proposed changes in the by-laws are:

Article 2, Section 2.—Insert a new paragraph which shall read as follows: Section 2—Membership in the Association will terminate on severance of active employment in service of the company, or upon acceptance of permanent employment with other departments. In case of temporary layoff, a member in good standing may retain membership.

Article 5, Section 1.—Insert in the third line of the first paragraph, after the word annually, the words "in the month of December" so that the paragraph as amended shall read: "Section 1. The General Board shall consist of twelve members, four members from each District, elected annually in the month of December by the District Boards from their own members. The members shall serve until their successor or successors are elected and qualified."

Article 5, Section 2.—Change first paragraph of Section 2 to Article 4, Section 6, and have second paragraph read Section 2.

Article 6, Section 1.—Insert in the third line, after the word annually, the words "in the month of December," so that the section as amended shall read: "Section 1. The officers of each district shall be president, a vice-president, a secretary and a treasurer, who shall be elected annually in the month of December by the District Board from its own membership, and shall serve until their successors have been elected and qualified."

Article 6, Section 2.—At the ending of paragraph three after the word therefor, add a new clause so that the paragraph as amended shall read: "Section 2. The secretary shall keep the minutes of all meetings of the District Board, shall attend to all correspondence, shall be custodian of all records, shall receive all moneys of the Association and keep record thereof, and deliver same to the Treasurer, taking his receipt therefor. The secretary shall give a bond to be fixed and approved by the District Board."

Article 6, Section 3.—Insert in the second line after the word a, the word "general" and after the

word chairman, the words "a vice chairman" and in the third line after the word annually, the words "in the month of January" so that the section as amended shall read: "Section 3. The officers of the General Board shall be a general chairman, a vice-chairman, a general secretary and a general treasurer, who shall be elected annually in the month of January by the General Board from its own membership and shall serve until their successors have been elected and qualified."

Article 6, Section 4.—Insert a new paragraph after paragraph 1 which shall read as follows: "Section 4. In the case of a vacancy or the absence of the general chairman, the vice-chairman shall assume duties and perform such duties as the general chairman or General Board shall direct.

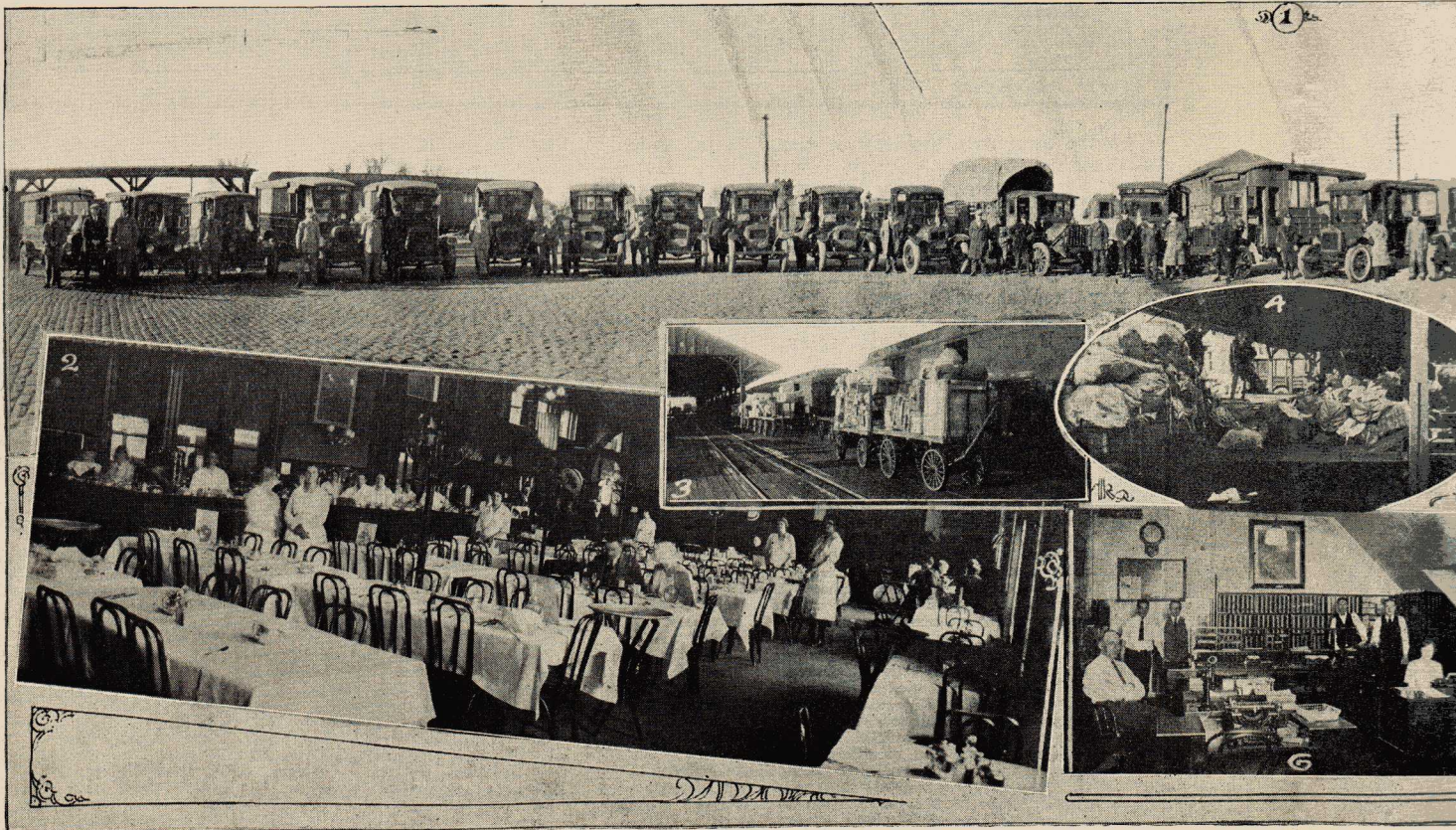
Article 8, Section 1.—Insert after the word dollar in the second line, the following words: "and fifty cents which shall cover the first month's dues and three dollars reinstatement fee" so that the section as amended shall read: "Section 1. The initiation fee for each member shall be one dollar and fifty cents which will cover the first month's dues and three dollars for reinstatement fee."

Article 9, Section 1.—Strike out the word "treasurer" in the beginning of the third line and insert therefor the word "secretary," so that the section as amended shall read: "The Association shall have a common seal to be preserved and kept by the general secretary bearing the words "Shop Crafts Association of the Motive Power Department, Maine Central Railroad and Portland Terminal Co."

Article 4, Section 5.—Insert in the second line after the word annually, the words "in the month of November" so that the section as amended shall read: "Section 5. Members of the district boards shall be elected annually in the month of November by ballot and hold office until their successors are chosen."

These amendments shall be effective, if adopted, when confirmed by a regular meeting of the General Board.

Union Station, In Mid-Summer, With Its Life, Color and Surging Thrill
 Places in Portland—Scenes as Varied and as Metropolitan
 A Few Impressions by Writer



Some July Scenes At "Maine's Gateway." (1)—United States Trucks Waiting to Convey Mail to
 A Few Glimpses of the Mountains of Baggage and Mail. (6)—Where
 the Movements of Trains. (7)—The Ta

Colorful Scenes

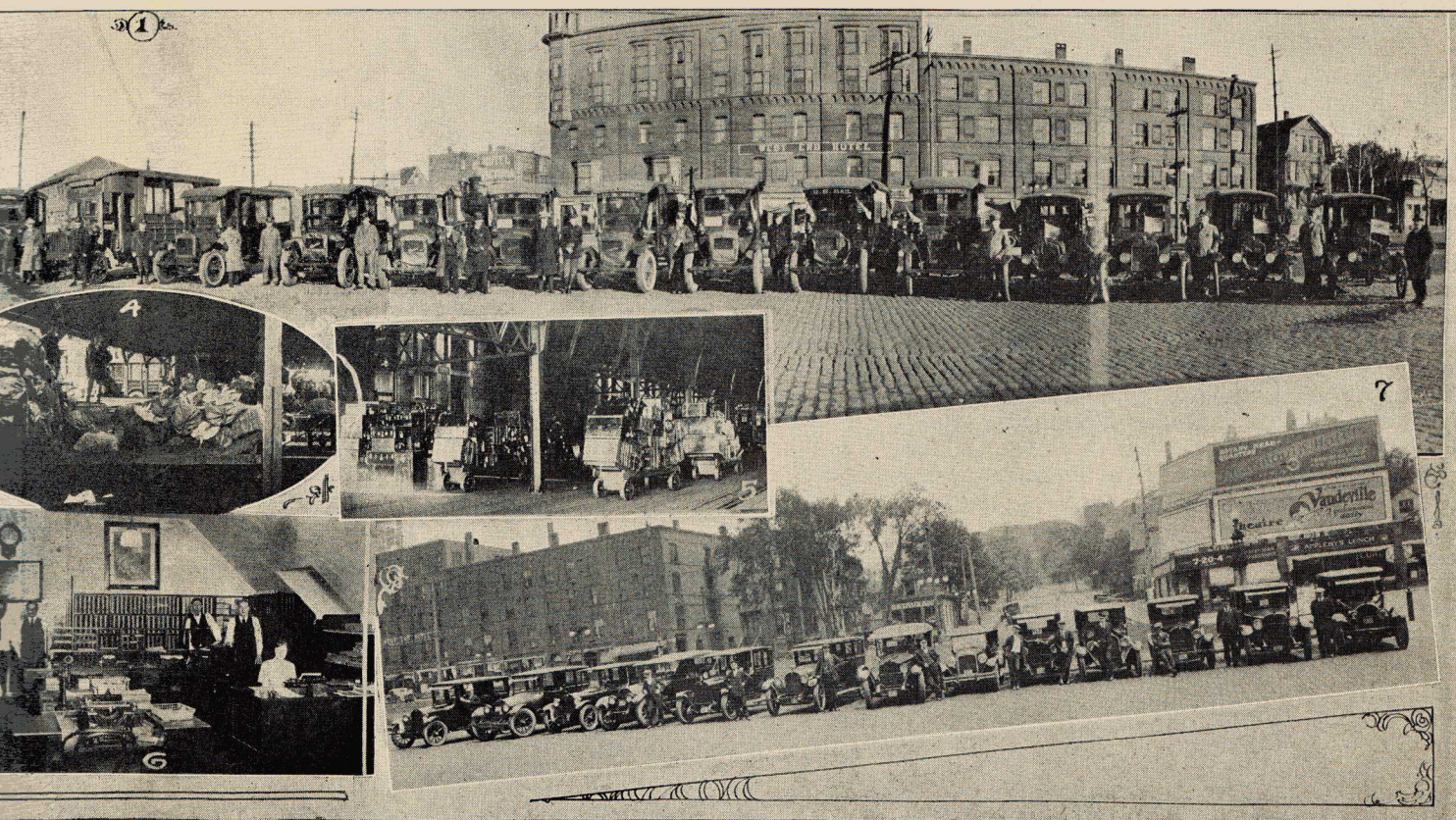
(Continued from Page 4)

compared to a few years ago, with which it is accomplished.

Specifically, Mr. L. W. Merritt, the ticket agent, has supervision of thirty-two persons. Twenty years ago, when he first became associated with the Union Station ticket office, its entire force was composed of seven—the then agent, "Bert" Snow, five ticket sellers, and a stenographer. Ten years later, in

1914, the force numbered eleven—agent, Pullman clerk, seven sellers, stenographer. Today there are thirty-four—agent, assistant agent, cashier, night clerk, two stenographers, three Pullman clerks, six information clerks, six diagram clerks, four accountants, nine sellers. And, as told in last month's Magazine, the number of telephone inquiries has increased during this decade from perhaps twenty a day to as high as eighteen hundred.

and Surging Throngs of Tourists, is One of the Most Impressive Shows and as Metropolitan as Could be Found in Any Great City
 Descriptions by Writer and Camera-Man



Waiting to Convey Mail to the Post Office and Sub-Stations. (2)—The Restaurant. (3, 4 and 5)—
 and Mail. (6)—Where Telephone Operators Give Information Regarding
 of Trains. (7)—The Taxi-Cab Battalion.

As for the causes of this growth—well, that opens up a big, big subject. Public confidence in Maine Central efficiency; natural growth in population; Maine's constantly spreading fame as a summer resort—these and many other factors enter. One reason for the telephone inquiries is the general increase in telephone service. Hardly one, now, of the almost innumerable summer camps, that is without its 'phone; and many have private lines.

The writer was questioning Mr. Merritt when his telephone rang. One of a busy day's many calls had been given to him personally.

"That was from a man," said he, putting down the receiver, "who wanted transportation to Chicago. We took his name, and we will call him back in fifteen or twenty minutes."

"And during those fifteen or twenty
 (Continued on Page 23)

The
SamOset
at
Rockland
Breakwater

The Maine Central's Beautiful Hotels

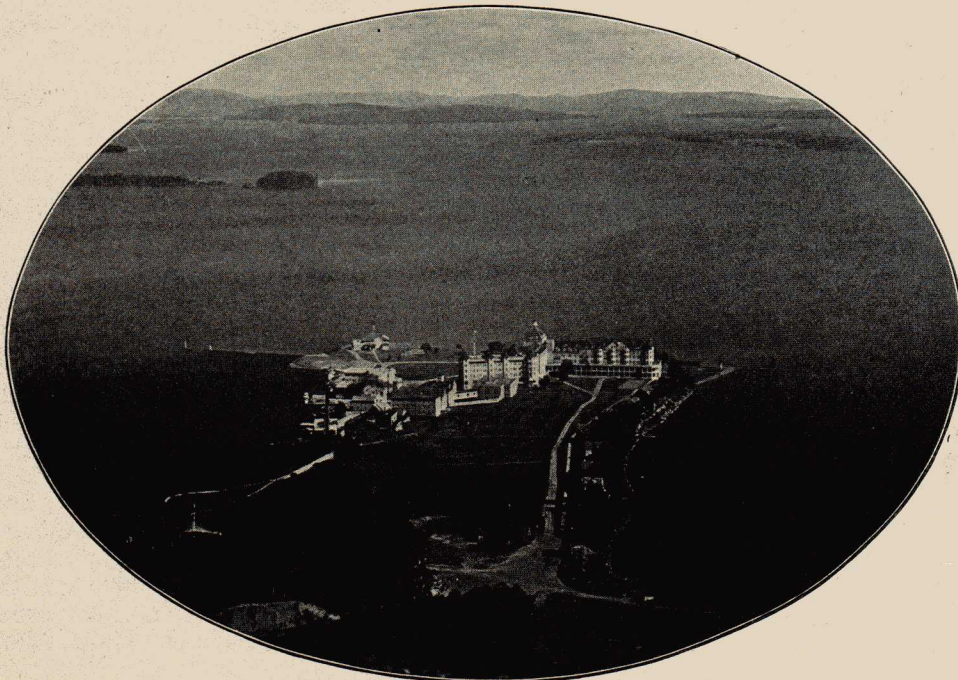
The
Mt. Kineo
House,
Moosehead
Lake

IT IS no exaggeration to say that the Maine Central Railroad Hotels—the Mount Kineo House and Kineo Annex at Moosehead Lake, and the SamOset at Rockland Breakwater—are known all over the world. Certainly they attract, each summer, men and women distinguished in social circles, in the arts and sciences, in business and the professions from all parts of America.

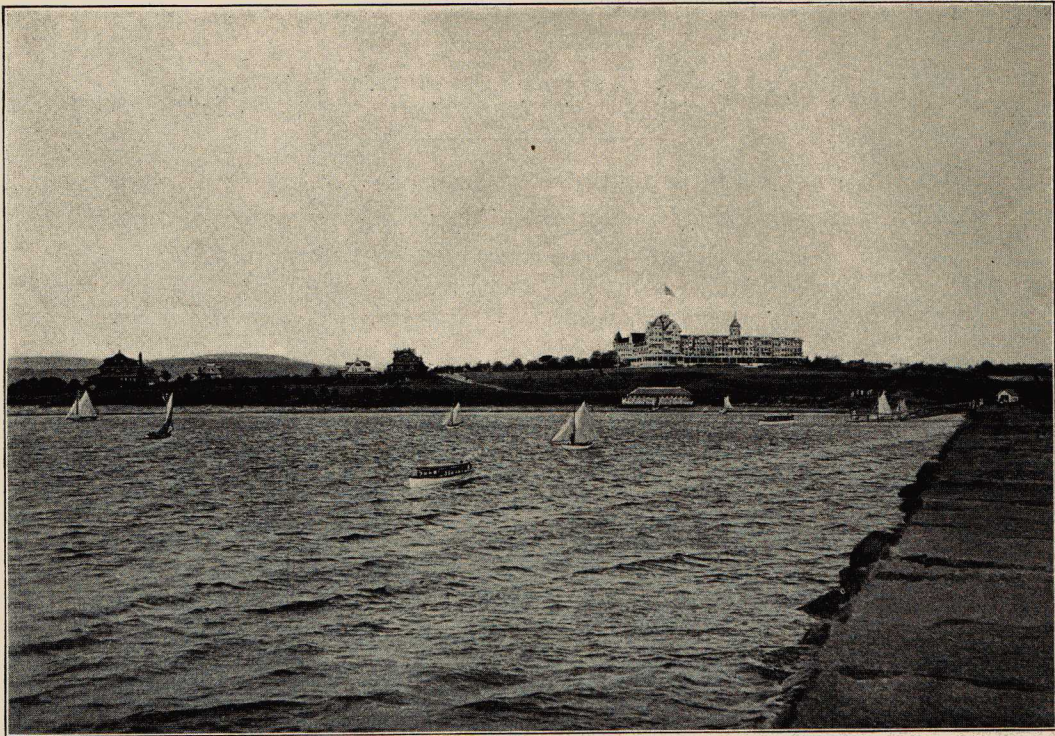
Owners of high-class summer hotels, wherever you may go, have long specialized in beauty and comfort. Sometimes they secure striking contrast by offering the very luxury of living in the heart of the wilderness—the comforts and conveniences one

would expect in great cities, against an absolutely primitive background of mountain or stream. But there is something about the Mount Kineo House and the SamOset—a certain imaginative charm, indefinable but subtly appealing—that makes them distinctive.

Stand in the office of either, in the height of a season like the present, and look around. There is a charm to the picture that mere wealth could never give. In fact, although wealth is represented, it is not on display. There are times, especially at dinner and the hour that follows it, when one may see a certain mirror of fashion—may view some very lovely evening gowns. But the call of the



The Mount Kineo House—Photographed from the Mountain



Panoramic View of the SamOset

great outdoors—of golf, riding, canoeing, fishing—makes all manner of “sporting togs” appropriate and in evidence. One may wear almost anything and still feel perfectly at ease and at home. And there is an absence of formality—at least of the cold and studied formality that mars so many social gatherings. Those received at the Mt. Kineo House and the SamOset become members of one big family—and are expected to enter into the spirit of it all. It is often brilliant—the aristocracy of wealth, and, above all, the aristocracy of brains; but it is also homelike. Yes, homelike and comfortable. Perhaps this explains why so many come back year after year, never missing a season. Few hotels in America have such steadfastly loyal guests. They return, not at to a hotel but as to their own big home.

We have spoken of comforts, luxuries and social diversions against a romantically picturesque background. This is doubly true, perhaps, of the Mount Kineo House, which is in the midst of the wilderness—the mountain towering at its back and the lake rippling at its feet. Here, indeed, one gets the most vivid of sharp contrasts. If he enjoys society, dancing, music—there they are! If,

on the other hand, he wants to wrestle with Nature—to learn what is in the heart of that picturesque panorama spread before him, he can find a little of almost everything, from fishing to mountain climbing. At the Mt. Kineo House you get Nature; at the SamOset you get a great deal of Nature, too—some wonderful sea views; but there is also the urban touch, for it is on the outskirts of a good-sized city.

The Mt. Kineo House accommodates five hundred guests; the SamOset three hundred. They are Maine Central Railroad hotels, as has been said, and are immediately operated by the Ricker Hotel Company, of which J. W. Greene is managing director. The offices are at 222 St. John street—this being part of the Maine Central’s general office building. We are not going into technical details in this article; but there is one recent innovation which should be mentioned briefly.

Hitherto the Mt. Kineo House, beautiful though it is, has not been immediately accessible to week-end parties. Getting there has required considerable time and attention to detail. Therefore there have been many Maine people who have not visited this won-

(Continued on Page 23)

Baseball Season In Full Swing

Maine Central League Furnishes Spirited Contests, Is Getting a Lot of Support, and Promises to Have Few Equals — Some of the Month's Features
[A Challenge; Some Independent Games

Baseball is flourishing in Maine Central circles. The Maine Central League—termed the "Terminal League" by some other parts of the system—is playing fast and spirited ball, while interest runs high. Other games in railroad circles add to the general interest.

Here are some of the features of the past month. If you know any baseball news, anywhere on the system, don't be afraid to send it in:

Maine Central League

The Maine Central League, as this is written, is proving successful beyond the brightest expectations of those who discussed plans and did the preliminary work. There are five teams, fully uniformed and equipped; the financial end looks promising; and the players are "speeding up" more and more, so that the League is likely to be the very fastest, amateur or professional, in the State of



Manager McNally, of Union Station Team



Capt. Woodbury, of the Maine Centrals

Maine—a strong statement, certainly, but justified by facts. Furthermore, genuine interest has been aroused in the Maine Central family—yes, and in the general public, too—as shown by the throngs that gather to cheer their favorites on. Not in years has there been anything like this sort of baseball in Maine railroad circles.

The League started with four teams—the Maine Centrals, representing the general offices; Union Station, Rigby, Thompson's Point. Later, Transfer House on Commercial street. When the June issue of the Magazine went to press, there seemed some question about the transfer house men. They had uniformed and equipped a fast team, and everybody wanted to see them play; but arranging a schedule for a five-team league was not easy. This difficulty, however, has been satisfactorily solved. The original schedule, between the Maine Centrals, Rigby, Union Station and Thompson's Point, was left as it stood, games being played each Tuesday and Thursday. Then the Transfer House team was admitted as a full-fledged League member and assigned to play each Wednesday, the other four teams meeting it in turn. Under this arrangement, the number of games played by each team at the end of the season will not be the same; but, as no prize is offered the winner, it makes no especial difference. There is



The Maine Centrals (General Office Team): Top Row, left to right—Goud, umpire; Oberg, McCullum, mgr., Brewer, Dodge, Woodbury, capt. Bottom row—Allen, H. Bucklin, Waite, Cocoran, Herald. Absent—Pearson, C. Bucklin.

just as much interest, just as much rivalry—and a great deal more first-class sport.



If the Thompson's Point shops remain closed from July 11 to August 11, it seems likely at this writing that their team, also, will "lay off," in which case the games originally scheduled for Thompson's Point will be played by the Transfer House men. The time has passed, probably, for the organization of a sixth team, but the League is getting along mighty well with five—better, as has been said, than the most earnest enthusiasts had hoped.

Nearly all of the games are played on Richardson's Field. It is hoped that it will be rolled before this issue of the Magazine reaches its readers—for, thus far, it has not been in particularly good shape. But with two circuses encamping there—first Ringling's and then Sells-Floto—rolling would not have done much good. Now that Portland has been duly and properly "circused," and there are no more tented cities to come, a little attention and money can be spent upon the field, which will, for the remainder of the season, be devoted wholly to baseball.

Who supports the teams? Hundreds upon hundreds of railroad workers; there is always a cheer-

ing throng, and rivalry runs high. One keenly interested in the success of the general office team said, however, to the writer:

"There's one thing the Magazine might point out, and it's this: Workers in the general offices don't concentrate in support of their team as do those from the shops. Rigby and Thompson's Point turn out in wonderful style. They sit together—just a massed formation, and they root for their men every second. Many from the general offices are there, all right, but they're scattered through the crowd—they don't gather in one section, and so the applause isn't concentrated. An individual 'rooter' can't accomplish much alone, however interested he may be. The men and women from our offices *are* interested—they've supported us finely; but we do wish they'd make an effort to sit in one big section, as the Rigby and Union Station supporters do. It's that sort of thing, I tell you, that puts heart in a team."



The financial end is cared for by simply "passing the hat" at each game, proceeds being split fifty-fifty between the contending teams. This is the system followed in amateur games everywhere. Usual-

To the Editor,
Maine Central Magazine,
Portland, Maine.

Dear Sir:—

Glancing over the last issue of the Magazine, we noticed some "cocky" remarks anent the merits of several of your Terminal League Ball teams.

Far be it from us to inject any false notes into the harmonic symphony emanating from the Terminal League, but—may we not toot our tooter, too?

If any of the Terminal teams consider they are in fit condition to play a good snappy game against a team that will force them to show all they have, and maybe a little more, we may be able to come to an understanding and arrange one; but it must be understood we cannot waste time with a team of schoolboys. Send us your brawn, and your mettle, and we will show some new tricks—especially around second base, which is covered by one of the most renowned amateur players in the east. We will pay a dollar for every ball the batter can drive through him, excepting, of course, by accident, such as the ball striking his shoe or bouncing.

In the event of a game being played, the team can return on train No. 16, which should be as soon as their friends will want to see them.

Address communications to
F. A. CONWAY, Sec'y, or
A. ALLEN, Capt.-Manager,
Care Maine Central R. R.,
Freeport, Maine.

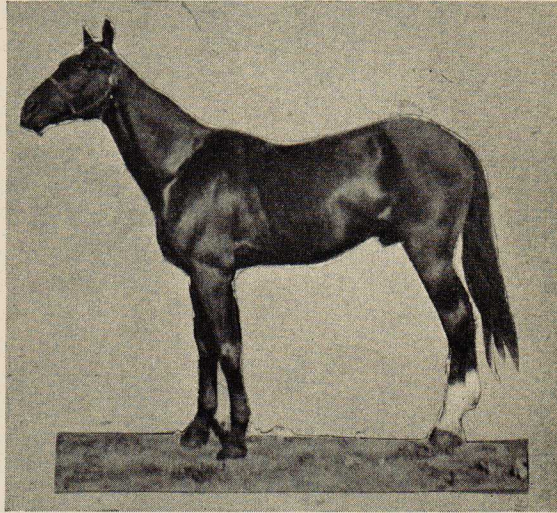
ly the amount collected is from \$10 to \$15—which is enough to pay all "running expenses," except in games where someone is so unlucky as to break a bat or two.

The box scores, game by game, have been printed in the daily papers and so are familiar to all who take an interest in the League's affairs. One of the outstanding features of the past month was the acquiring by Union Station, for a time, of a really remarkable pitcher—Elmer Munroe, a colored boy.

Munroe certainly came with a baseball record. He had pitched four years for Everett in the fast high school suburban league composed of Everett, Somerville, Brookline, Rindge, Cambridge Latin and Newton—one of his feats being on May 8 of this year, when he stayed in the box seventeen innings in a two to one game against Somerville. In fact, he had an interscholastic reputation as wide as his home state of Massachusetts. He had been associated, also, with several independent teams, including the Tigers, the Pilgrims, and the New York Colored Giants.

Thanks to the acquisition of this schoolboy star, the Union Station team, which had been worried for fear it would have no pitcher at all, was tremendously strong in the box. But Munroe was offered \$50 a week and expenses by Calais, and he signed a contract with the down-east team. He may come

Fast Railroad Horse



This is a photograph of Leonard Wilton, the Kentucky-bred stallion now owned by Bill Grant of Union Station, Portland.

Leonard Wilton has a record of 2.14 1-4. He also has a high-grade pedigree. Few railroad men own fast horses—and here is one of the best.

back—he likes the Union Station people, and he doesn't mind going from place to place. It would have been interesting—and he may do it yet—had he met Frank Woodbury, the fast and experienced pitcher of Thompson's Point. Woodbury has few equals in Maine, and it would have been a pitchers' battle uncommonly worth seeing.

The League formation continues as last month, with William C. Dow chairman of the committee of captains and managers who occasionally meet to make plans, formulate rules, and straighten out any arguments. John Goud, of the general offices, does most of the umpiring.

Group pictures of the Thompson's Point and Freight House teams will appear in next month's Magazine. The League standing, as this is written on July 7, is as follows:

Union Station	5	0	1.000
Thompson Point	3	1	.750
Maine Centrals	3	3	.500
Transfer House	0	1	.000
Rigby	0	6	.000

More Baseball

The Revision Bureau ball team of the general offices defeated the Line Crew ball team, recently, on Richardson's field. The score, 24 to 23, indicates that it wasn't the fastest game ever played in Maine; but it furnished a lot of fun. Both teams

(Continued on Page 30)

Maine Central Hotels

(Continued from Page 19)

derland of their own. Now, however, arrangements have been made whereby a weekend visit is not only agreeable but easy. It is possible to leave Portland at 10.30 a.m. (standard time) each Saturday, arriving at Mt. Kineo Station at 4.17 p.m. and the hotel at 4.32. Returning, the Mt. Kineo House is left at 10.30 Monday morning, Mt. Kineo Station at 10.55—Portland being reached at 5.35 in the afternoon.

One twenty-five dollar ticket, purchasable at Union station in Portland, includes everything—transportation from Portland, dinner Saturday evening, lodging Saturday night, breakfast Sunday morning, luncheon Sunday noon, dinner Sunday evening, lodging Sunday night, breakfast Monday morning, and return transportation to the city. As transportation tickets will be accepted for the balance of the season, it is possible to arrange a longer visit, following the weekend.

This arrangement will continue through September 13. And thus will many Maine people receive their introduction to Mt. Kineo through this rare bargain in pleasure.

Editorial

(Continued from Page 6)

dacks, and will utilize it as a vacation retreat for members. There are nine buildings, capable of accommodating approximately 125 guests—one of these buildings including billiard and assembly rooms, a dance hall, and so on. The Veterans' Association, organized only two years ago, is composed of employes in the several departments of the New York Central Lines. They themselves financed the purchase of this camp and assumed its management; it is their very own.

The story is of significance chiefly as showing the growing spirit of fraternity and mutual helpfulness among railroad men and women—a spirit illustrated, in the past two years, by the establishing of many magazines, the formation of various employes' organizations, and in other ways.

Maine has scenery surpassing any which the Adirondacks can boast. The spirit of fraternity among members of the Maine Central family is as strong and fine as can be found on any American road. It may be a long time in the future—but a camp on one of Maine's lovely lakes or streams, purchased and controlled by some organization of

The Give-Away

"Strange requests and humorous experiences? Yes, plenty of them," said Mr. L. W. Merritt, ticket agent at Union Station, Portland, in conversation with a Maine Central Magazine reporter.

"I remember that a rather fine looking man, accompanied by a little boy, once came to the ticket window and wanted a drawing room to New York in the State of Maine express. The clerk learned from the diagram that there were no drawing rooms available, and told the would-be purchaser so.

"But I must have it," he pleaded, tears in his eyes. "My wife is very ill. She can't stand the journey in an ordinary Pullman. In Heaven's name, can't you do something?"

"He continued to plead until suddenly the little boy piped up and said: 'Oh, papa, I didn't know mamma was sick!'

"We have had more than one good laugh over that; but, had a drawing room been available, the man would have been given it. His personal attitude had no bearing. In fact, personal sentiment is never considered in our dealings with the public. Every request for reservations is filled impartially; on the general principle of 'first come, first served.' The one exception is in a case of sickness—real sickness, when we try to get the reservations asked if it is humanly possible."

Maine Central employes, is by no means beyond the range of possibility.

—CSCC—

Many peered from rear windows of the general office building, quite a few mornings ago, when the Maine Central's two new passenger locomotives—giants of the Pacific type—ran by in the center of a long freight, Rigby to Waterville. They looked stylish—for a locomotive can be stylish, you know; and modern efficiency was written all over them. They already have been placed in service, on the Portland and Bangor run.

Of the remainder of the new equipment, the six Mikado freight engines have not been received as these lines are written, but are expected this month. The four combination mail and baggage cars are also due for delivery in July. The one hundred steel gondola coal cars are here, as are 25 of the 250 steel underframe box cars. The nine passenger cars—six coaches and three smokers—are due in August and September.

Colorful Scenes

(Continued from Page 17)

minutes—?" questioned the reporter.

"We'll call Boston and get his space," said Mr. Merritt, promptly, "and we'll issue the Pullman ticket to him here. Every detail will be arranged—all of his transportation in one envelope—when he comes up to the window."

It was a graphic object lesson in the art—or shall we say the science?—of modern efficiency.

Freight Handling

(Continued from Page 14)

The first pull of the house on the Maine Central side is started at five o'clock with cars for No. 339, due to leave Portland at 6.10 P.M., which includes the following, commencing at the head end: Oakland, Madison, North Anson and way, Somerset Junction and way, Kineo and way, Waterville, Hermon Center and way, Dexter and way, Dover and Foxcroft, Foxcroft and way, Pittsfield and way, Fairfield, Skowhegan and way, Northern Maine Junction and Bangor & Aroostook, Machias and way, Dennysville and way, Eastport and way, Milltown and way, Calais and way, Oldtown and way, Mattawamkeag and way, Mt. Desert Ferry and way, Ellsworth and way, Bucksport and way, Bangor, Bangor transfer.

This leaves the way clear for the shifter then to

make the next pull on the Maine Central side, the cars for No. 376 due to leave Rigby 9.20 p.m., via Mountain Division, taking cars from track 17 for Lime Ridge and way, Colebrook and way, North Stratford and way, St. Johnsbury and beyond, St. Johnsbury and way, switching these cars over onto the westbound side to put them with cars loaded there for Cnadian Pacific Despatch, Great Eastern Line, Hyde Park and Chicago.

A shifter then pulls tracks No. 1, 2 and 3 on westbound side and takes 37 or 38 cars to Rigby; being in station order and train order, they are switched to the proper tracks to be forwarded in the regular trains and include the cars mentioned for No. 376 and cars for the west via Boston & Maine, to be forwarded in regular order.

Next in order are the cars for No. 35's extra, due out at 10.30 P.M., as follows: Poland and way, Canton and way, Dixfield and way, Rumford, Rumford and beyond, Auburn, Lewiston Upper, Liver-

more Falls and way, Wilton and way, Farmington and way, Farmington and beyond, Winthrop.

No. 323 for Lower Road points at 3.15 a.m., as follows: Bath, Wiscasset and way, Damariscotta and Newcastle, Waldoboro and way, Thomaston and way, Rockland, Lewiston Lower and way, Lisbon Falls, Brunswick, Richmond and way, Gardiner, Augusta and way, Winslow and way.

No. 341's extr, due out at 7.00 A.M. with cars for Freeport and way.

No. 33's extra, due out at 8.30 A.M., as follows: Rumford Junction and way, Readfield and way, North Belgrade and way.

No. 372 via Mountain Division, due out at 7.10 A.M., as follows: Steep Falls and way, Cornish and way, Bridgton Junction and way, including freight for Bridgton-Saco River Railroad points; Brownfield and way, Faybans and way, Glen and way.

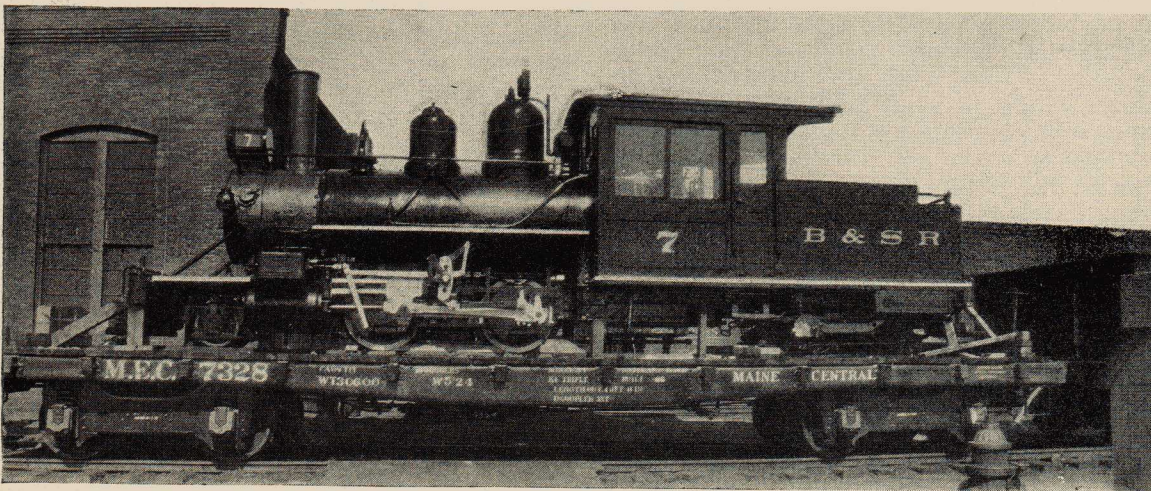
Sebago Lake extra, due out at 7.30 A.M. has cars for Sebago Lake and way points.

In addition to this, a great number of cars are made up among those, called "transfer cars," whenever possible; straight cars for the larger cities or points where there is sufficient amount of freight to warrant making same.

In other cases, an effort is made to follow out the same plan as the so-called "the arbitrary setup." Often there is a sufficient amount of freight for two points, so that one lot may be loaded into one end of the car and for the next station into the other end.

The freight house crews work busily all day handling freight to and from these cars and immediately—in fact, usually before the men have the cars ready—the switching crews are in readiness to start in their part of the work—to get them away from the freight house and made up into trains.

(Continued on Page 29)



Tiny Engine Having a Ride

A photograph of No. 7, Bridgton and Saco River Railroad, as it was leaving the Thompson's Point shops in Portland. No. 7—tender and all—weighs but 66,500 pounds. Notice the ease with which it is accommodated upon a flat car.



Fine Restaurants Upon Wheels

Something About the Maine Central Dining Cars—Chefs from Jacksonville Hotels; Waiters in Large Part from Atlantic Coast and Florida East Coast Lines—A Typical Menu and Some Notes of Interest



YEARS ago a newspaper humorist, in quest of material, paid a visit to a dining car on some western road, wrote an allegedly funny story about it, and incidentally interviewed the cook. Here are two quotations from the interview:

"And how do you do your cooking?"

I asked him.

"With a can opener," he replied, giving a hearty laugh."

Just why that far from brilliant paragraph has stuck in our memory for fifteen years we do not know; it is one of life's mysteries. But it occurs to us at intervals—and we were reminded of it the other morning, when we paid our first visit to one of the Maine Central dining cars. Reminded of it, you understand, because everything we saw was an exact opposite of what the paragraph implied. Here, at one end of the long car, were a coal range, its fires glowingly hot; a steam table, "warmers" and all manner of other things that a housewife would understand—in short, a model kitchen upon wheels, just as the main body of the car, beyond, resembled some very attractive restaurant or hotel dining room upon wheels. A chef whose culinary education was no more extensive than the one quoted above, wouldn't get very far after the car had left Portland—say about as far as Deering Junction.

Specifically, the Maine Central maintains its own dining car service during the summer months, —a service independent of those on other railroad systems. You may never have noticed it, in the sweep and rush of the crowds that surge through Union station at Portland—but, far down the wide platform, is a modest door marked "commissary." And here Mr. J. S. Coombs, who has this department in immediate charge, can be found at his desk, long hours before most persons are awake. For

the dining cars, when leaving Portland, are attached to early trains.

"This is just a systematized branch of railroad service, like any other," said Mr. Coombs to the Maine Central Magazine reporter who called on him—at an hour when all persons ARE awake. "It's not quite so picturesque as some writers like to imagine it, but we do try to make it efficient.

"Many of our boys have been with us, summer after summer, for a long time. Each dining car carries a cook, or chef; a second cook, a third cook, five waiters and a steward. The steward is white; all the others are colored. No, they aren't the

genuine type of Southern darky, for they were born in New York, Boston and other big Northern cities; but some of them run on the Florida East Coast line, in winter, and they do impart a suggestion of Southern travel.

"They are of a really high type of faithfulness and efficiency; and this is just a matter of business and service with them; as it is with the rest of us. All three of our chefs spend their winters at big hotels in Jacksonville, Florida. The other cooks, for the most part, fill in the winter by catering. The waiters have work on the Atlantic Coast and Florida East Coast lines. All of them re-

turn to us when the summer season opens.

"These men submit to a rigid physical examination. This is in accordance with a new state law, framed to include all who serve food and which recently went into effect. But it's interesting to note that every member of our crews passed his examination with flying colors; and, as practically all were with us last year, our sanitary conditions must have been as satisfactory, without state law requirements, as they are now. In other words, it illustrates the standard we have always tried to maintain."

"How do you buy your food?"

Commissary Department

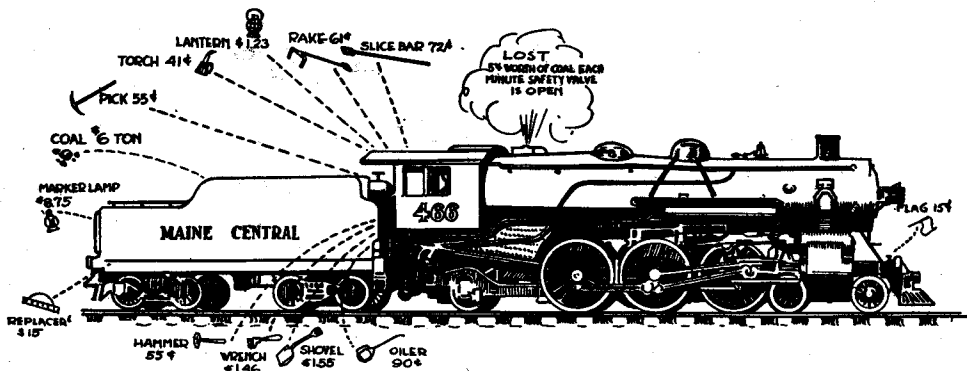
Serving food is as much a branch of railroad service—just as systematized, as efficient, as business-like—as any other.

During the summer months, the Maine Central Railroad Company maintains three dining cars—its commissary department being independent of those on other roads. These cars are beautifully and serviceably equipped—like fine restaurants upon wheels. They add much to the comfort of passengers on the Bar Harbor and Rockland runs. Each has a crew of three cooks, five waiters and a steward, who impart a sort of metropolitan atmosphere.

And yet the commissary department—located, in summer, in the big Union station at Portland—is perhaps less known, even to members of the Maine Central family, than most of the others. This little story tells something about it.

"Wonder What a Locomotive Thinks About"—
 With Apologies To Briggs

Most of us are familiar with Briggs' clever cartoons. One of his ideas is to portray some person, or perhaps some inanimate object, and observe: "Wonder what (here giving name of person or object) thinks about." This is our idea of what a locomotive thinks about—with due apologies, of course, to Mr. Briggs.



"In quantities, of course. Mostly of local merchants. We buy Maine products whenever and wherever we can."

"I bet our lady readers would like some recipes of dishes your chefs serve," said the reporter, seized by an inspiration. "Will you let me ask one of them?"

Mr. Coombs laughed.

"I'm afraid you'd have hard luck," he answered. "A colored boy is either a natural born cook—or he is not. If he is, he cooks by a sort of instinct. He knows, but he couldn't explain it to others. He has no set recipes. It is just a natural gift. One of our chefs can take a few dashes of 'this, that and the other' and produce some dish fit for a king—too good, probably, for any of the few kings who are still sticking around. But he can't tell how he does it—the exact proportion of ingredients and time required—to save his soul."

A trip through one of the cars proved genuinely interesting. There was the kitchen—small, of course, but perfectly equipped in every part, with its coal range, its steam table, and its really imposing array of "chill boxes," coffee urns, plate and cup warmers, and so on: a kitchen in which any housewife might well have taken pride. There was the adjoining pantry, with its ice boxes and dishes. There were the five dining sections, a waiter being assigned to each—long rows of comfortable chairs and cherry-colored tables, those

seating parties of four being on one side of the aisle and those seating parties of two being on the other. And then, in general, there were attractive linen lockers, oaken buffets in which silver glittered, and many other serviceable adornments. It was like eating in some fine hotel—and watching the scenery glide by.

A typical menu? This is the first breakfast served this summer and is typical of elaborateness of every meal:

- Strawberries with Cream
- Stewed Prunes
- Corn Flakes
- Kellogg's Krumbled Bran Cereal
- Broiled Premium Ham
- Codfish Cakes
- Roast Beef Hash with Dropped Egg
- Griddle Cakes with Maple Syrup
- EGGS
- Boiled
- Plain, Ham or Jelly Omelet
- Hashed Brown
- Orange Marmalade
- Maine Central Corn and Whole Wheat Muffins
- Dry or Buttered Toast
- Tea
- Coffee
- Milk
- Price, One Dollar
- Cantaloupe
- Sliced Pineapple
- Oatmeal
- Broiled Bacon
- Broiled Lamb Chop
- M. C. Corn Fritters
- Maple Syrup
- Scrambled
- French Fried
- Rolls
- Cocoa

(Continued on Page 31)

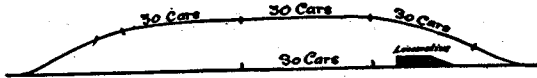
End of Puzzles

This is the last, for the time being, of the railroad puzzles.

We were a bit surprised, but surely gratified, at the interest shown in those already printed. Replies poured in, literally by the dozen, from all parts of the system. It wasn't possible to publish them all, but those selected filled several pages in the May and June issues. And, like a snow-ball rolling down hill, the volume of puzzles and of replies kept growing and growing.

Here, briefly, are replies to the three new problems printed in June. Then—because there is so much to fill our space for the next month or so—we'll discontinue this department for awhile.

This was the first of the new puzzles in the June issue. It was sent by Malcolm D. Billington, who has charge of the instruction car:

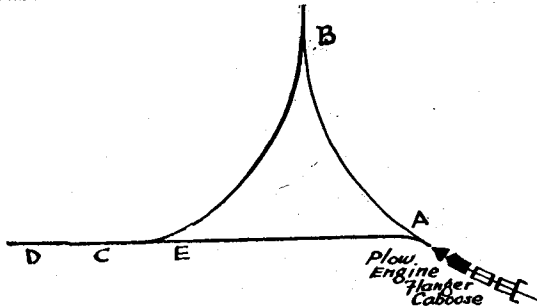


"Engine attached to 30 cars on main line wishes to pick up the thirty cars in middle of double-end turn-out, and can handle only 30 cars at a time on 1% grade. Turn-out contains, at the time, 90 cars. Put the 30 cars attached to engine in place of the 30 cars in center of turn-out."

Of the several replies received, the briefest was by Ernest E. Estes of Auburn, general chairman of the Brotherhood of Railroad Station Employees, as follows:

"Leave original train of main line clear of turnout; nose out last 30 cars; back off, shove up main line clear of turnout; back onto 1st 30 cars; set on main line; take second 30, set onto them, back through turnout onto original 30; pull onto turnout; set head 30 onto turnout; back 30 on main line clear of turnout; nose onto other 30; back down; set on rear of turnout; back onto train. Nine moves ahead, nine moves back, to do this."

The second puzzle, also sent by Mr. Billington, was:



This is answered by C. A. Bucklin, car service department, Portland, who writes:

I placed the letters A, B, C, D and E on the diagram and presumed there is track enough on X beyond point B to turn train.

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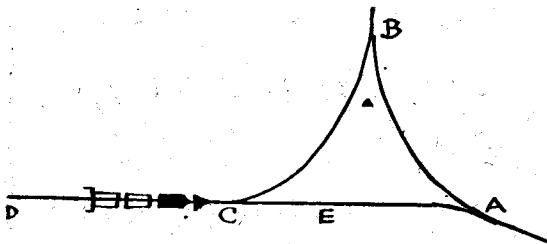
Athletic Equipment for All Sports

WE OUTFITTED THE MAINE
CENTRAL BASEBALL LEAGUE

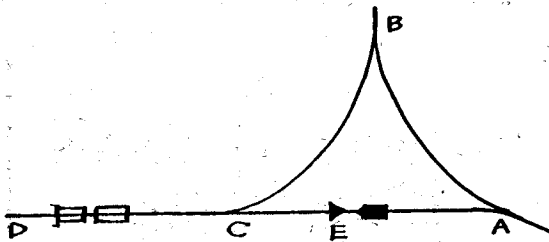
The James Bailey Company

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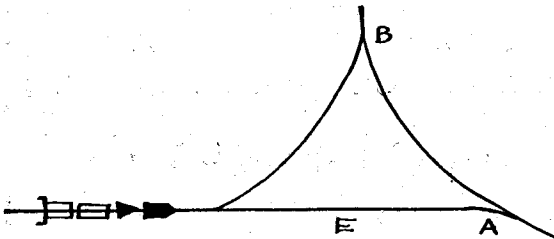
Move train A to B; B to C to D. The train is in the position shown:



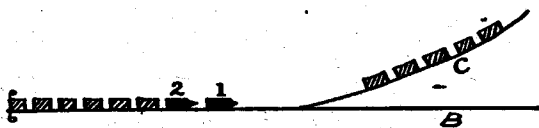
Leaving caboose and flanger at D, engine places plow at E. Light engine backs E to C and moves C to B; B to A and A to E. The positions now are:



Engine places plow in position next to flanger and moves light C to A; A to B, B to C and couples on train as shown:



This turns the train and puts the cars in the positions required.
The third and last new puzzle was by R. B. Stone, engine dispatcher, Rigby. It was:



A double header freight with five cars. Spur track C will hold five cars only. Not room for an engine on it with the cars. There are five cars on the spur to be picked up and the five cars in the train are to be set off on the spur. The cars on the spur cannot be staked off, and no flying switches to be made.

Mr. Stone answers his own conundrum, as follows:

"Drop train on main line and let No. 1 Engine cut off, go in on spur and get two cars. Back out and shove down main line toward letter B. No. 2

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engine cut off and go in on spur. No. 1 engine drop the two cars and back up onto train, drop caboose and haul train down main line. No. 2 engine back off the spur with three cars and shove down onto rear of cars on main line. Then haul all eight cars back beyond spur. No. 1 engine back up and go in on spur, leaving two cars at B. No. 2 engine shove down with 8 cars and pick up the two at point B. Haul back with ten cars and put head two in onto the engine on the spur. Back out and shove down main line and drop five cars. Haul back and put the other three on the engine on the spur. Then back out up the main line. No. 1 engine back out with five cars, haul down main line and pick up five. No. 2 engine go in on spur light. No. 1 engine back up with five ahead and five behind to clear spur. Drop five behind and shove ahead to clear spur. No. 2 engine back out of spur and back onto five on main line and pick up caboose. No. 1 engine back up with five on head end and shove them in on spur. Then back out of spur onto train and go along."

Freight Handling

(Continued from Page 24)

The so-called "second trick fellows," who pull the house, have a real job. An amateur in the line of work very quickly finds that it is a job for one of the older, long-headed "schemers."

It is the ambition of the yardmaster and conductor to get their part done, that is, the cars all switched out, by the time they are supposed to quit work at eleven o'clock, so that when the third trick crew comes on to relieve them, they can immediately begin their part of the work, gathering the house cars from Yard No. 8 and putting them in their proper places at the freight house; getting the empty cars required, having them placed and spotted—as, in order to load through the cars on these tracks, they must be set door to door and have everything ready for the freight house gang at seven o'clock in the morning.

This is a very important part of the work, because failure to have the cars in readiness means a loss of time, unnecessary expense, and delay in getting freight to the public.

In the meantime, as the freight house men close their part of the work in the afternoon and the switching crews start in, there is on the second floor in the billing office another force who must hurry to handle the bills of lading and prepare waybills for this freight. Most of the waybills must be forwarded along with the cars; and with the trains handling them due out at 6.10 P.M., 7.00 P.M., 7.15 P.M., 8.30 P.M., 9.25 P.M., 10.15 P.M. and 10.20 P.M. (which would be the trains most difficult for them to handle) and other trains later, it can readily be seen that the billing department has a job on its hands to prepare these bills and despatch them by messenger service to Yard No. 8 or Rigby, as the case may be, in season to connect with the cars as made up into the proper trains and without delay.

But, all this is handled by the several departments as an every-day sort of program, yet with full realization of its importance in the handling of transportation and their duty to the public.

With few exceptions, those at the freight station are what are called regular employes, most of them having been in employ for many years. All are

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counted among the good, substantial citizens of Portland and vicinity—a force of men and women carrying on an important work, and of whom their employers are, and well may be, justly proud.

Shop Crafts

(Continued from Page 15)

with an hour intermission for dinner.

The new general chairman is a blacksmith in the motive power department, Bangor, and is a member of the general board from the Bangor District. He has taken a keen personal interest in affairs of the Association, has worked hard in its behalf, and has much executive ability. George H. Parrott, machinist in the Thompson's Point shops, Portland, was chosen to act as general secretary in the absence of Joseph E. Moore—who, as told elsewhere in this issue, sailed from Boston, July 5, for a three months' vacation in England. The general officers for the last quarter, therefore, are: B. L. King, general chairman; Joseph E. Moore, general secretary, represented by Mr. Parrott; George B. Hunter, general treasurer.

Officers will be elected for the ensuing year at the next quarterly meeting, to be held October 16 in Waterville. At this meeting, also, proposed amendments to the by-laws will come up for consideration. These amendments are considered of interest and importance, and are printed at the bottom of page fifteen.

"We are greatly pleased," said one of those who attended the Bangor meeting, "with the book of piece-work prices, printed by the company and distributed among all piece workers of our membership. It fully covers Thompson's Point, South Portland and Waterville—the three 'production shops,' where piece-work is done.

"This book is a great improvement over the former system—which was to put the information in circular form, on the bulletin boards of the various shops. Now, without trouble or inconvenience, each man can 'check himself,' so to speak, as he goes along—can know at any stage of the job how much he is to be paid."

It is hoped, at the October meeting, to get a group photograph of the board, which will be printed in the Maine Central Magazine. Interest in the Association as a whole was never greater.

More Baseball

(Continued from Page 22)

pounded the ball often and earnestly; and if a man got on first at all it was generally good for a run. But here and there were some flashes of real baseball; and it was recalled that Bass, who was in the box for the Revision Bureau, once pitched for the University of Maine.

Phil Pearson raised a crew and promptly challenged the winner. Union Station challenged, too. This was the batting order:

Revision Bureau—Murray, c; C. Bean, ss; Bass, p; Waite, 3rd b; Grant, cf; Gass, rf; Dodge, 2nd b; Brown, lf; H. Plummer, 1st b.

Line Crew—Malloy, c; Mills, lf; Whitney, 1st b; C. Hawkes, p; Rand, ss; Ashworth, cf; R. Shaw, rf; Barron, 2nd b; H. Beane, 3rd b.

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That the cost of belonging is very small and the benefits derived are very great?

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A Strange Night Ride — Troubled River, Driving Rain, Floating Circus

Scene: Pilot house of the Maine Central ferry-boat, Ferdinando Gorges, plying between Bath and Woolwich. Time: Two hours past midnight.

On the deck below, rows of flat-cars were filled with wagons that by day shone resplendent in red and gold, but now were drab and unpicturesque in their tarpaulin coverings—the Sparks circus train, or part of it, on its way to Rockland. Only the polar bears were visible, pacing endlessly back and forth, for their cage is never covered.

—○○○○—

In the pilot house, a little group of railroad and circus men stood in silence as the Ferdinando Gorges churned its way into the Kennebec. A sudden rain, driven by a strong northeast wind, splashed against the panes; the tide was running out to sea. Hardly a light broke the darkness of the Woolwich shore. And blacker, uglier waters we had seldom seen; the steel boat rode upon a river of ink.

A half dozen pairs of eyes peered, not without anxiety, into the gloom that encircled and seemed to press down upon the boat, almost as might some living thing. Below, the animals, in their shrouded cages, were strangely quiet. The splash of the rain, the throb of the engine, the tremor of waves striking against steel failed to penetrate their slumbers. Only the polar bears endlessly, grimly, paced to and fro. * * *

A steamboat man could have realized better than we how a big navigating task rested upon the sturdy shoulders of Capt. Perkins that night. A second's miscalculation, in the darkness and the rain, and the steel prow might have struck a glancing blow, ripping into the Woolwich dock. All of our nerves, I think, were a bit on edge for a few moments. Then we made as beautiful a landing—with hardly a tremor—as though it had been mid-day and the sun was shining. Figuratively, our hats came off to Capt. Perkins—he is a sure-enough mariner!

—○○○○—

Well, the Ferdinando Gorges made two more trips before the nineteen cars of the circus train were safely landed on the Woolwich shore; and gray dawn was breaking over the Kennebec when the final trip ended. The train, which had a Maine Central engine, caboose and crew, went on its way toward Rockland in two sections. One of them was drawn by Engineer William Sterns, who had come up in a switcher from Rockland yard. Twenty-four hours later, on its return, the circus was again piloted across the Kennebec—this time on its way to Lewiston. Everything moved smoothly, and in accordance with carefully pre-arranged plans.

"A 20-car circus train," said Capt. Perkins, "is the longest we will handle. That is why Rockland never gets a really big one, although it is one of the best show towns in the East."

"A new rule?" somebody suggested.

"No, a very old one," said Capt. Perkins. "The last super-circus we carried was Barnum & Bailey's, just twenty-five years ago. It had sixty-five cars, and we used the old City of Rockland. Two cars were all we could carry on a trip, so you can imagine the job it was."

One thing is certain: Those of us who took that midnight ride with the Sparks circus train, in the rain and darkness, won't forget it in a hurry. Truly, something of adventure may be found on the Bath water-front—when we take the trouble to look for it.

Good Old Days

(Continued from Page 5)

Arthur Brown of the old Bangor and Piscataquis.

The Bangor and Piscataquis at that time boasted one train. It left daily as No. 1, reached the other end of the line—sometimes not without difficulty—and returned as No. 2. And Mr. Brown, after long and careful thought, evolved the following:

"Train Order No. 1—Train No. 1 will not leave until Train No. 2 has arrived."

Like most good railroad men, Mr. Locke doesn't like to talk about himself. What a wealth of personal anecdotes he could tell, if he so willed! And there are mighty few on the Mountain Division with whom he isn't personally acquainted.

"Did you know," said he, "that there's an engineer leaving Portland every morning who was running an engine on the old Portland and Ogdensburg road when first I went to Fryeburg, 44 years ago? His name is Frank G. Small—'Gilley' Small—and he runs on 154 and 163, from Portland to Bartlett and return."

Restaurant on Wheels

(Continued from Page 26)

And, on the opposite page, is a list of fifteen mineral waters and other drinks; nine brands of cigars, and eight of cigarettes.

There are three of these Maine Central dining cars. One is attached to No. 153—the Bar Harbor express, which leaves Portland daily, Mondays excepted, at 6 a.m. Returning, it is attached to No. 156, which leaves Bangor at 5 p. m., reaching Portland at 9.20.

The second car is attached to No. 53—the Rockland express, leaving Portland at 6.15 a.m. It returns on No. 80, which leaves Rockland at 5.25. The third car alternates, to a considerable extent, with these, and is always ready in an emergency.

"Patt's" Book

The Maine Central Magazine hasn't as yet attained the dignity of a book department; but an advance copy of a Maine writer's book has been sent

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us to review—and it is so entertaining, so pungent, with so much of truth underlying its satire and philosophy, that it is impossible not to give it passing mention.

This is "Maine's Hall of Fame," and "Meddybemps Letters" by Hon. William R. Patangall. It is a beautifully printed volume of 359 pages; and it has been described by competent critics as "one of the most wonderful political satires ever written." It is in effect a combination of two series of Mr. Patangall's writings, in both of which men widely known in Maine are brought beneath the play of his brilliant wit. To these have been added several of his hitherto unpublished letters, and a few more formal addresses and essays.

Mr. Patangall's satirical gifts and powers of character analysis have long been widely known in Maine; and of late he has leaped into prominence as an almost national figure. There is none who has quite so deft a touch in finding the fads and foibles of the great and near-great; none who, beneath his cleverness, is more truthful or human.

Therefore, undoubtedly, there will be a demand for these writings, which reflect his keenest and cleverest thoughts of the past twenty years. There is a foreword by Arthur G. Staples, editor of the Lewiston Journal.

("Maine's Hall of Fame and the Meddybemps Letters," by William R. Patangall. Published by Lewiston Journal Company.)

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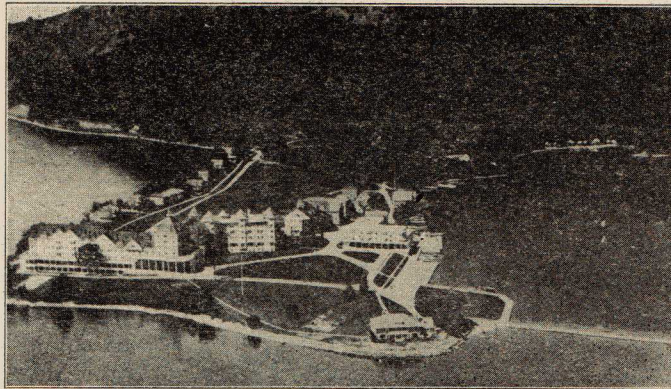
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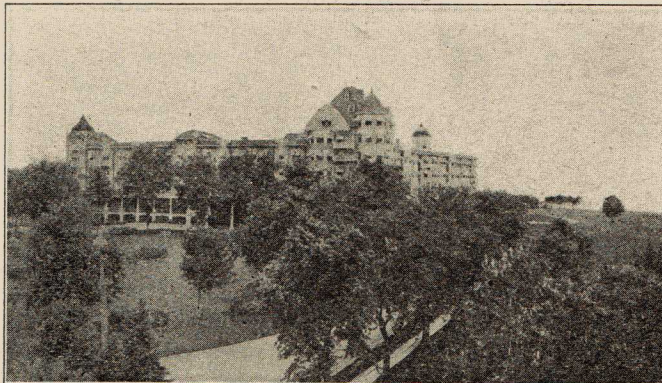
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