

MAINE CENTRAL EMPLOYEES MAGAZINE



BOSTON & MAINE RY. CO.
HISTORICAL SOCIETY
ARCHIVES

*There is to read in this
Magazine a story of*

Civil War Veterans in Our Family

The Job Breen's Crew is Doing at
Augusta

A Trip Along the Kennebec

Daily Doings at Rumford Junction

A Bit About Two Famous Stations

MAY, 1926

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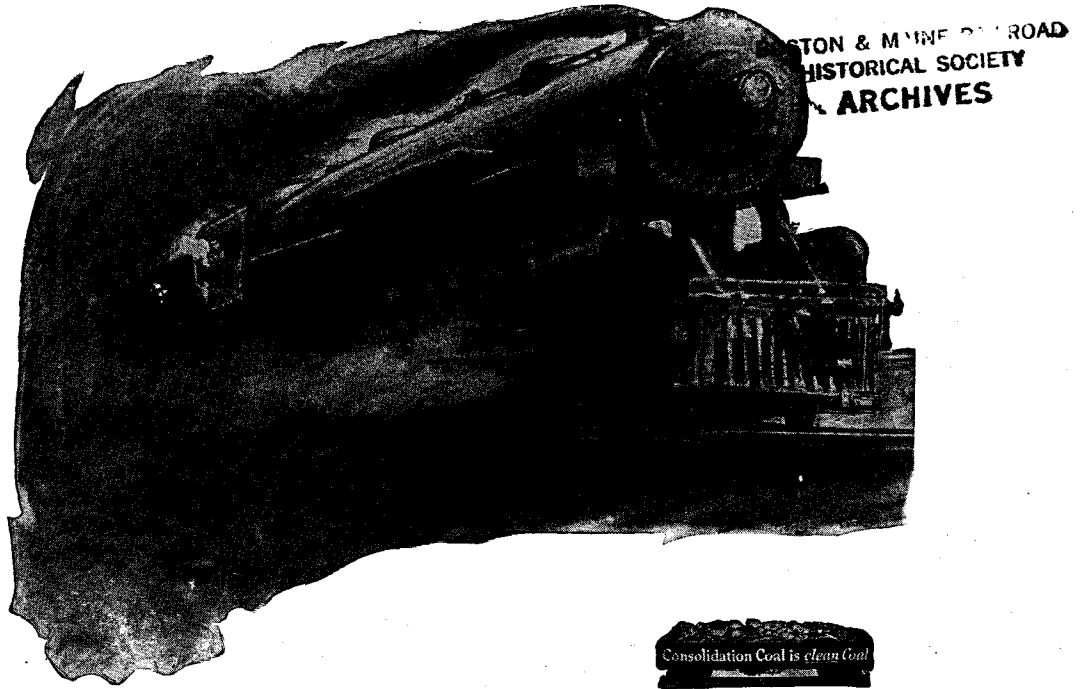
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Along the Kennebec

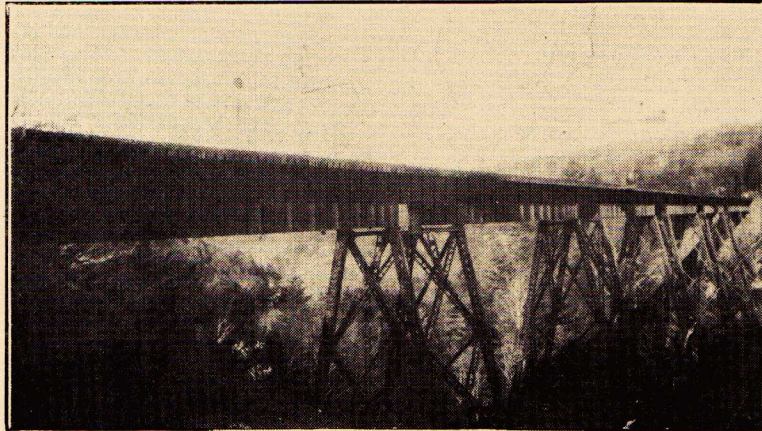
By Doris Scribner

Early one fall I had the pleasure of spending about six weeks in "Central Maine" along the Kennebec River where I was brought closer to nature than I had ever been before.

When I stepped from the train at Kineo Station, my eyes beheld Mount Kineo so near. Standing so majestically and rising so abruptly from the lake it looked like one huge boulder. Near the foot is the Mt. Kineo House, known throughout the world. This place is situated about half-way up Moosehead Lake.

As we pass down the Somerset Division we come to Indian Pond. Here the east and west outlets of the lake join forming the headwaters of the Kennebec River. Next we passed along Lake Moxie, which seems small compared with Moosehead, being only nine miles long and not over a mile in width.

After we left Lake Moxie station, we



came to Troutdale, situated on the same lake about half-way down.

This place has no main road, and can only be reached by the railroad. There are many fine summer camps here. I wondered if the name had lent splendor and charm

to the place, as I was told it was formerly known as "Mosquito."

Next we pass through Bald Mountain and Deadwater, now known as Lake Austin. In this vicinity the large lumber concerns obtain much raw material to feed their mills at Waterville, Skowhegan, Augusta, Madison and other places farther down the river.

As we pass along to Bingham we cross the trestle, where the railroad crosses from one hill-top to another. Looking from the window, down so far, feeling yourself riding over the tree-tops, makes one feel as if they were in an aeroplane.

Occasionally throughout
Please turn to Page 11

TOP—TRESTLE NEAR DEADWATER. MIDDLE—KINEO FROM ROCKWOOD.
BOTTOM—TYPICAL LUMBER CAMPS.

Famous Terminals in Their Day

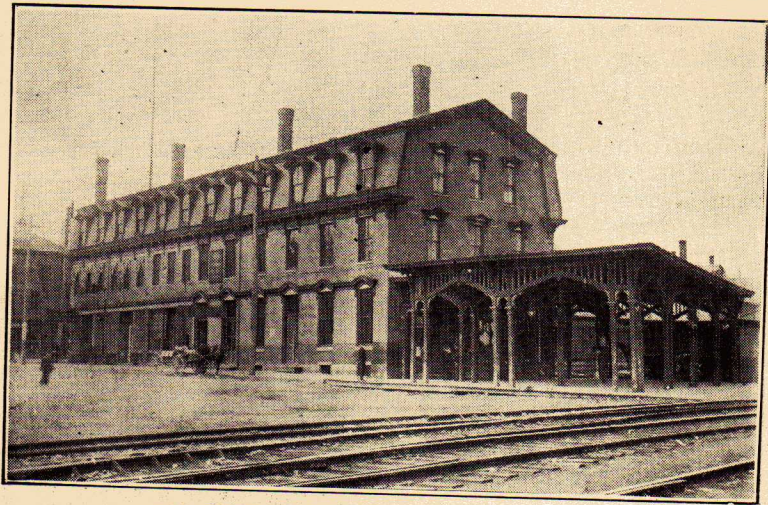
Old timers who ran into Bangor will need no introduction to the buildings shown in the accompanying photographs. Those who have come onto the road since 1906 won't recognize them. They are the two old stations in Bangor, abandoned and abolished when the present Union Station was built. Both of those old buildings played an important part in the early railroad history of eastern Maine. They figured in some of the most interesting events and in them occurred numerous stirring incidents.

While each was somewhat changed in the last days from its original nature, the Exchange Street station remained nearer to its first arrangement than did the Maine Central, or west side station, at Broad and Railroad streets.

The Maine Central station at first was a combination passenger and freight station. It was built after a style very general on early roads. It was a great barn-like structure,

divided lengthwise in the center by a partition. On one side passenger business was cared for, on the other, freight. Probably there are some stations of this type still in existence, but the writer knows of none in Maine or New England at this time.

It was from this old station that the eastern Maine troops *Please turn to Page 14*



OLD EXCHANGE STREET STATION, BANGOR



BANGOR'S OLD MAINE CENTRAL STATION

Waterville's Fine Railroad "Y"

By Edw. J. Benn

The Railroad Y. M. C. A. at Waterville began serving railroad men of the Maine Central in 1911, the building having been erected by joint contributions of the citizens of Waterville, the Maine Central Railroad men and the Maine Central Railroad Co. It has always served its mission as a "Home Away from Home" efficiently and well from the very

average of eighty-five strings), pocket billiards and checkers for their social needs and a reading-room with current magazines to help them in their work or to entertain them.

There is a dining-room seating forty people which is in continuous operation twenty-four hours in the day, with a good cook and efficient waitresses to serve the food.



THE RAILROAD Y. M. C. A. AT WATERVILLE

beginning. When the building was opened the key was thrown away.

This building is the best equipped for the service of its kind to railroad men on the Maine Central and in the state, except perhaps Brownville Junction.

There are fifty-five single rooms, with a daily average of thirty-three used, shower baths and washrooms well supplied with hot and cold water on every floor, bowling (daily

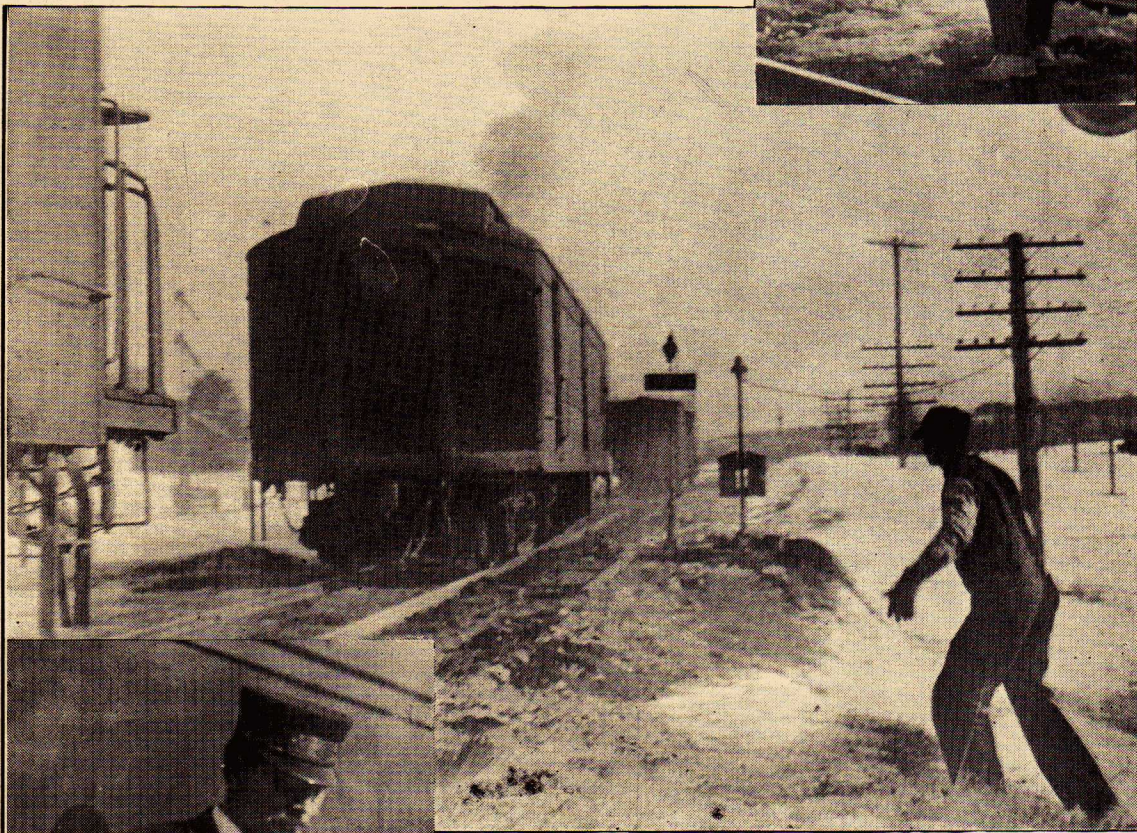
Boys' work is promoted through the Boy Scout movement in co-operation with the Methodist Church. Half of these boys are sons of railroad men.

Located as the Y. M. C. A. is, near the railroad and depot, many opportunities come to aid young men in need who are short of finances. These boys come to the "Y" and are given clean beds and an opportunity to work for something to eat and go away clean as when they came. *Please turn to Page 13*

Step Lively at Rumford Junction

During the few minutes which No. 5 stops at Rumford Junction mornings, there is lively doings, though the average spectator doesn't realize it. So systematized have the crews of No. 5 and No. 205 gotten their job that it shows no signs of hustle. No. 205 is the morning train from Lewiston to Rumford. At the Junction it picks up a baggage and express car, which comes up from Portland on No. 5. At night it returns this car to No. 20, at the same place, and there is a repetition of what takes place in the morning.

It is a part of No. 205's job *Please turn to Page 11*



TOP—BRAKEMAN W. C. FIELD READY TO MAKE HITCH.

MIDDLE—BAGGAGE MASTER H. L. FOBES SIGNALS ENGINEER NOYES THE DISTANCE.

BOTTOM—CONDUCTOR HARVEY S. HILTON WATCHES THE MINUTES.

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Breen's Crew Tackles Big Job



J. H. BREEN, FOREMAN
OF BREEN'S CREW

actual resurfacing was done a large amount of preliminary labor was necessary. A considerable working plant had to be established. It was necessary to have an air compressing outfit installed. This is operated by a powerful gas engine, for much compressed air is used in the work. Then there had to be a storehouse for tools and materials and a cement mixing plant was required. The compressed air outfit and storehouse are located on the track level of the Augusta yard, just south of the overhead bridge. The cement plant is

Resurfacing the Rines Hill cut retaining wall at Augusta is some job. Breen's crew, as it is called, has tackled it. Just how long it is going to take has not been determined. It is one of those undertakings, which fixing a time for its completion isn't easy.

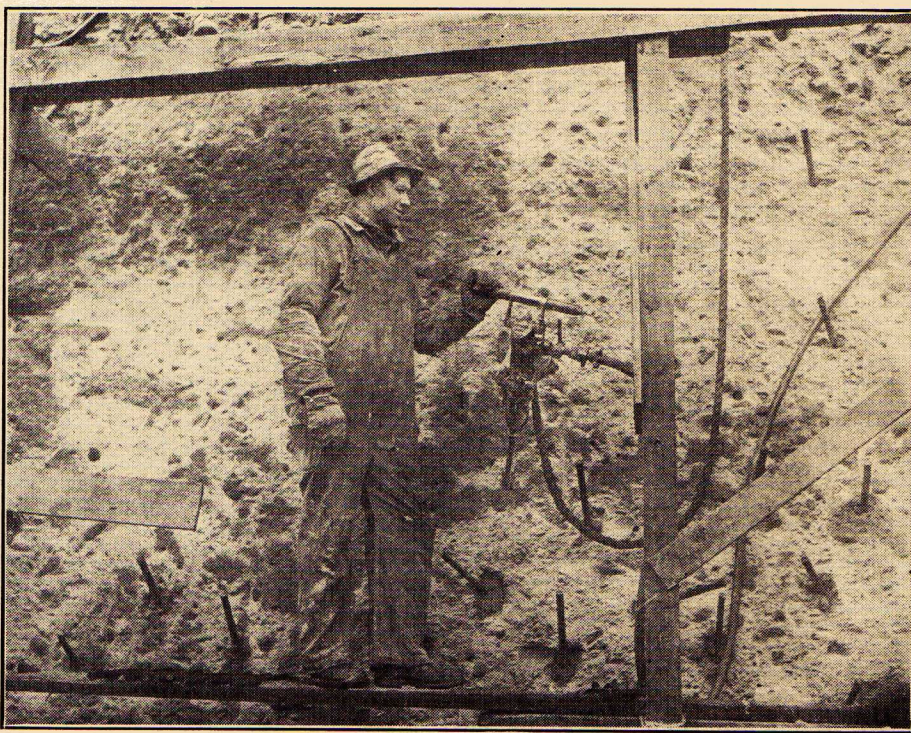
Were the only problem to go smear fresh cement over the surface of the wall it would be simple. There's a lot more to it. Before a bit of

placed at the street level, above the retaining wall.

This cement or concrete mixing outfit was so located to make for easy handling of the material. This is so arranged that the cement and sand are dumped in from the street level to the mixer. Out of the mixer they go down a trough to where wanted on the work.

Before the running of concrete began there was much work. Compressed air drills were brought into use to clear away jagged and cracked portions of the wall's surface. From six to eighteen inches had to come off. Then holes were driven into the wall. In these holes were placed iron dowels an inch in diameter and eighteen inches long. They were at various angles and about a foot apart, each way. These were all set in cement, so they would be solid.

These dowels are *Please turn to Page 11*



SINKING HOLES IN WALL TO HOLD REINFORCING DOWELS; AND
SHOWING DOWELS STICKING OUT OF THE WALL.

Maine Central Employees' Magazine

"For, By and About Maine Central Employees"

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

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 rate cards sent on application.

Kenneth B. Whittle, Advertising Solicitor

MAY, 1926

EDITORIAL

Remember the Maine

Do you recall those days, 28 years ago, when everybody was shouting the words which constitute the caption for this story? The United States was then in the business of walloping the Spanish army in Cuba and other West India islands. We were all shouting: "Remember the Maine" and singing "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town," just as vigorously as eight years ago found us singing "Over There" and remembering the Lusitania.

At that time, 28 years ago, the Maine Central Railroad was publishing a magazine. It was a different publication from that which we today have. In the May, 1898, number of the old Maine Central Magazine there appeared an editorial which is as applicable today as it was then. Here it is:

"REMEMBER THE MAINE" is the nation's motto, as is also "Remember Maine and the Maine Central Railroad" when in search of summer pleasures, rest, recreation and a renewal of the tissues and gray matter which is over-worked for eleven months of the year.

The month of May opens the season of summer festivities, as it is then that the ice goes out of Rangeley and Moosehead and the spring fishermen are at their favored hotels waiting for the first rush of landlocked salmon and mammoth brook trout, which will grab at anything in the shape of bait so eager are they after being released from the ice grip of winter.

The ice went out of Sebago Lake April 15, and since then there has been good sport every day. The heaviest salmon yet landed weighed eighteen and one-

quarter pounds. "Fly Rod," the peer of all fisherwomen, was on hand the first day and within an hour had landed a beauty weighing eight and a quarter pounds.

Many fishermen now go to Sebago for the early fishing, remaining until the ice goes out of Rangeley and Moosehead, thus getting in some extra good sport instead of waiting impatiently at home.

Train Order Signal, Kingman Station

By T. G. Kelley, Operator.

I'm just a signal with arms stretched wide.
When used for duty I do it with pride.
I stop the trains both east and west
To ask of the dispatcher the meets he thinks best.

I have been on this station for a long, long time,
Never worry, or fuss, but always smile,
When just west of Drew you can hear Engineer
Crocker swear and pout.

This must be Kingman we're coming to for that damn
train order board is out.

And when he comes in it is then we have the fun
What's the big idea, says he, stop this train for a 31,
All we can say when he swears and pouts
Say, boy, don't you see that the board is out.

I'm just a signal with colors of yellow and red
Stopping trains when a lot of boys are home in bed,
It makes no difference, in rain or shine
You will always see me when traveling over this line.

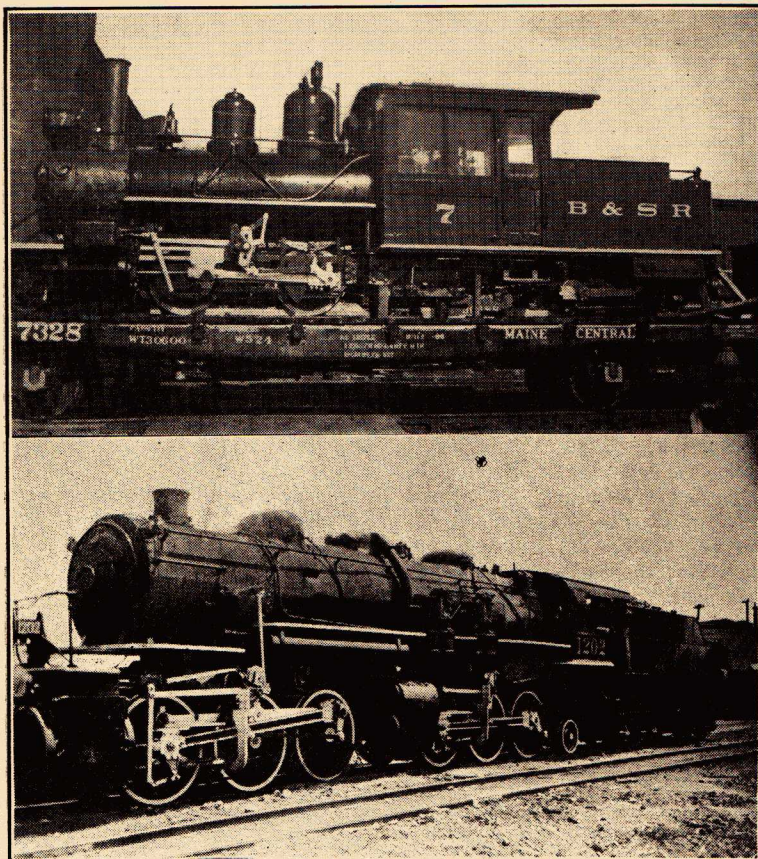
Of all my duties I never lag,
I'm taking the place of an old red flag,
I'm up in the air about thirty feet,
I can look east and west and watch the trains meet.

I'm up in the air both day and night
And about dusk Baggage Man Gould climbs up to fill
my light,

I never stammer nor I never fail
But always on the lookout with my eyes on the rail.

You can see my light near and far,
When traveling over the old M. C. R. R.,
And as long as these trains continue to make their
run

I'm just a train order signal and will be here for
years to come.



ABOVE—TOTAL LENGTH 26' 1½", TRACTIVE POWER 10,000 LBS., CYLINDERS 12"x16", WATER CAP. 1,000 GALS., COAL CAP. 1½ TONS, BUILT 1913.
 BELOW—TRACTIVE POWER 61,860 LBS., LENGTH 86' 9¾", CYLINDERS 22"x30", 35"x30", COAL CAPACITY 12 TONS, WATER 7,500 GALS., BUILT 1910.

A Study in Size

An interesting contrast in size and power is shown in the photos of Bridgton & Saco River R.R. engine No. 7 and the big Mallet compound 1202. They were snapped by Foreman F. H. Bennett when leaving the Point after their last general. The little No. 7 due to her 20" gauge wheels, had to be mounted on a flat car and sent to its destination, Bridgton Junction, where she is assigned to-

gether with four of her type to pull the diminutive mixed trains between Bridgton Junction, Bridgton and Harrison, giving invaluable service to these communities and midway villages.

As to the big Mallet compounds, nuff sed! The only individual who has any sincere attachment for them is Byron Smith, our powerful machinist on the erecting side.

Along the Kennebec

(Continued from Page 5)

this region one will find tablets of stone marking the resting

places where Benedict Arnold led his unsuccessful expedition against Quebec.

I have sat at the side of Austin Stream, near Bingham, at the

close of day and watched the beavers cut their logs, sink them and prepare their winter home. As we traveled farther down the Kennebec to its mouth, we passed through many manufacturing towns but the lure of the northern forests will remain forever uppermost in my mind.

Step Lively at Rumford Junction

(Continued from Page 8)

to make the Junction in ample time to go up the "Y" and back down to the station, uncouple the engine and run to a point beyond the cross-over switch, before No. 5 arrives.

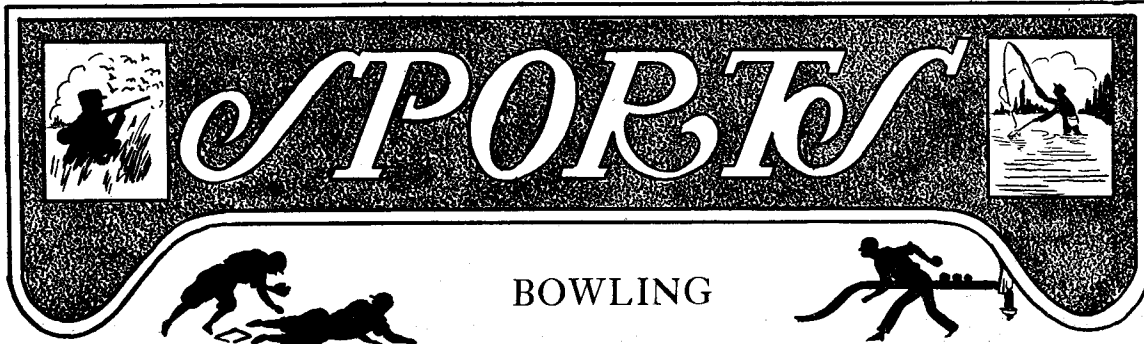
With the arrival of No. 5, which is the through train, Portland to Skowhegan, the regular baggage car and locomotive is cut off and hauls up the line beyond the cross-over, while No. 205's engine backs down, hooks onto the baggage, hauls it over onto the other line and backs down, connecting with the main train for Rumford. While this is being done No. 5's locomotive is again coupled onto the train and in no time both trains are on their way to their destination.

The operation is reversed in the afternoon, when No. 226 returns the baggage car to No. 20 and the cross-over track at the west end of the station is used.

Breen's Crew Tackles Big Job

(Continued from Page 9)

connected by half-inch iron rods extending from top to bottom of the wall and lengthwise. This makes a huge network of reinforcing iron along the front of the wall. The mixed concrete is then poured in, covering the reinforcement to the necessary depth. This will give, it is believed, a much more satisfactory surface.



BOWLING

GENERAL OFFICE BOWLING LEAGUE

The Maine Central General Office Bowling League has completed a successful season of 27 weeks. The league was made up of ten four-men teams. The teams were very evenly matched and until the last few weeks all had a chance to finish near the top.

Prizes were offered for the first four highest teams. There were some good individual records made. Small hit the high single with 154 while May holds the three-string honors with 372.

Much credit is due Mr. May, Manager, for the success of the league.

A banquet is planned to take place in a few weeks.

Following is the final standing and averages:

Final Standing	Won	Lost	P.C.
Mooseheads	64	44	.592
Megantics	62	46	.574
Somersets	62	46	.574
Portlands	61	47	.565
Concords	56	52	.520
Rangeleys	51	57	.472
Fryeburgs	48	60	.444
Fabyans	48	60	.444
Kineos	47	61	.435
Kennebagos	45	63	.417

Records

High Individual String, Small 154.

High Individual 3 Strings, May 372.

High Team String, Fryeburgs 425.

High Team Total, Portlands 1190.

High Average, May 100.

Averages

May 100, H. P. Hawkes 100, P. Pearson 100, Corcoran 96,

Allen 95, L. Hawkes 95, Waite 95, Goud 95, Stoner 93, Mills 93, McCullum 93, Foster 92, Grant 91, Dole 91, Bean 91, Heiskell 89, Nagle 89, Small 88, Brown 88, Caldwell 88, Malloy 88, Whitney 87, C. P. Hawkes 87, Barron 86, Gass 86, Welch 86, Landers 85, Paine 85, Reagan 85, Smith 85, Oberg 84, Shaw 83, Horton 82, Clark 81, Jones 81, Rand 81, Elgee 72.

PORTLAND AND CALAIS SPLIT FIFTY-FIFTY

John Goud and Charlie May made a four-day trip to Calais recently and bowled two match games. The ten-string match with Whitney and Norwood was close, but Goud and May pulled it out by 12 pins. This win was due to the fine bowling of May, who hit a ten-string total of 1050. He had a single string record of 163, which broke the alley record by one pin. The old record of 162 was established by A. J. Saunders of Calais, March 22, 1922. The record stood on the walls of the St. Croix Club for four years and four days, until smashed by May.

May's record, box by box, for the string was: 12-10-18-18-17-20-20-18-10-20=163. It will be seen that he had but two 10 boxes, the others including spares or strikes. In this record, May had seven spares and two strikes; truly a wonderful record.

Studied closely it will be seen that May had 143 and needed a strike with a spare to tally 20 and break the record. He got both.

May's work pleased all and he was congratulated by all the Calais bowlers, including Mr. Saunders, whose record had been shattered.

In this match, Norwood showed up finely, having a total of 1004 pins to his credit.

The score for this match was:

Goud 90-90-105-85-76-103-87-84-72-74= 866
 May 97-107-107-88-112-80-92-110-163-94=1050

1916

Whitney 83-81-83-86-102-91-94-79-94-107= 900
 Norwood 104-86-103-95-97-98-107-100-105-109=1004

1904

In the 20-string match with Kenison and Constantine, Goud and May lost by an even 100 pins. The first ten strings went to the Calais bowlers by 64 pins, while they took the second string by 36 pins. In this match Goud hit 1827 and May 1830, for a total of 3657. Their opponents ran up 3757, Keniston having an individual total of 1908 and Constantine 1849. The score for this match was:

First 10 strings:

Goud 89-88-89-94-102-80-101-88-79-83= 893
 May 82-87-93-95-85-94-82-95-92-81= 886

1779

Keniston 88-93-92-93-84-91-97-81-97-97= 913
 Constantine 83-80-82-100-82-103-105-84-123-88= 930

1843

∴ WITH THE POETS ∴



The Trackless Train

On a very recent visit to the Portland Terminal shed,

I thought that I heard an airplane motor, humming overhead.

Lifting up my optics, I scanned the sky in vain,
And nearly got run over by a speeding trackless train.

The raucous shriek of klaxon nearly scared me unto death,

It left me trembling like a leaf and panting for my breath,

I leaned against a friendly post, and rubbed unbelieving eyes,

The phenomenon confronting me, I could barely recognize.

This train tore 'round the corners and down the straightaway,

Followed by a string of cars, that filled me with dismay.

I put my hands over my heart to subdue its palpitating,

While the operator waved back at me with a gesture deprecating.

To say that it was intriguing, would be putting it rather mild,

My curiosity was aroused, like that of an only child,
So I asked a passing checker to explain this innovation,

For from hand trucks to trackless trains it is quite a transformation.

So we sat down on a box of maraschino cherries,
And his lucid explanation was certainly the berries.
I crossed my legs in comfort, in an attitude of rest,
While with words extemporaneous, he got this off his chest.

Those little cars are trailers, the power unit a tractor,

And in the movement of all this freight, they are an important factor.

Storage batteries hold the power of these electric trains,

A close examination will repay you for your pains.

You surely must have noticed that they move faster than a hearse,

They all have three speeds forward and also three reverse,

The trailers weigh about four hundred, and please excuse me for the pun;

The tractors haul the tonnage so they weigh about a ton.

The workmen load the trailers with miscellaneous freight,

And they are hitched together with a latch just like a gate,

The crew of two connect them, and when they have a string,

The conductor toots his whistle and the wheels begin to sing.

The freight has many destinations and the train makes sundry stops,

Leaving trailers right and left with goods for stores and shops,

They are unloaded in respective cars, all done without commotion,

The empties are garnered and loaded again, it works like perpetual motion.

Just stick around and watch awhile, if you are from Missouri,

But beware of trains like women scorned, that dash around with fury.

"I'm sorry, pal," at last he said, "but I must be on my way,

It may be Saturday to you, but to me it's tonnage day."

So shaking hands we parted, and I thanked him man to man,

Then he strolled off nonchalantly as only an Irishman can.

I'll never forget the episode of that visit here in Maine,

When I was nearly whisked beyond the pale by a phantom trackless train.

Somnambulists take warning and guide your footsteps from this spot.

Your sleep may become infinite if you get struck by this Juggernaut.

The spectre of death will envelop his bony hands around your throat,

Then Hay and Peabody will measure you for a wooden overcoat.

Poetically yours,

"A Trailer Scout." KISMET.

The Other Man

Perhaps he sometimes slipped a bit—
Well, so have you.
Perhaps some things he ought to quit—
Well, so should you.
Perhaps he may have faltered—why,
Why, all men do, and so have I;
You must admit, unless you lie,
That so have you.

Perhaps if we both stop and think,
Both I and you,
When painting some as black as ink,
As some folks do,
Perhaps, if we would recollect,
Perfection we would not expect,
But just a man half-way correct.
Like me and you.

I'm just a man who's fairly good.
I'm just like you.
I've done some things I never should,
Perhaps like you.
But, thank the Lord, I've sense to see
The rest of men with charity;
They're good enough if good as me—
Say men like you.

LEW WILLIAMS.

Night in Waterville

By Miss Ida Witham

The trains go rushing through the dark,
'Neath the pale stars overhead.
We sit three stories up in the air
And work all night in the white light's glare
To call the crews out of bed.

Oh, some may stay at home o' nights,
And work from sun to sun,
But folks must know about Number Eight,
They say she's running an hour late
And how is Seventy-One?

The engine whistles a mournful sound
As it hauls the heavy freight,
Down the long track you still can hear
Them cross the trestle and disappear.
One six seven? One five eight?

Radiograms

There is a man in the Freight Office,
And he is wondrous wise;
He bought himself a three-tube set
And hooked it to the skies.

Regardless of the weather,
Either snow or rain or shine;
He never gets a bit of static
With him it's always fine.

And the first thing every morning,
Before he goes to work
He tells of getting Hastings,
Shenandoah and Albuquerque.

Now doubtless all you people know
Portland has a station too,
And it drowns out every other place,
Even Boston can't get through.

But it seems as though this certain man
Has a radio of great fame;
For Portland never bothers him,
He gets them all the same.

"Do you know," said he to me one day,
With a grin from ear to ear;
"I think I'll throw away a tube,
I've one too many, I fear."

"For only just last evening,
While listening to the Congress Square
Antwerp, Belgium, butted in
And cut it out for fair."

Moral:

"If you must be a liar, be a good one."
By H. R. and R. S.

Using the Top End

A woodpecker pecks
Away a million of specks
Of sawdust while building his hut.
He works like a nigger
To make the hole bigger,
He's sore if his cutter won't cut.
He don't bother with plans
Of cheap artisans,
But there's this that can rightly be said,
The whole excavation
Has this explanation:
He built it by using his head.

Pullman Company For Safety

During the month of May, 1925, The Pullman Company conducted an intensive campaign against accidents, known as the May Drive. The magnitude of this task can be readily visualized when it is taken into consideration that we operate 231 yards in the United States of America, Canada and Mexico, all situated on railroad property wherein our employees are subject to the hazards in connection with the movement of cars.

Briefly, the result of this Drive was as follows: Two hundred nineteen of the two hundred thirty-one yards operated throughout the month without a lost-time accident, working a total of 1,500,000 hours. In 31 days we only had 12 lost-time accidents among 12,000 employes, a reduction of 80% over the same period during the previous year.

Everybody is so pleased with the result of last year's drive, that we are putting on another next month; judging by the intense enthusiasm evinced in every district from Coast to Coast, it looks as if each of the zones would win a prize this time. Our experience last year taught us many things, and we are in a better position this time to handle the multitudinous details necessary in a proposition of this nature. All preliminaries have been taken care of and home-made bulletins will be issued in specially prepared envelope. The originals of all bulletins are pen and ink sketches. A total of 75,000 bulletins will be distributed.

The following, printed on an attractive card, will be placed on bulletin board in every Pullman car and will remain there during the month of May:

"NO ACCIDENT" MONTH CAMPAIGN.

To Every Member Of The Pullman Family:

During the current month will YOU join with every other employe of The Pull-

man Company in making a determined effort to prevent accidents in cars, in yards, in repair shops and in offices? If all of us pledge ourselves to make this month a banner one for safety, we can beat the Safety record that has put our Company in the lead of the Industrial Safety movement.

Watch yourself and watch your careless or thoughtless brother. Don't let a slacker spoil the record. Think Safety, talk Safety and Act Safety. Don't try to get away with something because you are skilled; a less expert imitator may come to grief because you "took a chance" and set a bad example.

Let each one of us take this campaign against accidents into our homes and get our families interested, too. And it won't do any harm to talk to the neighbors about it. A good Safety soldier is also a Safety missionary.

Please do your "bit" in this campaign to save life and prevent accidents.

(Signed) E. F. CARRY, Pres.,
The Pullman Company.

TO PULLMAN PATRONS:

If the 3,000,000 men and women who will travel in Pullman cars during the month will also "Think Safety, Talk Safety, and Act Safety," they will be a helpful addition to the National army engaged in saving life and preventing accidents. "Safety" is just as vital to you as to the other fellow.

The Eating Coach

There is a mighty fine train on a great eastern road that leaves Washington, D. C., in the evening and gets to Oil City the following morning. Sometime around one-thirty it reaches Williamsport,

Pa., and on one occasion when the writer was aboard, two British gentlemen boarded a Pullman sleeper and commenced to prepare for such slumber as they could secure before daylight. They evidently overlooked the carrying quality of the human voice at that time of morning for to the annoyance of the passengers, they commenced to discuss where they would eat in the morning. The conversation was something as follows:

"Percy, shall we breakfast in the morning on the eating coach or wait until we get to Corry? They say there is a fairish inn there."

"Better wait for the inn, old thing; we know that is good."

"Well, but I say, I rather want to try the eating coach."

"Oh, very well then, we will eat on the eating coach."

"No, if you would prefer the inn at Corry, I'll forego my curiosity about the eating coach."

Just at this point a deep bass voice, which sounded like that of a Massachusetts belting salesman, boomed out from the middle of the car.

"Hey you, the people in this car want to sleep. For God's sake, wait till morning for your breakfast."

And after that there was deep and appropriate silence.

—Great Northern Semaphore.

Use of Telephones on Railroads

Believing it to be more efficient and economical, the telephone is rapidly usurping the position formerly held by the telegraph in the control of trains and for the transmission of much other business by the railroads of this country, the Telephone and Telegraph section of the American Railway Association was told at its convention held recently in New Orleans.

While the telegraph will always be used for the transmission of certain business, the telephone is

the card at the rear of his truck.

The drivers complied. In complying they interested themselves. They did stop, look and listen with the result stated. How many more cars and trucks were induced to imitate them is impossible to estimate. There can be no question but what there were a great number, nor is it to be doubted that this campaign by the Standard Oil was very effective in reducing the number of crossing accidents in Indiana.

If all who use motor driven or other types of vehicles would but observe this simple and easily followed rule, accidents of this nature would become unknown in a very short time.

Mr. Getchell Retired

On March thirty-first, Charles L. Getchell of Waterville, who has served the Company long and faithfully, was retired on a pension. Mr. Getchell, as a carpenter, worked on the construction of Waterville Shops in 1886 and as soon as the work was completed, in 1887, entered the employ of the M. C. R. R. at the shops. He served as carpenter, storekeeper, clerk in Master Mechanic Webber's office, yard foreman, foreman of freight room, assistant foreman of freight room and then clerk to the general foreman car repairs, in which capacity he served until his retirement. The foremen and clerks gave Mr. Getchell a handsome smoking set and a good supply of cigars and tobacco. C. H. Gibson made a short speech of presentation and Mr. Getchell responded in a very touching manner. Then all the "boys" wished "Charlie" good luck and a well-earned rest.

AUNTY'S METHOD

Bess: "Somebody passed a counterfeit dime on Bob a year ago, and he hasn't been able to get rid of it since."

Maiden Aunt (horrified): "What! Does that young man never go to church, then?"

—St. Paul Dispatch.

More Good Words For Mr. Manning

I second the motion on showing our appreciation of Mr. Manning's articles in your magazine. Every talk was instructive, full of logic, and they show the writer knew his subject. Now, if members of the family do not care to write their appreciation of his talks let me suggest that we show our appreciation by reduction of claims.

I wonder if agents, freight house employees and train crews realize the destruction caused by oily car floors?

If such employees would so load empty oil barrels and drums that any oil that may be left in them cannot leak out on other freight or car floors, I dare say it would mean the saving of thousands of dollars yearly.

This oil soaks into car floors and to all appearances is harmless but when woollens, bag sugar, or other moisture-absorbing commodities are loaded in car, why

Mr. Manning hears about it through a claim.

Let me suggest that employees make it a point to see that no containers that have been used for oil are loaded on top of other freight and car floors are examined for oil stains before loading.

If oil stains are found on car floors do not cover them with paper, as the paper will act as a blotter, absorbing oil and allowing freight to become damaged.

It is always an easy matter around freight houses to find some old pieces of lumber or grain doors to place over these stains as dunnage.

Now, Mr. Editor, I fear I have been long-winded and will close. As there is one thing in this world I do not desire, and that is notoriety, I will not sign my name, but do hope you will see fit to publish this letter.

AN EMPLOYEE.

Charles L. Smith

The many friends of Charles L. Smith will regret to learn of his death from Bright's disease which occurred at the home of his brother, Reed A. Smith of Veazie, recently.

Mr. Smith was the son of the late Samuel S. and Myra M. Smith, born in Veazie, May 24, 1872. He entered the employ of the Maine Central Railroad when a very young man and was conductor many years of the Eastern Division. Resigning, he went

to Portland to enter the J. E. Libby Grocery Co., afterward going to Mr. Libby's new store at Woodfords, a position he held till failing health caused him to resign.

Entering the Portland hospital, Feb. 28, for treatment and receiving no benefit he returned to his boyhood home in Veazie, March 6. He leaves to mourn his loss beside a great many friends, two sons, Emmons and Forest of Bangor, one sister, Mabel L. Smith, a half-sister, Mrs. H. E. Sproul of Veazie and two half-brothers, Reed A. of Veazie and Eugene H. Smith of Norcross.

MAINE CENTRAL FAMILY

CALAIS NOTES

By E. F. McLain

As this article is being written we are experiencing a severe snow storm. This is not an unusual experience even for this late date, April 15, but is decidedly disagreeable.

Fred Spinney, "eloquent engineer," has purchased a new car. After two years of talking the matter over with his wife, haunting the salesrooms and riding over countless miles of exhibition roads and wearing out the patience of every salesman in both Calais and Bangor, to say nothing of the gas involved, he has at last purchased a car. First he looked with favor at the Buick closed models; next the Chrysler came in for a complimentary investigation, and so on over the entire route of popular makes. He liked the Chandler and Hup but didn't feel like taking a car with no agency locally situated. But at last he has been snared. Today he told the wide world he had a real car, a 1921 Dodge Touring—in good condition.

About one hundred per cent of us have colds in lungs, etc. Odd, too, as we live in a favorable, borderly climate.

Leonard Grant, Fireman, is proud of a baby girl, born April 15, and advises that Mrs. Grant is doing fine.

"Cutie" Wheeler is dolling up his old Chev coupe. Beware, son, beauty is only skin deep.

Thus far, this winter, we have taken upwards of 850 cars of pulpwood from our neighboring road, the Canadian Pacific. This has been a small year in the transfer business.

The first coal schooner is due here shortly with coal for the Eastern Pulpwood Company at Woodland. This vessel will be

MAGAZINE CORRESPONDENTS PORTLAND TERMINAL

Miss A. Z. Donahue,	Freight Office
C. D. Atherton,	Freight Office
Joseph D. Rourke,	South Portland
John F. Dunn,	Rigby
Herbert Jackson,	Thompson's Point
John A. Weber,	Superintendent's Office

EASTERN DIVISION

J. L. Riggie,	Superintendent's Office
C. H. Leard,	Bangor Mot. Pow. Dept.
C. A. Jefferds,	Bangor Car Dept.
P. N. Carson,	Bangor Ticket Office
V. A. Cunningham,	Old Town
R. H. Johnson,	Woodland
E. F. McLain,	Calais
S. A. Frost,	Eastport
H. D. Davis,	Vanceboro
T. S. Kelley,	Kingman

PORTLAND DIVISION

E. W. Tibbetts,	Brunswick
E. E. Walker,	Augusta
A. A. Thompson,	Waterville
W. H. Marshall,	Oakland
A. F. Smith,	Lewiston
R. C. Brown,	Lewiston
P. J. Hanley,	Lewiston, Lower
S. O. Swett,	Rumford
Miss A. T. Monahan,	Lancaster
J. E. Winslow,	Lancaster
Alfred R. Pugh,	Rockland
E. E. Walker,	Augusta

GENERAL OFFICES

A. W. Sawyer,	Motive Power Dept.
Miss Madeline Goudy,	Accounting Dept.
Howard R. Bean,	Freight Accounts

the first up the river since the freeze last fall.

The above Company's wharf holdings on the river front are undergoing extensive repairs. These preliminary preparations suggest a generous pulpwood business by water this summer.

Strange to say, our carpenter shop has only one single man in the entire force. The rest are benedicts. Stranger still is the fact that of the Calais Motive Power pay roll only two are unattached. I wouldn't be at all surprised if we should have this small number lowered to one in the near future. The above statement does not include Engineers and Firemen. And while we are speaking of the hogheads and spaders, there is one single Engineer and one single Fireman on the entire Calais Branch. We also

hope to make this number one hundred per cent soon.

WOODLAND

By R. H. Johnson

One hears some funny questions asked by prospective passengers when they step up to the ticket window, but we heard a good one here the other day. A lady stepped up and asked for a whole fare and a half fare to Calais. Mr. Holmes, according to rules, asked her how old the person was for whom half fare was wanted. "Why," replied the lady, "it is my daughter, and she is seventeen years old, but she ain't very big."

Jim McClure is worrying greatly this spring because the snow is hanging on so long. His fingers are itching to get hold of the steering wheel of his car, but there is not even a chance to get it out of his yard yet. Cheer up, Jim, you can probably drive to Calais about the Fourth of July.

Gene Strout, Station Baggage Master, is going into the poultry business this year. He is getting several hens, and expects to have a 99 per cent production. That is more than some of our friends setting home beverages get.

WATERVILLE

By A. A. Thompson

As an example of how far this publication travels, the following is interesting. For the March issue, your correspondent sent in a write-up on Frederick D. Lunt, as he had celebrated his eighty-first birthday. The latter part of March, Mr. Lunt received a very interesting letter from H. N. Webber stating he had read the sketch concerning Mr. Lunt with great interest and that a friend sends the

magazine to him and he always looks forward with pleasure to its arrival.

Mr. Webber had charge of the locomotive repairs at Waterville shops some twenty-five years ago and is now located in Covina, California, where he has been for quite a few years. Mr. Lunt also stated that Mr. Webber is well and happy and wished to be remembered to all of his friends.

Recently Lawrence, four-year-old son of Yard Conductor and Mrs. C. M. Ryan, had some George Washington stories told him and the following shows that he paid attention to them.

One day Lawrence wanted to go to the next street to play with Albert, the young son of Boilermaker and Mrs. Ralph Towle, so he asked Mrs. Ryan if he could, and she, wishing to find out if he had been invited, inquired of him if Albert had asked him, to which he replied: "Yes, mamma." Then she asked the question that mothers usually ask: "Did Mrs. Towle ask you to come over, too?" and his reply was: "Yes, mamma, I can't lie!"

In taking a recent census by one of the Maine Central family, among the many funny incidents was the following:

Census Taker: "Have you a dog?"

Answer: "Yes."

C. T.: "Male or female?"

Ans.: "Airedale."

On March 31, in Fairfield, occurred the marriage of Carman W. E. Norton and Lizzie J. Chapman. Rev. R. J. Mooney of the Church of the Good Shepherd officiated, the single ring service being used. The ceremony was performed in the presence of relatives and friends. In the evening a reception was held at the home when an entertainment was given and refreshments were served. Many from the Shops attended.

Mr. and Mrs. Norton received many beautiful presents from fellow-employees and friends.

Charles W. Davis passed away at his home on College Avenue on March 21. Mr. Davis severed his connection with the Company in 1921 at which time he had

a service record of thirty-eight years as painter.

The sympathy of all "the family" is extended to Machinist and Mrs. Geo. Beesley in the loss of their son, Floyd M.

Stenographer Beatrice M. Light is confined to her home by illness.

Carman J. A. Henderson has returned from a visit to Long Branch, N. J. and New York City.

Clerk Carroll A. Phillips was called to Northeast Harbor recently by the sudden death of his father.

Engineman George B. Pillsbury is laying off on account of illness.

Mrs. Joseph Pooler, wife of Transfer Tableman Pooler, who has been seriously ill in a local hospital, is recovering.

Miss Beatrice E. Goodrich is substituting in Master Mechanic Ramsdell's office in the absence of Miss Light.

The sympathy of all "the family" is extended to Mr. and Mrs. George M. Huggins in the loss of their daughter, Inez.

Our friend, "Good Authority," told us the other day that recently complaints had been coming in to the Freight Office regarding the failure to take in all ash cans after the city rubbish team had made its rounds. But these complaints were easily adjusted when the explanation was given that the "ash can" in question is Leverett Hartley's new car! It is generally understood that "We" enjoy the car very much.

Brass Finisher Edwin Mitchell, after a winter spent in Fairfield, has moved his goods back to his farm where he hopes to be able to get a rest.

Machinist L. L. Ward has purchased a house in Fairfield.

Harold Keniston of the Ticket Office force, has been visiting relatives in Dover, N. H.

Secretary E. W. J. Benn of the Railroad "Y" attended the New England Conference for R. R. Y. M. C. A. Secretaries which was held at East Deerfield, Mass.

Blacksmith Joseph Dusty has returned to work after an operation at the Portland Eye and Ear Infirmary.

Leonce Gilbert has returned to work after being confined to his home by illness.

G. H. Thibodeau has entered the employ of the M. C. R. R. in the blacksmith shop.

Clerk Fred Jacobs, of the Yard Office force, was called to Rockwood recently by the death of his brother-in-law, David Parent, who was formerly one of the M. C. family.

Section Foreman Edward Stevens had the misfortune to break one of his ankles on April 6.

Among the recent purchasers of autos are Geo. Reynolds, E. C. Bickford, W. H. Bragg, F. M. Elliott and Maurice Allen.

Storekeeper F. J. Wilson has the position vacated by the retirement of C. L. Getchell.

James Waldron and F. B. Smith of the Paint Shop force have returned to work after being out on account of illness.

Anyone wishing to take a trip to the moon should get in touch with "C. I. M." E. L. Coburn, as he has nearly completed arrangements, with the help of his "Lizzie" and a few "departed spirits," to start taxi service to that place.

BRUNSWICK

By E. W. Tebbetts

F. D. Hamlin, Engineer, has had all of his teeth out and we are wondering if some one with a kind thought to others won't present him with a suitable equipment for feeding. Agent Priest was presented with one a while ago. We don't know whether he is through with it or not. Maybe if he is he may loan it to Frank.

W. G. Mitchell, Engineer, was off sick for a couple of days this month.

Al Murray, Engineer, is thinking of applying for a job as spare engineer at Brunswick. Said he might as well as he gets nearly all of the switchers here.

Foreman Gilman has gone from winding armatures to fixing spark coils. Wonder what he will try next?

Mike Madden is getting his canes ready for summer gradua-

tions. They are in great demand.

L. H. Hooper, Engineer on 341 and 342, has been off sick for a week. He is back to work now and feeling very well. Guess part of his sickness was a heart attack.

We haven't heard of Ed. Hennessey having any more trouble shaving. Guess he is using shaving cream instead of tooth paste, also keeping his razor from his son.

Ed. Coleman, Car Inspector, has been off sick for a few days.

A. D. Peterson, Car Inspector, was off sick for a week.

Baby Hippo and Hatchet are together again and Bull sure does fly. Baby Hippo, L. S. Bailey, sure missed his calling when he took up firing. He should have taken up preaching or been a traveling salesman.

Haven't heard any of our family say anything about their pockets being picked lately. Guess when

John Clark, Freight Agent, had his picked it taught us all a lesson.

H. T. Rodick has a very choice selection of pictures taken of old-time stuff and we hope to have some in the magazine in the near future.

Roy Young, alias "Darby," the popular Baggage Master on the Lewiston branch, has polished up his old Ford, and says he'll have to make her go another summer. Some sport, "Darby."

Bill Gross, Fireman Switcher No. 3, is an authority on birds. Of course Bill doesn't care to argue as we all KNOW. Anything in regard to Birds will be answered by addressing questions to Wm. Gross, Baggage Room, Brunswick. Stamped envelope enclosed for reply.

They say it was quite warm around the Station on St. Patrick's day when Jim Copp, who is an Englishman, handed Joe Dolan,

who is Irish, a nice big orange. Ooh, la, la.

Leck Mallett has started the baseball season at Brunswick.

P. N. Watson has appeared in a new car. You are sure of a ride when you meet P. N. going your way.

Joe Brooks, Roadmaster here, said he would like to buy a new car but is afraid the boys would tie his wheels together, seeing as they tried to put his radio on the bum last summer in a most critical time.

Webber, the baggage room helper, is still in training for summer work.

Ed. Coleman thought that he had broken two ribs but the x-ray showed that he had busted a pants button.

Eddie St. Pierre, the Freight Handler here, hasn't been promoted yet but is hopeful.

John Clark is feeling fine. Likes Brunswick. But he says Winn comes first.

Frank Harmon, Gate Tender, is back on his job after having an operation performed on his foot. His courage is good but his luck is bad.

EASTERN DIVISION

By J. L. Riggie

Chester K. Bishop, Trainman, who has been on leave of absence, returned to work March 31st. Chet wintered in Florida and escaped our rugged winter but was glad to get back to the old State of Maine. He says that the Southland is all right for those that have nothing to do but dispose of surplus cash, but not so good for ordinary mortals that have to be eternally reaching for enough to last till next pay day.

The ice moved out of the Penobscot River on April 17. The cutter Ossipee was the first vessel seen in Bangor this year. She steamed up the river Sunday morning, April 18, and after docking at the Eastern Steamship Company wharf for a short time, started at noon on her return to Portland. The flood scare is now over, so that's that. The ferry steamer "Bon Ton," which plies



UNCOMMON IN MAINE

Maine Central bridge across the Androscoggin River at Brunswick, having highway bridge beneath railroad track. This is believed to be the only bridge of the type in Maine. The new Kennebec bridge at Bath will have the same arrangement.

between Bangor and Brewer, went into service April 19. Our Brewer neighbors have had a long wait for this service, as crossing on the ice was discontinued April 3.

J. E. Robert who came to the Eastern Division from Lime Ridge, covering first trick clerk-telegrapher job at Danforth, and then third trick at Wytotitlock, has bid off third trick at Bingham.

Conductor A. M. Phillips who has been off sick for several months, is back on his feet, well on the way to complete recovery. By the time the fish commence to bite he will be able to take his place along with the many other anglers in the Maine Central family.

Trainman W. E. Robbins who has been working with Scale Supervisor since last fall, has returned to train service.

Conductor Fred R. Hall who has been absent from duty since Dec. 27, 1925 on account of illness, has returned to work.

Herman D. Robbins, Crossing Tender, Brewer Jet., who has been absent from duty for several weeks due to an injury caused by slipping on the ice, is now on duty.

Trainman E. L. Cloney has been granted an indefinite leave of absence on account of ill health.

Himon M. Goldberg, formerly employed in Superintendent's Office at Bangor as Stenographer and later as Time Clerk, and who has been located in Des Moines, Iowa, was married to Miss Esther Berlovich on April 15. They will make their home at 2,301 Sherbrook Street, Pittsburgh, Pa. Hy was made a member of the Superintendent's Office force on Dec. 14, 1914, entered National service, August 22, 1917, returned March 10, 1919, and resigned August 30, 1919. Congratulations and sincere good wishes are offered by his friends in the Maine Central family.

Another former member of the Superintendent's Office force at Bangor has been heard from—Henry M. Shine, now located in Los Angeles, Calif. "Hen" was added to the force Jan. 5, 1914,

via the Stenographer route, was appointed Time Clerk March 13, 1917, and resigned July 24, to accept a position in Washington, D. C. He was back with us the latter part of 1919 and remained until the summer of 1920. Since that time he has flitted about and at present is pleasantly located in Los Angeles. For a time he worked for the Southern Pacific as Board of Inquiry Stenographer, and is now employed by Empresa Impulsora Peninsular, S. C., a Mexican corporation with property at Ensenada, Mexico, which will be developed as a second Riviera.

ROCKLAND HAPPENINGS

By A. R. Pugh

We note with interest that Mr. A. B. Marshall, who once graced this office with his presence, has read the Rockland Notes in the March issue. To his several queries we answer as follows: Yes, Hen is playing politics with amazing success, having come out victorious in every contest he entered. His record to date is 100 per cent. He is no longer rooting on the sidelines, but is one of the players now. And Mr. Foddy Karl is still poking at the stove and using adjectives. Father Barter is still the main cog in the M. C. R. R. wheel, and laments the fact that he has absolutely no co-operation from the rest of the concern. Bill Stearns has no more all-black kitties, but can furnish black and white ones to those who have use for them. And Hen wants to know what the heck is the reason why anyone should exhort him to start a rabbitry, but admits it would be easier to start one than to stop one.

The gang from the office were on hand to cheer at the bowling match between Valley and Cobb of Rockland and May and Hawkes of Portland. It was a mighty good match to watch and there were plenty of chances to cheer, for both sides. Both May and Hawkes showed good form and with little better breaks than they had on several occasions would have made the score much closer. As it was,

there was only a difference of 84 pins in a total pinfall of over 4,000, which is a pretty good match. Valley and Cobb both admit that this combination from Portland is worthy of considerable respect in the bowling world, and realize that the match is not won until the final ten strings are rolled off in Portland.

As an aftermath to the above match, Operator Pugh and Cashier Leach challenged General Agent Comins and Conductor Stearns to a contest to determine the two worst bowlers down here. The challenge was immediately accepted by Comins, who has never held a bowling ball in his fist, so there is bound to be a heavy pin fall when the match is put on. Leach isn't quite sure whether the balls are rolled down the alley or carted down with a wheelbarrow and dumped among the pins like a load of rock, but he is willing to find out. He will!

Don't anyone ask Bill Stearns about his little ride on a section crew's motor car. It's a secret and is not for publication.

Foddy Karl says send ten cents and a piece of asbestos paper and he will write thereon the proper language to use when digging hot clinkers from the fire and they drop on the floor and have to be hastily picked up to avoid a fire on the floor. Ordinary paper will not stand the test. If you can't get asbestos paper, he will etch it into a granite block.

Readers of the Magazine who are acquainted with both General Agents, Comins of Rockland and Fuller of Augusta, are referred to the first item in last month's issue in which Mr. Fuller declares himself ready to enter the Beauty Contest. We, who know these men, are forced to concede to Mr. Fuller the honor of being the only person in the world to openly declare himself willing to play second fiddle, for, although the declaration is not so worded, this would be the inevitable result. And for this reason the Judges consisting of Hen Comins, as the chairman, and ably assisted by H. E. Comins and the General Agent at Rockland, Maine, Station will

award to him the second prize, a beautiful cut-glass set of pajamas.

Mac McCurdy was supposed to have had a reproduction of his facial map adorning one of these pages this month, along with a short sketch of his services with the Company. But on account of cold weather this spring Mac has not consented to pose bareheaded for the camera outdoors. He insists on a warm day so he can step out of the office, shake his head like the rest of the flappers and have the locks of wavy hair fall about his ears and show up well in the picture. So we will have to wait still another month to see h.m.

Mrs. McCurdy was obliged, by reason of a heart attack, to be absent from duty several days recently. "Bun" Snowman was out a week with the gripe.

EASTPORT

By S. A. Frost

The coal combine that organized in Eastport last fall, to flood the market with \$5.00 coal, came to an untimely end, as the Maine Central refused to furnish coal under the existing circumstances, and reprimanded the members of the combine through the courts for their presumption in purloining the M. C. coal without giving the necessary security. So the members of the combine were assigned to the Seminary for "Evil-doers" at the county seat in Machias for terms of 30 to 60 days, hoping

that this might give them a chance to see the evil of their ways, and on release, a chance to live the lives of honest citizens.

Marshall E. Powell, acting Scale Supervisor with offices, was in Eastport last month giving the scales the "once over."

The members of the Maine Central family of this city and along the line, are looking forward to the good weather of May to give their annual ball. As a large attendance is expected from "up-the-river" and the neighboring towns, it is hoped that the roads may be in such condition that our friends may be able to make the trip to this city easily and with no inconvenience, to take part as they have done in the past. Expense will not be spared to make this occasion one of the events of the season, and with this in mind, a specially large orchestra will be arranged for, to satisfy the record crowd that is expected.

Archie MacCarlic, Ticket Clerk and Operator at the Eastport station, reported having passed a very pleasant Easter-tide at his home in Dennysville, returning Easter Monday with great tales of his home town.

The draw-bridge at Carlowe's Island has undergone extensive repairs by the construction crew, under the supervision of Mr. A. Cunningham, in expectation of the heavy freight travel that the coming seasons promise.

Henry W. Stevens, Section Foreman, who has been confined to

his house by sickness, is again in evidence and on his "job." The members of the M. C. circulated a paper for subscription to the expense incurred by his sickness, and the "boys" liberally contributed, for which Mr. Stevens wishes to thank, through the columns of the Maine Central Magazine, all those who so willingly gave.

"Mike" McInnis has added to the style of the office force, a new RED tie. This is the result, no doubt, of the "natty" ideas he learned from being a "once" politician.

R. H. Crone of Brewer, is "braking" on the P.M. run between Eastport and Ayer Junction.

Frank Palmer, Freight Checker, has been confined to the house with an injury received while unloading freight from some way cars. Frank has been in the employ of the M. C. for 17 years and this is the first time that he has been away from work for more than a day during that period. When asked on one occasion, after he had been at home for a day with a cold, what he did while home to pass the time, said that he held his wife's hands all day, that he had to, or she would have knocked his block off. Frank is quite a wit. The story goes that while some Auditors were "checking up" the station, and while working on the car report, he came in and asked what they were doing, and they answered that they were checking up the car report; Frank looked at his watch and remarked, "Well, you can check up one empty bound east;" the hour proved to be 12, noon, and he was very hungry.

James E. Andrews is working in place of Frank Palmer as Freight Checker and Samuel Brown is substituting in the place of Andrews.

Spring seems loath to make its appearance, and as a result, many have suffered from colds that always appear when the seasons are backward. The M. C. members suffer from the same malady, and several have been complaining that their health pleasures were somewhat impaired as a result of



the inclement weather, and scores of wishes for better weather can be heard from every quarter. April 16 showed the mercury at 20 degrees, with a cold, raw wind from the Nor'west riding at the speed limit, and dispensing the Grippe, Pneumonia and other dreaded diseases among us "mortals here below."

OLD TOWN

By V. A. Cunningham

The Old Town Freight force are now settled in their new consolidated freight and ticket office in the Old Town passenger station.

Felix Shorette and the section crew are doing their spring house cleaning and have got Old Town yard all spic and span.

Joe Black and Carl Henry say their feet are beginning to itch for the clam flats of Mt. Desert Ferry.

H. E. Tourtillotte and A. L. Applebee, Freight Clerks and members of the Old Town fire department, were highly praised in the papers recently for the brave and efficient manner in which they performed hazardous work in removing patients from the Penobscot General Hospital, at a midnight fire which destroyed the hospital with loss of one life.

Old Town's famous banjo clock that is as old as our right of way, was tenderly removed to the place of honor in the new office, where it is performing with the faithfulness that has marked its service for over fifty years. We believe our clock is the oldest in age and point of service on the Maine Central.

LANCASTER, N. H.

By J. E. Winslow

H. W. Jordan, Conductor, has returned from a trip to California and resumed his position as Conductor on passenger trains out of Portland.

E. F. Gallagher, Trainman, who has been spending the winter in Florida, has returned and plans to go to work soon. He thinks New Hampshire and Maine are

warm enough for him after April 1.

C. J. Boutwell, Trainman, Lancaster, is convalescing after an operation for appendicitis.

J. E. Winslow has bid off the first trick Operator's position and H. E. Gregoire the third trick Operator's position at Lancaster. R. W. Williams has been filling position of third trick temporarily.

Position of night Operator at Quebec Jct. which has been filled by J. R. Roy has been discontinued.

H. A. Scott, night Operator at Crawfords, has finished work there and his place is filled by J. R. Roy.

W. A. Dunphy, Conductor, laid off for a few days recently.

O. J. Gormley, Conductor, has taken position on 375's extra and No. 376.

MOTIVE POWER DEPARTMENT
GENERAL OFFICE

Our Mechanical Engineer, Mr. E. G. Ringberg, and Mrs. Ringberg are receiving felicitations on the birth of a daughter, Virginia Mae, born April 3.

Clarence Conners has returned to work in the Motive Power Dept., after an illness of four weeks.

BANGOR CAR DEPARTMENT

By C. A. Jefferds

P. L. Pinkham, our genial Blacksmith Helper, has purchased an Oldsmobile coach. Mr. Pinkham has an able assistant in H. N. Latham who takes care of the minute technical parts.

A. Rideout, night Car Inspector, has been transferred to A. R. A. Checker, Bangor Freight Yard.

Harry Wall, M. P. Auditor, was a recent visitor in Bangor.

H. W. B. Bickford, Coach Cleaner, has returned to his duties after being confined to his home several weeks with pneumonia.

Geo. H. McPherson was off duty several days on account of the grippe.

Lee Topsham has returned home after spending several days with his family in Milo, Me.

RIGBY

By John F. Dunn

The Rigby scribe is having a terrible time trying to snap into it and get something together for the May issue. Having pity on the poor folks who read the magazine from month to month, the staff at the Smoky Village decided to lay off a month and we only hope that everybody enjoyed the last issue as much as we did, but now it is a hard job to adjust ourselves to meditation. Friend Pat upset his inkpot and although we had great plans laid for some nut crackers, we must pass. We are also very sorry to say that we have been unable to unearth Vets of '61. We therefore ask to be pardoned while we ramble through a few little incidents around Rigby.

Down here in the most south-westerly nook of the system, we are about frozen to death with the beautiful balmy breezes of spring. The weather has been so nice that we have doffed our winter flannels for heavy woollens and were preparing to cut our second crop of ice, when alas—in pops Syd Dunningham with the queerest story right in the midst of coldest wind of the season, which apparently blew Syd into the office; he charms us with a prophecy that when we bank our fires on the night of April 20 we won't have to touch them till November, which sent everything flying at him with the exception of the trophy he won for us during last year's baseball season.

Much sickness has prevailed in the Roundhouse forces. During early March the boilermaker force was hit hard. Bill Siteman and Jimmy Nally were off over two weeks with grippe, while several others of the crew lost considerable time on account of sickness. Fred L. Grows, Electric Worker, who has been off duty since January, is reported having entered a sanitarium for his health. On top of this, Jesse L. Cobb,

Electric Worker on the night crew, underwent an operation for an internal injury at a Portland Hospital and recently returned to duty.

The name of Walter L. Grant, another Electric Worker, was also added to the list for a week.

Patrick McFarland, a Laborer, lost a month and Laborer James Lawrence has been ailing, while Laborer Alfred McLellan, an elderly gentleman, has been off about two months since the first of the year on account of ill health.

Clerk Edward W. Towsey, of the engine dispatchers' office, who has been on leave of absence, was confined to his home with scarlet fever. The disease did not develop and after being tied up in the house for three weeks he was allowed to return to his studies at Portland High School where he is a member of the 1926 Class. Eddie's dad, Arthur, who officiates as oil dispenser on the night trick at Rigby, became jealous of his pride and joy and was taken down sick with grippe himself. Thus the Towsey family held a reunion for an entire week.

Engine Dispatcher Johnny McGarry was off duty a week. We don't just know what John's ailment was. Somebody said his teeth were bothering him. This caused an argument but whatever the ailment was, John is still walking lame. We might venture to say that perhaps it was a recurrence of that kick John got last summer when the Motive Power and the Yard met at Richardson's Field.

General Foreman G. H. Garrison returned to duty April 19 after being confined to his home for two weeks with stomach trouble and is taking his medicine regularly—if he don't forget.

Miss Kay Dillon, Stenographer to G. Y. M. Quincy, is convalescing at home after an operation for a severe case of appendicitis.

Miss Mary Carey, Clerk in Car Department, has returned from her sick leave, having fully recovered from her illness.

Mrs. James O'Malley, Car Department Time Clerk, who has

been off duty on account of pneumonia, has also returned to duty.

Another disease entered the ranks of the Car Department and although not very serious is spreading throughout Rigby. Physicians have pronounced the epidemic crawling hairia. It grows on the upper lip of the patient. P. E. Turcotte contracted this disease. Buddy Carey is suffering at present from the same disease. Earl Colby, Swing Clerk, and Jim Feury show signs of it and Foreman Pollard is straining his coffee through one. When Turcotte returned to the Dispatcher's office, Roy Kane got familiar with him and darned if one hasn't hopped right under Roy's nose.

The wedding bells pealed for Ralph O. McGarry, Air Machinist, on Thursday, April 8, when he took Miss Viola G. Reed to, and after a short argument with, a cleric, turned around and walked out with Mrs. Ralph O. McGarry.

A call was sent out in the March issue for photographs of Grand Army men on the system. As you noted in our introduction, we were unable to locate any around Rigby. On the other hand we wanted very much to make a photo contribution and with Dame Luck smiling upon us we happened upon the shot at the right.

This veteran railroader entered the clerical service Oct. 14, 1887, and after a varied experience in the Transportation Department became Chief Clerk to the General Yard Master. Most of the Maine Central family have had the pleasure of personally meeting Harry Lovejoy and many others have come to know him through correspondence.

When the camera clicked in this particular instance, Harry was a bit off his balance. The pose is what makes the picture interesting and will undoubtedly create various thoughts as to just what he was doing. Here are a few thoughts of Rigbyites: Cheering Jos. McNealus as he slides into first base; directing the Rigby Harmonica Outdoor Glee Club; delivering a Billy Sunday on Prohibition; transmitting a sema-

phore message to someone in the brick shed; or just trying a few new steps of the Charleston. But they are all wrong. Lovey is just grabbing a couple of handfuls of fresh air during his noon hour.



HARRY W. LOVEJOY

We read with pleasure of the success of Edward W. Towsey of the clerical force. Eddie has been working middle trick in the Dispatcher's office and is now on leave. It has also previously been stated that Eddie is a member of the Senior Class at Portland High School. Eddie took a very prominent part in the annual drill and ball of the Portland High School Cadets, Friday evening, April 16. Being Captain of B Company of Portland, Eddie had the honor of leading his company to success in the competitive company drill and was also commended on his soldierly bearing by regular army officers who were in attendance.

Albert A. Carignan, spare Clerk at this point and a Senior at South Portland High School, left Portland, April 23, as a member of the annual Washington Pilgrimage of South Portland and Deering High School.

LEWISTON AND AUBURN

By A. F. Smith

Miss Deborah E. McDonough, Clerk at Lewiston Upper Freight Office, and Miss Rita E. Cronin, Clerk at Lewiston Lower Freight Office, were in Montreal recently enjoying a few days vacation.

We are pleased to extend our congratulations to Thomas F. Roche, Clerk in the Roadmaster's office at Lewiston Upper, he having recently been promoted to position of Tie Inspector.

Lewiston Upper is a very busy place at present, what with Brackett's crew tearing down the old coal shed, McCourtney's crew painting the bridge and station buildings, Cowan's crew and Mareque's crew working in the yard and about the location for new coal shed and turntable, besides the crew of contractors, who are to build the new coal shed, it begins to look as though there would be something doing at Lewiston Upper for some little time.

Henry F. Smith, formerly employed at Carmel, is now working in Freight Office at Lewiston Upper.

Ernest L. Remick, who has been in the service of the Grand Trunk-Canadian National for several years, has accepted employment as Clerk in Freight Office at Lewiston Upper; his work with the Canadian National having been terminated by curtailment of the force at Lewiston and Auburn.

John E. Rollins, formerly Cashier at Lewiston Upper, has been appointed Chief Clerk to succeed John H. Weber who recently passed away. Fred L. Langley, formerly Clerk, has been assigned to the position of Cashier made vacant by appointment of Mr. Rollins.

Oliver Flint, Freight Handler at Lewiston Lower, decided he would take a ride in his Ford on Patriot's Day, and while he spent the most of the afternoon in digging it out of snowdrifts, he succeeded in riding at least half-a-mile—all in all.

E. W. Cummings, General Agent at Lewiston and Auburn, is now sporting one of the very

latest Master Six Buick coaches, and it is certainly some bird.

Edwin E. Coombs, Crossing Tender at Elm Street, Auburn, who was reported in last month's magazine as being in a critical condition owing to his fall from crossing tower, is improving rapidly and expects to be back on the job within a few days.

Charles Benner, Swingman at Lewiston and Auburn, says it certainly does seem good to be back home again. He has been out for the past month, his family having been quarantined on account of scarlet fever.

James B. Fox, Yard Conductor at Lewiston Upper, has been off duty for about three weeks on account of sickness and while he is gaining slowly has not reached the point where he is in condition to resume his duties.

Miss Ivy Marion Gray, formerly Clerk at Lewiston Upper Freight Office, was in town visiting old friends recently. She is now located in Boston in a large real estate office and likes it very much.

Miss Rita Cronin, Clerk at Lower Freight Office, has returned from Montreal after spending a few days vacation.

Road Master John P. Scully was called to Concord, N. H. on account of the death of his father.

John Rollins has been appointed Chief Clerk at the Upper Freight Office job made vacant by the death of John Weber. The appointment met with the approval of all the force and everyone feels assured that he will make an efficient official. He began his railroad career at the Grand Trunk Station, Auburn, where he served six years, after which he came to the Maine Central at the office where he is now Chief Clerk. He has been a clerk in this office for 14 years and no doubt understands all the work connected with this busy office.

Foreman Brackett and his bridge crew have arrived and are busily engaged tearing down the old coal shed and getting ready for the building of the new one also in moving buildings, etc., to make room for the new turntable and engine house.

It is understood that the new table is to be 85 feet long and is electrically handled. The engine house is to be built to house 7 engines.

Miss Deb McDonough has returned from Boston where she had been visiting Miss Marion Gray, former clerk at the Upper Freight Office.

Miss Cora Bissonnette has returned to work after spending the Easter holidays at her home in Winthrop.

John L. Sullivan, Assistant Baggage Master at the Upper, has resigned and accepted a position with the Great Lakes Navigation Co. as first-class fireman. He sails from Buffalo, N. Y.

P. J. McCourtney with the painters are painting the bridge across the Androscoggin and will paint the woodwork at the Station on the outside.

Yard Brakeman McCray of the Auburn crew and Checker Crosby of the Upper Freight House have joined the Nichols Street Sluggers. Looks as though the baseball team would be strengthened by this move.

A fanning bee always takes place at the Upper if Conductor M. J. McDonough of Portland, former New England League baseball catcher, shows up at night and meets Policeman Mike Joyce, former outfielder of the Montreal Club in the Eastern League. Of course the old players had it all over the Babe Ruths of today.

One of the popular old Conductors on the road was seen on the great white way on Lisbon Street where the lights are every ten feet with his conductor's lantern in his hand. He probably thought he was in South Gardiner.

HERE'S A HOT ONE

During the Old-Time Fiddlers' Contest at the Armory in Lewiston one of the old fellows who took part in the affair stepped up to the ticket window and asked Ticket Agent George Parker for a ticket to Boston by music. George has had many queer questions put to him in his several years in this office but this one had him stopped. Being unable to dope it out he had to inquire from the

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old fellow just what he meant. Via Lynn (violin) replied the old man.

JOHN WEBER

The many friends of John Weber, Chief Clerk at the Upper Freight Office, were grieved to learn of his death at his home in Lewiston the latter part of March. He began his railroad-ing as an operator at East St. Louis and afterwards came to this road and spent 30 years in the freight office at the Upper Station. He was a member of the Masonic Lodge of Lewiston and was very much interested in the progress of this lodge. He left a wife and two children, both of whom are boys well known in athletics of the local high school. On account of his long years of service in this office he will be missed greatly by those connected with the work here and who in any way did business with him. The funeral took place from the funeral parlors of Teague and Harlow on Main Street and interment was at Riverside Cemetery.

INSUFFICIENT FUNDS

Busy Father (testily): "Well, what do you want? Be short!"
Prodigal Son (rising to the occasion): "I will! I am!"
—Passing Show (London).

VOX TREMULO

"He proposed, then?"
"Oh not yet, dear. But his voice had such an engagement ring in it last night."
—Tit-Bits, London.

TWO GOOD MEALS EACH MONTH

"My husband has no bad habits whatever," boasted a wife. "He never drinks, and he spends all his evenings at home. Why, he doesn't even belong to a club."
"Does he smoke?" inquired a friend.
"Only in moderation. He likes a cigar after he has had a good dinner, but I don't suppose he smokes two cigars a month."
—Philadelphia Record.

CAUSE AND EFFECT

"Why is it that a red-headed woman always marries a very meek man?"
"She doesn't. He just gets that way."—American Builder.

SAFETY FIRST

"Hello, Dr. Bunyan? Yes? Come right away. My husband has another of his spells."
"Why didn't you send for me sooner?" said the doctor, half an hour later. "You should not have

waited till your husband was unconscious."

"Well," replied the wife, "as long as he had his sense he wouldn't let me send for you."
—Boys' Outfitter.

HE CAME TO HIMSELF

The negro minister was trying to impress his hearers with the shame and remorse felt by the prodigal son, and with his desire to cast away his wicked doings:
"Dis young man got to thinking about his meanness and his misery, and he tuk off his coat and frowed it away. And den he tuk off his vest and frowed dat away. And den he tuk off his shirt and frowed dat away, too. And den he come to hisself."
—Financial Times.

NO! INDEED!

"How about some nice horse-radish?" said the grocer to the bride.
"On, no, indeed! We keep a car."—Exchange.

FIRST LIAR HAS NO CHANCE

Young Bragger: "My grandfather built the Rocky Mountains."
Unsympathetic Listener: "Aw, that's nothing. Do you know the Dead Sea? Well, my grandfather killed it."—The Earth Mover.

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GENTLY DECLINING

A man who had recently come into a fortune received an income tax blank from the Treasury Department. He acknowledged its receipt with the following note:

Dear Treasury: I received your application blank. But I already belong to several good orders and I do not care to join your income tax at this time.

—The Shield Press, Indianapolis.

LOST OPPORTUNITY

Night Watchman: “Young man, are you going to kiss that girl?”

He (straightening up): “No, sir.”

Night Watchman: “Here, then; hold my lantern.”

—The Earth Mover.

THE NANNIES THAT SING IN THE SPRING, TRA-LA

A young Canadian was making a call upon a very pretty Minneapolis girl whom he had met for the first time.

“Do you have reindeer in Canada?” she asked.

“No, darling,” he answered, “at this season it always snows.”

—The Earth Mover.

MISTAKEN IDENTITY

The bashful young man was taking a young girl to supper. While seated cozily at the table on the porch of the roadhouse she said: “Oh, Harold, did you hear that chimney swallow?”

“That wasn’t the chimney,” said Harold, blushing, “that was me.”

—The Earth Mover.

HE WAS NAMING HIM

A clergyman from northeastern Pennsylvania tells the story of an Italian who brought his baby to him to be baptized.

“Now,” he said, “you see you baptize heem right. Last time I tell you I want my boy call ‘Tom,’ you call heem Thomas. Thees time I want heem call ‘Jack,’ I no want you call heem Jackass!”

—Judge.

HAD HIS THINGS OFF

Doris was radiant over a recent addition to the family and rushed out to tell a passing neighbor.

“Oh, you don’t know what we’ve got upstairs!”

“What is it?” the neighbor asked.

“A new baby brother,” said Doris, and she watched very closely the effect of her announcement.

“You don’t say so!” the neighbor exclaimed. “Is he going to stay?”

“I think so,” said Doris. “He’s got his things off.”

—Everybody’s Magazine.

SHOULD HAVE TRIED WRIGLEY’S

Diner: “Waiter, what kind of meat is this?”

Waiter: “Spring lamb, sir.”

“I thought so! I’ve been chewing on one of the springs for an hour!”—Answers, London.

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TURNING THE TABLES

An Irish witness was being examined as to his knowledge of a shooting affair.

"Did you see the shot fired?" the magistrate asked.

"No sorr; I only heard it," was the evasive reply.

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"The evidence is not satisfactory," replied the magistrate sternly. "Stand down!"

The witness turned round to leave the box and directly his back was turned he laughed derisively.

The magistrate at this contempt of court, called him back and asked him how he dared to laugh in court.

"Did you see me laugh, your honor?" queried the offender.

"No, sir, but I heard you," was the irate reply.

"That evidence is not satisfactory," said Pat. And this time everybody laughed.

—The Hudsonian.

OUR ONLY MOTHER-IN-LAW JOKE

Betty was milking the cow when a bad bull tore over the meadow. Betty did not stir, but calmly continued milking. Observers who had fled to safety saw to their astonishment that the bull stopped

within a few yards of the maid and cow and turning went away.

"Weren't you afraid? Why did he run away?" they questioned Betty.

"He got scared," returned Betty. "This cow is his mother-in-law."—Country Gentleman.

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