

PORTLAND'S UNION DEPOT A VERY BUSY PLACE

Fifty Trains Daily With 25,000 People, Average Throughout Summer.



ALL ABOARD FOR THE TRAIN



WAITING FOR THE TRAIN



PUNCHING YOUR TICKET AT THE GATE



TWO OF THE MATRON'S PETS



TICKETS PLEASE



A SHIPMENT OF HOGS - NOT THE "END SEAT" VARIETY



ONE DAY'S LIST OF TRAINS



BAGGAGE MASTER GROFF, WHO HAS HIS HANDS FULL



GETTING OFF AT PORTLAND



JIMMIE DOWD, BEST TRAIN ANNOUNCER IN THE COUNTRY



MISS CARRIE FIELDS, BUSY MATRON



HOTEL BUSSES AT THE CURB

JUST suppose, madam, that every blessed day of the week you were expected to answer something like 50,000 foolish questions, ranging from what time the connecting train for the spur line 300 miles east of Podunk station on the Great Saskatchewan leaves the water tank near the Jones farm in the state of Washington, to why the occultation of Mars by the moon wasn't visible in South Portland Wednesday night, fired at you with galling gun speed by 25,000 excited, impatient, tired and dusty travelers—

And suppose that in addition to this, you had to hunt up each day half a dozen or so lost babies which frantic parents in the mad rush to get their trains had taken to the baggage room and checked through by mistake, and restore them to their weeping and hysterical mothers— And suppose, moreover, that you had five different waiting-rooms to visit, that you had an emergency hospital to look after, that you had to pick out poor, helpless old folks and foreigners from among the crowds, take care of them and cheer 'em up, that you were called upon to settle disputes between mad husbands and madder wives, and that you even had to play the role of foxy detective now and then and rescue young girls who had run away from home, give 'em a lecture, and ship 'em back again—

And then, on top of all this, suppose you were expected to smile and look pleasant and give an intelligent answer to every old thing they asked you, on pain of having some hot-tempered fellow call you an impertinent tramp or an officious wretch— Wouldn't it fuss you? Wouldn't you want to pick up some particularly aggravating case and shake him till his teeth rattled? Wouldn't you be on a still hunt for Xantippe's laurels as the champion scold after about the 27,823rd question?

Mrs. Carrie Fields is matron at the Union Depot. As matron, she has to do all the things above named, and a few others besides. In her official capacity she is pretty nearly the busiest woman in Portland, and that means on the Pacific Coast, as this story will soon go on to show. But Mrs. Fields is not nervous, and she doesn't get fussed. She never even scolds, and she hasn't a gray hair on her head. Moreover, she is generally smiling—as she says herself, she was born that way. All of which shows that she is a remarkable woman.

For 20 years, Mrs. Fields has been a matron or an attendant with responsible

duties at some one of the big depots, and in the course of those 20 years she has been stationed in almost every large city in the country. Yet in all that time, she has never had so much to do as she has to do right now in the Portland Union Depot—and the reason is that this summer the travel to and out of this city has increased so enormously that it is greater even than that drawn by Seattle with the added attraction of its exposition, is fully one-fourth again as great as was handled here during the Lewis and Clark Fair, and is taxing the facilities of the big depot to the utmost. Now this story will not be about Mrs. Fields—or that is, only part of it will. It is the story of this great influx of travelers and how they are handled. But Mrs. Fields makes a very good starting point for the story, inasmuch as she has better opportunities for counting the number of persons who pass through the depot daily than anybody else. Mrs. Fields says that the daily average is between 20,000 and 25,000 people. Mrs. Fields ought to know, for about every one of those passing thousands stops to ask her a question or so while he or she is in the depot.

Best Announcer in West. Some fine morning this month when you have nothing better on hand to do, if you'll rise early and go to the Union Depot around 7:15 o'clock, you will be in time to see a rather short, heavy-set man with a gray mustache and dressed in a blue uniform and visored cap with the words "Depot Master" across the front of it, enter the waiting-room and call in sonorous tones that penetrate to every corner of the big station: "O. R. & N. train now ready, for Troutdale, Bridal Veil, Cascade Locks, Hood River, The Dalles, Wasco, Moro, Shaniko, Arlington, Clifton, Home, Heppner, Pendleton, Walla Walla, La Grande, Baker City, Pocatello, Ogdon, Salt Lake, Denver and the East!" The man is Jimmie Dowd, the best train announcer west of Buffalo. His friends say he is the best announcer in the country, one who has traveled about much easier than believe it. Every word as he calls it is clear and distinct. For 12 years, Dowd has been calling trains at the Union Depot in addition to his other duties as depot master, but if the rush gets much heavier, he will have to get an assistant. The train he has just announced is the Atlantic Express, better known to trainmen as No. 12. It leaves at 7:30 A. M. and with its departure begins the first rush of the vast throng of tourists and other travelers who pass through the depot each day, arriving by incoming trains or leaving on those outbound. Between that hour and 11:15 o'clock next morning, there are 24 more outgoing trains to be made up and announced. And within the 24 hours of the day, 25 other long passenger trains loaded to capacity and composed of as many coaches as one and sometimes two locomotives can handle, come thundering into the station. Going and coming—and by official estimates, too—the daily number of those who entered and left the Union Station