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NORTHWARD-HO!

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE

OF NEWS

EDITED BY HERBERT L. JILLSON



CHRONICLES · THE · HAPPENINGS
AND · TELLS · WHO'S · WHO · AT
NORTHERN · SUMMER · RESORTS

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NORTHWARD-HO!

HERE'S to the Land of spruce and pine,
The Northern Land with air like wine;
Where bright lakes nestle 'mid em'rald hills
And woodlands sparkle with silver rills;
Where grim mountain peaks of purple hue,
Sink into skies of the clearest blue;
Where there's health and peace, and sport and rest,
And life is lived at its very best—
Here's to the Land where Tourists go;
The Summer Land—Fair NORTHWARD-HO!

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HIRAM RICKER & SONS, South Poland, Maine



NORTHWARD-HO!

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NORTHWARD-HO!



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VACATION NUMBER, 1909

Vol. V

No. 1

THAT FREAK ST PATRICK FLY

By Herbert L. Jillson



“NO DOUBT about it,” said the portly man, breaking the temporary silence among the group of anglers gathered in the hotel lobby. “I’m a crank on ‘freak’ flies, and all as a result of my trip to Iron Bound pond, where, by the way, my ideas on flies and fly fishing in general changed considerably.”

“It was a day’s journey by spotted trail and canoe from Big Fish pond where we were camping, and a hard trip for a man of my age and weight, but Sanford talked Iron Bound pond and big Iron Bound trout until it got into my blood. Then the fishing fell off in Big Fish and one afternoon after casting uselessly with one arm and fighting black flies unsuccessfully with the other for over three hours, I reeled in, turned, and asked Sanford, just like I’d never heard of the place before: ‘How far’d you say it was to Iron Bound?’

“Now, distance goin’ is something about which Sanford, like many other Maine guides, has vague ideas, so he staided his dripping paddle on the canoe and meditated long and deeply. “‘Taint so fur,’ he replied, as if figuring it out to a yard, ‘if ‘twant fur Black Jack mo’ntain an’ ther trip down Alder Brook, but when’t comes ter fishin’ thurs no place in thur state whar thur trout runs so large or rise ter thur fly as freely, an’ thurs no season of thur year when they ur risin’ as they ur right now; this yer mimmit’.

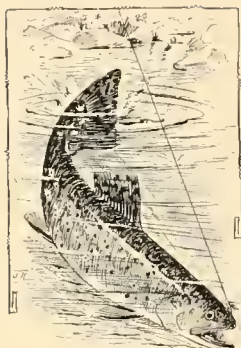
“Sanford knows human nature as he knows the woods; he veils hardships and unveils attractions. The closing words: ‘Thurs no season of thur year when they ur risin’ as they ur right now,’ settled the question. That evening we made up our packs and early the next morning were under way. A stiff journey it was, but that’s of no consequence now. Black Jack is a mountain, no doubt about that, with the trail seeking the highest peak, and Alder

Brook is well named, for we cut our way through the sticky bushes for miles before the lake gleamed ahead of us in the afternoon sun, but Iron Bound itself proved a reality, not a myth. Down between high ledges, Alder Brook cuts its way into the little lake, scarcely half a mile wide and not more than twice as long, rock (iron) bound its entire circumference, with no visible outlet; the water, because of its sombre reflections, apparently depthless; a place of strange, unusual beauty and mystery.

“That night we camped on a low promontory in a deserted trapper’s cabin, necessary preparations robbing us of the evening fishing, and we were lulled to sleep by the hoot of the owl and the weird cry of the loon. The rising sun found us astir and it was not long before our canoe was cutting the misty surface of the lake.

“‘One thing is sartain,’ meditated Sanford as he paddled, thar’s been no one here fur years. That’s thur





only camping ground that is an' it hain't bin used fur I don't know how long, an' if we don't strike 'em, I miss my guess, that's all.'

'I felt Sanford's enthusiasm

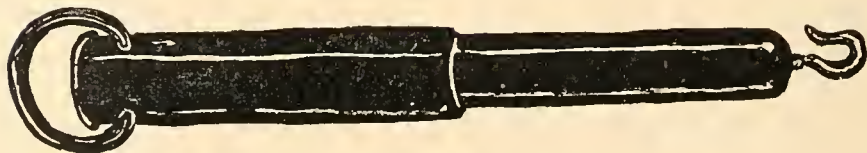
in my finger tips as I trailed the bright flies cautiously over each dark pool as we began following the shore. Halting I took a pair of small ones from beneath a sunken tree trunk and, rounding a point, caught sight of a mountain brook dashing down, grey-purple, over a high ledge into a circle of creamy foam on the lake beneath. Instinctively something told me that this was the 'pool' Sanford had said so much about. The canoe steadied some thirty feet away.

"'Might try er few casts in thur bubbles at thur left,' suggested Sanford, with a feigned indifference which I found it impossible to assume. The first thing I did was to reel in and reduce my cast from three flies to two. Then I made several bungling tries which fell short and heavy. The canoe shuddered; I could see the expression on Sanford's face as plainly as if he sat before me. Reeling in I laid the rod down, and relit my cold pipe, with the canoe floating like an eagle poised above quarry; high up, it seemed, on a depth of blue, the nearby shore alone overcoming the sense of dizziness.

"My nerves steadied as I sent the line out again, yard by yard, into the center of the lake until I got the 'swing.' Then shifting, I gauged the distance carefully and let the cast down as gently as a falling feather among the bubbles at the left of the pool. Vaguely I saw dark forms of monster fish rising from the foam and fearing that I might hook two of these I whipped the line back nervously to avoid such a catastrophe. The foam assumed its normal aspect and for a moment I wondered if my eyes had deceived me.

"I cast again. Once more the dark forms appeared, but my nervousness had gone and the flies did not prove attractive on close examination. Again and again I tried without result. Then I turned towards Sanford. Mystery was in his face. I changed the flies and cast again. The dark forms appeared 'mid the foam, but only once. Pair by pair the flies were transferred from book to leader. Some brought response, but none were taken. Then I tried varying combinations of the same cast without result and, listlessly, turned the pages of my fly book as one does a volume which ends wrong. The last page, the exhibition of freak flies—the flies 'made to sell'—lay before me. Without interest I selected the Yellow May and sent it out. Then the Jenny Lind and next the Scarlet Ibis, which I have found excellent for frogs and turtle! Others whose names even the makers have forgotten, followed, one by one, and last, in hopeless despair, the most impossible fly of all—the St. Patrick.

"One hesitates at the brink of defeat. I felt the canoe backing away with a sigh of satisfaction, then, yield-



ing to an impulse, let the rod swing in an indifferent farewell. High up among the foam the fly fell to be quickly wafted back. Half a dozen monsters were fighting for its possession in an instant and a minute later, the reel was singing merrily as the line cut the water, far out in the lake. When I found the brake the silk was slack, but the spell was broken. My next cast hooked the three-pounder which was quick enough to reach it first, and two others followed it to the net in their eagerness. One by one the fish were reeled in, as like as peas in a pod, until they numbered seventeen, all but three of which had been returned to the water.

"But the 'big fellow' was still in the pool. Time and again he had risen, but always as a laggard. Resting for a while I smoked and as the sun sank behind the mountains, and the shadows suddenly deepened, I cast the fly beyond the pool and drew it slowly back. A moment I waited, breathless, as it rested in the foam and then, with a rush and swirl, the foam parted as the big fellow left the water in a savage lunge, sinking with the St. Patrick deeply imbedded in his jaw.

"Twenty minutes later he was struggling in the net, and when we weighed him at camp, he pulled the pocket scales just a hair's breadth below the five and a half pound notch; a record breaker for the pond."

The Absent-Minded Fisherman

"I have guided a good many absent-minded men," said Sammy, the guide, "but the sport I am with now is the limit. About every other time he catches a trout he throws the hook in

the bait box and the fish back in the water.

"Another one of his amusements is to carefully notch the end of his cigar with his knife and put the knife in his mouth

pens to get so far as to light the cigar, and the cigar in his pocket. If he happens to throw the cigar away and tries to smoke the match!

"But," he concluded, "this all has its advantages because when he pays me off he is just as apt to get a twenty-dollar bill changed, put the five he should give me in his pocket and hand me the fifteen dollars change."

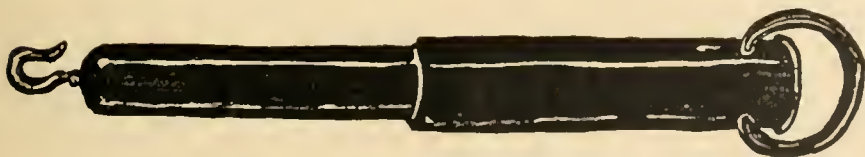
And Sammy strolled off towards his canoe whistling merrily.



Loons Play the Game of Tag

That loons play tag there is not the slightest doubt among those who have watched these birds in the water. When you find a flock of them swimming merrily about in a sheltered cove all that is necessary to arrive at the conclusion is to creep up close and watch the fun.

Presently some one of the group will swim rapidly up, strike another with his bill and then the whole bunch will start pell mell in pursuit of the loon which is "it." In time the chase ends, another bird leads, and so on, indefinitely.



THE KINEO YACHT CLUB

It Will Stand for All Time, a Monument to the
Loyalty of This Resort's Admirers



EVER ONWARD is the progress of Greater Kineo and no winter in history has witnessed more important changes, the new Yacht Club coming as the climax of years of growth in popularity; a monument for all time, to the loyalty and devotion of this resort's admirers—the finishing touch which gives character to the whole, like a bit of rare color well placed in a painting. Combining character, beauty and fitness in its architecture, pleasing in its decorative scheme, with both luxury and comfort in its furnishings, the building is one of the most complete and perfect of its character in the country, and the wonder of it all is, how so much could have been accomplished with the sum expended, barely fifteen thousand dollars; this sum raised entirely by subscription among the habitués of the point.

THE NEW YACHT CLUB

The most attractive and delightful feature of the Club is its broad verandas, so constructed that they frame the outlook of lake, forest, mountain and sky into a series of beautiful panoramic pictures, the effect produced by deep cornices which drop from the roof and massive pillars which rise from wide, low railings. The main entrance to the Club is from the land side through a massive porte cochere and the room at the right of the broad hall, the spacious Club room with a monster fireplace in rock hewn from the rugged sides of Mt. Kineo, its decorative feature; mission furniture in Flemish oak and upholstered in dark leather, in fitting harmony with the soft green of the walls. Leading off from this room is a portion of the balcony enclosed in glass, as

a tea or sun room, dainty in its wicker furniture. At the left of the hall is a grill room in the same general decorative treatment, and, in the rear, the butler's pantry, kitchen and store room; a dumb waiter connecting with the floor above. Coat and toilet rooms are also located on this floor which has a second entrance opening upon the lake.

The arrangement upon the second floor is after the same plan as the first, with a large assembly room for the women who will be given equal privileges with the men, at the right of the hall, with a grill room at the left, a card room adjoining, and cloak and toilet rooms at the head of the staircase; the decorative treatment in harmony with the lower floor. Polished floors rule throughout and the selection of rugs, curtains, pictures and bric-a-brac has been exquisitely carried out to produce an effect which is quiet, restful and delightful, with here and there a bright bit of refreshing color by way of contrast. A feature in connection with the Club of special interest, is the large brass Civil War cannon which rests on the shore of the lake at the right of the Club house, glaring grimly at the distant mountains, and which will be used upon fitting occasions. This cannon was secured through Senator William P. Frye of Maine by Treasurer Judkins, a special act of Congress being necessary and to overcome a technicality in the law, it was given to the town of Greenville with the understanding that it have a permanent resting place on the shore of the lake, "west of the Kineo Yacht Club."

OFFICERS AND MEMBERS

The officers of the Club are: Commodore, C. M. Clark of New York; Vice-Commodore, W. H. Dougherty of New

York; Rear Commodore, Stanton I. Hanson of New York; Fleet Captain, James K. Clarke of Ardmore; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. Rowland Cox, Jr., of New York; Secretary, George E. Cooley of New York; Treasurer, C. A. Judkins of Kinco.

The membership includes: Howard A. Colby, Henry Feuchtwanger, Walton Ferguson, E. H. Outerbridge, Cornelius Doremus, Frank B. Hurd, Y. Murai, Eugene Treadwell and George W. Powers of New York; James A. Brodie and W. E. Truesdell of Brooklyn; A. B. Waring, W. B. Hawley and J. C. Haver-meyer, Jr., of Yonkers, N. Y.; E. F.

F. C. Payson of Portland; William M. Shaw, Henry M. Shaw and Hugh E. Shaw of Greenville; Roy L. Marston and S. W. Philbrick of Skowhegan; Albert H. Shaw of Bath, W. J. Lannigan of Waterville, Harry W. Priest of Franconia, N. H., H. C. Warren of New Haven, and Dr. C. F. McGahan of Aken, S. C.

OTHER IMPORTANT IMPROVEMENTS

Another radical change is the clearing out of the shacks which have for years disfigured the fine shore of the cove known as "Brooklyn," directly across from the point, and ere many



Eidlitz of Orange; L. F. Donohoe of Bayonne; John Reilly, Jr., of Salem; Edgar W. Heller, of Elberon.

Jay Cooke, J. Henry Hentz, Jr., and Dr. S. McCuen Smith of Philadelphia; W. L. Shaefer of Pottsville; W. O. Rowland of Frankford; J. H. Hillman, Jr., of Pittsburg; Richard Mitton, Frederick Estabrook, Walworth Pierce, Curtis W. Scriven, F. S. Snyder, N. C. Nash, George J. Loveley and E. H. Best of Boston; W. H. S. Wesson of Springfield; E. F. Coburn of Lawrence; E. L. Thayer of Worcester.

Dr. T. U. Coe, Percy R. Todd and Fred Gilbert of Bangor; M. B. Cleaves, Morris McDonald, Horace A. Cate and

seasons pass, this land will be graced with the beautiful summer cottages and bungalows of visitors and surrounded by well laid out grounds. The road around the lake shore bring this colony into close communication with Kinco itself and the distance by water is so short that one can almost "crank" a motor boat across it; the outlook down some twenty-two miles of island-dotted and mountain-backgrounded lake most entrancing.

At Rockwood, "Kinco Station," directly across the lake, which has been acquired by the Kinco Company, the improvements and changes have been remarkable. Most notable is the large

general store which has been built and thoroughly equipped and which will in future, be the fall, winter and spring headquarters for Kineo and Kineo visitors. The Hotel Rockwood, also located here, has been thoroughly refurbished and remodeled in a way which will make it "home" to the many who come early or linger late and the vast army which anticipates from year to year, the spring fishing and the fall shooting, or the thousands who flock here for some one of the many camping, fishing and canoeing trips for which Kineo is a gateway and which open up through the West Branch of the Penobscot and its tributary lakes and streams.

Several of the cottages have been remodelled, one of which will be the winter home of Manager and Mrs. C. A. Judkins. Evidences of the "newness" of the place have also disappeared and the railroad station, steamboat wharf and grounds have been greatly improved. The West Outlet camps, close at hand, now boast of a railroad station and a post office of their very own, and a real estate boom is infecting owners of attractive farms in the immediate vicinity. One enterprising farmer has even gone so far as to cut a road through the forest to the station from his place, and it would take ten thousand dollars and perhaps more, to buy a farm to-day which a few years ago, was a drug on the market.

SPORT IN THE OPEN

The summer's program of tournament events will be more extensive than ever before and a wealth of trophies will be provided. As usual interest will center in the annual golf tournament in which cups are offered for both men and women, and there will be numerous special events, varied in their character. Tennis is claiming increasing attention each year now, closely rivalling golf, and the tournament events arranged are along comprehensive lines which provide for all who frequent the courts.

Rifle shooting now ranks among the most popular diversions here with rivalry for the championship trophies which Mr. Nathaniel C. Nash of Boston, offers annually its special feature. There will also be the usual number of invitation and handicap shoots. Interest in trap shooting which has been growing steadily for several years, bids fair to be a popular diversion during the summer, and the annual handicap regatta of the Moosehead Lake Yacht Club will, of course, this year have new significance with an entry list double that of previous seasons.

Baseball is now thoroughly established here as an entertainment feature enjoyed by all, that it has come to be regarded as a permanent fixture and early play gives every evidence that the team will be one of the best ever assembled. Head Bellman, James G. Scales, is again captain and coach and upon the nine are several who have been diamond stars in the past.

SOCIAL ACTIVITY

Social pleasures, too, are claiming their share of attention and the season promises to be one of much gaiety with the usual bridge tournaments, dinners, dances, launch parties and canoe picnics more popular than ever before, for the cottage colony is entertaining much and the New Yacht Club promises to be a social as well as a recreation center. Many pleasant affairs are also being arranged for the children who now form an important part of the colony, adding to its interest and charm, for Kineo is distinctly home to all who gather here.

The success of the more formal dances enjoyed last season, and the various evenings of novel entertainment, are remembered with special pleasure by the younger set which is making plans to develop this feature even more fully this summer. Thus early there is talk of several more formal cotillions with the usual sheet and pillow case party and, possibly, a masquerade, not to mention straw rides

from time to time and an occasional barn supper at Deer Head farm.

Possibly this may be the last year for the old log cabin Kinco Club, round which fond memories hover for so many friends, but there will be no evidence of the beginning of the end in the maintenance of the Club during the present season and many will entertain there in a quiet way as in the past.

AMONG THE GUESTS

The summer colony will be a large and representative one including many old friends who have summered here season after season, friends who have done much toward spreading Kinco's fame throughout the land.

From New York are Mr. and Mrs. Howard A. Colby, Mr. and Mrs. Stanton I. Hanson, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Allison, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Eidlitz, Mr. George W. Powers, Mrs. F. C. Treadwell, L. C. Shepherd, Dr. Rowland Cox, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Campbell. From Philadelphia, Mr. and Mrs. W. O. Rowland, Mr. and Mrs. Rush Rowland, Mr. and Mrs. J. Henry Hentz, Jr., Dr. and Mrs. S. McCuen Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Allen, 3d, Mrs. B. F. Clapp, Mr. and Mrs. James K. Clark, Mr. and Mrs. James B. Kinley, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Hillman and Mrs. Henry Lea of Pittsburg, and Mrs. D. R. Garrison and Miss Garrison of Radnor. Others who return include Dr. and Mrs. T. U. Coe of Bangor, Dr. and Mrs. G. H. Sexsmith of Bayonne, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Warren and Miss Warren of New Haven, Mr. and Mrs.

L. B. Goff, Mr. and Mrs. George M. Thornton and the Misses Thornton of Pawtucket, Mrs. Rowland Cox and Mr. Audrey Weightman and children of Plainfield, Judge Charles Allen of Boston, Mr. Ernest L. Thayer of Worcester, Miss Mary M. Fiske of Norridge-wock, and Mr. and Mrs. Y. Murai of Riverside, Conn.

The exclusive cottage colony is made up entirely of old friends; among them Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Clark, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Dougherty, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Feuchtwanger, Mrs. Cornelius Doremus and her daughter, Mrs. M. D. Pater-son and Mr. Henry Lord, all of New York, Mr. Henry Scheafer of Potts-ville, Pa. At the private camps are Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Outerbridge, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur B. Waring of New York, Mr. and Mrs. R. Winder Johnson of Philadelphia, and Miss Susan Shaw of Wellesley, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Hutchins of Boston. Mr. and Mrs. Harlan Page and Mr. and Mrs. Robert H. Page of Philadelphia, will again summer at camp Porcupine on Brassau, and Mrs. Walton Ferguson and daughter of Stamford are at their camp for the summer. Mr. and Mrs. Austin G. Fox, also of the Metropolis, will make their usual visit, and Mr. and Mrs. Walter Wesson of Springfield will spend a portion of the summer at their private camp.

Send it to Friends!

When you have finished reading NORTHWARD-HO! mail it to a friend. Use other copies for the same purpose.



THE HOTEL WENTWORTH

Under New Management it Enters Upon New Era
of Growth, Activity and Influence



FAMOUS in two continents as the headquarters of the Russian-Japanese peace conference, the Hotel Wentworth at Newcastle (Portsmouth), passes this season, under the new management of Mr. H. W. Priest, so widely and favorably known through his connection with The Carolina at Pinehurst, and The Preston at Beach Bluff; an announcement which will be received with universal satisfaction throughout the entire country.

Few hotels have been maintained so faultlessly as those conducted by Mr. Priest and with his advent here a new era of growth, influence and prosperity is assured for this hotel which has long been generally conceded to possess unequalled advantages and attractions in location and equipment; the magnificent plant representing a well-directed expenditure of fully one million dollars. Results were what the late Frank Jones strove for and backed by limitless capital, results he secured. Outside and in, the equipment leaves little to be desired and the varied personal tastes of the former owner were gratified in a lavish way. Few public rooms can compare with many of those he fitted up and the top floor dining-room of the annex is as fine an example of what can be accomplished along this line as there is in the country. The hotel is delightfully situated and the grounds stretching away from it to the sea have been preserved in all their wild and natural beauty, yet still having all the charm that the landscape gardener can give.

MANY RADICAL IMPROVEMENTS

In spite of the fact that Mr. Priest has been in possession barely six months, many radical improvements and changes have been made which add to the at-

tractiveness of the place and which are but the beginning of the broad and comprehensive plan which is fully formulated. Renovating and refurnishing have been general throughout the hotel, long distance telephones have been installed, special attention has been given to landscape decoration, the garage has been fully equipped to meet the constantly increasing demands, the golf course has been extended and improved, the tennis courts upon which many matches of international importance have been held, are in perfect condition and a special feature has been made of the superbly equipped livery stable by the introduction of Kentucky saddle and driving horses from the stable of W. P. Mundy of Pinehurst, North Carolina. Special attention has also been given to the bath houses and the usual arrangements have been made with owners of sailing boats and fishing craft; auto hack service connecting with all trains at the railway station, a short three miles distant from the hotel itself which rests in the center of a beautiful private park.

OUTDOOR LIFE CHARMS

Life in the open, as in the past, promises to continue as the most attractive feature of the place, but, socially, there is thus early every indication that the season will be very gay. This happy combination of life is apparent in all directions and the general interest of the congenial company assembled here will result in many pleasant formal and informal gatherings. Afternoon teas, informal dinners and bridge are interesting the older people, with the younger set occupied with rides, drives, bathing, fishing, sailing, launch parties and informal dances, and planning for several formal cotillions and the usual novelties.

At the golf club a varied program of tournaments will be held, and interest

in tennis which always commands the attention of the entire hotel, owing to the fact that the shaded balconies overlook the courts, will be gratified by a varied program. The saddle horses are in charge of a riding master and the bath houses are looked after by an expert in swimming; the morning bathing hour is an event of the day which all enjoy. The concerts of the orchestra composed of members of the Boston Symphony, one of the most charming features of the hotel, and always the grand old ocean stretches away, until it meets the distant sky; now deep blue, again soft green—grey at morning, purple at evening—ever fascinating,

Cambridge, who came on the steam yacht "Shada;" so delighted with the place that they spent several days here and are planning to come again.

Interest of the present week has centered in the visit of Governor Quimby of New Hampshire, who, accompanied by the members of his staff and counsel, spent Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday here.

AMONG THE GUESTS

In the company thus early assembled here for the season are many Boston visitors among them Mr. and Mrs. Francis H. Williams and Miss E. A. Williams, Mrs. W. H. Blackburn and



ever changing like the love light in a woman's eyes!

The influx of motor tourists has broken all previous records, the number of daily arrivals ranging from fifty to one hundred and fifty, and including not only the many parties who run up from New York or Boston, but scores of others who come from the far west and south; some for lunch, some for a day, some for the season.

Many private yachts are putting in here, taking advantage of the excellent private harbor and the comforts of the hotel, for brief sojourns on trips along the coast. Among the first of these were Hon. and Mrs. A. F. Sortwell of

Mrs. J. W. Hollis, Dr. and Mrs. C. A. Barroll, Mrs. A. A. Folsom, and Miss E. F. Balch. From Massachusetts are Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Lawrence, Miss Anna Lawrence and Mr. Edward E. Williams of Cambridge, Mr. A. E. Estabrook and Miss P. M. Bigelow of Worcester, Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Hall of Newton, Mrs. Walter J. Godfrey of Somerville, Mr and Mrs. Oliver Walker of Northampton.

Prominent among the New Yorkers here is Judge F. H. Hiscock of the New York Court of Appeals, Syracuse, who is here with Mrs. Hiscock for July. New Yorkers who will spend the summer here include Mr. and Mrs. Henry

W. Baldwin, Col. and Mrs. F. T. Leigh, Mr. and Mrs. James Rodgers, Mrs. J. H. Brown and child, Mr. and Mrs. Ellison Crawford, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Hatfield, Mrs. A. G. Stone, Mrs. McLean and the Misses McLean, Mr. and Mrs. Sawyer, Mrs. E. S. Kingsland and Miss M. Sherman.

Mrs. P. D. Armour of Chicago, is the leading member of the large Chicago colony which will summer here and which also includes Mrs. V. B. Holmes and Miss Holmes, Mrs. Edson Keith, Mrs. A. J. Averill, Mrs. John C. Grant, Mrs. I. A. Stearns, Miss Dunham and Miss Hawes, Mr. and Mrs. W. V. Booth, Mr. Vernon Booth, Jr. From Philadelphia are Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Stow, Mrs. F. A. Freeman, Mrs. Pearce and Miss Pearce, Mr. and Mrs. John J. Ferrick, all of whom will remain throughout the summer. Mrs. Thomas Balch, Miss I. W. Balch and Mr. Edwin S. Balch are completing a short visit.

Others who will summer here include Mr. and Mrs. Allan E. Lard, Mrs. C. H. Birdsall and Master William Birdsall of Washington, Mrs. E. J. Goshom, Miss Shipley and Miss Davidson of Cincinnati, Mr. Arthur Brittain of Boston, and Miss Brittain of London, Miss W. E. Mitchell and Miss G. A. Mitchell of St. Louis, Mr. and Mrs. Chapman Hyams of New Orleans, Miss M. F. Drown and Miss E. A. Hopkins of Newton Centre, Mr. E. P. Lenihan of Cleveland.

Judge Couch of Peekskill, is spending two weeks here with Mr. Metz Hayes of New York, Mrs. Maurice Casey and Miss Margaret Casey of San Francisco, will remain through July. Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Spaulding of Haverhill, are completing a short visit.

YOUNG FISH FORGET EASILY

Trout, Bass and Salmon May be Taken Over and Over Again With Fly

It is not generally known, but the fact of the matter is that small trout, bass and even salmon, when rising freely, take the artificial fly again and again after being returned to the water.

One angler states that he experimented with a small trout which lived alone in a tiny mountain pool, catching the fish every ten minutes for a period of several hours. He found that the trout would rise readily any time after a ten-minute rest, but not before, and he assumed by this that it took that time for the fish to forget its previous experience. Very small bass have repeatedly been known to take the fly again within a few minutes after being returned to the water and salmon under some conditions rise nearly as freely.

The general impression among those who experimented is that the trout and salmon rise to the fly believing that it is a dainty morsel of food, but usually it is pure curiosity which causes the untimely death of the youngsters.



BELGRADE IS TRANSFORMED

Winter's Improvements Bespeak Volumes for Permanent
Place Resort Holds Among its Admirers



WONDERFUL transformations winter and spring have wrought in The Belgrade, improvements which bespeak volumes for the permanent place this unique hotel holds in the hearts of its thousands of friends, and the record June and July business is significant indication that the enlargement of the hotel has come none too soon. Delightfully located and providing fishing the equal of which cannot be found the wide world over, the success of the hotel has been remarkable from its opening up to the present time and thus early it is apparent that hundreds will be turned away, as usual, during the months to come.

THE NEW ADDITION

Twenty-six rooms in all there are in the addition, all en suite with bath, the lower floor enlarging the main office and also providing a children's play room, which is also used as a smoking room in the evening, a reading room and a writing room. In exquisite taste these rooms have been furnished, the finished result possessing all the charm of one's home for such The Belgrade has been to those who gather there.

The removal of the large writing table from the foyer enlarges this room very noticeably and an effective decorative feature has been introduced by the presence of the monster clock which was presented to Mr. and Mrs. Hill at the conclusion of the house party given in connection with the marriage of their daughter last September, a perpetual reminder of happy days never to be forgotten.

At the south end of the hotel a wide veranda overlooks a charming sunken garden, the central decorative feature of which is a grotto fountain. Another new and pleasing feature at the hotel is

the introduction of bottled Beaver Spring water and the serving of it in coolers in which the ice does not come in contact with the water and, in this connection, it may be said that the same care and attention has been given to every department of service in the hotel.

Notable changes and improvements are everywhere in evidence. The garage and stables have been enlarged and saddle horses introduced, many new motor boats have been launched, a number of new cottages have been built, golf course and tennis courts are in perfect condition, and the roads of the vicinity have received careful attention.

THE SEASON'S DIVERSIONS

Both in sports and social pleasures the season well begun promises much in the way of entertainment which will interest all. Golf will be more popular than ever before and numerous tournaments will be held, among the enthusiasts who are now seen daily upon the links being Mr. and Mrs. Robert S. Crocker, Mr. Frank Dudensing of New York, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Zuckerman, Mr. George H. Buzby and Mr. Seymour Carrigan of Philadelphia, and Mr. L. E. Greenough of Boston. The tournament program will include the usual handicap as well as a more important match play event and trophies will be offered for the best net and gross scores made during the summer.

The tennis tournaments will include men's and women's singles and doubles and mixed doubles for a number of attractive prizes. Automobile touring promises to be more popular than ever before and the hotel is receiving its share of the motor tourists which now make their way into all portions of the state. Riding and driving are more popular than ever for the section round about is becoming more and more fasci-

nating as it is better known. Baseball will, in an informal way, provide an afternoon's fun for the entire community from time to time, for the rivalry between the bell boys on the hill and the natives in the village is keen and what the games lack in fast play they make up in amusement and enthusiasm.

Socially, interest will center in the many informal affairs which make life here delightful and bring the colony together as one congenial whole. Bridge, teas, dinners, picnic and launch parties will be numerous and the younger set will make more of dancing and merry romps than ever before. The new

time when the fishing, comparatively speaking, is dull. The fun begins with the going out of the ice and the trolling, fly fishing follows it and may be enjoyed throughout the entire year, combined with it bait fishing with minnows and frogs, and grasshopper fishing which calls for the combined skill of both the fly and the bait caster. The trophies secured include the dogged bass, gamey salmon, wary trout, willing perch and monster pickerel.

And the records? One would naturally suppose that they could be gathered in here like shells at the seashore, but the fact of the matter is, so many



Library building will be a favorite rendezvous and always the cool porches of the hotel overlooking the mountain bordered lake are thronged with visitors who find joy in that subtle word best described as companionship.

AMONG THE ANGLERS

To be sure, the angler is at this season of the year, backgrounded by the summer visitor, but there is never a time at Belgrade when the big rod rack in the billard room, which, by the way, gives fully as much character to the hotel as the mounted fish on the walls of the foyer and dining room, is without its split bamboos and there is never a

fish are taken that one only hears of catches which are exceptional. If you are an angler one of the first men to be pointed out to you when you arrive is Mr. L. B. Adams of New York, who has been an annual visitor here for many years. Much to Mr. Adams' annoyance, for he is a very modest man, you will hear that in thirty days casting with a single fly, he took over three thousand bass, an average of one hundred daily.

You will also hear that without half trying, he took one day, forty-one before lunch, fifty after and strings of twenty-six and fifteen on his way home, a total of one hundred and thirty-one and, mind you, Mr. Adams fishes only

with a single fly and only for his own amusement. What you hear about his records you hear from others and this information usually comes first hand, from the guides who know a thing or two about angling and anglers in general. You will also hear that Mr. Charles Mallory of New York, holds the fly fishing "record" for the present season, for a single day's fly fishing, with a catch of one hundred and seventy-three bass and that the next best catch to this recorded is a string of two hundred and eleven bass taken in one day, last year, by Mr. S. W. Eccles of New York, with a full leader.

have always shared honors with the men. To the uninitiated the familiar strains of "Fairy Tales" will float across the mind as the stories are related, but "facts is facts" and a sojourn at Belgrade is convincing.

"Ever fished here before," asks the angler when you first arrive. "Well," he concludes, "mark my word, you've got something coming to you!" And it tells the whole story. There is only one Belgrade. It is the greatest natural bass water in the world and it will never be fished out. Very few bass are killed and no fish multiplies as rapidly. Bass fishing at Belgrade is an experience



THE "RECORD FISH"

Later on, you will find that the record salmon for the lake is a ten and a half pounder taken by Col. S. F. Banks of Boston, the record trout an eight and three-quarter pounder credited to H. L. Boyd of New York, and that the big bass run all the way from four to five and a quarter pounds and that something like a score of anglers divide the honors for the big ones. In the line of novelty you will hear how Mr. George Mayer of New York, this year landed three bass and a pickerel with one cast of three flies; the pickerel attached to the last bass on the leader, and you will also find that in the records the women

which no lover of rod and reel should or can afford to miss.

AMONG THE GUESTS

The second week in July finds the season well begun and the hotel well filled, the company including many who return year after year, to remain throughout the season. From New York are Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Wilder and family, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Mahoney and family, Mr. and Mrs. Robert S. Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Boyd and family, Mr. and Mrs. Emory B. Remington, Mr. and Mrs. John Fynes, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Morgan and Miss Morgan, Mr. and Mrs. Eagleson Robb, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Owen, Mr. and

Mrs. S. A. Luther, Mrs. A. Cassard and Mr. William J. Cassard, Mrs. C. F. Nicholson and Mr. John F. Nicholson, Mr. and Mrs. Berkley B. Merwin, Mr. Richard Merwin and Miss Louise Chamberlain, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Zuckerman and family, Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Sherburne, Mr. Leon Sherburne and Miss Marion Sherburne, Mrs. R. A. Lovett, Master Lovett and Mr. H. F. Hovey.

Philadelphians here include Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Carrigan and family, Mr. and Mrs. William T. Gummey and the Misses Gummey. From Brooklyn are Mrs. E. R. Sheridan and Miss Sheridan, Mr. and Mrs. A. Leverich and son. Others here include Mr. and Mrs. M. R. Bryan and the Misses Bryan, Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Shayler, Misses Julia and Margaret Dunphy of Brookline, Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Greenough of Boston, Mr. and Mrs. Shumacher and Master Shumacher of Short Hills, Mrs. Woodward and family and Mr. E. S. Woodward of Ardsley.

RANGELEY REGION PROSPERS

Hotels are Well Filled and Demand for Accommodations Exceeds Supply

Never in history has the season held more of prophecy for the Rangeley Lake region. Hotels and cottages are well filled and the bookings for August have thus early exceeded the supply. Better prepared, also, than ever before is the section to care for friends who now assemble year after year, coming from all sections of the country and many parts of the globe. Rangeley still continues distinctly a fisherman's resort and midsummer diversions never eliminate the sport. The hero of the hour here is always the man or woman who has taken the largest trout or salmon and the stories you hear in the hotel lobbies are mainly those which deal with fish and fishing.

In a way the Rangeley Lake house at the upper end of the lake, is an excep-

tion to the general rule and the winter's addition of a large annex of twenty-two rooms, all en suite, with bath, gives it more than ever the character of the "summer resort." The dining room has also been enlarged and the introduction of plate glass windows at the northern end give the room a delightful appearance. Automobile tourists are more numerous than ever before, golf, tennis and other sports are receiving increasing attention and, socially, the place is undergoing very radical changes, many formal and informal affairs in the fine Casino adding to the gaiety of the season.

Improvements at the Mountain View house, Mooselookmeguntic house, Barker, Birches and Bemis have all been extensive and the Upper Dam and Middle Dam are prepared to meet the increasing demands of the section. Pleasant Island, Bald Mountain and Pickford's camps and the various points which open up from this centre are all sharing the section's prosperity; the new Rangeley Tavern at Rangeley village supplying a need long apparent.

Summering at Mountain View are Mr. and Mrs. George Haynes, Mr. Eugene J. Young, Miss C. E. Young of New York; Mr. and Mrs. Frank Cavalli, the Misses Cavalli, Mrs. West Dissell, Mr. Albert W. Dissell of Jersey City; Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Drever and child, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. S. Whitney, Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Cate and child, Mr. H. E. Moore of Boston; Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Dunham of Brookline; the Misses Bolles of Hartford; Miss Burns of Everett; Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Mitchell of Philadelphia; Mrs. W. F. Lewis; Mrs. W. Rodger Fronfield, the Misses Fronfield, of Media; Mr. and Mrs. George R. Jenkins and C. F. Rice of Chicago; Mr. W. G. Baldwin of Los Angeles.

At the Mooselookmeguntic house Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Frazer of New York, come for July and Mr. and Mrs. Fred B. Dale of New York, are joined by Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Dale and Miss Margaret H. Dale of West Nutley, Vt.

WHEN POLAND FIRST SMILES

Vaguely You Recall What Many Have Said and
Wonder Why You Didn't Comprehend



VISITING Niagara for the first time you wonder why some one has not told you of its wonders and beauties, and so it is when first Poland Spring smiles upon you. Then, vaguely, you recall what many have said and wonder *why* you didn't listen, *why* you didn't comprehend, *why* you haven't come before! Thus we miss many of life's pleasures and benefits—we are not good *listeners*,—we prefer to *talk*. As a race, also, we are disbelievers and, a few of us, are not careful about *facts*.

For just these reasons you hear many people who have never really drunk Poland water, assert: "Oh, it's nice pure water, but I know a hundred springs just as good," but you never hear a person who has visited the spring as it gushes from the ledge near the summit of the hill—as clear as crystal and as cold as ice—make such a remark. Or others, who have never visited Poland, declare there are hundreds of hotels as faultlessly managed, but you never hear this statement from those who have visited Poland, no matter how much they have traveled.

RECORD HOUSE COUNTS

And so, as a natural consequence, the second week in July finds Poland's hotels with the largest "house counts" of any in New England, and the demand for accommodations during the months to come nearly triple the supply.

Better prepared than ever before, also, are the Rickers to care for friends as the result of a winter of well directed activity. Most noticeable of all are the architectural changes which transform the veranda into pure colonial, and a new and special entrance and reception room for automobilists which is ap-

proached by a new and separate road. Inside marked changes have also been made which further emphasize the dignity and elegance of the big hotel. The Mansion house has also received its share of attention, a new boat house has been built, the tree dentist has restored the grand old trees, flower beds are blooming, lawns are like velvet, and always there is the inviting shade of the grove and its forest murmur, and the delightful outlook which sinks down to gleaming lake, stretches away to forest-clad hill, rises to distant mountain and vanishes into infinite sky—gracious in sunshine, sullen in cloud—but ever fascinating; a picture of wondrous beauty upon which all love to dwell.

WHAT THE SEASON HOLDS IN STORE

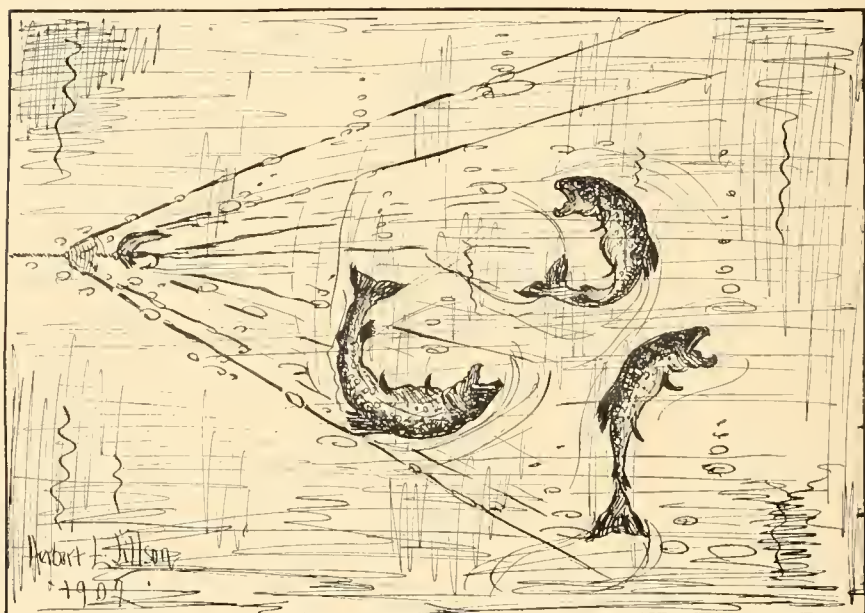
And what of the season itself, what does it hold in store, is the first and natural question, and the reply is in line with the improvements—more of sport, recreation, health and happiness than ever before. At the stables blooded horses await the call of those who ride and drive, on the golf links and tennis courts the fun is well begun, at the lake are boats and bass and bathing, and in all directions well kept roads lead through God's out of doors. Socially the season will be a merry one with interest centered in the delightful informal affairs, suppers at different points, corn roasts, and other gatherings. Several formal cotillions are thus early being planned by the younger set and many a novel frolic will round out happy days. Dinners, dances, cards, afternoon teas, putting competitions and tournament events will also happily combine, claiming the attention of the entire colony; and always the Library awaits those who, from time to time, seek its seclusion

and refining influence; the annual exhibition of American art a notable one. The music is still upon the same faultless plane, the appearance of *The Hill-Top* is once more welcomed; in fact, Poland is the same, yet better than ever before, and hours, days and weeks are blending into one perfect whole of pleasant memory.

THE STORY OF THE SPRING

Truth, indeed, is stranger than fiction, and no story in resort history is more fascinating than that which chron-

The land on which the spring is located first came into the possession of the Ricker family in 1793, when purchased by Jabez Ricker, great-grandfather of the present owners. The then unknown spring lay in the shadow of the virgin forest, part of which still remains, bordering a clearing made for farming purposes, and was seldom used. Sometime in 1827, Wentworth Ricker, son of Jabez, was at work cleaning the land in the vicinity of the spring, and suffering excruciating pain from uric acid calculi. He drank freely



TRIALS OF THE DEEP

Startled Trout (just after the troll has whizzed by) "Gee! Talk about your auto-mo-bubbles!"

icles the growth of spring and hotel, for they have moved forward, hand in hand, as one. For three generations the Ricker family has held "open house," first at Farm House, then at Inn and last at Hotel, and the knowledge of the three brothers in charge to-day comes by direct right of inheritance, and combined with it, is personal pride, public spirit, generosity and lavish hospitality—a combination unique and perfect.

from the nearby spring and the pains disappeared. Years afterward when the attention of the family was directed to the spring, this incident recurred to mind, but at the time of the cure the spring received no credit for it. Again in 1854, the late Hiram Ricker, grandson of Jabez, directing men engaged in work on the land in the locality, while suffering from dyspepsia and a feverish humor of the stomach, drank freely of the water, and immedi-

ately *observed* the wonderful and unexpected relief which followed. He continued to use the water and was cured. This event marked the discovery of the wonderful properties of the water.

From that time Mr. Ricker strongly recommended its use only to be scoffed at. He *knew* that it had cured him of dyspepsia but was, of course, unfamiliar with its solvent qualities. Matters ran along without incident until 1859. At that time, William Schellinger, a neighbor, had an ox so ill and weak that he would fall while walking. With much difficulty and as a last experiment, Mr. Schellinger led this animal to pasturage in the field near the spring and in which the ox could get no water but from the spring. The animal immediately began to gain in weight, finally got well and was sold for "good" beef in the fall. Previous to this incident, Mr. Schellinger had little or no faith in "Ricker's Spring," as it was called, but this demonstration made him anxious to investigate for he had suffered for many years with a severe affliction of the kidneys. Having work near the spring about this time, he took occasion to drink the water, and he continued its use for some time afterward. Finally he went to Mr. Ricker and admitted that he had been secretly drinking the water and he believed he was cured. Time demonstrated that he was, for he lived to the age of ninety-two.

These incidents marked the beginning of the reputation of the spring. After the latter incident the spring was covered by a rough structure of logs and Hiram Ricker, now thoroughly imbued with a knowledge and faith in the water, and a natural desire to spread its influence, visited Dr. Eliphalet Clark of Portland, Maine, and urged him to make use of the water in a medicinal way.

Impressed with the absolute sincerity and unbounded enthusiasm of his client, the doctor yielded and prescribed the water, the beneficial results were marked and marvelous and Dr. Clark recorded them in detail. Then and there

Poland Water's reputation was established among the medical profession, and its fame begun. You have only to visit Poland to meet personally, scores of people who attest to fully as marvelous cures as the one Dr. Clark has written about, for they are legion.

THE GROWTH OF "RICKER INN"

The story of the growth of the little "Inn" to the now famous "watering place," began in 1793, when through the efforts of Wentworth Ricker, son of Jabez, a highway was constructed between Portland and Paris, passing through the Ricker estate. As a result of this came the first "Mansion House" in 1794, and "Ricker's Inn" soon became well-known, even as far away as Canada, and as it grew in popularity and size so did the reputation of its spring spread. In 1863 Poland water had been so intensely urged upon the market during the nine years preceding, as to cause a greater influx of guests than the house could accommodate. Necessary additions were made and again for the same reason, in 1875.

In 1876 the nucleus of the present Poland Spring House was built, and additions and improvements have been made, from time to time, until the magnificent structure of to-day has risen on the hilltop; a hotel which accommodates 500 guests, is complete in every appointment, and with beautiful grounds embracing over a thousand acres. In 1883 and again in 1925-6, the Mansion House was added to and modernized to meet the demands of increasing patronage.

AMONG THE GUESTS

Familiar faces greet one on every hand in the company thus early assembled, all sections of the country, as in the past, being represented. Among those who will spend the season here are Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Bradley, Hon. and Mrs. Vernon M. Davis, Mr. Ernest Dorval, Rev. and Mrs. C. A. Stoddard, Capt. J. P. Drouillard and family, Mr. and Mrs. J. Porter Shannon, Col. and Mrs. Blun, Mrs. Wilson Peterson, Miss

Alice Peterson, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Barnet, Hon. Walter S. Johnson, Miss Smith, Mrs. Henry Brooks, Mrs. N. L. Dexter, Mrs. George Dexter, Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Derland, Miss Edith M. Goulden, Mrs. George T. Gregory, Mrs. E. A. Hoffman, Mrs. Mary B. Hoffman, Mrs. E. S. Huntington, Mrs. Janvier Le Duc, Miss Emma Yates, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Lockwood, Miss Leland, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Mayo, Mr. Charles H. Platt and family, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Sanford of New York; Mrs. Henry Coffin, Mr. Edward Inman and family, Mr. and Mrs. Edward A. Everit, Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Griswold, Mrs. A. G. Swan of Brooklyn; Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Kingsland and the Misses Kingsland of Jersey City; Mr. Edward F. Durand of Albany; Mrs. Garret Hobart, Mr. and Mrs. Garret A. Hobart and Master Garret A. Hobart, Jr., Mrs. John W. Griggs and family of Paterson; Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Williams of Orange; Mrs. LeBarron Mayhew, Miss Monroe, South Orange.

MANY PHILADELPHIANS

From Philadelphia are Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Stinson, Miss A. H. Fox, Miss S. M. Williams, Mrs. Sarah Allen, Miss Margaret Pettitt, Mr. N. Allen Pettitt, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Wyeth, Miss E. M. Hooner, Mrs. E. T. Griswold, Frank T. Griswold; Hon. B. P. Moulton of Ardmore; Mrs. J. S. Willock, Miss Willock and Miss Achison of Sewickley;

Mr. and Mrs. William A. Carr of Pittsburg; Miss E. Blunt, Mr. and Mrs. Tolbert Lanston, Miss A. T. Salter and Mrs. Alexander Murray of Washington; Miss Abrahams, and Mrs. K. A. Stran of Baltimore; Mrs. A. G. Walter, Mr. Edwin A. Wood and Walter G. Frank of Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. E. Y. Graham and Mr. and Mrs. N. F. Greeley of Pasadena, Cal.

MASSACHUSETTS GUESTS

Mrs. C. D. McDuffie, Mrs. Amos Barnes, Miss Elizabeth Huston, Mr. and Mrs. Frank R. Thomas, Mr. George B. French, Mrs. Franklin Smith, Mr. Josiah Oakes, Mr. Edward A. Winchester, Mr. A. R. Winston, Miss Sanborn, Mr. G. D. Cross, Miss E. Ballard, Mrs. Mary A. Amsden, Mrs. J. A. Anderson, Mrs. Mary Bates, Mr. and Mrs. W. O. Blaney, Miss S. V. Rice, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Stearns, Mr. and Mrs. L. S. Tyler, Mrs. D. B. Flint, Mr. and Mrs. J. Livingston Grandin, Mr. H. T. Haglund and Mr. C. L. Holbrook of Boston; Mrs. C. C. Corbin of Webster; Mrs. S. A. Shannon and Miss Shannon of Newton Center; Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Vose and Miss F. P. Vose of Brookline.

Mr. and Mrs. Amos Whitney of Hartford; Dr. and Mrs. Stephen Weeks and Miss Weeks, Miss A. K. Hasty of Portland; Dr. and Mrs. W. K. Oakes of Auburn; Mr. and Mrs. Pearl Wright, Miss Wright of New Orleans; Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Crouch of Cartersville, Ga.



TADOUSAC AND MURRAY BAY

Nature Beckons and Mankind Yields to Matchless Beauty
of St Lawrence River Region



MANY travelers have truly said that in all Europe there is nothing to compare with the matchless beauty of the St. Lawrence, especially the Lower, east of Quebec, and the Saguenay river country where north, south, east, west, lake-dotted forest and cloud-flecked sky delight the soul and one may live in the heart of the wilderness and still enjoy the comforts of modern civilization which palatial steamers and magnificent hotels provide.

No cottage colony in America can offer the myriad attractions of Pointe au Pic which juts into the St. Lawrence opposite Cape a L'Aigle, another sightly point dotted with the summer homes of wealthy Canadians and Americans. The rolling country at Murray Bay, running from the little village on Murray Hill past the golf links, to the superb Manior Richelieu than which there is not a finer hotel resort in America, is entirely devoted to summer homes. These range from a habitant chamière which has been remodelled to suit the needs of the owner, but still retains its quaint old-world appearance, to superb homes of native stone and shingles or plaster costing \$25,000 and over.

MURRAY BAY'S SELECT COLONY

The Manior Richelieu at Murray bay, owned by the R. & O. Navigation Co., is one of America's greatest summer hotels and Manager H. M. Patterson has under his roof tree many distinguished people this summer, including Admiral Bronson and family. Spending their honeymoon at Tadousac are Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Wickersham of New York. Mr. Wickersham is a son of the Attorney-General of the United States and on a recent day's fishing trip

at Lake Beloeil, took sixty-eight trout averaging one-half pound each in weight.

The list of cottage owners includes President William H. Taft, whose quaint little cottage, half hidden among the cedars at Pointe au Pic, commands a superb view of the incomparable St. Lawrence. Close at hand are the summer homes of Judge Henry Taft and Mr. Charles P. Taft, brothers of the President; General R. S. Oliver of Albany, Mr. Robert Bonner and Mr. Alfred Chapin of New York, Dr. R. M. Lawrence of Boston, and Dr. William Osler of Oxford, England, and many others prominent in America and Canada.

LOVELY TADOUSAC

Tadousac, at the mouth of the Saguenay river, is another lovely spot and one that attracts many tourists as the Hotel Tadousac and the fishing camps at the chain of lakes controlled as fishing preserves by the R. & O. Navigation Company five miles distant, make ideal resting places, and King salmon and gamey trout await the eager angler, or lordly moose, timid deer and demure caribou the sportsman.

Mr. and Mrs. William Price of Quebec have a charming summer home here where Mr. and Mrs. Jonathan Dwight of New York, also spend each season in company of their son, Dr. Dwight, and Dean Williams of Montreal and Dean Williams of the Cathedral, Quebec, turn about in conducting the Sunday services at Tadousac's little English Church.

A romantic edifice is the little Catholic church at the right of the hotel, which is the first church ever built on Canadian soil and which, for nearly three centuries, has braved the blasts of

wind and storm, a monument to the hardy and brave sons of France who sailed away to establish themselves in a new country.

WHERE THE PRESIDENT BEGAN GOLF

The golf links at both Tadousac and Murray bay are among the best in Canada. At Murray Bay President Taft learned the game and was for many seasons the prime mover and the life of the club, and the five hundred members meet in social chat at the weekly teas held on Saturdays. The Tadousac links abound in natural hazards and are situated on the mountain side in view of such superb scenery that one stops instinctively to look far across the river, to where Cacouna's faint line may be dimly seen against the horizon, thirty-three miles distant.

—Amy Lyman Phillips.

"THE BEEFSTEAK TWINS"

White-capped Chef Meditates on Hotel Guests and Their Peculiarities

"Speaking of freaks," said the white-capped Chef as he hesitated with the butcher knife poised above the sirloin, "the 'Beefsteak Twins' who spent last summer here, have anything I have ever met trimmed to a standstill.

"Why, they could tell just where the steak you sent them came from, what the critter was fed on, and how long the meat had been hung, and if it was cooked two seconds over or under 'medium' it came straight back to the kitchen.

"People in the dining room don't see much of us fellows out here, but we come to know most of the bunch through names similar to the one I have mentioned. Now there was 'Lamb Chop Sammy' who bothered us considerably because everything we sent him didn't come from a yearling, but who in spite of this, would unknowingly gulp down veal now and then without a murmur.

"Others who bothered us more or

less was 'Cantaloupe Willie,' 'Swieback Peter,' 'Stewed Prune Jack' and 'Baked Bean Bobbie,' not to mention the man who wanted sponge cake like mother used to make, ginger cookies such as he got at home, coffee with molasses in it, or fish cooked rare.

"Yes," concluded the Chef, "we get a pretty fair idea out here of the people in the dining room even though we never push the swinging doors back and our opinions are not all based on the white envelopes which come our way."

Speared Both Snake and Trout

While spearing for eels in a pool near the Brink tannery, Harley Yeager caught a watersnake and a trout at the same time. When he had landed the fish and reptile Yeager guessed that they had been in mortal combat.

Through the gills of the trout was fastened a fish hook which the fish had evidently broken from the line of an angler. It protruded about half its length, the butt being apparently solidly anchored. On this harpoon the snake had been caught as it skimmed over the water. The effort to escape resulted in a terrific struggle, which had attracted Yeager.

Yeager killed the snake, which was utterly exhausted and carried the trout home.

A Woodsman's Feast

The appetite of the woodsman returning from a long stay in the wilderness, is almost as voracious as that of a bear after hibernation. Not long ago a party of them sailed into the Kineo store, and purchased freely, the four sitting in a circle on the porch devouring this menu in the following order and with relish; One bottle of pickles; three tins of cheap sardines; four pounds of creamy American cheese; two packages soda crackers, liberally sandwiched with the richest and sweetest of condensed milk; two bottles each of bay rum and peppermint.

NEW HAMPSHIRE'S CHARM

New England's Glorious "White Hills" Appealing to American Public as Never Before



NORTHWARD-HO! indeed, it is in this delightful age of outdoor pleasures, for New England's glorious "White Hills" are appealing to the American public as never before, and the problem of the hotel proprietor and railroad manager is, to-day, not so much how to get people enough to fill houses and cars, as to provide adequate accommodations.

This popularity is no mere fad, but rather a tendency of so permanent a value that, ere many years, the half dozen great "palace" hotels which now rear their massive facades within the heart of the Hills will be multiplied several times to meet the increased demands of thousands of friends.

Long before the snow disappeared from city streets the conviction possessed the transportation people that the present was to be a record year, and bright and early they began to prepare for it. Already events have abundantly verified their predictions, for even before that great modern opening date, the Glorious Fourth, had arrived, the exodus was under way and the present week finds the season in full swing and leading all past records; a significant indication of results from the extensive advertising campaign conducted during spring and early summer.

The mountain region has many sharp contrasts, physical and social. How different, for instance, the surroundings and the traditions of the Profile house from those of the resorts grouped

around Mt. Washington at Bretton Woods, Crawfords, Fabyans, Twin Mountain and the rest. If you wish to find a prominent college president, literary light or merchant prince, during July, August or possibly September, you are likely to find him in or near the mountains. Many people high up in society or business life, whose summer habitat was either Newport or Bar Harbor, are now to be found contentedly reclining on the hotel piazzas at Bretton Woods contemplating the filmy

clouds drifting over the summit of Mt. Washington, enjoying a round at golf, a set of tennis or a day in God's open on foot or with horse or motor. They form much the same brigade of wealth and fashion which one observes at Southern resorts during the winter vacation season; indeed many of them are guests, winter and summer, of the same



hotel managers, year after year.

This season the equally famous old Tip-Top house is again taking the place of the fire-destroyed Summit House and dispensing appetizing lunches of New England baked beans, apple pie and other good things to the always hungry arrivals on the summit. Mt. Washington these days is the rally point of so many conventions, tramping parties and individual tourists, that it might well be pardoned for considering itself as altitudinous as Pike's Peak. It is, indeed, the Pike's Peak of the East, cog railway and all. It is also likely to be the objective point of the ambitious balloonist, for there are certain persistent

members of the Aroe Club who will never die happy unless they vanquish the baffling air currents that thus far have been able to protect the grand old monarch of the hills from the attacks of the sky pilots.

The Profile house is distinctly a secluded colony of the first rank in which its creator has lavished both money and architectural taste. Maplewood is another of the mountain's old and select resorts and at Bethlehem, hard by, is the great social center of the middle class with a summer population of nearly 3,000, and Crawford's, Fabyans, Twin Mountain, Jefferson, Conway, resorts on the east side and west, have claimed old friends and new, all of whom are revelling in the joy of living. New cottages are being built, real estate values are rising; the supremacy of the Mountains is unquestioned.

All the refinements and comforts of civilization are to be found in the mountains, too—electric lights, of course (the largest hotel requiring five thousand of them to sufficiently set off the rich laces and costly jewels of its feminine guests) swimming pools, golf courses, tennis and squash courts, nurseries, gymnasiums, long distance telephone connection. Dancing, orchestral concerts, lectures, bridge whist, autoing, croquet, riding, driving and a long list of other amusements are on the cards for White Mountain sojourners; and at Profile Lake even sailing and rowing may be enjoyed. Camping-out, too, is coming to be one of the favorite methods of enjoying life in this delectable region, and many a white tent may be seen gleaming on mountain slope or in deep ravine.

Lake Winnepesaukee, with its multitude of shore and island hotel and private camps, cottages and bungalows, is having an especially phenomenal

growth. Weirs, the great "cottage city" of the state, will this season, for the first time, have through sleeping car service with New York—an effective demonstration of Winnepesaukee's development. "The Smile of the Great Spirit" as the Indians called this superb lake, may, to-day, be translated as "The Smile of the Contented Landlord!" Motor-boating is one of the leading pastimes here. Already possessing one of the largest and finest fleets to be found on any inland water of its size in the world, the present season has witnessed an addition of fully fifty new power boats. Asquam Lake, near Winnepesaukee, is famed for the number of its summer camps for boys and girls, there being fully a score of these, ranging from twenty-five to tow hundred each in accommodations. Winnepesaukee, Sunapee and Newfound lakes are especially favored by the fishermen. In the foot-hills of the mountains—and indeed in the heart of the mountains themselves—horseback riding is exceedingly popular, and is growing more and more so. It is difficult, in fact, to name any outdoor pastime common to outdoor America which is not to be enjoyed here, and of course, the air and the scenery that go with them are not to be paralleled this side of the

Rockies which overlook the Golden Gate on the western coast.

The list of distinguished people in various walks of life who make the mountains their summer home is a long and ever-lengthening one: Mrs. Grover Cleveland at Tamworth; Winston Churchill, the novelist, at Cornish; Secretary of the Treasury Franklin McVeagh and Senator Albert J. Beveridge of Indiana, at Dublin; William Young, the dramatist, at Lake Sunapee; Frank McMillan, chief of the Postoffice Inspectors' department, at Lake Winnepesaukee; ex-Governor Black of New



York at Freedom, and many others equally prominent. These are merely "samples" of the kind of people who are building up the summer population of the Granite State.

Opening the season at Bretton Woods, the great centre of this region, round which everything radiates, were three great conventions, beginning June twenty-sixth and ending to-day. First of all came the American Library Association with eight hundred members present at its thirty-first annual convention. Next followed the American Society of Civil Engineers and, this week, the American Golf Association of Advertising Interests held its annual tournament, the most important event known in White Mountain golf circles. Motor travel has already reached a height unprecedented. Bretton Woods as the terminus of the Ideal Tour, naturally the motoring centre but from farmhouse to caravansary, everyone gets a share of the motor traffic. The Governor of New Hampshire and his council will grace the formal opening of the Mount Washington Hotel on the 10th and a salute of thirteen guns will be fired as Old Glory is unfurled to the breeze and the orchestra plays the Star-Spangled Banner. Many guests are expected to arrive on the opening day, among them Mr. and Mrs. George Baldwin of Chicago.

The Profile cottage colony will be augmented this year by Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Butler Twombly of New York, who return after an absence of several seasons spent in Europe and at Newport with Mr Twombly's brother, Mr. H. McKay Twombly. Mrs. Twombly's unique entertainments at the Profile have earned her the reputation of being the most original hostess in the White Mountains. Occupying the cosy cottages under the shadow of the "Old Man of

the Mountains" will be Mr and Mrs. William F. Bridges, Miss Nena Rhoades, Mr. and Mrs. Dwight Jones, Mrs. Moses Hopkins, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Stewart Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur B. Twombly, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Goodwin, Mr. and Mrs. Judge Martin Keoph, Gen. and Mrs. W. N. P. Darrow, Mrs. A. S. Jarvin, Major B. F. Corwin, Mr. George McC. Miller and family, Mr. B. Ogden Chisholm and family, Mr. J. Rich Steers and family, and Mrs. John P. Duncan and family of New York; and Governor and Mrs. Eben S. Draper, Mr. Moses W. Richardson, Dr. Oliver, Mrs. George Alden, Mr. and Mrs. David P. Kimball and Mr. and Mrs. Joseph H. White of Boston.



General William A. Barron of the Crawford House, recognized a long-felt need, in supplying a dozen or more stocky little burros which will be used this summer in making the ascent of Mt. Washington from the Crawford by the famous Crawford bridle path. Mrs. F. E. Thompson of Boston, is a season guest at the Crawford, where Mr. and Mrs. Jean Paul Selinger, the famous Boston artists, have recently opened their mountain studio for a permanent summer exhibition of oils and aquarelles.

The Intervale House enjoys a motor livery in charge of Mr. Herbert Mudgett, and many a spin is taken by guests around the mountains from this famous old hotel.

Rev. Dr. Daniel Merriman of Boston, has opened "Stonehurst" for the summer and recently given a large house party. Mrs. Fette of Boston, with her daughter, Mrs. Noyes of Colorado Springs, will soon open her cottage for the summer.

The Twin Mountain House entertains Mr. Theodore Wehle of New York, one of its oldest patrons. Mr.

Wehle is founder of the excellent summer library at the Twin Mountains House which bears his name. It was founded over three years ago and contains between 2,000 and 3,000 volumes.

The Fabyan House is still the Mountain Mecca for tourists, who stop *en route* to or from Mt. Washington at this hotel which has entertained more real celebrities than any other hotel in the hills. Launcelot Servos is in charge of the golf links there this season.

The Sinclair House at Bethlehem, opened this year with a number of prominent guests, among them Mrs. Edmund C. Wendt and E. C. Wendt of New York. Manager William McAuliffe is president of the Bethlehem Country Club which has sent out invitations for the opening tea at the Golf Club on Saturday, the 10th. Mrs. D. C. Harrington of the Sinclair will be one of the prominent hostesses of the club this season.

Mrs. Heinrich Conreid of New York, the widow of the impresario, has taken one of the Sayre cottages at Bethlehem and is at present touring the mountains by motor with her sister and children. Mrs. Theodore Thomas, widow of the orchestral conductor, has a beautiful summer home on Strawberry Hill, Bethlehem, known as "Felseigarten."

The Maplewood Hotel and cottages are well filled and of prominent cottagers there are Mr. and Mrs. Cabot

Morse of Boston, the Gardner Greene Hammonds of Commonwealth Avenue and the Harry B. Laidlaws of New York. Mr. Morse is the favorite nephew of Mr. E. Rollins Morse.

Hunt and the installation of a new café and grill and a motor livery are features of the place that will attract many more guests. Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Kirkpatrick of New York, are returning there for the season.

At the Sunset Hill House cottage colony of Sugar Hill, are Mr. and Mrs. Rufus N. Gibbs of Baltimore, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Wheeler and Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Andrews of New York, all of whom have occupied cottages there during several years. Mr. J. William Fosdick of New York, who has opened his summer studio in the Nutshell, will conduct a permanent exhibition there of the work of prominent American artists.

The Balsams at Dixville Notch, serves trout on its menu daily and is an ideal spot for mountain climbing. Mr. and Mrs. Henry S. Hale of Philadelphia, who have opened their cottage there have lately been joined by Mrs. H. L. Barnes of Philadelphia.

The Waumbek colony at Jefferson, will include this year in the cottages, Dr. S. H. Austen of Philadelphia, Mark Willing, Charles L. Raymond and Henry A. Blair of Chicago, and the F. W. Devoes and Andrew Doughertys



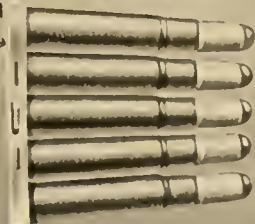
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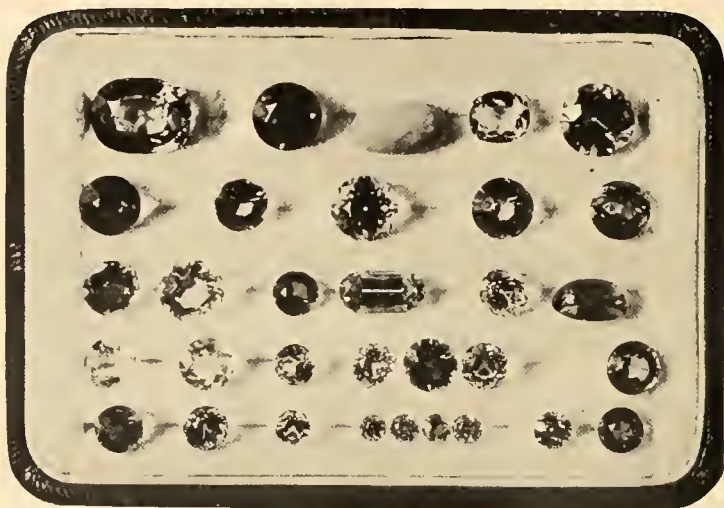


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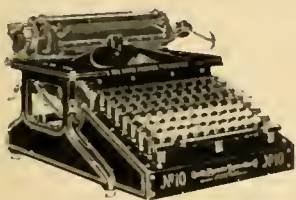
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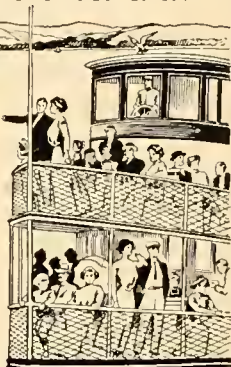
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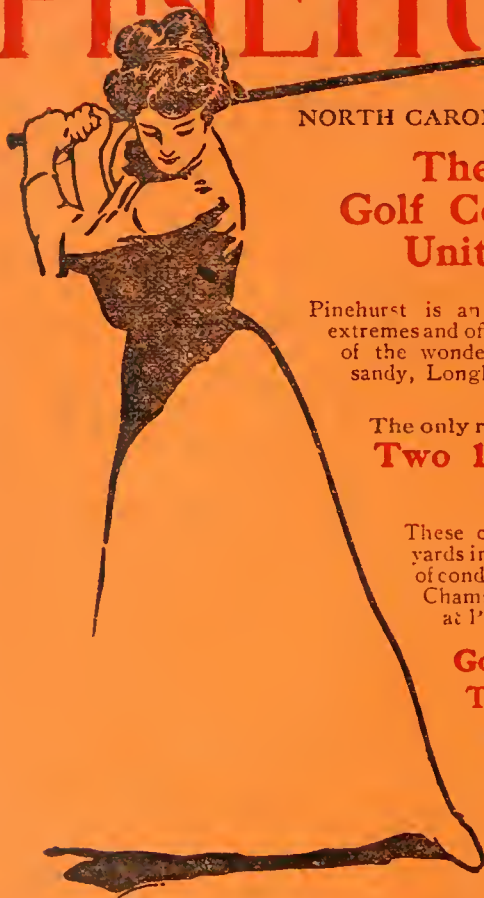
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A WEEKLY MAGAZINE OF NEWS

SATURDAY, JULY 31, 1909

Vol. V

No 2

MAN WHO WROTE "CASEY"

Story of the Poem



MUCH of the time, just now, you will find him walking on the shady woods paths which overlook the lake near Kinco. If not there, look the golf course over or take a trip around the cool veranda, and as a last resort, try Moose river at the outlet of Brassua lake, where the trout and salmon hide in the quick water.

A quiet man he is, with a serious, almost sad face, bronzed from exposure to suns and winds of many lands and climes; kindness and character in his blue eyes. A delightful conversationalist, also; a refined, courteous, genial gentleman of liberal education and wide experience, but *don't* talk "Casey at the Bat" to him, for this is the man who really wrote the famous poem.

At times he may be tempted by a small circle of congenial friends, to recite the verses, but in ordinary conversation, you will bore Mr. Ernest L. Thayer, whose home is Worcester, Mass., very much if you make extended reference to the subject.

It was years after "Casey" became "classic" before Mr. Thayer's name was connected with it, and the author would have, doubtless, never cared a whit if claimants for the distinction hadn't suddenly begun to crop up here, there, and everywhere, and, perhaps, not even then, if friends had not insisted upon his making a statement.

Mr. Thayer then found himself in a somewhat unique position of being called upon to "prove it," and as a re-

sult, he did a few things in a quiet but firm way, through his gentle lawyer, to some three or four of the "Casey" fakes, with the result that the true authorship of the poem is now pretty generally known.

The trouble began when the "scissors editor" of *The New York Sun* clipped the poem from *The San Francisco Examiner* in which it was originally printed, signed "E. L. T.," using only the last eight verses "to fill." Then somebody supplied the missing five verses from memory and somebody else got hold of these five verses and supplied the last eight in the same manner; the results, combinations wonderful to behold!

Next DeWolf Hopper began reciting the original "Casey" with phenomenal success and everybody began to ask: "Who wrote it?" "I didn't," was the sum and substance of Mr. Hopper's reply and the "authors" sprang up like mushrooms. Then Mr. Thayer was located, consented to give out an authorized version of the poem, and "Casey" blossomed forth in printer's ink and color, pamphlet and book, paper cover and full levant!

THE STORY OF CASEY

Last fall Mr. Thayer told the story of "Casey" to *The Baseball Magazine*, and here it is in part:

"It was through William R. Hearst that I came to write the now famous baseball poem, 'Casey at the Bat.' I came to know Mr. Hearst through association with him on *The Lampoon*, Harvard's humorous publication. For

a term Mr. Hearst was business manager of that organ, while I did creative work. During the years 1883, 1884 and 1885, I wrote jokes, composed editorials, and designed drawings, putting in much faithful time. During my junior year I was president of *The Lampoon*.

"At the time *The Lampoon* had a splendid corps of men, numbering in the list F. H. Briggs of Springfield, Mass., one of the best men that ever graced the staff; Eugene Lent of San Francisco, now a prominent lawyer; Conway Felton of Philadelphia, a great-nephew of the president of Harvard, Cornelius Conway Felton; W. W. Baldwin of Baltimore, who was assistant secretary of state under Cleveland; Tommy Sanborn of Concord, son of Frank Sanborn, poet; Samuel E. Winslow of Worcester, the well-known skate manufacturer, and Adams Crocker of Fitchburg, Mass.

"After graduation I went abroad for a year, and on returning had nothing special to do. Meanwhile Hearst had gone back to San Francisco and taken charge of *The Examiner*, and was making things pretty lively, for he was just beginning to display his marvelous ability. At his request I went to that city and became a member of the staff. There I found Briggs drawing pictures and comics, and Lent writing special articles. To me was assigned the task of doing editorials, specials, and reporting. I fear that my work was more varied than I was versatile.

"But still I did not have any intention of taking up newspaper work seriously. I had gone to the coast with a view of seeing the country, and for a change rather than learning the newspaper business.

"In the fall of 1887 I began to read W. S. Gilbert's Bab ballads, and decided that I could do something in that line. I wrote a poem for each Sunday issue of *The Examiner* for three months. Not being particularly robust, however, my health failed and in February, 1888, I went to my brother's mill in Worcester, Mass., for lack of anything else to oc-

cupy my attention. I think that 'Casey at the Bat' was the last of these attempts of mine.

"For a year and six months I wrote voluminously for *The San Francisco Examiner*, turning off everything from editorials to obituaries. The demand was heavy, and the competition nil. What impression I may have had on the Pacific coast slope I have never been able to gauge. The great, luminous and unforgettable fact in connection with it was that it paid me \$5 a column. However, at the end of a year and six months my health broke and I had to return East.

"I was never a baseball fan, and never was interested in any degree in the game, and it was only on account of my friend, classmate and associate on *The Lampoon*, Sam Winslow, that I became interested. Naturally, as Sam was captain of the nine—one of the best nines that Harvard ever had—one that went through a season without a defeat—that I felt stirred. I scribbled 'Casey' during May, 1888, and it was printed in *The Examiner* on June 3, 1888.

"Now prior to the publication of 'Casey' in the *Examiner* no one ever heard of 'Casey' and those that claim the authorship have been singularly unable to produce a paper containing that bit of verse. *The Examiner* was not then read much in the East, so the verse did not at first get much of a circulation. *The New York Sun* reprinted a portion of the poem—the last eight stanzas, not using the rest owing to lack of space.

"There have been made attempts to fill in the first five stanzas that did not appear in *The Sun*, but most of them have been manifestly inferior to the remainder of the verses. A reading of the poem in its entirety cannot but convince one, I am prone to believe, but that they form one continuous whole, and the man who wrote the first five is also the author of the remaining eight.

"I evolved 'Casey' from the situation I had seen so often in baseball—a crack

batsman coming to the bat with the bases filled, and then fallen down. Everyone well knows what immense excitement there is when the situation occurs in baseball, especially when one of the best batsmen of the team comes up. The enthusiasm is at fever heat, and if the batsman makes good the crowd goes wild; while, if the batsman strikes out as 'Casey' did, the reverse is the case and the silence that prevails is almost appalling—and very often the army of the disappointed cannot refrain from giving vent to their feelings.

In '85 Winslow's great Harvard team pulled out game after game in grand style when the issue seemed lost; Winslow, who was a born leader, never letting up, but urging his men on to renewed effort and with splendid results.

"It was a long time before the 'Casey' verses became known. When they appeared in *The San Francisco Examiner* they were signed E. L. T. They were claimed by one John Quinlan Murphy of St. Louis. We looked up this party and found he had died. Then there was a Valentine of Sioux City, Neb. Another writer has appeared in the East as a claimant. It is asserted that the verses were printed in a *New York Sporting Weekly* in 1886. Were that so, it is strange indeed that they did not attract public attention, that they were not copied as were those printed in *The Examiner*. According to this claimant almost two years intervened from the appearance of his verses and my own. I never knew of the existence of the New York sporting paper.

"The publicity of the poem, made through its recitation by Hopper and the declaration of the author caused me to receive many requests for the original and correct text. For years I never went anywhere that I was not requested to recite 'Casey.' This was continued to such an extent that it seemed like taking a rise out of me. All my classmates were aware of the fact that I wrote 'Casey' and they scouted the idea that anyone else should claim the authorship.

"I did no more literary work after this until 1890. Then I received an urgent call to go to San Francisco which I did not accept. I did go to New York for a short time and wrote four ballads for *The Journal*. The best was 'Murphy's Pig,' a story of the New York political leader of that day. But these did not catch on and were doomed to the quick oblivion that meets newspaper verse.

"'Casey at the Bat' has been printed in book, in many editions, and with varying illustrations, and I have generally been given the credit of the authorship. DeWolf Hopper and I became quite good friends through my accredited authorship of the poem that he was reciting to cheering houses."

MR. THAYER'S OTHER POEMS

Those who know Mr. Thayer well realize that "Casey" is by no means his best, but all attempts to bring together a collection of the verse he has written have been unsuccessful for Mr. Thayer is not interested in the undertaking and it would be impossible to do it without his coöperation as nearly all of them were written for newspapers and have been lost to view as the years have multiplied.

Mr. Thayer is a lover of outdoor life and spends much of his time abroad, devoting his leisure largely to art and literature, but not at all interested in its commercial side for his income is ample to gratify his tastes, and Kineo during the summer season, has been his choice for several years past.

One hears much said about the fact that the moose rides down small trees to feed on the foliage at the top, getting the trunk between the fore legs and pushing it down with the breast.

The fact of the matter is, however, that a cow will do the same thing if pastured where food is scarce, which goes to show just what steps nature suggests when the question of self-preservation is at stake.

MERRYMAKING AT MT KINEO

Out-Door Sports and Social Pleasures Make Week One Continuous Round of Gayety



THUS EARLY it is apparent that the new Yacht Club is the social center around which the entire Kineo community radiates. Not only are the inviting rooms and spacious verandas a daily rendezvous, but many brilliant social affairs have been given there since the formal opening which promise to multiply as the season advances.

These occasions were inaugurated with an afternoon tea under the direction of an efficient committee of women, including Mrs. C. A. Judkins of Kineo, Mrs. James K. Clarke of Ardmore, and Mrs. M. D. Paterson of New York, who received, assisted by Mrs. C. M. Clark of New York, and Miss Sheaffer of Pottsville, Pa., who poured, and Mrs. Stanton I. Hanson of New York, and Miss Nanno Dougherty of Brooklyn, who served. The pleasure of the occasion was greatly increased by the presence of the hotel orchestra.

The Club house was thronged during the hours of the reception, those who left cards including Mr. and Mrs. Arthur B. Waring, Mrs. Cornelius Doremus, Mrs. Henry Lea, Mrs. W. H. Powers, Mrs. John Carnrick, Miss Ethel Outerbridge, Miss Carol Kobbe, Miss Minie Koff, Miss Mabelle Wood, Miss Clarice Paterson and Messrs. C. W. MacMullen, George W. Powers, Austin Feuchtwanger, Lansing W. Powers, C. M. Clark, George E. Cooley and Dr. Rowland Cox, Jr., of New York, Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Werner, Mrs. W. H. Dougherty, and Mr. Nelson Dougherty of Brooklyn, Mrs. W. L. Sheaffer, Mr. Henry Sheaffer, Mr. Clinton W. Sheaffer, Mr. Seeley G. Sheaffer and Mr. Chapin Carpenter of Pottsville, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Wing, Mr. and Mrs. Francis West and Mrs.

A. E. Pond of Boston, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Kinley, Miss Constance Kinley, Mrs. Walter Murphy, Miss Murphy, Mrs. C. H. Martin, Mrs. Baltzas de Mari and Mr. James K. Clarke of Philadelphia, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Scribner of Yonkers, Mr. and Mrs. Chapin Marcus of Montclair, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest F. Eidlitz of East Orange, Mrs. Y. Murai, Miss Murai and Miss Dudley of Riverside, Mrs. J. Hall Hillman, Jr., of Pittsburg, Dr. and Mrs. T. U. Coe of Bangor, Mrs. Ernest Judkins of Greenville, and Messrs. Ernest L. Thayer of Worcester, and A. J. Butler of Washington.



Closely following the tea was a dinner tendered by Treasurer and Mrs. C. A. Judkins, its special feature the unique table decorations which consisted of a miniature yacht, flying the club burgee, with a hull of ferns and deck of roses, resting on a lake of blue fleur-de-lis; fresh nasturtiums placed here and there, giving bright bits of color and green candelabra shedding a soft glow over all. The guests were Mr. and Mrs. Arthur B. Waring, Mrs. M. D. Paterson, Mrs. Stanton I. Hanson, Mrs. W. H. McCreedy and Dr. Rowland Cox, Jr., of New York, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Scribner of Yonkers, Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Eidlitz of East Orange.

Equally enjoyable was a return dinner given to the same party by Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Waring. Mr. W. L. Sheaffer entertained Mrs. W. H. Dougherty, Miss Nanno Dougherty, Mr. Nelson Dougherty, Mr. Henry Sheaffer and Miss Sheaffer and Mr. Ernest L. Thayer was host at a spread given in honor of Mrs. J. B. Kinley, Mrs. Henry Lea, Mrs. J. Hall Hillman, Jr., Miss Nanno Dougherty.

MISS OUTERBRIDGE WINS WARING TROPHY

Easily the most interesting event of the season was Saturday's motor boat handicap for women for a costly and handsome silver trophy—a miniature power boat—offered by generous Mr. Arthur B. Waring of Yonkers. The distance was seven miles over a triangular course laid out directly in front of the point, starting from the harbor and leading to the West outlet, thence to Cowan's Cove and back to the breakwater. The special condition was that each boat must be steered by a woman and that no man, but an engineer, be permitted on board. Great excitement prevailed among the fair sex from the moment the contest was announced and it has abated but little since its close. The day was perfect and hundreds from all sections of the lake thronged the point, the Yacht Club verandas gay with life and bright color.

The handicaps were so figured that all boats would, theoretically, cross the finish line at the same time, and because of this, the Hunky Dory with the longest time allowance, was the first to get under way and the fastest, the Nee-Bana, last; but it so happened that the slow boat held the lead from start to finish, crossing the line eleven minutes and nineteen seconds ahead of the Wiss-hickon and taking fifty-nine minutes and twenty-four seconds for the journey, sixteen minutes and forty-two seconds better in time than was made in the preliminary trial heat and which threw the handicaps somewhat out of balance. In spite of the fact that most of the boats exceeded trial speed the balance were pretty well bunched, the prettiest fight of the lot being made by Mrs. Stanton I. Hanson in the Gracious, who pulled ahead of two boats in a brilliant dash on the last hundred yards of the home stretch.

The order of finish together with owners, handicaps and the actual elapsed time follows: Hunky Dory, Miss Ethel Outerbridge, New York, (limit handicap), 58 minutes 24 seconds; Wiss-

hickon, Miss Elizabeth Smith, Philadelphia, (10-42 later), 59-19; Damante, Mrs. M. D. Paterson, New York, (20-43), 51-22; Eleanor, Mrs. C. A. Judkins, Kineo, (20-4), 45-47; Clematis, Miss Anna Henning, Pottsville, Pa., (20-40), 43-28; White Arrow, Miss Nanno Dougherty, Brooklyn, (20-50), 43-33; Gracious, Mrs. Stanton I. Hanson, New York, (30-32), 34-10; Onome, Mrs. C. M. Clark, New York, (30-11), 43-32; Kennywynd, Mrs. E. H. Outerbridge, New York, (33-42), 40-23; Nee-Bana, Mrs. James K. Clarke, Philadelphia, (47-10-scratch), 30-15.

The judges, Commodore C. M. Clark, Secretary G. E. Cooley, W. L. Sheaffer, Henry Sheaffer and Ernest Eidlitz, were located directly in front of the Club house at which point a line running to a buoy anchored a hundred yards off shore, marked the finish. Following the race the women of the club entertained informally at the Club house with afternoon tea, Mrs. Walter H. Powers, Mrs. John Carnrick and Mrs. Cornelius Doremus of New York, and Mrs. Ernest F. Eidlitz of East Orange, having the affair in charge. Miss Toyo Murai of Riverside, and Miss Clarice Paterson of New York, assisted.

LIVELY BALL TOSSERS

If the opening ball game of the season is to be taken as a criterion it looks very much as if "Cap'n Jim" Scales had assembled a pretty lively bunch of ball tossers, the first game of the schedule with a team representing the Dennison Manufacturing Company of South Framingham, Mass., being a Waterloo and a Gettysburg in the favor of the home team to the tune of twenty-five to nothing and seven to one.

The redeeming feature of the first game was the brilliant play of the local team, Elkstone, the Dartmouth pitcher, striking out twelve men and being found for but three hits, the local team pounding the ball for fifteen hits with a total of twenty-five, of which Ned Scales of the University of Maine, had

four, one of which was a home run. Fellows scored five runs and cracked out a homer, while the field both in and out, played an errorless game, with one excusable exception, to a total of ten for their opponents. The spectacular feature of the afternoon was the catch of a high liner by Capt. Scales at short.

In the second game the visiting team rallied somewhat, but was no match for the "bell-hops." Ryan, the University of Maine's fast pitcher, was the star of the afternoon, striking out fifteen men and having but two hits recorded against him. Ralston of the visiting team, had six strike-outs to his credit, the only run secured by his club mates being on an error at second.

AUSTIN FEUCHTWANGER WINS PUTTING

Austin Feuchtwanger of New York, was the winner of the opening putting competition of the season, held upon the miniature golf course adjoining the hotel, defeating Mrs. M. D. Paterson of New York, in the final round, two up.

In the first round, Mrs. Paterson defeated Paul Feuchtwanger, three and two; Mrs. James K. Clarke, Mrs. C. A. Judkins, one up; Miss Henrietta Wing, Miss Norma Werner, one up; Austin Feuchtwanger, Hamilton Hicks, one up; Mrs. Joseph Wing, L. M. Werner, one up; Edward Kinley, Mrs. Stanton E. Hanson, three and two; Howard Wing, Mrs. Werner, one up.

In the second round, Mrs. Paterson defeated Mrs. Clarke, two up; Miss Kinley, Miss Wing, four and three; Mr. Feuchtwanger, Mrs. Wing, one up; Mr. Kinley, Mr. Wing, five and four.

In the semi-finals Mrs. Paterson defeated Miss Kinley three and two, and Mr. Feuchtwanger, Mr. Kinley, one up.

MISS MURAI CAPTURES TENNIS TROPHY

Miss Toyo Murai of Riverside, was the winner of the women's singles tennis handicap, defeating Miss Clarice Paterson of New York, in the final round, 6-1, 6-1.

In the first round Miss Outerbridge

defeated Miss Kolbe, 6-1, 6-4; Miss Murai, Mrs. M. D. Paterson, 8-6, 4-6, 6-1; Miss Clarice Paterson, Miss Dorothy Kinley, 3-6, 6-4, 8-6; Miss Dudley, Miss Constance Kinley, 7-5, 3-6, 6-3.

In the semi-finals Miss Murai beat Miss Outerbridge, 8-6, 6-3, and Miss Paterson, Miss Dudley, 6-1, 1-6, 6-3.

MR. CARPENTER'S TROPHY

Men's singles provided a brilliant series of games, Chapin Carpenter of Pottsville, winning the final match from Austin Feuchtwanger of Madison, N. J., 6-3, 7-5, 5-7, 6-1, 7-5, and there was never a moment from the first serve to the last return when the outlook was not uncertain; a large gallery bestowing liberal applause.

In the first preliminary round, E. S. Kinley beat A. G. Pickernell, 6-0, 6-2; Jack Westervelt defeated Clinton Shaefer, 6-1, 6-1; Chapin Carpenter beat Mr. Harvey Chase, 7-5; Austin Feuchtwanger defeated G. W. A. Snare, 6-0, 6-1; Nelson Dougherty, Dr. Rowland Cox, Jr., T. J. O'Donohue, Jr., and L. G. Sheaffer drew byes.

In the second round Feuchtwanger beat Dougherty, 6-0; 6-0; Kinley beat Dr. Cox, 6-3, 6-1; Carpenter beat L. G. Shaefer, 6-4, 6-2; Westervelt beat O'Donohue, 6-4, 6-3.

In the semi-finals Feuchtwanger beat Kinley, and Carpenter beat Westervelt.

AT THE RIFLE BUTTS

The regular rifle tournaments were inaugurated with a shoot for a cup offered by James K. Clarke and held in connection with the regular handicap. Mrs. Clarke was the winner of the trophy offered by her husband with a total of ninety-seven out of a possible one hundred and fifty; Mrs. Judkins second in ninety-two and Mrs. Paterson and Mrs. Hanson tied for third at seventy. Mrs. C. A. Judkins won the women's prize in the handicap with a fine score of seventy out of a possible one hundred; G. Allen Smith of Philadelphia, leading the men.

Three prizes were offered in Monday's

rifle shoot, interest centering in a women's contest for a trophy offered by Mrs. James K. Clarke of Philadelphia, which Mrs. C. A. Judkins won with a fast target of seventy-seven; Mrs. Eidlitz, second in seventy-four, Mrs. Paterson third, in sixty-six and Mrs. Hanson, fourth in sixty-five.

The handicap events were won by James K. Clarke of Philadelphia, who led the men with a total of eighty-one, G. Allen Smith second in seventy-seven, Dr. Rowland Cox, third in sixty-eight, and G. L. McCarthy fourth in sixty-six.

Mrs. M. D. Paterson of New York, led the women with a total of ninety-five, Mrs. Judkins, second in sixty-eight, Mrs. Hanson, third in sixty and Mrs. James K. Clarke, fourth in fifty-nine.

Handicapping was done on the basis of the number of shots allowed. For instance, Mr. Clarke only had eleven shots to thirteen for Mr. Smith, while Mrs. Paterson had fourteen shots to twelve for Mrs. Judkins, and so on down through the list.

PICNIC PARTIES POPULAR

Steamer and canoe parties are growing in popularity. One of the pleasantest of such recently given was a sail up Moose river in canoe, after crossing the lake in the O'livette, in which eleven participated. In their light canoes the party was taken up the swift waters of the picturesque river, the guides poling part of the way. Lunch was taken on the shore of Brassau lake, the group returning in the late afternoon, enthusiastic over their day's delightful outing. Those in the party were Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Werner, Miss Norma Werna, Mrs. A. E. Pond, Miss Alberta Pond, Miss Madeline Pond, Mr. and Mrs. H. E. English, Miss Alice English, Masters Philip and Harold English.

A party consisting of Dr. and Mrs. S. MacCuen Smith, Miss Elizabeth Smith, Rastus Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Benj. Allen, 3d, and Mrs. John Allen of Philadelphia, enjoyed an outing by special steamer and canoe to Spencer Stream,

Tuesday. The same party together with Mr. R. B. Beach of Chicago, also spent a delightful day on Lobster Lake, re-

SOCIAL PLEASURES MANY

A group of young people were made happy Monday evening by the dinner and dancing party at the Yacht Club given by Mr. W. L. Sheaffer in honor of Miss Anna Henning of Pottsville, and Miss Julie Huegh of Danbury, Conn., guests at the Sheaffer cottage; the whole affair was a complete success, and by far the most elaborate given this season at Kinco. The club burgee figured largely in the decorations both at the dinner in the grill room, and at the dance in the assembly room which followed. Guests present at the dinner were Miss Louise Sheaffer of Pottsville, Pa., Miss De Gold, Miss Constance Kinley, Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Clarke, Mrs. J. Hall Hillman, Jr., Mr. Nelson Dougherty, Mr. T. J. O'Donohue, Jr., Mr. W. L. Sheaffer, Mr. Henry Sheaffer, Pa. At the dancing party which lasted until a late hour, were the following additional guests: Miss Dougherty, Mrs. M. D. Paterson, Miss Paterson, Mrs. C. A. Judkins, Miss Dudley, Miss Elizabeth Smith, Miss Murai, Miss Outerbridge, Miss Koepf, Miss Kolbe, Miss Dorothy Kinley and Miss Lansing Powers, Jack Westervelt, W. O. Rowland, Jr., Chapin Carpenter, Austin Feuchtswanger, G. Allen Smith, E. S. Kinley, Lescay Sheaffer, and Clinton Sheaffer.

An exceedingly pleasant whist party was given at the Yacht Club on Tuesday afternoon by Mrs. Walter H. Powers of New York; the prizes won by Mrs. J. B. Kinley and Mrs. J. K. Clarke. Dainty refreshments were served on the Club house veranda at the close of the afternoon. The guests were: Mrs. Henry Lea, Mrs. Rowland Cox, Mrs. E. F. Eidlitz, Mrs. J. B. Kinley, Miss Constance Kinley, Mrs. J. Hall Hillman, Jr., Mrs. Walter H. Powers.

A happy event of the week was a luncheon given by little Katherine Clark, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Clark to a group of her playmates Monday:

Henrietta Wing, Frances Eidlitz, Howard Wing, Natalie Davis and Mary Davis.

AMONG THE GUESTS

Dr. and Mrs. MacCuen Smith, Miss Elizabeth, and Masters Allen and Rastus of Philadelphia, return for the season. The Smiths bring with them Mr. Benjamin Allen, 3d, Mrs. Allen and Mrs. John Allen, also of the Quaker City, who have already become so enthusiastic that they are planning to return next season.

Mrs. Rowland Cox of Paterson, is welcomed back, joining her son, Dr. Rowland Cox, Jr. With her are her two grandchildren, Fanny C., and Martha S. Weightman.

Mrs. M. O'Callaghan and her three daughters, Miss O'Callaghan, Agnes B. O'Callaghan, Marguerite O'Callaghan of Hoboken, are newcomers who are general favorites.

Mrs. Anna A. Peet of New York, is joined by her nephew, Mr. R. B. Beach of the staff of *The Chicago Post*.

Among other late arrivals are Mr. and Mrs. Chapin Marcus of Montclair, N. J., the romance of whose married life commenced here last season.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest F. Eidlitz of East Orange, return for the season with their two children, Master Francis and little Miss Carolyn.

Mrs. Walter L. Murphy and her daughter, Miss E. L. Murphy of Philadelphia, who have been enjoying Kinco since the middle of June, will remain through the summer.

Miss E. Madalaine Dougherty of Brooklyn, returns home after several weeks at the Dougherty cottage, leaving behind many pleasant acquaintances.

Mrs. Henry Lea of New York, returns after an absence of several seasons; her daughter, Mrs. J. Hall Hillman, Jr., and child of Pittsburg, accompanying her. Mr. Hillman will join them next week.

Miss Carstairs of Philadelphia, joins her sister, Mrs. Walton Ferguson, Jr., at the Ferguson camp.

At Camp Nepawin Mr. and Mrs. Arthur B. Waring are entertaining Mr. and Mrs. Howard Scribner and Mr. W. L. Macready of Yonkers.

Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Werner of Brooklyn, and their charming little daughter, Norma, are spending their first season here, active in sports and social pleasures.

Mr. Y. Murai of Riverside joins Mrs. Murai, Toyo Murai, Taro Murai and Miss L. M. Dudley, who return for the summer.

The Feuchtwanger cottage is occupied by Mrs. John Carnrick, Mr. Austin and Master Paul Feuchtwanger of New York, who come in advance of the family.

At the Sheaffer cottage, one of the most hospitable shelters on the point, Mr. Chapin Carpenter of Pottsville, Pa., is a guest.

Mrs. Joseph Wing of Brookline, with Miss Henrietta and Master Howard, are partaking of Kinco delights. Mr. Wing leaves after a short visit.

Another Brookline family summering here includes Mrs. A. E. Pond and her two pretty daughters, Alberta and Madeline. Mrs. Pond has a son at Camp Wildwood.

Dr. and Mrs. Thomas Upham Coe of Bangor, are entertaining Miss Mabelle P. Wood of New York.

Others returning are Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Van Arsdale of New York, and Kinco has no more loyal admirers.

Miss Carol Kobbe, Miss Mimie Koff and Mr. Jack Westerwelt of New York, are guests of the Outerbridges at Camp Ethelwynd.



WENTWORTH'S HAPPY DAYS

Hours, Days and Weeks Blending Into One Perfect
Whole of Pleasant Memory



HAPPY days these are for Wentworth guests, days in the open air rounded out with evenings of social enjoyment, hours long to linger in pleasant memory. Nature is in her most winsome mood, companions are congenial, luxuries and comforts abound and with never a thing that one really has to do, every moment is occupied.

There is the usual morning plunge in the surf followed by a quiet forenoon with the treasured hook on the piazza, a round of golf, a set at tennis, a ride or drive through some shady woods nook, a motor spin to some one of the nearby beaches, or a sail out towards the dim horizon, which is ever beckoning beyond the grand old ocean. A rubber at bridge, a dance, a dinner, or a chat upon the cool veranda, rounds out the evening, and thus one day follows close upon another as the season and its delights pass into history.

The present week finds the hotel well filled and plans making for a busy August. Interest will center in numerous formal and informal social affairs arranged by the younger set, and several golf and tennis tournaments will be enjoyed by the entire household. Morning progressive bridge parties are being planned for the women and regular nights have been set aside for dancing, with the music of the symphony orchestra always a feature which is enjoyed by all.

MANY MOTOR TOURISTS

To the uninitiated the volume of the motor tourist business here is a revelation, sixty cars, representing nearly two hundred people in a single day, being nothing out of the ordinary.

Prominent among those who regis-

tered early in the week were Mr. and Mrs. William G. Rockefeller of New York, who are touring New England with their son, Mr. P. M. Rockefeller; Mr. Rockefeller driving a Pierce-Arrow and his son a Kingston car.

The list of those who also came the same day gives an idea of the volume of the business and the extent of the territory represented: Mrs. M. H. Gregory and Mr. William Hotmer, New York (Winton); Mr. H. P. Lloyd, New York (Buick); Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Wattenberg, New York (Locomobile); Col. and Mrs. E. M. Knox and Mrs. Bronson, New York (Great Arrow); Dr. and Mrs. C. T. Adams, Mrs. Abercrombie Fell and Mr. John Stewart, 3d, New York (Great Arrow); Mr. Geo. M. Taylor, Miss Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Verder, Glen Falls (Panhard); Mr. and Mrs. Louis Brown, Glen Falls, Mr. and Mrs. Ray Tompkins and Mr. G. B. Diven, Elmira (Packard); Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Matrick, Buffalo (Overland); Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Regna Foster, Trenton, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Beecher and Miss Beecher, New Haven (Packard); Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Gardner, Mr. and Mrs. Edw. D. Clery, E. Orange (Studebaker); Mr. and Mrs. Robt. H. Comstock, Miss Ethel Comstock, Miss Isabel Kelsey, Irvington, and Mrs. T. S. Haines, Philadelphia (Pierce); Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Emack, Mr. and Mrs. F. F. Robbins, Greenwich (Franklin); Mr. Geo. S. Hoyt, Hartford, and Mr. H. C. Haven, Stockbridge, Mass. (Great Arrow); Mr. and Mrs. Wm. H. Hart and Mrs. E. A. Moore, New Britain (Panhard); and Mrs. G. W. Stone, Miss Stone, Boston (Packard); Mr. and Mrs. Chase Alden and Miss Alden, Boston (Buick); Mr. and Mrs. Henry S. Porter and Mrs. F. W. Preston, Dorchester, Dr. Chas. A. Ware, St.

Louis (Ford); Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Corwin, Boston (Columbia); Mrs. E. L. White, Boston (Stevens); Dr. and Mrs. Fredk L. Emerson, Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds W. Bird, Boston (Stevens); Mr. Richmond W. Hale, Boston, Mr. Allen Hollis and Mr. Frank S. Streeter, Concord (Cadillac); Mrs. A. G. Pierce, Miss Pierce, New Bedford, Mrs. E. L. Hussey, Miss Hussey, St. Paul (Fiat); Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Wing, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Wentworth, Mr. Howland Wentworth, New Bedford (Panhard); Mr. and Mrs. C. H. S. Durgin, Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Chase, Haverhill (Packard); Mr. DeWitt Bruce, Mr. Duncan Bruce, Lenox (Pierce Roadster); Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Amy, Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Thurston, Fall River (Thomas Flyer); Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Angier, Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Pfaffman, Quincy (Packard).

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. L. Hurd, Mrs. J. G. Splane, Master L. H. Splane, Pittsburg (Packard); Mr. and Mrs. O. F. Schonblom and Mr. F. E. Thomas, Bradford, Pa. (Thomas Flyer); Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Rosenbergen, Philadelphia (Winton); Dr. James L. Paiste, Avondale, and Mr. William H. Gaskill, Philadelphia (Packard); Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Ruhl, Reading, and Miss Westbrook, Harrisburg (Stevens).

AMONG THE GUESTS

Among the motorists who bring their cars are Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Pilson of Washington, who are here for the summer with their daughters, Miss Pilson and Miss Margaret Pilson, spending a portion of each day in trips to the nearby beaches. The Misses Pilson are vivacious young women who are already general favorites.

Among the welcome additions to the social set are Mr. Stewart M. Morgan and Mr. J. D. McKee who are here for the summer with Mrs. Stewart McKee of Pittsburg. They are enthusiasts over golf, tennis, bathing and motoring as well as social favorites.

Mr. and Mrs. Emory Winship of Macon, are here for the season with Mrs. Morris Casey, Mrs. Winship's mother,

and Miss Casey of San Francisco. Mrs. Winship is a striking woman who is much admired and active in the social life of the hotel.

Mr. Lyman Reid of Ottawa, Kansas, and Mr. John J. Ferrick of Philadelphia, are enthusiastic additions to the golfing contingent and Judge Hiscock's sons rarely miss a day on the tennis courts or the bathing beach.

Miss Pauline Firth of Boston, spent the week here with her parents, rounding out a ninety-six on the golf course which is the woman's record for the season thus far.

The Misses Chase of Waterbury, who are summering here are also much upon the tennis courts and expert swimmers.

Mrs. Alexander McLean and the Misses McLean of New York, will remain through August. The Misses McLean are devoted to golf and active in the social life of the hotel.

Mr. John Wildes of Boston, and his two sons, are devoting their time largely to golf and tennis.

Mrs. J. F. McKee and Mrs. Joseph McKee of Brookline, are spending two weeks here.

Mr. and Mrs. N. W. Myrick of Los Angeles, are spending the summer here, making numerous trips in their auto which they bring with them.

Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Hatfield of New York, will remain until September.

Mr. G. B. Hiscock and Mr. L. H. Hiscock of Syracuse, join their parents, Judge and Mrs. F. H. Hiscock.

Mrs. L. T. Powell, Miss Ethel H. Powell, Miss S. A. Simonson, Mr. C. H. Delawater of New York, return for August, bringing their car with them.

Mrs. Mary A. Cory, Mrs. F. J. Perry and Miss Delia Perry and maid of Belkows Falls, are making a long sojourn.

Mrs. Clinton P. Paine and maid and Miss Dorothy Paine of Baltimore, spent the week here, devoting their time to motor trips round about.

Mr. and Mrs. Emmons S. Smith, Emmons Smith, Jr., and governess of Washington, were guests of the week.

Mrs. Stiles Burton and Mrs. Virginia B. Holmes of Chicago, return for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. A. N. White of New York, are here for August.

Dr. and Mrs. Allen M. Thomas of New York, were recent visitors.

Mrs. Henry S. Chase, Miss Mildred Chase, Miss Edith Chase, Miss Anne Chase and Miss Katherine Chase of Waterbury, return for August.

Mrs. T. C. Morton, Mrs. A. C. Burritt and Mrs. B. L. D'Aubique and maid of Waterbury, will remain some weeks.

Mr. J. Cotton Smith of Washington, Mr. D. D. Dodge of Haymarket, Va., Mr. T. Charlton Henry of Philadelphia, and Mr. C. C. Darling of Providence, spent a portion of the week here, coming by private yacht.

Mr. F. J. Perry of Bellows Falls, spent a portion of the week with Mrs. Perry.

Rev. D. W. Waldron, Miss Waldron, Mr. and Mrs. Jacob P. Brets of Boston, are late arrivals.

Mr. and Mrs. Parke W. Hewins, Miss Elizabeth L. Hewins of Wellesley Hills, will remain through August.

Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Scott, Jr., two children and nurse of Montclair, will remain several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. H. Williams of Summit, N. J., are completing a short visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Thos. C. Phillips, Mrs. T. C. Phillips and Miss Helen Phillips of Milwaukee, come for the summer.

Mr. H. B. Hollis of New York, joins his mother.

Mrs. Robert Maclay and Miss Forde of New York, are completing a short visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred'k Honebeck of Kansas City, are here for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry M. Baldwin and maid of New York, will remain through September.

Mr. F. K. Priest of Boston, returns for his usual sojourn.

Miss E. I. Goshom and Miss Marguerite Shipley of Cincinnati, come for a long sojourn.

Mrs. C. A. Davidson of Cincinnati, joins friends for the summer.

Miss E. F. Wellman of Boston, is here for a long sojourn.

Summering at the Rangeley Lakes

It is a large and merry colony which one finds quarter'd in the Moselookmeuntic house and cottages, and July lays are keeping up interest in fishing, many fine salmon being taken recently. Among the largest of these was a five and three-quarter pounder which came to the net of Mrs. Fred B. Dale of New York, who is summering here with her husband. Mrs. E. H. Pincey of Stafford, Conn., is credited with two big fish, one of them a five pounder, and Mr. H. B. Pincey with three weighing from three to five pounds, Mr. F. H. Langdon of New York, is also among the high liners with a four-pound fish.

Spending the summer here are Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Moors, Mr. and Mrs. E. Ash, George Ash, Mrs. P. C. Langdon, Mr. and Mrs. Fred B. Dale, Mr. Steve Davies of New York, Mr. George O. Coon of Brooklyn, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Heber Clark, Miss Mary L. Clark, Miss Eleanore Clark of Philadelphia, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Ridlon, Mr. and Mrs. John Callahan and family, Mrs. L. Pratt, Miss Mary Robertson, Miss Margaret McIntyre of Brookline, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Emmons and Mrs. J. F. Smalley of Newton, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Pincey and family of Stafford, Conn., Mrs. Henry S. Dale and Miss Margaret Dale of West Nutley, N. J., Mr. A. Wayne Clark, Miss Mary L. Nicholas of New Brunswick, N. J., Mr. and Mrs. Charles Willets, Mr. Chester Willets of Flushing, N. Y., Mr. E. A. Thomas of Thomaston, Conn., Mr. D. W. Coon and Mr. Fred W. Coon of Troy.

"Did you ever observe," remarked Algernon to Madge, as they strolled on the hillside, "That *black*-berries are *red* when they are *green*."

BLUE SKIES AT BELGRADE

In Natural Beauty of Place Lies Charm Which Calls
Friends Back Season After Season



SURELY the sky was never so blue or piled so high with fleecy summer clouds, the wooded mountain slopes never so restful and refreshing, the lake never so fascinating in broad expanse and sparkling glimpses, the stretching greensward never so velvety, as at the present moment at Belgrade, and in this delightful picture, lies the fascination which brings old friends back to this charming spot year after year. To be sure there are fish to catch, golf and tennis to play, rides, drives and boating to enjoy, old friends to greet, social pleasures to round out perfect days, material comforts to add to the joy of life; but the fact remains that it is contact with nature which lingers longest—the background which glorifies all!

SPORTS AND SOCIAL PLEASURES

The formal opening of the baseball season, Saturday, with a game between the "Guides and Guests," was enjoyed by the entire community, hotel guests, cottagers and villagers all joining in for an afternoon's fun and while the guests had matters pretty much their own way, winning by a score of eighteen to six, the manner in which the sphere was pounded over the landscape and the enthusiasm with which it was chased, provided what was lacking in fast play.

"Why, I didn't think baseball was at all like polo," said a young woman who is fond of the latter game, "but it seems to be very much like it and I think those guides would get along ever so much better if they had ponies. I wonder why they don't get them."

The next game of the series is booked for to-day with the Oakland and what is said to be a fast team, and much preliminary practice has been done here in anticipation of the struggle.

Socially the hotel is very much occupied with dancing, young and old joining in the hops which now fill in almost every evening of the week, with never a dull moment from the opening "Paul Jones" circle to the closing "Home Sweet Home" waltz; the cool verandas an inviting retreat between dances. There is already talk of an informal cotillion, sheet and pillow case party, or masquerade.

Cool July days have made the fishing excellent and all sorts of lures have proved attractive to the bass while many big trout and salmon have been taken; Mr. Hugh T. Boyd of New York, easily the lion of the hour with a seven and a half pound salmon and two four-pound trout to his credit.

One of the merry affairs of the week was a beefsteak camp supper on the shores of the lake, arranged by Mr. Lloyd Allen of Boston.



Many informal dinners are being enjoyed and cards are rounding out leisure hours during both day and evening.

MOTOR BOAT EXCURSIONS POPULAR

One of the many pleasant diversions here are the motor boat excursions around Great Lake. "Passage" can be secured on the mail boat "sailing" every afternoon at one and returning at five o'clock, the fare for the round trip "nominal." The boat "puts in" at all the camps on the lake, delivering and receiving mail, thus affording a close view of the attractive cottages and private camps. Among some of the large public camps are "Hillside," "Joyce's," "Pine Beach" and "Pine Island." The latter is one of the most popular boys camps about here and many of the guests at The Belgrade have sons here—finding it a happy solution of a some-

times vexing problem: how to give the boy the pleasure of roughing it and still be near enough to keep an eye on him.

Probably the most attractive private camp is that of Mr. J. R. Fairchild of New York. This big bungalow fits into and looks a part of its setting, which is the true charm of this rustic architecture. A glimpse of the bright red curtains through the windows makes one sure of the cozy comfort of the interior. Another pretentious place is that of Mr. F. H. Monks of Montclair, and everywhere gay hammocks and bright, fluffy cushions stand out in pretty contrast with the sombre browns of log houses and dark green of the trees, making the shore fairly sparkle with color wherever a camp is situated.

AMONG THE GUESTS

Prominent among the late New York arrivals are Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Lovett, who will remain through August. Mr. Lovett is prominently connected with the Southern Pacific railroad.

Mr. W. C. Southwick and his son, Mr. W. S. Southwick of New York, are summering here and devoting much of their time to the bass. Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Shrier are also enthusiastic anglers.

Mrs. J. L. Janeway, Miss Margaret and Masters Julien and Julien Dexter of New York, are completing a short visit.

Mr. George S. Nichols, Mr. George W. Copeland and Miss D. V. Buxton of New York, spent the week here.

Mr. F. C. Elder and Miss Joe W. Elder of New York, come for August.

Mrs. Maurice Mallon and Miss Mallon of New York, will remain until late September.

Dr. and Mrs. E. Winslow Taylor of Germantown, are welcomed back by a large circle of acquaintances.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry C. West of New York, are here for their first season, delighted with the place.

Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Vanderveer, Miss Gertrude M. Vanderveer, Miss Ethel Case and Mr. H. Prince of Brooklyn, return for their usual visit.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Saunders of New York, are making a short stay and enjoying the fishing.

Mr. C. F. Nicholson of New York, spent the week with his family.

Mr. C. H. Callaghan, Mr. H. S. Corbett and Mr. Ed. A. Tipton of New York, all join the anglers.

Mrs. Nathan Pulsifer Thayer of Brooklyn, is spending August with her parents, Manager and Mrs. Charles A. Hill.

Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Fooks of Brooklyn, are making a two weeks stay.

Mr. E. A. Moore and Mr. E. H. Davidson of New Britain, are camping on Great lake.

Mr. George A. Romans of Danbury, Conn., who has a son at Pine Island camp, is making a short visit.

Mr. Donald S. Leas of Philadelphia, comes for an indefinite stay.

Mr. and Mrs. George R. Jenkins and Mr. C. F. Rice of Chicago, are spending several weeks here.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin C. Gibbs of Cincinnati, are late arrivals.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Foster of Boston, will remain several weeks.

Mrs. W. J. Curtis of California, comes for a long sojourn.

MANY MOTORISTS

As a destination for motorists The Belgrade is more popular than ever before and those who are coming daily represent all sections of the country. One of the recent parties included a happy company of Augusta young people who rounded out the day here with an evening dance.

Others who have registered recently include Mr. and Mrs. Arthur P. Champin, Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Champin of Portland, Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Gardener and Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Clary of East Orange, Mrs. Douglas Potter, Master Lester and Miss Katherine Potter of New York, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel H. Hayden, Mr. Carl Hayden, Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Dudley of Haverhill, Mr. and Mrs. Nat. H. Barrows of Waterville, and Mrs. F. E. Dudley of Burlington, Vermont.

MOTORISTS IN THE HILLS

Old Dobbin is Now as Much of a Curiosity as a Dodo
in the White Mountain Region



COOL days, brilliant sunshine and smooth, hard roads with dust laid low by mountain showers, are making motoring in the White Mountains a delight of the keenest sort and along the main thoroughfares in the White Hills, "old Dobbin" is so seldom met that the animal has become almost as great a curiosity as a "Dodo." From a saucy little buckboard spurting out clouds of steam, to a great, 60 H. P. Mercedes or a French limousine, there is every known variety of motors from common garden variety to the rare exotic running up into the tens of thousands in price. But whatever make the car, its occupants seem to be happy in skimming over the hard, smooth roads, drinking in the wine of the mountain ozone and admiring with all their eyes, the glorious, ever-changing scenery of the "Switzerland of America." Travel in this way has increased to so great an extent that in three solid pages of arrivals at one of the large White Mountain hotels last week, only half a dozen had come by rail. The Ideal Tour, Ruffner Tour and various guide book routes give sufficient variety for the most exacting and there are always fascinating side roads to explore—leading, perhaps, to some little mountain hamlet—or, again, into a stone wall or make fence! The large hotels all have ample garage accommodations and repair shops, and gasoline may be bought almost anywhere, along with hair pins, talcum powder, curve cut and fish hooks!

AT BRETFON WOODS

The week finds the season well begun here and activities in sports and social pleasures occupying the attention of the well filled hotels. In connection with

motoring it is interesting to note the number who bring their cars for the season, some fifty of these being in the garage at the present time.

Mr. Robert Bolton of New York, who has been spending some time on the Lower St. Lawrence, at the Manoir Richelieu, Murray Bay, is registered at the Mount Washington hotel for a stay of some length.

Mr. Clarence W. Barron, proprietor of the Boston News Bureau, with Mrs. Barron and Mrs. M. E. Leonard and Mr. T. J. Skillen, has taken rooms for his usual visit.

Annual visitors who are prominent in the Mt. Pleasant social life, are Mr. and Mrs. William V. Creighton of New York, who return for the summer.

Mr. Michael Jenkins of Baltimore, with Mrs. Jenkins, Miss Jenkins and Miss Kernan, are here for the season. Mr. Austin Lowe Jenkins will join them later.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Lewis Morris of New York, take their old rooms for the summer and will be joined later by their daughter and son.

Dr. Daniel Kartzner of Philadelphia, joins the ranks of the Bretton Woods golfers, and with Mrs. Kartzner, will spend the season here.

Senor Don Amibal Cruz, Minister Plenipotentiary of Chile to the United States, with Senora Cruz, a conspicuous guest.

Mrs. W. H. Gile and Miss Helen Gile of Boston, who have spent the spring and early summer at the Seattle Exposition and in California, are at the Mount Pleasant for a long sojourn.

Other late arrivals include Mrs. A. A. Wilson and Moss Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. William B. Yulle of Montreal. Mr. Alec Wilson, Canada's amateur golf champion, joins the party soon.

AT THE WAUMBEK

Golf holds sway here, the arrival of Golf Club President William D'Olier of Wilmington, N. J., who comes with Mrs. D'Olier, Miss D'Olier and Mrs. Walter W. Lippincott and children, of Riverside, for the summer resulting in the inauguration of the usual semi-social affairs which are so generally enjoyed by the colony. The first of these was the putting competition followed by afternoon tea, the Laurel house orchestra furnishing the music. The regular Saturday evening hops are generally enjoyed and bridge claims many devotees.



Many are enjoying the excellent trout fishing of the vicinity, among them Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Victor of New York, who took a fine reel recently on the Peabody river in Gorham and Randolph.

Mr. and Mrs. Tonzo Sauvage of Newark, have taken rooms for the summer. Mr. Sauvage who exhibited some of his show horses at the Montreal horse show this spring, is an all-around sportsman and is keenly interested in golf.

Dr. David Magic of Princeton University, who is summering here with Mrs. Magic, is joined by his son, Mr. James M. Magic of New York.

Mrs. R. McFadon, Miss McFadon and Mr. R. D. McFadon of Chicago, are guests of Mrs. Mark Willing at her cottage.

Mr. J. Robinson Beard and family of New York, take the Swan cottage for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward C. Hartshorne of Englewood, return for the season.

Miss E. Willing of Chicago, an aunt of Mr. Mark Willing, is here for August, with Miss N. Coolidge.

Mrs. J. E. Deitz and Miss Ethel Deitz of New York, are completing a ten days' visit, making the trip here by motor.

FINE FISHING AT THE PROFILE

The opening of Profile lake to the fishermen after having been closed and stocked by the state, has been the cause of general pleasure among Profile guests and many fine strings of trout have been taken, among the most enthusiastic anglers, Mr. William Bridge of New York, who has spent forty-two seasons here.

Mr. Vanderbilt Webb, the young son of Dr. Seward Webb of Shelburne, Vt., with his tutor, Mr. Karl Hinelman of the Groton school, is spending the summer in the Mountains and making headquarters here. The young men are not only doing much mountain climbing, but are blazing some important trails between Lincoln and Waterville. Mrs. W. Seward Webb, Mrs. Hart Lyman and Mr. Huntington Lyman of New York, lunched at the Profile, coming by motor from Shelburne, recently.

A party arriving at Woodstock Inn for a stay of some length includes Mrs. A. P. Hinton, the Misses Hinton and Mr. J. Ellsworth Hinton of New York. Mrs. Hinton's sister, Mrs. Morris Groves of New York, who comes soon, is one of the annual visitors here.

Mrs. A. S. Jarvis of New York, who is installed for the season in her cottage, has been entertaining Mrs. J. Dodge Peters of New York, also her nephew, Mr. E. S. Wilson of New York, who came up with his friend, Mr. H. J. Kidder, from the boys' summer camp at Bridgewater, N. H., with which they are connected.

Governor and Mrs. Eben S. Draper of Hopedale, Eben S. Draper, Jr., Miss Draper and Mrs. B. H. Bristow, of New York, Mrs. Draper's mother, are at the Draper cottage. Mrs. Draper and Miss Draper sail for Europe early in September.

General and Mrs. W. N. P. Darrow who since closing their winter home at St. Augustine, have been taking an extended tour through British Columbia

and Canadian northwest, are at their cottage for the season. Mr. John Hawkesworth of New York, is their guest.

Mr. Frederick D. Fiske of Cambridge, son of the celebrated historian, with Mr. Henry H. Wilder of Lowell, is enjoying golf.

Mr. John C. Tappin of New York, who has been salmon fishing in the Saguenay country near Tadoussac, Canada, returned this week to join Mrs. Tappin for an all season stay.

Mrs. James Gazeley and Miss R. White of Albany, are important social additions who come for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Gorham Dana of Brookline, are spending a fortnight here.

Mrs. James Redfield of New York, who has taken the Jackson cottage for the summer, is entertaining her daughter, Mrs. Phillip Boardman of New York, one of the prettiest of June brides, and her husband, who will make a long visit.

Mrs. John B. Lyons and Mrs. William B. Conger of Chicago, will spend the summer here.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Ryle of New York, are soon to join the cottagers with whom they were great favorites last season.

AT THE KEARSARGE

Enjoyed by the entire North Conway colony are the Saturday evening hops at The Kearsarge; the first of these, held last Saturday evening, a brilliant prophecy for the season.

Among the most exquisite of the toilettes were Mrs. M. C. Church of Cooperstown in tan embroidered net; Miss Marion Ritchie of Cambridge, light blue muslin, white embroidery; Mrs. R. W. Scharff of Brooklyn, ceru rajah with pearl trimmings; Mrs. W. W. Eastman of Minneapolis, lavender chiffon and diamonds; Mrs. George Caverhill of Montreal, green and white dotted silk;

Mrs. P. W. Holden of New York, pink taffeta; Mrs. L. E. Fuller of New

York, black lace net, diamonds; Mrs. Thomas J. Check of New York, black spangled net; Miss Ethel Check of New York, brown chiffon and pinks; Mrs. J. Hollister Wilson of Montreal, flowered silk with elmy lace;

Mrs. Roscoe G. Davis of Boston, lavender silk and pearls; Mr. D. A. Ritchie of Cambridge, tan chiffon voile; Mrs. William H. Williamson of Raleigh, gray and white striped muslin with diamonds; Mrs. E. C. Taylor of Boston, light blue embroidered crepe de chine; Miss Bettine S. Paddock of Bryn Mawr, white swiss with pink ribbons; Miss Winifred Paddock of Bryn Mawr, light blue satin and duchess lace;

Miss Belle Conley of Brooklyn, white chiffon with lace; Mrs. D. E. Conklin of Baltimore, black lace robe with diamonds; Mrs. P. Briggs Wadsworth of Brookline, green chiffon voile, Irish lace; Mrs. A. B. Weston of Boston, black silk gown and diamonds; Mrs. J. McGregor Smith of New York, light blue crepe de chine;

Miss Crathern of Montreal, lavender messaline de soie; Miss Marjorie Caverill of Montreal, white embroidered gown; Miss Evelyn Coon of Brookline, white lace robe, roses; Miss Beatrice Coon of Brookline, lavender over taffeta; Mrs. F. W. Stock, Jr., of Newton, white with valenciennes lace;

Mrs. C. W. Collins of Brooklyn, white muslin over lavender; Mrs. T. Chambers Reid of New York, light green silk with elmy lace; Miss Isabel Bowers of Carbondale, amber chiffon with taffeta bands.

Mr. H. C. Floyd of New York, with Mr. H. D. Grinnell of New Bedford, Mass., has lately arrived at the Kearsarge at North Conway, to join there the ranks of the mountain climbers. While there they will "do" Kearsarge, Moat, Surprise, Hurricane and probably Chocorua.

Mrs. P. D. Holden and Miss Frances Holden of Brooklyn, who are summering here, will soon be joined by Mr. Holden.

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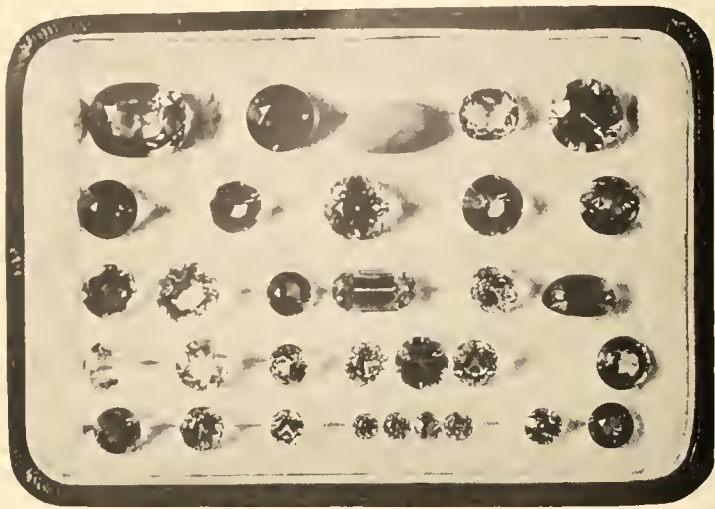
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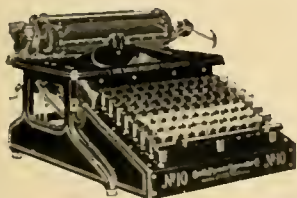
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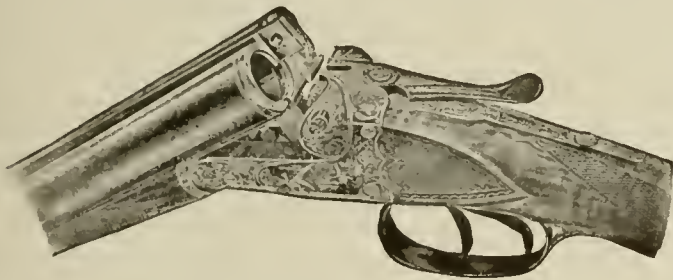
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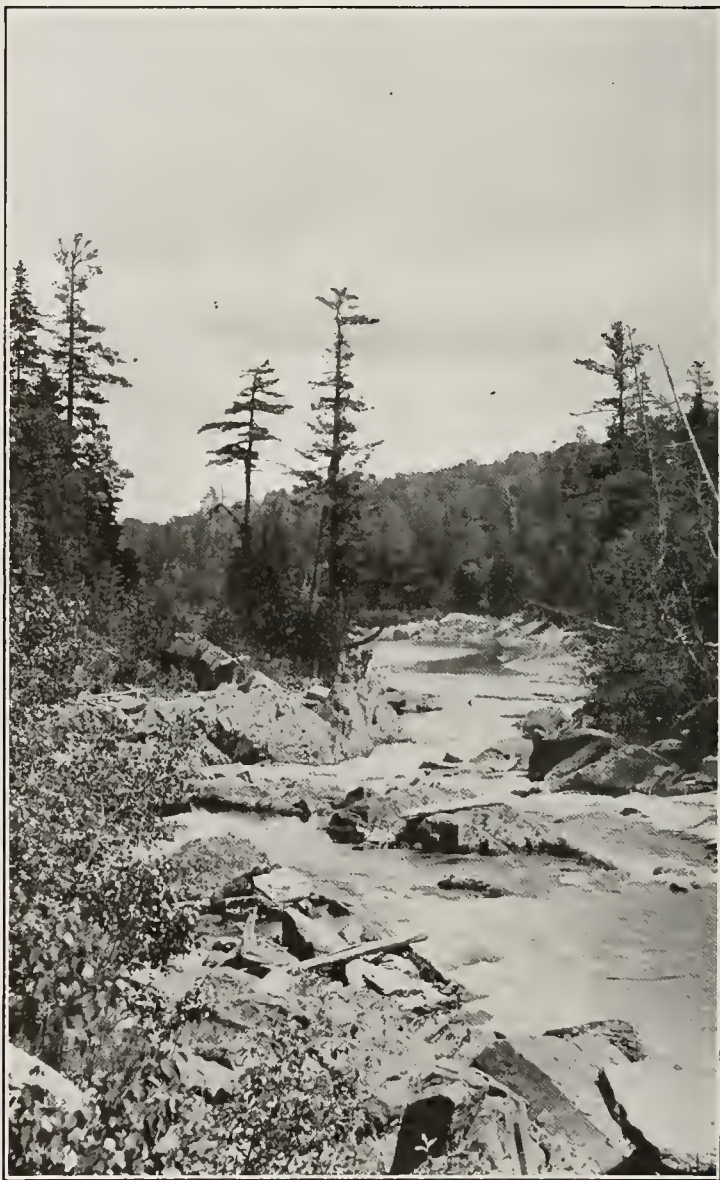
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FLY FISHING AT TURNER

"A rugged wilderness stream, up which you pole,
paddle or walk, leads to Turner"

Cl. 7 91212
AUG 9 1909



NORTHWARD-HO!



A WEEKLY MAGAZINE OF NEWS

SATURDAY, AUGUST 7, 1909

VOL. V

No 3

FLY FISHING AT TURNER

Ever Heard of It?



THE possibility is, you must confess, that your first trip to Turner pond was mainly to convince yourself that the stories you had heard about it were not so! "It's the only place I know of," quoth your friends, "where trout rise to the fly every day in the season, every hour of the day and under all conditions." And, invariably, the only reply you got to your indignant protest was a disgusted "Guess *you're* never heard of Turner!" The fact that the terse remark went home, the desire for revenge, to come back with: "Yes, I've *heard* of Turner"—to run to earth another fishing romance—is in reality, what prompts most anglers to make the trip, but Turner happens to be "the exception which proves the rule," and thereby hangs a story.



A rugged wilderness stream up which you pole, paddle or walk, leads to Turner; the pond itself lying in the niches of the mountains "over yonder." And I may as well admit in opening that "Turner"—while it is the real name of just such a trout pond—is used here only as a synonym for a dozen or more of just such ponds, scattered throughout the Northern Maine wilderness. If you desire specific information ask almost any Moosehead guide, or some angler who's "heard of Turner."

The trip in is not a hard or tedious one; a few hours, a day, or a few days, maybe; but this doesn't count and

you're there almost before you know it. The first impression is delightful; a comfortable cabin or lean-to, a good canoe, a sandy beach—the outlook as all wilderness vistas are, entrancing. The guide launches a canoe as you stand gazing at the distant mountains, suggesting that you go out and catch a few trout for dinner while he builds the fire and makes the bread.

It is close to noon, perhaps, and the sun is beating straight down upon the water. "Catch trout at midday in bright sunlight?" you query as the absurdity of the idea gains a hold upon you. "Preposterous!" "Guess *you're* never heard er Turner," is the guide's quiet reply and he suggests that you paddle out to the lily pads and try a few casts. You start quickly with determination burning hot within you. You'll settle the "never heard of Turner" question very shortly. Bright midday! Was there ever such an opportunity! You chuckle in your glee.

As you go you note that it is a very likely looking pond. The water is as clear as crystal and as cool as a refrigerator and below, you see an abundance of the peculiar grass in which trout love to hide. From time to time you note fish breaking, but you are sure they are "chubs," because, you figure it all out in your mind, "it can't be anything else at this time of day." As the canoe approaches the pads you make an indifferent cast or two, without result. You are elated; you will surely have something to say to that guide when you came back! The exhilaration

of the sport, however, gives pleasure and you put out more line, conscious of the joy which comes from knowing how to handle it. When you have forty feet in swing you make a try at a little speck upon the water near the pads, and pull it slowly in, conscious that the work was good.

Suddenly there is a splash and you strike too late. "Lost him, by thunder," you mutter, suddenly forgetting that you were sure that trout would not rise at midday and bright sunlight at that.

spots on the sides and creamy white on the belly, with deep crimson splashes; such a trout as you thought were only found in New Hampshire brooks. Your hand trembles a bit as you extract the fly and your next cast is with new purpose. Quick comes the strike, possibly a double or a triple this time, and in a few minutes you find the little fellows rising in miniature schools, coming clear out of the water in their eagerness.

You have forgotten all about dinner.



"TAKES YOU STRAIGHT ACROSS THE LAKE TO THE INLET"

In another second the flies have again touched at the same spot and quick comes the response. Just a slight, unconscious twist of the wrist and a thrill is speeding down the delicate rod, telling that the game is on. He is not a big fellow and you soon have him alongside, pulling him in by the leader in your eagerness.

It is a trout! About a third or half a pound in weight; beautiful green on the back, clear vermilion dots on blue

all about the things you were framing in your mind to say to that conceited guide. Presently his voice rings across the water; "You've surely got enough by this time; better come in, and besides, the fishing isn't *much* at midday." A glance at the bottom of the canoe shows that the remark is timely. A dozen or fifteen fish lie there, but you paddle in reluctantly. The guide gives a satisfied glance at the fish and as he cleans them on the beach, he glances over his

shoulder to remark slyly, "Guess you've never heard er Turner."

This time you smile back, but all the while you wonder what the fishing is like when it is "good." You rest after dinner and as the smoke from your pipe floats quickly up and struggles through the pine spills overhead, you decide that you have never eaten such trout before, and ten to one, you haven't. You came to stay a day or two, and already you've begun to scheme to remain longer.

With dinner dishes washed and the beds houghed, the guide presents himself, but you have become fascinated watching the deer feeding upon the opposite shore of the pond, moving in and out, unconscious of your intrusion. A cool breeze fans your face and the rustic chair is comfortable. Another pipe has taken the place of the one which followed dinner and the sun is yet an hour too high for the "best" fishing, so you sit on, chatting with the guide, content.

Five o'clock finds you on the pond, but the guide ignores the lily pads, in spite of your protest, and takes you straight across the lake to the inlet, remarking as he brings the canoe to a standstill some fifty feet away, that an extra careful cast *may* get a "big un." The big one weighs a pound, or a pound and a half, but at Turner, it creates just as much delight as a five-pounder at Moosehead. To end up the evening you try the little fellows again. You catch what you want without half trying, and finally you cast just to watch the trout scramble for the flies, and when you paddle in you are sure "you never heard of Turner." You have taken more trout than you know what to do with and thrown a score back; you have caught a "big one," perhaps, and you are anticipating a week of just such sport, and you get it if you remain.

It may be dark or sunny, still or windy, cold or warm, the pond may rise or fall, the water may "work," but the trout rise just the same and if you stayed a month you never could find an

hour of daylight when you couldn't catch more than you could use, and most of the time, you would find the trout rising as freely as they did the noon you arrived. The cabin is cozy, the beds comfortable, the food delicious, the air like good wine, and the water from a spring of nectar. You leave with regret, but there is joy in your heart because you are *sure* you will come again; sure "you've heard of Turner!"

We Eat Too Much!

In town humans require not less than two course dinners a day. Down on the farm they can get along very comfortably on milk, eggs, and vegetables, or for that matter, any one of these three articles of food. Lost in the wilderness, these same humans can survive for days and even weeks, on berries and such slight nutriment as can be secured from boiling moss and lichens and drinking the water. Just a little nitrogen is all the food they get, but it is sufficient to sustain life indefinitely if one only realizes that physical strength must be reserved.

All of which goes to show that we eat too much!



DAY KNOWS NO ENDING

Wentworths Guests Yield to Moonlights Subtle Charm
and Live for Time Being in Fairyland



DAY has known no ending during the week past for Wentworth guests, all yielding to the subtle charm of the gorgeous moonlight nights; the landscape as mysterious and as fascinating as a rare Carot—vague, indefinable, tender. Along silver roads, flecked here and there with dark shadows, automobiles are spinning while motor boats cut the surface of the purple ocean, where a path of gold leads to the Unknown! In the darkened corners of the hotel piazza, within sound of the music, hundreds sit, enjoying the fairyland panorama, while others in summer houses, on paths leading to the beach, or upon the ocean pier, live for the time being, in another world. Life is as a beautiful dream from which there is no rude awakening, and time ceases to be a matter of record.

PROGRESSIVE HEARTS ENJOYED

Easily the most delightful affair of the season was Tuesday evening's progressive hearts party, eleven tables being necessary, the affair in charge of an active committee of women. The winners of the very dainty prizes offered were Mrs. Lyman Reid of Ottawa, Kan., Mr. F. W. Foster of Montreal, Mrs. James Lothrop of Dover, N. H., Mrs. A. G. Stone of New York, Miss M. E. Bacon of Brooklyn, Mrs. C. H. Davidson of Cincinnati and Mr. John W. Reid of Ottawa.

Others who participated were Mrs. E. A. Bacon and Miss B. L. Bacon of Brooklyn, Mrs. P. F. Pilson, Miss Marguerite Pilson, Miss Lysle, Mrs. Allan Lard and Mrs. C. H. Birdsall of Washington, Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Honebeck of Kansas City, Mrs. William Pinter and Miss Van Trump of Baltimore, Mrs. A. E. Hollis, Mrs. C. W. Hall, Mrs. C. A. Richards, Mrs. A. A. Fol-

som, Mrs. C. S. Barrell, Mrs. Fred Crosby, Mrs. F. P. Vose, Miss A. L. Richardson, Miss H. P. Read, Miss Elizabeth Williams, Miss Anne Crosby and Messrs. R. H. Rines, F. K. Priest, F. H. Williams, and C. J. Collins of Boston, Mrs. E. Rothschild, and Mrs. D. Wasserman of St. Louis, Mrs. J. W. Reid of Ottawa, Mrs. W. F. Winkler of Louisville, Mrs. J. Ferrick of Philadelphia, Miss Gosholm of Cincinnati, the Misses Dittenhoffer of New York, and Mrs. H. A. Coy of Burlington.

Many motor boat parties have been given, among the most enjoyable one arranged by Mrs. W. F. Winkler of Louisville, her guests including: the Misses McLean of New York, Mrs. B. L. D'Aubique of Waterbury, Mrs. C. H. Davidson, Miss Margaret Shipley and Miss Fries of Cincinnati, and Miss Lucile Winkler of Louisville. Tea and ices were served upon their return to the hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Watson Armour of Chicago, Miss Mary Augusta Armour and Mr. Lawrence Armour of Kansas City, who are summering at Magnolia, took luncheon on Thursday with Mrs. R. I. Stearns of Chicago, who is passing the summer here. They are cruising in their yacht "Cacique" and will go as far as Bar Harbor before returning for the yacht races at Newport next month.

Mrs. Harry W. Priest entertained a party of ladies at a bridge luncheon on Thursday, the company motoring up from Beach Bluff, and including Mrs. L. Grant and Mrs. F. N. Stackpole of Boston, Mrs. M. L. Cobb and Mrs. E. A. Lord of Brookline, and Mrs. J. D. Gale of Haverhill. The prizes were dainty cut glass which Mrs. Grant and Mrs. Stackpole won.

Many private yachts are putting in



THE ROAD TO THE WENTWORTH

for brief visits, among recent parties being Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Kellogg of Boston, who came in the "Wahalla," returning by moonlight. Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Field of Hartford, and Mr. and Mrs. M. T. Weston of Detroit, put in here on a cruise along the Maine coast.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Mitchell and Mr. John A. Bent, Mr. William E. Collins, Mr. E. L. Logan, Mr. John A. Convery and Miss Dorothy J. Baxter, Mr. A. S. Johnston, Mr. W. H. Bacon and Mr. Geo. H. Sherman all of Boston, were also recent visitors

GOLF LEADS IN SPORTS

Golf leads in popularity, those who rarely miss a day including Messrs. P. Myers, W. P. Scott, Jr., G. Davidson and Miss E. Fries of New York, Judge F. H. Hiscock of Syracuse, N. Vollins, Arthur Britain, J. I. Wylde, J. W. Wylde, R. H. Rines and Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Barrell of Boston, J. D. McKee and S. M. Morgan of Pittsburg, J. J. Ferrick of Philadelphia, F. A. Hornbeck of Kansas City, Lyman Reed of Ottawa, Kansas, Mrs. E. Winship of Macon, Mrs. Allan Lard of Washington, and Miss M. Casey of Los Angeles.

MANY BRING THEIR AUTOS

The list of those who bring their autos and spend much of their time on trips to nearby beaches or along the picturesque country roads is large, among them: Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Perry and Miss McCoy of Brattleboro, Mr. and Mrs. Lyman Reid, Mr. and Mrs. John Reid of Ottawa, Kansas, Dr. and Mrs. Horace Packard of Boston; Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Hall of Newton; Mrs. Stewart McKee of Pittsburg, Mrs. Robert Maclay of New York; and Mrs. R. I. Stearns of Chicago.

MANY PRIVATE TEAMS

The list of those who bring their teams is large, including Mr. and Mrs. Henry M. Baldwin of New York, Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Owens and Miss Balch of Providence, Mrs. C. A. Richards and Mrs. L. G. Fairbanks of Boston, Mrs.

Edson Keith, Mrs. A. J. Averell, Mrs. John C. Grant of Chicago, Mrs. E. D. Spaulding of Lexington, the Misses Mitchell of St. Louis.

AMONG THE GUESTS

Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Speck, Ford Ballantyne, Howard P. Ballantyne and Dorothy Ballantyne of Pittsburg, are spending the month here, having their car with them.

Mrs. F. Stuart Foster, H. Stuart Foster, F. W. Foster of Montreal, come for a long sojourn.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Truesdell and Miss Truesdell of New York, spent the week here, greatly pleased with the place.

Mrs. William Painter of Baltimore, and Miss Louise D. Van Tramp of Wilmington, are here for August.

Mrs. John R. Read, Miss Helen P. Read of Philadelphia, are here for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Johnson of Philadelphia, will remain several weeks.

Mrs. Frederic Crosby and Miss Anne Crosby of Boston, are here for the month.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Lovejoy of New York, are enjoying an indefinite stay.

Mrs. J. E. Grannins, Miss V. Rittershouse of New York, come for the season.

Mrs. H. B. Hollis of New York, joins Mr. Hollis for the balance of the season.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Morrison of Boston, are here for August.

Miss Lysle, Miss E. Lysle of Washington, will spend the season here.

Mrs. E. A. Bacon, Miss M. E. Bacon and Miss B. L. Bacon of Brooklyn are making an extended visit.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Wentz of Chicago, will remain through August.

Miss Cornelia Barnes of Lenox, joins friends.

Mrs. H. W. Pillow and Miss Marguerite Pillow and nurse of Montreal, join Mrs. L. G. Fairbank for the summer.

Mr. G. B. Cramp and Miss Cramp of Montreal, come for August.

Mr. A. C. Thomson of Brookline, joins Dr. and Mrs. Horace Paekard for a week's golf and automobiling.

Mr. and Mrs. Erickson Perkins, Mr. Erickson Perkins, Jr., and Miss Parnell of Rochester, and Mrs. S. A. Genna of New York, will make a long visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick F. Pratt of Dedham, spent Sunday with Mr. F. K. Priest.

Mrs. C. J. DeWoody and Miss Alene DeWoody of Dallas, Texas, are late arrivals.

Mrs. Margaret Kyle, Miss R. Carson and Miss A. C. Carson of Cincinnati, return for the month.

Judge A. J. Dittenhofer, Miss Estelle Dittenhofer, Miss Blanche Dittenhofer and Mrs. Knowlton of New York, are here for a lengthy stay.

Mrs. A. D. Ayers and Mrs. S. M. Ayers of Providence, will remain several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. T. Hawes of Boston, will remain until well into September.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar G. Criswell of New York, are making a long sojourn, devotees of tennis and bathing.

Mr. G. Welles of Boston, joins friends for August.

Mr. R. P. Guiler of Shaker City, joins Mr. Pilson.

Mr. and Mrs. George Davidson and Miss Elizabeth Davidson of New York, are summering here.

Mr. J. M. Fairbank of Boston, joins his mother for an extended visit.

Mrs. H. M. Steele of Waterbury, will remain several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. F. T. Vose, Miss A. W. Vose, Miss M. R. Vose, Boston, come for an indefinite stay.

Mr. and Mrs. James S. Taylor, Chauncey C. Taylor, James Spicard Taylor, Jr., Newburgh, N. Y., and Mrs. E. L. Chittenden, New York, are here for the season.

Edward E. Bruen, Miss Edyth M. Bruen, Miss Marion A. Bruen, Miss Elinor Donagley, East Orange, N. J., will make a long sojourn.

Mr. Lawrence V. Miller, Miss C. Miller, Miss J. H. Miller, Miss E. L. Marlin, Miss J. V. Leonard, Baltimore, are here for an indefinite stay.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Higgins, New Haven, spent a portion of the week with Mrs. Pilson and the Misses Pilson.

Mr. and Mrs. James Terry, Miss Taylor, F. E. Howard, Hartford, will make an indefinite stay.

Mrs. Henry R. Reed, Miss Emily S. Reed, Boston, spent the week here.

Mrs. A. Spadone and maid, Miss Spadone, New York, come for an indefinite stay.

Mrs. H. Conant, Miss M. J. MacPherson, Pawtucket, are here for the season.

"Maine's a *rapid* state," remarked a hotel guest as he glanced through a local paper. "Listen to this!"

"The respondent testified that the automobile was going at an *excessive rate of speed*, certainly *fifteen miles an hour!*"

"What *do* you think of that?"

ANGLER NOVICE—"Alex, it seems kind of funny that I don't catch any fish."

VETERAN GUIDE—"Wall, yer might if you'd call in thet flock er ducklin's an' put out some real flies."

"It saves letter writing!"



YACHT CLUB'S FLEET RUN

Supper on Lake Shore and Return by Moonlight Rounds
Out Delightful Evening at Mt Kineo



"YE GODS, what air!" remarked a New Yorker as he stepped from a heated Pullman into Moosehead's glorious open, the other afternoon, and herein lies the secret of Kineo's supremacy among Maine's resorts. "Ye gods, what air!" it surely is; a climate the like of which is not to be found elsewhere, even at other points on the lake less favored than this peninsula. Clear, crisp, beautiful days following one upon another until cities' heat and stuffiness seem vague and unreal—a joy in itself alone—the recollection which all carry away and which lingers after all else has disappeared.

YACHT CLUB HAD FLEET RUN

Easily the event of the week was Saturday's "fleet run" of the Moosehead Lake Yacht Club, the first of many which are to follow and a pleasant prophecy for the summer. The lake shore near Socatean stream, was the destination and here supper was prepared by the guides and the evening spent in the cheerful glow of a monster campfire, the return to Kineo being made by the light of a glorious moon; an occasion of treasured memory for all who were privileged to enjoy it. The entrance of the boats to the harbor in battleship formation, made a brilliant spectacle from the piazzas of the hotel which several hundred people witnessed, the closing event of the evening, the dismissal gun from the flagship of Commodore C. M. Clark which was a signal for all boats to blow their whistles and the pandemonium which followed awakened forest echoes as they have never been awakened since the dawn of creation.

The list of boats participating in the run, their owners and the guests they

carried include the following: Unome (flagship), Commodore and Mrs. C. M. Clark, Miss De Goll and Messrs. G. E. Cooley and Thos. J. O'Donohue, Jr.; Clematis, Mr. W. L. Sheaffer, Miss Anna Henning, Miss Julia Huegh, Mr. Clinton W. Sheaffer, Mr. Leslie G. Sheaffer; Nee-Bana, Fleet Captain and Mrs. Jas. K. Clarke, Miss Constance Kinley, Mr. Henry Wright; White Arrow II., Miss Nanno Dougherty and Mr. Nelson Dougherty; Francis, Mrs. Walton Ferguson, Jr., Miss Carstairs, Mr. McWilliams; Damiante, Mrs. M. D. Paterson, Rear Commodore and Mrs. Stanton I. Hanson, Mrs. C. A. Judkins, Miss Clarice Paterson, Miss Ethel Outerbridge, Dr. Rowland Cox, Jr., Mr. E. S. Kinley, Mrs. Cornelius Doremus; Eleanor, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest F. Eidlitz, Mrs. W. H. Powers, Mr. Ernest L. Thayer, Mr. George J. Loveley, Mr. George W. Powers; Olivette, Mr. L. M. Werner, Mrs. A. E. Pond, Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Chase, Miss Chase; Idalette, Dr. and Mrs. S. McCuen Smith, Mrs. John Allen, Mr. and Mrs. Benj. Allen, 3d, Miss Elizabeth Smith, Mr. G. Allen Smith, Mr. Rastus Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Francis West.

WHERE THE NAMES CAME FROM

Motor boating is greatly stimulated by the presence of the Club and many new boats having been launched recently, among the owners being Mrs. M. D. Paterson, E. H. Outerbridge and George W. Powers of New York; Dr. S. McCuen Smith of Germantown, and James K. Clarke of Ardmore. Mrs. Paterson has chosen a Persian name, "Damiante," for her boat, meaning "pearl of boats." Mr. Clarke's "Nee-bana" is after an Indian maiden painted by the local artist, Francis West, and Dr. Smith's "Wissahickon" was sug-

gested by a little stream near Philadelphia, also of Indian origin. Mr. Outerbridge has adapted the name of his little son Kenneth, and arrived at "Keunywund," and there is no doubt, a touch of sentiment in the choice of "Elsie" by Mr. Powers.

GUESTS OF MR. C. H. TENNEY

Among the most enjoyable of the week's informal social affairs at the Yacht Club was a dinner given by Mr. C. H. Tenney of New York, a late addition to the rapidly increasing membership, who is a guest of Mr. and Mrs.

and Paterson and Messrs. G. Allen Smith, Jack Westervelt, E. S. Kinley and Lansing W. Powers on the Ken-nywyd. Miss Anna Hemming of Pottsville, and Miss Julia Huegh of Danbury, enjoyed a novel searchlight party on the Clematis.

RIFLE SHOOTING AND TENNIS

A handicap and sweepstake filled in Monday afternoon at the rifle butts. Dr. Rowland Cox of New York, led the men with a score of sixty-two with an allowance of fourteen shots; G. Allen Smith (14), second in ninety. James



THE KINCO BASEBALL SQUAD

Arthur B. Waring at Camp Nephawin. The affair was easily one of the most elaborate of the season, the upper dining room transformed for the occasion into a bower of radiant beauty by the use of cut flowers and electric light effects. Covers were laid for ten, the guests including Mr. and Mrs. Arthur B. Waring, Mr. and Mrs. Stanton I. Hanson, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Judkins, Mrs. M. D. Paterson, Mrs. Swain and Dr. Rowland Cox, Jr.

Moonlight motor boat parties have been very much in vogue. Miss Outerbridge entertaining Misses Klopp, Kobbe

K. Clarke (11), scored seventy-seven; E. F. Eidlitz (15), sixty-five; John Reilly (13), forty-five, and George K. Crozier (13) thirty-five.

Mrs. John Reilly, Jr., of Salem, N. J., whose allowance was thirteen, led the women with a score of seventy three; Mrs. M. D. Paterson (13), second in seventy-two. Mrs. James K. Clarke (12), and Mrs. E. F. Eidlitz (13), made sixty-seven each; Mrs. C. A. Judkins (13), sixty-five, and Mrs. J. H. Hillman, Jr. (15), fifty-eight. Dr. Cox was also the winner of the afternoon handicap sweepstake. Considerable in-

terest centers in the announcement of the gift of trophies by Mr. and Mrs. Reilly for the best average made by both men and women in Monday afternoon shoots during the next three weeks.

Miss Toyo Murai of Riverside, and Miss Ethel Outerbridge of New York, were the winners of a women's doubles tennis tournament for prizes offered by Mr. W. L. Sheaffer, defeating Mrs. M. D. Paterson and her daughter, in the final round, 6-1, 6-1. Other contestants were Mrs. James K. Clarke of Ardmore, Miss Dudley of Riverside, Miss Anna Henning of Pottsville, and Miss Constance Kinley of Philadelphia.

TWO CLEAN CUT WINS

The Kineo team scored two clean-cut wins in the second baseball game of the schedule, defeating the Orono Pulp and Paper Company team, ten to one and six to one. Kineo won on superior batting and because its pitchers, Elkston and Durgin, both had the visitors guessing, the former striking out eleven and granting four hits and the latter fanning twelve and permitting but two singles.

Durgin found the ball for a home run in the first game. Fellows made four, James Scales and Coggins three hits each. In the second game Durgin with two men ahead of him legging it for all they were worth, again made the round of the bases, three runs being made in the previous inning on a combination of errors.

The scores by innings:

KINEO	4	1	0	1	0	0	0	4	x—10
ORONO	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	—1
KINEO	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	3	x—6
ORONO	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—1

AMONG THE GUESTS

The summer colony on the point would not be complete without Mr. and Mrs. James K. Clarke of Ardmore, Pa., who are participants in all the activities of summer life. Their little daughter, Katherine, is with them. Mr. Clarke is a most enthusiastic motor-boatist, having put the high speed boat, the Neebana, into the lake this season, and

what he knows about rifle shooting he gained in Western cavalry life. Mrs. Clarke is a general favorite, devoted to shooting and tennis.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Kinley with their family, Miss Constance, Miss Dorothy and Master Edward, who have spent many summers here, are conspicuous factors in the various activities of the point.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Dougherty of Brooklyn, who have been absent from the summer colony for over two weeks, rejoin their son and daughter for the balance of the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Franklin Lockwood of New York, return for August. They will spend a portion of their time in the woods.

Mrs. E. R. Johnson of Merion, Pa., and Mrs. E. K. MacEvans of Camden, N. J., are here for the first time. Each has a son at camp Wilwood.

Mr. Stuart Oliver, managing editor of the *Baltimore News* with Mrs. Oliver and daughter, are late arrivals. Mrs. Oliver and her little daughter will summer here, Mr. Oliver coming at intervals.

Among the new comers are Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Downing and Miss Downing of Wallingford, Conn., who will spend August here.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Arai, Miss Arai, Master Yoneo Arai and Miss Harada of Riverside, Conn, who constitute an interesting part of the summer group here, return for the season.

Miss Anna Wright and Mr. Beverly Duer of New York, who have been summering at Nahant, Mass., are guests of the Outerbridges at Camp Ethelwynd.

Mr. and Mrs. Harvey S. Chase of Newton, Mass., and their charming daughter, Miss Adelaide, are experiencing Kineo delights for the first time. Mr. Chase is a devotee of both tennis and golf.

Mr. George J. Loveley of Boston, returns for his second season here.

Mr. Walter L. Murphy of Philadelphia, joins his family for the summer.

TROT OUT YOUR RECORDS!

String of Twenty-two Trout and Five Salmon Record Mid-summer Catch at Belgrade Lakes

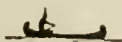


NO, NOT even the summer season crowded as it is with sports without and social pleasures within, can background fishing at Belgrade, the sensation of the week the arrival of a party of anglers, including Rev. E. A. White of Bloomfield, Messrs. H. L. Marsh of Rochester, and H. P. Sackett of New York, from a two days' trip to a nearby lake, with a "boat load" catch; twenty-two trout and five salmon, totaling over one hundred pounds and averaging over four and one-half pounds each, in weight.

The big fish of the string was a seven and a half pound salmon and with it was a five pounder, a three pounder and two estimated at two pounds each. The weight of the largest trout was six and three-quarters pounds and there were also a six-pound, 2 five and a half pound, 4 five-pound, 2 five and a quarter pound, 1 five and an eighth pound, 2 four and a half pound, 2 four and a quarter pound, 3 three and a quarter pound, and 3 three-pound trout.

The total weights of the strings shown in the accompanying photograph, are thirty-four and one-half pounds, twenty-nine and three-quarters pounds, twenty and one-fourth pounds, ninety and one-half pounds and sixteen and three-eighths pounds, and the anglers are wondering if the picture can be equalled.

Briefly, it is a case of "trot out your records." *Next!*



Other fine catches included a string of bass averaging two pounds each in weight with a four-pounder at the head, made by Mrs. R. J. Fooks of Brooklyn. Mrs. Fooks is fully as enthusiastic over angling as her husband with whom she

spends much of her time upon the water.

MR. SLOAN WINS GOLF HANDICAP

The opening golf tournament of the summer's series, a medal play handicap, attracted a large field, F. T. Sloan of Cradford, N. J., whose allowance was ten, winning with a net card of seventy-seven. G. H. Buzby of Philadelphia, also ten, was second in seventy-eight, and Frank Dudensing of New York (22), third in seventy-nine. E. Robb of New York (16), made eighty-two, Henry Zuckerman of New York (25), eighty-eight; Leon Sherburne of New York (30), eighty-seven; Miss Sheridan of Brooklyn (30), eighty-nine; H. F. Hovey of New York (25), ninety-four; Leslie Duke of Boston (25), ninety-five; Manager Charles A. Hill (25), ninety-seven; Miss Zuckerman of New York (30), one hundred eight; Mrs. Zuckerman (25), one hundred nine, and Mrs. H. A. Morgan of New York (25), one hundred and ninety-four.

Special interest centers in the contest for a very handsome trophy offered by The Belgrade for the best gross score made during the season.

BASEBALL HOLDS THE CROWD

The second baseball game of the season between The Belgrade and the Pine Island teams resulted in a contest which ended with a brilliant rally by the visitors in the last half of the ninth, a base on balls, four singles and two three-baggers netting them six runs. The hotel team, however, stemmed the stampede in time to save the game, winning thirteen to eleven.

These games are to be made a regular Saturday afternoon feature during the summer and the enthusiasm could not be more marked if the New Yorks and Philadelphias were playing here for the championship. The ball grounds are

laid out directly in front of the hotel, the verandas making a splendid "grandstand."

GUESTS OF MR. LLOYD ALLEN

Easily the season's most enjoyable social affair was the camp-fire supper given at Captain's Island by Mr. Lloyd Allen of Boston, and doubtless, the first of many similar affairs which will enliven the season. The guests of the evening were Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Boyd, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Morgan, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Zuckerman, Miss Mil-

tendered by Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Nicholson of New York, covers being laid for twelve.

MAINE GEMS TO BE SHOWN

An event of the coming week which is eagerly anticipated by all is the coming of a collection of Maine gems to be shown here on Thursday next by Bickford brothers of Norway, Maine. Norway is to the Maine gem market what Joe Leiter once "was" in the wheat; it has a "corner" on these exquisite "haubles" which are being more and more



dred Zuckerman, Mr. J. A. Mahony, Miss Mahony, Miss Beatrice Mahony and Messrs. Frank Dudensing and Leon Sherburne of New York, Miss Marguerite and Miss Julia Dumphy of Brookline, Mrs. Nathan Pulsifer Thayer, Miss Gertrude Vanderveer and Miss Ethel Case of Brooklyn, Miss Louise Chamberlain of New Haven, Messrs. G. H. Buzby and Donald Leas of Philadelphia, Lawrence Hill of Waterville, Leslie Duke and F. C. Beal of Boston.

Among the pleasantest of the social affairs of the week was a lobster supper

appreciated by refined people, and Bickford Brothers are on the "inside."

MANY MOTORISTS

The influx of motorists continues unabated, among those who have registered here recently being the following: Mr. and Mrs. Wm. M. Kennard, Miss Ruth Kennard and Mr. William C. Kennard of Flatbush, Mrs. Willis Manville of Carbondale, Pa., Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kirby and Kenneth Kirby of Flatbush, Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Kinsman of Augusta, Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Bickford and Miss Dorothea Bickford

of New York, Mr. E. P. Viles and Frank Parsons of Skowhegan, Mr. and Mrs. B. S. Viles of Augusta, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Johnson of Hallowell, Mr. Carl Ward of Portland, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Small of Madison, Mr. and Mrs. B. V. Harrison of Montclair, Dr. and Mrs. J. S. Pepper of Madison, Dr. and Mrs. J. P. Lancaster of Madison, Mr. and Mrs. McCleary of Farmington, Mr. E. C. Bowen of Hartford, Dr. Herbert Bishop of Strong.

AMONG THE GUESTS

Returning friends include Mr. and Mrs. J. H. White and Mr. Stanley D. White of Meriden, who return for their third season, welcomed by a large circle of friends and acquaintances.

Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Clark of New York, are here for the month of August, delighted with their first impressions of Belgrade.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank H. Callaway of Baltimore, will remain several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Knerr of Camden, are here for a long sojourn.

Miss Harrison of Montclair, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Noah S. Davis, at their nearby cottage.

Mr. R. S. Lovett of New York, accompanied by his niece, Miss Ruth Finch of Huntsville, Texas, joins Mrs. Lovett and Master Robert Lovett for a short stay.

Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Smythe of New York, are spending several weeks here.

Mr. and Mrs. F. T. Sloan of Cradford, N. J., come for the month of August. Mr. Sloan plays excellent golf and is also an enthusiastic fisherman. Mrs. Sloan is a happy addition to the already large number of attractive young matrons.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. G. McMichail of New York, come for the August fishing.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Waterman and Mr. and Mrs. Z. D. Perry of Brooklyn, will remain until September.

Mr. W. P. Mallon of New York, spent a portion of the week with his mother and sister, Mrs. Maurice Mallon and Miss Mallon.

Mr. and Mrs. Milton M. Smith and Miss Elsie D. Smith of New York, come for a long stay.

Mr. and Mrs. George W. Powell of Philadelphia, who have been visiting their daughter at Lake Kezar, come for several weeks' fishing.

Mrs. Robert Carrigan and Mr. Chas. Carrigan of Philadelphia, joins Mr. Seymour Carrigan.

Mr. and Mrs. N. E. Brown of Glen Ridge, N. J., are late arrivals who will remain some time.

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Rippel of Newark, come for a long sojourn.

You Never Can Tell Till You Try

"It's astonishing what a man can do if he tries, and there is nothing which demonstrates this as fully as wilderness life," remarked a returning camper the other evening. "All that is necessary is to be cut off from the source of supply—and to be put solidly up against it—to demonstrate this for the author's inspiration for his most successful book is in all truth, not infrequently, 'an empty pocket book!'"

"Why I found that I could do most anything. For instance, the main spring of my watch broke at the point where it was fastened, and I took the watch apart, drilled another hole, replaced the spring and the watch ran. I tied trout flies to suit my personal taste without any knowledge whatever of the art, engraved a plate for my dog's collar, built all kinds of furniture when I have never had a tool in my hands, got so I could cook fairly well in a very short time, washed flannels without shrinking them, darned stockings and threaded needles with all the skill of a professional seamstress.

"And I am under the impression that as a type, I am rather slow at adapting myself to unusual conditions. Briefly, I have never had a *knack* for doing anything unusual and I have always been so situated that I have been able to find someone who could do everything out of my line of work for me."

VISIT POLAND'S KITCHEN

It's a Model Because the Man in Charge Gets Results
Instead of Explanations



HIS IDEAS on automobiles may differ slightly from those entertained by dealers, but when it comes to knowing the "back of the house" as no one in the country knows it, Alvin B. Ricker, steward of the Poland Spring house, is the best man which twentieth century resort hotel business, with all its exacting requirements, has produced. The fact is so generally known that it is stated merely as a matter of form in the usual preliminary introduction.

The main point to be emphasized, however, is—don't leave Poland without a visit to the kitchen for it is just as much a feature of the place as the bottling plant or the library. And best of all, "Al Ricker" as he is familiarly known everywhere, will be glad to see you, glad to show you about, for the kitchen is his hobby; a model of cleanliness, equipment and arrangement.

Apparently noticing nothing, Mr. Ricker's quick and trained eye takes in everything as he goes and as he explains this or that to you he stops to shut one of the doors of the dish warmer, ask the vegetable cook if the water isn't rather low in the beans, or pick a scrap from the floor. While you are in the cool butcher shop he inquires as to the meat supply, at the same time minutely inspecting the sirloin on the block, and as he is showing you the silver he is at the same time looking it over to see if it has been properly cleaned and polished, inside and out. Nothing escapes him, his personality and his life are in the work, and the result is a model department which may be taken as a standard the world over; as near perfection as mortals who depend upon humans to carry out their instructions, may ever hope to attain.

Nothing comes into the kitchen without inspection and nothing goes out of it without scrutiny, and this double checking system means that when anything is served in the dining-room it is the best; the best material, the best cooked, and the best served—the whole combination brought into one perfect unit. You find some one of these features very often, you find two occasionally, but you find the three very seldom, and for this reason and this reason alone the Poland Spring table is exceptional and back of every bit of it is the force and personality of A. B. Ricker. As near as it is possible for one man to be, under similar circumstances, he is responsible for the food served from the first to the final stage.

Take for instance the lamb and poultry supply of the hotel. To get just what he wants Mr. Ricker pays fancy prices to the farmers of the section. These farmers know that Mr. Ricker knows and *results* not *explanations*, are what he gets. The vegetable supply is very largely from the model farm which is under his personal supervision and the same is true of the milk, cream and butter.

When it comes to the purchasing of outside supplies, nearly all of which he selects through personal visits to markets and stores, he also knows what he wants and he knows what he gets, and if they are not up to the standard they go back express collect! Mr. Ricker has a reputation wherever he purchases and because he knows he gets what he wants and the laying aside of exceptionally choice products to meet his exacting requirements has become almost mechanical in the places where he purchases.

Just what the self-imposed task means is pretty fully demonstrated by



PUTTING AND AFTERNOON TEA AT POLAND

the following list which shows what the hotel consumes in an average day during the season: 375 pounds loins of beef; 70 pounds short ribs; 115 pounds round; 55 pounds rumps; 175 pounds lamb; 25 pounds veal; 400 pounds chicken; 250 pounds duck; 10 pounds squabs; 100 pounds table butter; 125 pounds cooking butter; 150 dozen eggs; 140 gallons milk; 45 gallons cream; 4 pounds tea; 45 pounds coffee, 2 1-2 barrels flour; 5 crates of canteloupes; 5 crates peaches; one box lemons; nuts, raisins, figs, cheese, crackers, pickles, etc., etc.

ANGLERS IN THE LIMELIGHT

For ten days past the anglers have been very much in the lime-light through the presence of ex-Senator Joseph B. Foraker of Ohio, who has spent much of his time upon the lake and always with good success. His best catch was one short of a dozen with a four-pounder at the head and which pulled the scales down to the twenty-pound mark.

Mr. S. B. Stinson of Philadelphia, one of the old-timers here, has shown that he has not forgotten the art, taking in company with Mr. C. H. Platt of New York, a goodly string weighing twenty-five pounds and including a four-pounder. Another string of eight fish weighed an even twenty pounds.

Among the fairer sex, Mrs. E. R. Derland of New York, is the leader with six bass to her credit weighing twelve pounds.

HERE AND THERE

Mrs. J. C. Haines and Mrs. H. Hurd of Boston, Lieut. G. W. Denfield of Washington, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin C. Lewis of Philadelphia, Miss A. A. Dortic, Dr. Morris Manges of New York, Miss E. J. Harnet and Miss Nunn of Boston, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Palmer and family of Boston, Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Woodworth of Minneapolis, Mrs. E. W. Taylor and Miss Anna Taylor of Philadelphia, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Bradford of Auburn, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Flint and Miss N. E. Bryant of Salem,

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Hathorne of New York.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Jaques, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Pearson and family of Boston, Mr. C. C. Griffin of Haverhill, Mrs. John W. Danielson of Providence, Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Loomis, Mrs. L. R. Disney of Cincinnati, Mr. and Mrs. E. Gurney and Miss Gurney of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Quick of Brooklyn, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Buford of Boston, and Miss Townsend of Milton, Mr. and Mrs. John H. Coes, Miss Mary Coes and Miss A. B. Hadwen of Worcester, Mr. and Mrs. James W. Arthur and Miss Arthur of New York, are all spending some time here.

Dr. and Mrs. W. S. Harban of Washington, D. C., return for the summer, welcomed by a large circle of friends and acquaintances. Mr. and Mrs. Edward J. Stillwagen, also of the capitol, are here for the season. Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Watson, Mr. and Mrs. F. Baker Weaver, also of Washington, are among those who have registered recently.

Mrs. H. A. Batre and Miss Batre of Mobile, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Upham of Chicago, Lieut. and Mrs. J. H. Tomb of Jacksonville, Mrs. Mark W. Breen of New York, will remain through September.

Mrs. Henry Coffin of Brooklyn, Miss Dexter of Boston, Mr. Garret A. Hobart of Paterson, and Mr. Howard C. Holton of Philadelphia, were the winners of the opening putting competition, followed by afternoon tea, the first of many enjoyable affairs of a similar character which will follow.

Garret A. Hobart led the field with a gross eight-three in the first golf handicap of the season: C. A. Weston, Daniel Griggs and H. B. Holton, tying for second with a net score of eighty.

The birthday anniversary of Mrs. W. A. Lombard of New York, was pleasantly observed at the Mansion House, taking the form of an afternoon card party.

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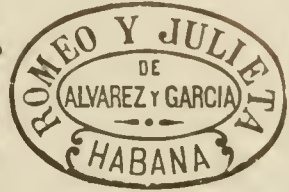
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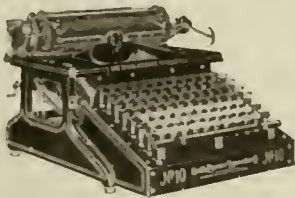
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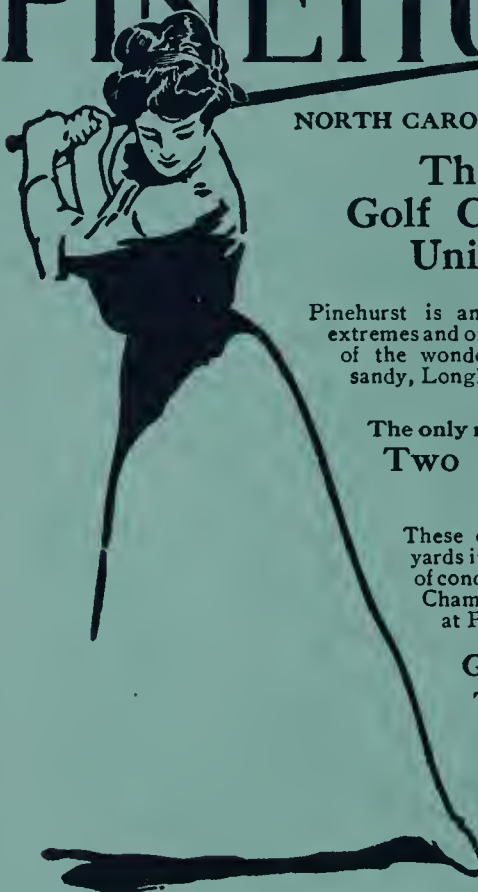
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A·WEEKLY·MAGAZINE
OF·NEWS

EDITED·BY·HERBERT·L·JILLSON



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OUR TRIP TO WOLF DEN

"Nearer and nearer to the distant mountain which seemed to beckon us to climb its rugged side."

AUG 14 1909
C. B. 1911.2
AUG 16 1909



NORTHWARD-HO!



A WEEKLY MAGAZINE OF NEWS

SATURDAY, AUGUST 14, 1909

VOL. V

No. 4

OUR TRIP TO WOLF DEN

You've Also Made It?



MY FRIEND, Prof. J. Botany Smith, familiarly known as "Smith" in our family, in order that it may be definitely known to whom we are referring, has a summer bachelor camp in the land of NORTHWARD-HO! which he calls "Wolf Den." From the first the name had a fascination for me, and besides, I love the woods and detest the hot, stuffy city in summer. Naturally, when a note came from Smith saying that Mrs. Kendall and myself must set aside a few days and spend them at "Wolf Den," I was delighted, and I lost no time in accepting. We started the following Saturday. What a joy it was to leave it all behind! How I envied Smith—lucky dog, Child of Nature, living the Life Ideal! I certainly *did* envy him.



Late in the afternoon we alighted at Trout Brook station with a sigh of relief for the journey had been tedious and the cars crowded. On the platform stood Smith, with a hand for each and a smile for both. To be sure, hardly the Smith we knew in town, for he did look somewhat seedy, not to say shiftless, with a shabby suit and two weeks' growth of beard; but it was Smith for all that, and he was glad to see us, no doubt about it, and we were glad to see him.

We filled our stifled lungs with pure mountain air while our luggage was

thrown into a light two-seated democrat, and a moment later were off. The railroad station was soon lost to sight and the horse jogging along a winding road beside which majestic elms stood out sharp and clear against great banks of billowing clouds, piled high against the sky, their cool tones in refreshing contrast with the landscape bathed in the mellowing rays of the afternoon sun. "Isn't this grand," whispered Mrs. Kendall, with a look I love to see, and, as I filled my pipe, I envied Smith—lucky dog, Child of Nature, living the Life Ideal!

On we went through a beautiful country; along white roads and through the cool shadows of the firs, past farm houses foregrounded by waving fields and backgrounded by tall maples; across stretching meadows where brooks danced and gurgled, nearer and nearer to the distant mountain which at each new glimpse, seemed to beckon us to climb its rugged side, and at whose foot, we were told "Wolf Den" lay.

Then we passed through a quaint little village, with white houses, prim picket fences, and green blinds; a country store, a village church, a town pump—where we had a drink of cool water—and then we slowly climbed a hill and went quickly down a slope and, suddenly, we were almost at the foot of the mountain, which until then, had seemed far away. We turned sharply

to the left, past a farmhouse, and through the trees the setting sun was reflected crimson on distant water.

We followed an unused road for a mile or so and turned aside through a high gate which shut off wheel marks leading through a rocky pasture. Half a mile further on we came to the wooded shores of a pond which we followed for a few rods. The horse stopped mechanically. Not far away, through the trees, on a rocky point of land, stood "Wolf Den" and while Smith unhitched the horse we rushed up for our first glimpse with a cry of delight.

It was a picturesque retreat, octagonal in shape, built of pine logs with the bark on, the sawed ends painted white and the doors and trimmings red; a wide veranda running entirely around it. Presently Smith unlocked the door and we feasted our eyes on the interior. A fireplace of boulders was the special feature and over it hung a modern rifle and several ancient arms, suspended from a deer's antlers. In the centre of the room stood a rustic table and about it four unique chairs, all of Smith's own make; on the brown logs drawings of fish, mounted fish, woods trophies and more arms, all pleasing bits of color.

"How delightful!" exclaimed Mrs. Kendall enthusiastically. How much nicer it is to leave the bark on these lovely logs; they are so picturesque, so full of color!" And I *envied* Smith—lucky dog, Child of Nature, living the Life Ideal! Then Smith suggested that we look around a bit while he prepared supper. Supper was something that I had been thinking of seriously for several hours past, but just how or when it was coming had not entered my mind until that moment.

"Why, do you cook your own meals; do all your own work?" questioned Mrs. Kendall in her most flattering tones. "How fascinating!" Smith ad-

mitted that he did, with all due modesty. And I *envied* Smith again. We lingered just long enough to see him cover the rustic table with a bright red table cloth and set a few deep blue dishes on it. Now if there is anything in the world I do dote on it is a bright red table cloth with deep blue dishes, but "sweet-heart" doesn't care for them as a regular thing, and I have to forego the pleasure in town.

In a surprisingly short time Smith's halloo announced tea, and we hurried back. Everything was very cheery; the bright red table cloth, the deep blue dishes, and the warm light over all. Smith, busy at a smoky oil stove, stopped long enough to seat us, explaining that he'd cook the "flap jacks" and hand them to us hot, because they were much better that way, and he asked my wife to pour the tea. Of course we felt that supper would not be complete without Smith, but he seemed to take so much pleasure in acting as a combination chef and waiter that we withdrew our objections.

Now I'm not fussy about "flap jacks." I can get along without them for quite a spell, and it was the first time I had ever attempted to make a meal of them, but I thought I *could* stand it, and besides, I knew that Mrs. Kendall was very fond of them. Presently the first batch was ready and smoking on her plate. They looked brown and good. Mrs. Kendall looked for the butter and not seeing it, asked Smith if he would mind passing it. Smith hesitated and then explained that it was hard to keep butter without ice, so he didn't have it "much." They were fair cakes and they tasted good, but the "maple syrup" was sorghum, and we detest sorghum, but this was, of course, "rough camp."

Then I noticed my tea and asked Smith if he would pass the cream—the *cream* mind you! I shall *never* forgive myself for that! Smith explained that cream would not keep well without ice



and he didn't have it "much," and further, it was half a mile across the pond to the nearest farm house. "Besides," he concluded, as he began opening a can with his pocket knife, "I like condensed milk better."

Now Mrs. Kendall and I don't agree on everything, bright red table cloths and deep blue dishes, for instance; but neither one of us can drink tea without milk, and any suggestion of sweetening is unbearable. In consequence, we couldn't drink tea with condensed milk, we couldn't drink it without, and we couldn't drink Smith's tea, as much as we loved Smith. So we just smiled, and when Smith's back was turned, busily cooking cakes, I poured it down between the cracks in the floor, and even took a second cup, in response to Smith's urging, complimenting him on his ability as a "chef;" *chef* mind you!

I shall *never* forgive myself for that remark.

We sat on the veranda in uncomfortable rustic chairs and I smoked while Smith supped, enjoying the moonlight on the lake and the cool, fragrant forest air; but the mosquitoes, minges, black flies and things, which buzzed around and fed on us, *did* seem rather numerous, and tired from our long day, we began to think of retiring early. Smith anticipated our desire and explained that the sleeping "rooms"—I am sure he *used* that word—were "up stairs," to which a *ladder* standing by the fireplace, led. Up to that moment the thought of where we were to sleep had never entered my mind. Smith obligingly went outside while Mrs. Kendall clambered up. Smith always *was* thoughtful!

Then it occurred to me that I would like a glass of clear, cold, sparkling *spring* water; but Smith explained that he didn't have a spring, drank pond water instead, and he went down to the shore and dipped up a pailful from the shallow beach so as to have it "fresh." Well the water made the

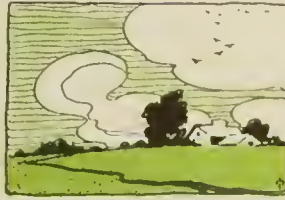
bright tin pail look amber, it had lain in the sun on the sandy beach all the afternoon and it was *rather* warm, but that is a fiend and—we drank it.

It was awfully jolly "up stairs"—at first sight—with the rafters overhead close down, and a curtain dividing it in the centre; so cozy, so rustic. Smith's "room" was first and ours next, so that at a glance, I saw that it would be advisable for us to retire first, and likewise, best for Smith to arise before we did.

Then I took a look at the "curtain" which divided the "rooms." It was a trifle heavier than cheesecloth. Then I took a look at the "beds" in our "room." They were single cots, the *a* feather bed kind which sink very low in the centre and rise very high at the head and foot; the kind that squeak and groan ominously as if in warning, when you move in them. I never could sleep on a single bed, let alone a cot, but I thought I *could* stand it.

Then I held the light high up and found spiders and things on the low rafters, all busy, all waiting, it seemed to me. Then I took a look at the logs, those lovely logs which were so picturesque with the bark on—the bark so full of *color*—and there were bugs and worms and things on them. Then I muttered, very softly, something to Mrs. Kendall about Smith; "words overcharged with feeling" Mrs. Kendall didn't like that—she *never* likes to have me swear—and she said, rather tartly, that she thought I ought to be able to put up with a few "little inconveniences" of "rough camp" in such a truly delightful spot, and Professor Smith had been *so very kind*. She certainly *did* say "little inconveniences."

Then I was cruel enough to call Mrs. Kendall's attention to the spiders and things, and the bugs and worms and things, but she only gave a forced little laugh and took the cot farthest from



the wall so that there was nothing else for me to do but to take the one beside the logs with the bugs and worms and things, close by, and the rafters with the spiders and things, just above.

Just then Smith came up, carrying a shotgun, and undressed in the dark; a very wise precaution I thought—not the gun but the dark—when I remembered the curtain. Then the stillness of night settled down and sleep, beautiful, sonorous sleep, spread its wings over Smith, but not over me, and I was just beginning to mind, to *really mind*, when Mrs. Kendall's cold hand slipped into mine. Never a word or whisper was spoken all through the long, tedious night, and thus we lay until the first gray streaks of dawn lighted the rafters and logs and revealed the spiders and things, and the bugs and worms and things, still busy.

Then we rose quietly, dressed hurriedly and crept down the ladder like spectres, while Smith slept and snored on. Out into the clean, clear, morning air we leaped. We bathed our fevered brows at the shore of the pond, sought out a grassy nook, and with a couple of Smith's blankets on the ground, we slept; slept soundly, peacefully, until the sun shining in our faces, woke us.

I hurried to the cabin, but Smith was still snoring loudly, so I replaced the rugs, joined Mrs. Kendall and we strolled about. When Smith came down we were on the veranda, radiant as rose blooms, to explain how the beauty of the morning had tempted us to rise early, and that we were ready for breakfast. Yes, breakfast! I *used* that word. I shall *never* forgive myself for that, for breakfast is a word with meaning to me—a word which conveys something more than soda biscuits, without butter, and poorly made coffee with condensed milk—but it's only fairness to the bean which intoxicated goats some centuries ago, to say that I believe the cupful I drank saved my life. I shall *never* cease to think that. Bless the man who took the trouble to discover what the goats were

eating, and I am almost tempted to add, bless the goats!

Smith washed the breakfast dishes in cold water, because it took oil to heat water, and without soap, because he had forgotten to purchase it at the village, wiped them on the towel we had used, and had us out on the pond before I had time to think. Only vaguely do I recall that it was a beautiful sheet of water with green hills all about, little islands here and there, and a wide river winding in at the head; that there were pickerel, and bass and perch for the taking, and wild ducks and signs of deer, for it had suddenly occurred to me that I had come for a *week!* I had been very careful to be specific about this in my letter to Smith. Naturally I expected to be urged to stay longer, but I had stated that we could stay that length of time.

Noon found us back at the cabin and presently the smoky oil stove was in operation. I recall this as one in a trance. A moment later Smith appeared with a tin can in one hand and the light of one who is about to make a startling disclosure in his eyes. "Do you like Campbell's soup?" he queried gleefully, as he held the can up to view, while the word "mock turtle" burned into my hungered brain as hope battled with fear. "Do I!" was the fervent response I managed to rouse myself sufficiently to make, and Smith went his way rejoicing. Presently the ravishing odor of something that was not flap jacks or soda biscuits, floated to my grateful nostrils.

"Dinner!" shouted Smith boyishly, a few minutes later, and I upset a chair in my eagerness to respond, only to get a disgusted look from Mrs. Kendall. Smith served us scantily, remarking that it was very rich and a little went "a long way." He helped himself bountifully, explaining that he was "used to it." Our plates were soon empty; those lovely deep blue plates on the bright red cloth, but Smith didn't seem to notice them and he helped himself again, and again, drain-

ing the bowl with the remark: "This is the handiest stuff you ever saw for rough camp," and I *agreed* with Smith, in a dull, uncomprehending way.

Then a great light broke through the clouds which shadowed my brain—an *inspiration* if ever man had one! I didn't wait to smoke my "after dinner" cigar which I have come to consider as important as the meal itself. I didn't wait for Smith to finish washing the deep blue dishes in cold water, without soap; but at once explained that Mrs. Kendall and myself were very fond of driving—would he mind if we took the team for a little exploring trip?

The suggestion pleased Smith—lucky dog, Child of Nature, living the Life Ideal—who, no doubt, welcomed the opportunity to be alone, for as he hitched up the horse, he kindly suggested that we leave the wagon at the farmhouse down the road, and get a single seated buggy which he kept there. As we drove away he called to us that he would catch some perch during the afternoon, and "I'll show you how to cook fish in rough camp, to-night," were his parting words. I love fish and I love them in the woods served on a bright red table cloth and in deep blue dishes, and I *do* like perch; but only with an effort, could I concentrate myself long enough to comprehend Smith, and then I wondered vaguely if he really meant it; or *was* it an apology!

We proceeded leisurely until outside of the high gate, hurried to the farm

and secured the light buggy. It wasn't necessary for me to explain to Mrs. Kendall where we were going, and when we drove up to the little Inn at Trout Brook station and gave the horse to the stable boy, she didn't even ask: "Won't Professor Smith worry?"

The morning train carried us to the city; the hot, dusty, smoky city which I detest in summer. Supper time found us at home, while Katie with a look of unconcealable curiosity, brought pink canteloupe, juicy sirloin, crisp muffins, and cream and butter, and things, all in the daintiest of white china, and put them on the snowiest of table cloths, and I *didn't* mind; I'm *sure* I didn't!

Then in the twilight, we sat on the veranda, in comfortable, civilized chairs, overlooking the lawn with its great elms, while I smoked, and there was no moonlight on the lake; no cool, fragrant, forest air; no mosquitoes, minges, black flies, and things, but I *didn't* mind; not even when my dear little wife snuggled close to me as I love to have her do, and asked fearfully:

"But, Justus, *what* will Professor Smith say?"

Dreamily I gazed afar off into the deep blue sky, and as the picture of Smith—lucky dog, Child of Nature, living the Life Ideal—came back to me with photographic exactness, I murmured softly:

"Smith be *darned*!"

And Mrs. Kendall, who *never* likes to have me swear, *didn't* mind; I *know* she didn't!



AQUATIC GYMKHANA FROLIC

It Furnishes Amusing Afternoon of Novelty and Surprise
for Visitors at Mount Kineo



SATURDAY afternoon's aquatic gymkhana proved one of the most amusing affairs ever seen here, replete with novelty and surprise, several hundred people witnessing the fun from the verandas of the Yacht Club house and laughing until their sides ached. Details of arrangement were in the hands of an active committee including Messrs. James K. Clarke, Francis West and Nelson Dougherty; the judges of the afternoon Rear Commodore W. H. Dougherty, Secretary George E. Cooley and Mr. Ernest F. Eidlitz, one of the Club's prominent charter members. At the close of the program afternoon tea was served at the Club house and handsome prizes awarded the winners in the various events.

The first number on the program was a mixed doubles tandem canoe race, eight couples participating. The distance was two hundred yards and the field well bunched from start to finish, Mr. and Mrs. Francis West of Boston, finishing first with Mr. Austin Feuchtwanger of Madison, and Miss Toyo Murai of Riverside, but a half a length behind them. Others in the race were Mr. and Mrs. James K. Clarke, Mr. F. Walter Hentz and Miss Clarice Paterson, Mr. Yoneo Arai and Miss Harriet Gay, Mr. W. T. Harrison and Mrs. M. D. Paterson, Mr. G. Allen Smith and Miss Mio Arai, Mr. Jack Hutchins and Miss Edith Thornton.

The amusing portage race which followed was a decided novelty, contestants diving off the breakwater, swimming to canoes, crawling in, paddling to the breakwater, carrying the canoes across and paddling to a finish line in front of the Club house. As for upsets there never was a time when someone

was not in the water and the attempts of many to regain their canoes under difficult conditions were most amusing. The race was paddled by couples, Messrs. Nelson Dougherty and Austin Feuchtwanger winning, with Messrs. Francis West and Jack Gay, second. Messrs. G. Allen Smith and Jack Hutchins, F. Walter Hentz and Yoneo Arai were others who enjoyed the fun.

The tail end race was both difficult and ludicrous, the conditions requiring that the contestants sit in the bows of their canoes with the sterns out of balance and raised high in the air, and their progress during the race resembled bird dogs working out quail tracks! Master Taro Murai of Riverside, was the first to make the journey; Messrs. C. L. Spieden and Francis West being disqualified for landing stern first, much to the amusement of the crowd.

The gunwale contest, next in order, was not without its difficulties, the young men standing on the gunwales of the canoe, or attempting to do so, and paddling, during the intervals when they were not trying to maintain their balance and when not either, floundering in the water attempting to regain the canoe or trying to get back on the gunwales. Messrs. C. L. Spieden and G. Allen Smith had matters much their own way, finishing first and second and making the distance without a mishap.

In the upset race the trick was to jump overboard at a signal, crawl back as quickly as possible, and paddle back to the finish line, but the result was largely the swamping of canoes and getting distanced. Messrs. Nelson Dougherty and Austin Feuchtwanger were the winners, Messrs. Walter Hentz and Yoneo Arai second.

The closing number was the lance contest of the middle ages adapted to

Northern Maine, and while it was, perhaps, less thrilling and less dangerous than the ancient sport, it was, nevertheless, none the less amusing and the contestants punched each other mercilessly and pushed each other into the water indiscriminately, until the judges took mercy of Messrs. W. T. Harrison and Francis West, who were fighting it out in the finals, and declared a draw.

WON IN THE TWELFTH INNING

"When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war," and so the annual baseball game between the old rivals, the local and the Dover-Foxcroft teams, is anticipated from year to

equally brilliant, eighteen men being struck out and but six scattering hits allowed.

The visitors scored their only runs in the second inning on a combination of two hits and an equal number of errors, but after that try as they would, the home plate was just beyond reach. Kineo scored in the fifth and sixth innings, Eekstrom landing for a home run, the winning tally coming in the twelfth; Captain Seales the first man up, landing for a clean single and being pushed along by Fellows and Coggins. Chase of the visiting team, made a fine unassisted double play in the seventh inning and came very near getting the



REGATTA DAY AT KINEO

year, this season's contest the third in the schedule, the fastest and prettiest ever played here, the home team winning with a spectacular play in the twelfth inning, three to two; the score tied from the sixth. Throughout, the game was distinctly a pitcher's battle royal and for the first time this season the locals found themselves up against a pitcher who could hold them down. For the first five innings, not a man reached first off Delano and during the game ten men were retired, with hits few and scattered. The work of Eekstrom, Kineo's Dartmouth crack, was

ball to second in time for a triple. Davis, also of the Dover team, gathered in a difficult foul fly and Captain Seales pulled a hot liner out of the clouds which looked good for at least two bases.

The second game was disappointing, the home team winning easily fifteen to three, landing on Delano until they sent him to the tall timber in center field with a bunch of hits that had netted eleven runs, but it is only fairness to say that his support was poor. Boadway, who succeeded him, fared little better, four runs being made

Ryan of the University of Maine, occupied the box for Kineo, pitching a masterly game, granting only three hits and striking out fourteen men. The feature was the hitting of Coggins of the locals who tallied four hits, one of them a two-hagger.

The scores by innings:

KINEO..... 0 0 0 0 1 1 0 0 0 0 1—3
DOVER..... 0 2 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—2

KINEO..... 0 7 0 4 1 1 0 2 x—15
DOVER..... 0 0 0 0 0 2 0 0 1—3

The next game in the schedule with the Taconnets of Waterville, one of the strongest teams in the state, is in progress as NORTHWARD-HO! goes to press. The well-known eastern team of Bangor, is booked for the week to come.

GOLF LEADS IN SPORTS

Golf leads in popularity among outdoor sports, a match play putting competition a special feature of the week; J. Ralph Hilton of New York, and Master Howard Rowland of Philadelphia, fighting it out to the last hole in the final round, Mr. Hilton winning. There were prizes, not only for winner and runner-up, but for Miss Truesdell and Mrs. Nathanson, who made the semi-final. Others who participated were Mrs. F. Lockwood, Mrs. M. D. Paterson, Mrs. E. F. Eidlitz, Misses Margaret O'Callaghan, Dorothy Haight, Dorothy Kinley, A. M. English, W. E. Lewis, and Anna Marks; Messrs. J. I. Barr, J. R. Hilton, Yoneo Arai, W. S. Ilenay, William O. Rowland, Jr., W. H. Baldwin, G. J. Loveley, J. Harry Hentz, Franklin Lockwood, P. H. English, Austin Feuchtwanger, Howard Rowland, R. Arai, F. Walter Hentz, and J. F. Callaghan.

Master Hurd Hutchins of Boston, the winner of a match play golf handicap defeated George J. Crozer, Jr., of Upland, Pa., three up in the final round and a brilliant finish, making the last three holes in three strokes each. Master Hutchins' handicap was four, while his opponent had seven strokes. Other participants included Mrs. M. D. Paterson, Miss A. K. Robinson and Messrs.

Jack Hutchins, W. B. Haight, George J. Loveley, J. H. Gay, Jr., E. F. Eidlitz, Henry Feuchtwanger, W. H. Baldwin, J. H. Kinley, Y. Arai, R. Arai, T. J. O'Donohue, Jr., F. Walter Hentz, J. Harry Hentz, W. O. Rowland, Jr., J. S. Pearson, D. O. Pearson, John F. Ball, F. Lockwood, H. T. Chase, J. I. Barr, and A. Murai.

AT THE RIFLE BUTTS

James K. Clarke of Philadelphia, and Mrs. M. D. Paterson of New York, divided honors in the opening event of the weekly rifle shoot, a handicap match, on the basis of the number of shots allowed. Mr. Clarke (11), led the men with seventy-three, John Reilly, Jr., (12), second in seventy-one and Dr. Rowland Cox, Jr., (12), third in sixty-nine. Mrs. Paterson's allowance was (13), and she scored sixty-eight; Mrs. E. F. Eidlitz, also 13, made sixty-four, and Mrs. James K. Clarke (12), sixty-three.

Others who participated were Mrs. C. A. Judkins, Mrs. John Reilly, Jr., Mrs. Stanton I. Hanson, Miss Paterson, and Messrs. F. S. McIlheny, R. H. Page, W. O. Rowland, Jr., E. C. Page, R. H. Page, Jr., Austin Feuchtwanger, G. K. Crozer and F. Walter Hentz. Following the handicap, targets were shot, the scores counting for the trophies offered by Mr. and Mrs. Reilly. Thus far Mrs. Judkins and Mr. Clarke, lead in this keenly contested race.

MR. AND MRS. DOUGHERTY'S GUESTS

The dinner and dance, tendered by Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Dougherty of Brooklyn, at the Yacht Club, Saturday evening, was easily one of the season's most delightful affairs, covers being laid for ten at the dinner and forty-two attending the dance which followed. The dinner guests were Mrs. Henry Lee, Mrs. J. Hall Hilman, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. James K. Clarke, Miss Dougherty and Messrs. E. L. Thayer, W. L. Sheaffer, Henry Sheaffer, F. Walter Hentz, J. Harry Hentz and Nelson Dougherty.

Mr. George J. Loveley of Boston, entertained Mr. and Mr. James K. Clarke, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest F. Eidlitz, Col. and Mrs. C. A. Judkins, Mrs. Walter H. Powers, Mrs. M. D. Paterson, Mr. W. T. Harrison, and Mr. George W. Powers at a jolly "lobster a la Newburg" party.

A lecture by Mr. R. C. Follett of Boston, on "Forest Life," illustrated by moving pictures, was an enjoyable feature at the Club, Thursday evening. Mr. Follett knows the woods as an author knows his own book, and his pictures are remarkable.

AMONG THE GUESTS

Welcome members to the summer group are Mr. and Mrs. John Reilly, Jr., of Salem, N. J., and Mr. and Mrs. Geo. K. Crozer, Jr., of Upland, Pa. Mr. Reilly has just added a boat, the Gypsy, to the fleet of the Yacht Club. Mr. and Mrs. Reilly are enthusiastic rifle shots and Mr. Crozer a devotee of out-door life. Mr. Crozer's father is also a member of the party, also Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Page and their two sons, Robert H., Jr., and George Crozer, of Upland.

The Hutchins cottage is occupied again this summer by Mr. and Mrs. J. Hurd Hutchins and Masters Jack and Hurd Hutchins of Boston. The father and sons are enthusiastic golfers, scarcely a day passing when they are not on the links.

Miss De Goll of New York, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Clark of New York, at their cottage.

Miss Eugenia, the attractive daughter of Mrs. Edward Kelley of New York, is one of those who indulge in a horseback ride nearly every day through the woods' roads around Kineo.

Mr. and Mrs. John M. Herrick of Lancaster, Pa., are here for their first visit and delighted with the place.

Mr. and Mrs. Chapin Marcus of Montclair, N. J., with Mrs. Marcus' brother, Mr. A. B. Butler, Jr., of Washington, D. C., are back from a three weeks' camping trip on the Allegash.

Among old-timers on the point are

Mr. and Mrs. George M. Thornton and the Misses Thornton of Pawtucket, who rarely miss a season here

Mr. Walter Hentz and Mr. J. Harry Hentz, 3d, of Philadelphia, return for the summer. Mr. and Mrs. Hentz will join them soon.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Baldwin of Washington, D. C., return for their second season.

Mr. Ten Brock Steadman of Hoboken, and Mr. F. W. Chapin of New York, are back from a camping trip to King's High Landing. Dr. and Mrs. E. T. Steadman will join them the last of the month.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Feuchtwanger and Miss Feuchtwanger of Madison, N. J., join the family at their cottage.

Among the familiar faces on the point are those of Mr. and Mrs. W. O. Rowland of Philadelphia, and the two popular boys, Masters W. O. Rowland, Jr., and Howard Rowland.

Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Campbell and Mrs. H. G. Campbell, Jr., of Paterson, N. J., return after an absence of two years.

A new addition to the enjoyable summer colony is the family of Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Crane of New York, including their pretty little daughter, Miss Catherine.

Mr. and Mrs. B. Dangerfield of Pittsburg, are spending their first summer here.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Haight of New York, and their daughter, Miss Dorothy, return for the season.

The return of Mr. and Mrs. Rush Rowland of Philadelphia, is welcomed by a large circle of friends and acquaintances. Mr. Rowland is one of the most persistent fishermen that whips the lake.

Mrs. Herbert M. Adams of Pawtucket, and her child are at the cottage of Mrs. Adams' mother, Mrs. T. Sedgwick Steele, who will come here directly after her arrival from a trip abroad.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Truesdell and Miss Truesdell, Mr. and Mrs. J. Morton Halsted, and Mrs. E. F. Patchen are late additions to the Brooklyn colony

BUSY WEEK AT WENTWORTH

Few Open Dates Upon August Calendar of Either
Sports or Social Pleasures



THE WEEK has been one of mid-season activity with few open dates upon either the calendar of sports or social pleasures for Wentworth guests, indicative of what the weeks to come hold in store. Delightful days have kept all much in the open air and the daily arrival of motor tourists is never without interest for what event in a resort hotel, winter or summer, takes the place of incoming guests? From them the younger set select acquaintances and the older ones those they would like to meet, while the golfer or the tennis player, mentally sizes up the game they play if they carry a tennis racquet or a golf club bag. And so at The Wentworth, there is never a time when leisure moments may not be pleasantly occupied thus. Some come for lunch, some for the night, but many linger a week or the season, for motoring has now come to be a distinct pastime and the car indispensable to many.

In this connection a partial list of a single day's arrivals early in the week, is of interest showing as it does the class of people included, the cars driven and the volume of the business. The names printed include only those from New York, Boston and vicinity: Ex-Gov. and Mrs. Charles W. Floyd, Marion B. Floyd, Manchester (Packard); J. N. Hopkins, Miss E. Twitchell, Miss R. Twitchell, Miss J. Twitchell, Arthur Glins, New York (Pierce-Arrow); J. H. Connor, L. H. Connor, Miss Connor, Haverhill (Stevens Duryea); Mrs. Charles Warren Hunt, Miss Alice Riggs Hunt, Charles Warren Hunt, Jr., New York (Studebaker); James Ingram, Lawrence (Pope Hartford); Mr. and Mrs. H. Bradford Lewis, Andover (Oldsmobile); F. P. Frazier, W. F. Frazier, New York

Mercedes; Mrs. H. L. Goodrich, Miss Goodrich, and H. B. Goodrich, Haverhill (Stevens-Duryea); Mr. and Mrs. William V. Shea, Mr. and Mrs. William L. Sisk, Lynn (Pope Hartford); Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Gould, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Hills, Amesbury (Thomas Flyer); Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sterling, New York, Mrs. S. C. Sherwood, Miss Buckingham, S. Wakeman Sherwood, R. I. Sherwood, Southport, Ct. (two Packards); Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Newbold, Baltimore (Stevens-Duryea); Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Price, and Miss Price, Boston (auto car 1910); Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Shirley, Lynn (Buick); Mr. and Mrs. Joseph M. Schenck, New York, Mrs. Hoagland, Boston (Packard); Mrs. Henry Murdock, Miss Clara Murdock, William Crane Murdock, Brooklyn (Studebaker, 40); William Smith, Mrs. A. Smith, Mrs. A. Robertson, R. B. Smith, Boston (Reo); J. B. Sturgis, Boston (Thomas); H. W. Pillow, L. B. Pillow, Montreal (McLaughlin); Mrs. H. B. Sargent, Mrs. C. W. Bigelow, New York, Mrs. L. H. Bigelow, Ridgefield (Mathewson).

PROGRESSIVE BRIDGE ENJOYED

The enjoyment of last week's progressive hearts party led to its repetition Tuesday evening in the form of progressive bridge, a large number participating. Mrs. W. F. Winkler of Louisville, Miss Blanche Dittenhofer of New York, and Miss L. A. Williams of Boston, were the winners of the attractive prizes. Others who participated included: Miss Bacon, Miss B. L. Bacon and Miss Estelle Dittenhofer of New York, Mrs. James Spencer Taylor and Mrs. E. L. Cattendon of Newburgh, Mrs. William Painter of Baltimore, Miss Reade of Philadelphia, Mrs. C. H. Davidson and Miss Goshoon of Cin-



THE WENTWORTH AS SEEN FROM THE NAVAL PRISON

cinnati, Mr. and Mrs. Lyman Reid, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Reid of Ottawa, Kansas; Mrs. F. T. Vose, Mrs. A. E. Smith, Miss A. Richards and Mr. F. K. Priest of Boston.

Other pleasant affairs included a birthday party given by Master Dillon Winship of Macon, the young son of Mr. and Mrs. Emory Winship, for a few young friends, including Masters William Birdsall of Washington, James Spencer Taylor, Jr., of Newburg, Erickson Perkins of Rochester. The table was very daintily decorated with sweet peas and ivy, the birthday cake containing treasured souvenirs in the form of miniature pigs, ponies and fish.

Many have entertained informally at dinner and luncheon, among them Miss Longley of Pawtucket, who lunched Miss Loud of Au Sable, Mich., Miss Bousfield and Messrs. H. B. Smith and A. C. Walsh of Bay City, Mich., and Mr. Max Rhobde of Chicago, the party motoring up from Beach Bluff in Miss Longley's car.

Mr. C. M. Griffeth of New York, dined Mrs. H. C. Graham of Winston-Salem, N. C., Miss Lucy Fay of Fitchburg, and Miss Ruggles of Reading, Mass.

Mrs. Charles B. Holloday, Miss Elizabeth Holloday and Mr. Alexander Holloday of Wilmington, were the guests of Mr. William H. Smith of their home city.

GOLF CLUB A FAVORITE RENDEZVOUS

The Golf Club house is a favorite rendezvous for all, among those who rarely miss a daily round being Mrs. W. H. Johnson of Philadelphia, Mrs. Emory Winship of Macon, Mrs. J. W. Reid of Ottawa, Kansas, Mrs. F. Stewart Foster of Montreal, Mrs. D. H. Arthur of Buffalo, Mrs. Allan Lard of Washington, Mrs. Herbert L. Jillson of Pinehurst, Miss Pauline Firth of Boston, and Miss Lucy K. Priest of Newcastle; Messrs. John J. Ferrick, W. H. Johnson, Dr. Horace Packard, F. F. Vose and William Firth of Boston; Howard P. Ballantyne and E. D. Speck

of Pittsburg; H. S. Foster and F. W. Foster of Montreal; James S. Taylor and Chauncey C. Taylor of Newburg; J. W. Reid of Ottawa; Emory Winship of Macon; F. H. Hornebeck of Kansas City; Erickson Perkins of Rochester; D. H. Arthur of Buffalo; George Davidson, W. P. Scott, Jr., and P. Myers of New York; Dr. H. Packard and A. E. Smith of Brookline; C. B. Southard of Belmont; Christopher Allen of Stafford Spring, and F. T. Allen of Lynn, W. H. Allen and T. Allen of Concord, Judge F. H. Hiscock of Syracuse.

The first tennis tournament is in progress as NORTHWARD-HO! goes to press, play followed with interest by a large gallery gathered on the spacious verandas which overlook the courts.

AMONG THE GUESTS

Miss A. B. Dexter, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Dexter of Philadelphia, was married to Mr. Thomas Pierce of Philadelphia, Sunday last at Dover, N. H., and the happy couple are now making a tour of the White Mountains.

Mrs. George Scammon, Miss Scammon, Miss Edith Scammon and Mlle. Darel of Boston, come for the month.

Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Hoopes, Miss Pruyn and Master Samuel Hoopes of Glenn Falls, will remain several weeks, and will do much motoring.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. C. Wallace, Miss Lydia Wallace, J. L. Wallace of Cleveland, and Mr. C. S. Ross of Cincinnati, will make a long sojourn.

Mrs. J. B. Latour and Miss Lillian Latour of New York, are all season guests.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Feelinghuysen and Miss M. E. Feelinghuysen of Morristown, N. J., come for the month, bringing their car with them.

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Rickards and Mrs. C. H. Harbert of Chicago, are here for an indefinite stay, bringing their motor.

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Wood of New York, were guests of the week, *en tour* to the mountains.

Mr. J. Alfred Watson of New Haven,

joins his mother for an extended visit.

Mrs. George Brown and Mrs. N. R. Smith of Baltimore, join Mrs. Keith for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Arthur and Miss A. C. Eesenwein of Buffalo, are here for the month.

Mrs. John B. Cornwall and Minnie Appel of Rochester, will remain several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Dexter and Miss Dexter of New York, come for an extended visit.

Mr. and Mrs. John N. Lenning and Mrs. J. Nelson Veit of New York, spent the week here, coming by motor.

Miss M. V. Dunham and Mrs. Kirk Hawes of Chicago, will remain until September.

Mrs. A. Ordway and Miss V. B. Padelford of Washington, are here for August.

Mrs. T. L. Janeway, Master Julian Janeway, Miss Margaret Janeway, Master Julian Dexter and Master Sidney Dexter of New York, join Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Dexter.

Mrs. H. G. McVicker of New York, also joins the Dexters.

Dr. and Mrs. O. W. Collins of Framingham, join Miss Drown for the week to come.

Mrs. G. H. Armstrong, Miss Eva A. Stark and Mr. Hosea Canney of Boston, are here for an indefinite stay, coming by car.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Chauncey and Mr. I. Tyson Morris of Philadelphia, will remain until September, bringing their car with them.

Mrs. Edward Hinman and Mrs. Edward Hinman, Jr., of New York, are spending the summer here.

Miss Spinney of Boston, spent the week with Mrs. C. E. Morrison.

Mr. W. H. Brown of Brooklyn, joins his family.

Mrs. J. H. Williams and Mr. Leroy B. Williams of Syracuse, are here for an indefinite stay.

Mr. L. Thompson Hollister of New York, spent the week with Mr. Bruen.

Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Smith of Brookline, will remain until September.

Dr. and Mrs. O. B. Shreber of Salem, joins Mr. and Mrs. Lovejoy.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. A. Thorne of Chicago, are late arrivals.

Dr. and Mrs. Charles B. Wagner and Mr. and Mrs. James W. Johnson of Binghamton, are here for an indefinite stay.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter R. Ingalls of New York, and Mr. and Mrs. William T. Hopkins of Lynn, will remain several weeks.

Mr. W. H. Pillow joins Mrs. Pillow for the month; Mr. L. B. Pillow of Montreal, spending a portion of the week here.

Mr. Wilbur C. Johnson of New York, spent the week here, the same old "Burtie."

Mr. J. Mitchell Fairbanks returns from a motor trip to Montreal, which was most enjoyable.

Mrs. D. B. Frazer of New York, is spending a fortnight with Mrs. A. J. Averell.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Donnelly of St. Paul, spent the week here.

Dr. W. R. Burke of Providence, is completing a short visit.

Messrs. J. J. Levison, F. S. Aeton, and C. W. Iowa of New York, are here for a fortnight, coming by motor.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Blecker Banks of Manchester, are here for the month.

Mr. W. H. Culliton of Salem, will remain through the month.

Mr. Percy W. Derbyshire of New York, joins friends.

Mr. J. E. Smith of Baltimore, is making an extended visit.



MONSTERS FIGHT HARD

Souvenir Favor Cotillion Provides Evening of Merry-making for Guests at The Belgrade



A PLEASANT prophecy for the weeks to come and an occasion of enjoyment long to be remembered, was Saturday evening's souvenir favor cotillion arranged by Mrs. Nathan Pulsifer Thayer, whose presence here is always synonymous with life and gayety throughout the entire hotel. Planned on original lines and replete with merrymaking, the affair entertained not only the dancers, but a company of onlookers which taxed the capacity of the music hall.

Among the most novel of the figures and appropriate to The Belgrade, was the one in which partners were "fished" for across a screen and while strikes were plentiful, the landing of the "monsters" was most difficult, many of them making off with hooks, leaders and lines and in some cases, even going so far as to drag the anglers away with them! In happy relation, also, were the favors which included miniature canoe paddles, colored photographs of local scenes, tiny flasks, leather wrist purses, Japanese parasols, confections and other dainty trifles.



Many exquisite toilettes were seen, not only among the dancers, but the company in attendance as well.

Mrs. E. B. Vanderveer of Flatbush, wore black and white striped chiffon over white; her daughter, Miss Gertrude, a pink satin princess gown, and her guest, Miss Ethel Case of Flatbush, a pale green empire gown.

Mrs. J. A. Mahony of New York, wore steel blue messaline with diamond ornaments; her daughters, Miss Adelle and Miss Beatrice, dainty painted chiffon; little Dorothy in white muslin.

Mrs. Henry Zuckerman of New

York, wore grey fillet net with cut-steel ornaments and silver sequins; her daughter, Miss Nellie, a hand-painted chiffon with over-blouse of lace.

Mrs. R. B. Sherburne of New York, wore white chiffon embroidered in gold and white; her daughter, little Miss Marion, white muslin with blue sash and hair ribbons.

Mrs. F. F. Sloan of Crandford, N. J., Mrs. George H. Buzby of Philadelphia and Mrs. Z. D. Berry of Brooklyn, each wore dainty lingerie gowns.

Mrs. James N. Kelly of Brookline, wore black crepe de chine, and her daughter pink messaline with a silver scarf.

Mrs. Charles A. Hill wore white chiffon with a border of pink roses on a background of black.

Mrs. Nathan Pulsifer Thayer of Brooklyn, wore yellow satin with a golden brown velvet sash.

Mrs. Maurice Mallon of New York, wore a black lace gown, her daughter in blue crepe de chine.

Mrs. Eagleson Robb of New York, wore a hand-embroidered batiste gown, set off by a large black picture hat.

Mrs. Herbert A. Morgan of New York, wore black chiffon and lace over white silk.

Mrs. E. B. Boyd of New York, wore black and white striped chiffon with a border of pink roses.

Mrs. Frank Dudensing of New York, wore white crepe de chine, with touches of oriental embroidery.

Mrs. H. M. J. McMichail of New York, wore white batiste and lace over pink.

Mrs. A. H. Waterman of Brooklyn, wore white lace and a black tulle sash.

Mrs. C. F. Nicholson of New York, wore pink liberty satin.

Miss Ethel I. Jenson of Roxbury, wore yellow satin.

Mrs. E. R. Sheridan of Brooklyn, wore black lace.

The men who for the time being (it is often thus at summer resorts) forgot they didn't have to see their guide, go to the village, were too tired, didn't dance or that it was too hot or too cool, included Messrs. E. Robb, Frank Dudensing, Leon Sherburne, C. F. Nicholson, Jack Nicholson, W. P. Malton, Robert Carrigan, Charles Carrigan, Sidney Carrigan, Herbert A. Morgan of New York, Leslie Duke, B. L. Beal,

hundred people enjoyed the fun the company including hotel guests, cottagers and villagers, and as for downright enthusiasm "the sky was the limit."

Dudensing occupied the box for the winners during the first four innings and did good work, making a sensational one-handed catch of a hot liner which he got to first for a double. Carrigan finished up for the home team but his wildness resulted rather disastrously. Nicholson of The Belgrade



WHEN TWILIGHT'S SHADOWS FALL

Charles A. Hill, Lawrence Hill of Boston, Carrol Buzby of Philadelphia, R. H. White of Meriden, and F. F. Sloan of Crandford.

THE SKY THE LIMIT

Saturday afternoon's baseball game between The Belgrade and the Joyce Island camp teams proved one of the closest and most interesting of the season, the hill aggregation winning by a score of twelve to eight. Several

team was the star hitter of the day, but going down in an attempt to work the White Socks "squeeze play" for a tally, after making a three-bagger.

The score by innings:

BELGRADE.....	4	4	2	1	0	1	x	—12
JOYCE'S.....	1	1	0	0	0	3	—	8

The youngsters have caught the baseball microbe and as a result, the "Belgrade Second" team has been organized and the "Pine Island Juniors" challenged for a game which is in progress

as NORTHWARD-HO! goes to press. It is expected that no contest of the summer will be more generally enjoyed and certain it is that the week has been one of sleepless nights for many of the players. Master Richard Dudensing is pitcher and Joe Graham, assistant pitcher. Julian Janeway will catch, Carroll Buzby play first, Richard Graham, second, Ralph Patterson, third, Charles Carrigan, short, and John Reipp, Leon Farnum and Wallace Patterson will cover the field.

FISHING STILL HOLDS SWAY

Fishing records are mounting merrily upward, the arrival of ex-Senator Joseph B. Foraker, who comes to break all kinds of records, giving added zest to interest in the sport which never wanes in popularity here.

Among the members of the fairer sex who are devoted to rod and reel, Mrs. R. J. Fooks of Brooklyn, is easily among the leaders, taking in a single day last week, twenty bass with a three-pounder for the largest, and the average a pound and a half each. Mr. Fooks took several two and a half pounders, and Thomas H. McGechin, New York, also secured a fine string; the total for the day being seventy-five.

E. G. Vanderveer of Flatbush, who has been an annual sojourner for several years and rarely misses a day on the water, took some exceptionally large bass during his visit, his last day creel being only a fair average and including fish weighing five, four, three and a half, three, two and three-quarters and two pounds. Mr. W. P. Mallon, his friend, enjoyed good sport; a three-pounder his best catch.

Other recent catches out of the ordinary, include a string of five bass weighing four, three and a half, three and two pounds, taken by E. Robb of New York; a string of three weighing three, three and a half and two and a half pounds, for C. F. Nicholson of New York; a string of six, weighing three and three-quarters, three and a half, three and a quarter, three, two and

three-quarters and two and a half, for Noel S. Davis of Montclair; three weighing three and a half, two and three-quarters and two pounds, for W. E. Brown of Glen Ridge; a three and a half pound bass by H. M. J. McMichael of New York, and a five and a half pound pickerel by Augustus G. Cobb, also of the Metropolis.

W. S. Carrigan, Jr., of Philadelphia, and three friends, took a string of forty-two weighing nearly sixty pounds, and Herbert A. Morgan of New York, eight which totalled twenty-one and a half pounds. Fly fishing is by no means unknown even during mid-summer as is indicated by a string of fifty bass taken one afternoon last week, by W. J. Cassard of New York, who rarely uses other than the artificial lure.

GOLF'S POPULARITY UNQUESTIONED

Golf's popularity remains unquestioned, a large field participating in Monday's medal play handicap which was in reality, a preliminary round for the contest for a handsome trophy offered by The Belgrade which is in progress as NORTHWARD-HO! goes to press.

D. E. Burger of New York, whose allowance was twenty, led with sixty-eight, net; a quadruple tie resulting for second place between S. A. Luther of New York (22), R. L. King of Dayton (5), Byron Riblet of New York (20), and B. L. Beal of Boston (35).

F. F. Sloan of Crandford, whose allowance was eight, was third in seventy-eight, also making the best gross score of the day. C. F. Nicholson of New York (18), and Manager Charles A. Hill (35), made eighty each; G. H. Buzby of Philadelphia (9), eighty-one; J. M. Muldon of Pensacola (10) eighty-two; E. Robb of New York (18), eighty-three; Leslie Duke of Boston (35), eighty-four; J. A. Mahony of New York (35), eighty-six; Richard Dudensing of New York (35), eighty-seven; R. M. King of Dayton (10), eighty-eight.

Mrs. Henry Zuckerman of New

York, led the women with a net card of seventy-five, playing with an allowance of forty-five; her daughter whose handicap was fifty, second in seventy-nine. Miss Sheridan of Brooklyn (30), made eighty-six; Mrs. F. F. Sloan of Crandford (15), ninety-two; Mrs. E. Robb of New York (50), one thirty-five.

AMONG THE GUESTS

Bathing was never more popular, appealing especially to the younger set, the morning bathing hour almost as generally participated in as at the seashore.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Cutler Fuller and Mr. Dwight S. Fuller of Philadelphia, are here for August, delighted with their first impressions of the place.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred W. Taylor and Miss F. E. Taylor, also of the Quaker city, are old friends whose return is welcomed by a large circle.

Messrs. W. Sherman Rose, F. A. Moller and T. Burt Maguire of Brooklyn, and J. Harry Given of New York, join the ranks of the anglers.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Muldon, Miss Ellie Muldon, and Master J. M. Muldon, Jr., of Pensacola, Fla., come for their first and an extended visit.

Mrs. F. W. Jockel and her son, Mr. F. W. Jockel of New York, are here for the month. Mr. Jockel will devote much of his time to fishing.

Mr. D. Nelson of New York, and Mr. Henry C. Nelson of Pittsfield, are here for their second season.

Mr. and Mrs. Seymour Bookman of New York, are completing a short visit.

Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Lord of Pittsburg, are delighted with their first impressions of Belgrade and will remain through the week to come.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Hale and Master J. F. Hale, Jr., of Boston, return for August.

Mr. C. F. Farriday of Wilmington, Del., comes for a long sojourn.

Miss Elizabeth Dumphy of Brookline, joins her sisters, Misses Julia and Margaret.

Miss Ethel I. Jensen of Roxbury, is the guest of Miss Anna English.

Miss Dorothy Conner of Rye, is visiting Miss Nellie Zuckerman.

Dr. and Mrs. F. F. Wood of Rutherford, N. J., will make a long sojourn.

Dr. and Mrs. C. E. Williams of Houlton, Me., are spending several weeks here.

Mr. Thomas H. McGeehin of New York, joins Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Fooks for a short visit.

Mr. and Mrs. "Al" Powers of New York, frequent visitors, spent a portion of the week here.

Mrs. James N. Kelly and Miss M. W. Kelly of Brookline, will remain several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Byron Riblet and Miss Josephine Riblet of New York, are here for the month.

Mr. and Mrs. George F. Reeve of New York, are spending a fortnight here.

Mr. R. H. White joins Mr. and Mrs. J. H. White of Meriden, Conn.

Prominent among the arrivals booked for the near future is ex-Senator D. T. Flynn of Oklahoma, who comes with his family to remain throughout the summer.



GOLF IS KING OF SPORTS

Fore! is the Cry Which is Now Awakening Forest
Echoes in White Mountain Region



THROUGHOUT the entire White Mountain region golf is unquestionably King of sports. From the little chap with tiny clubs and bag, to daddy with special "pets," the little miss to fond mamma, brother John to sister Sue, and even on to grandpapa and grandmama, the enthusiasm reigns supreme and nothing in the White Hills now rivals "fore" in awakening forest echoes, with the exception of the honk of the motor car.

And all this is of comparatively recent growth, gradual growth, permanent growth, and with it has come equipment to meet increased demands. Unquestionably the leader in this line—the first to recognize the possibilities of the game—was Maplewood, and its example has done much for the section. Bretton Woods has always been a close second, its selection this season for the annual advertising men's tournament, a significant indication of the present equipment. Kearsarge, also, has been a leader, Manager Creamer in close touch with the situation at Pinehurst, N. C., early realizing its important place in summer resort sports.

Profile has a fine course which Governor Eben Draper and General W. N. P. Darrow frequent, and Twin Mountain, Fabyans, Sunset Hill, Waumbek and Bethlehem all make much of the game, tournaments, varied in their character, adding to interest in the game, the interest of the entire mountain golfing contingent centered upon the coming open handicap on the Mt. Washington course. Tennis, also, is a favorite sport, the annual White Mountain championship just ended, at Crawford's, the event of the season. The winner plays Irving C. Wright, the title holder, for the possession of the

Crawford's Notch challenge cup. W. Monroe Roberts, John Darragh and Clarence Pratt are prominent contestants. Tournaments at Maplewood, Profile, Waumbek, Kearsarge, Twin Mountain, Fabyans, Sunset Hill and Bethlehem, will follow.

Happily combining is baseball which claims everybody's attention, social pleasures ranging all the way from the informal to the formal, with variety almost endless, for the entire colony is on pleasure bent, always seeking novelty, and what clever people cannot think of under such conditions, is not worth mentioning.

AT THE MAPLEWOOD

The Maplewood is enjoying an unusually successful season, the number of those who are here for the entire season being very large. Never has golf been more popular and the Casino is a favorite rendezvous for all.

Among those summering here are Mr. and Mrs. Charles T. Parks, Mr. and Mrs. W. O. Fundondurg, Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Seaman and Miss Seaman, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Stevens, Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Lindenau, Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Lyons, Mr. Robert Hager, Mr. W. P. Rice, Mr. W. W. Mick of New York and Dr. Johanna Basterella Leo of New York, Mrs. E. M. Phinney and Mrs. Charles Phinney of Brooklyn, Col. and Mrs. W. A. Williams of Worcester, Mrs. William Scott of Riverside, Conn.

Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Beech of Boston, return for the season bringing with them their motor car, and Mrs. E. H. Baker, Miss E. D. Bugbee, Miss S. F. Green, Miss B. G. Frazer of Providence, are back for their sixteenth season. Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Morrison of Montreal, are completing their

honeymoon here. Mrs. E. Arthur Clarke and her sister, Mrs. John Smythe Fogg of Manchester, will remain several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Muggett of Boston, Mrs. S. D. Keen of Lynn, Miss E. D. Chase of Philadelphia, and Miss O'Rooke of New York, come for the month of August.

Late arrivals at Maplewood cottage who will remain some time, include Prof. and Mrs. E. H. Cushman of College Hill, Mass., Mr. and Mrs. James T. Murray of New Bedford, Miss Mary C. Nalley and Miss Ella Hackett of Boston, Mr. and Mrs. Z. A. Van Houten of Passaic, Miss L. Saniewska, Miss Elizabeth A. Duffy, the Misses Missie and Florence Levy of New York, Mr. M. F. Amerman and Mr. James R. Scott of New York, Miss Ada M. Butler of Jersey City, Miss Frances E. Flynn of Newark, Mrs. T. M. Ashlyn of Philadelphia.

Late arrivals at the Sinclair house who will remain indefinitely include Mr. and Mrs. John May, Mr. and Mrs. George L. McConike of New York, Mr. and Mrs. George L. Crawford of Mt. Vernon. Other late comers are Dr. and Mrs. T. E. Brown of Brooklyn, Mr. and Mrs. H. N. Dobbie, Miss Redlege, Mr. and Mrs. M. M. Davis, the Misses Goodman, Miss Mary Tate, Miss Anna Baker, Mrs. Henry Hanf, and Mr. and Mrs. L. P. Sigsbee of New York, Mr. and Mrs. Francis C. Van Dyke of Paterson, Mr. and Mr. E. R. Spur and Miss Spur of Newark.

The Bethlehem Country Club has its plans for the new Club house well in hand. It will be modern in every particular with large assembly rooms, locker rooms, shower baths, restaurant and spacious balconies.

AT SUNSET HILL.

Golf leads at Sunset Hill, among the prominent players being Mr. E. Kempshall of London, who is summering here with Mrs. Kempshall, and is seen daily upon the links. Mr. C. W. Royce of Arlington, Prof. Pike of New

Haven, Dr. Forest Martin of Catskill, "Jack" Egerton of New York, and John Beattie of Montreal, are among those who are devoted to the game.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Griffin and family of Riegelsviere, N. Y., have taken one of the cottages for the season, bringing their own motor car for several interesting journeys through the hills.

Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Emerson of Abton Bay, are spending their first season at the Mount Lookoff. Mrs. W. H. Mulligan and child of Thompsonville, Conn., joins Miss Gunievre Keith of the Sunset Hill for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Carpenter and the Misses Carpenter of Foxboro, are spending a fortnight at the Echoes. Mrs. Robinson of Attleboro, and Miss E. H. Gay of Boston, are here for the summer.

Mrs. William Swift of Boston, and Mrs. E. A. Andrews of Greenwich, is at the Sunset Hill.

Dr. G. Forrest Martin and family of Lowell, return for their usual visit.

Mrs. W. W. Washington and Miss Louise Washington of Newark, are late season arrivals.

Mr. Frank L. Washburn and family of Boston, will spend the season here.

Mrs. E. W. Grant of Brookline, is spending her first summer here.

Mr. Thomas J. Brady and his sister, Miss M. B. Brady of New York, are also season guests.

Prof. and Mrs. Franklin B. Dexter of Yale, join their daughter, Miss Dexter.

AT FABYANS

Miss Maud Barron who has lately returned from Seattle by way of Yellowstone Park, is a recent arrival at the Fabyan house and will at once resume her position as leader of the younger set. Miss Barron's delightful personality and tact make her one of the most sought-after young women in the Mountains, and there are few more expert and daring "*femme chauffeurs*."

Mrs. Samuel Wallach, Miss Wallach, Mrs. Louis Frank and children, Mrs.

A. S. Ellison, Miss Ellison, Messrs. Charles and A. H. Samek, Mrs. H. Samek, Miss B. Samek, Mrs. B. V. Hazzard of Verbeek, Mr. and Mrs. S. Abraham, Mrs. Schwab, Miss Schwab, Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Solomon, Mrs. A. S. Nye, Mr. Seymour Gutman, Mr. Seymour Hermann, Mr. Isaac Arndt and Mr. Benedict Wise, all of New York; Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Pillsbury and Mr. P. Jadwin of Brooklyn, Miss Mary Anderson and Mr. Samuel Anderson of Jersey City; Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Block of Galveston, are here for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Cook of Boston, successfully completed the trip as pedestrians to the top of Mount Washington and back, recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis W. Qua of Lowell, are making a short visit.

Mr. F. E. Rice of Philadelphia, an old patron, returns for the summer.

Mr. Francis Benedict and Nina V. Benedict of Wellington, Ohio, are here for the month.

AT INTERVALE

Intervale's tourist business this year is greater than in any July in many seasons, due possibly to the fact that motor travel is so constantly increasing. Scarcely a day passes that a dozen great cars do not roll up to the hotel and deposit the pongce-clad freight on the veranda, some stopping over night or for a few days; others merely for one of the Intervale's famous dinners, or, perhaps, a glimpse at some of the pretty girls for which the resort is noted.

General and Mrs. Frank Thorp of Washington, are late comers at the Bellevue, with Miss M. C. Frost and Miss Sarah Burke of Flushing. Miss Aida R. DeMilt of Manhattan, is here for an extended stay.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Hammond of Brooklyn, and Mrs. James Hamblet of New York, are at the Langdon.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Monroe Roberts (Jeanne Tobin) of New York, whose wedding on July twelfth was an important social function, are spending their

honeymoon at the Crawford where Mr. Roberts was a guest last summer. They will remain over the annual tennis tournament.

AT THE KEARSARGE

Mr. M. Alden of Brooklyn, was one of a party to climb Mt. Kearsarge from North Conway recently. Despite a slight rain they acquired a satisfactory view—one of those for which the east side is noted in song and story.

Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Rowles of Montclair, N. J., are enjoying a month's golf. Others devoted to the game include Prof. Wm. H. Lawrence of the M. I. T., Mr. and Mrs. George Caverhill and Mr. and Mrs. E. Hollister Wilson of Montreal.

The return of Mrs. J. McGregor Smith of New York, and Mrs. S. Chambers Reed of New York, is welcomed by a large circle.

Mrs. A. C. Church of Cooperstown, N. Y., is here for a long sojourn.

Miss Mary Stevens of New York, has taken rooms for the summer and is accompanied by Mrs. Henry M. Burt and F. Allen Burt of Newton, Mass.

Misses C. and M. Muendel of New York, will spend August here.

Mrs. F. P. Drake, Mrs. William Pettibone and Mrs. F. J. Whitney all of New York, are late arrivals.

Miss Belle M. Conley of Brooklyn, returns for the summer.

AT TWIN MOUNTAIN

Old patrons who return to the Twin Mountain house for the season include Mr. and Mrs. Samuel G. Aull of Providence, Mr. and Mrs. Julius H. Cohen, Mrs. Geo. Rothin of New York, Mrs. S. R. Rothkoff, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Heiden and son, Leo, R. Heiden, Mrs. A. L. Gutman, the Misses Gutman, Paul Benjamin, Mrs. Joseph J. Benjamin, and Mr. Alex Guiterman of New York, Mr. and Mrs. Isadore Rotchin of Pittsburg.

Mr. Marcus W. Hill of Andover, Mass., an old guest, is making a two weeks' visit.

GAMIEST OF GAME FISH

Fact and Fiction Intermingle in the Stories Anglers Relate in the Hotel Lobbies



"THAT'S all right, trout, salmon and bass are good fish, but the gamiest thing that swims is the bone fish of Biscayne bay." It was the Kentuckian who spoke, after listening attentively to the tales of fish and fishing by anglers enjoying Maine's sport. "Pound for pound he has more fight in him than any fish sportsmen take, and what is more, he is a thoroughbred from the tip of his tail to the point of his nose.

"I'm not bone fish crazy, nothing of the sort, for I've caught most everything from the tarpon of the south, to the salmon of the Provinces, but I take my hat off to this Biscayne bay beauty with new meaning, every time I try to find his equal. And the funny thing about it is, he is very little known owing to his scarcity, for he is not to be found anywhere except in the locality mentioned; the waters of Biscayne bay and those extending some sixty miles further south.

"We discovered him accidentally while cruising along the Florida coast. Happening to put into Miami for supplies we asked a native what there was for fishing and he put us in contact with the first bone fish we ever saw, but the 'contact' didn't last but a few minutes! We tried again several times, but always the fish won out. In a few days we realized that we had discovered the 'King of the Waters,' our cruise ended; then and there we became bone fishermen for life. That year we were not, of course, rigged with the right sort of tackle, but we had *sport* and since then no other fishing has satisfied our desires.

"The fish weigh from three to ten pounds, averaging five and six. They are dark on the back with silvery sides

and scales like a tarpon, and built for speed and endurance, long and slender, with a sharp forked tail and a prominent dorsal fin, but well knit and powerful. In appearance they look as if they might belong to the mullet or herring family. The jaw is conspicuous because of a large bone with which their food, a shell fish, is crushed; hence the name.

"The fishing is prime from flood to full tide, when the fish come in to feed on the flats in water at a depth of from eight to ten inches. As they work along their heads go down and their tails come out of water, and as they go their dorsal fins cut the surface and the sunshine is reflected from their silvery sides; a pretty picture, surely.

"The guide works the boat toward them carefully, for they are as timid as deer, and once frightened, very difficult to approach. When within sixty or eighty feet, which is as close as it is possible to get, you cast the bait to a spot in line with the direction the fish are working and not nearer than twenty or thirty feet. This bait is one of the shell fish upon which the fish feed and it must be absolutely fresh, for they have noses like full-blooded Llewellyns, and they will work away from a stale bait as fast as they will work towards a fresh morsel, and it is just when this hunt for the bait begins, that the sport commences. The bait must lie immovable until the fish finds it. The first indication is a slight nubble, for they are not vigorous biters, and they must be hooked for they rarely hook themselves.

"What's he do when hooked? What's a race horse do when he gets the word? But a race horse is not in the same class. From three to five hundred feet of line is taken out on the

first rush, and this rush is often repeated twice and even three times, making from a thousand to fifteen hundred feet of line in all that is taken out in this manner. When these bursts of speed are over it is fight, fight, fight, every inch of the way to the boat, the runs growing shorter as the fish fails. When at last he sees the craft the mighty struggle comes, but not having the strength to make a dash, he circles rapidly about at a distance of from ten to twenty feet, often making the circuit half a dozen times. When at last he comes alongside, belly up, he is dead—he has died game—and may be lifted into the boat with safety by the guide.

"My description of the fishing is very tame. One must enjoy the experience of stalking this crafty denizen of the deep and feel his rush to appreciate the sport. If you desire bait fishing that fulfils every requirement of the ideal, take a bone fish.

"Our tackle is a little heavier than that used for bass, with eight hundred feet of No. 9 (fine) best flax or linen line, a multiplying reel and hand-made hammered bronzed hooks on treble-twisted best quality gut.

"To attempt to stop these fish on the first rush with heavy tackle would be impossible as they would tear any hold loose, and to hold them in any manner is a trick that must be learned by long experience.

"As a table fish they have few equals, either planked or broiled. The sport is good from November to April, but at its best during the months of November and December.

"Don't get the bone fish mixed up with the 'lady fish' of the Florida coast, which is generally known among the natives as the 'boue fish,' for they are no kin, except that both are fish.

"You will not find it easy to get in touch with this monster because very few fishermen or guides know anything

about him. William, Charlie and George Bickle of Miami, are the only men, I believe, who know enough about this sport to initiate a novice into it. If you are doubtful, get in touch with this fish next fall."



It was the "Reverend" Jones who broke the silence which followed. "I don't doubt my Southern friend," he began, "and I take my hat off to the bone fish, but when it comes to *unusual* in fishing the good old Moosehead togue takes the palm. In this connection, I cannot refrain from relating a personal experience.

"You know there are days when the water seems literally alive with fish. A close student of press articles (here the 'Rev.' Mr. Jones cast a meaning look at the newspaper man) might lead you to believe that this condition was a permanent one. However, such is not the case. On the contrary, these occasions are very rare, but upon the day in question, the lake literally seemed to boil

with fish of all kinds. As we pulled away from the wharf big trout, togue and salmon could be seen breaking the water like porpoises as far as the eye could reach, and the surface was white with foam made by the thrashing of their tails.

"I had always thought there were much larger fish in the lake than had ever been taken, but up to that time, I had supposed that even the largest trout would go over ten pounds and the togue not over thirty-five; but, gentlemen, I can assure you that upon the day in question, I saw trout, speckled trout—brook trout—gentlemen, that would tip the scales hard at forty pounds, and togue—lakers—gentlemen, which could easily have taken a canoe in their jaws and crushed it to splinters!

"But, strangest of all, as we trolled



along we could not get a strike. Monster fish were breaking all about us, in play it seemed, but never a one, even a small one, paid scant attention to my minnow. I had become listless when a slight tug brought me to my senses. As I reeled slowly in the uncertain strain at the end of my line, proved without question, that I had hooked a good-sized chub. Not caring to waste time, I attempted to shake the nuisance off my hook, but as I did so, the fish took a new lease of life, and before I knew it, my reel was spinning at a lively rate.

"Don't you know a chub when you get one?" said Jim, disgustedly. "Thought I did," was my reply, "but guess I've made a mistake, for that chap fights like a square tail and a good three pounder.

"Just as I thought the fish was beginning to fail and I was about to reel him in, he seemed to regain strength, and a few seconds later, a handsome salmon left the water in a long, graceful leap, seventy feet away. Gentlemen, I

can assure you that I was never more thoroughly astonished in my whole life.

"'Funny way for a salmon to do,' said Jim; 'start like a chub, next act like a trout, and finally fight like his real self; but he's a dandy for all that, and will go seven pounds sure.'

"It was a lively fight for a while and it made the blood thrill to see that fellow take to the sky, but I held him tant and it was no use. Presently he sounded and I knew it would be but a short while before he would be alongside and in reach of the landing net. I let him rest a moment before forcing him and then pressed gently on the line. There was no response. I pulled harder, but the line stuck fast. Then I gave him the butt, and at last tapped on the rod with the handle of the landing net, because Jim said that would start him

if anything would, but still it was no go. Then I passed the rod to Jim, who was getting impatient.

"'Ho! Ho!' laughed Jim, 'you wake me smile! You're on the bottom! You've let that beauty wind himself about a rock while you were resting, and you might as well pull until something gives.'

"I followed Jim's advice and pulled. As I did so there was a movement of the reel and before I knew what had happened, fifty, seventy-five, one hundred feet of line, had spun out so fast that the silk smoked. Something must be done, with only fifty feet more on the spool, and I slowed the monster up a bit, at last stopping the reel, but only for a second. It was simply a case of give more line or give up the fight.

"'I never saw a salmon fight like that,' said Jim, 'and after you had him most done for, I tell you, we will have something to tell the boys about to-night.'

"Just then the fish started sideways, circling clear about the canoe half a dozen times, which tired him

out a bit, and when he started off again he went so slowly that he got the canoe started, and I was able to keep the reel firm. Faster and faster we went, however, as the canoe gained in momentum, and in five minutes we were heading for shore at the rate of ten miles an hour. On we went past the big hotel and down to the Sand Bar before the fish tired, and we were able to reel the line in. Gradually Jim headed the canoe for the shallow water of the point, and soon we saw, flapping and floundering in about three feet of water, a monster laker, will you believe me, gentlemen; *a mammoth toger!*

"Closer and closer he came to the canoe, but our net was not big enough, and jumping into the water, Jim grabbed the fish by the gills and threw him into the canoe. It was just two



hours and three-quarters from the time I had that first faint nibble and my strength was well nigh exhausted. He was the most remarkably formed fish I had ever seen and Jim estimated his weight at forty pounds. The fish was not of unusual length, but he was as thick through as he was deep; a record breaker. We had fished enough for one day and paddled quickly home. Arriving we weighed our fish on the store scales. Thirty-nine pounds he balanced evenly. Just as we were about to take him to the icehouse, his peculiar shape was remarked upon.

"Let's cut him open," volunteered someone, evidently thinking we had loaded him with lead to give additional weight. That exasperated me and whipping out a knife, I slit the monster up the belly. Inside something silver gleamed and out came a six and a half pound salmon. A light began to dawn upon me and I ripped the salmon open and, will you believe me, gentlemen, inside was a *three-pound trout!* Then and there I had an idea where the chub I first hooked was, and open came the trout. Sure enough, inside was a *pound chub* and in his mouth was my hook and the *minnow I used for bait!*

"Gentlemen, I have stated facts clearly, without exaggeration. This was many years ago, but half a dozen people saw the fish weighed and opened afterwards. If they were alive I could prove the story."

And the crowd upset chairs in its eagerness to reach the open air.

The Clever Crow Can Count

"The crow's a stupid bird in some ways," remarked Peter, the guide, "but he's a star in others.

"In the spring of the year you can hide in a thick underbrush and call scores of them within shooting distance by the poorest kind of an imitation of a young or disabled crow, and if you happen to drop a crippled bird from a flock the whole bunch will hang around and try to protect him while you pick them off, one by one. But the fact remains that a crow can count. If he sees three people go into a cornfield and hide in a building or a brush pile, he is going to see three people go away before he comes back.

"Further, if he sees a dog with a dainty which he happens to want he is going to get that morsel whether or no, even if he has to fly off and get a companion to come back with him and nip the dog's tail to attract his attention, so he can run off with the dainty. In the same way the crow robs the nests of birds which are good fighters and of which he is afraid, by working together, one or a part of a flock attracting attention while the remainder commit the theft.

"And," Peter concluded, "there is not the slightest doubt but crows hold conventions and discuss ways and means. If you doubt this, all you have to do is to find a bunch of the birds getting ready to go south. Seen and heard them, haven't you?"



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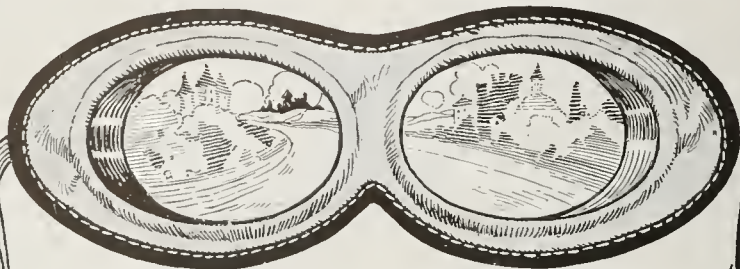
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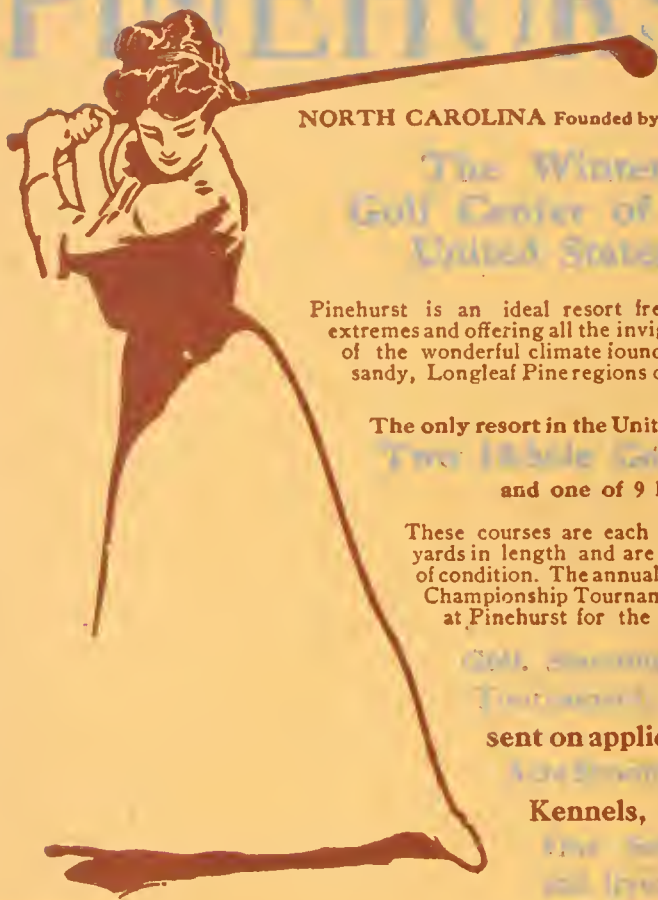
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A·WEEKLY·MAGAZINE
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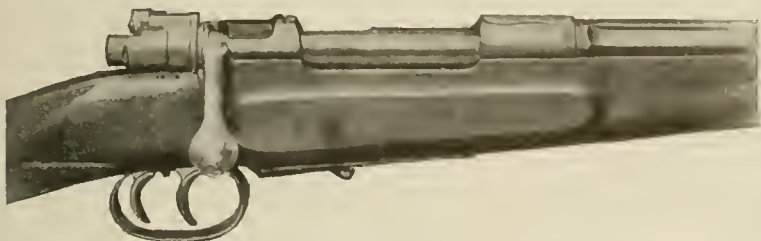
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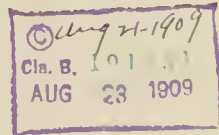


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NORTHWARD-HO!

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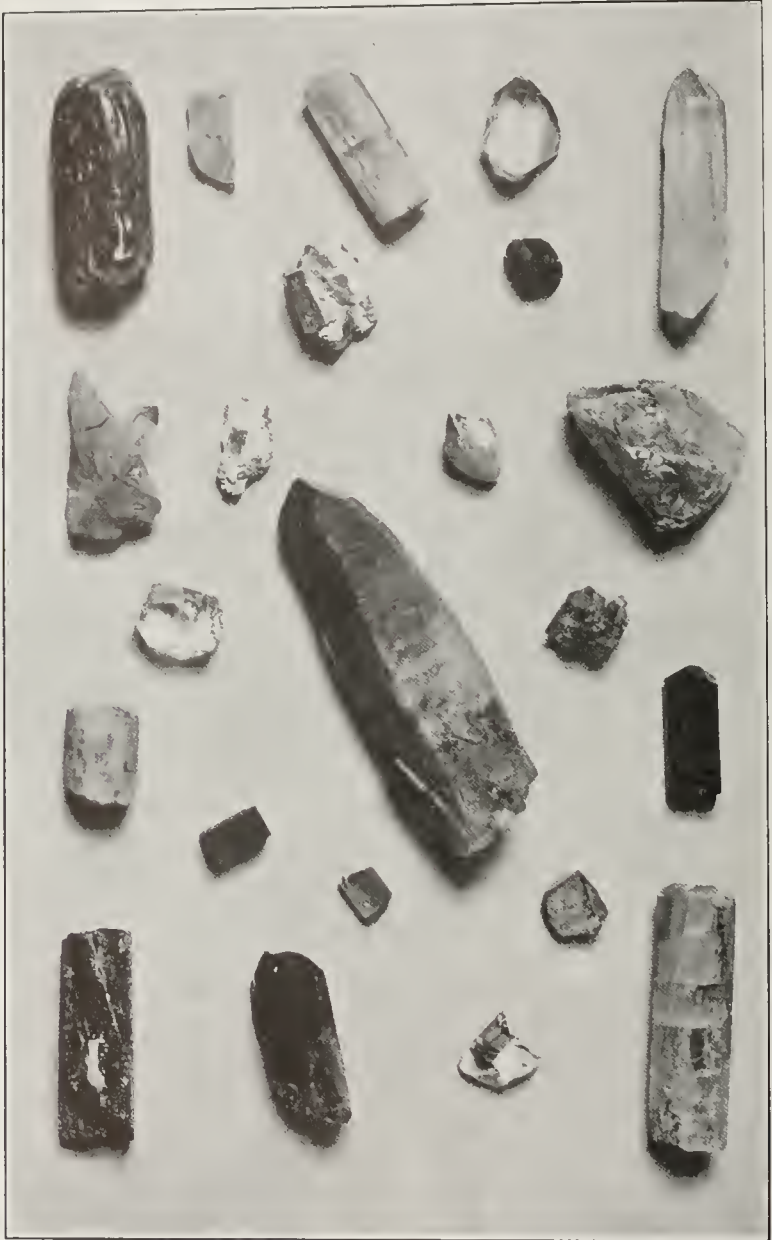
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MAINE GEM CRYSTALS



NORTHWARD-HO!



A WEEKLY MAGAZINE OF NEWS

SATURDAY, AUGUST 21, 1909

VOL V

No 5

MAINE'S PRECIOUS GEMS

Written from the Inside



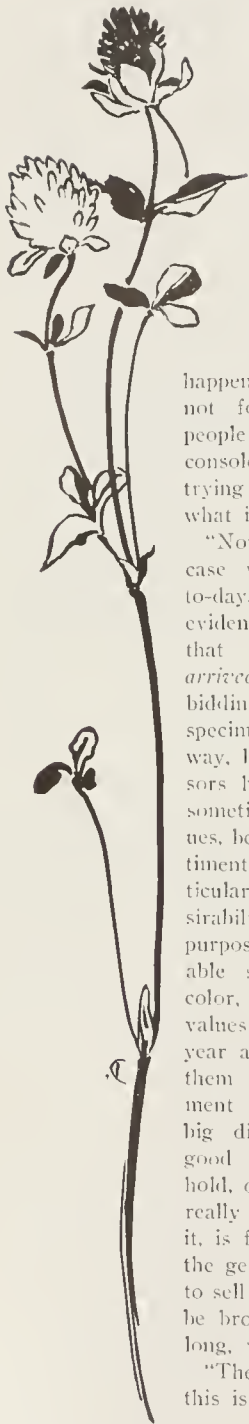
A QUaint little village in Norway and an unique group of men those who practically control the market on Maine's precious gems. Though little known up to within the past few years, and still very rare, comparatively speaking, the demand for these jewels already exceeds the supply, for people of refinement have been quick to realize their exquisite and unusual quality, and as a natural consequence, the supply is "cornered." If you want Maine gems you must get them from those on the "inside." Jewellers have a few—they would like more—but they were a little bit too eager, a bit too enthusiastic, at the start and Norway's coterie started a little combination of its own—a combination absolutely unique—and Maine gems are not to be found in any great quantities, on the "market." Clever men have tried to buy, but Yankee shrewdness and sentimental attachment have, thus far, won out. Norway expects great things of Maine gems, and Norway can afford and is prepared to wait, if necessary.



"This fondness for precious gems is, as you know," says one of the connoisseurs, "almost entirely a matter of sentiment; this sentiment creating the demand and the demand fixing the price. Take the diamond, for instance. What gives it value? First of all, because it has been boomed as no other precious gem has ever been boomed, for as a

matter of fact, the diamond is to many, the least interesting of the precious gems because it lacks *color*. To be sure it has wonderful brilliancy and rare fascination, but the majority of people, there can be no denying, want a "sparkler" simply because it is "the thing" to possess one, and this very largely due to the fact that back of the diamond is the most powerful jewel trust in the world and nothing is being left undone to maintain its unquestioned supremacy.

"Ever tried to get a price on a diamond? Do it sometime and it will open your eyes on the question of values. 'What do you want for it?' asks the dealer. Tell him to fix the price and he'll refuse point blank or hedge. If you urge him he'll tell you the only way he can do this is to remove the stone from its setting and turn it over to an expert for weighing and testing. If you will follow this out in a half a dozen cases you will find a half a dozen prices. Briefly stated, there is absolutely no definite fixed value for *average* stones. It's a matter of sentiment as I said in opening, or perhaps, if you choose to put it that way, a matter of individual taste. To be sure, a diamond is worth so much a carat according to grade, but there's also still quite an extensive range left for personal opinion as to what constitutes this value. When the value of the stone is a high one it comes in the unusual gem which everybody wants, the gem which is particularly



adapted or desired for some special purpose, which is remarkable in size, brilliancy or color, and the price climbs. The more somebody wants that particular gem the more somebody else wants it, and if it

happens to be one that is not for sale, then the people who desire it console themselves with trying to figure out just what it is really worth!

"Now that's much the case with Maine gems to-day, and the very best evidence, to my mind, that these gems have arrived. The public is bidding for the rare specimens in just this way, because the possessors hold them at high, sometimes priceless values, because of their sentimental association, particular adaptability or desirability for some special purpose, or their remarkable size, brilliancy or color, and as a result, values are increasing year after year, making them from the investment standpoint alone, big dividend payers; good collateral to buy, hold, or sell. All that is really needed, as I see it, is for those who own the gems to really want to sell them and this will be brought about before long, without doubt.

"The best evidence of this is found in the fact

that those who control the situation have already fixed what the diamond trust has evidently not fixed, a definite scale of prices, a uniform sum, per carat, for average gems of three grades of perfection, influenced almost entirely by absence of flaws in the crystals. Of course when a gem is of exceptional size or remarkable as regards to brilliancy or color, particularly adapted or desired for some special purpose, the matter of taste or sentiment enters into the question and the price is governed accordingly, but in a general way, the owner of a Maine gem may possess a definite knowledge as to its real value, and this value is pretty generally accepted in the jewel markets of the world, for though Maine's gems are not to be found in abundance outside of a limited circle, their value is known and recognized everywhere at the present time. Further, they are being studied, cut and adapted for the special purpose of bringing out to the best advantage their distinct individual character and they are already regarded as in a class by themselves.

"Take, for instance, a tourmaline. The finest specimen in the world is in possession of our neighbor, Mr. Loren B. Merrill of Paris, in reality a portion of Norway; the nodule weighing four hundred and eleven carats, which allowing half weight loss in cutting, would furnish two unparalleled gems of one hundred carats each. The next finest specimen is in the possession of Tiffany & Company, weighing sixty-nine and one-fourth carats, also from this section. The tourmaline is valued because of its exquisite color, many declaring the deeper hues the equal of the emerald, which, by the way, Maine yet hopes to find, for the tourmaline is in reality, an emerald of a distinct hue. Other tourmalines are found in California, but they are unquestionably inferior to ours in color and less translucent and brilliant. Connecticut is the only other State in the Union, I believe, where they have been found and only in small quantities. Brazil, Ceylon and Russia are the only

other competitors in the market, the output slightly in advance of California in quality, but not the equal of Maine.

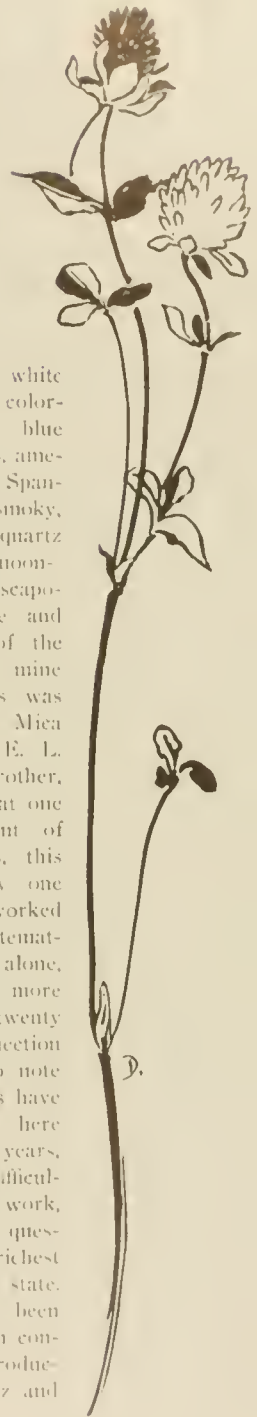
"The largest aquamarine crystal in the world and which is now as fine a gem as can be found anywhere, weighing one hundred and thirty-three and three-quarters carats, and owned by the Field-Columbian Museum of Chicago, came from Norway, and we of us who are closely associated with this industry, believe that we have in our 'royal' amethyst a gem which for its peculiar richness of color, is not to be equalled the world over. Many of our pearls are declared to be the superior of the Orientals because of their delicate tints, and our semi-precious gems also lead; Oxford county having no rival in the production of rose quartz, with the possible exception of the Black Hills.

"Our caesium beryl, we are enthusiastic enough to assert, possesses qualities which even the much lauded diamond lacks, and our golden beryl is one of the rarest of gems, because of its peculiar richness and warmth of color. Our pink tourmalines are admirably adapted for use in combination, but not the equal of the green or as much sought after. The topaz and garnet are dainty stones which have a fascination for many, but which are ranked by us in the lower grade.

"Wonderfully unique and effective ornaments are possible with the smoky quartz, opaque tourmaline and other specimens which when developed, will possess all of the fascination of turquoise, jade and other semi-precious gems which have long been used for ornaments of an unusual character; the idea, no doubt, originating with the Egyptians.

"In addition to the use of these stones in the manner indicated, their adaptability for various decorative purposes is a feature which should not be overlooked. Further, we find that we have many gems unknown to the United States geological survey, for some of which we have provided names of our own, and some, we believe, which are not to be found elsewhere in the world.

Our gems range from the achroite or colorless tourmalines to all shades of green including the Brazilian emeralds, yellows, blues (indicolites), reds (rubellites), to the jet black, called schorl; essonite and almandite garnets, white topazes, caesium, colorless, golden and blue beryls, aquamarines, amethysts, Scotch and Spanish topazes, rose, smoky, and tourmalinated quartz and rock crystal, moonstones, spodumene, scapolite, zircon, titanite and pyrite. In spite of the fact that the first mine of precious stones was discovered on Mt. Mica in 1820, by Hon. E. L. Hamlin and his brother, Hannibal Hamlin, at one time Vice-President of the United States, this mine is the only one which has been worked exclusively and systematically for gems alone, and this for barely more than a period of twenty years. In this connection it is interesting to note that very few gems have been taken from here within the past few years, illustrative of the difficulties attending the work, for this is, without question, one of the richest deposits in the state. Other mines have been worked for gems in connection with the production of mica, quartz and



feldspar, three important commercial products, and from time to time, other deposits have been mined intermittently, but even at the present time, in spite of the interest and the demand, no one has yet undertaken the work along systematic lines which can be classed as distinctly modern. In view of this the results obtained, while remarkable, are merely indicative of the real possibilities.

"These gems are only found within a fifteen or twenty-mile radius of Norway, are exceedingly difficult to locate and only through indications of surface croppings, and the mines are owned and controlled by not more than half a dozen men. The crystals are always found in pockets, filled with sand and other crystalline substances, in pegmatite (coarse granite) veins. The theory is that these pockets were formed by the slow cooling of this material in the presence of moisture and under great pressure.

"The basis of all these gems is largely silica and aluminum, the addition of other elements giving each gem its peculiar character. For instance, the tourmaline is a complex silicate of potash, lithia, fluorine alumina, iron, magnesia and boron; the opaque being used commercially as an ore for the mineral glucinum. The very rare mineral, cesium oxide, gives the cesium beryl its peculiar character. Fluorine tints the topaz and so on down through the list. Of these gems the topaz is the hardest and rated at eight, two degrees less than the diamond and one below the ruby and sapphire. The beryl is next, ranking with the emerald; the tourmaline, seven and a half, and the amethyst seven."



Maine as a state is awakening to the possibilities of this, one of her newest industries, and the attention of the United States Geological Survey is also turned in this direction for it is generally believed that vast wealth lies hidden in the clover-clad hills which surround the quaint little village of Norway and the unique group of men who practically control the Maine gem market.

But for the present, the world at large must wait a bit; wait while the little coterie dreams and schemes 'mid wreaths of tobacco smoke in the environment of specimen-laden cabinets; wait until it makes up its mind just what it wishes to do; and, lastly, decides that it is ready to barter for gold its most treasured possessions; possessions 'round which associations hover; possessions which have been sympathetic companions; sullen in storm, radiant in sunshine!

"No, I wouldn't want to cut up *that* matrix," remarked one, "it's too remarkable a specimen. Note the exquisite relation between the snow-white stone and the rich green crystal. Gawd, isn't she beautiful. See her glow! What a gem that would make—but, no, I wouldn't want to cut *that* up; it's too remarkable a specimen.

"What do I ask for that gem? Now, really, you mustn't ask me to fix a price on *that*—but, isn't she a hummer! Just look at her in this light. Now come over here. Note how she shifts from pale blue to delicate green? See the pin-points of crimson, orange, yellow and purple? Now, really, you mustn't ask me to fix a price on *that*—but, isn't she a hummer!

"You wouldn't want to sell *that* particular gem if *you* owned it; now *would* you, honest?"

And here you have the whole story of gem values in three paragraphs; the sentimental association which fixes the price on unusual stones.

These treasures are dear to these men. They appreciate not that a beautiful thing belongs to the world—they are almost selfish in their viewpoint and happiness—but the day is not far distant when the commercial element will enter in and more will be known of these exquisite gems which are now seldom seen except when their owners handle them tenderly, lovingly, in mystic chambers and the presence of the chosen few!

NORTHWARD-HO!—"It saves letter writing!" Ask for mailing envelopes.



GEM CRYSTALS AND MATEIN

In this picture are shown some fine specimens of tourmaline, amethyst, beryl and garnet.
In this form the "gem stock" is taken from the pegmatite veins.

THERE IS NO JOY AT KINEO!

Tacconnet Team Breaks Baseball Charm and Moosehead is Plunged in Sorrow; Trying to Forget



“OH! somewhere in this favored land, the sun is shining bright; the band is playing somewhere, and somewhere hearts are light; and somewhere men are laughing, and little children shout, but there is no joy at Moosehead—the Tacconnet team won out!”

Just as true it is to-day as it was when Mr. Ernest L. Thayer wrote “Casey at the Bat” and Kineo mourns; mourns because victory for the crack home team has come to be regarded almost as certain as Casey’s hitting, but the score looming up in big black letters, tells the story which none can deny and Kineo is trying to forget; girding itself for new battles, longing for vengeance.

It was snappy, clean-cut baseball, however, throughout, with spectacular play as its feature, each team scoring in the first and third innings, the visitors gaining a lead in the sixth, Kineo rallying in the seventh, but falling just short of tying the score in the attempt and failing to make good in the last two turns at the bat, losing five to three. Herd, who occupied the box for the winners, proved a puzzler, striking out ten men and having things pretty much his own way when hits meant runs, while Ekstrom of the locals was not in form and hit rather freely, the men he fooled completely numbering only three. The player who contributed most to Kineo’s undoing, was the six foot short stop who was here, there and everywhere, ten feet at a jump or twenty feet in the air, and nothing got by him,—infield, short stop, short center or left—the good-natured way in which he performed his remarkable stunts winning the unqualified applause of the gallery which was, naturally, somewhat

pained at the resultant consequences.

The story of the second game is briefly told, for the less said about it the better for it was, without doubt, one of the poorest exhibitions of baseball ever seen here, the only redeeming feature being the brace the home team made in the seventh and eighth innings, the final score of fifteen to twelve in favor of the visitors. The home team pitched a chap named Welch of Oakland, to make good for the loss of Ryan of the University of Maine, and before they realized just what was happening, fifteen runs had been piled up in bunches of three, five, two and five in the first four innings. Fellows finished out the game and while he is not regarded as a pitcher, only two men managed to make the round of the bases during his five innings in the box.

The score by innings:

TACCONNET	1	0	1	0	0	2	0	0	1	—	5
KINEO	1	0	1	0	0	0	1	0	0	—	3
TACCONNET	3	5	2	5	0	0	0	0	0	—	15
KINEO	2	1	0	0	0	2	5	2	0	—	12

NEE-BANA THE WINNER

Handicap motor boat races have now come to be a regular Saturday afternoon feature and enjoyed by the entire section, James K. Clarke of Ardmore, winning last week’s event with the Nee-Bana in one of the most spectacular contests ever seen here. Starting twelfth, the speedy little craft passed one after another of the big field, last of all cleaning up the Wissahickon and Damiante who finished second and third, with but a boat’s length between them.

The boats, their owners, the order in which they started, finished and the elapsed time follow: Nee-Bana, Fleet Captain James K. Clarke, Philadelphia, started twelfth, elapsed time, twenty-

two minutes, forty-five seconds; Wissahickon, Dr. S. MacCuen Smith, Philadelphia, first, fifty-eight minutes forty-five seconds; Damiaute, Mrs. M. D. Paterson, New York, fourth, 50-48; Clematis, Mr. Henry Sheaffer, Pottsville, tenth, 42-53; Hunky Dory, Miss Ethel Outerbridge, New York, third, 58-57; Onaway, Francis West, Boston, second, 50-0; Eleanor, Treasurer C. A. Judkins, seventh, 45-10; Kenywynd, E. H. Outerbridge, New York, eleventh, 36-40; Unome, Commodore C. M. Clark, New York, ninth, 44-45; Gypsy, John Reilly, Jr., Salem, N. J., sixth, 48-48; C. A., C. A. Judkins, fifth, 50-1; Francis, Walton Ferguson, Jr., Stamford, eighth, 44-56.

There were trophies for first and second, offered by Commodore C. M. Clark and Fleet Captain James K. Clarke; the judges of the afternoon being Messrs. Howard A. Colby, Henry Feuchtwanger, Ernest F. Eidlitz, George J. Loveley and J. Henry Hentz, Jr. Following the race afternoon tea was served in the Club house, details of arrangement in the hands of Mrs. Howard A. Colby, Mrs. M. D. Paterson and Mrs. W. A. McGibbon.

Another race is posted for to-day for trophies offered by Henry Sheaffer and Treasurer C. A. Judkins; the big annual handicap for the Ferguson cup scheduled for Saturday next.

The first annual meeting of the Yacht Club showed it to be in a most satisfactory financial condition and working in perfect harmony along well defined lines. The old board of officers was re-elected including: Commodore, Charles M. Clark; Vice-Commodore, William H. Dougherty; Rear Commodore, Stanton J. Hanson, Secretary, George E. Cooley, all of New York; Treasurer, C. A. Judkins of Kineo; Fleet Captain, J. K. Clarke of Ardmore; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. Rowland Cox, Jr., of New York; and a house committee including Fleet Surgeon Cox, Treasurer Judkins, Secretary Cooley and Mr. Arthur B. Waring, of Yonkers.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Henry Hentz, Jr., of

Philadelphia, entertained Mr. and Mrs. Henry Feuchtwanger of Madison, and Mrs. John Carnrick of New York, at dinner, followed by bridge at the Yacht Club, Monday evening.

Mrs. James H. Geaghan of Brooklyn, contributed much to the pleasure of Sunday evening's orchestral concert with soprano solos, Mr. Frank Holding assisting with violin obligato, the liberal applause signifying the appreciation of the guests.

SPORTS IN THE OPEN

The week's program of sports included a kicker's golf handicap, a women's singles tennis tournament and the usual rifle shoot.

Mrs. W. A. McGibbon and Dr. Rowland Cox, Jr., both of New York, led in the rifle shooting with high scores. A cup has also been offered for the best average scores made by the women during the balance of the season in which contest Mrs. Paterson leads with seventy-four, Mrs. McGibbon is second in sixty-seven, Mrs. Reilly and Mrs. Judkins third in sixty-five, Miss Outerbridge fourth in fifty-nine, Mrs. Eidlitz fifth in fifty-eight and Mrs. Clarke sixth in sixty-five.

James L. Barr of Brooklyn, and F. Kimball Hagar of Philadelphia, who selected handicaps of ten each, tied for first prize in Monday morning's kickers golf handicap with net cards of forty-six. J. B. Kunley of Philadelphia, also ten, made forty seven. The committee announced that the number chosen would be between bogey, which is thirty-seven, and fifty, the score nearest the number drawn which happened to be forty-six, winning.

The women's tennis singles are now in progress, play followed by a large and interested gallery of onlookers.

WITH THE CAMPERS

Thus early one hears the first echoes of the coming hunting season, not so far distant, in the stories returning campers tell of big game. In making the Allegash trip, Messrs. Felix Stimpf,

Henry Blass, and C. H. Pfeiffer saw eighty-five deer and five moose. Dr. R. Winder Johnson and family of Philadelphia, who are among the cottagers, counted twenty-six deer and three moose on a week's trip on Penobscot waters.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Truesdell, Miss Dorothy Truesdell of Brooklyn, and Mr. and Mrs. Franklin Lockwood of New York, make up a party which started Monday for the woods. They will stop first at Round pond, then make the Allegash trip, returning in about three weeks.

Messrs. Austin Feuchtwanger of Madison, and F. Walter Hentz of Philadelphia, are completing a week's camping trip at Socatean pond, the first who have ventured in this summer and reports of fine fishing are expected.

Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Mellhenny of Philadelphia, are joined by Mr. J. D. Mellhenny and will spend a month in camp at Spider lake, journeying by canoe to Fort Kent before returning.

Mr. Arthur N. Peck of Cedarhurst, is in camp on Lobster lake.

MAINE GEMS TO BE SHOWN

An event of the coming week eagerly anticipated by all, is the coming of a collection of Maine gems to be shown here Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday next by Bickford Brothers of Norway, Me. Norway is to be Maine gem market what Joe Leiter once "was" in wheat; it has a "corner" on these exquisite "baubles" which are being more and more appreciated by refined people, and Bickford brothers are on the inside.

AMONG THE GUESTS

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Pierce of Boston, are among the recent acquisitions to the Kineo colony. They come from their country home at Topsfield, Mass. Mrs. Pierce was Miss Gabriella Dexter, a well-known New York society girl, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Stanley M. Dexter of Oyster Bay. Mr. Pierce is one of the best known millionaire yacht and club men in greater Boston.

Among the late arrivals whose return is welcomed are Mr. and Mrs. J. Henry Hentz, Jr., of Philadelphia, who join their sons. The family has been annual visitors for years and are counted among the point's most enthusiastic admirers, active in sports and social pleasures and general favorites.

Another group of Philadelphians include Mr. and Mrs. Harry M. Nathanson, the Misses Helen and Ethel Nathanson, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis M. Shanberg, their child and Miss Marks.

Mrs. Balzar De Mari and her son of Philadelphia, who have been in Kineo for a month past, are joined by Mr. De Mari who will remain until the middle of September, or later.

Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Hitchins of Brookline, Mass., are spending several weeks here. They are friends of Mr. George J. Loveley of Boston, who has been here for a month past.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren S. Crane, who have been at Kineo two weeks with their daughter Charlotte, are joined by their friend, Mr. Arthur N. Peck of Cedarhurst, L. I.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Doty, Mr. A. F. Doty and Miss Katherine L. Doty of Waltham, are rounding out the summer here. The young people are welcomed to the ranks of the tennis players.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Darling of Providence, are delighted with their first impressions of Kineo and will remain through the month.

Messrs. F. T. Busk, Wadsworth Busk and L. B. Stoddart, Jr., of New York, are guests of the Outerbridges at Camp Ethelwynd.

Messrs. A. Edward Ells and C. M. Hamilton of Brooklyn, are spending a fortnight here.

Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Stites of Orange, N. J., are making an extended visit, Mr. Stites occupied with scientific study of the interesting natural phenomena of the region.

Mrs. Isabell Holmes-Thompson and Miss Holmes of St. Louis, join Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Holmes of their home city.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard A. Colby of New York, are here for their annual visit and will spend some time here before going into the wilderness camp at Mud Pond Carry.

Mr. Lyman B. Goff of Pawtucket, returns and will spend some time in camp at Brassau lake.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Baldwin of Washington, are joined by Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Russell and Mr. E. L. McLane of Massilon, Ohio, the trip being made to the foot of the lake by motor car, finding the roads excellent.

Mr. O. S. Boyer of Rutherford, N. J., spent a portion of the week here as the guest of Misses O'Callaghan of Hoboken.

Dr. and Mrs. Harris of Trenton, will remain through August.

Judge George V. Leverett of Boston, who has spent over thirty summers in the Maine woods, is in for his annual camping trip.

Miss Sargent of Bangor, spent a portion of the week with Dr. and Mrs. T. U. Coe.

Mrs. Mary R. Talmadge, Mr. Henry Lloyd of New York, and Mrs. Edward C. Battis of Salem, are here to remain several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. James H. Gay, Miss Harriet Gay, and Mr. James H. Gay, Jr., of Philadelphia, return for their usual visit.

Mr. and Mrs. B. Dangerfield of Pittsburg, are spending the month here.

Miss Mabel Thompson of New York, returns as a guest at the Sheaffer cottage.

Dr. and Mrs. Frank Harris of Trenton, will make a long sojourn.

Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Mellheny of Philadelphia, are late arrivals who are making many pleasant acquaintances.

Mr. A. E. Pond of Boston, has joined his family who have been here since early in the season.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Arnold Norcross of New Haven, are guests of Dr. and Mrs. Thomas Upham Coe of Bangor.

Miss Kathleen O'Shaughnessy of Colham, England, who is making her first visit to this country, is a guest at the Sheaffer cottage.

Mr. Richard I. Lewis of New York, joins his family for August.

Mr. John E. Baird, Miss M. Baird and Miss M. L. Baird of Philadelphia, are here to remain through September.

Judge and Mrs. John L. Kinsey and Miss Bellas of Philadelphia, are here for the month.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Schaperkotter, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Bradley and Miss Edith Bryson of Philadelphia, will remain several weeks.

Mr. Warren H. Martin of Philadelphia, who has been at Camp Porcupine, with Mr. and Mrs. Harlan Page, is the guest of Dr. S. McCuen Smith.

Miss Betty Collomore of New York, a guest at the Dougherty cottage, is in camp with Miss Dougherty, Mr. William H. Dougherty and Mr. Nelson Dougherty.

Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Thornton of Pawtucket, are entertaining Miss Armstrong of Rome, N. Y.

Mr. F. Kimball Hagar of Philadelphia, joins Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Kinley and family.

Mrs. John Weiss and Miss Weiss of Harrishburg, are here for a fortnight.



GOLF LEADS AT BELGRADE

Big Gallery Follows Brilliant Play in Final Round of Annual Match Play Handicap



GOLF carried off the honors of the week at The Belgrade, interest centering in the match play tournament for the handsome hotel trophy, Henry C. Nelson of Pittsfield, Mass., winning the closely contested finals from J. M. Muldon of Pensacola, Fla., two up and one to play, in the presence of a large gallery.

Mr. Muldon was generally regarded as the "favorite" and while he played an excellent long game, he was not in form on the putting greens and this with the advantage which Mr. Nelson had in the way of a handicap, lost him the cup. The turning point of the match, however, came on the eleventh hole, where Mr. Nelson holed a difficult uphill putt from several feet off the green, following it up with wins on the next holes. In the semi-final Mr. Nelson defeated Mrs. Sloan, five up, and Mr. Muldon beat Mr. Sloan, two up. In the first round Mr. Nelson defeated Mr. Dudensing, seven up; Mr. Muldon, Mr. Robb, two up and one to play, Mr. Sloan, Mr. Riblet, four up and two to play; and Mrs. Sloan, Mrs. Zuckerman, five up and four to play.

In qualification a tie resulted for first place between Mr. Nelson whose medal allowance was eighteen, and Mrs. Henry Zuckerman of New York, whose handicap was forty, at seventy-three each. Mr. Muldon (11), was second in seventy-six, Richard Dudensing of New York (35), third in seventy-seven, and F. F. Sloan of Crandford (8), fourth in seventy-eight. Eagleson Robb of New York (19), made eighty; Mrs. Sloan (22), eighty-one; Byron C. Riblet of New York (12), and J. A. Mahony of New York (30), eighty-two each; Frank Dudensing of New York (18), and R. S. King of Dayton (3), eighty-four

each; G. H. Bushby of Philadelphia (10), eighty-five; Leon Sherburne of New York (30), Manager Charles A. Hill (35), and E. T. Lord of Pittsburg (26), eighty-six each; F. F. Wood of Rutherford (13), eighty-seven; R. M. King of Dayton (11), eighty-nine; Miss Zuckerman of New York (50), ninety-two; Miss Sheridan of Brooklyn (40), ninety-three; Mrs. Eagleson Robb of New York (50), ninety-nine; Mrs. E. T. Lord of Pittsburg (26), one hundred and three; Mrs. E. B. Boyd of New York (50), one hundred and twelve, and Mrs. Herbert A. Morgan of New York (50), one hundred and thirty-five; the best eight net scores qualifying for the match play rounds.

PINE ISLAND JUNIORS WIN

There was nothing disappointing in Friday afternoon's baseball game between The Belgrade "second" and the Pine Island juniors teams except, possibly, the score which was eleven to six in favor of the visitors. Everybody turned out for the game, villagers walking up the hill, cottagers motoring across the lake, guests thronging the verandas and guides and others the spacious lawns, while fond parents held the "pack in leash" long enough to allow for luncheon and the usual half-hour of quiet for digestion.

With two runs for each team in the first inning the prospect was pleasing and interest was maintained by the failure of either side to score in the second and the making of one run each in the third. In the fourth inning, however, the camp boys legged it around the bases for four runs shutting out their opponents at their turn at the bat, and while they failed to score in the next three innings, they allowed only one of The Belgrade players to cross the home



NEATH THE WILLOWS COOL SHADE.

plate. Things brightened up a bit in the eighth inning when The Belgrade team scored two runs and came within an ace of tying, but the visitors made good with two runs at their try, adding two more in the ninth inning and recording a goose egg against the hotel ball-tossers. Unquestionably the game was won by superior batting by the camp boys, for otherwise the teams were very evenly matched.

The score by innings:

PINE ISLAND 2 0 1 4 0 0 0 2 2—11
 BELGRADE 2 0 1 0 1 0 0 2 0— 6

SENATOR FORAKER LEADS

Ex-Senator Joseph B. Foraker has led in the recent fishing records, missing not a single day upon the water during his stay and as enthusiastic over the chicken and chowder dinners prepared by his guide, as with the sport itself. Thursday's catch may be taken as a fair average, forty-two bass ranging from a pound and a half to three and a half pounds being taken with bait and twenty-two with the fly. Already the distinguished Ohioan is planning to return next season for the summer. His son, Arthur, who accompanied him, is fully as enthusiastic an angler as his father.

Among other exceptional catches was a string of one hundred bass, averaging nearly two pounds in weight, with three and four pounders at the head, taken by Mr. and Mrs. Al Powell of New York, the larger proportion of them, of course, returned to the water.

Mr. A. S. Hammersly of New York, took three fine bass totaling nine and a half pounds in weight, and ten perch weighing seven and a half pounds.

Messrs. H. F. Hovey and Robert Lovett of New York, are back from a wilderness fishing trip, declaring that they must have found the original "Turner pond" described in the issue of NORTHWARD-HO! for August 7th. In an hour's fishing on the evening of the arrival, eighty trout were taken on the fly and this is but a fair sample of the sport they enjoyed during the outing. Not the least enjoyable feature of the

trip were the trips by spotted trail, to various nearby ponds where the trout were always eager. So enthusiastic are they that they are already planning a trip for September fishing when the guides declare it is "good!"

FOR MRS. ZUCKERMAN'S CUP

Interest of the entire hotel is centered in a tennis tournament for a trophy contributed by Mrs. Henry Zuckerman of New York, who is always ready to manifest visible interest in anything which contributes to the enjoyment of the guests. The field of entries is a goodly one and the cool verandas which overlook the court are crowded with interested onlookers. Other tournaments of a similar character will follow during the weeks to come.

AMONG THE GUESTS

Mrs. Henry Zuckerman of New York, entertained Mr. and Mrs. Herbert A. Morgan and Mrs. E. B. Boyd of New York, and Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Buzby of Philadelphia, very pleasantly recently on a trout fishing trip to Mercer brook. The party motored over, lunched at Worcester farm and returned in time for dinner, delighted with the day.

Prominent among late arrivals are Senator and Mrs. D. T. Flynn, Mr. Streeter Flynn and Mr. Olney Flynn of Oklahoma city, and Mrs. J. J. Richardson of Washington, who will remain through September.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Schull of Weno-nah, N. J., Rev. and Mrs. W. J. McGahan, Jr., and Mr. and Mrs. A. K. McCullough of Philadelphia, come for three weeks' fishing, making the journey by motor.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Fairchilds of New York, have given up their camp on Hoyt's Island, and will spend the remainder of the season here.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry F. Mitchell of Radnor, and Miss Annie Colladay of Philadelphia, are spending a fortnight here.

Mr. and Mrs. Clifford M. De Mott and Mrs. Monroe V. W. De Mott of

New York, are here for the week to come, delighted with the section.

Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Shanbacker and Master Frederick D. Shanbacker of Philadelphia, return for their annual sojourn.

Mr. and Mrs. Temple Dowling of Boston, and Miss Josephine Wilson of Boston, are here for the month.

Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Flavey and Mr. Wallace J. B. Flavey of Boston, are completing a short visit.

Mr. Charles King, Mrs. Meron Ash and Miss Alice M. Ash of New York, are making a short visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Hillary C. Messimer and child of New York, are making an indefinite stay.

Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Humphrey of New Britain, are here for the week to come.

Mr. and Mrs. William Shippen of Morristown, are spending several weeks here.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Byck of Atlanta, Ga., come for an indefinite sojourn.

Mr. A. S. Hammersly of New York, is spending a fortnight here, delighted with Belgrade.

Miss Jeanette Comstock of New York, is the guest of Miss Nellie Zuckerman.

Mr. John Constable Moore of Plainfield, was a recent visitor.

Mrs. H. R. Simonds of Dayton, is making a short visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Parks, Mrs. F. G. Downs and H. J. Waterhouse of Providence, are also old friends whose return is welcomed.

Mr. E. A. Hillman, Miss Hillman and Mr. B. M. Hillman of New York, will remain until well into September.

Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Perkins of Boston, are making a short visit.

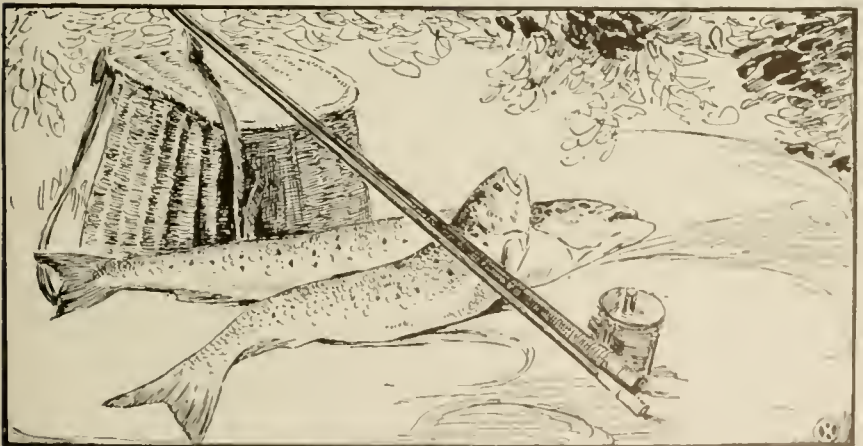
MANY MOTORISTS

Late automobile arrivals include Mr. and Mrs. John Aspinwall, Miss Aspinwall of New York, and Mr. H. A. Fishay of Brooklyn, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Hennesay and daughter, Mr. P. W. Foley and H. J. Norcross of Hartford, Mr. J. H. Cogan and Mr. and Mrs. P. Lawrence of Augusta, and Mr. E. S. Bent of Boston, Mr. and Mrs. John Crennan, Miss Gertrude W. Crennan and Mr. Ollie V. Crennan of New Rochelle.

MR. DOOLEY ON BELGRADE FISHING

"A man goes out an' succeeds in keepin' a fish fr'm a disappointin' meal, an' ye'd think fr'm what he says about it, that th' two pound bass found him sleepin' in a boat, called him names, thried to sbeal his watch, an' was only overpowered afther a therrific struggle"

Send NORTHWARD-HO! to friends "It saves letter writing!"



TENNIS AT THE WENTWORTH

Big Gallery Follows Tournament on Court Where Many International Matches Have Been Played



THOROUGHLY natural it seems to have the tennis court upon which matches of international importance have been held for years, occupied with tournament play and an enthusiastic gallery following the matches from the hotel verandas which overlook it, for The Wentworth has long been noted in this particular and the revival of interest along these lines is but this resort claiming its own again. Happily combining also, have been golf, riding, driving, boating, bathing and other pastimes in the open, with dinners, dancing, cards and informal social pleasures; a week with every hour pleasantly occupied, the continuation of midseason's gayeties which are rounding out one of the most remarkable seasons in the history of this house, a season which is prophetic for the future, indicating that this splendid hotel is to rise supreme among the resorts which dot the shore from Massachusetts to Maine, under the new and present management of Mr. H. W. Priest.

CHAUNCEY P. TAYLOR'S TROPHY

In the final round of the tennis tournament which but inaugurates several which are to follow, Chauncey P. Taylor of Newburgh, defeated Howard Ballantyne of Pittsburg, 8-6, 6-1 and 6-2. In the semi-final Mr. Taylor beat C. T. Hawes of Boston, 2-6, 7-5, 6-0, and Mr. Ballantyne defeated Dr. Myron W. Marr of Dorchester, 6-2, 6-2. In the second round Mr. Taylor defeated Ford Ballantyne, 6-4, 6-2; Howard Ballantyne defeated L. Thompson Hollister of New York, 6-0, 6-3; Dr. Marr beat Edward K. Hanlon of Baltimore, 6-2, 6-1, and Mr. Hawes beat W. E. Smith of Boston, 6-0, 6-0.

In the first round Mr. Taylor beat F.

W. Foster of Montreal, 6-0, 6-2; Mr. Ballantyne defeated J. Mitchell Fairbank of Boston, 6-0, 6-1; Mr. Hollister beat J. T. Hanlon of Baltimore, 4-6, 6-4, 6-4; Ford Ballantyne beat J. E. Bouden, Jr., of New Orleans, 6-2, 6-2; Mr. Smith beat H. S. Foster of Montreal, 6-0, 6-1; Mr. Hawes beat C. W. Bouden of New Orleans, 6-2, 6-1; Edward K. Hanlon and Dr. Marr, each drawing first round byes.

GOLF'S POPULARITY

Golf's popularity continues, new faces being continually added to those who make the daily round and interest in the game very largely due to the popular professional, George Bouden, who is a general favorite with all. Those who registered at the Club house during the week past included among others, the following: Mrs. W. H. Johnson of Philadelphia, Mrs. Erickson Perkins of Rochester, Mrs. J. W. Reid of Ottawa, Mrs. W. F. Foster of Montreal, Mrs. Emery Winship of Macon, Miss White of New York, Miss Parnell, Mrs. D. H. Arthur and Miss Parnell, of Buffalo; Messrs. Emery Winship of Macon, Ga., A. E. Smith of Brookline, L. W. Johnson of New York, B. F. Wilkinson of Newark, Dr. Horace Packard of Boston, J. W. Reid of Ottawa, J. J. Ferrick of Philadelphia, F. F. Vose of Boston, Howard P. Ballantyne, and E. D. Speck of Pittsburg, H. S. Foster and F. W. Foster of Montreal, George Davidson of New York, Erickson Perkins of Rochester, W. H. Johnson of Philadelphia, C. B. Southard of Belmont, F. D. Allen and G. B. Smith of Lynn.

SOCIAL DIVERSIONS

Tuesday evening's progressive hearts party provided a delightful evening, the group of participants including: Mr. and

Mrs. Charles Todd Parks, Miss Dittenhoffer, Miss B. R. Dittenhoffer and Miss Halle of New York, Mrs. E. A. Bacon, Miss Bacon, Miss B. L. Bacon, Miss J. B. Lankley of Brooklyn, Mrs. F. S. Foster, F. W. Foster, Montreal; Mrs. C. H. Davidson, Miss Goshom, Mrs. C. W. Shipley of Cincinnati, Mrs. W. F. Winkler of Louisville, Mrs. John Reinhardt of Owensboro, Ky., Mrs. Emil Rothschild, Mrs. D. Wasserman of St. Louis, Mr. and Mrs. Lyman Reid of Ottawa, Kan., Mrs. William Firth, Mrs. A. T. Smith, Mrs. J. W. Hollis, Mrs. F. T. Vose, Mrs. A. A. Folsom, Mrs. C. E. Richards, Miss A. L. Richards and Miss Edith Scammon, Boston. The prize winners were: Miss Halle, Mrs. Richards, Mrs. Foster, Mrs. Reid, Mrs. Rothschild, Mrs. Parks and Mr. Reid.

Among the many informal dinners of the week a luncheon tendered Mrs. C. A. Sinclair of Boston, for a party of friends including Mrs. Alice Haines of Cleveland, Mrs. M. J. Hickey of South Bend, Ind., Miss Lila Blow of New York, and Miss E. Marie Sinclair of Boston, was most enjoyable.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence V. Miller of Baltimore, entertained at dinner recently a party of naval officers including A. J. Barnum, J. W. Barret, Jr., and M. O. Strauss.

Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Hoopes entertained Mr. and Mrs. L. F. Hyde of Glen Falls.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph J. Smith of New York, were guests at dinner, Sunday, of Mr. and Mrs. William Firth of Chestnut Hill.

MANY MOTORISTS

The influx of motor tourists continues unabated, hardly an hour of the day passing that some car is not unloading its pongee clad freight at the door; and from all directions they come and to all directions they go. Some come for short trips, others are crossing the continent and a very large percentage are making some one of the popular tours as is evident by the "guide books" they carry and which are now as much a

part of the equipment of a car as the horn or siren. Happy, sunburned faces, always, they are, faces which emphasize the joys which come from contact with fresh air and sunshine; a new phase of American life which is bringing many in touch with nature who have previously been hardly aware of its existence.

Many private yachts are also putting in for short visits on trips along the coast, their gleaming hulls, shining brass and white sails adding to the beauty of the deep blue of the ocean which backgrounds them.

MAINE GEMS TO BE SHOWN

An event of the coming week eagerly anticipated by all, is the coming of a collection of Maine gems to be shown here Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Monday next by Bickford brothers of Norway, Maine. Norway is to the Maine gem market what Joe Leiter once "was" in wheat; it has a "corner" on these exquisite "baubles" which are being more and more appreciated by refined people, and Bickford brothers are on the inside.

AMONG THE GUESTS

Prominent among late arrivals include Mr. and Mrs. O. K. Brooks, Miss Brooks and Miss Elizabeth Brooks of Cleveland, who will remain through September.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Mencke and Miss Mencke of Philadelphia, are spending a fortnight here, making the journey by motor.

Mrs. John C. Shaffer and Mr. Kent Shaffer of Chicago, and Mrs. Emery Buckingham of Baltimore, are all season guests.

Mr. and Mrs. T. L. Blankley, Miss Blankley and Miss Jessie W. Blankley of Brooklyn, will make an extended visit.

Mrs. Alexander Smith and Miss Elizabeth Fowler of Yonkers, will remain several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Wentworth and Messrs. John and Hunt Wentworth of Chicago, are here for the month.

Mrs. Calet W. Shipley and Miss Alfreda Shipley of Cincinnati, will remain until the middle of September.

Mrs. W. D. Wood and Miss Gertrude Wood of Pittsburg, and Mr. and Mrs. Richard Wood of Bryn Mawr, spent a portion of the week here, coming by motor.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Firth and Miss Firth of Chestnut Hill, Mass., return for a fortnight; Mr. and Mrs. Joseph J. Smith of New York, are spending the week with them.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Todd Parks of New York, are welcome additions to the social circle.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Banks, Miss Acker and Miss Adele Acker of New York, spent the week here.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Critchlow of Indianapolis, are here for a long sojourn.

Mrs. P. D. Armour and Miss Stowell of Chicago, are here for the month.

Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Johnson of New York, will spend the month here.

Mr. and Mrs. George Lapeyre of New Orleans, will remain until September.

Mr. and Mrs. F. L. McCarthy and child, and Mrs. D. Shea of Roxbury, are all season sojourners.

Miss E. Marie Sinclair of Boston, Mass., spent the week here, entertaining Miss Lila Blow of the May Robeson Company.

Miss Halle of New York, will remain through September.

Mr. and Mrs. John Reinhardt of Owensboro, Ky., come for two weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. George Willcomb of Boston, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Morrison, also of the Hub.

Mr. Leonard Tufts, owner of the village of Pinehurst, N. C., made a short visit during the week, on his way South.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Lockwood of New York, spent the week here, coming by motor.

Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Mulford of Elizabeth, N. J., will remain several weeks.

Mrs. W. E. Aldred of Providence, and Miss Laura H. Pierce of East Douglass, come for an extended sojourn.

Mrs. J. E. Miller and Miss E. H. Miller of Brooklyn, will remain until well into September.

Mrs. P. M. Hitchcock and Miss Wilcox of Cleveland, are completing a short visit.

Mr. John F. McKey of Brooklyn, and Mr. A. W. McKey of Newton, spent the week here.

Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Myers of Colorado Springs, were among the motorists who lingered several days.

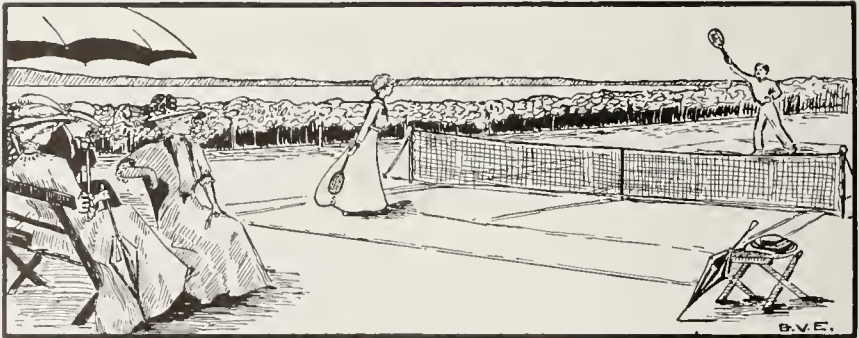
Mr. R. C. Hodgkinson of Wallingford, spent a portion of the week here.

A friend writing from his wilderness camp dates his letter "*August—?*"

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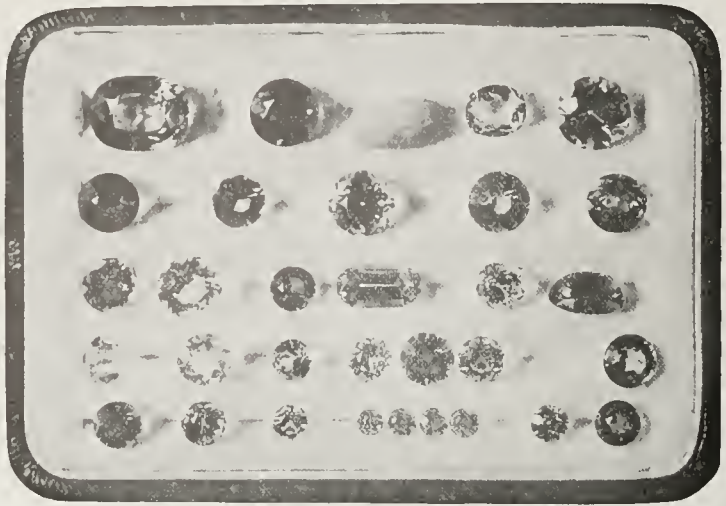
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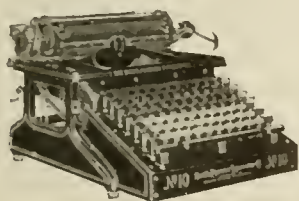
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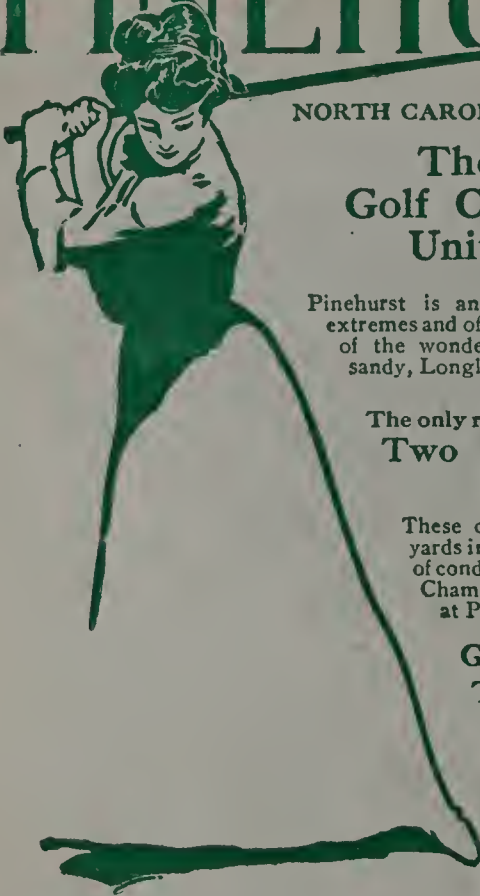
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A·WEEKLY·MAGAZINE
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EDITED·BY·HERBERT·L·JILLSON



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THE TWENTIETH CENTURY ANGLER
He still "overreaches the fish by artful devise"



NORTHWARD-HO!



A WEEKLY MAGAZINE OF NEWS

SATURDAY, AUGUST 28, 1909

Vol. V

No. 6

THE ART OF FLY CASTING

A Sport for Moderns



THERE is nothing especially *new* about fly casting. Claudius Aelianus refers to it in the third century, and it has been indulged in more or less ever since. "The Macedonians," he writes, "who live on the banks of the river Astræus, which flows midway between Berea and Thessalonica, are in the habit of catching a particular fish in that river by means of a fly called 'hippurus;' a very strange insect it is—bold and troublesome like all of its kind; in size a hornet, marked like a wasp and buzzing like a bee.

"When one of the fish sees the fly floating down towards him, he approaches, swimming gently under the water, fearing lest his prey should be scared. Then, drawing nearer underneath, he sucks in the fly as a wolf catches a sheep from the fold, or an eagle a goose from the farm yard, and, having done so, disappears under the ripple as silently as he came."

The ancient writer then goes on to say that it was difficult for the fishermen to use the natural fly as a bait, owing to the fact that at the touch of the human hand the delicate bloom of nature disappeared and the wings were destroyed. "Therefore," he continues, "they overreach the fish by an artful device. Round the hook they twist scarlet wool, made from the feathers which grow under the wattles of the cock, brought up to the proper color by wax.

"The rod used is six feet in length and the line is of the same length. Then the angler lets fall the lure. The fish,

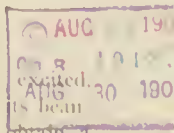
attracted by the color, and draws close, and judging from its beautiful appearance that he will obtain a marvelous banquet, forthwith opens his mouth, but is caught by the hook and bitter indeed is the feast he enjoys, inasmuch as he is captured!"



There is much remaining to-day of the sport Claudius describes. To be sure the "rod" used is somewhat longer than "six feet" and, doubtless, much frailer, and the line of the "same length" would hardly be sufficient for the modern fly fisherman, but the make-up of the fly, generally speaking, has changed little from the third century to the present time.

Round modern hooks they still twist the scarlet wool and the lures in which the scarlet is predominant, are still the greatest killers. The "two wings" are still secured to the hook and the "feathers which grow under the wattles of the cock" are indispensable to the modern fly tyer. The third century fly fisherman certainly made the right start.

But twentieth century *fly casting* is vastly different from the sport of the murky past, a distinct branch of sport, independent and radically different from *fly fish* *us* *us* *us*; frequently enjoyed by those who are not even "fishermen." To be sure the underlying principles are the same, but the real attraction lies in the joy of contest, the exhilaration of contest, the gradual approach to the ideal which separates the few from the many. Just as target and trap shooting



interests some who never hunt, so fly casting holds its devotees captive.

Such rapid strides has this sport made during the past few years that there are now no less than a score of clubs throughout the country given up entirely to the pastime and so fascinated have many anglers become with it that they have given up fly fishing entirely. With this devotion records have naturally soared upward until the figure has crept from ninety and a hundred feet to one hundred and fifty and even better.

where the weight of the rod is not limited. In the distance and accuracy events, the weight of rods must not exceed eight and a half ounces, and in accuracy and delicacy, not over five and one-half ounces.

Competitors may consult their own inclinations in choice of line, but they must not be knotted or weighted. The leader must be single gut and not less than six feet or more than nine feet in length. One fly must be used, which must not be larger than number five,



"THE ANGLER LETS FALL THE LURE"

Stated contests began in an informal way among the club members. Then they branched out to contests between different clubs and now national and international competitions are annual events. In each contest there are three events; distance, accuracy and delicacy, governed by these conditions:

All rods must be single handed and all casting done in that manner. The rods must not exceed eleven feet in length, except in the distance event

and on which the snell must not exceed six inches. Hooks must be broken at the bend.

All casting is done from a platform at least eight feet square with the surface not more than eighteen inches above the water line. Each contestant is allowed five minutes in which to cast for distance. He stands upon a platform and makes his cast parallel with a buoy line or measuring board, upon which is accurately marked the points of dis-

tance. The length of the cast is measured from the edge of the platform to the spot reached by the fly. Only fair overhead casting is permitted, and no cast in which the fly is missing counts.

In the distance and accuracy contest three six-inch buoys are placed, fifty, fifty-five and sixty feet distant from the edge of the casting platform, and five casts are made at each buoy. Not more than one minute is allowed to extend the line to the buoy cast at. When the contestant has extended his line and is ready, he calls "score" and the next five casts are counted. Not more than five casts each are allowed to reach the second and third buoys before calling "score." If the fly falls within one foot of the buoy cast at it is considered perfect; for each foot in excess of one foot a demerit is made. The average of the sum totals of such demerits give the demerit percentage, and this deducted from one hundred per cent gives the actual percentage.

In the accuracy and delicacy contest there are three six-inch buoys at a distance of thirty-five, forty and forty-five feet, and five casts are made at each. Accuracy is judged as in the distance and accuracy contest, and in addition, a record of delicacy is kept; one hundred per cent being considered perfect. This is determined by two judges and the referee who marks the per cent to which, in his opinion, the contestant is entitled. The average of these percentages is the total. The average of accuracy percentages is the actual percentage. Loose line on the platform or coil in the hand, is not permitted in this event.



"The rods used by us in the distance events," says a member of a prominent western club, "are from eight and a half to ten ounces in weight. The line is generally tapered running from "D" in the center to "H" at the end. Many of our members can do one hundred and ten feet, all the result of practice, and they are hardly to be rated in the expert class at the present time."

Ther Intelligunce of Ther Trout

"Ther intelligunce of ther trout is remarkable," commented Joe. "Was my little boy had er tunc trout on"—ther one that fell in ther lake an' was *drowned*—that had more sense than most human bem's.

"No, he couldn't talk, but he knew what you war sayin' just ez well ez if he could, an' as fer dom' tricks, no dawg could equal him. It didn't take more'n three days ter wear him er water an' inside of er week he'd turn side springs an' summersaults at command, or hop erbout ther room on his tail, nahn' thes at every jump.

"His best stunt, however, was ter turn hisself inside out an' swim bac ends."

Pete the Strong Man

"Pete was er strong man," commented Sandy, the guide. "Why I've seen him step into er bushel basket, grasp ther handles an' lift himself twenty feet clear o' ther ground!"

"Another trick o' his was ter climb to ther top of er ladder, pull ther ladder up an' climb another length, but try as he would, he couldn't never git mor'n two lengths up!"

He's an Awful Mess

Of all the fish I've ever met
The queerest is the Jolly-et.
Does he think he's handsome—well, I guess?
But, really, he's an "awful mess!"



MERRYMAKING AT BELGRADE

Men Dress in Women's Garb for Annual Golf Burlesque and Entire Colony Enjoys the Fun



ALL Belgrade entered into the spirit of Saturday's golf burlesque and all Belgrade is still laughing in recollection of the frolic, for no event of the season has provided more genuine merriment than this affair which is now anticipated from year to year. The conditions were that the men wear women's costumes and that the women—be invited to participate! No, there is absolutely no truth in the rumor that anything more was expected of them. They were simply asked to *participate*—positively—and no matter what you hear, believe it not, for the men brook no rivalry on this the one day of the year when they are privileged to make themselves look "sweet;" to demonstrate that men *can* wear women's clothes.

Originally the idea was, no doubt, to have the men wear "skirts," just for the sake of convincing them what a nuisance they are, but it was not skirts so much as adornment visible and otherwise, which appealed and few, indeed, were the costumes which were not *complete* for men dress not so much to please themselves as others; they are undeniably vain! Naturally the results were combinations wonderful to behold, ranging all the way from those which Madge of the servants' quarters, told Mabel, couldn't *possibly be men*, to the caricatures which couldn't possibly have been anything else and lived, with all the wide range for variety which these two extremes separate. Not the least ludicrous and amusing features of the affair were the individual interpretations each masquerader gave to make his impersonation clear.

For instance Mr. Leslie Duke, in stylish white linen coat suit, hat and pink veil, Mr. Leon Sherburne in pale blue linen coat suit, hat and blue veil, Mr.

Eagelson Robb in white shirt waist suit, black belt and sailor hat, Mr. Harold Hovey in white lingerie dress and black hat faced with pink, and Mr. Monroe DeMott in sailor suit and hat, looked for all the world like a bevy of stunning college girls and they played the part. On the other hand Mr. C. M. De Mott in gingham gown and vast expanse of white apron, Mr. G. H. Buzby in white linen suit and lingerie hat, Mr. Donald Burger in calico gown and small bonnet, or Mr. J. A. Mahony in dainty, frilly petticoats, pink silk negligee and stunning black picture hat, were typical of the opposite extreme.

Mr. B. L. Beal as "Baby Beal," in long white baby dress and muslin cap from beneath which peeped forth bobbing curls, was irresistible. Mr. R. L. King made a rough and ready automobile girl and Mr. Henry Zuckerman in linen gown and large black hat, a husky golf girl. Mr. F. F. Sloan wore a short belted dress with large Dutch collar and ankle socks, and Mr. Seymour Carrigan wore a striped tennis dress with cretonne coat. Masters Robert Lovett, Carrol Buzby and Richard Dudensing were "cute little girls" in short frocks and wide ribbon hair ornaments.

The trophies of the afternoon, offered by Mr. Robb, included a book of trout and bass flies for the best net score made by men, and a sterling loving cup for the women, but the winning of these trophies was attended by much difficulty, owing to the fact that the use of only one club was permitted and competitors were asked to assign their own handicaps so as to bring their cards as near the score made by Mrs. Robb as possible; the known fact that she was yet to play making the basis upon which calculations were to be figured, somewhat uncertain.



GOLF BURLESQUE AT BELGRAD!

"The one day of the year when the men are privileged to make themselves look 'sweet'!"

Her score, however, proved to be eighty-four and Mr. King, who selected forty-one as his handicap, won with a net card of eighty-five. Mrs. H. R. Simonds (36), and Miss Sheridan of Brooklyn (30), tied for the women's trophy, at ninety-one each, Miss Sheridan winning on the draw. Mrs. Mahony (20), made ninety-three, Miss Conner (15), ninety-four, Miss Zuckerman (20), ninety-five, Miss Dumphy (30), ninety-nine. Those disqualified because they fell below Mrs. Robb's score included Mrs. F. F. Boyd (25), forty-seven; Miss Mary G. Davis (0), seventy-three; Mrs. F. F. Sloan (22), seventy-six, and Mrs. Henry Zuckerman (25), ninety-four.

MR. DUKE'S TROPHY

Interest in the tennis tournament for trophies contributed through the generosity of Mrs. Henry Zuckerman of New York, which continued throughout the contest, culminated in the final round between Leslie Duke of Boston, and Miss Hellman of New York, Miss Hellman's handicap of thirty making her a worthy foe as the score shows: 5-7, 7-5, 6-3, 6-4.

In the semi-final Mr. Duke defeated A. H. Waterman of Brooklyn, 6-2, 10-12, 6-1, and Miss Hellman beat Leon Sherburne of New York. In the second round Mr. Duke defeated C. O. Ferriday of Wilmington, 7-5, 4-6, 6-3, and Miss Hellman defeated R. L. King of Dayton, 6-1, 6-2. Mr. Sherburne won from H. R. Simonds of Dayton, 6-2, 0-6, 6-4, and Mr. Waterman from Harold F. Hovey of New York, 6-3, 5-7, 6-4.

In the first round Mr. Duke playing from scratch, defeated B. L. Beal of Boston (15), 7-5, 6-1; Miss Hellman (30) defeated Miss Nellie Zuckerman of New York (30), 6-1, 6-2; Mr. Hovey (plus fifteen), defeated Hillary Messimer of New York (scratch), 6-1, 8-6; Mr. Waterman (scratch), beat Dean Nelson of New York (15), 7-5, 7-5; Mr. Ferriday (scratch), defeated Charles G. Duryea of Washington

(scratch), 7-5, 6-4; Mr. King (scratch) defeated F. H. Harrington of Boston (15), 9-11, 6-4, 6-4; Mr. Sherburne (15), defeated Donald Burger of New York (15), 6-0, 6-3, and Mr. Simonds (minus fifteen) defeated E. T. Lord of Pittsburg (scratch), 7-5, 6-2.

The two stars of the tournament were Mr. Simonds and Mr. Hovey, but their heavy handicaps proved too much for them. Mr. Simonds has been runner-up in the Ohio tennis championship and Mr. Hovey has won numerous trophies, both playing beautiful games.

MANY ENTERTAIN

The week has been one of many pleasant informal affairs, among them a dinner given on Saturday evening, by the Misses Adele and Beatrice Mahony of New York, for a party of twelve including Misses Dorothy Conner of Rye, and Nellie Zuckerman of New York, Messrs. Leon Sherburne, Donald Burger, Monroe De Mott and Harold Hovey of New York, Leslie Duke and B. L. Beal of Boston, Seymore Carrigan of Philadelphia, and R. L. King of Dayton. The table was beautifully decorated with a low arrangement of Killarney roses, massed in the center.

Miss Nellie Zuckerman of New York, entertained at a lobster supper in honor of her friends, Misses Jeanette Comstock of New York, and Dorothy Conner of Rye, the guests including Messrs. Sherburne Burger, De Mott, Carrigan, Hovey, Beal and Duke and the Misses Mahony.

Mr. E. F. Shanbacher of Philadelphia, entertained his friends at a birthday picnic party at Beaver Spring where a delicious luncheon was served by the guides, the menu including fish chowder, steamed clams and broiled live lobsters. The party included Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Schull of Wenonah, Rev. and Mrs. W. J. McGahan and Mr. and Mrs. A. K. McCullough of Philadelphia.

Mr. Leslie Duke of Boston, gave a straw ride, "The Gables," the summer home of his mother, seven miles distant, being the destination. The guests

were the Misses Mahony, Zuckerman and Conner; Messrs. Sherburne, Beal, Hovey, King, Burger, Carrigan and De Mott; the occasion most enjoyable.

MR. BUZBY WINS GOLF

G. H. Buzby of Philadelphia, was the winner of the weekly medal play golf handicap with a net card of seventy-two, Egelson Robb of New York, finishing second in seventy-four and H. R. Simonds of Dayton, third in seventy-seven; their handicaps nine, sixteen and six, respectively. J. P. Muldon of Pensacola (6), made seventy-nine, R. L. King of Dayton (6), eighty-one; F. F. Sloan of Crandford (6), eighty-four; Donald Burger of New York (6) and F. A. Dudensing of New York (18), eighty-six each; C. O. Ferriday of Wilmington (20), and Richard Dudensing of New York (30), eighty-seven each; R. N. King of Dayton (16), eighty-eight; and Mrs. F. F. Sloan of Crandford (22), eighty-nine each; Mrs. Henry Zuckerman of New York (25), ninety.

BELGRADE DEFEATS MT. VERNON

A big crowd journeyed to Mt. Vernon to witness the ball game between the hotel and Mt. Vernon teams and the crowd came home rejoicing with the score twelve to three in favor of the locals. Belgrade scored in the first, second, third, fourth and eighth innings, their opponents crossing the home plate only in the first and second.

In Saturday's game with the Pine Island team the visiting juniors laid it on rather thick, but the end is not yet!

AMONG THE GUESTS

Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Cassard, Miss Cassard and Master Edward Cassard of Germantown, Mr. J. T. McCaddon, Master J. T. McCaddon, Jr., and Master Stanley G. McCaddon of Mt. Vernon, Mrs. James E. Cooper, Mrs. Geo. Vail and Mr. Stanley F. Cooper of Philadelphia, are welcomed back for their second season.

Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Chase, Mr. and Mrs. James H. Coffin and Mr. and Mrs.

H. C. W. Mosher of New Bedford, Mass., are enjoying ten days' fishing.

Mr. and Mrs. James H. McIntosh, Kenneth McIntosh, Rusin McIntosh and Miss Marion McIntosh of New York, are here for the month.

Mr. H. L. Patterson and Mr. M. F. McCaskey of Youngstown, Ohio, return for their annual visit.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Dean of Boston, and Mr. and Mrs. T. D. French of Boston, spent the week here.

Mr. and Mrs. H. I. Phillips of Asbury Park, will remain until the middle of September.

Mr. R. S. Lovett of New York, spent the week with his son, Mr. Robert Lovett.

Miss Hutchinson of Salem, Mass., is the guest of Mrs. H. M. J. McMichael.

Miss Mary Wooster of Mercer, Me., was the guest of Mrs. Henry Zuckerman on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Clements and Miss Gertrude Clements of New York, are here for the month to come.

Mr. C. W. Shepherd and Mr. G. S. Cammack of New York, are old friends who return for two weeks' fishing.

Dr. and Mrs. Charles S. Baker of New York, who have been staying at Thwings camp, spent the week here.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Crane and Miss Christine Crane of New York, return for their annual visit.

Dr. and Mrs. Morris J. Lewis of Philadelphia, are here for a fortnight.

Mr. Roger W. Newberg of New Haven, Ct., is completing a short visit.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Yanehead of Brooklyn, will remain several weeks.

Mr. John M. Strong of Philadelphia, is among the late arrivals.

Mr. E. B. Boyd of New York, joins Mrs. Boyd.

Mr. and Mrs. F. F. Hunt of New York, return for the second visit of the season.

Mr. H. Graham Wilson of Philadelphia, joins Mr. John M. Strong.

Send NORTHWARD-1101 to friends. "It saves letter writing!"

GOLF AT HOTEL WENTWORTH

Annual Match Play Tournament Inaugurated on High Class and Comprehensive Lines



SIGNIFICANT of interest in golf at The Wentworth was the inauguration during the week, of an annual match play tournament which promises to develop into one of the summer's important contests, for the committee is working along high class and comprehensive lines with the future in mind. Begun in a modest way this season and confined wholly to hotel guests, the aim is to gradually extend its scope until it includes the resorts near at hand, the state and New England, and to make it the leader among other events of a similar character which will round out the season's schedule here. One division only was provided for with first and second eights, thus equalizing the field and eliminating handicaps; the attractive trophies, four in number, contributed by the hotel management and awarded to the winners and runners-up in each class.

C. T. Buckingham of Baltimore, was the winner of the final round for the chief cup, defeating C. F. Grainger of Louisville, one up in a keenly contested match which was followed by a large gallery. William Firth of Boston, winning the second division from L. W. Johnson of New York, three up and two to play.

In the semi-final Mr. Buckingham defeated William E. Smith of Brookline, six up and five to play, and Mr. Grainger beat Kent Shaffer of Chicago, three up and one to play. Mr. Firth defeated F. W. Foster of Montreal, four up and three to play, and Mr. Johnson beat A. E. Smith of Brookline, three up.

In the first round Mr. Buckingham beat H. F. Collier of Waterbury, three up; W. E. Smith beat C. T. Parks of New York, three up and one to play; Mr. Shaffer beat A. D. Higgins of

Thompsonville, two up, and Mr. Grainger beat W. S. Brown of Flushing, by default. Mr. Firth defeated Morris H. Casey of San Francisco, five up and four to play; Mr. Foster beat Dr. Myron W. Marr of Dorchester, by default; Mr. Johnson beat W. H. Langshaw of New Bedford, one up, and A. E. Smith beat Emery Winship of Macon, three up and two to play.

Mr. Brown of Flushing, led in qualification with a card of eighty-four, Mr. Buckingham, second in ninety-two and Mr. Grainger, third in ninety-four. Messrs. Collier, Shaffer and Parks made one hundred and one each, Mr. Higgins one hundred and two, Messrs. W. E. Smith and Langshaw one hundred and five, Mr. Firth one hundred and seven, Mr. Johnson one hundred and eight, Mr. Foster one hundred and eleven, Mr. Winship one hundred and twelve, Dr. Marr one hundred and fourteen, A. E. Smith one hundred and nineteen, and Mr. Casey one hundred and fifty-five.

MR. CHISHOLM'S TROPHY

C. S. Chisholm of Princeton, was the winner of the second of the season's tennis tournaments, defeating W. B. Ferber of Boston, 6-2, 2-6, 6-3, 6-4 in the final. In the semi-final, Mr. Chisholm defeated C. T. Hawes of Boston, 5-7, 6-3, 6-1, and Mr. Ferber beat Howard Ballantyne of Pittsburg, 6-16-2.

In the second round Mr. Chisholm defeated C. W. Bouden of New Orleans, 6-2, 6-2; Mr. Ferber beat Chauncey P. Taylor of Newburgh, 6-1, 3-6, 6-3; Mr. Ballantyne beat E. K. Hanlon of Baltimore, 6-1, 10-8, and Mr. Mr. Hawes beat George Lauder, Jr., of Greenwich, 6-4, 6-1.

In the first round Mr. Chisholm beat Dr. Myron W. Marr of Boston, 6-1,



PORTSMOUTH AS SEEN FROM THE WENTWORTH

Tennis court, deer park and bathing pool in the foreground, harbor in the middle distance.

8-6; Mr. Ferber beat J. T. Hanlon of Baltimore, 6-0, 6-0; Howard Ballantyne beat Jack Wentworth of Chicago, 6-3, 6-8, 6-3; E. K. Hanlon beat Ford Ballantyne of Pittsburg, 6-2, 1-6, 6-3; Mr. Taylor beat H. S. Carrington of New York, 7-5, 6-1; Mr. Bouden beat A. W. McKey of Newton Centre by default; Mr. Hawes beat Hunt Wentworth of Chicago, 6-0, 6-3, and Mr. Lander beat John P. Milnor of New York, 6-4, 6-3.

J. T. Hanlon won the consolation final from John P. Milnor, 6-2, 7-5, 3-6, 6-1.

Women's singles are also being arranged and other events planned.

HERE AND THERE

Sunday's automobile arrivals made a close bid for a season record, over one hundred and fifty or five solid pages on the register, coming for noonday dinner alone, with another big crowd for the night and longer visits. Crowded very close to its capacity is the big hotel, attention occupied with dancing, dinners and informal pleasures; riding, driving and boating claiming many devotees.

Among the most enjoyable of the week's informal affairs was a rarebit party preceded by bridge, given by Mrs. George Brown of Baltimore, for Dr. and Mrs. N. R. Smith of her home city, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Honebeck of Kansas City, Mrs. R. I. Stearns, Miss N. V. Dunham, and Miss F. V. Hawes of Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Dewey of Chicago, entertained at luncheon on Monday, their guests motoring up from Swampscott, Mass., where they are summering and including Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Peterson of Wheeling, Mrs. Herne of Denver, Mrs. Laughlin of Pittsburg, Mrs. Talmage and Mr. Ackert of Washington, Mrs. Elliott of St. Louis, Mrs. Lord of Chicago, and Mrs. Potter of Philadelphia.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Reilly and Miss M. E. Sullivan of Washington, were the recent guests at luncheon of Rev. F. E. Craig of Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Watson Armour of Chicago, Miss Mary A. Armour and Mr. Lawrence H. Armour of Kansas City, were the recent guests of Mrs. P. D. Armour of Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. George P. Warner of Buffalo, gave a dinner for Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Stribling and Miss Thornburgh of St. Louis.

AMONG THE GUESTS

Prominent among the week's arrivals was Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., the young son of President Roosevelt, who spent a portion of the week with Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Higgins of New York.

Mr. and Mrs. George Hallock Talor of Chicago, are welcomed back for their usual visit.

Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Hirst, Miss Maria A. Hirst and Mr. Arthur C. Hirst of Philadelphia, and Mrs. George Brown, Jr., of Baltimore, will remain several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Milnor, Miss Eleanor T. Milnor, Master John Perdis Milnor of New York, will remain until well into September.

Mr. and Mrs. Langshaw, Miss Eunice Langshaw of New Bedford, and Mr. W. Seymour Langshaw of Cambridge, spent the week here.

Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Higgins, Miss Grace Higgins of Thompsonville, Ct., will remain over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Vaughan, Miss E. W. Vaughan, Miss M. C. Vaughan and Miss S. L. Vaughan, of Orange, N. J., are completing a short visit.

Miss Mary Patterson of Boston, is spending a fortnight here.

Mr. M. H. Casey of San Francisco, joins his mother.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Keith of Chicago, and Mrs. George Brown, Jr., of Baltimore, will remain until well into September.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Morris of Pittsburg, spent the week here.

Mr. and Mrs. William Butterwall and Mr. H. W. Colby of Moline, Ill., and Mr. J. L. Hecht, Davenport, Ia., spent the week here.

Mr. and Mrs. James Hawley and Miss Hawley of Providence, and Mrs. George C. Dempsey of Lowell, are spending the week here.

Mr. and Mrs. Lyman Spalding and Miss Ethel L. Spalding of Boston, will make an extended visit.

Mr. W. P. Henneberry and Miss Henneberry of Chicago, are here for a fortnight.

Mrs. L. G. Bigelow and Miss Bigelow of New York, will remain through the month.

Mr. Pierce L. McCarthy of Boston, joins Mrs. McCarthy.

Miss Margaret Wilson of Detroit, is the guest of Miss Dorothy Ballantyne of Pittsburg.

Mrs. H. Hazelton of Boston, and Mrs. Blankley of Springfield, will remain several weeks.

Miss A. G. Geraty of New Rochelle, joins Mrs. Wallace Bouden.

Rev. and Mrs. A. Duane Pell of New York, were recent visitors.

Mr. E. G. Buckingham of Baltimore, joins Mrs. Buckingham.

Mrs. S. F. Chisholm of Princeton, N. J., are completing a ten days' visit.

Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Grainger of Louisville, spent the week here.

Mr. Austin S. Cook of Woonsocket, will remain some time.

Mr. W. H. Schmidt of Detroit, is here for the month.

Mr. F. A. Schute of Lynn, comes for a fortnight.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert M. McDonald of Lawrence, come for a ten days' visit.

Dr. and Mrs. H. T. Collier of South Carolina, will remain several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander W. Wister of Philadelphia, are here for the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Clark B. Montgomery of Cincinnati, are making a short visit.

The Game of Human Chess

"Yes, we get a pretty fair idea of people the minute they step up to the desk," remarked the hotel clerk as he hitched a leg across the flat top desk of the private office, "but just *here* I can't really tell you. Sometimes its personal appearance, but more often some little individual peculiarity; a subtle something which tells the whole story and we make few mistakes.

"Very rarely is there any necessity for asking a man if he wants a bath or a sitting room, first floor front or top floor back, and the fact that we do is largely a matter of habit. The price? Oh, that's easy. We know what a man is willing to pay as soon as we set eyes on him. One is offended if we charge him too little, the other grieved if we charge too much, so this takes care of itself very largely.

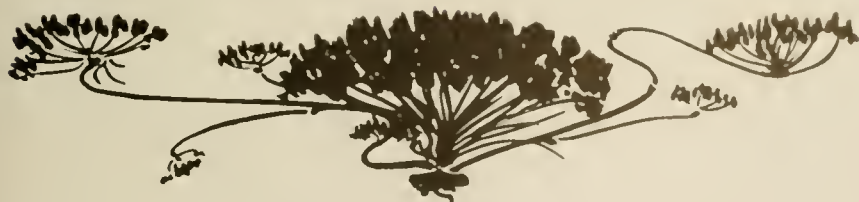
"It's more or less fascinating, this game of human chess," concluded the clerk as he rose, "and it's my move now. So long!"

Governor Letcher's Viewpoint

"There's everything in the force of example," remarked the observant guest. "Take for instance, Governor Letcher when he first visited Sulphur Springs, Virginia. To make an impression on him his physician poured some whisky in the water, which immediately turned as black as ink.

"You see what it does, don't you?" queried the doctor. "Yes," responded the governor, "and I promise you I'll not touch a drop of that water as long as I stay here."

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MASQUERADERS AT MT KINEO

Yacht Club Dance Proves Most Brilliant and Enjoyable
Affair in History of This Resort



EASILY the most brilliant and enjoyable social affair in Kineo's history was Saturday evening's fancy dress masquerade at the Yacht Club, the company in attendance taxing the capacity of the spacious building with nearly two score in the cosmopolitan throng which made the assembly room a maze of dazzling color; western cowboys and Maine Indians, American jack tars and almond-eyed Orientals, all mingling on the basis of social equality with fair women radiant in clever conceptions, ranging all the way from the ancient Greek to the modern directoire, and suggesting the opportunity offered for variety in the span intervening. As a visible appreciation of interest the committee decided upon an award of prizes for the most elaborate conceptions, not an easy task, assigning them after much deliberation, to Miss Ruth Hamilton of Baltimore, as Salome, and Mr. Francis West of Boston, as a Penobscot Indian chief.

Other effective costumes were Mrs. Thomas Wistar and Miss Carstairs as Turkish women, Miss Jessie Page as a Turkish man, Mrs. W. A. McGibbon and Mrs. M. D. Paterson as Pierrots, Mrs. Charles A. Judkins as a Gypsy, Mrs. John Reilly, Jr., as a Japanese woman, Mrs. Francis West as an Indian princess, Mrs. Howard A. Colby as a French maid, Mrs. James K. Clarke as a Grecian woman, Mrs. S. MacCuen Smith as a Red Cross nurse, Mrs. G. E. Cooley in a directoire gown, Mrs. E. B. Hayward and Miss Elizabeth Smith as Yama Yama girls, Mrs. Swain black domino gown, Miss Clarice Paterson as a Spanish maiden, Miss O'Shaughnessy as an oriental woman, and Miss De Goll as Carmen; Messrs. Arthur B. Waring as a comic yachtsman, Irving Adams as

a cow girl, Robert Holmes Page as a Chinaman, W. F. Martin as a baby, A. R. Bartlett as a French jester, Paul Fechtwanger as a Dutch maid, Howard A. Colby as a chef, John Reilly, Jr., as a mandarin, Dr. S. MacCuen Smith as a cowboy, Henry Sheaffer as an Egyptian, G. Allen Smith as a sailor, Rastus Smith as a rabbit, James K. Clarke as a rough rider and George E. Cooley, A. B. Butler, Jr., and C. A. Judkins as military officers. The grand march and several dances preceded unmasking which took place in the grill room just previous to refreshments, many genuine surprises resulting as the identity of a large number had remained undiscovered. A novelty followed in the way of fancy dancing by Messrs. A. R. Bartlett and F. W. Martin, who are spending the summer at Camp Porcupine as the guests of the Pages, and an Indian dance by Mr. West; general dancing rounding out the night until the wee small hours of the morning.

Other delightful social affairs included a midday luncheon followed by bridge, given at the Club by Mrs. Thomas Upham Coe of Bangor, for a party including Mesdames Henry Lee, W. H. Dougherty, H. M. Adams, T. Sedgwick Steele, George M. Thornton, Henry Fechtwanger, J. B. Kinley, B. Frank Clapp and the Misses Wheelwright, Thompson, De Goll, Louise Sheaffer and O'Shaughnessy. The winners of the very dainty prizes offered were Mesdames Kinley, Thornton and Adams; an effective decorative feature of the afternoon the use of the club burgee on the score cards.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren S. Crane of New York, entertained at dinner Monday evening, Mr. and Mrs. Balzar De Mari, Mrs. Charles A. Martin, Miss Charlotte Crane and Mr. A. N. Peck,



A BIT OF THE MOOSE RIVER

One of the first of the many picturesque views on the popular canoe trip to Urasaŋ Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Henry Hentz, Jr., and Mr. and Mrs. Henry Feuchtwanger were the guests of Treasurer and Mrs. C. A. Judkins, Sunday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Hayward of Baltimore, entertained Mr. and Mrs. James K. Clarke, Miss Ruth Hamilton and Mr. Irving Adams.

SPORTS IN THE OPEN

Miss Aline Feuchtwanger of Madison, was the winner of a woman's singles tennis tournament for a trophy contributed by Mr. Henry Sheaffer defeating Mrs. M. D. Paterson of New York, 6-3, 6-3 in the final. In the semi-final Miss Feuchtwanger defeated Mrs. Howard A. Colby, 6-1, 6-3, and Mrs. Paterson won from her daughter, 6-8, 7-5, 8-6. Others who participated were Miss Murai, Miss Dudley, Miss Hamilton, Miss Haight, Miss Arai, Miss Gay and Miss Goldsmith.

A mixed doubles tennis tournament with a record entrance field of eighteen couples is in progress as NORTHWARD-HO! goes to press, the entry list including Mr. A. F. Doty and Miss Katherine Doty, Mr. Nelson Dougherty and Miss Betty Collamore, Mr. John Gay and Miss Aline Feuchtwanger, Mr. R. F. VanVranken and Miss L. M. Dudley, Mr. S. B. Downing and Miss Dorothy Kinley, Mr. C. H. Tomkins and Miss Clarice Paterson, Mr. J. Harry Hentz and Miss Drinkwater, Mr. Austin Feuchtwanger and Miss Murai, Mr. E. S. Kinley and Miss Busk, Mr. Beverly Buer and Miss Outerbridge, Mr. E. B. Hayward and Miss Hamilton, Mr. Asano and Miss Arai, Mr. Yoneo Arai and Mrs. M. D. Paterson, Mr. E. W. Dodge and Mrs. James K. Clarke, Mr. and Mrs. Howard A. Colby, Mr. and Mrs. J. Hart Hillman, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. John Reilly, Jr.

Saturday's motor boat handicap attracted a field of eleven entries and resulted in a brisk contest for the trophy offered between the Damiante owned by Mrs. M. D. Paterson of New York, the Gypsy, owned by Mr. John Reilly, Jr., of Salem, N. J., and the Unome, Com-

modore C. M. Clark's cruiser yacht, it being a question among the judges as to which of the last two named boats crossed the line first. Next in line came Dr. S. MacCuen Smith of Philadelphia, in the Wisshickon, E. H. Outerbridge of New York, in the Hunky Dory, James K. Clarke of Ardmore, in the Nee-Bana, Henry Sheaffer of Pottsville, in the Clematis, and Mrs. E. H. Outerbridge in the Kennywynd, the Sheaffer boys in the Runabout, the last to finish. The Onawa which started first and which finished ahead of the field, was disqualified because she exceeded her trial speed by more than ten per cent. Following the races luncheon was served at the Club house, Mrs. Henry Feuchtwanger and Mrs. J. Henry Hentz, presiding. Details of the afternoon were in the hands of a committee including Commodore C. M. Clark as starter, Messrs. E. F. Eidlitz and G. J. Lovely as timers, Henry Feuchtwanger and J. Henry Hentz, Jr., as judges, and George E. Cooley as clerk.

Three events filled in Monday afternoon's rifle shoot, interest centering in the final targets for the high average score trophies offered by Mr. and Mrs. Reilly; Mrs. C. A. Judkins winning an exquisite blue silk hand embroidered Japanese parasol, and G. Allen Smith of Philadelphia, a Japanese cigarette case. Mrs. Judkins' total in the race was two hundred and thirty-eight, her nearest opponent Mrs. M. D. Paterson who scored two hundred and thirty-seven. Mr. Smith had a total of two hundred and thirty-seven, his nearest opponent, Dr. Rowland Cox, Jr., who made two hundred and twenty-two. Mrs. James K. Clarke won the special event of the day with a target of sixty-eight. Miss Outerbridge second in sixty-five and G. Allen Smith third in sixty-two.

Mrs. Judkins leads in the race for the trophy offered for the best woman's average with a total of one hundred and thirty-five, Mrs. Clarke and Miss Hamilton second in one hundred and twenty-two each, Mrs. M. D. Paterson third in one hundred and twenty, Mrs. E. B.

Hayward, fourth in one hundred and fifteen, Mrs. W. A. McGibbon, one hundred and seven, Mrs. John Reilly, Jr., one hundred and seventeen, Mrs. E. F. Eidlitz, one hundred and eight, Mrs. W. A. McGibbon one hundred and seven, and Miss Outerbridge ninety-seven, completing the list.

The crack home ball team evened up things for the recent defeat by the Tacomnets laying it over the fast Easterns of Bangor to the tune of eleven to nothing. The locals opened strong, landing for six hits with a total of sixteen in the first two innings, a home run, two three-baggers and three two-baggers before the visitors realized that their pitcher needed a rest. Adams who occupied the box for Kineo was in perfect form and his support was faultless. Haliday, the visiting shortstop, was about the fastest thing that has been seen here this summer and if he reached a ball it meant that he had it. The fielding on both sides was spectacular in its character. Spillane of the Kineo's pulling a fly out of the clouds and King of the Easterns picking up one which was so fast that two somersaults were necessary before he could stop. Considerable interest centered in the second game which a thunder storm broke up at the end of the first half of the third inning. The home team had three runs to its credit, the visitors failing to score; Ekstrom the local pitcher, striking out five of the six men who faced him.

An aggregation of ball players from Camp Wildwood trimmed a similar team made up of hotel guests in a red hot ball game Monday afternoon to the tune of nine to eight, the outcome uncertain until the last man had been retired. The feature of the game was the heavy hitting of Asano of the locals.

AMONG THE GUESTS

Mr. Louis R. Alberger of New York, whose boat, the *Polaris*, won the Commodore's, Vice-Commodore's and special cups in the recent race of the New York Yacht Club to Bar Harbor, spent a portion of the week here and was lunched

at the Club by Col. and Mrs. C. A. Jenkins, other guests including Mrs. Cornelius Doremus, Mrs. M. D. Paterson and Mrs. W. A. McGibbon.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Page, R. H. Page, Jr., George Crozer Page, Mr. and Mr. George Crozer, Jr., Mrs. R. M. Downing, Mrs. T. H. Dickerson, Miss Downing, Stephen Downing, Mr. and Mrs. N. M. Kline and Allen Whitney, made up a jolly party who enjoyed a days' outing at Socatean stream during the week.

Driving has never been more generally enjoyed, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Darling and family, Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Bookman, Mrs. John W. Cloud and her son, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Yerkes and Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Coons being among those who have become fascinated with the picturesque road which leads along the lake shore to the farms at the end.

Messrs. Hurd Hutchins of Boston, and A. B. Butler, Jr., of Washington, made the trip over the new road to the North-east carry in the saddle Monday, a stiff ride of twenty-five miles. This promises to be a most attractive feature when the thoroughfare is in better condition.

Sunday afternoon was made an occasion of much enjoyment for the young friends of little Katherine Clarke, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James K. Clarke of Ardmore, who entertained with a buckboard ride to the farm, the group including Misses Martha Weightman, Fannie Weightman, Katherine Clark, Eleanore Judkins, Frances Eidlitz and Master De Mari.

Mr. F. S. Arnold and his daughters, Miss H. M. Arnold and Miss Gladys Arnold of Boston, are spending two weeks here. They have chartered the launch *Annette* and spend much of their time on the water.

Mr. and Mrs. George M. Thornton and the Misses Thornton, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Rowland and Miss Armstrong, spent a day on the Moose river very pleasantly enjoying the noonday lunch.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren S. Crane, Miss Charlotte Crane, Mr. and Mrs. Balzar De Mari and Mr. Arthur N. Peck spent a day at Long Pond.

Mrs. John W. Cloud and her son, Fred W. Cloud of Short Hills, N. J., were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Walter H. Wesson at their private camp at Moody Island on Monday, a delightful feature of the day a sail about the lake on the Eulalia with lunch on board. Mrs. Cloud and her son who are making their first visit here are delighted with the section and will remain several weeks.

The return of Mrs. F. M. Dodge and her son, E. M. Dodge of Patterson, is welcomed by a large criele of friends and acquaintances. Mr. Dodge is the holder of the championship tennis title here and will defend the honor in coming tournaments.

Mr. and Mrs. Harlan Page of Philadelphia, and members of their party, including Mrs. Thomas Wistar, Dr. Roller and Messrs. A. R. Bartlett and F. W. Martin, spent the week-end here, running down from Camp Porcupine.

Quite a colony of Princeton graduates is gathered here, including Messrs. Howard A. Colby, James K. Clarke, John Reilly, Jr., George K. Crozer, Jr., J. Hart Hillman, B. Dangerfield and Walter E. Hope.

Mr. L. B. Goff of Pawtucket and Mr. J. C. McCoy of Nyatt Point, R. I., are camping on the Nipegon. Mr. McCoy, a man of independent fortune, devotes most of his time to aeronautics and is one of the country's authorities on the subject.

Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Koons and Oliver Koons of Plainfield, N. J., are here for their first visit. Mr. Koons is prominently connected with the Central Railroad of New Jersey and comes by private car.

Mr. W. H. Dougherty, Mr. Nelson Dougherty and Miss Dougherty, Miss Collamore, are back from a two weeks' camping trip, reporting fine fishing and an abundance of big game.

Mr. Charles S. Harper, father of Mrs. George K. Crozer, Jr., of Upland, joins this large and congenial party for the balance of the summer.

A group of young people enjoyed a ride to the farm, Monday, by buckboard.

The party included Miss Elizabeth Smith, Masters Erastus Smith, Howard Howland and Paul Feuchtwanger.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter E. Hope of New York, are joined by Miss Helen H. Talcott of New Britain, Conn., and all are in camp on the West Branch, near Green Island.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard B. Lippincott of Philadelphia, are here for a short stay. Mr. Lippincott will go into the woods with his son, leaving Mrs. Lippincott here.

Mr. Richard J. Lewis of New York, joins Mrs. Lewis and Miss Wealthy.

Mrs. John Weiss and Miss M. C. Weiss of Harrisburg, are delighted with their first impressions of the place.

Mr. John E. Baird, Miss Baird and Miss M. L. Roberts of Philadelphia, are late arrivals.

Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Hawley of Yonkers, return for their usual visit. With them is Mrs. G. Howard Chamberlain, wife of the architect of the Moosehead Lake Yacht Club.

Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Hichens of Brookline, who have been here some time will prolong their visit until well into September, so delighted are they with the Moosehead country.

Kineo has no more striking figure this season than Mr. J. D. Watkins of Philadelphia, who is here to remain several weeks with Mrs. Watkins and their son, Norman.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Yerkes, Miss A. S. Yerkes, Mr. George B. Yerkes and Mr. George H. Burgess of Plainfield, are among the new comers who are active in the life of the summer colony.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Holmes of St. Louis, are late comers who will remain some time.

The return of Mrs. B. Frank Clapp of Philadelphia, is welcomed by many old friends. Master Algernon is with her as usual.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred D. Steward, two children and maid of New York, are spending August here.

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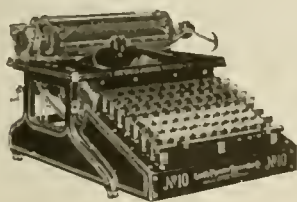
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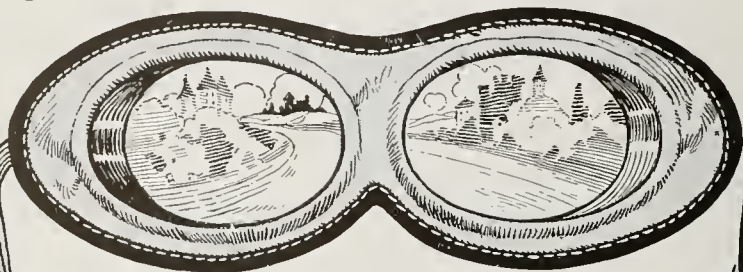
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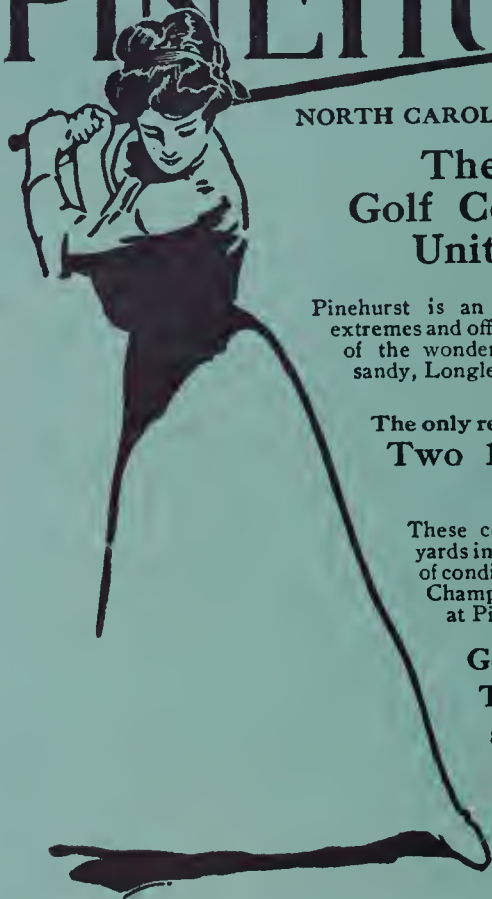
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OF·NEWS

EDITED·BY·HERBERT·L·JILLSON



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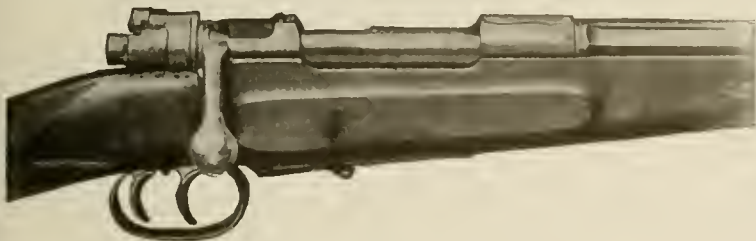
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“ THE GLORY OF THE MOONLIGHT ”

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NORTHWARD-HO



A WEEKLY MAGAZINE OF NEWS

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1909

VOL. V

No 7

THE GOLFER AND THE FROG

As Told in the Moonlight



“FACT is I’ve kept it quiet because it was a good thing; but, really, I feel that I ought to let you fellows in.” It was a western golfer who spoke and the piazza crowd enjoying the moonlight,



lapsed into silence indicative of nothing more than indifferent attention. Some of us, to be sure, had been in on the ground floor on subsequent occasions, but what of that? It was surely worth while to hear what he had to say even if he did own a gold mine or two, not to mention a yacht, automobile and flying machine!

“Knowing just how you fellows will take this, however, I hesitate somewhat, but you can draw your own conclusions—come in or stay out—so here goes. My connection with the affair was, naturally, a matter of fortunate accident; that’s why I don’t want to be selfish. Having lost a much prized golf ball in the lake I wandered over to the second tee in the hope of finding it. The search was useless and I sank down on the bank, conscious only for a time, of the glory of the moonlight.



“Presently I noticed a ripple, not far away, and fixing my eyes upon it, saw that it was drawing rapidly nearer. A few minutes later a monster bull frog clambered out on the shore a few feet away, cleared his eyes of water with a lazy blink, and fixed them curiously upon me, simultaneously querying: ‘Jug-o-rumm-m? Jug-o-rumm-m?’

“Entering into the spirit of the occasion, I replied facetiously that it was not a jug-of-rum that I wanted, but a lost golf ball, and quick the response came: ‘I-get-um!’

“‘That’s all very well,’ I continued in gay humor, ‘but, candidly, I believe you are more or less of a joker,’ and picking up a small chip, I shied it slyly at my visitor.

“‘I-show-um!’ he ejaculated delightedly and jumping quickly to one side, picked up the chip, leaped forward and dropped it at my feet.

“‘By Jove, old fellow,’ I commented, ‘you stand fair to be useful, but it’s not jugs-o-rum or pine chips that I want, but a lost golf ball—*golf ball*; do you understand?’

“Mr. Bull Frog tilted his head and squinted his eyes quizzically, so to clinch the argument, I pulled a ball from my pocket and rolled it towards him. ‘Golf balls—*golf balls*,’ I repeated, ‘is what I want.’ In an instant the big head was back in place and the round eyes bright.

“‘I know-um!’ was the joyous response and making a flying leap into the pond, the frog began circling as a bird dog does when on quail. A few minutes later he was speeding back with a ball in his mouth, and, will you believe it, it was my beloved *Casher-Jack*!

“‘Want-more-um?’ queried my newfound friend and anticipating my reply, he was back in the lake again. Every yard near the shore he worked, and each held its reward. Glaming white the pile of balls at my feet grew as the

moon sank toward the dark line of trees on the opposite shore.

"Presently the frog rose before me, bowed and gurgled: 'Must-go-hum; and a sense of sorrow crept over me.

"'Sorry, old chap,' I replied, 'but you must let me do something for you in return for your kindness.' The big eyes lighted with pleasure.

"'Jug-o-rum?' was the response, and strange as it may seem, its meaning suddenly dawned upon me. Mr. Bull Frog wanted something besides water to drink; a very natural desire in prohibition Maine.

"'Yon shall have it to-morrow night,' I replied lighting a cigarette, 'till then, good night,' and I bowed gravely.

"Smoke-um-sum!" was the reply as my salutation was returned, and the

all run together, becoming one monster ball which began rolling towards the lake and which I grasped desperately and tried to hold, but which kept dragging me on—on; closer to the rippling water which had suddenly become a yawning, depthless chasm.

"Then I awoke, finding myself half out of bed, head downward, with my arms tightly clasped around a pillow. A loud knock on the door greeted me.

"'It's eight o'clock, sir,' said a voice, 'and Mr. Smith says to tell you to meet him at the first tee at nine.'"

The Musical Liar

We don't go in much for editorials, but we do wish to state that the *person* who plays a cornet at six every morn-



extended hand left no room for doubt as to its meaning.

"Bending forward I passed over the smoking roll and placing it between his lips, the frog jumped into the lake and swam swiftly off, his head held high above the water and the blue smoke curling away behind him.

"Knelcing, I spread the balls out in piles of a dozen each; fourteen in all and three over—nearly all of them in perfect condition. Something like seventy-five dollars I estimated, in return for one cigarette and a promised jug of rum. Gee! But the problem was to get them to the hotel. My pockets would surely hold a fair share, I figured; the rest I could hide in the bushes on the shore.

"I reached forward for the first handful. Suddenly the piles seemed to

ing in the neighborhood of our home, is a *liar!*

"I-can't-get-'em-up! I-can't-get-em-up-this-morning. I-can't-get-em-up! I-can't-get-em-up-I-say-ay!" he toots, over and over again, long after everybody is up, passed through the fighting stage and plunged into the slough of despond.

We believe that truth is might, but in this case, it does seem that "lie crushed to earth will rise again," for there he goes now:

"I-can't-get-em-up! I can't-get-em-up!—"

Oh, for a range finder and a Krupp!

ARTIE—"Why is the hen immortal?"

JENNIE—"I dunno, why?"

ARTIE—"Because her *son* never sets!"

THE SPIDER-HUNTING WASP

Keen Observer Believes He has Discovered Something New

I'm not a very careful observer of insect life, but I couldn't help noticing the little black wasp which whisked nervously about my feet as I sat sunning beside my cabin. From time to time he would stop to dig in a tiny cavern, close by, disappearing off and on, only to return and resume the work with new vigor. Naturally my curiosity was aroused. What did it all mean?

Presently the problem was solved for the wasp approached dragging a large black spider. This he pulled into the hole, backing out presently and filling it in carefully, the finishing touch being the placing of little bits of bark and sticks over the top so that it was impossible to distinguish the point from the surrounding ground. With my eyes fixed upon the spot, I pushed down a match, to mark the location, without really knowing why.

That noon I remarked about the incident to my friend, the doctor, at the dinner table and he promptly told me that if I would take the trouble to dig the spider up I would find an egg fastened to the under and soft side of the body.

"Further," he continued, "you will find that the spider is not dead, but paralyzed and will live indefinitely in that condition. In due time the egg will hatch into a grub which will feed upon the spider and finally, grow into a wasp. What you saw was the spider-hunting wasp and you were fortunate indeed in doing so as they are very rare."

Just to satisfy myself that the doctor was right I dug up the spider and sure enough, there was the egg fastened on the under and soft side of the body. I applied a trifle of heat to the spider and found that it was helpless, except for a slight movement of the legs. The doctor stated very emphatically that the spider was paralyzed and that it would

never recover and my sympathies being with the wasp, I returned the victim to its tomb.

Being of doubtful disposition, however, I made up my mind that I would watch the spider for, somehow, I could not get over the impression that he would get over the sting of the wasp if given an opportunity. The next day I dug him up and tried to resuscitate him without result, returning him to the ground again. The third day I repeated the same operation and with some surprise, but nevertheless to my keen satisfaction, I saw the spider right himself and scramble off as if none the worse for the experience.

I have looked up books on this subject and I find that they bear out the doctor's statement that the spider can never recover. I am confident, however, personally, that these spiders would recover if given the opportunity. As a matter of fact, I am thoroughly convinced that they are only temporarily disabled and in this condition are dragged into the holes and fastened down, and my belief in this is further borne out by the fact that they are always carefully laid on their backs. Briefly, this is to my mind, conclusive proof that those who have studied the spider-hunting wasp have ceased the study from the time the spider disappeared in the hole until the grub emerged!

Why He Left His Happy Home

He said 'twas the stern call of duty
That sent him off to war;
But, really, it was the voice
Of his mother-in-law!



NIP AND TUCK THROUGHOUT

Third Annual Yacht Club Power Boat Handicap is Feature of Busy Week at Mt Kineo



WHITE ARROW 11. W. H. Dougherty of Brooklyn, owner, is the name which is to be inscribed upon the magnificent Walton Ferguson trophy as the result of the third annual power boat handicap of the Moosehead Lake Yacht Club. The unrecorded story is the most exciting contest in the history of racing on the big lake, perfect handicapping bringing the big field together at the finish line with but a few feet separating the leaders—the tail ender of the twelve boats less than four minutes away—and it was nip and tuck during the last few miles of the journey, the winners zig-zagging back and forth like tug of war teams as they speeded down the home stretch. Like the grand stand at the Bennings race track was the big crowd assembled at the Club house and on the shore, and in spite of the sharp clatter of exhausts, a stillness reigned as tense as midnight, enthusiasm which knew no bounds, breaking forth when the leaders slowed down and circled gracefully towards harbor.

Fourteen miles was the distance covered, twice around a seven-mile triangle, with the start and finish directly in front of the Club house, the only disappointment of the afternoon being the crippling of the scratch boat, the fleet Nee-Bana, which had steering gear trouble just after crossing the line and dropped from the race. The field got away at intervals of from eleven seconds to fifteen minutes apart, making a pretty sight as it strung out along the course, but at the first turn it was apparent that the finish was to be a close one for the boats were gradually bunching as step by step, the speedier craft overhauled the slower. When they turned for the finish it was

impossible to pick the winner and in the last two hundred yards of the race the White Arrow fought it out neck and neck with the speedy little Runabout owned by W. L. Sheaffer of Pottsville, which crept up inch by inch until her nose was almost abreast; four short seconds only intervening between the time the two crossed the line.

Next in order came the Damiante, owned by Mrs. M. D. Paterson of New York, and after her the Clematis, owned by Henry Sheaffer of Pottsville; the Wissahickon, owned by Dr. S. McCuen Smith of Philadelphia; the Gypsy, owned by John Reilly, Jr., of Salem; the Eleanor, owned by C. A. Judkins of Kineo; the Hunky Dory and Kennywyd, owned by E. H. Outerbridge of New York; the Unome, owned by Commodore C. M. Clark of New York; the Francis and the Errand Boy, owned by Walton Ferguson of Stamford.

The elapsed time, handicap and corrected time follows:

White Arrow,	1.24.25	29	1.53.25
Runabout,	1.11.59	41.30	1.53.29
Damiantie,	1.36.31	17	1.55.31
Clematis,	1.25.03	29.40	1.54.43
Wissahickon,	1.55.05	00.00	1.55.05
Gypsy,	1.37.11	18	1.55.11
Eleanor,	1.29.45	25.20	1.55.50
Hunky Dory,	1.56.24	1	1.57.24
Kennywyd,	1.11.25	45	1.56.25
Unome,	1.30.01	27.40	1.57.41
Francis,	1.31.15	25.30	1.56.45
Errand Boy,	1.28.41	28.49	1.57.30

The permanent cup won by the White Arrow, was presented by Commodore Clark; the second prize trophy secured by the Runabout, the gift of Mrs. S. McCuen Smith. In addition to the White Arrow, the names of the Unome and the Onaway appear upon the Ferguson trophy, but each of these names must be inscribed twice more be-



THE FERGUSON TROPHY

fore the cup can pass into their possession.

Details of the afternoon were in the hands of a committee of judges including Harlan Page, J. Henry Hentz, Jr., and Henry Feuchtwanger; George E. Cooley as clerk, Commodore C. M. Clark as starter, and Ernest F. Eidlitz and George J. Lovely as timers. Tea was served at the Club house following the race.

During the preliminary maneuvers and the first lap, attention was occupied with a baseball game between teams which styled themselves as "Guests" and "Regulars," the latter pulling out for a win in the last four innings, nine to six, with the score tied at the end of the fifth and the guests in the lead at the end of the sixth.

SPORTS IN THE OPEN

Mixed doubles tennis provided an interesting series of contests, hundreds following play from the verandas of the hotel which overlook the courts; interest culminating in the final between Mr. A. F. Doty and Miss Doty of Waltham, and Mr. E. N. Dodge of Paterson, and Mrs. James K. Clarke of Philadelphia, which the former couple won in an exciting contest, 6-3, 8-10, 6-2. In the semi-final, Mr. and Miss Doty beat Mr. R. F. Van Vranken of Brooklyn, and Miss Dudley of Riverside, 6-4, 6-1, and Mr. Dodge, and Mrs. Clarke beat Mr. John Gay and Miss Aline Feuchtwanger of Madison, 6-4, 6-2. In the second round Mr. Van Vranken and Miss Dudley beat Mr. Hayward and Miss Hamilton, 3-6, 6-1, 7-5; Mr. Doty and Miss Doty beat Mr. and Mrs. John Reilly, Jr., 6-2, 6-0; Mr. Gay and Miss Feuchtwanger beat Mr. Duer and Miss Outerbridge, 6-1, 6-4; Mr. Dodge and Mrs. Clarke beat Mr. and Mrs. Howard A. Colby, 7-5, 11-9.

In the first round Mr. Hayward and Miss Hamilton beat Mr. Arai and Mrs. Paterson, 6-3, 1-6, 6-3; Mr. Van Vranken and Miss Dudley beat Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Hillman, 7-5, 8-6; Mr. and

Mrs. John Reilly, Jr., beat Mr. S. B. Downing and Miss Dorothy Kinley, by default; Mr. Doty and Miss Doty beat Mr. Nelson Dougherty and Miss Colamore, 7-5, 6-3; Mr. Duer and Miss Outerbridge beat Mr. E. S. Kinley and Miss Busk, 6-3, 6-4; Mr. Gay and Miss Feuchtwanger beat Mr. C. H. Tompkins and Miss Clarice Paterson, 6-1, 8-6; Mr. Dodge and Mrs. Clarke beat Mr. J. Harry Hentz, Jr., and Miss Drinkwater, 7-5, 6-1; and Mr. and Mrs. Colby beat Mr. Austin J. Feuchtwanger and Miss Mura, 6-1, 6-4. In a preliminary elimination round, Mr. E. B. Hayward and Miss Hamilton beat Mr. Paul Feuchtwanger and Miss Rowland, 6-4, 8-6, 6-4; Mr. Yonco Arai and Mrs. M. D. Paterson beat Mr. Asano and Miss Arai, 6-4, 6-4.

Austin J. Feuchtwanger of Madison, was the winner of the annual handicap match play golf tournament, defeating J. H. Hutchins of Boston, in the final round, three up and two to play; Mr. Feuchtwanger playing with a handicap of three and Mr. Hutchins from scratch. In the semi-final, Mr. Hutchins defeated Mrs. M. D. Paterson, two up and one to play, and Mr. Feuchtwanger beat his father, three up and two to play. In the second round, Mr. Feuchtwanger beat Hurd Hutchins, two up and one to play; Mr. Hutchins beat J. Harry Hentz, Jr., six up and five to play; Mrs. Paterson beat C. C. Darling, six up and five to play; and Henry Feuchtwanger beat Jack Hutchins, three up and two to play. In the first round Mr. Feuchtwanger beat F. Walter Hentz, four up and three to play; Mr. Hutchins beat James I. Barr, five up and four to play; Mr. Hentz beat John Gay, Jr., one up; Mr. Darling beat R. Arai, three up and two to play; Mrs. Paterson beat E. B. Hayward, two up and one to play; Hurd Hutchins beat George J. Lovely, five up and three to play; Jack Hutchins beat E. F. Eidlitz, four up and three to play; and Henry Feuchtwanger beat George J. Crozer, Jr., five up and three to play.

In qualification Howard A. Colby led

with a card of eighty-two, but withdrew. Henry Feuchtwanger scored eighty-five, Mrs. M. D. Paterson, eighty-eight and J. Hurd Hutchins, eighty-nine.

James K. Clarke of Ardmore, was the winner of Monday afternoon's rifle shoot for very attractive trophies offered by Mrs. E. B. Hayward and Miss Ruth Hamilton of Baltimore, scoring a total of one hundred and forty-four with two fine targets of seventy-six and sixty-eight out of a possible hundred. Mrs. C. A. Judkins was second with a total of one hundred and twenty-four, and Mrs. Clarke, third in one hundred and twenty. Miss Ethel Outerbridge of New York, was winner of a trophy offered by Mrs. C. A. Judkins with a total of one hundred and twenty-two. Mrs. John Reilly was second in a hundred and twenty, Miss A. K. Robinson third in one hundred and eighteen, Mrs. W. A. McGibbon fourth in a hundred and seventeen, Mrs. E. F. Eidlitz and Miss Clarice Paterson fifth in a hundred and eleven, Mrs. M. D. Paterson sixth in a hundred and nine, Mrs. E. B. Hayward seventh in a hundred and four, and Miss Ruth Hamilton eighth in ninety-three. Mrs. Judkins leads in the race for the best average with a total of one hundred and ninety-seven; Mrs. Paterson second in a hundred and eighty, and Mrs. Eidlitz third in a hundred and seventy-four. Miss Hamilton has one hundred seventy-four, Mrs. Clark one hundred and seventy-three, Mrs. McGibbon one hundred and sixty-seven, Mrs. Reilly one hundred and sixty-one, and Miss Outerbridge one hundred and forty-one.

SOCIAL PLEASURES MANY

Enjoyed by the guests of the hotel fully as much as by the participants, was the annual masquerade ball of the employees, an occasion which is looked forward to with pleasure by all from year to year. Added interest was given by the contribution of a generous fund which was awarded by a committee including Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Colby, Mrs. M. D. Paterson, and Messrs. R. M.

Van Arsdale and W. L. Sloane. The list of costumes ranged all the way from the ludicrous to the elaborate and not the least amusing were the antic of the various clowns and caricatures. The affair opened with a grand march and several dances during which the company tried to identify someone they knew in the motley throng, many genuine surprises coming with unmasking. The committee found the work of selecting the best costumes so difficult that it decided to increase the fund, thus making it possible to give three dollars to each couple on the floor, an announcement which was received with vociferous enthusiasm.

The Yacht Club has been the scene of many delightful social affairs, among them the largest and most enjoyable bridge party of the season given Tuesday evening by Mrs. B. Frank Clapp of Philadelphia, and Mrs. Henry Lea of New York; play being followed by supper served in the grill room at eleven o'clock. The guests were Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Dougherty, Dr. and Mrs. T. U. Coe, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Kinley, Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Downing, Dr. and Mrs. Muchler, Mr. and Mrs. John Reilly, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Eidlitz, Mr. and Mrs. J. Hart Hillman, Mesdames Henry Feuchtwanger, T. Sedgwick Steele, C. A. Martin, Balzar De Mari, James K. Clarke, M. N. Kline, and Sidney M. Gladwin; Misses Milligan and Louise Sheaffer; Messrs. Henry Sheaffer, W. L. Sheaffer, Clinton Sheaffer and L. G. Sheaffer.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard A. Colby of New York, entertained a party of twelve at dinner Friday, including Mr. and Mrs. James K. Clarke, Mrs. M. D. Paterson, Mrs. Walton Ferguson, Jr., Miss Carstairs, Miss Constance Kinley and Messrs. John Gay, E. N. Dodge, Jeffrey Hazard and Dr. Rowland Cox, Jr.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Henry Hentz, Jr. of Philadelphia, entertained the younger set delightfully Tuesday evening with a moonlight sail about the lake on the steamer Olivette, supper being served

at Seboomook; interest centering in the visit to North Bay where the myriad echoes of grim Mount Kineo were awakened.

In the group were the Misses Arai, Feuchtwanger, Murai, Drinkwater, Topping, Yerkes, Paterson, Gay, Doty and Kinley; Messrs. Hentz, Gay, Feuchtwanger, Hutchins, Arai, Topping, Asano, Doty, Yerkes, Smith and Kinley. Mrs. Henry Feuchtwanger and Mrs. John Carnrick were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Hentz, acting as chaperones.

Thursday, Mrs. George M. Thornton of Pawtucket, gave a mid-day luncheon followed by progressive bridge, for a party including Mesdames B. Frank Clapp, J. B. Kinley, W. H. Dougherty, Henry Lea, Thomas Upham Coe, T. Sedgwick Steele and Sidney Morse Gladwin.

Mrs. Thomas Upham Coe of Bangor, was also hostess at a similar party, her guests including Mr. and Mrs. Walter H. Wesson, Mr. and Mrs. J. Cooke, Jr., and Miss Ann Coe.

Master Algernon Clapp of Philadelphia, was host at a birthday party given in honor of his thirteenth birthday on Monday, his guests including Misses Wealthy Lewis, Dorothy Kinley, Katherine Downing, and Masters Taro Murai, Howard Rowland and Paul Feuchtwanger.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Feuchtwanger of Madison, entertained at dinner, Mrs. John Carnrick, Mr. and Mrs. J. Henry Hentz, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Eidlitz, and Col. and Mrs. Charles A. Judkins.

Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Hayward of Baltimore, entertained in honor of Miss Ruth Hamilton and Miss Constance Kinley.

AMONG THE GUESTS

Mr. John B. Talcott of New Britain, joins her daughters, Mrs. Walter E. Hope and Miss Helen H. Talcott. Mr. and Mrs. Hope and Miss Talcott have just returned from a camping trip along the West Branch.

Mr. Eugene Treadwell of New York, joins his mother. Although advanced

in years, Mrs. Treadwell looks forward to her annual camping trip with her son.

Mr. and Mrs. George B. Churchill and Miss Hildegard Churchill of Amherst, Mass., are spending the week here.

Mr. and Mrs. Austen G. Fox and Miss Alice Fox of New York, are here for their usual visit before going to their camp at Socatean.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert T. Boyd, Mr. Robert T. Boyd, Jr., Mr. Charles N. Van Dusen and Miss Van Dusen of Philadelphia, are here for the week.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Yates of Morristown, Pa., are enjoying a two weeks' visit.

Mr. S. Davies Warfield of Baltimore, is in camp on the Ripogenus.

Mrs. F. E. Horton and Miss Horton, with Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Joscely of New York, will remain through September.

Dr. F. W. Chapin of New York, returns and will spend a month in camp at Socatean.

Mr. and Mrs. James P. Higginson of New York, are spending a fortnight here.

Mr. Erickson N. Nichols of Boston, is here for the week to come.

Dr. and Mrs. L. H. Mutschle of Philadelphia, join Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Downing.

Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Franklin and Gwendolen Franklin of Overbrook, spent a portion of the week in camp at Spencer.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Kramer of Philadelphia, join Mr. and Mrs. Schaperkottter.

Miss E. W. Milligan of New York, is a guest at Commodore C. M. Clark's cottage.

Mr. and Mrs. True Perkins of Cleveland, are welcomed back after six years' absence. They bring with them Master True Perkins II.

Mrs. Amiel Cushman and her son, Robert Cushman of St. Louis, are making a two weeks' visit.

Mr. F. L. Moseley of Brookline, joins the ranks of the rifle shots.

Mrs. Sidney Gladwin of Hartford, is a guest at the Steele cottage.

The return of Mr. and Mrs. M. N. Kline of Philadelphia, is welcomed by many old friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Feuchtwanger and Mr. and Mrs. J. Henry Hentz, Jr., were among those to climb Mt. Kineo.

Mrs. F. J. Warren of New Berlin, Pa., returns for the month, joining her son, Jesse, who is at Camp Wildwood.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Topping and Miss Dorothy Topping of Summit, are late arrivals. Master Topping is spending the summer at Camp Wilwood.

Mr. H. M. Adams of Pawtucket, joins Mrs. Adams and they are spending the week in camp at Brassau lake with Mr.

Master Allen Whitney of Augusta, is the guest of his school friend, Mr. S. B. Downing.

Mr. and Mrs. Hosea Starr Ballou and their son, Mr. H. S. Ballou, Jr., of Brookline, are here for the month.

Mr. Audrey Weightman of Philadelphia, joins Mrs. Rowland Cox and his daughters, and will remain some weeks.

Mrs. H. B. McIntire and her daughter, Miss Ruth, of Cambridge, are here for a fortnight.

Mr. Nobuyo Masuda and Mr. Byozo Asano of Boston, join the Arai family.

Miss Ann H. Coe of Durham, N. H., is a guest of Dr. and Mrs. Thomas Upham Coe of Bangor.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry C. West of New York, are here for September.

Mr. W. H. Keech of Pittsburg, is spending two weeks here.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Sheaffer of Pottsville, return for their annual visit at the Sheaffer cottage.

Mr. J. H. Viaux and his daughter, Miss Viaux, of Boston, are making a short visit.

Mr. W. H. Maerlewen and Mr. V. F. Kelly of New York, are keen for horse-back riding and are on the wood's bridle path daily.

A. F. Virgeron and H. B. Virgeron of Providence, are spending three weeks here.

Miss M. P. Stone of Boston, joins Mrs. A. E. Pond.

Mr. Sidney D. Furst of Lock Haven, Pa., after a number of years absence, returns for September.

Mr. F. C. Payson and Dr. P. W. Davis of Portland, are in camp on Moose river for September.

Mr. N. Milan Sheaffer, Jr., of New York, is joined by Mr. Jeffrey Hazard of Providence. They will go into the woods as usual.

Miss Betty Drinkwater of New York, is the guest of Miss Aline Feuchtwanger at the Feuchtwanger cottage.

Mr. Lyman A. B. Goff of Pawtucket, returns from camp.

Two Unlucky Room Numbers

Ever hunt in a hotel for room thirteen? Try to find it sometime.

Twenty-three, however, is still in evidence. Ask the man who cashes the checks!



TENNIS AT THE WENTWORTH

Mixed Doubles Provide Interesting Series of Matches
Which are Enjoyed by Hotel Guests



MIXED doubles tennis for very handsome trophies contributed through the generosity of the hotel management, provided an interesting series of matches during the week, which were generally enjoyed by the guests of The Wentworth from the inviting shade of the hotel verandas which overlook the famous courts; Mr. Chauncey P. Taylor of Newburg and Miss Annie Vose of Boston, winning the final round from Mr. C. H. Chisholm of Princeton, and Miss Dorothy Ballantyne of Pittsburg; 1-6, 4-6, 6-4, 7-5, 6-4. In the semi-final Mr. Chisholm and Miss Ballantyne defeated Mr. Howard Ballantyne of Pittsburg, and Miss Shipley of Cincinnati, 8-6, 6-1, 6-3, and Mr. Taylor and Miss Vose defeated Mr. Whitney Bouden of New Orleans, and Miss Alfreda Shipley of Cincinnati, 7-5, 6-3. In the first round Mr. Taylor and Miss Vose beat Mr. Roger Curtis of Marlboro, and Miss Pauline Firth of Boston, 6-3, 6-3; Mr. Chisholm and Miss Ballantyne beat Mr. Grant Curry of Pittsburg, and Miss Eleanor Milnor of New York, 6-1, 6-1; Mr. Ballantyne and Miss Shipley beat Mr. Arnold Curtis of Marlboro, and Miss Mabel Vose of Boston, 6-1, 6-2; Mr. Bouden and Miss Alfreda Shipley beat Mr. J. M. Fairbank of Boston, and Miss Margaret Curry of Pittsburg, 6-1, 6-2.

MANY MOTORISTS

The influx of motorists shows no sign of abatement and it is apparent that September's business is to be very large. Sunday was another record day and a big crowd is expected to-morrow; a partial list of the large number who registered last Sunday, including: Mr. and Mrs. Joseph J. Smith, New York; Mr. and Mrs. John Joyce, Andover;

Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Fahey, Boston (Packard); Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Napes, New York (Franklin); Mr. and Mrs. Wilson R. Smith, Miss B. G. Cooke, Miss Edith I. Smith, New York (Pilian); Mr. and Mrs. J. Rich Steers, Master Steers, Miss Steers, Port Chester, N. Y. (Pierce-Arrow); Mr. and Mrs. George B. Evans, Miss Edith Evans, Philadelphia (Winton); J. L. White, Boston; Mrs. J. B. Castle, Honolulu; Mr. and Mrs. P. W. White, Brunswick (Peerless); Malcolm H. Eaton, Theo. Hastings, Boston (Packard); Mrs. A. Pitcairn, Miss E. Dumbleoy, Dr. J. H. Thompson, John Pitcairn, C. J. Scott, Pittsburg (Stevens); Mr. and Mrs. C. D. White, Miss Marjorie White, Miss Mary N. White, Norwich (Packard); Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Adams, Mr. and Mrs. B. M. Lathrop, Erie, Pa. (Stoddard-Dayton); Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Dexter, Master Fulford Dexter, Brookline (Locomobile); Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Chase, Mr. and Mrs. William Johnson, Miss Alice Rowe, Lynn (Premier); Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Smith, Newton; Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Snyder, Winchester (Stevens).

Monday brought another big list, prominent among those who registered being: Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Wilkins, New York (Renault); Mr. and Mrs. Ethan Allen, Horace R. B. Allen, the Misses Allen, New York (Packard); Mr. and Mrs. Edward H. Floyd-Jones, Mrs. George S. Floyd-Jones, Massapequa, N. Y. (Stearns); Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Gross, Hartford, Miss Galpin, New Haven (Ford); Mr. and Mrs. James R. Bowen, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Murray, Jersey City (Locomobile—Ideal Tour); Mr. and Mrs. E. Hilmer, Miss Edith Hilmer, Col. E. W. J. Greble, Philadelphia (Lozier); Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Curtis, Boston (Stevens); Mr.

and Mrs. O. F. Winna, Miss E. T. Winna, Kingston, N. Y. (Elmore); Dr. and Mrs. Louis H. Edler, Jr., Miss L. M. Edler, Master Francis H. Edler, Philadelphia (Columbia); Mr. and Mrs. Francis H. Stuart, Miss Stuart, Brooklyn (Columbia); Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Madlener, Mr. and Mrs. Bartholomew, Chicago (Pierce); Mr. and Mrs. O. L. Garrison, St. Louis (Packard); Dr. and Mrs. Henry Lovitt, Master Charles H. Lovitt, Langhorne, Pa. (Columbia); Mr. and Mrs. O. P. Heyes, Miss Emily Heyer, O. P. Heyer, Jr., W. E. Heyer, New York (Packard); Mr. and Mrs.

Parks, George Davidson, W. L. Young, Jr., L. Steckler, F. Steckler, J. Steckler and L. W. Johnson of New York, G. Taylor, Kent Shaffer, F. Bryant and W. P. Hornebeck of Chicago, William Firth, W. E. Smith and A. E. Smith of Brookline, H. W. Foster and H. S. Foster of Montreal, E. C. Johnson of Boston, Dr. W. S. Brown of Flushing, Maurice Casey of San Francisco, W. F. Langshaw of New Bedford, L. E. Lynch and A. T. Ralff of Concord, Emery Winship of Macon, E. Perkins of Rochester, E. D. Speck of Pittsburg, C. F. Grainger of Louisville,



THE HISTORIC GOVERNOR LANGDON HOUSE AT PORTSMOUTH

Lee Steinfeld, Miss Dorothy Steinfeld, New York (Packard); Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Stevens, Springfield, Mass. (Knox); Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Lund, Philadelphia (Buick); Mr. and Mrs. John Hughes, New York (Stearns); Mr. and Mrs. L. G. Kaufman, Marquette, Mr. and Mrs. Lockwood Honoré, Chicago (De Luxe).

GOLF IS POPULAR

Golf continues to lead in popularity, among those who are seen daily on the course including Messrs. Charles T.

W. P. Montague of Newark, H. S. Clarke of Woonsocket, A. D. Higgins, Thompsonville, and H. F. Collier of Waterbury.

Among the many pleasant affairs of the week was a dinner tendered Mr. and Mrs. Joseph J. Smith of New York, by Mr. and Mrs. John Joyce of Andover, and Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Fahy of Boston.

Mrs. T. Tileston Welles of New York, gave a luncheon to Mrs. Beverly C. Duer of New York, the guests including Mrs. Robert S. Sturgis, Mrs. Wol-

cott H. Johnson, Mrs. Northrop Hodge and Mrs. Edwin Upton Curtis of Boston.

The harbor pier is a favorite assembling place for the children who find the fishing excellent there; Master "Billie" Birdsall of Washington, making a fine catch of twenty perch which the hotel chef served with especial care.

Many are enjoying the rides and drives of the vicinity, never more delightful than at this season, and bathing and boating continue popular diversions.

AMONG THE GUESTS

Late arrivals include Mr. and Mrs. Louis Steckler and Masters Edward and Phillip Steckler of New York, who come for the month.

Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Young and Master M. L. Young, Jr., of New York, will remain some time.

Misses Elizabeth M. Blanchard of Bellefonte, and Eleanore M. Laws of Bryn Mawr, join friends.

Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Bolton and child of Waco, Tex., will remain for several weeks.

Mrs. J. Howland Mix of New York, Mr. Elbridge Mix and Miss Grace E. Mix of Grand Rapids, are spending a fortnight here.

Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln K. Passmore, Mr. J. Pason Passmore and Mr. L. Allan Passmore of Philadelphia, are here for the week, coming by motor.

Mrs. H. G. Curry, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Curry, Miss Margaret Curry and Mr. Grant Curry of Magnolia, are welcome additions to the social circle.

Mr. and Mrs. John C. Allen, Jr., and Mr. Floyd C. Allen of Philadelphia, spent the week here.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. McKey of Newton Center, are completing a short visit.

Mr. and Mrs. H. O. Coffinlin and Miss Coffinlin of Cleveland, and Miss Gurtherie of Janesville, spent the week here, coming by motor.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward S. Foster and family of Winchester, are completing a short visit.

Mr. and Mrs. L. P. Howe and Mr.

John A. Curtis of Marlborough, and Miss D. R. Mercer of Newton, are among the motorists who are to linger several days.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Godfrey and Mrs. John M. Wood of Somerville, will remain over Sunday.

Mrs. Snowden Robinson and Miss Violet Robinson of Washington, are here for the week to come.

Mrs. H. D. Noyes and Mr. D. W. C. Noyes of New York, were guests of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Hutley Harvey of Wilmington, are completing a short visit.

The Misses Susan Upham and S. W. Vincent of Boston, are making a brief stay with friends.

The return of Bishop and Mrs. W. A. Leonard of Cleveland, is welcomed by a large circle of acquaintances.

Mrs. L. B. Stevenson and Master Paul Stevenson of Manchaug, Mass., are completing a short visit.

Mr. John C. Grant and Miss Mary F. Grant of Chicago, join Mrs. Grant.

Mr. Norman H. North of Boston, spent the week here.

Mr. C. H. Birdsall of Washington, joins Mrs. Birdsall and Master William.

Mr. Bennett Milnor of New York, joins his family.

Mrs. W. Hall Wickham of New York, joins friends.

Benefits of Rest and Fresh Air

The main benefit derived from woods life comes from fresh air and rest, and there's a lesson to be learned from it for those who cannot enjoy the wilderness. Fresh air and rest! Nothing contributes more to physical health. Remember it. Spend all the time you can in a piazza easy chair or hammock these days. Read, dream or sleep—idle the hours away—thus storing up strength for life's work, for strength is like a bank balance—you can't overdraw without making good!

NORTHWARD-HO!—"It saves letter writing!" Ask for mailing envelopes.

JOYS OF THE WILDERNESS

More and More They Are Being Appreciated by All Classes

September, October and November are the great wilderness-camping months and from now on until late fall, hundreds of campfires will sparkle brightly in the darkness of the forest nightly all through the northern section of the state. There was a day, not so long ago, when these parties included only sportsmen, but this time is long since past, and those who now work into the woods include all classes, young and old, sportsmen and non-sportsmen; men and women; tourists, pleasure seekers, canoeists and nature lovers. The impression that woods life is "roughing it" in every sense of the words, and which had a tremendous hold upon many able-bodied men and women, is fast disappearing in face of facts, as the true pleasures and benefits of woods life are being more and more understood, and the fact that it appeals to nine out of ten persons who try it, no matter what they thought before the trial, is conclusive proof that the love of the woods is still a prominent characteristic of mankind.

Woods life comes as near the ideal existence as it is possible to find it, for every comfort and many luxuries, may be had at distant points, and it will claim increasing numbers as long as the forests repel the advance of "civilization," for it is the wilderness which charms; the sense of loneliness and the unusual. The air is like good wine, pure water is everywhere, and there are berries, and fish and game. The tent is comfortable, the camp fire a luxury, the guide's cooking good, and with never a thing to do, one has not a moment's time.

A joy to live it is; to drift with the swift current of the river or to shoot through roaring rapids, to lie beside a shady bank and cast and recast over the trout pool, to cleave the mirror-like surface of the lake or to creep

stealthily along the shore in the silent canoe, surprising feeding moose or deer. There are rainy days to be sure, some disagreeable features, perhaps; but only recollections of joy and achievement live in the memory for the wilderness lover.

Why Does He Always Deny It?

"Listen to what this fellow says when he comes back," remarked the hotel clerk as a man approached hurriedly.

"Yes, that must be my change," he began, "and surely that's my coat. Did I hand in my room key? Surely. Just look in box 230, please. Not there? I certainly gave it to the clerk when I paid my bill. No? * * * Oh, here it is!

"I can't understand this. Never did such a thing before in my life. Guess I'd better consult a doctor. Thanks, awfully," and away he hurried to take the waiting bus.

"Perhaps you don't realize it, but that's a pretty regular thing," concluded the clerk; "leaving behind what they ought to take and carrying away something they shouldn't.

"But *why* everybody insists that they never did such a thing before I can't understand. Habit, or human nature, which?"

Beaver Colony at Moosehead Lake

A beaver dam has recently been discovered on Williams Stream, emptying into Moosehead lake. It is V shaped and holds the water back for half a mile or more. Bank beavers have lived in this vicinity for several years past, but they have now established a colony and are multiplying rapidly.

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GOLF MAD IS THE BELGRADE

Interest in the Ancient Scottish Game Backgrounds Other Sports and Recreations



"GOLF mad" is Belgrade and for the time being, fishing, tennis and other outdoor recreations are backgrounded by interest in the ancient Scottish game; the week's feature a match play handicap in which G. H. Buzby of Philadelphia, captured the handsome trophy from R. N. King of Dayton, four up and three to play, in the final round. In the semi-final Mr. Buzby defeated Donald Burger of New York, two up, and Mr. King beat F. F. Sloan of Crandford, one up, on the twentieth green; the latter match one of the closest of the season. In the first round Mr. Buzby defeated Eagleson Robb of New York, three up; Mr. King beat Frank Dudensing of New York, five up; Mr. Sloan beat Harold Hovey of Boston, two up; Mr. Burger beat R. L. King of Dayton, two up on the twenty-seventh green; the score tied at the end of the first round.

F. F. Sloan of Crandford, whose allowance was (6), led in qualification with a net card of seventy-four; R. N. King (15), second in seventy-five and G. H. Buzby (9), third in seventy-six. Mr. Robb (16), made seventy-seven; Richard Dudensing (30), seventy-nine; Mr. Burger (6), eighty-two; Hillary Messimer of New York (15), eighty-three; R. L. King (5), eighty-four; Mr. Hovey (20), eighty-five; Frank Dudensing of New York (16), eighty-six; H. R. Simonds of Dayton (0), and J. M. Muldon of Pensacola (9) eighty-seven each; Mrs. F. F. Sloan of Crandford (22), ninety-four; Miss Sheridan of Brooklyn (35), one hundred and one; Mrs. Eagleson Robb of New York (50), one hundred and twenty; Mrs. E. B. Boyd of New York (50), one hundred and forty-three.

Mr. and Mrs. Eagleson Robb of New York, entertained delightfully at dinner, Saturday evening, covers being laid for twelve with decorations of sweet peas. Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Buzby, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Morgan, Mr. and Mrs. F. F. Sloan, Mrs. E. B. Boyd, Mrs. Henry Zuckerman and Messrs. Lloyd E. Allen and William Curry were the guests.

Mr. G. H. Buzby of Philadelphia, gave a cup christening supper in honor of his golf victory for Mr. and Mrs. Sloan. Mr. and Mrs. Morgan, Mr. and Mrs. R. N. King, Mr. and Mrs. Simonds, Mrs. Buzby, Mrs. Boyd, Mrs. Zuckerman and William Curry were the guests.

In odd moments one hears something of fishing which will be at its best from now on, echoes of the rare sport September furnishes coming during the week by the taking of fifty-seven bass, including one weighing four pounds and ten, averaging from a pound and a half to two pounds, by Mr. H. M. J. McMichael of New York. Mr. J. R. McCreery of Pittsburg, took a four and a half pound bass, a three pounder and a two and a half pounder in an afternoon's fishing and many other fine catches not out of the ordinary, have been reported.

AMONG THE GUESTS

Judge Robert S. Lovett, vice-president of the Southern Pacific lines, who has been mentioned as Mr. Harriman's possible successor, left during the week after a month here, for a conference with Mr. Harriman, leaving Mr. Robert Lovett here for the remainder of the season.

Messrs. Clifford R. Babson of East Orange, and Charles B. Grady of West Orange, are enjoying two weeks' fishing.

Dr. B. van D. Hedges of Plainfield comes for a fortnight's fishing.



SUNLIGHT AND SHADOW

The return of Mr. Lloyd E. Allen of Boston, for the second visit of the season is welcomed by a large circle of friends and acquaintances.

Mrs. John S. Durand and Mr. Harry S. Durand of New York, return for their usual visit.

Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Massarene of New York, are making a short stay.

Mr. C. C. Bowman of New Britain, comes for his annual sojourn.

Messrs. M. L. Rodgers and J. R. McCreery of Pittsburg, join the ranks of the anglers.

Mr. H. S. Buzby joins his parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Buzby.

Mr. J. Frank Hale of Boston, joins Mrs. Hale.

Mr. Frank A. Morrison of Ridgefield Park, is here for the month to come.

SPORTS OF NORTHERN MAINE

They Are Unique and the Product of Woods Environment

The athletic sports of Northern Maine, in which guides, woodsmen and similar characters participate, are decidedly unique. Naturally, water sports, canoeing and the like, are most popular, for northern Maine is a network of lakes and streams and the canoe is to the native what the saddle horse is to the westerner. He is associated with it from childhood and this training handed down from generation to generation, makes the Maine woodsman the best canoeist in the world, just as westerners are the best horsemen.

Canoeing is, in consequence, an important feature of these races and single, double and portage (carrying) canoe races are always popular. Another popular sport which always arouses keen rivalry, owing to the fact that teams participate, is four-oared batteau racing. This craft is a racing model of the lumberman's batteau, a boat which is always in evidence wherever river logging crews are found.

The racer is built somewhat on the plan of the working boat, but is, of course, much heavier, and there are no movable seats, simply straps for the feet. Long, flat oars are used on outriggers. There is no rudder the coxswain steering with a paddle, and at the same time working with all his might to do what he can to propel the craft, standing. Two and a half miles, with turn, is the usual distance; the time from twelve to fourteen minutes.

The log poling contest is absolutely unique and brings out a superb exhibition of the nimbleness and skill of the river driver. With no footwear, but heavy wool stockings, these muscular, agile fellows balance themselves and pole logs through the shallow water for a distance of one hundred yards in remarkably quick time.

One of the most laughable features is the greased pole walking contest. A clean shaven spruce log is extended horizontally over the water for a distance of forty feet and liberally smeared with lard. At the end of this pole a small flag is set lightly in a socket. Upon this uncertain footing the contestants try to walk in their stocking feet, remove the flag without breaking the slender staff, stand up and return if possible.

In addition to the sports peculiar to Northern Maine, fly-casting contests, lance canoe contests and rifle shooting are indulged in.

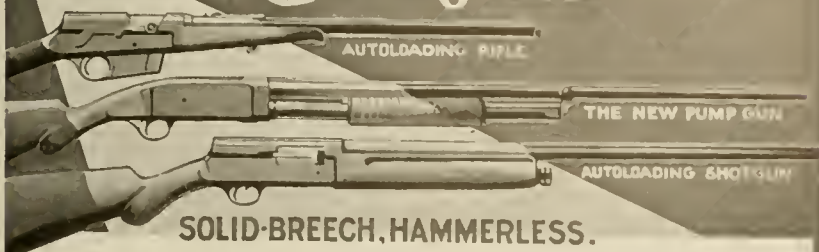
Horned Owl's a Fighter

Of all the denizens of the forest the horned owl is the easiest decoy. Call "Who-Who! Who-Who-o-o-o!" in a hollow voice and if there's a bird within sound, he'll not only answer quickly, but begin moving forward cautiously.

The guide will tell you that the reason for this is that each bird has its own range and on which it reigns supreme, any intrusion meaning leave or fight, and it surely looks that way.

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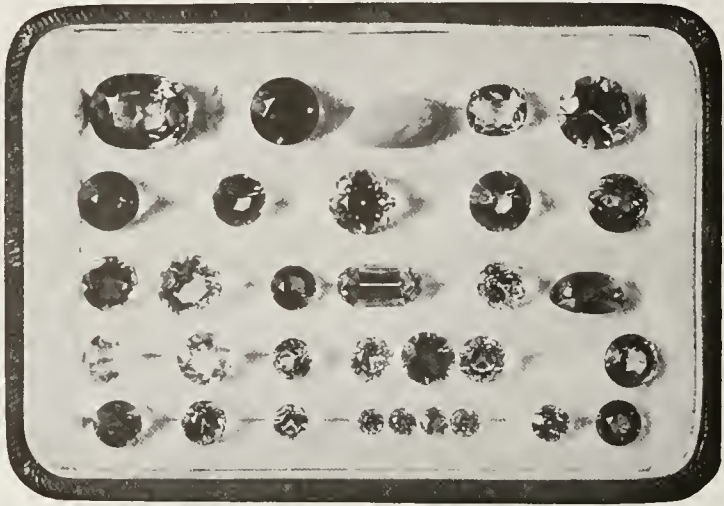
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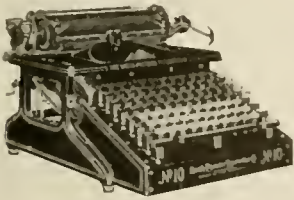
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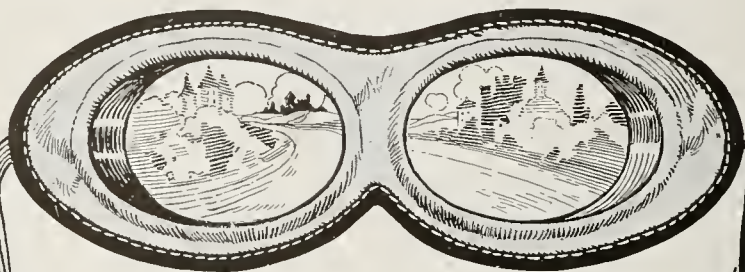
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BY FRANK PRESBREY



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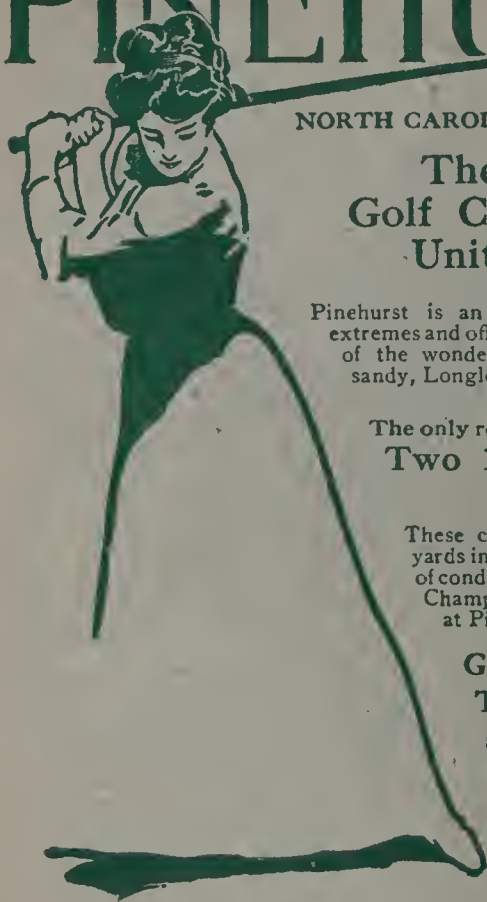
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A·WEEKLY·MAGAZINE
OF·NEWS

EDITED·BY·HERBERT·L·JILLSON



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SEPTEMBER SKIES

1900
1901
1902



NORTHWARD-HO!



A WEEKLY MAGAZINE OF NEWS

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1909

VOL. V

No. 8

A WILDERNESS BUNGALOW

Why Not Have One?



THE possibility of one day owning a home in the country is the day-dream of most city men, and to bring that possibility within the reach of people of modest means is the cheerful object of Oliver Kemp's book on "Wilderness Homes." The general reader will find in it food for the imagination, even if he intends no more substantial a house than may be constructed from the baseless fabric of a vision, but the practical reader, to whom it is addressed, will get from it a large number of valuable suggestions gathered in the course of actual experience.

In his "foreword" the author places no stint upon his encouragement. "To have your home in the woods," he says, "only two things are necessary—the time and the will." Wherever in the woods one may choose to dwell abundant material for a log cabin may be found, and "a day's work will bring results big with pleasure and healthy enjoyment, for even the temporary sojourner in the wilderness cannot turn to better employment than that which will give him a home of his own handiwork."

This home, Mr. Kemp advises, should be a one-story, or at most a one and a half story cabin, and in building it the material should show frankly for what it is, and each part should do its work honestly to insure the attractiveness of the result. The living room should be as large as possible, if one desires an effect of spaciousness and

comfort. The one difficulty, that of heating, is not serious, as a moderate fireplace will heat a room eighteen by twenty feet, with a twenty-foot peak, "except in the bitterest cold of northern winters."

Next in importance to the living room, or possibly ahead of it, comes the veranda, and this should above everything be generous in width—ten feet is none too wide; then upon hot days it can be turned into the most attractive of eating rooms—a fact, by the way, that applies equally to the back verandas of city houses for those dwellers in towns who are so unlucky as not to be able to seek a wilderness in hot weather.

In considering the windows the author makes the very sensible suggestion that they should be set about four feet from the floor, to give a sense of security and privacy otherwise lacking. The fireplace, the "heart of the home," has an entire chapter devoted to it. The important—and in this day of rampant picturesqueness, the necessary—warning is given against making the fireplace too deep or the flue too small. After a careful technical account of the other problems to be met, the most difficult problem of all, the building of the fire, is resolutely attacked, and the directions are so explicit that we quote them for those disconsolate ones who have no "knack" with an open fire.

"Between the firelogs a generous supply of dry shavings, on top of them a few short, thin pieces of larger wood, resting on the firelogs, three sticks of

wood with a space between each stick. Across these three more sticks, and across these two more. Light the shavings. When the fire is burning well a large greenwood log of maple or beech may be put against the back wall as a back log. On top of it another green stick should be laid and the fire drawn out to the front of the fireplace. A slight replenishing from time to time will keep a fine fire and the back log will burn all day. At night the fire may be banked by covering the embers with ashes. In the morning this covering may be raked off, and fresh sticks laid directly on the glowing coals will soon spring into life again."

The elementary and particular character of the book may be inferred from the minute instructions given to people who do not know how to use or even how to buy an axe, "the one indispensable tool in the building of a log cabin." The price, the shape, the adaptability of the handle to long or short fingers, the "hanging" of the axe, and the method of keeping the edge keen, all receive consideration. When the felling of the trees is reached the reader is wisely cautioned to keep in mind that "it takes only twenty minutes to cut down a tree, but thirty years' growth will scarcely replace it," and therefore the lover of the woods will choose his trees discreetly and refrain from wanton destruction.

In the course of directing the hewing of the lumber Mr. Kemp's attention lights casually upon the mosquito, which frequents the woods at the time of year when the house building is most likely to be going on, and he gives a recipe for a "dope" to be smeared on the face and neck of the builder when he suffers from the malignant little pests: "Oil of pennyroyal, one ounce; sweet oil, six ounces; ammonia, one ounce."

The site of the cabin naturally is very carefully analysed, and the builder is advised to take thought in time that the place shall have sunlight for at least part of the day; that the cabin be placed

on an elevation, so as to have good drainage; that the water supply is pure, etc. In addition to the description of the construction of the house, which is perfectly clear, though lavish in detail, a number of suggestions are made for the beautifying of the environment of the cabin with simple means, and in discussing the inside of the rooms aesthetic considerations are by no means overlooked.

The discouragement extended to cheap lithographs and calendars as "adornments" for the fine log walls cannot be too strongly indorsed, and the recommendation to hang even good pictures sparingly is hardly less pertinent. A more elementary but perhaps not less needed bit of instruction, is given in favor of neatness and cleanliness. "Some go into the woods with a sublime indifference to dirt and litter of any kind," the author declares, and proceeds vigorously and specifically to condemn the methods of the sloven.

The chapter in which the cost of a log cabin is estimated is brief and necessarily inadequate, the prices of materials and the cost of transportation differing according to the region. The figures are given, however, for a one-story building, comprising a living room, 16x20; a bedroom, 10x11; a kitchen, 9x11, and a reasonably large veranda, the total cost amounting to \$216.25. At the end of the book are a number of plans of cabins that have been built and proved comfortable and convenient.

The numerous illustrations, made from photographs as well as the line drawings in the text, add not only to the attractiveness of the volume, but to its usefulness. In the matter of a house, more than in most things, "seeing is believing," and it is extremely difficult for the amateur to visualize an impression from a written description.

All through NORTHWARD-HO! territory "wilderness homes" are springing into being. Some idea of the charm of their furnishing may be gained from the accompanying illustration.



LUXURY IN CAMP FURNISHING

MASQUERADERS AT POLAND

Annual Ball of Employees is Occasion of Entertainment
For the Entire Household



FOUR hundred was the house count at Poland Spring Monday evening, a record by the way, which probably has no equal at the present time at any resort in the country, and it is safe to say that four hundred people enjoyed the masquerade ball of the employees. Long before the hour set for the grand march the foyer was packed to its extreme capacity with many in the hallway, music room and surrounding piazzas, and not until a late hour did interest in the gay throng of dancers wane, for no affair of a similar character has ever been carried out more perfectly. No detail was overlooked for the event was planned on the same lines which all events at Poland are planned, the management joining hands with the merry-makers in making the occasion one of rare enjoyment for all interested.

Seventy-two couples participated in the opening march, several joining later in the evening, and as a result of careful management there were no duplicates upon the floor; the scene a picture of interest, variety, beauty and color which it would be extremely difficult to equal, and impossible to surpass; many of the costumes elaborate conceptions furnished by a Boston costumer and made possible only through the generosity of the Rickers.

Not the least interesting incident in connection was the souvenir order of dances (printed at the office of the *Bingville Bugle*, "Old Bill," proprietor) and the sly pokes at persons which it contained. For instance, the "officers" at Poland, were summed up as President, E. P. Ricker; Secretary to the President, Prof. W. H. Butler; Secretary of State, B. F. Cushing; Secretary of the Treasury, H. W. Ricker; Secretary of

War, A. B. Ricker; Attorney General, Dave Arnold; Postmaster General, Oscar Thorpe; Secretary of the Navy, "Bob" Owen; Secretary of the Interior, H. W. Dockham; Secretary of Agriculture, John Walker; Secretary of Commerce, "Dan" the Porter. The list of "dignitaries in attendance" included: Master of Ceremonies, Dennis O'Leary; Master of Weather, "Duke" Jones; Master Sleuth, "Golf Ball" Frost; Master Bar Tender, Jack Cogan; Prima Donna, Miss Dwyer, and Flower Boy, "Pat" Noland.

In the order of dances several were facetiously referred to: "E. P., H. W. and A. B.," as the "Big Three;" Head Porter, Dennis O'Leary, as the "Pride of the House;" the Symphony Orchestra, as "Our Leedle German Band;" the bell boys, as "nothing green but their uniforms;" Doorman Jones, as the "boss weather prophet;" the waitresses as "they speak for themselves" and "I love my job; but, oh, you sidework!" After the dance refreshments were served in the dining-room—*Out of a Cart*—with music by "Julius" (Poland's immaculate head waiter) and "Pop" (his genial assistant).

Among the most elaborate of the costumes which elicited general admiration was Miss Louise Stansfield in an exquisite gown, set off by a large picture hat, made entirely of Poland water labels; the swing of the skirt, the delicacy of the color and the painstaking care of its arrangement blending into one perfect whole. In striking contrast was her partner, Richard White, in a scarlet Mephisto or devil costume. Mr. and Mrs. Flint Mills were stunning as George and Martha Washington and Bernice Whittier and Rose McKeanan made the cleverest Dutch boy and girl imaginable. A striking trio were Grace

Rye as the prince, Frances Horrihan as Cinderella and Rose Conroy as the witch. Gertrude Noble made a stunning American beauty rose and the butterfly twins, Agnes Leahy and Celia Dorsey, were generally admired because of the cleverness of their costumes. Sally Anderson and Julia McCarthy were excellent as Uncle Sam and Columbia, Mary Brown made a stunning Spanish girl, Annie Mayo a winsome Red Riding Hood and Greta Nordahl a dainty Swedish queen.

Among the ludicrous rigs Oscar Thorpe was easily among the leaders as a comic sailor, with Fred Solomon a close second as a skidoo cop. Cleve Royal and Harold Neal were not very much backgrounded as Jews of the Bowery type. Kate Fickett and Eva Cluckey provoked roars of laughter as the organ grinder and his wife, and the old lady who lived in a shoe, together with her children, was most amusingly impersonated by Martha Kavanaugh. May Terrault was an excellent Old Mother Goose, Margaret and Fannie Callahan were true to life and excruciatingly funny as Buster Brown and Tige, and L. W. Wier was very chick as a ballet dancer. Nellie Hannigan and Helen Rye made an excellent colored couple, Mary Margery a husky barmaid, Annie Murphy a laughable Topsy, Marion Fish a clever wasp, Florence Murray and Alice Callahan excellent Mellin's Food babies, and Addie Arnold a striking reminder of the excellence of Heinz and the fifty-seven varieties.

May Griffin and Ila LeGraw were Jack and Jill; Susie Dulligan, Josephine Cahoun and Elizabeth Farrell, Scotch lassies; Bertha Fish, Little Bo-Peep; Alice Moffatt, Queen of Hearts; Millie Roberts, Liberty; Nellie McLaughlin, Indian maiden; Lucy Murphy, daisy; Nellie Sanderson, a page; Mollie Dunn and Margaret Reilly, old-fashioned girls; Viola Joy, night; Annie Maguire, Ireland; Annie McLaughlin, Maid of Erin; Minnie Glover, dairy-maid; Hattie Housman and Sarah Har-

risburg, summer girls; Susie Lovejoy, June; Julia McCarthy, Goddess of Liberty; Margaret Walsh, vegetable girl; Florence Risdon, Greek; Gertrude Small, cowboy girl; Kate Day and Maggie Henry, Russians; Mary Malvey, evening star; Nellie Fahey, morning; Anna Kelley, Italian peasant; Gertrude O'Neill, Janice Meredith; Anna Ferguson, Irish girl; May Rose and May O'Connell, an elderly couple; and Mollie McCarthy, Joanne of Arc. Others in costume were Elizabeth and Alice Allan, Mary and Inez Armstrong, Sarah Little, Carrie Batley, Whitemena Noyes, Bell Greenan, Emma Ferguson, and May Towle.

Fred Joy was a realistic Teddy bear, Arthur Niles a ludicrous Dutchman; John Hale, a sailor; Carlton Niel, a clown; Newell Whitney, a knight; Asa Hodgkins, a Japanese; Sidney Miller, a Confederate officer; L. B. Mace, a farmer; William Weathers and W. H. Cary, "coons;" H. C. Flint, a salvationist; W. H. Mills, an army officer; George La Vigne, a rough rider; Guy Davis, a naval officer; Edwin Sturtevant, a Spanish nobleman; Harry Webb, George Washington; Phillip Dingley, Robin Hood; Fred B. Cole, Don Caesar; Robert Rowland and Robert Owen, cowboys; William Fuller, a Mexican; George Fields, a Quaker; Robert Colony, a hobo; John Crockett, King of Clubs; Irvin Rowland, a dude; Ray Lisherneff, a jester, and Michael Pilot and Arthur Smith, were country school boys.

The committee of arrangements included Misses Stansfield, Annie Danahy, May Terrault and Helena Hines; the floor directors Harry A. Webb and Irving G. Rouillard.

An entertaining feature of the evening was an exhibition of fancy lariat throwing by Robert Owen, who was for many years with Buffalo Bill's Wild West.

The Tallest Gail in New Yoik

TEP—"Who's the tallest gail in New Yoik?"

NED—"Grace Church, et couse."

FLY FISHING IS AT ITS BEST

Trout and Bass Are Rising With Zest at Belgrade Lakes
And the Anglers are Happy



PIAZZA bridge is back-grounded by Irish crochet at Belgrade, and instead of the familiar "I make it diamonds," one hears the unusual "Do you make a chain of ten and turn?" It all began with the organization of the "Club" some six weeks ago, and promptly at ten o'clock nearly every morning since, "meetings" have been held by the women who work miracles in lace and embroidery, while the "pupils" crowd close up, as carefully counting the stitches as if a nation's welfare depended upon their observations. Thus time has flown day after day and bridge has been forgotten; bridge the tyrannical which has held unquestioned sway season after season. While no election has been held it is generally understood that the "executive board" includes Mrs. A. Cassard, Mrs. R. B. Sherburne and Mrs. Frank Dudensing of New York, Mrs. E. R. Sheridan of Brooklyn, Mrs. G. H. Buzby of Philadelphia, and Mrs. Chas. A. Hill, without whom no organization here would be complete.

Among the men there is still a vast amount of sign talking, the indication of various measurements by outstretched hands and while for some time past, it has been a question as to whether they are saying "The one I lost measured two feet if an inch," or "I had a putt that long for the hole and the match and missed it," the chances are, nowadays, that the conversation refers to the "big ones."

Life in the open air is still claiming the attention of the younger set; golf, tennis, picnic and launch parties rounding out happy days, with evenings of merrymaking to complete the program, for September is one of the most charming months of the year here and

the number who are enjoying it is increasing year after year.

Prominent among the fishing records which are piling up as cool days awaken the trout and bass to new activity, are a four and a half pound trout taken by General F. G. Smith of Washington, a three and a quarter pounder by C. L. Holden of Bennington, and a two and three-quarter pounder by William J. Cassard of New York. Bass may now be taken with almost any of the many effective lures, but with fly fishing at its best, and strings averaging in the vicinity of two score and ten, bait fishing is rapidly being forgotten.

Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Boyd of New York, entertained delightfully at dinner, Saturday evening, the party including Mr. and Mrs. Egelson Robb, Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Buzby, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Zuckerman and Mr. St. Vincent Ravenal.

A merry party of young people are back from a jolly camping trip at Ellis pond under the chaperonage of Mrs. Duke; the group including the Misses Mahony, Miss Zuckerman and Messrs. Sherburne, Lovett, Hovey and Buzby.

Baseball continues popular, the Belgrade juniors evening up things for the recent defeat by the Pine Island team with a score of 14 to 7 in the weekly game; the work of Dudensing, Carrigan and Buzby its features.

The annual county fair at Waterville, has proven a popular attraction, but it must be admitted, that the "midway," pink lemonade, popcorn and peanuts, not to mention the crowd itself, were really the popular features.

AMONG THE GUESTS

Prominent among late arrivals are General and Mrs. F. G. Smith and Miss F. M. Smith of Washington, who come

to remain several weeks, making the most of the excellent fall fishing and delighted with their first impressions of Belgrade.

The return of Mr. S. Hugh Watts of New York, is welcomed by a large circle of old friends.

Dr. and Mrs. J. Dodge Peters of New York, spent the week here.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Walter Robinson of Gardiner, come for the fall fishing.

Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Ford of Chestnut Hill, are late arrivals.

Mrs. George D. Webber and Miss Caroline Webber of New York, come for the month.

Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Holden of Bennington, are enjoying September's delights for the first time.

Mr. Gardner T. Sanford and Miss May B. Sanford of New Bedford, Mass., are here for a long sojourn.

Mr. Henry B. Hills of Boston, joins his father to remain several weeks.

Mr. B. J. Bachman of Nutley, is a late addition to the ranks of the anglers.



LOOK FAMILIAR

Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Holzwassan of New York, are rounding out a ten days' visit here.

Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Boyd of New York, are entertaining Mr. St. Vincent Ravenel.

Messrs. James C. Young and Frank M. Stevens of New York, are here for September fishing.

Mr. H. C. Munger of Plainfield, joins Dr. B. van D. Hedges of Plainfield.

Mr. J. W. Byrne and Miss Byrne of Newark, are here for the month.

September is proving most attractive to the motorists, among those who spent a portion of the week here being Mr. and Mrs. Horace Ingersoll, Mr. J. A. Ingersoll, Miss Grace Ingersoll and Miss Mildred Ingersoll of Ridgetfield, and Miss Frances Gwyn of Mt. Vernon.

A Home-Made Parmachenee

A bit of red and white cloth attached to a fish hook in imitation of a fly, even though crude, makes an excellent imitation Parmachenee Belle.

HO! FOR THE WILDERNESS

**Mt Kineo's Guests Yield to its Subtle Charm and Many
Are Enjoying Woods Life**



NO AFFAIRS of the season have provided more enjoyment and novelty than those arranged by the Yacht Club and Saturday afternoon's fleet run to Baker brook was no exception to the general rule, a brisk wind and snappy surf adding zest to the outing. The afternoon was spent pleasantly on the beach, lunch was served around a blazing camp fire and the return being made to Kineo in time for evening dinner. Some forty enjoyed the trip, the group including Commodore and Mrs. C. M. Clark, Miss E. W. Milligan, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest F. Eidlitz, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Feuchtwanger, on the Unome; Mrs. M. D. Paterson, Mrs. Cornelius Doremus, Mrs. W. A. McGibbon, Mrs. John Carnrick, Mr. and Mrs. J. Henry Hentz, Jr., on the Damiante; Mr. W. L. Sheaffer, Miss Louise Sheaffer, Miss O'Shaughnessy, Mrs. C. A. Martin and Mrs. James K. Clarke on the Clematis; Messrs. James K. Clarke and George J. Loveley on the Nee-Bana; Mrs. Walton Ferguson, Jr., and Miss Carstairs on the Somerset; Mr. and Mrs. Richard Mitton, Jr., Treasurer and Mrs. C. A. Judkins, Fleet Surgeon Dr. Rowland Cox, Jr., Secretary George E. Cooley and Mr. A. B. Cook on the Idalette; Mr. and Mrs. John Riley, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. J. Hart Hillman, Mr. and Mrs. G. K. Crozer, Jr., Mrs. Thomas Sinnickson, Miss Mecum and Miss Jane Craven on the Gypsy.

Among the many delightful informal affairs of the week was a moonlight sail and late dinner given at the Yacht Club by Mr. and Mrs. Ernest F. Eidlitz of East Orange, covers being laid for twenty; the guests including Mr. and Mrs. Arthur B. Waring, Mr. and Mrs. James K. Clarke, Mr. and Mrs. Henry

Feuchtwanger, Mr and Mrs. J. Henry Hentz, Jr., Treasurer and Mrs. C. A. Judkins, Mesdames W. A. McGibbon, M. D. Paterson, John Carnrick and Messrs. George J. Loveley, W. H. Brooklyn, Aubrey Weightman, F. Walter Hentz, W. L. Sheaffer and Dr. Rowland Cox, Jr.

Treasurer and Mrs. Judkins entertained in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Mitton, Jr., of Boston, the party including Mesdames Paterson and McGibbon, and Messrs. Weightman, Loveley, Marston, and Dr. Cox.

SPORTS IN THE OPEN

John Gay of Philadelphia, was the winner of the annual men's singles championship tennis tournament defeating E. N. Dodge of Paterson, the title holder, 0-6, 7-5, 10-8 in the final round; a contest which attracted the attention of a large gallery and was replete with brilliant play. In the semi-final Mr. Dodge beat R. Asano of Boston, 6-2, 6-3, and Mr. Gay beat Hurd Hutchins of Boston, 6-3, 6-4. Others who participated were W. E. Hope, E. S. Kinley, A. F. Doty, E. N. Nichols, T. J. O'Donohue, Jr., J. Henry Hentz, 3d, George K. Crozer, Jr., N. Masuda, J. H. Hillman, Yoneo Arai, L. G. Sheaffer, F. Walter Hentz, H. Nathan, John Reilly, Jr., Clinton Sheaffer and Austin Feuchtwanger.

Championship doubles for women's trophies offered by Mrs. E. H. Outerbridge of New York, developed an interesting contest, Misses Aline Feuchtwanger of Madison and Toyo Murai of Riverside, winning the final round, by default, from the Misses Betty Collamore of New York, and Dudley of Riverside, on account of the illness of Miss Dudley. In the semi-final Misses Feuchtwanger and Murai beat Misses

Ruth Hamilton of Baltimore, and Doty of Waltham, 6—2, 6—2, and Misses Collamore and Dudley defeated Mrs. M. D. Paterson and Miss A. K. Robinson, both of New York, 5—7, 4—6. Others who participated were Miss Arai, Miss Topping, Miss Kinley, Miss Dorothy Kinley, Miss Busk, Miss Outerbridge, Miss Drinkwater, Miss Gay, Mrs. John Reilly, Jr., and Mrs. James K. Clarke.

Mrs. Charles A. Judkins, with an allowance of ten shots, was the winner of Monday's rifle shoot leading with a total of one hundred and thirty-four, two consistent strings of sixty-seven each. Mrs. John Reilly, Jr. (11), made one hundred and thirty-two, Mrs. James K. Clarke (10), one hundred and thirty-one and Mrs. Ernest F. Eidlitz (12) one hundred and thirteen. Mr. Reilly (11), made one hundred and thirty-three, Dr. Cox (10), one hundred and twenty-seven and Mr. Clarke (9), one hundred and nineteen.

KINEO CLUB ELECTS

At the annual meeting of the Kineo Club the following officers were elected: President, Thomas U. Coe, Bangor; Vice-President, Eugene Treadwell, New York; Secretary, R. M. Van Arsdale, New York; Treasurer, C. A. Judkins, Kineo. Members of the executive committee, Newton M. Shaffer, James A. Brodie, Dr. Rowland Cox of New York; W. L. Sheaffer, Pottsville, C. A. Judkins; admission of members, Henry Sheaffer, Pottsville; J. M. Lasell, Whitinsville, Rush Rowland, Philadelphia; H. M. Reynolds, New Haven; R. M. Van Arsdale, New York; fish and game committee, C. A. Judkins, F. W. Ayer, H. G. Campbell, New York.

MANY CAMPERS

September's glorious days are tempting many to the wilderness and from now on until late November hundreds will work into the territory which opens up into the West Branch of the Penobscot and its tributaries.

Col. R. Dale Benson and Messrs. W. L. McLean, Warden McLean and Rob-

ert McLean of Philadelphia, return from a month at Harrington Lake after their usual custom.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Hurd Hutchins and their two sons of Boston, are at Brasau Lake for a month.

Messrs. Ralph Lowell and W. H. Appleton of Boston, are spending several weeks at Round Pond.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard A. Colby, who are at their private camp at Mud Pond Carry, are joined by Dr. and Mrs. Parker Syms of New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Du Puy of Pittsburg, return for their usual woods trip which they will make after a brief sojourn here.

Messrs. F. Walter Hentz of Philadelphia, Austin J. Feuchtwanger and Paul Feuchtwanger of Madison, spent a portion of the week in camp.

Mr. G. W. Doty of Waltham, and his son, Mr. A. F. Doty, are making the Allegash trip and will be gone ten days or two weeks.

Mr. Robert H. Cox of Plainfield, N. J., joins his mother, Mrs. Rowland Cox, and will make his usual woods trip.

Mrs. B. Frank Clapp and her son, Algernon, of Philadelphia, are enjoying two weeks of camp life at Brassau.

Mr. Austin H. Fox of New York, joins his parents and sister at their camp at Socatean.

Mr. and Mrs. George W. Burleigh of New York, are back from a delightful outing near Chesmecook Lake.

Judge G. W. Leverett of Boston, is out after his thirty-fourth annual camping trip, as enthusiastic over plans for next summer's outing as in the past.

Messrs. Clarence C. Stetson of Bangor, Richard L. Brown of Brooklyn, and Irving S. Olds of Erie, are spending two weeks on the West Branch waters.

AMONG THE GUESTS

Judge and Mrs. William N. Cottrell of Chicago, are here for a fortnight, delighted with their first impressions of the place.

Professor H. M. Reynolds of Yale, comes with Mrs. Reynolds for a two

weeks' visit and is making the most of the fall fishing which is now at its best.

Mr. and Mrs. L. Richards of Stamford, join Mrs. Richard's parents. Mrs. Richards as Miss Warren, was an annual visitor here for many seasons and her friends are legion.

Misses Susau Shaw, Edith Hoyt, Emma Preston, and Tola Allen of Boston, make up a merry party of young women, who are quartered at the bungalow.

Mrs. Thomas Sinnickson, Miss Jane Craven and Miss Mecum of Salem, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. John Reilly, Jr.

The return of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Warren of New Haven, is welcomed by a large circle of friends and acquaintances.

Miss Proctor and Miss A. W. Proctor of Gloucester, are late arrivals who come for an extended visit.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Bartlett and Miss Gladwin of Westfield, are here for a fortnight, coming by motor to the foot of the lake.

Mr. and Mrs. William R. Philler of Philadelphia, return after an absence of many years, greeted by old friends and acquaintances.

Mr. Edward H. Mason of Boston, joins Mrs. Mason and the Misses Mason.

Mr. A. B. Cooke of Syracuse, spent the week with his sister, Mrs. Charles A. Judkins.

Mr. John Redding of Boston, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur B. Waring.

Mr. E. P. Holden, Jr., of Madison, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Fechtwanger.

Mrs. Charles Allen of Greenfield, joins her uncle, Judge Charles Allen of Boston.

Mr. James K. Clarke of Ardmore, is providing a novelty in the way of scientific kite flying.

Mrs. S. M. Green and Miss Green of Springfield, spent the week here.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Levering of Baltimore, are spending the month here.

CLOSING OF THE WENTWORTH

Many Guests Linger to Enjoy Crisp Air and Bright Sunshine of September

Glorious September days of crisp air and bright sunshine have made the week at The Wentworth one of the most delightful of the summer and the closing of the hotel for the season on Monday will cause keen regret among the hundred guests who are lingering, reluctant to depart, until the last moment. Pleasant memories cluster round the weeks which blend into a picture of delightful recollection, memories which will give life new meaning until the congenial group gathers again next year.

Golf and tennis have occupied the attention of many, riding, driving and motoring, are enjoyed by all, for nature is in her most entrancing mood as summer wanes and autumn decks herself in bright colors, apparently unmindful that bleak winter stands not far away.

No season in the history of this famous hotel is more significant as to its future and thus early plans are being made for extensive alterations and improvements which will be outlined in a later issue of NORTHWARD-HO!

AMONG THE GUESTS

Prominent among the arrivals of the week were ex-Secretary of the Navy Paul Morton of New York, and his brother, John Morton of Chicago, and Theodore P. Schontz of Panama fame and now President of the Interborough.

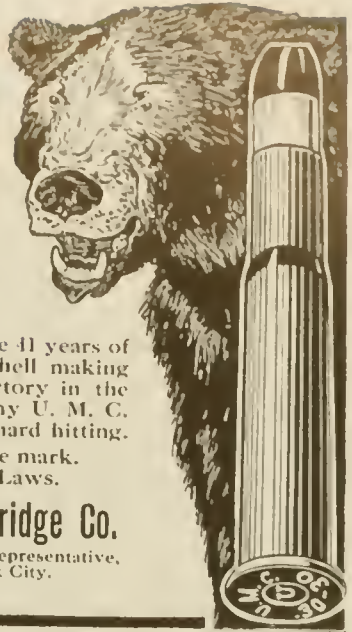
Miss Hawes of Chicago, lunched Mrs. Frank Dudley, the Misses Dudley and Mr. F. C. Dudley of New York, informally on Friday.

Miss Florence Donnell of Bath, and Miss Mary Tarr of Rockport, were the guests of Miss Lucy K. Priest.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry D. Priest and Mr. and Mrs. Clifford of Newton, spent the week here.

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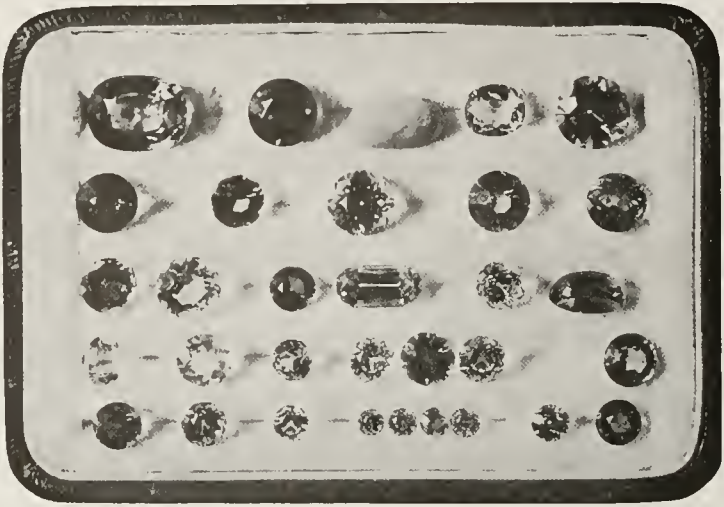
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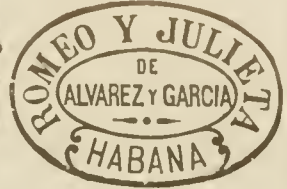
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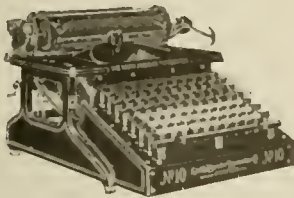
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A·WEEKLY·MAGAZINE
OF·NEWS

EDITED·BY·HERBERT·L·JILLSON



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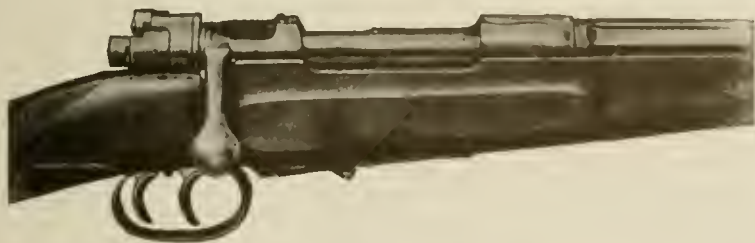
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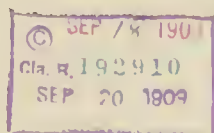
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NORTHWARD-HO!

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MAINE

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THE SEPTEMBER FOREST



NORTHWARD-HO!



A WEEKLY MAGAZINE OF NEWS

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1909

VOL. V

No. 9

SOUTHWARD-HO BY AUTO

New Route for Winter Touring



SOUTHWARD-HO! will be the slogan of automobilists during the coming winter, striking evidence of the wonderful increase in popularity of motor touring and a significant indication of the permanent place it is to occupy. Though but a few years since the first cars made their appearance, motoring now claims all classes and all sections, its most recent and gratifying development being its adaptation from the *recreation* standpoint, a phase which opens up limitless possibilities and which is playing an important part in solving a problem which has long faced Americans, many of whom have forgotten God's fresh air and sunshine in the quest of the "almighty dollar."

As a natural consequence of the new route comes—the desire for winter touring, resulting, no doubt, very largely from its summer popularity—and the objective points are, of course, the tourist resorts (just as they now are during the summer season in Northward-Ho! territory) which dot the landscape from Pinchurst, North Carolina, to the coast of Florida, embracing the range of cities lying between and the points above which extend from Raleigh on through Richmond, Washington and Baltimore to New York.

In the movement one man stands out sharp and clear as the leader, his foresight, energy and generosity largely responsible for the enthusiasm which has fused the South into a unit which is working with a common purpose

along broad and comprehensive lines. This man is Mr. Leonard Tufts, owner of the village of Pinchurst, and he has in all truth proven himself the "good roads wizard" of the South as he was aptly termed by the *New York Herald* scout car tourists on their recent trip over the new route. Though the work has been under way but a few short months miracles have been accomplished and the early winter will find a through trunk route in fairly good shape open and in such condition that its perfection can be carried forward rapidly. Back of the undertaking is the Capital Highway Association of which Mr. Tufts is president, and working in harmony with it through local organizations under district heads, is every city and hamlet along the entire line.

Details concerning the new route are interestingly set forth by Mr. Tufts who has personally gone over a greater part of the portion which runs through the middle south, in an interview by the *New York Herald*, special attention being given to pointing out the advantages during the winter season—the tourist advantages—of the Capital over the Western route which is more especially suited for summer travel.

THE ROUTE IN DETAIL

"The route which seems to me most practical is from Washington to Richmond, to Warrington, Henderson, Louisa, Raleigh, Apex, Mountain Lakeville, Sanford, Lakeview, Southern Pines, Pinchurst, Jackson Springs, The Springs, Rockingham, Cheraw, Society

Hill, Lydia, Bishopville, Camden and Columbia. I have been over the section from Raleigh to Camden and so can speak from experience of this part. The road from Warrenton to Raleigh, I am told, is good; the road from Raleigh to the Wake county line near Merry Oaks is very good. The road from Merry Oaks to Lockville, a stretch of about ten miles, is pretty bad, but I believe it can be improved by fall; the road from Lockville through Lee county, a distance of about eighteen miles, is only fair now, but I feel assured it will be perfected by the fall. The road through Moore county will be perfect by the fall. There is a small section between Cameron and Vass that has not been completed and another small section between Pinchurst and West End which has not been completed; but they are now at work on these two places.

"The road from Jackson Springs to Elba Springs will be built by private subscription and work has already started on this. The road from there through Rockingham to the line between North and South Carolina is good now, and the Board of Trade of Rockingham has taken a tremendous interest in it and assures me that it will be made perfect. The road from the South Carolina line to Cheraw is only fair, but is perfectly passable, and will, I think, without doubt be improved. The road from Cheraw to Society Hill is poor, but I understand this is also being improved very rapidly. The road from Society Hill to Camden, with the exception of one bad ford between Bishopville and Camden, is good now, and the many automobilists along this line assure me that it will be perfected and that a bridge over the ford will be built before fall.

"This leaves only two short stretches between Camden and Warrenton about which there is any doubt, and I feel sure that these sections will be made good by fall. These roads are used in summer and winter for the most part by automobilists at Henderson, Raleigh,

Southern Pines, Pinchurst, Rockingham, Cheraw, Society Hill, Lydia, Bishopville and Camden.

"There are probably between two hundred and three hundred machines owned by the people along this route, and the most of this road is frequently travelled by them. The Capital Route has one great advantage over those west of it, and that is that an automobile can go over the sandy, natural roads of this country in summer or winter, while I would defy any machine to go over the clay roads of the western routes unless they have been macadamized. It is a fact that it is all two horses can do to pull a man and a buggy over some of these roads in the winter time, when they are at their worst, and I will defy any automobilist to go through under those conditions, and I doubt if one could get mules enough to pull his machine out if he once got into this mud.

"A large portion of the Western route has been macadamized, and there are more miles of thoroughly good roads by this route, but the gaps are deep red clay. The clay roads are perfectly passable, and, in fact, very good in the summertime along the Western route and oftentimes even up to Christmas, but they are not practical at the time when northern tourists would use them.

"The Capital Route not only connects the National Capital with the Capitals of Virginia, North Carolina and South Carolina, but it goes through one of the most historically interesting and one of the oldest settled sections of the South. It also goes through some of the finest farming land in the United States. Many of the farmers raise a thousand bales of cotton a year and own their automobiles. They are the progressive people of the sections in which they live and are looked up to as the farmers in New York and New England were some hundred or more years ago. The old cities of Richmond and Raleigh, Camden and Columbia are known to the northern people to a greater or less

extent, but such places as Cheraw, one of the oldest cities of South Carolina, has probably never been heard of by the travelling public in the North, yet it is one of the most beautiful cities or towns that it has ever been my pleasure to visit.

"The Hotel Jefferson at Richmond is far famed for its good management and at Southern Pines there are several fine hotels. At Pinehurst, the property which I own, I have four hotels which cannot be surpassed, and it has been found the Mecca for outdoor sports. Jackson Springs and Elba Springs are interesting older resorts that have been patronized by the Southern people for generations. At Camden you will find one of the most beautiful old cities that can be found in the South, with fine old estates and three modern hotels. Columbia boasts of one of the best resort hotels in the South and an interesting city, besides the fact that it is the capital of South Carolina.



"The great factor in favor of the Capital Route, all must realize, is the small cost at which it can be perfected. It costs only \$300 a mile to build a perfect road through the sandy country, whereas macadam is practically the only material that can be used for road building along the western routes, and this, as everybody knows, will cost at least \$3,000 a mile. Nature has blessed

the land with the best natural products of a mixture of clay and gravel, and it is simply necessary to haul the sand, to lay well-drained road and call it a perfect good road. It costs only about \$100 a mile a year to keep such a road in repair. For the same amount of money in the same length of time, therefore, a ten mile road can be built by the Capital Route, where only one mile can be built by the western routes.

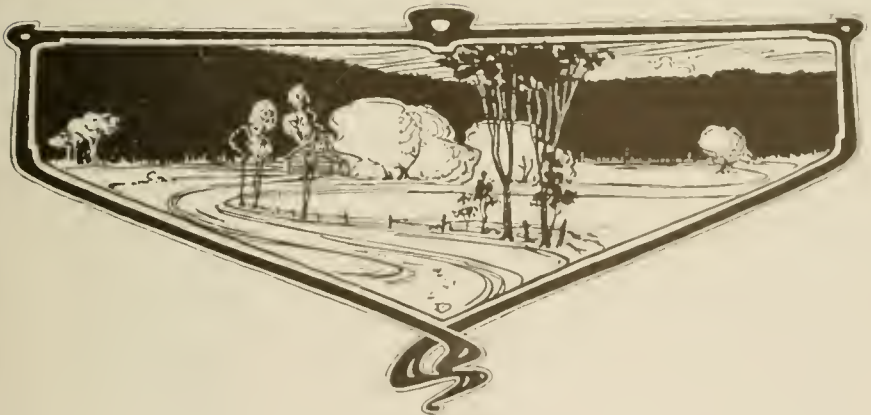
"Again, the grades are very much easier along the Capital Route, and when the country is not level it is only rolling, while along the western routes you are running through the foothills of the mountains.

"All of the prominent middle South resorts lie in the line of the Capital Route and there are many hotels that are accustomed to catering to the most fastidious of Northern guests, whereas along the western route there are no resorts and the hotels cater to commercial patronage, and, however good they may be as commercial hotels, they are not places, as a rule, that the tourist enjoys."

Unkind to the Piano

I lunched a musical friend at a restaurant where an automatic electric piano is one of the "attractions," and squandered a nickel to give him a treat.

"Who'd think anybody would be mean enough to use a piano that way," was his comment.



VISITORS LINGER AT KINEO

Pendulum Swings Back and Section Claims its Own Again
As a Wilderness Resort for Sportsmen



MANY guests are lingering at Kineo for the enjoyment of September's rare days, days by the way, which are equalled at no other time of the year here, but the "season" itself is now largely a matter of history and the week has witnessed the reluctant departure of many who have been here since early in July. Sports in the open are still much in evidence, but the pendulum has swung back and Kineo once more claims its own again as a wilderness resort for those who come to enjoy the sport the woods, lakes and streams offer. Many are working for camping and canoeing trips, already one hears much of hunting and the anglers are the lions of the hour and making the most of splendid fly fishing.

Among the best of the fishing records was a string of eight fine trout taken in North Bay by R. M. Van Arsdale of New York, the largest in the lot a three and three-quarters pounder and the average weight a pound and a half. Professor H. M. Reynolds of Yale and W. R. Philler and Rush Rowland of Philadelphia, have also had excellent sport. Rarely a morning passes that Night Watchman Dennis Tracy does not net half a dozen good ones from the float directly in front of the hotel, and in the quick waters of the Moose river near Brassau lake, Frank Payson of Portland and Eugene Treadwell of New York, are battling with the gamey salmon which congregate in the eddies at this season of the year.

PARTRIDGE SEASON OPENS

A number made the most of the opening of the partridge season on Wednesday. Mrs. E. H. Outerbridge and her friend, Miss Robinson, Mrs. M. D. Paterson, and Dr. Rowland Cox, all of New

York, enjoying the day and with good results. Deer are reported abundant everywhere and rare sport awaits the hunter in the immediate vicinity who does not care to work further in.

GUESTS OF MR. AND MRS. HENTZ

Mr. and Mrs. J. Henry Hentz, Jr., of Philadelphia, entertained at dinner very pleasantly at the Yacht Club on Friday evening, their guests including Col. and Mrs. C. A. Judkins, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest F. Eidlitz, Mrs. M. D. Paterson, Mrs. S. de Kosenko, Miss Carstairs, Mr. Audrey M. Weightman and Dr. Rowland Cox, Jr.

Col. and Mrs. Judkins entertained with an afternoon steamer ride about the lake, the party including Mr. and Mrs. James K. Clarke, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Hillman, Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Eidlitz, Mr. and Mrs. John Reilly, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. J. Henry Hentz, Jr., Mrs. M. D. Paterson, Mrs. W. A. McGibbon, Mrs. Richard Mitton, Jr., and Mr. F. Walter Hentz.

BASEBALL SEASON SUMMARIZED

The results of the baseball season were announced during the week. Capt. Scales winning the medal offered for the best batting average with four hundred and twenty-one, Coggins second in four hundred, Fellows third in three hundred and thirty-three, Smith fourth in three hundred and twenty-five and Nelson Scales fifth in three hundred and twenty-four; the team average two hundred and sixty-four. Of the eleven games played the home team won nine, scoring one hundred and seven runs to forty for their opponents.

Never has a faster squad been assembled, the group including: Joseph Doran of Williston Seminary, as catcher; Lewis Ekstrom of Dartmouth 'varsity, and Phillip Ryan of the University of

Maine, as pitcher; Edward Durling of the State Agricultural College, Massachusetts, at first; Clarence Smith of Pinehurst, at second; John Coggins of Dartmouth College and James Scales of the U. of M. at short; Arthur Walker of Ormand, and Bernard Spillane of Williston, also sub-catcher in left field; Frank Fellows of the U. of M., in center, and Nelson Scales of the U. of M. in right. The schedule:

Kineo 4	Pittsfield	3†
Kineo 25	Dennison	0
Kineo 7	Dennison	1
Kineo 10	Orono	1
Kineo 6	Orono	1
Kineo 3	Dover	2*
Kineo 15	Dover	4
Kineo 3	Tacomet	5
Kineo 12	Tacomet	17
Kineo 10	Easterns	0
Kineo 3	Easterns	0
Kineo 9	College	6
—	—	—
Totals 107		40

*12 innings; †second game, rain.

AT THE RIFLE BUTTS

Mrs. C. A. Judkins was the winner of the closing rifle shoot of the season leading the big field with a total of two hundred and two and the liberal margin of nine points over her nearest opponent, Mrs. James K. Clarke, who scored one hundred and ninety-three. Mrs. Paterson, 191; Miss Hamilton, 188; Mrs. Reilly, 182; Mrs. Eidlitz, 179; Mrs. Hayward, 176; Mrs. McGibbon, 175; and Miss Outerbridge, 141.

Mrs. John Reilly, Jr., was the winner of a special cup with a total of one hundred and thirty-eight, her nearest opponent, Mrs. Clarke, who made one hundred and twenty-two. Mrs. Paterson and Mr. Reilly scored 120 each, Mrs. McGibbon, 114; Mr. Clarke, 107; Dr. Cox, 103; Mr. Stetson, 96.

MR. NICHOLS WINS GOLF TROPHY

R. N. Nichols of New York, was the winner of the closing golf event of the season, a putting competition on the miniature links, defeating Miss Mecum

of St. Davids, Pa., 1 to 5 and 1 and 1. In the semi-final Dr. Rowland Cox, Jr., and Mrs. C. A. Judkins were defeated; Mr. and Mrs. Riley, Mr. Sumpston, Mrs. Downing, Mrs. Dupuy, Mrs. Clarke, Mrs. Cushman, Mr. and Mrs. Eidlitz, Misses Feuchwanger, Doty, Walton, Paterson, Mason, Craven, Downing and Yerkes, and Messrs. Cushman, Barrs, Downing, Campbell, Holding, and Rowland being among those who participated.

AMONG THE GUESTS

The tide of travel is now to and from the wilderness, scores of parties passing through here daily and the bookings for the weeks to come exceptionally large. Never have reports of big game been more satisfactory and as for the fishing, it has been phenomenal.

Mr. H. C. Wilcox, Master Stannard Wilcox and Richard Denning of New York, are out after a month at Alleghash lake reporting a delightful trip.

Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Walton, Master C. S. Walton, Jr., and Miss Walton of St. Davids, are back from a short outing at Socatean stream, enthusiastic over woods life.

Mr. and Mrs. George L. DeBlois and Miss Elizabeth DeBlois of Boston, who are spending September at the hotel, are enjoying numerous canoe trips to nearby points of interest.

Mr. Edward H. Mason and the Misses Mason of Boston, are delighted with their first visit here and are planning to return next summer and occupy a private cottage.

Try Him With Two Minnows

If you find a big trout which seems all lures, artificial and otherwise, try him with two minnows, one above the other and each hooked lightly through the back. The lower minnow he's seen before, but the upper one certainly must be unattached! The chances are he'll take it at the first opportunity.

"It saves letter writing!"

RECORD TROUT AT BELGRADE

September Fishing is Finest in History of These Famous Lakes and Many are Enjoying It



NEVER in Belgrade's history has September furnished better fishing or the weather been more delightful, and a big houseful of guests are lingering reluctant to leave this favored spot. Other sports and informal social pleasures, though backgrounded, are claiming the attention of many and the hotel register shows a goodly list of arrivals. Each evening the best catches of the day are given the usual place of honor upon the fern-bedded platter at the hotel desk and all are striving to attain the honor of this special distinction. Among the largest of the trout taken was a five and a half pounder secured by John Wendt of New York. James H. Singleton of Woonsocket, was a close second with a five-pounder and John F. Burkle of Boston, and William J. Cassard of New York, were among the leaders with a four and a half and four pounders; these fish being but the largest of many secured.

Among the exceptional strings was a catch of five trout weighing five, four and a half, four and a quarter, three and three-quarters, two pounds and one and a half pounds each respectively. Another big string of eight totaled seventeen and a half pounds in weight, and the bass have never been rising more freely, numerous strings ranging from fifty to sixty of good average weight, being reported.

Never are the fascinating roads of the countryside more attractive than at this, the early autumn season, and all are yielding to subtle charm of dainty coloring and the crisp air. Many motorists still continue to find their way to this somewhat secluded spot, recent rains putting the roads in perfect condition.

While the golf tournament season is over and the interesting tennis contests

of the summer are now a matter of history, many are finding enjoyment in these sports and boating parties are generally enjoyed with now and then a day's picnic outing or corn roast in the way of variety.

The opening of the partridge season on Wednesday attracted many to the excellent sport round about and while very few enjoy this sport here it, nevertheless, attracts a few who know the covers. Woodcock are also found in certain sections and ducks frequent not only the big lakes, but the smaller ones lying round about.

A jolly hunting party left Tuesday by motor for several days' sport at Bingham, the group including Mr. and Mrs. Eagleson Robb, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Zuckerman, Mr. and Mrs. William H. Duval, and Messrs. Joseph M. Byrne, A. C. Postley, C. A. Hill, Frederick Hill and Lawrence Hill.

AMONG THE GUESTS

Among the late arrivals are Mr. and Mrs. William H. Duval of Allenhurst, who will remain through the month.

Mr. James H. Singleton of Woonsocket, Mr. John F. Burkle of Boston, and Mr. W. H. Oakes of Boston, are here for September angling.

The return of Mr. H. Frederick Hill of Brooklyn, son of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. A. Hill is welcomed by a large circle of friends and acquaintances.

Mr. and Mrs. James E. Carpenter of New York, are late arrivals, delighted with their first impressions of Belgrade.

Mr. H. N. Fairchild of New York, who has spent the summer at Pine Island Camp joins his mother, Mrs. J. R. Fairchild for the rest of the month.

Mr. A. N. Frazer and Miss Irene Frazer of New York, return for their usual visit, welcomed by many old friends.

Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Bartlett of New York, are here for September fishing.

Mr. H. C. Postley of New York, is the guest of Mr. Frederick Hill for the week.

Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Codman of Boston, are completing a short visit.

Mr. Charles J. Gunther of New York, is here for ten days' visit.

Mr. H. L. Cassard, of Philadelphia, joins his family.

How Does He Do It

"How does he do it?" scores of people ask every day concerning Oscar Thorpe who takes hats and "things" at the entrance of the big dining room at Poland Spring, takes them always to be returned without asking, rarely if ever making a mistake. In view of the fact that something like four hundred people pass him each meal, often some fifty or more of them strangers, the trick is even more remarkable, but Thorpe says it's easy. He watches where people sit, makes a mental note of some personal peculiarity, article of dress, jewelry, clothing, etc., and about everything a summer visitor possesses passes through his hands in the course of the season, not alone hats, but books, veils, purses, wraps and endless other things.

Not long ago a guest stopped, called for his hat and was very much annoyed when Thorpe insisted that he had left no hat with him. The more the visitor thought of it the more positive he was he had given his hat to Thorpe, but Thorpe's mind was a blank on the sub-

ject so he felt quite sure he had not received it. Some five minutes later the man found the hat in his room, when all goes to show just what a feat nature can accomplish in any direction.

Black Bass Protect Their Young

The fact that the black bass protect its spawn and young fry, until they are old enough to take care of themselves is pretty generally known, but the general belief is that it is the mother bass who acts as sentinel. The fact, however, is that it is the proud father who does guard duty.

In some protected stream or nook which cannot be approached from the rear the nest is made and around the outer circle the bass patrol. No inhabitant of the deep can approach without mortal combat and because wild creatures rarely seek trouble, the bass seldom has to fight.

Further, it is pretty generally believed that the bass is the only fish that does not possess cannibalistic tendencies. Several other fish, however, notably the pout and catfish, protect both spawn and young.

The Force of Habit

If you want to see just what hold habit can get on a man, study woodsmen. Two little things only are necessary to emphasize this. Did you ever see one who didn't wear winter weight wool socks the year round, and did you ever see one wearing a straw hat?



MODEL RESORT ADVERTISING

Boston & Maine's Brilliant Campaign Marks an Entirely New Departure for New England



NO history of the summer tourist season now drawing to a close, would be complete without reference to the advertising campaign conducted by the Boston & Maine railroad in the interests of the White Mountains; without doubt one of the most brilliant and effective in the history of resort publicity. And there's a lesson in it for *all* who spend money on printers' ink—the fact that these advertisements have told their story, attractively, briefly, and convincingly—for herein lies the secret of all successful publicity.

Remember it: attractiveness, brevity and conviction. Back of this, to be sure, lie the "secrets" of knowing *how* to get the best returns with the least money and a vast amount of other knowledge which the expert acquires only by experience; but the real foundation of all advertising *results* rests upon the *advertisement itself* and in this particular the B. & M. advs. are models in their class—models for others to *study*, but not, necessarily, *copy*. Rather should they be *suggestive* of other *adaptations*, and the range is limitless.

Upon the opposite page are reproduced five of the double-column newspaper advs. At *one quick glance* the White Mountains, their scenery and outdoor recreations, are conveyed. Here you have it: "He who runs may read." Briefly, you can't *get by* these advs. *without noticing them!* If interested you will also find a brief, convincing text, a list of hotels and their capacity-train service and where further information can be secured. Note also that the advs. tell a "continued story:" Riding, golf, mountain climbing, coaching, tennis? Note always the charm of the *suggested* scenery. Note their sim-

ilarity. No attempt is made to tell the *whole story* in one advertisement. Though, apparently, much *alike*, they are radically *different*; they seem *familiar* yet always *new!* Here's where the expert knowledge counts—the grey matter—the creative element which always *leads* where others *follow*.

It takes *money* and it takes *nerve*, to spend money as the B. & M. has spent it; but the *result* is that ten dollars makes a hundred, while the other fellow "makes two dollars, by saving one." But, now, really, *is this making money?* *Is "a dollar saved two dollars earned,"* if that same dollar rightly placed, would earn ten? Think it over when you spend money for advertising and either *advertise* or wait until you can. Get away from the "direct returns" idea and enthuse a bit over the value of "publicity," for you'll never—note carefully—find your advertising dollars coming back *tagged!* They'll come back leading many other dollars, but you'll only know it by a subtle *second sense* which only the man who has *nerve* in the way of expenditure, possesses.

You can't "build up" advertising as you do a grocery business, little by little, dollar by dollar. Nowadays it's a case of "plunge" or sit on the rocks, and remember, also, that there are rocks in the advertising deep! Better sit on those on the shore, until you locate a few under the surface, but *when you do*, when you *know* just what you want to do, swing off and *never* hesitate. Lack of confidence is what drowns most people, and it's dragged down many an advertiser who might otherwise have succeeded.

When your luck's "going," "raise the limit," when its "sulking," "watch, wait and think!" Life is more or less *like* a poker game—this does not mean that

White Mountains

New Hampshire

Enjoy a morning in the Saddle, where the many mountain trails lead through the balsam forests, and the life-giving freshness of the mountain air is delightfully cool and bracing.

Every sport is at its best and made more keenly enjoyable by the high-class, but home-like atmosphere of these famous hotels.

- The Wachuset
- Maplewood Hotel
- Mount Pleasant House
- Forest Hill Hotel
- Crawford House
- The Mount Washington
- Fabyan House
- The Sunnier
- Sunset Hill House
- The Kearsarge
- The Balsams
- Westworth Hall
- Interstate House
- New Profile House
- Two Mountain House

WITHIN TEN HOURS OF NEW YORK CITY

White Mountain Limited...
Depart from Grand Central Station, New York City...
Arrive at White Mountain, N.H. 10:00 A.M.
Depart from White Mountain, N.H. 10:00 P.M.
Arrive at Grand Central Station, New York City 11:00 P.M.



White Mountains

New Hampshire

If you want the grandest scenery this side of the Rockies, come to this great and natural vacation land.

Golf links and tennis courts that are the finest in the country and hotels of surpassing excellence.

- Interstate House
- Cleveland House
- New Profile House
- The Sunnier
- The Balsams
- Mount Pleasant House
- The Kearsarge
- Westworth Hall
- Two Mountain House
- Sunset Hill House
- Forest Hill Hotel
- The Mount Washington

WITHIN TEN HOURS OF NEW YORK CITY

White Mountain Limited...
Depart from Grand Central Station, New York City...
Arrive at White Mountain, N.H. 10:00 A.M.
Depart from White Mountain, N.H. 10:00 P.M.
Arrive at Grand Central Station, New York City 11:00 P.M.



White Mountains

New Hampshire

Up on the highest peak, far above the timber line, you can gaze at the most beautiful vista in all America.

From a vacation in the WHITE MOUNTAINS you will get mental and physical relaxation, new ideas and fresh inspiration.

If you want social life, the hotels teem with interesting people while every out-door pastime is provided by these well-known hotels.

- The Kearsarge
- Westworth Hall
- Two Mountain House
- Sunset Hill House
- Forest Hill Hotel
- The Mount Washington
- Fabyan House
- The Wachuset
- Maplewood Hotel
- The Sunnier
- Crawford House
- Mount Pleasant House
- Interstate House
- The Balsams
- New Profile House

WITHIN TEN HOURS OF NEW YORK CITY

White Mountain Limited...
Depart from Grand Central Station, New York City...
Arrive at White Mountain, N.H. 10:00 A.M.
Depart from White Mountain, N.H. 10:00 P.M.
Arrive at Grand Central Station, New York City 11:00 P.M.



White Mountains

New Hampshire

The mountain buck-board is a mighty comfortable vehicle and driving in the WHITE MOUNTAINS can't be equalled anywhere.

The roads are picturesque the scenery is inspiring and the air is invigorating. Besides driving, you can have your choice of a score of other recreations and sports, and genuine comfort afforded by such hotels as:

- Westworth Hall
- The Wachuset
- The Mount Washington
- Two Mountain House
- Fabyan House
- The Balsams
- Crawford House
- Sunset Hill House
- Forest Hill Hotel
- Mount Pleasant House
- Interstate House
- The Sunnier
- New Profile House
- The Kearsarge
- Maplewood Hotel

WITHIN TEN HOURS OF NEW YORK CITY

White Mountain Limited...
Depart from Grand Central Station, New York City...
Arrive at White Mountain, N.H. 10:00 A.M.
Depart from White Mountain, N.H. 10:00 P.M.
Arrive at Grand Central Station, New York City 11:00 P.M.



White Mountains

New Hampshire

The Tennis Courts in the region are like everything else, IDEAL.

The clear, bracing cool air is exactly right for every sports of all kinds.

The people you meet are the sort you'll be glad to know, and the real home-like comfort enjoyed at these magnificent hotels is satisfying.

- Sunset Hill House
- Maplewood Hotel
- New Profile House
- The Balsams
- The Wachuset
- Westworth Hall
- Fabyan House
- Mount Pleasant House
- Interstate House
- Forest Hill Hotel
- Two Mountain House
- The Mount Washington
- The Sunnier
- Crawford House
- The Kearsarge

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Arrive at Grand Central Station, New York City 11:00 P.M.



it is a gamble—and advertising as it is “played” to-day is one of the most scientific of business propositions. There’s but one *right* way to play it—no matter what the advertising is—and that’s on the same *lines*—not the same *way*—that the B. & M. has done it this summer. If you are really in the “big game” study the advs. and the methods.

They mark an entirely new departure in this sort of publicity in New England and those who know anything about the workings of modern publicity will not be surprised at the statement that this new and more liberal advertising policy has certainly “made good” in an emphatic manner. To a large extent, the officials in charge of this important department, believe in the much discussed “intensive” advertising, and they are not scattering their ink drops in such a promiscuous way as formerly. In other words when they think that the *psychological moment* has arrived to boom mountains, lakes, or seashore, they proceed to boom them after the same methodical manner in which an expert marksman seeks to make his shots hit the inner bullseye. You can’t keep everlastingly telling a man or a woman to “take a day off” at this, that or the other attractive places mentioned, without finally compelling him or her to take the advice, any more than you can get the average newspaper reader to go through life without at least experimenting with Pears soap, the Gillette “safety” or one or more of the “57 varieties.”

More people than ever before patronized the B. & M. “over-the-fourth” low rate excursions this year—a direct result of its new advertising policy. During the last week in July and the first week in August, there were a thousand guests in the two leading hotels at Bretton Woods. At least a part of this record is to be credited to B. & M. advertising. Moreover, there has never been a season when more readable and interesting news matter about the mountains and the doings of their visitors found its way into the

newspapers than during the present one. If this were looked into closely it might be discovered that here again the pernicious (and perfectly legitimate) activity of the railroad advertising man has been getting in its work.

In many ways the present season has been one of the most brilliant and unusual in Mountain history. Visitors are coming to the *Mountains*, not alone to the *hotels*. The grand old hills are being climbed, sports and recreations are claiming many who knew not of them, and so it is that in infusing new life and interest the B. & M. is rendering mankind a distinct service. As a race we are procrastinators; we need to be brought in closer contact with God’s glorious out of doors in the NORTHWARD-HO! territory in New Hampshire and Maine. There is room enough for all—the White Hills and the Maine Wilderness would be over populated if tired men and women only realized what they were missing.

There’s Millions in It

“I’ve got a scheme” remarked the man just back from a woods sporting camp, “and that’s canning potatoes and putting them on the Maine market.

“‘Wouldn’t sell?’ Of course they’d sell. The camp man would buy anything that was canned and throw away the real article any day in the week. Why, they were using canned string beans and letting fresh ones turn yellow in the garden, and as for tomatoes, they’ve got an idea they aren’t fit to eat unless they’re in tins. But the thing that pained me most, was canned blueberry pie when you couldn’t walk about the yard without stepping on the most luscious berries you ever saw.

“I’ve got a scheme and that’s canning potatoes and putting them on the Maine market. There’s millions in it, no doubt about it,” and he chuckled gleefully.

NORTHWARD-HO! tells the full story of things you would write about. “It saves letter writing!” Ask for mailing envelopes.



BIG GAME CARTRIDGES

No matter what rifle you own, U. M. C. metallic cartridges will fit it. They are tested in a gun just like yours. We make 500 different cartridges and nothing but cartridges and shells and therefore are ammunition specialists. For knock-down smashing blows see that the red ball U. M. C. trade mark is on the box.

Illustrated Folders and Game Laws Free
THE UNION METALLIC CARTRIDGE CO.
Bridgeport, Conn.
Agency, 315 Broadway, New York, N. Y.



Returning Homeward

Be Sure Your Ticket Reads Via

The Scenic Route

WEST

Fast Through Trains

FROM **BOSTON**

TO

**Troy, Albany, Buffalo,
Cleveland, Detroit,
Chicago,
St. Paul and Minneapolis**

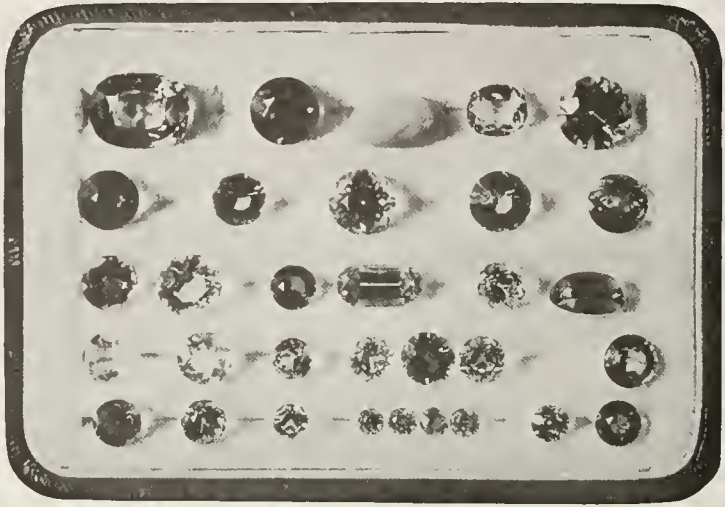
Parlor, Sleeping, Dining
and Tourist Car Service



Tickets, time tables and information may be obtained at any ticket office of the company, or Address Passenger Department, Boston

D. J. FLANDERS, P. T. M.

C. M. BURT, G. P. A.



MAINE GEMS!

Pink and Green Tourmalines, Aqua Marines, Caesium, Golden and White Beryls, Amethysts and Topazes

BICKFORD BROS

Miners and Cutters

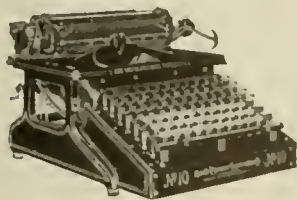
NORWAY, MAINE

INDEPENDENT BRANDS
HAVANA CIGARS

Sold at the Leading Hotels



S. S. PIERCE CO., Importers and Grocers Boston



Smith Premier Typewriters

have improved by development along their own original lines.

Model 10 is the original Smith Premier idea brought to the highest state of typewriter perfection.

The Smith Premier Typewriter Co., Inc.

SYRACUSE, N. Y.

La Victoria

High Grade
 10c Cigars

JOS. BERRAN & CO., Makers, N. Y.

MILLIKEN, TOMLINSON CO.

Distributors,

PORTLAND, MAINE

Ask for them at various points in Northward-Ho! territory

Hotel Wentworth

NEW CASTLE · PORTSMOUTH · NEW HAMPSHIRE



No hotel on the New England Coast is more notable in the beauty of its location, the attractiveness of surroundings and perfection of service than the

HOTEL WENTWORTH

Located on the sea, in the center of a large private park at New Castle, three miles from Portsmouth, New Hampshire.

Selected by the U. S. Government because of its attractive features for the meeting of the Russian-Japanese Peace Conference.

Every facility for sport and recreation. Fine golf course, yachting, fishing, still and surf bathing and well equipped garage under competent supervision.

Music by symphony orchestra. Accommodates 450. Send today for a beautifully illustrated book.

WENTWORTH HOTEL CO.,

H. W. PRIEST, Managing Director

Owen, Moore & Co.

Under new ownership

Our several departments including new

Coats, Suits, Waists and Dresses

are showing merchandise which represents the height of

Quality, Fashion and Value

505-507 Congress Street
Portland, Me.

The Expert Knows

that accuracy, quick trigger response, and correct balance are the prime scoring qualities in a target pistol.

SMITH & WESSON

Single-Shot Target Pistols

with automatic Shell Extractors, Rebounding Lock and Adjustable Sights

Excel in accuracy, excel in trigger action, and excel in balance. They have a fifty-year-old reputation behind them to prove it. **Smith & Wesson** Target Pistols are recommended by the Committee and used by expert revolver marksmen all over the world. They are the best adapted for .22 calibre long rifle cartridges. Penetration, five and one-half 7-8 pine boards. Are also bored to take the regular **Smith & Wesson** .32-10-88 and .35-15-140 cartridges

Look for **Smith & Wesson** monogram. It's stamped on the frame of every genuine **Smith & Wesson** revolver, and is a merit guarantee.

SMITH & WESSON

8 Stockbridge St., Springfield, Mass.

DEER'S HEAD INN

In the Heart of the Adirondacks

ELIZABETHTOWN, N. Y.

Famed for healthful and invigorating climate. No malaria. Spring water. Electric lights. Large garden. Finest golf course in mountains. Automobile headquarters.

B. F. STETSON, Proprietor

HOTEL ROYAL PALM

Fort Myers, Fla.

Boating, Fishing, Shooting, Golf

Those wishing to enjoy the most tropical spot in Florida, should visit this winter retreat, beautifully located on the sylvan winding Caloosahatchee twenty miles from the Gulf of Mexico.

F. H. ABBOTT, Manager

HOTEL TRAYMORE

Atlantic City, N. J.

Always Open for the Reception of Guests

HOTEL TRAYMORE COMPANY

CHAS. Q. MARQUETTE, Manager
D. S. WHITE, President

WHEN IN WASHINGTON

STOP AT

THE SHOREHAM

American and European Plan
Absolutely Fireproof

JOHN T. DEVINE, Proprietor

HOTEL PRESTON

BEACH BLUFF, MASS.

An Ideal Resort on the North Shore, thirty minutes from Boston. Sailing Fishing Riding Driving Golf Tennis Garage Connected.

J. A. SHERRARD, Proprietor

Passamabamock Outing Camps

NORCROSS, MAINE

Pleasantly situated on the West Branch en route to Soudanahunc. Easy of access, fine hunting and fishing, comfortable accommodations, fresh milk and eggs, daily mail.

E. BOYINGTON, Prop.

Maine's Leading Resorts

All Under the Same Management

POLAND SPRING HOTELS



THE POLAND SPRING HOUSE



THE MANSION HOUSE



NEW SPRING
AND BOTTLING
HOUSE

THE SAMOSET, The Leading Seashore Resort of America



HIRAM RICKER & SONS, South Poland, Maine



Hotel Woodward

Broadway at 55th Street

NEW YORK

Refinement combined with perfect hotel conditions. Particularly choice Suites, at attractive prices.

T. D. GREEN, Manager



Hotel Brunswick

Copley Square
Boston, Mass.

European and American Plan
An Ideal Place to Stay

HERBERT H. BARNES, Proprietor

COTILLION FAVORS

A complete line of Souvenirs for All Occasions, distinguished by Originality, Novelty and Low Prices. Large Assortment of Hats, Costumes and Oddities constantly imported. Real French Serpentine and Confetti Write for Samples for Selection

MARKS & MEYER IMPORTATION CO.

11 West 20th Street, New York

NORTHWARD-HO!

Information Bureau

NORTHWARD-HO! will be glad to give its readers full information concerning all points in its territory, relative to hotels, camps, cottages, canoe trips, guides and other necessary information.

Address, Information Bureau,

NORTHWARD-HO!

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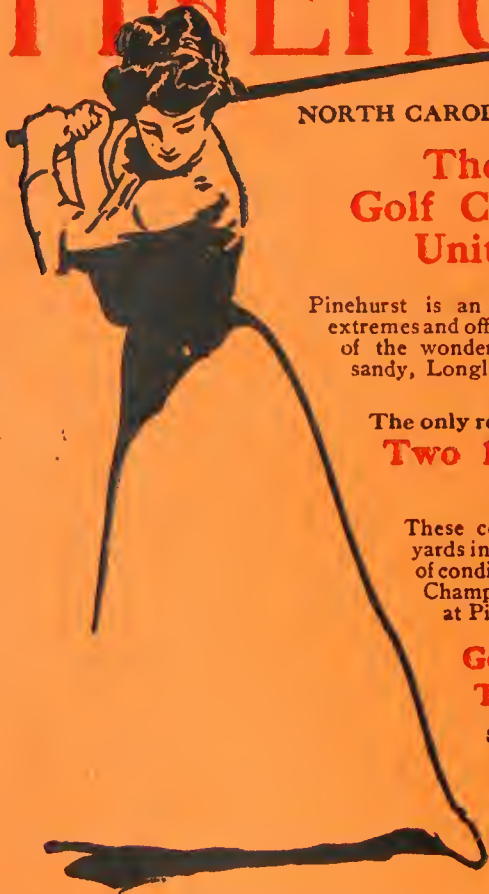
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HUNTER'S

NUMBER

NORTHWARD-HO!
A·WEEKLY·MAGAZINE
OF·NEWS

EDITED·BY·HERBERT·L·JILLSON



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LEWISTON

MAINE

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HURROO FOR THE GLAD OCTOBER!

Hurroo for the glad October
When the Sportsman comes to shoot,
Lift your voice in great rejoicing;
Laugh and shout and yell and hoot!

Tie up tight the brindle heifer,
Put tin suiting on the sheep;
Do your farm work in the darkness
When the hunter's wrapt in sleep.

Take old dobbin from the pasture,
Lead the cow from off the range;
And if wearing khaki trousers—
Well, it's time to make a change.

Teach the pigs to stop a-grunting
And to squeal with all their might;
Garb the children in steel armor—
Fit them out with helmets bright.

For the hens make boiler cages,
Put the turkeys in the well;
Tell the parson, tell the neighbors,
Till there's no one else to tell.

Say good-bye to friends and fam'ly
Though the parting makes you curse;
For there's gold and silver in it
And the money's awful scurce.

Hurroo for the glad October
When the Sportsman comes to shoot,
Lift your voice in great rejoicing;
Laugh and shout and yell and hoot!

SEP 27 1909
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NORTHWARD-HO!



A WEEKLY MAGAZINE OF NEWS

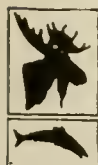
HUNTER'S NUMBER, 1909

VOL V

No 10

BEN AND I KILL A MOOSE

Hunting the Forest Monarch



YEAR after year I had been coming to the woods and going home with an oath upon my lips that on my next trip it should be a bull moose or *nothing!* I thought it all over that night as I sat before the rustic fireplace in my cabin gazing into the glowing embers, and it seemed as if everything had conspired against me: the weather bad, forest in poor condition, or something of the sort; but, in truth, I knew in the bottom of my heart, that I hated to leave the comfortable beds and the good table of the camp. Then I pulled myself together, refilled my cold pipe, hurried over to the guide's cabin and called out Ben, my guide.

"Ben," I said, "we are going after that moose to-morrow. I want things in readiness to start at daylight. You understand?" "Yessir," he chuckled, with an apparent "I've-heard-that-before" air; but I replied not. I saw he hadn't the least idea that we were going, yet still I knew everything would be in readiness, and I crawled in between the blankets and went to sleep with *resolve* on my mind. When Ben called me at four o'clock, I responded eagerly and five minutes later was standing on the cabin porch.

It was early in November and the season was late. As yet there had been no snow and little severe weather; the air chill and crisp. A soft gray haze hung in the forest and the morning mists were playing fantastically on the lake's surface, rosy with the reflection of

the sun which was just peeping over Ragged mountain. The camp was silent and there was no sign of life save the light which shone in the kitchen window and the tiny thread of smoke curling up from the fire over which Ben was preparing breakfast. I hurried over with a keen appetite, for venison steak is good and Ben can cook it. His coffee never fails, and—his flapjacks! Breakfast over, we shouldered our packs and made our way to the canoe-landing, just as the sun cast its first rays down the lake. Into the canoe we tumbled, and a moment later we were pushing the light craft through the water at a rapid rate as we made for the trail on the opposite side of the lake. I laughed merrily to think how surprised the camp would be when I didn't appear at breakfast, and a loon, swimming two hundred yards off, answered mockingly.

We were bound for a point thirty-six miles "in," where a moose was a certainty, and we were going to take it easy, covering twelve miles the first and resting until the following day before finishing the long journey. Twelve miles is not much of a tramp for one accustomed to the woods life, and as the trail was good we set forward nimbly, for we were traveling light, my only real "luxury" a tooth brush and I could have dispensed with that if it had been heavy! Our necessities included a pair of double blankets and a change of socks, the red weight coming in the pack basket which contained our moccasins; flour, potatoes, onions, a bit of

dried fruit, bacon, salt pork and the like, with, of course, the indispensable coffee pot, potato kettle and frying pan, for we were planning to live high on fish and game during our trip.

The forest was like an artist's palette, air as exhilarating as good wine and a heavy rain had, fortunately, deadened the sound of the leaves so we were able to creep forward noiselessly. Sometimes we startled a deer or came upon a strutting partridge. Here and there a stiff climb took our breath, and then we found an easy descent to a murmuring stream of cold, pure water, where we refreshed ourselves; and on all sides the dense forest stretched away, mysterious, unconquerable, save where here and there old logging-roads, long disused, made great avenues. Noon found us beside a little stream, toasting bacon over the camp fire on sharp sticks and sipping coffee, with our destination, Deer pond, six miles away. Two hours later we stood upon the shores of a wild and beautiful lake, majestic in its silence. Ben pulled a canoe from under a pile of boughs where it had been stored for the winter, and we were soon at the camp on the opposite shore. We boughed the beds freshly, supped royally and after a comfortable night in camp, were off while the day was yet young.

Twenty-four miles lay before us and a canoe was to carry us to our destination. At noon we were resting on the banks of a river, and an hour later we were gliding swiftly down-stream in the silent canoe to the point which was to be our headquarters, twelve miles away. We arrived late in the afternoon, and a bright fire was soon crackling merrily in front of the lean-to, while the sharp crack of Ben's axe, as he chopped wood for the night, awoke the echoes of the silent forest. Now a lean-to is comfortable enough if you

are accustomed to it. It keeps off wind and rain and reflects the heat of the fire, making it warm and cozy, but sleeping on the ground, on a bed of boughs in one's clothes, rolled up in a big double-blanket, is unusual to the novice. And besides, there's the strangeness about it which makes the nervous man uneasy; but we had roughed it often and soon sank into an easy slumber.

Ben was off at dawn after a deer which was to give us fresh meat during our stay, and I had breakfast waiting when he returned, two hours later, with a fat spike-horn. The day was spent in getting a lay of the land, and though we found plenty of "signs," no moose were seen. Several days were passed in the same manner, and the enjoyment of the long tramps and the wild, free life.



There was excitement enough, for now and then we started a moose, and we were satisfied that they were all about us, but we only had a sight of two good bulls and no shot. Then fortune favored us, a light snow falling during the night. Ben was jubilant. I hardly believe he slept,

for each time I awoke I found him sitting by the fire with his pipe in his mouth. At daylight he pulled me out for a hasty breakfast and we struck in to the forest with a day's rations and the coffee-pot.

Two miles from camp, on a high ridge, we found a trail—two cows and a bull. The animals were, apparently, several hours ahead of us and moving. Joe thought, but we advanced with great caution for fear they might have stopped or lain down. On through the forest went the great tracks. Here and there dainty rabbit footprints intermingled or a deer's sharp hoofs cut in, while farther on, the clean, round tracks of a fox or the running, uneven trail of a grouse, were seen. For two hours we followed silently as shadows. Then, suddenly, the trail left the forest and ran along

an old tote road. By this time it was apparent that we were gaining, and with the open road before us, we were able to increase our pace almost to a run. Fatigue we knew not; hunger's pangs were forgotten. The miles rapidly lengthened behind us, and as each was passed the tracks increased in freshness. Presently we came to a place where the animals had paused to feed, and the trail suddenly became sharp and clear, though there was some wind and the snow was fine and light.

"They're not more than twenty minutes ahead of us," murmured Ben, "perhaps not that." Then we came to where the animals had stopped again, and after that we found the footprints so fresh that the snow had not yet hardened from the warmth of the hoofs; the bits thrown up as the feet were lifted, still moist. We rounded a bend in the road and came in sight of a small lumber clearing. Ben stopped so suddenly that I barely escaped stumbling over him. He scanned the open space with the eye of a lynx, and laid his hand on my arm cautiously.

"Here they are," he whispered hoarsely, "over at the right there, in the underbrush." My heart thumped like a trip-hammer; so loud I couldn't see! The distance was fully two hundred yards, too long for a shot, so we crept into the forest and glided along beside the road. Presently we came to the edge of the clearing, and peering out from behind Ben I could see two dark forms on the edge of the woods, some seventy yards away. I raised my rifle.

"No!" hissed Ben, "the bull's not there. Wait a moment, he'll be out presently." The great ungainly cows moved about clumsily, oblivious to danger. Presently they left the shadows of the forest clearing, and walked into the sunlight of the clearing, nibbling at the tops of the bare bushes as they went. Then one of the cows halted abruptly,

threw her head into the air, and gave a peculiar grunt. I felt Ben start. With a hoarse hellow and great tearing of underbrush a monster moose thundered into the open and stood with head erect, full broadside toward us. "Monarch of the forest," the moose truly is! I had forgotten to shoot until Ben nudged me, then I knew the time had come. The long tramps, the hardships of the week, floated before me in a flash. I glanced across the rifle sights and found them not. A strange fear possessed me as I thought of the mortification of defeat. The rifle wavered.

"Shoot, man; shoot! For God's sake, shoot!" gasped Ben, bringing me back from past to present. With strange confidence I placed the bright ivory head just back of the bull's shoulder, let it sink deep into the notch of the rear sight, and pressed the trigger. Through the thin veil of smoke I saw the great beast rise, paw the air, and make for the cows with an awful sound. Then he halted, confused, and I fired at his neck. Turning the trio vanished in the forest, just as I let a third shot go, missing badly.

A strange, unreasoning fear took possession of me and I was about to bound forward in hot pursuit, when Ben restrained me, and we crept across the clearing and entered the woods cautiously. Here and there the white snow was flecked with blood; the trail wavering and uncertain. Three hundred yards farther in we came upon the dead bull, crouched for an attempt to leap a windfall, the exertion of which had extinguished the last flicker of life's uncertain candle.

Suddenly the bleak November landscape seemed to take on a rosy hue; glad voices rang out on all sides and birds sang where birds were not! And half waking from time to time during the night, I drifted off again, conscious only of the same sweet sound!



SPORT ROYAL FOR HUNTER

Make Yourself a Part of the Wilderness if You Really
Wish to Know its Delights



AS THE gateway to the wilderness which is opened up by the West Branch of the Penobscot and tributary lakes and streams, Kineo rises supreme among Maine's resorts which now attract sportsmen from all sections of the world. In reality the grim old mountain is the center around which the whole sporting section of the state radiates during October and November, and in spite of the fact that it is also now one of America's best known summer resorts, its fame as a rendezvous for wilderness lovers is still undimmed. Illustrative of its popularity in this particular are the facts that some five thousand canoes are hauled across the Northeast Carry annually and the game consignments from this section are fully one-half of the entire shipments of the state; the comparative percentage of sportsmen who pass through here being nearly as large.

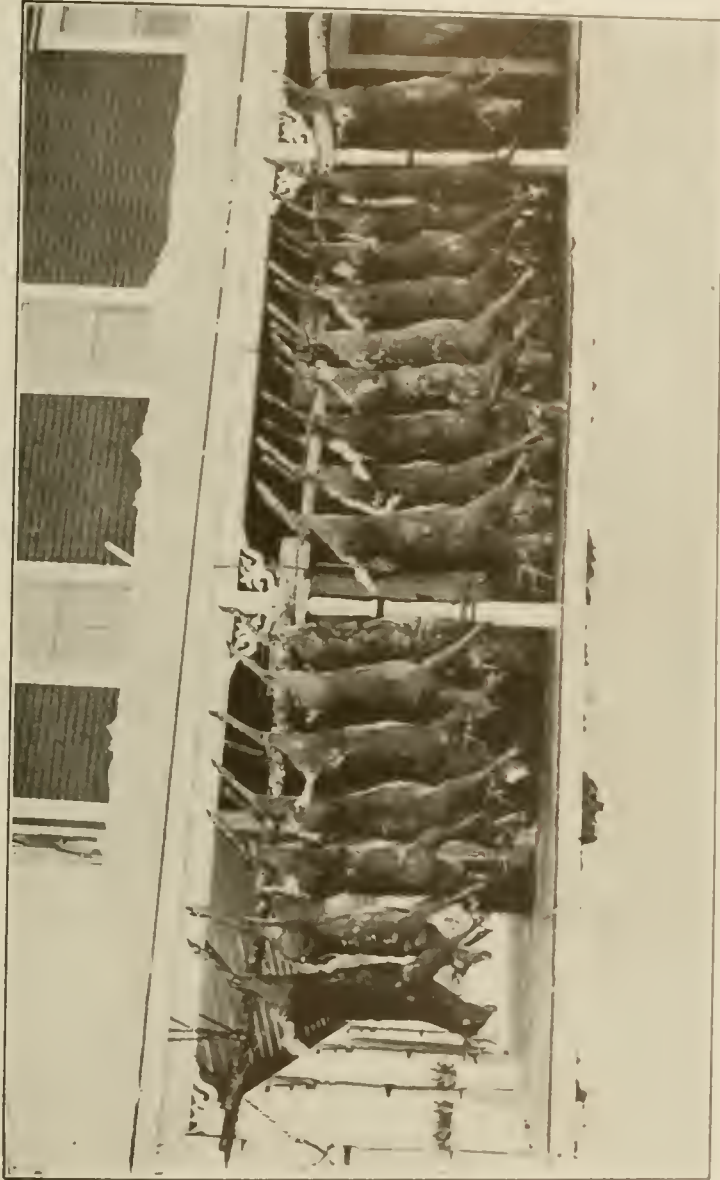
But the marvel of it all is that in spite of the fact that deer by the thousands and moose by the hundreds are taken from the state each year, the supply continues abundant, showing little or no diminution. To the average mind this is incomprehensible simply because the wildness and extent of the territory represented and its adaptability as a producing section, cannot be grasped by those unfamiliar with it. The big game supply is maintained very largely because it is buck deer and bull moose that the sportsman seeks for "trophies." Nearly every doe deer that survived last season's shooting, has during the summer, added two fawns to make good for the number killed by hunters last fall. Briefly, if there were twenty thousand deer remaining in the wilderness at the close of the hunting season (a con-

servative estimate) and half of them were does (more than probable) nearly twenty thousand fawns have been reared during the past summer, ample to meet all requirements of visiting sportsmen, natives, pot hunters, natural enemies and accidental death and to leave a goodly supply at the end of the present season for the season to come.

Woodsmen who have observed carefully insist that hunters can never diminish their numbers, so rapidly do deer multiply under the favorable conditions which now exist. Further, they declare that no law of man can keep them plentiful when laws of nature are against it, and to establish these claims they point to the time, not twenty years ago, when deer were scarce in the section now over-run. The real cause for extermination, they assert, is scarcity of food and exceptionally severe winters. In the first case the animals survive by moving to points where food is plentiful, if they can find them; in the latter they perish like Hindoos during a famine.

Every twenty or thirty years changes have taken place in Maine and elsewhere, causing a scarcity of game, and always from natural causes, woodsmen say. Food gives out, hard winters follow one upon another, and the game supply runs low. Then a change comes. Food increases rapidly, winters are mild and the game multiplies. "Never can guns clean up Maine's wilderness of big game," is the unanimous opinion of all who follow the long trail and they are in favor of an annual cleaning out of surplus stock, mainly because it keeps the food supply abundant.

As for moose, their increase is not as rapid as deer, but their difficulty of access and natural wariness, imposing hardships upon the hunters as they do, combined with laws which protect the



DEER YESTERDAY—VENISON TO-DAY

youngsters and cows, have been responsible for a very marked increase during the past few years. The moose, however, is a great ranger covering a vast amount of territory, moving more or less together and at the same time largely as individuals, with a common purpose. They are also ravenous feeders and soon exhaust food supply when they linger any length of time. Winter they stand exceedingly well, rarely being exterminated from this cause because they yard intelligently and are able to subsist on the bark and limbs of small trees which they ride down ruthlessly. Maine's small game supply continues ample mainly because few are attracted by it; it is merely an incident in connection with big game hunting. Only through the offering of bounties have animals of prey been diminished. No section in the world offers greater opportunities for outdoor life than this section of Maine, providing everything in the way of accommodations from a blanket beneath a spruce tree or bark lean-to, to the modern hotel. Combined are an ideal climate, and a network of water ways which make the wildest portions comparatively easy of access. And it is here that the real charm of Maine lies for man is the Child of Nature and needs only the opportunity to return willingly, gladly to the parent; there to remain until Death, the kind old nurse, draws the curtain for the long sleep.

Follow your guide to the haunts he loves—strike deep into the wilderness,

where men seldom go—for there is inexpressible charm in the wild, free life; it is a joy in itself. Fall to sleep with the cool night air upon your brow and the weird sounds of the forest in your ears, wake with the rising sun and *live* until it sinks behind the hills; make yourself a *part* of the wilderness if you really wish to know its delights. Come early or come late, as suits you best; but come *once* and you will come *again*. Life will have new meaning throughout the entire year, and 'midst the city's noise and dust, ever and anon, you will drift back in pleasant reverie to the sweet quiet of the woods!



The coming week will witness the arrival of the advance guard of the army which annually invades the state and from now on until early December, these hunters will fire the shots which will be heard around the sporting world.

Cigar Butt Kills Curious Trout

I flicked a cigar butt into quick water the other day and to my surprise, a good sized trout took it almost instantly. Shortly after that same trout was floating down stream, belly up. Guess he must have swallowed it.

Preparing for Glad October

Tommy—"What are you doing?"

Jack—"Sellin' life insurance."

Tommy—"Who to?"

Jack—"Guides, er course."



RAMAGIOUS MOTHER BRUIN

A Wilderness Camp-fire Story With Variations by Joe
And Dialect Obligato by Pete



ALGERNON had failed to pass his college "exams" and so it happened he was in the Maine wilderness for the summer, restaurating for a winter's tutoring. "Money is no object, put the boy in good shape," wrote the father to his favorite guide, and so Algernon "went in" with two guides instead of one; Joe, to look after his personal welfare and safety, and Pete, a French-Canadian cook, to make the meals something which would add pounds in weight and be memories, long after the trip was over.

Algernon was a likely lad, well built and athletic, and fond of outdoor life. He could hold his own with the sinewy woodsmen on the trail, do his share of paddling on lake or river, and he loved the wild, free life and its excitement, but he had his weakness—every man has—and that was a fear of bears. No sooner had he left civilization than he began to look for them and his ideas concerning their habits were evidently based on grizzly information; always listening for their fierce growls as an indication that they smelled human blood, and ever and anon querying:

"Wha-as that? Isn't that a bear's growl?" or "Look here, quick, Joe, isn't that a bear track?"

Joe was a man of patience and he loved the lad for his father's sake, but he couldn't stand this thing right along. He remonstrated gently at first, that though bears were fairly plentiful, they were rarely seen, having a fear of man and fleeing at his approach, if possible, but this only made matters worse for it firmly convinced Algernon that he was being purposely deceived to allay his fears and his nervousness grew apace.

"You weil haff ter show you sport-man wan bier, shuah," insisted Pete to

Joe, "or her heart weil braik, purty queek, I dunno, mebbly." At last Joe came to the same conclusion.

Not long after, bear tracks were discovered in the camp tote road as the party was returning one evening and Algernon was promptly informed of the discovery. The tracks led straight to the cabin door, where it was evident that bruin had scratched on the sill several times. Then the trail swung round to the rear of the cabin where the swill box had been overturned and its contents scattered about. At this point Joe discovered that there were two cubs with the bear.

"I don't like the idea of cubs," he commented gravely: "Ordinarily a baar's harmless enough, but when she's got cubs she stops at nothing—not even cabins—and now she's found that swill box she'll probably show up here every night." Pete's "I tink so," and the lad's shiver, were the only answers.



Darkness settled quickly that night and with its coming Algernon's fear did not decrease, but in spite of it he got sleepy early, for he had tramped all day. Pete disappeared without warning after the supper dishes were done and soon after Algernon and Joe crawled in between the blankets. Then came a short period of oblivion out of which Algernon was brought with a start by the sound of a low whining growl at the cabin door.

"Wha's that?" he gasped.

Joe was painfully silent for a moment and the sound was repeated, he muttered somewhat huskily, "Sure'n fate, it's the baar and she's fightin' mad."

Then came an "Ough! Ough!" a muffled snarl or two, followed by more sniffing and impatient scratching, several vicious growls and grunts end-



ing with thumps on the door which made it rattle on the hinges. When it ceased, Algernon was in the center of the floor, rifle in hand, his face set, but Joe was upon him in an instant, his eyes dilated with real alarm. "No, no! Don't shoot," he almost screamed. "You might—

wound the beast and there'd be no hope for us," he continued with more composure.

"Sure enough," moaned Algernon, but the bear had for some reason, ceased operations on the door.

"Lucky she didn't hear us talking," whispered Algernon.

"Perhaps she did," responded Joe, somewhat dryly.

But presently they heard her again, this time at the swill box, tumbling it about, grunting as she did so. Then low growls and plaintive whinings conveyed the information that the cubs were also there. Then all was quiet for a few long moments, the tickety-tick, clackety-clack of a dollar watch sounding louder than a threshing machine. Suddenly and without warning, there came a tremendous thump on the cabin roof, followed by an uncertain scrambling.

"By thunder she's climbed a tree and dropped on the roof," exclaimed Joe, "and she'll be through the skylight unless

we do something," he concluded excitedly.

"Fire! There's fire!" he added, "the only thing a baar's afraid of. Pile the bed boughs on the coals in the fireplace and the flames will shoot up the chimney. That will put her back into the woods with a fright she will never get over."

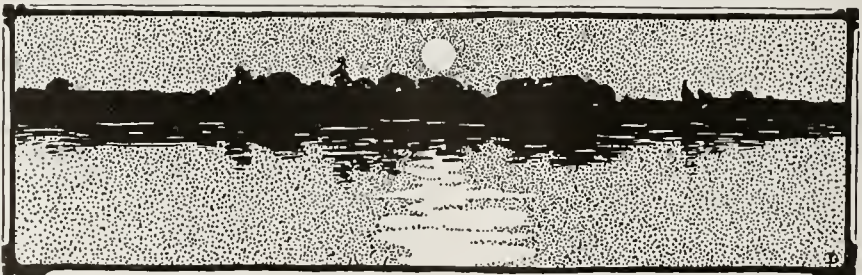
Joe and Algernon sprang for the bunks together, and how those boughs did go into the rough fireplace! It seemed that they never would catch, but after what seemed hours a tiny tongue started at the bottom and crept slowly up, jumping from spill to spill, suddenly leaping into flame with a roaring, crackling explosion, sending a sheet of fire and shower of sparks up through the chimney and far into the night.

A few moments of anxious suspense and then came another thump, a scramble, a thud upon the ground and a crashing in the forest, which grew fainter and fainter until it ceased.

Joe laughed long and loud. "I'll bet she's running yet," he cried gleefully, "and what's more you couldn't get her within a mile of this place again unless you brought her back dead."

Then Joe crawled into his bunk and drew the blankets about him, muttering softly to himself as he struck his hip bone on a protruding knot, and a few moments later Algernon followed, sighing heavily.

Joe was snoring and Algernon was getting very sleepy when Pete entered. Joe turned in his bunk without comment and Algernon was too near asleep to speak, not even when Pete wanted to know, somewhat testily, what



they had been doing to the bunks.

"It's your rheumatism," chuckled Joe.

"P'raps it ces, but, je-hokey, I doant tink so," gabbled Pete.

As Pete built the fire in the morning, the thrilling experiences of the night before were gone over in detail, the Canadian manifesting keen interest. Then they went outside and examined the door where the marks of the claws of the angry monster were plainly visible.

"Why you no shute troo door, Algy?" queried Pete, "'cause eef you had I tink you would haff got heem. Je-hokey, I do," and he shivered as if a chill wind had struck him.

Then they stepped around and looked at the overturned swill box, Joe and Pete glancing sideways at the cabin roof where "bruin" had made her last stand. A strange sight met their eyes. The splits were nearly covered with boughs upon which the fresh marks of the axe were visible, and there were others on the ground close by.

"Baar must have broke those off from that tree, Pete," suggested Joe with a sly wink and a jerk of his thumb towards a tall spruce, from which the limbs had been literally pruned.

"Je-hokey, but she must have been wan heeg wan," was Pete's comment as he hurried into the cabin, grinning slyly.



And Algernon who was on his knees examining the "tracks," kept his eyes riveted there until Joe turned towards the wood pile, and when the full moon rose that night, alone on the lake shore, he was still thinking it over!

Sam's Clever Ruse

It was Sam who was late and crowded back into the outer circle where there was neither light or warmth after the gules had got comfortably settled around the blazing fire place for the after supper smoke. He cut his handful of plug tobacco

carefully, rolled it deliberately, and began rummaging in his pockets for a match, pulling out a handful of cartridges at the first try.

"Gee ko plunk!" he ejaculated, "those danged things ergin! Seems like they changed pockets themselves an' I'm tired an' sick er pullin' 'em out every time I reach in," and into the fire he threw them angrily.

When the smoke cleared Sam had the most comfortable and best located chair in the circle and the room, strewn with overturned chairs, was empty.

"Tho't them dummies wd come in kind er handy, an' they did," he commented drily as he lit his corneob.

"Bill was ther most obliging man I ever knew," remarked Alex, "no doubt about that. If you'd ask him fer two tens fer er five, he couldn't help giving them ter yer, an' if er neighbor wanted eggs an' he didn't have 'em, he'd even go so fur as ter rob er setting hen.



THAT MONSTER GREY MOOSE

True Story of the Origin of One of Northern Maine's
Best Known Wilderness Feature Yarns



“DON'T you think we'd better tell the true story about that monster grey moose which has ranged in newspapers from Lobster to Katahdin for several years past, long's we're responsible for him,” remarked John, my guide, when I saw him last and after thinking it over, I'm convinced that John is right; so here it is.

John's really responsible for the whole trouble, however, for he kept me in ignorance of the facts to start with and the monster grey moose once ranging, proved “copy” the newspapers seemed to like; liked so much that they wrote other stories and moved that poor old beast around at will. Then hunters really began to see him—they'd heard so much about him that they couldn't help it—and the affair was out of my hands.

As a matter of fact, however, the “monster grey moose” at its inception, was nothing more than a discarded tote team horse! Going lame, hopelessly lame, it was thought, a lumber crew turned him loose one fall near Lobster lake, but “roughing it” agreed with the old chap, he picked up rapidly and was soon all right, enjoying to the utmost the wild free life of his pre-historic ancestors.

Then John met him on an old tote road, just at dusk, and “Nero” snorted, kicked up his heels and galloped into the brush. All John got was a glimpse of a hulk of grey vanishing in the shadows—a monster hulk of grey, which snorted as it went—and John *supposed* he'd seen a monster grey moose. What else could it be? So John told me and I wrote the story, going somewhat more into detail than was necessary. The next time I saw John, he'd investigated and his face was wreathed in smiles.

“Good one on you,” he commented gleefully. “Now correct it.” “On me,” I retorted, “I should think it was on *you!* Bear in mind, one thing, however, we never correct.”

So the monster grey moose lived on and such keen interest was manifested in him that we made the most of the details of his eventful career. Every fall, of course, he was a head-liner for the sportsmen and in the summer, we featured him for amateur photographers. “What a magnificent trophy for the den, what a picture for the camera was the basis of it all; what a crafty old fellow to elude everybody?”

And what did it matter if someone occasionally did see the old grey *horse*? If they really saw him he was just plain horse. If they only got a glimpse, he was the monster grey *moose!* Who'd ever think of connecting the two? And so the moose lived for years and probably no wilderness feature yarn has ever been given more widespread publicity. Just to please John, however, I am turning out one more “take of copy” on the *monster grey moose* and there is sadness in my heart because I realize that I'm killing a goose that has laid many a golden egg! But on the other hand, there isn't the market for golden goose eggs that there used to be when Northern Maine was more wild and wooly than it is to-day.

The accompanying reproduction we believe to be one of the most remarkable photographs ever secured; absolutely unique in perfection, composition and the fact that both a bull and cow moose are shown.

It was taken at Longley Lake, by Mrs. Howard A. Colby of New York, under grey skies and with late afternoon light, September last.



A REMARKABLE MOOSE PHOTOGRAPH

FOR THE SUMMER OF 1910

Extensive Improvements and Changes Planned by Hotel Wentworth and The Belgrade



BELGRADE'S admirers will tell you that nothing is lacking to make it one of, if not the most attractive resort in Maine, but much is planned in anticipation of the season to come, a particularly happy thought being two and a half miles of walks cut through the forest on the lake shore at the west of the golf links, the building of a new garage which will accommodate forty machines, further perfection and improvement of the golf course and important changes in and about the hotel itself.

The new woods path starts just between the second hole and the bunker on the golf course and leads through the cool and fragrant pines to a beautiful spring of delicious water. Leaving the spring the path curves gracefully through the tall gray-green, slim-bodied beeches, white birch and dark green spruce trees to the lake shore; a beautiful spot with an entrancing view of lake and mountain. Here a roomy, rustic seat has been built, anticipating the desire to linger; the path continuing along the lake shore and if the lake is more fascinating at one time and place than another, it is here where you catch sparkling glimpses through silver birches and low-hanging pine bows which form a sort of rude screen, until the boat landing is reached.

Next to fishing, the most popular sport at Belgrade is golfing and here the determination to have things at their best is again shown. "I have never played on a more interesting nine-hole course," was the remark made by Mr. Joseph M. Bryne of New York, president of the Deal Golf Club. "The narrow course calls for straight play, and bad direction is well penalized. There is opportunity for long drives and the

putting greens are exceedingly 'sporty' to say nothing of the beautiful situation commanding superb views of lake and mountains."

In summing up the pleasures and attractions of The Belgrade, mention must surely be made of the excellent music furnished by the orchestra which is composed of three young ladies from Boston; Misses Anna H. English, director and pianist; Miss Grace English, violinist, and Miss Leslie Reed, 'cellist. Miss English is not only a pianist of marked ability and power of expression, but has a voice of unusual range and sweetness. No one who has heard her on Sunday evenings will forget its flute-like quality and her sympathetic interpretation of the best music; always graciously obliging when asked for "just one more."

Busy Winter at The Wentworth

Though the season at The Wentworth is now a matter of history, the winter will be a busy one devoted to extensive improvements and changes for, under the new management of H. W. Priest, this famous hotel has claimed its own again as the leading summer resort of the northerly shore; has entered upon a new epoch of growth and prosperity which opens up possibilities hitherto not even indicated. Special attention will be given to making the place attractive to lovers of outdoor sports and recreations and in line with this is the lengthening and perfection of the golf course. New putting greens have already been made and a number of holes will be lengthened with the possibility of the acquisition of additional land for further extension. The livery of driving and saddle horses which has proved so popular this summer, will be conducted upon even more extensive

lines, the tennis courts will be maintained with the same faultless perfection as in the past, with the usual attention to bathing and boating.

In the house itself, renovation and re-furnishing will be general with the addition of a large number of bath suites as a special feature. The garage will also be equipped to meet the constantly increasing demands upon it. In this connection it is interesting to note just how important a factor motor touring has come at this point, the record of cars for August numbering six hundred and fifteen with an average of five to a car,

and service at the hotel, the painstaking care and thought which has been apparent in every department and the general attractiveness of the place which has been added to so much by the work of the landscape gardeners.

Rangeley Region Popular

While the attractions of the Rangeley region are radically different from those of the northern section of the state, they are none the less popular among the hundreds who flock there every fall, for the territory is extensive and its variety and equipment are unsurpassed. From



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or three thousand and seventy-five guests, an average of over one hundred daily, and representing about every make of car upon the market. In the race for popularity the Packard leads with a total of one hundred and thirty-three, the Pierce-Arrow second in sixty, the Peerless third in fifty-three and the Stevens-Duryea fourth with forty-four; some sixty other cars in the list.

In reviewing the season no record would be complete without reference to the music conducted under the direction of Carl Behr of the Boston Symphony Orchestra and the excellence of the cui-

either Rangeley or Haines Landing one may work in many directions, always finding excellent accommodations, plenty of deer and an abundance of small game.

King and Bartlett camps are a popular point, many go to Kennebago, the famous trout section, and Eastis, Round Mountain, Bald Mountain, Pierce Pond, Carry Pond, Flagstaff, Dead River and Spencer Lake, all secure their quota of sportsmen each fall.

NORTHWARD-HO! tells the full story of things you would write about "It saves letter writing!"

IN THE WHITE MOUNTAINS

Hotel, Camp and Farm House the Rendezvous of Hunters When Summer Tourist Departs



NOT in many years, say the old guides and trappers in the White Mountain region, have indications pointed to so successful a hunting season as this Autumn. Ever since the days when Indians roamed the forests between Haverhill and the Canadian boundary, the section has been the happy hunting ground of New Hampshire, particularly in the North section of Coos county where the foothills are wooded to the summits, and the forest primeval follows the northern boundary of the state over into Canada. Deer have been so tame during the present season that around Bretton Woods, Profile, Crawford's, Jefferson, the hotel keepers have been sore pressed to protect their vegetable gardens from their epicurean appetite for young peas, lettuce hearts and radishes, and in driving over the State roads, the Crawford and Profile Notch, and, in fact, almost every highway of the hills, deer have been seen frequently, sometimes singly; but more often in small herds of from three to five or six. While deer may be shot near most of the mountain resorts, from the Profile house, Franconia and Sugar Hill down through the Crawford Notch to Intervale, North Conway and Jackson, it is in the North Country fifty miles from the Heart of the Hills, that the best hunting is found.

From Colebrook, the nearest railway station, it is twenty miles through to Errol Dam on Lake Umbagog, the most westerly of the Rangeley chain, and from here one goes also through into Maine to the Magalloway and Parmachenee country where hunting like fishing, is always good. Camp Millsfield, ten miles from the Balsams on the shores of Little Millsfield pond, is one

of the finest camps in the mountains for hunters, and Camp Diamond, or Harry Houston's at Big Diamond pond, with its many attractive rustic cottages or camps, also offers a delightful retreat for the sportsman who follows so closely upon the footsteps of the fisherman.

The Connecticut lakes, first, second and third, all have their hunting camps in charge of experienced guides, and the hunting far up in this wilderness which extends over into little Canada to touch the Laurentian hills, is a revelation to the city dweller. The forest is wild, the settlements few, and that one can find such solitude within a three hours' ride from the railway station at Beecher Falls, is incredible. Charlie Pinckney's camps in Columbia near Colebrook, are of the well known ones near the North Country and many hunters cross the river at Canaan, Vt. to Averill pond and little Leach pond, where deer abound. Carl Taylor has a camp between Bethlehem and the Franconia Notch on the Gale river, which is a favorite with hunters and its accessibility is not the least of its charms.

Over in Carter Notch and Pinkham Notch under the shadow of Carter range and the Presidential range, hunting is exceptionally fine and good sport is to be had in Jackson, Intervale or North Conway, Bethlehem, the Franconia country, Jefferson, Carroll, Randolph and Bretton Woods, all attract hunters and at Dixville Notch there is seemingly no lack of game.

But it is as a resort for bird hunters that the section is best known, one of very few points where the "feathered thunderbolt," the ruffed grouse, may now be found in abundance; a magnificent game bird which ranks among the best this country offers. Accommoda-



MOTHER LOVE KNOWS NO FLAR

tions varied in their character, may be secured almost anywhere in the bird country—hotel, camp or farm house—and what more glorious sport than a day afield in Autumn's glorious air and superb color, with dog and gun! Stiff work it is to search the hillside covers, quick and accurate shooting to bag the game; but this only adds zest to the outing, appetite and sleep, for all of hunting is not in the killing.

In the lowlands and on the hillsides are woodcock, both native and flight, the prettiest shooting the hunter knows with a tinge of regret as he realizes how fast the "robinbreast" is disappearing. And such a delicate morsel when "hung" long enough and cooked to a turn! Grey hares abound in the swamps, and there's a thrill in store for the hunter who stalks the runways, waiting with beating heart, as the chase turns his way; searching anxiously the vistas through the woods for a glimpse of the sly rascal who is only playing with the dog. Foxes there are also, which the hounds never reach and what handsomer trophy than their mounted skins? What music equals the mellow notes of the hounds floating down from hill, ringing up from dale: "Hark: Auch! Auch! Aou-oo-o! Auch! auch! Aou-oo-o!" Ducks and geese frequent the forest ponds, bruin hides on the mountain sides, there is a bob-cat now and then, and always the sly grey squirrel in the forests of oak and chestnut—wary, keen, alert—hard to locate, difficult to kill.

So it is not strange that hunters flock to the White Hills when the summer

tourist departs, and while they represent a class radically different from the vast army which Maine attracts, they are loyal always because the Mountains offer variety, and are better adapted in many cases, to the small sized pocket-book; easy of access, yet apart. There is picturesqueness, there is association; an atmosphere which charms those who love it just as Maine's mysterious forest, gleaming lakes and winding rivers holds its admirers captive.

'Possum Will Never Make a Hit

"Taft 'll never make ther possum popular," says Joe, "kaize its get er tail like er rat, an' nobody's no use fer animals uv that keeracter.

"Eef he'd a taken mos' anythin' else, it'd made a hit, but never'd equalled Teddy's bear, kaize Teddy happened ter pick ther right critter.

"Just why 'tis I dunno, but mos' folks ud rather see er bear than anythin' in ther woods, an' ez fer er cub, thar's nothin' I know of so cute an' so clever; 'ceptin', possibly, er pickerninny nigger.

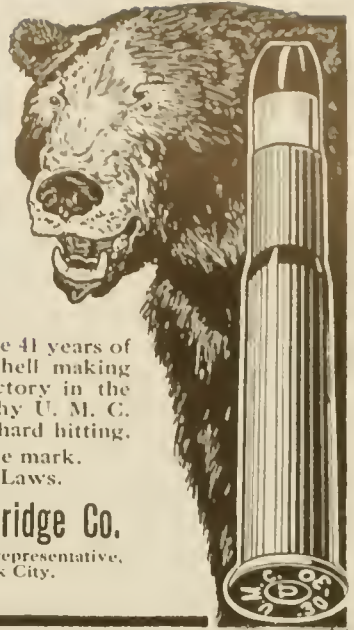
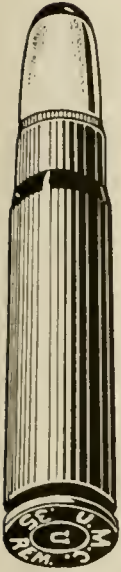
"No, Bill 'll never make ther 'possum popular jes' because its got er tail like er rat. Wait an' see!"

Indian Delicacies

The tail of the beaver and the nose of the moose, wrapped in leaves and bark and slowly roasted in the coals of the camp fire, were considered the greatest of all delicacies by the Indians. Who knows but somebody will rediscover these dainties!



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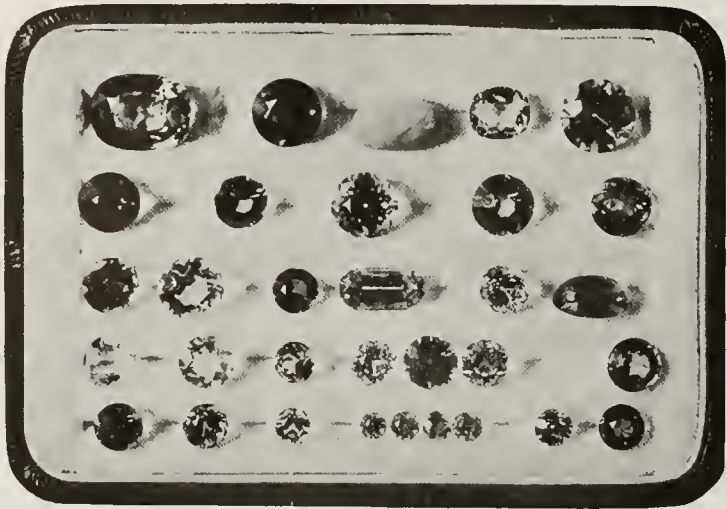
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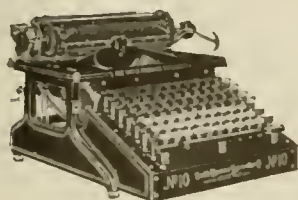
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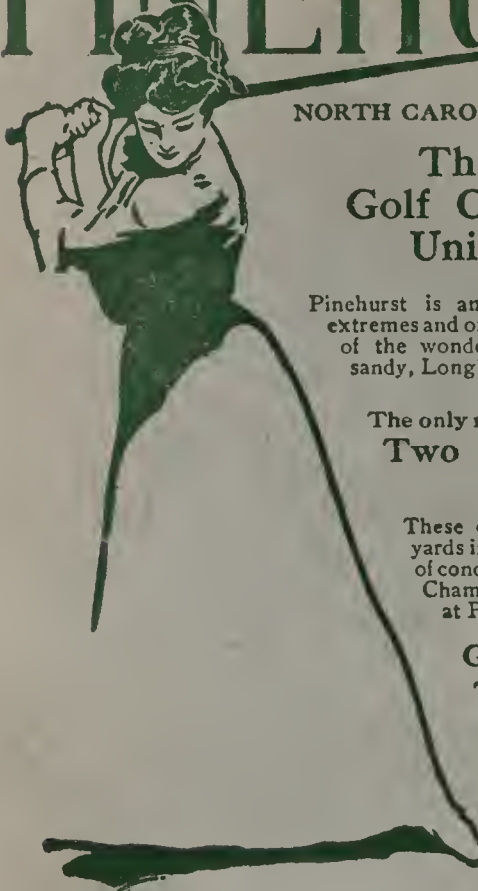
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