

The University of Maine

DigitalCommons@UMaine

---

Maine History Documents

Special Collections

---

5-1921

## The Northern, May, 1921

Great Northern Paper Company

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.library.umaine.edu/mainehistory>



Part of the [History Commons](#)

---

### Repository Citation

Great Northern Paper Company, "The Northern, May, 1921" (1921). *Maine History Documents*. 145.  
<https://digitalcommons.library.umaine.edu/mainehistory/145>

This Newsletter is brought to you for free and open access by DigitalCommons@UMaine. It has been accepted for inclusion in Maine History Documents by an authorized administrator of DigitalCommons@UMaine. For more information, please contact [um.library.technical.services@maine.edu](mailto:um.library.technical.services@maine.edu).

# THE NORTHERN

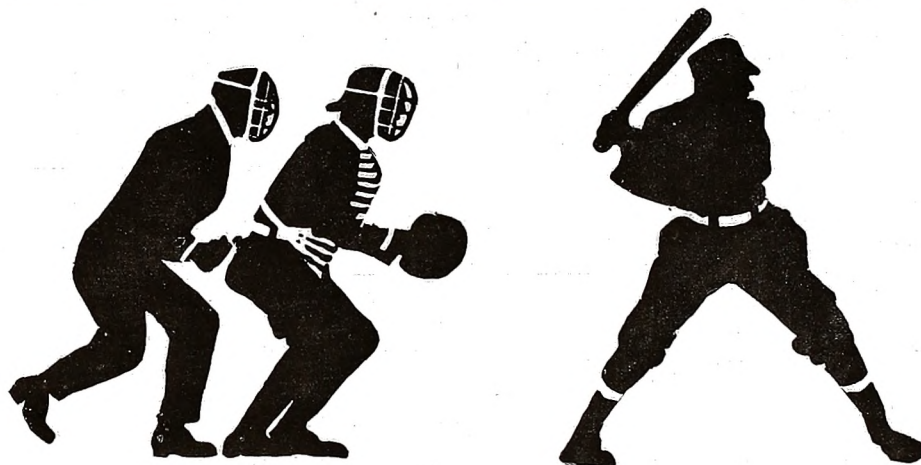
A MAGAZINE OF CONTACT BETWEEN  
THE MANAGEMENT AND THE MEN  
*of the*  
Great Northern Paper Company - Spruce Wood Department.



VOL. 1

MAY, 1921

NO. 2



## BATTING OUT HOME RUNS

During the past ten or more years the shut-out pitcher has been the hero of the baseball world.

But a new meteor blazed its way across the heavens last year and his glory bids fair to overshadow the game itself and to outrank the champions in golf, tennis and other outdoor sports.

It is no longer the pinch hitter who is called for by the fans when the score is hanging by its eyelids, but the home run hitter, the one who can clout the leather over the back fence or into the far field bleachers, so that there is no possibility of pegging to the home plate before the batter has made the circuit and brought in his mates who have been dancing around on their toes at first, second or third waiting for a chance to pile up the score.

There is nothing more spectacular than a home run batted out of the lot at the critical moment of the game. Coming in the ninth inning with the score a tie, a circuit wallop brings every man to his feet, hats are tossed in the air, which is split with the shouts of frenzy from a thousand throats.

But until last year the home run was, after all, but a phase of the game,

numbered among the many interesting phases that are apt to come in the course of a game, along with double and triple plays, picking a hot liner out of the air, a long running catch which carries to the border fence or the base stealer caught at the home plate.

But last year George H. or as commonly known "Babe" Ruth put the home run feature into a class by itself and made all previous home run hitters look like pikers.

And how did he do it?—why by just going after it. He found he had an unusual aptitude for straightening out the curves of opposing pitchers, as no one had ever done before, so he made a regular business of it.

At the end of the season he had put 54 perfectly good base balls out of commission, 25 more than he had made the year before when he had broken the record and more than any entire club in either league had gathered in.

It spelled a new era in baseball, not only in the performance itself but in the added interest it gave to the game, for, after all, the average fan will split his lungs wide open when the ball is batted to safety, while he will merely wear out his shoe leather in

stamping or put callouses on his hands by applauding the one, two, three route. There's no use talking boys we do like to see 'em batted out.

But the surprise is that "Babe" isn't to be allowed to sit on his throne alone if rivals who are to contest his title to "chief of circuit clouters" have anything to say about it. It looks like perhaps they might disprove the opinion which prevailed last year that "Babe" was just a freak in four baggers.

George Kelley (looks like a case of letting George do it any way whether it is Ruth or Kelley), of the New York Nationals entered the arena this spring and at this writing already has eight homers to his credit, only two less than Ruth so far.

Trailing the two leaders comes Maisel of the Philadelphia Nationals and a veteran at the game with four over-the-fence wallops and there are others who are hitting the old pill good and hard and are likely to be up with the singers at any time. In one recent game in Philadelphia three players, none of them noted hitters, whanged the ball out of the lot for home runs. That so many are doing it lends a new interest to the greatest of out-door sports.

Aren't they setting us all a good example? Are we all banging out as many home runs as we can? Let's go after 'em same as "Babe" Ruth did and "make a regular business" of it.

In the game of life, most of the players go out on foul tips





The Northern Club members are real steppers

The Northern Club and their friends held their sixth assembly at Pullen's Society Hall on Friday evening, April 15th, 1921. About sixty couples enjoyed the evening's program. Music was furnished by Miller's Society Orchestra of five pieces. Mr.

Bert Whitney catered.

According to the committee's plans this was to complete the assemblies, but in response to the many requests for another the Social Committee then arranged another dance which was held at the same hall on the evening of Tuesday, May 3d, with an attendance of about fifty couples.

It is earnestly hoped that the popular socials will start up again in the fall as they are very popular and most enjoyable

### YOU'LL MAKE IT ALL RIGHT!

If you can't make the hill a-runnin' on high,  
Just throw her in low, and never say die.  
The first in the start may finish the last,  
So keep on a-pluggin', don't hurry too fast  
Keep smilin', don't worry, you'll make it all right  
If you just keep a-tryin' with all your might.  
Don't waste time kickin', but throw your coat,  
And dig in and root like an Arkansaw shoat  
If you think with old Fortune you have a pull,  
You're kiddin' yourself with a poor line of bull  
If you want to make good, you have to go through  
A stiff course of trainin' before you will do  
So cut out your kickin' and turn off the bile,  
And jump in and hustle with a song and a smile.

—Gillette Blade.

"Henry, it says here that Jackson pelted the pill for three sacks, what does it mean?"

"Good heavens, Mary, can't you understand plain English? It means that he slugged the sphere safe and landed on the third pillow"

Dear Editor—I am in love with a very plain girl, while a very pretty one with lots of money wants me to marry her. What shall I do?

Editor—Marry the one you love by all means, and send me the name and address of the other.

**IT IS A MORAL DISGRACE—**  
To go through life a failure when you possess success qualities.

To be anything less than a real man or a real woman.

To fail to do your best and look your best.

To have only half tried to make good

To put into work you are paid to do only half-hearted effort, to perform it carelessly or with apathy or indifference

To do things that are not morally honest or honorable even though you may act within the law

To go about with a scowl on your face, when a smile can do so much good

To be a pessimist when there is so much that is promising and good in the world.

To spoil another's life by your cruelty or selfishness.

To be grasping and greedy, always looking out for yourself, trying to get every possible advantage for yourself, and never thinking of the man at the other end of the bargain

### SAVED HIM

"Them gua'd houses at the trainin' camps is shuah don' a gran' work, jest like the Red Cross," observed Cindy, the colored laundress. "They saved mah boy Duke's life."

"How is that, Cindy?" queried her employer.

"I dunno how they done it. Only he wrote me a postal card sayin' if he hadn't got ten days in one of 'em he'd 'a been a corp."

The May ball which was held at Rockwood Hall, Rockwood, Friday, May 6th was a most enjoyable affair, participated in by about seventy-five couples. The music was by Luby's orchestra of five pieces, from Dover, and the floor was in excellent condition. Besides the Rockwood people who were there in full numbers there was noticed from Seboomook, Mr. and Mrs. W B MacDonald, Mrs. Nellie M. Colbath, Win Spencer, Harrie Coe, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Elhs, Hollis Jones and Alice Gero. From Pittston were, Mrs. L. E. Klatt, Paymaster Amory B. Chaplin, Mr. and Mrs. Edwards, Frank Brown, Ray Cripps, R. A. Young, Cecil Preble and Francis Smythe. Jack Hazeltine and Forrest Smith came in their motor boat from up the lake. There were also several from West Outlet Camps. Refreshments were dispensed by Mr. and Mrs. Frank Smart and their niece. Nearly all the dancers remained until the ball was brought to a close about one o'clock, after a very delightful evening's pleasure. Another dance is being arranged for Monday, May 16, with Lane's orchestra of seven pieces from Bangor and this dance will probably close the spring season's festivities at Rockwood and until the dances arranged by the Rockwood association open the summer season.

Geo. Sanford who clerked at Russell Depot during the winter and for the Russell Stream Drive this spring left Seboomook Monday, May 9th for his home in East Corinth.

Hollis Jones, assistant clerk at Seboomook was in Bangor the week of May 9th doing some special work in the accounting department.

John Hayes, who met with a painful accident a few weeks ago that crushed the bone of his left wrist has finished his work handling Russell Stream Drive and is convalescing. A recent X-ray examination shows that there is a good chance for a complete recovery of the use of his hand, but it will be some months before his hand is as good as new.

Young Jack eyed the new arrival critically for a few moments, then looked up and asked:

"So you're my grandmother, are you?"

"Yes, dear. On your father's side," replied the old lady, with a smile.

"Well, you're on the wrong side; you'll find that out quick enough," remarked Jack, without shifting his gaze

Mr. Earl Herrick of Miller & Webster, Bangor was a recent guest of Farm Supt Howard T. Fogg at Seboomook, where they enjoyed some excellent fishing.

Mr. Adelbert W. Gordon, general agent of the State public schools, in charge of unorganized townships, was at Seboomook, May 6th and 7th on his spring tour of inspection of the school at that place.

Father—Helen, isn't it about time you were entertaining the prospect of matrimony?"

Daughter—Not quite, pa. He doesn't call until eight o'clock.—The Arklight.

Mr. Mullen is certainly doing things on the railroad construction work at Seboomook as the road bed is already laid to where the right of way swings from the Pittston road to Carry Pond and the rails are laid nearly the entire distance. It will seem strange to hear the shriek of whistle and the clang of bell from a locomotive way up here in the woods, but the day is not far distant when it will be a reality and another wedge of efficiency in operation will be recorded in the history of the growth of the spruce wood department of the Great Northern Paper Company.



## NORTHERN LIGHTS

By F. X. Marx

This is a month for flowers and memories.

On Sunday the 8th you probably wore a white carnation for Mother if she is alive and a rose if she is dead. Then on Monday the 30th don't forget to visit the graves of the departed with your wreath—and if the beloved one was a former service lad be sure to place the flag there.

This ceremony, by the way, was inaugurated in the South by Mary Ann Williams of Georgia, who first placed a wreath on the graves of the Confederate heroes, presumably on the anniversary of the surrender of the last great Rebel Army by General Johnson to General Sherman.

Passersby on the Grant Farm road at the Lily Bay bridge take great pleasure in slowing down their motors and in many instances stopping their cars to view the three score or more horses "springing out" at the Lily Bay Farm. Many well known horses of the woods and turf are quartered together on a pasture land with a swift running brook as their watering place. They are a contented lot, these same horses, after their heavy woods duty during the winter, and Lily Bay seems to be a very good place for them to rest up for the next six months or so.

I was talking with Irving O Hemenway of Lake Harrington the other day about his dogs, "Bazook," "Poilu," and "Chinook," who comprise his dog team which I believe is the only dog team in Piscataquis County if not in the State. He tells me that he recently made a trip across country to his home in Vermont, a distance of 336 miles, in ten days with his dog sled, stopping three days en route. The one drawback of the trip Mr. Hemenway said was the numerous questions that he had to answer during the course of his trip. Anyone who has seen the trapper of Soper Town and his dogs readily know why everybody along the line insisted upon asking questions.

The Port of Lily Bay is in full operation once again. Since the day the ice went out in Moosehead Lake and the steamer "Louisa" pulled alongside the wharf on her first trip of the season, Clerk John R. Williams of the Lily Bay Operation has been on the go. Much freight and parcel post comes in on the steamer and the rapid sorting and disposal of the same is the easiest thing that John R. W. and his storehouse staff does during the day's work.

Up to Ripogenus Dam, Jack Barnett tells me, they sluiced the first stick of short wood of the 1921 Operations through the long concrete sluiceway on Wednesday the 27th of last month. Unlike the old long log drives, the event was pulled without ceremony—only the roar of the seething mass of water below and the shouts of the sluicing crew of the new school and

bits of comment from bystanders, breaking the quietude of the early evening. The Sunday following saw many visitors up from down river to witness the process of sluicing.

It was Friday the 22nd of April, Moosehead Lake was a deep purple dotted here and there with flashing little white caps; a gull or two wheeled and dipped breaking the quiet with their weird call; blue skies overhead were stripped with white slender clouds; on the windward shore were a few people, and Big Squaw Mountain appeared glad when the S. S. Louisa, Captain Louis Mountain, steamed into Lily Bay at noon on its first trip of the 1921 season.

No band was there to meet the steamer when its white glistening topsides appeared, save the cry of the gulls, the klax of a klaxon on a Ford nearby and the shrill whistle of the S. S. Priscilla towing a boom in the bay. Its reception committee was the personnel of the Lily Bay House, the storehouse crew and a lone fisherman on the dock.

It was a real day, that day, a touch of the four seasons in the air and a smile on the skipper's lips as the bow and stern lines were made fast and the "Louisa" rode peacefully at the wharf at Lily Bay. Captain Mountain reported a fair trip, carrying half a dozen passengers and much freight.

The wonderous feats of the tractors and jitneys recalls to our mind the dear dead days of the Soper Brook Operation and:

The ex-Boston Cop  
Who served the soup  
That nourished the men  
Who loaded the wood  
On the single rack  
That was hauled by Roans  
On Soper Town  
And scaled twelve cords  
When the sun went down;  
That lowered the colors  
Of Camp Number Nine  
Where bronzed Jack Dechaine  
Was wont to recline,  
And proved once again  
That "Mouser's" men  
Hauled the largest load  
Of four foot logs  
That ever was landed  
On brook or bog,  
In Maine's North Country.

Driving over the road to the Grant Farm in the early evening a few weeks ago and just a short distance above the Lily Bay Farm, my attention was called to a herd of six deer feeding in a field at the edge of a spruce thicket. The purr of the motor startled them and they soon scattered into the dense growth. One, of unusual size and undoubtedly the leader of the herd, started directly for the road, then turning suddenly ran almost neck and neck with the car for a distance of more than 200 yards, finally disappearing into the woodlands. Further up on the road we noticed five more deer and nearly a score of partridges.

Lily Bay Town and the countryside at Grant Farm is well stocked with these fleet denizens of the forests now—but where do they go about October first?

## THE DIFFERENCE

A pessimist closes an eye; wrinkles his face, draws up the corner of his mouth, and says, "It can't be done." An optimist has a face full of sunshine. He beams on you and says, "It can be done"—and then lets George do it. But a "pep-ti-mist" takes off his hat, rolls up his sleeves, goes to it, and does it."—The Rotarian.

Through the generosity of the Social Service Department the office force have been able to organize a baseball team, and at a meeting held at the Bangor Office "Soupbone" Averill was elected captain and "Shrimp" O'Connor was elected manager.

The idea is to have two teams from the office the losing team at the end of the season to feed the winning team. (Nothing short of a lobster supper acceptable). From the two teams a picked team will play outside teams on Saturdays as far as possible.

We take great pleasure in introducing to you the ALL STAR Cast.

"Deac" Smith.  
"Sargent" Barton.  
"Rainbow" McLaughlin.  
"String" Arey.  
"Babe" Goodchild.  
"Weary" Willey.  
"Blue Nose" Gilpatrick.  
"Buster" Greeley.  
"Soupbone" Averill.  
"Stick" LePage.  
"Shrimp" O'Connor.  
"Stubby" Pratt.  
"Mutt" McVey.  
"Dictionary" Brown.  
"Tonnage" Simpson.  
"Kelly" Brown.  
"Blue Print" Pratt.

"Top-Toe" Leen will act in the capacity of press agent from whose flowing pen a vivid account will be given each game.

On the evening of May 25th The Northern Club will hold another of its private dancing parties in Society Hall, Bangor. We would like to see a lot of you fellows from up the line at that time. We guarantee a good time.

## HE TOLD IT WITH FLOWERS

A well-meaning florist was the cause of much embarrassment to a young man who was in love with a rich and beautiful girl.

It appears that one afternoon she informed the young man that the next day was her birthday, whereupon the suitor remarked that the next morning he would send her some roses, one rose for each year.

That night he wrote a note to his florist, ordering the delivery of twenty roses for the young woman. The florist filled the order, and, thinking to improve on it, said to his clerk:

"Here's an order from young Jones for twenty roses. He's one of my best customers, so I'll throw in ten more for good measure."



## SNITCHED



"Getting out a newspaper or a monthly publication is no picnic. If we print jokes, folks say we are silly—if we don't, they say we are too serious. If we publish original matter they say we lack variety—if we publish things from other papers they say we are too lazy to write. If we don't go to church we are heathens—if we go we are hypocrites! If we stay in the office we ought to be out hustling for news—if we hustle for news we are not attending to business at the office. If we wear old clothes we are slovens—if we wear new clothes they are not paid for. What in thunderation is a poor editor to do anyhow? Like as not someone will say we swiped this from an exchange. We did!"

The value and efficiency of the fire patrol work of the State was clearly demonstrated on Saturday, May 7th in handling a fire which had started among the dry spruce and birch at No. 2 Brassua. The fire was discovered at 4 p. m. by the watchman in the Kineo Mountain lookout, who telephoned it to Jim Sargent at Rockwood. He immediately called Eroid Hilton, chief fire warden at Seboomook Dam and said he would start with the Chalmers car and Carl Hegstrom with the White car and pick up what men they could on the way to the 10 mile swing. They had about twenty-five men when they arrived there.

Hilton, on getting word from Mr. Sargent cranked his flivver and made a quick run to Seboomook to get trucks and men. Mr. Gilbert, who happened to be in the Seboomook office at the time, told Hilton to take the crew working on the new railroad, building at Seboomook and fifty men quickly loaded shovels, axes, etc., onto one truck which left immediately and a second truck which came in later from Cocomogoc left at 6.15 p. m. The two trucks with Charlie Sawtelle and Joe Sullivan at the wheels fairly flew over the turnpike in a cloud of dust in a record run to 10 Mile, a distance of twenty-eight miles as they first had to go to Hilton's camp for tools. From 10 Mile it was a six mile walk through the woods on an old grown up tote road, but one hundred men were fighting fire in just one hour and forty minutes from the time that Fire Chief Hilton received word from Mr. Sargent, due, as Hilton frankly says, to the prompt cooperation and assistance of the Great Northern men. When Hilton arrived at the fire on the 10 Mile side, after placing the men, he went around to the other side and found Jack Ryan of the American Realty Co., with a crew of 75 men, but nothing in the way of tools but pick poles and axes. Hilton sent them around to his supply of tools and the combined forces confined the fire front which extended about 200 feet

into a wedge shape trench working toward Saucadean Stream which checked its spread.

As the wind died down with the setting sun, the evening dew came on which aided the fire fighters, and they worked the fire out of the dry spruce into the green birches which were felled and prevented a further spread. By nine o'clock the fire was well under control and the men returned to Seboomook and Rockwood. Hilton and Fred Leighton remaining with a small crew to watch it through the night. About two hundred acres were burned over but not all in one defined area as it was a jump fire which left several strips of unburned land.

Just because a man is spading up his garden is no sign, at this time of year, that he is going to plant seeds.

Roscoe Hodgdon, the popular feeder at the Pittston Farm stable this past winter, went to his home at Palmyra two weeks ago. Roscoe has purchased a Ford and is to run a meat and fish route out of Newport this summer. His many friends hope that he will return to Pittston in the fall.

Arizona Bill, the Rockwood "cow-boy" will no longer excite the interest of the visitor as he was found dead in his room, Sunday the 8th. He had a bullet hole through his heart from a rifle which was on the floor near by. The coroner's verdict was suicide.

(Seen on the Desks at Seboomook Dam)

### A PAL

What constitutes a pal?

I'll tell you Jack  
It's more than slapping on the back,  
Or throwing con;  
It's even more than giving cash  
To some friend who's gone to smash;  
Much more than that.  
It's juts the great big hearted trick of doing  
What you can to serve  
The other guy who's lost his nerve.  
It's acting friendly like and fair  
And always dealing straight and square;  
It's living up to life's big plan,  
And being something like a man;  
Dead on the level, honest, true;  
A pal's a man, thank God, like you.

### A MATTER OF DIET

A negro employed at one of the movie studios in Los Angeles was drafted by a director to do a novel comedy scene with a lion.

"You get into this bed," ordered the director, "and we'll bring the lion in and put him in bed with you. It will be a scream."

"Put a lion in bed with me!" yelled the negro. "No, sah! Not a-tall! I quits right here and now."

"But," protested the director, "this lion won't hurt you. He was brought up on milk."

"So was I brung up on milk," wailed the negro, "but I eats meat now."

### THERE ARE OTHERS LIKE HIM

Once, while walking through the land of Imagination, I saw a dull-eyed man, sitting at the door of a small, dingy cottage.

"Why are you so poor?" I asked.

"I am not poor," he answered indignantly.

"There is coal underneath my garden—one hundred thousand tons of it."

"Then why don't you dig it up?" I asked.

"Well," he admitted, "at present I have no spade and I don't like digging."

The head of a coal firm, irritated beyond endurance at a driver's blunder, told the man to go to the office and get his pay and not come back.

"You are so confounded thick-headed you can't learn anything!" he shouted.

"Begorra," answered the driver, "I learned wan thing since I've been with ye!"

"What's that?" snapped the other.

"That sivinteen hundred make a ton."

"Little boy," asked the well-meaning reformer, "is that your mamma over yonder with the beautiful set of furs?"

"Yes, sir," answered the bright lad.

"Well, do you know what poor animal has been made to suffer to adorn your mamma so proudly?"

"Yes, sir; my papa."—New York Times.

### WHAT AM I?

I am the cheapest thing in the world.

With me, men have felt within them the power to move mountains—to fly the air as birds—to gain the wealth of Croesus.

I am the secret of happiness. Without me the years are but a menace; old age a tragedy.

I offer myself to you and you do not heed. I bide my time. Tomorrow you will come begging, but I shall turn aside. I cannot, I will not, be ignored.

I am the sunlight of the day; the star-dotted heaven of the night. I hold your fortune in the hollow of my hand.

I can make of you what I will. I am the Door of Opportunity—the Open road to the Fairyland of Dreams.

I am the most important thing in the world—the one thing without which all else is impossible.

You ask me who I am and I shall tell you.

If you know of some one who used to work for the Great Northern who would like to get a copy of "The Northern" regularly send us his or her name and address and we will do the rest.

It is good to have money and the things that money can buy; but it is good, too, to check up once in a while and make sure you haven't lost the things that money cannot buy.—George Horace Lorimer.



## THE NORTHERN

A MAGAZINE OF CONTACT  
BETWEEN THE MANAGE-  
MENT AND THE MEN.

Published Monthly, on the fifteenth, by the  
Spruce Wood Department,  
Social Service Division,  
Great Northern Paper Company

M. S. HILL, Superintendent

HARRIE B. COE, Editor

A. J. TOUSSAINT, Director of Athletics  
and Moving Pictures

Ten cents a year to those unfortunates without  
the pale—otherwise gratis.

All employes are asked to cooperate with news  
items, personals, photographs, suggestions, any-  
thing that will please and not offend. Address  
all communications direct to the editor, room 607  
State St., Bangor, Maine. Copy must be in on  
the fifth of the month.

MAY 1921

### EDITORIAL

We have been a little disappointed in the number of news items which have been sent in for this issue of The Northern and we repeat what we said last month, that this is YOUR paper and the only way it can be made the success which we all want it to be, is for you to do your little bit in supplying us with news. And don't forget that it isn't necessary to write a lengthy article or that it must be of superimportance. You will notice from the personal items which appear in this issue that we are very glad to have even the smallest items of general interest. They may seem unimportant to you, but they may prove of much interest to some one else.

We appreciate the splendid spirit of cooperation and interest shown by those who have sent in the news which we can thus publish and we hope that you will find enough of interest herein so that you will be on the lookout for news items for the June issue and thus help us to make it all that we want it to be.

We have had several compliments on the appearance of "The Northern" last month and I think you will agree that it has at least grown in size this month and we hope in interest to you. Let's all get together for the June issue and make it a humdinger.

Where are the photographs you were going to send in of interesting children who will some day be the head of a Great Northern department, or the wife, therefore the guiding star, of a department head. Don't forget to send them in as we want them—why not look them up and mail them to the editor now while you have it in mind.

I want to leave with you just a thought on Americanization.

I think you will agree with me that every man who has worked for the Great Northern long enough to be a real Northern man is a red blooded man and every red blooded man is a real American. But can't we all be a little more of an American than we are. It is admitted that no one can

stand still—we must either go forward or backward. Let us live America each day. Let us think America each day, and let us help the other fellow, particularly the stranger in our midst, live and think America every day.

America is the finest country in the world to live in. Let us keep it so. America is a land with more than 18,000,000 dwellings occupied by more than 21,000,000 families and of which about 6,000,000 own their own homes without incumbrance, while another 3,000,000 own theirs subject to mortgage. It is a land in which another 3,000,000 are depositors in mutual, stock, or postal savings banks, with total deposits amounting to more than \$6,500,000,000. In it are nearly 6,500,000 farms having a value, including buildings and equipment, of more than \$8,500,000,000. This same America has more than 266,000 miles of railway in operation, carrying in a single year more than 1,000,000,000 individual passengers and more than 2,225,000,000 tons of freight. It is a land in which the schools for the people are maintained at a total expenditure of nearly \$650,000,000 with an attendance of more than 20,000,000 children. In it are more than 3,000 public libraries having on their shelves more than 75,000,000 volumes for the instruction and inspection of the people. It is a land whose total wealth is now about \$225,000,000,000, and to use the word of Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia University, "The distribution of that wealth is steadily becoming more equitable and more satisfactory under the operation of force and principle that have guided American life so long and so well."

Continuing Dr. Butler says:

"Who is it that has the temerity to wish to undermine the foundations of so noble and so inviting a political and social structure as this.

"Forty years ago and more, when the doctrine of Socialism was systematically put forward by Karl Marx, it was quickly seized upon by those in Germany and in every other European land who were discontented with existing forms of government and of social organization, and was converted by them into a political program. That program which was to all intents and purposes made in Germany, although written in London, contradicts Americanism and democracy at every point. It calls, not for any program of social reform in accordance with American principles and American ideals, but for a program of collective control over the individual life, the individual occupation, and the individual reward that would destroy America absolutely. It would erect upon the ruins of our democracy an autocratic state in which the tyranny of a temporary or class majority would take the place once held by the tyranny of an hereditary monarch or an hereditary ruling class. Its most extreme exponents have not hesitated to announce themselves, as did Bakunin fifty years ago, apostles or universal destruction."

In order to combat these forces which would destroy American gov-

ernment and American ideals, which would drag true manhood and womanhood to the lowest depths, we must all strive in every way to preserve the constitution of the United States, with the representative form of Government and the right of individual possession which the Constitution provides; to stand firm for law and order; to foster among our people high standards of individual and corporate conduct; and to advance the prosperity and happiness of all. It is simply up to us as individuals and as Americans.



### With the Superintendent Social Service Division

The Editor very generously offers this corner to the Social Service Division Supt., who in turn accepts the offer. He aspires to have from time to time something of value and importance to render and withal longs for sense sufficient to stay in his own corner.



The Big Chief him  
make um some  
smoke. So.

Perhaps it becomes the Supt. to select a motto—something that somewhat breathes the

spirit of the Social Service Division. In making this selection we believe we can do no better than to phrase in the words of another. Nothing better was ever put into the English language or any other language than the following words by Sam Walter Foss which we adopt for this motto. Previously we used these verses on our desk in a public office and headed them thus "The Creed of this Desk". There came into this office one day one of the most prominent men of the State for a friendly call. He read "Our Creed" and remarked, "There I feel better having read that." May every reader of "The Northern" so catch the meaning and see the beauty of our adopted slogan as to sense a feeling like our friend. It is offered in this hope.

### THE HOUSE BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD.

("He was a friend to man, and he lived in a house by the side of the road."—Homer.)

There are hermit souls that live withdrawn

In the place of their self-content;  
There are souls, like stars, that dwell apart,

In a fellowless firmament;  
There are pioneer souls that blaze their paths

Where the highways never ran—



Most blessings are so well disguised that humanity never sees through them

But let me live by the side of the road  
And be a friend to man.

Let me live in a house by the side of  
the road,

Where the race of men go by—  
The men who are good and the men  
who are bad,  
As good and as bad as I.

I would not sit in the scorner's seat,  
Or hurl the cynic's ban—

Let me live in a house by the side of  
the road  
And be a friend to man.

I see from my house by the side of the  
road,

By the side of the highway of life,  
The men who press with the ardor of  
hope,

The men who are faint with the  
strife.

But I turn not away from their smiles  
nor their tears—

Both parts of an infinite plan—  
Let me live in my house by the side of  
the road  
And be a friend to man.

I know there are brook-gladden  
meadows ahead

And mountains of wearisome  
height;

That the road passes on through the  
long afternoon

And stretches away to the night.

But still I rejoice when the travelers  
rejoice,

And weep with the strangers that  
moan,

Nor live in my house by the side of  
the road

Like a man who dwells alone.

Let me live in my house by the side  
of the road

Where the race of men go by—  
They are good, they are bad, they are  
weak, they are strong,

Wise, foolish—so am I.  
Then why should I sit in the scorner's  
seat

Or hurl the cynic's ban?

Let me live in my house by the side  
of the road

And be a friend to man.

#### HOW POSTAGE STAMPS STARTED

Sir Roland Hill, known as the author of the penny postage-stamp, was traveling in England when the postman brought a letter for the daughter of the inn-keeper. After turning the letter over and over in her hand and examining it carefully, the girl asked how much postage was due. She was told a shilling. As she seemed to feel so badly that she did not have the money to pay this with, Mr. Hill paid the postage. This seemed to embarrass the young miss, and, after the postman had gone, she con-

fided to Mr. Hill that the letter was from her brother and that he had made signs on the envelope which conveyed to her all she wanted to know; that there was really no writing inside the envelope. She said they employed this code system of communicating because neither was able to pay postage. On that very day Mr. Hill planned a postal system upon its present basis

They had just become engaged.  
"I shall love," she cooed, "to share all your griefs and troubles."  
"But, darling," he purred, "I have none."

"No," she agreed; "but I mean when we are married."—Dallas News



We are privileged this month to publish this excellent picture of Mona and Georgie MacDonald, the two interesting children of Mr. and Mrs. W. B. MacDonald, and snapped this winter among the birches of Seboomook where Mr. MacDonald is farm superintendent.

These little ladies are very popular with those who live at Seboomook and those whose travels take them there.

They are making rapid progress in their schooling under the teaching of Mrs. Frank B. Ellis. Miss Mona, the elder of the two girls, is also studying cartooning and is showing unusual talent in that work. Both are to take up the study of the piano in the fall.

Mr. D. Francis Dougherty having completed his duties as assistant superintendent of Dyer Brook Operation, 1921, has gone to his home in Milford, Me., for a well earned vacation. Mr. Dougherty has made many friends in Dyer Brook and vicinity while here, by his genial disposition and courtesy to all with whom he dealt and they hope to see him return for the next season. If, however, he should accept some other position he will carry with him the best wishes of his many friends for his future success.

Mr. Leon White, on alighting from the C. P. train recently, was held up by Sheriff Macomber who informed him that it would be necessary for him to inspect his baggage. Inspection followed, revealing only a 12 lb. cake of maple sugar—dry measure only. They say that White was somewhat peeved. (Wonder who told the sheriff.)

When planting potatoes, always plant onions close by. The onions will cause the eyes of the potatoes to run, thus making it unnecessary to water them.

If the egg plant isn't doing well, induce a setting hen to sit on it.

Maybe the lettuce doesn't come up because it is too modest. Give it a little dressing.

Plant string beans far enough apart so that when they come up they won't twine.

Melons need watching. Build a fence between each one so that they cantaloupe.

We all are proud of the "Northern," I guess,—

The management's there with the goods!

They'll give us the news on a sheet of our own;

We surely won't feel then so much by our lone

If once in a while we exchange a few views.

The pulp for the paper and some of the news

Will come from the woods to the city press—

From the press on back to the woods,—

Of course we can call it our own!  
Kneeo Station.

#### BETRAYED

The other night  
I went to the theater  
With a low-brow friend  
And the orchestra played  
"The Little Brown Jug"  
And he thought  
It was the national anthem  
And stood up.  
And I did, too,  
Darn him

—Arkansas Gazette

This is YOUR paper.  
To make it interesting we must have real news—not those things which make the scare heads in the metropolitan newspapers but the little doings which make up your every day life, your work and your recreation

Send personal items or news stories to The Editor, The Northern, Room 607, State St., Bangor, Maine.

It was a beautiful moonlight night and they were taking a stroll down the beach

She—Does the moon affect the tide?

He—No, dearest, only the untied—  
Science and Invention.



CAMP COOKING

By Howard T. Fogg

After facing the Cake Board for fifteen years the writer has been given the opportunity to dedicate these few lines to "The Northern."

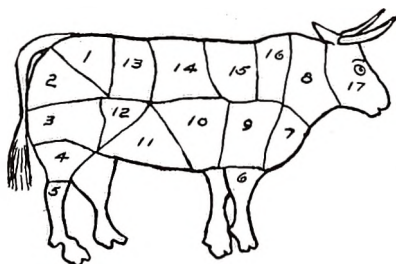
Camp Cooking is a subject that could easily be made to cover a great many pages, but the writer's idea is to outline in this issue a few of the changes that have taken place in this line in the past twenty years from the time when the old open fire with the back log held full sway in the centre of the camp and, cook stoves in the woods were never heard of

In the old days the cook had to be more of a genius to get along and have harmony in the cook room with the limited variety of supplies than at the present time, when practically everything on the market is furnished, thus allowing many more changes in the menu.

Today more attention is being paid to sweet foods and pastry than to the boiled dinner—meat, fish and hearty foods which we used to think was about all that was necessary. One item in particular which the cooks have certainly not improved upon; that is the art of baking beans, when beans were baked in the ground with plenty of heat they didn't have the pale, half baked look that is not uncommon at the present time.

It is not surprising today to visit a lumber camp and find the cook dressed all in white and the cook camp as tidy as any of the first class hotel kitchens, neatness in this department has an influence over the entire operation. A good congenial cook plays a pretty important part in camp life towards keeping the men contented and helping to maintain harmony throughout the operation.

We will try and publish a few practical recipes on camp cooking each issue.



Some beef critter—for the Forest Engineering Division to Produce

No.

- 1—Rump used for steaks and roasts.
- 2—Aitch Bone used for stews and pot roast.
- 3—Round, the top of which is steak or roast.  
The bottom of Round for pot roast or boiling.
- 4—Hack, best for soup or stews.
- 5—Shin, used for soup, hash, or mince meat.
- 6—Leg, used for soup, smother, or stew.
- 7—Brisicet, used for corned beef or spiced beef.
- 8—Neck, used for boiling.

- 9—Shoulder Gland, good for roast or braised
- 10—Clod, used for corned beef.
- 11—Thin flank bone and roll for kettle corned.
- 12—Thick flank. If very heavy can be steaked.
- 13—Porter house sirloin, the best part of the ox.
- 14—Sirloin, good for steaks.
- 15—Five ribs, usually roasted.
- 16—Good for steaks and roasts of second quality.
- 17—Check, used for stews.
- 18—Feet, good for Nestsfort oil.
- 19—Tail, good for ox tail soup
- 20—Tongue for boiling.

WOULD YOU WHITTLE YOUR OWN FINGER—ON PURPOSE?



Jonah knew when to take a bath

If your pocket knife is to be useful rather than ornamental you keep it nicely sharpened with a cutting edge that will do the work.

You can do a lot of things with a good sharp pocket knife but among the things you DON'T do—that is unless you are crazy—is whittling your own finger into long bloody shavings.

We don't sit down and deliberately whittle our own fingers for several reasons. One reason is that it would hurt, another reason is that it would be a messy sort of a job, another reason is that it probably would spoil the hand that the finger happened to be on—for a while anyway.

I never have seen a man intentionally whittle his own finger but I understand it has been done. I have seen men do other things that were just as foolish—things which probably hurt them more in the long run than slicing all the flesh off their finger bones.

For instance there is the gay youth who figures he can work hard all day and then frolic around every night until about three A. M., crawling under the covers in time to get about three hours sleep before the call for breakfast. That lad is storing up a lot of trouble for himself—trouble that he probably will not recognize until he is several years older. Then he will wonder what on earth it is that ails him.

He doesn't realize that Health which Nature intended him to have is a good deal like a storage battery with a generator attachment. If he draws on his power too much, without giving the generator a chance to work, he is going to ruin the battery and then he will be a broken-down man. The best way for us to re-charge our battery of good health is to give ourselves an average of at least eight hours good sound restful sleep every night.

Then there is the man who swallows his food in chunks. He evidently figures he is some sort of a chicken—with a gizzard. He wakes up sooner

or later—usually too late to help him much—to the fact that he is no chicken and that he certainly has no gizzard. By that time he hasn't much of a stomach either. Your stomach, you know, is a good sort of an old horse. It will stand a lot and never protest. It takes what you give it and does the best it can. If you throw your food down your gullet day after day without half chewing it your stomach has to try to finish the job your teeth left unfinished. And since there are no teeth in your stomach—nothing but smooth firm flesh—it doesn't do a very good job of chewing. The result is that by and by your insides get out of whack and you have to lay off work to see a doctor, and if you have waited too long to see the doctor you may shuffle off to your little sod house several years ahead of time.

And then there is the man who is too tired or too busy or too lazy to take a bath every day or even once or twice a week. Probably it doesn't occur to him that if he is tired a good bath with plenty of soap and water will refresh him or that if he thinks he is too busy, a bath will help him to do better work and more work. If he is too lazy there isn't much hope for him until his friends make him understand that it isn't comfortable to have him around until he cleans up. The most important thing though about a man who doesn't bathe himself often enough is that he is getting his machinery all "gummed up" and that is a bad thing for machinery as most everybody knows.

Then there is the man who has a constant pain in his back or in his head or who has prolonged trouble with his eyes or teeth, or who has some other trouble in some part of his body which "seems to be hanging on" but who fails to consult a doctor to see what's wrong. That man is doing just as foolish a thing to himself as whittling his own finger. Why do it? None of us have to bother with the little aches and pains we have, but when it lasts for days, which run into weeks it is a sure sign we've got some sand in our gear box, or that we've thrown a monkey wrench into our machinery and we cannot any of us afford to monkey with our mechanism. You've had a hole in your sock haven't you? You know that a little hole soon gets to be a big one. You know that if a few stitches are taken in the little hole that the sock can be worn much longer than if you wait until somebody has to do the best they can with a big hole. That's where we get that old saying—"A Stitch in Time Saves Nine." As a matter of fact a stitch in time saves a lot more than nine.

The Maine Public Health Association, with offices at 318 Water Street, Augusta, has some very helpful books on various phases of health and any of us can get them for the asking.

ABSOLUTELY

Uncle: Only fools are certain, Tommy, wise men hesitate.  
Tommy: Are you sure, Uncle?  
Uncle: Yes, my boy, certain of it.







See what efficiency  
did for her

seven passenger  
public use.

Visitor—Why don't you advertise?

Town Storekeeper—No, siree. I did  
once and it pretty near ruined me.

Visitor—How so?

Town Storekeeper—Why, people  
came in and bought durn near all the  
stuff I had.

Young Husband—It seems to me, my  
dear, that there is something wrong  
with this cake.

The Bride (smiling triumphantly)—  
That shows what you know about it.  
The cookery book says it's perfectly  
delicious.

Frank Ellis and his wife of Se-  
boomook have opened the tenting sea-  
son and established a home for them-  
selves in the birch grove east of the  
boarding house. Their tent looks very  
cosy among the silver birches and  
Frank and his wife do not need to fuss  
about "sleeping porches" and fresh  
air. If more people would sleep out  
of doors during the summer season  
they would gain in health and benefit  
from the broadening influence which  
comes with close contact to nature.  
Mrs. Ellis holds her school sessions in  
the tent.

"The height by great men reached  
and kept

Were not attained by sudden flight,  
But they while their companions slept  
Were toiling upward in the night."  
—Longfellow.

They say that Harkness got lost in  
the Fog at Seboomook the other  
night. Wonder if it was just talk.

#### WHO WAS THE JOKE ON?

A few nights ago when Leon White  
was ready to go to bed at Seboomook  
and went up to his room he found the  
bed had been stripped of bed clothing,  
mattress and pillows, so there was  
nothing left but the bare spring. He  
suspected who had done it and why,  
so he quietly walked out and down to  
the office building where he found an  
empty bed, undressed and went to  
sleep. Bob Canders and Kenneth

Reed had done the bed stripping and  
put the things in their room and lock-  
ed the door. But they had forgotten  
that the lock was out of order and  
didn't always work and they had to  
fuss with the key for two hours be-  
fore they finally got the door open and  
could go to bed while Leon White was  
soundly sleeping. But Bob and Ken's  
troubles were not over as they left the  
key to their door on the outside and  
George Tupper seeing it there when  
he went to bed, turned it so that the  
two boys were up against it to get out  
the next morning. They finally ac-  
complished this by pushing a news-  
paper under the door and working on  
the key until they pushed it out of the  
key hole and it fell onto the paper so  
they were able to drag it under the  
door into the room. Who do you think  
the joke was on?

"Doctor," said he, "I'm a victim of  
insomnia. I can't sleep if there's the  
least noise, such as a cat on the back  
fence, for instance."

"This powder will be effective," re-  
plied the physician, after compounding  
a prescription.

"When do I take it, doctor?"

"You don't take it. You give it to  
the cat in some milk."

President Schenck and Manager  
Gilbert are enjoying their annual  
spring fishing at Mr. Schenck's camp  
in Township Little W at the head of  
Moosehead Lake. Jack Hazeltine and  
Forrest Smith are guiding them. Mr.  
Gilbert gets an added pleasure in  
frequent visits to the company farms  
in the vicinity for talks with the men  
on how their work is going with them.  
Mr. Gilbert is always a welcome guest  
as he is very popular with the men.

Work is soon to commence on ex-  
tended repairs and additions to the  
wharf at Seboomook to properly  
handle the large amount of freight  
which will arrive there in connection  
with building the S. L. & St. J. R. R.

Mr. R. A. Young, foreman of the  
scow crew at Pittston spent the week-  
end with his family at Greenville vil-  
lage. He says that the big scow will  
be ready to take its maiden plunge  
into the West Branch waters about  
May 25th.

Mr. Mooney opened up Monticello  
loading operation, Sunday, May 1st,  
and started in loading pulp wood  
Monday. As Mrs. Charles Nason is the  
culinary expert, assisted by Mrs. Earl  
Nason, and Marion Nason, it is need-  
less to say that Mr. Mooney showed  
very good judgment in picking his  
cook.

On the steamer "Twilight" from  
Greenville to Kineo last week we  
noticed John Cyr with his new seven  
passenger Buick equipped with a set  
of new tires and three spares, all  
ready for business. John is to make  
headquarters at Pittston, catering to  
the public.

Captain Joe Parent of the Twilight  
is on deck this season as smiling as  
ever. Joe is very popular with the  
traveling public on Moosehead Lake  
and is a factor in popularizing travel  
over the Coburn Steamboat Line.

The hotel at No. East Carry is open  
for the season. Mrs. Snow is manag-  
ing it.

The North West Inn (the new name  
for the Seboomook House) at No. West  
Carry is to open May 10th by the new  
proprietor, Ralph Keating of Portland.  
Mr. Keating has installed a Willis  
Light for lighting the house, running  
his laundry, etc. Under Mr. Keating's  
management this well known resort is  
bound to be popular with the summer  
vacationer.

The Kineo House annex opens its  
doors, May 14, to welcome the sports-  
men who come for the spring fishing  
which promises to be unusually good  
this season. The private and public  
camps all around the lake are putting  
on screens and in general getting  
ready for the summer season.

Frances White, the attractive daugh-  
ter of Finnie White is certainly a chip  
of the old block, when it comes to  
guessing when the ice would go out of  
Moosehead Lake.

#### FRONTIER ETIQUETTE

Fresh from Boston, the lawyer in  
the frontier town had just finished a  
glowing summing up for the defense.  
There ensued a long pause, and the  
Easterner turned in some embarrass-  
ment to the judge.

"Your Honor," he asked, "will you  
charge the jury?"

"Oh, no, I guess not," answered the  
judge benignantly. "They ain't got  
much anyway, so I let them keep all  
they can make on the side."

A suburban housewife relates over-  
hearing this conversation between her  
maid and the cook next door:

"How are you, Hilda?"

"I'm well; like my job. We got  
cremated cellar, cemetery plumbing,  
elastic light and a hoosit."

"What's a 'hoosit,' Hilda?"

"Oh, a bell right. You put a thing  
to your ear and say, 'Hello,' and same  
says 'Hello,' and you say 'Hoosit.'"

THE MAIN TROUBLE WITH PLAYING TO THE GALLERY  
IS THAT THE WORLD SITS IN THE BLEACHERS

