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VACATION

NUMBER

NORTHWARD-HO!
A WEEKLY MAGAZINE
OF
FICTION-FACT & NEWS



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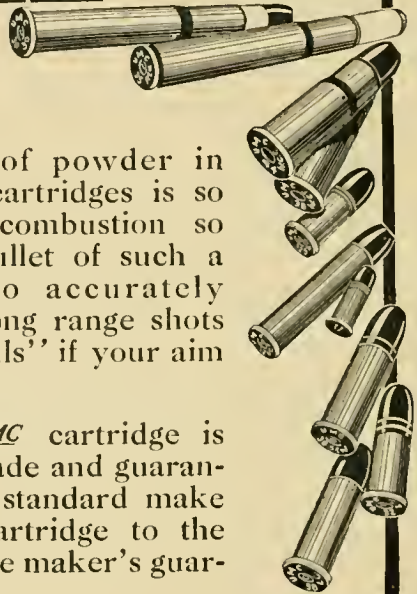
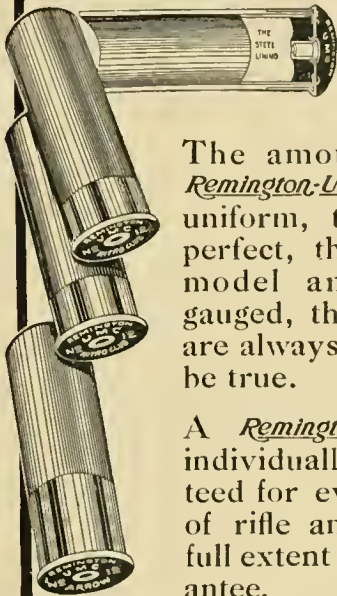
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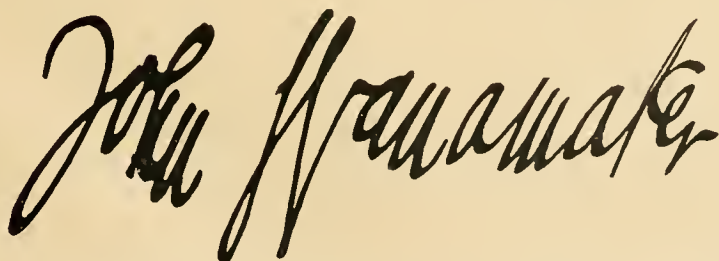
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A handwritten signature in black ink, reading "John Wanamaker". The signature is written in a cursive, flowing style with large, sweeping letters.



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NORTHWARD-HO!

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"NORTHWARD-HO!"

NORTHWARD-HO!

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE OF NEWS

ANNUAL VACATION NUMBER, 1911

Vol. VII No. 1

IN QUEST OF SILVERSIDES

The Phantom Fish



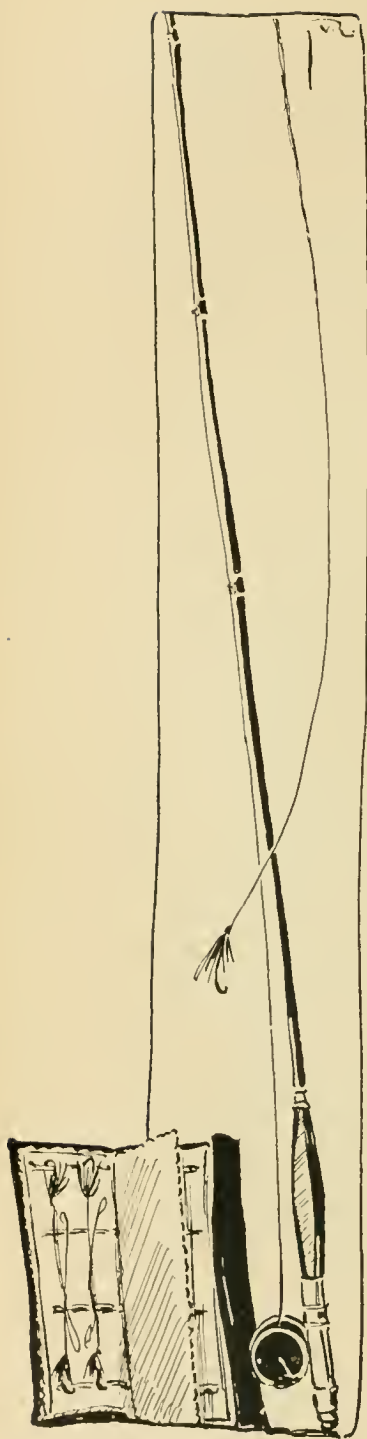
TWENTY yards away, just above the reef where Little Brassua makes its first dip into Big Moose, a streak of silver tinged with copper, blue and emerald, flashed for a brief moment

against the mauve shadows of the distant firs and disappeared. "Ugh!" gasped Joe, and the canoe shuddered and tugged backward to a standstill. On the calm surface of the lake ever-widening circles were rippling towards the shore, reflecting the crimson of the setting sun. Into their very center I dropped my flies—a perfect cast—and drew them slowly in. A gentle movement in their wake, but so slight that I was not sure I really saw it, and I was forced to recover for the cast, bungling from waiting too long. Back I sent the flies, but they fell short and heavy. Again and again I tried, regaining the swing, but even the chubs had disappeared; the waters, apparently, oppressed with the weight of evening. Annoyed I wound in viciously, drone of reel strangely clear.

With a gentle throb the silent canoe drifted forward to the brink of the reef, hung there expectantly for a moment and plunged into the cool, gurgling foam, speeding on joyously through the rips; twisting, turning, balancing, like a saddle pony on a mountain trail. Then a victorious leap and we were in the spreading river, floating idly, while Joe dipped from deep down, a cup of cool water. Ignoring the pool in face of waning twilight, we swung on in long, easy strides until, turning in, the keel

grated pleasantly on the beach opposite our camping ground. "Ol' Silversides, heem wan heeg wan," commented Joe drily as he dragged the canoe ashore. "Reckon twelvt' poun', eight poun', ten poun', I dunno, mebbly; but you no kotch her. He play wid fleas laik wan leetle kitten wid mouse, only she nevaire keel heem. Nevaire! But she fool sportman, dees Phantom Feesh, whom you no really see, no really hear. Some ov dem she see heem an' com' for mont', week, longer, mebbly, and feesh for heem, feesh for heem, feesh for heem; but Ol' Silversides only wink her eye, wag hees tail, an' laff at dem; laff long way off." And chuckling shrewdly, he hurried towards camp to prepare supper. So that was Old Silversides, I mused; the Will-o-the-Wisp, the Phantom Fish of Big Moose? In thoughtful silence I ate supper, in silent contemplation I smoked my pipe, not escaping Joe's observant eyes. "You will feesh for Ol' Silversides, eh?" he commented, crossed to his tent and turned in, disdaining a reply.

Far into the night I lay scheming, planning, plotting; waking at dawn with the presentiment that we might find The Phantom in the pool below the rips. Quite sure I am that I saw him as we rounded the bend, a fleeting glimpse of graceful motion, then the veil of mist was without movement; cool, mysterious, impenetrable. My flies brought no response, not even the trout which we ordinarily counted as safe there as in our refrigerator spring, and Joe eyed me narrowly at breakfast. That day and the next, we plied up and down the



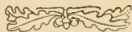
river uneventfully. Then, at evening, I caught a gleam in the spray below the falls, only to find a rainbow there when I looked again, and my flies brought no response. The week fled. At falls, rips and outlet, we found the trout eager, but no sign of The Phantom. Then fishing suddenly failed at the spring hole, where Cold Stream trickles in from the Logan, and for a week longer at dawn and twilight, day in and day out, we sought in vain, until rounding the curve suddenly, late one evening, a flash of dull silver in the shadows above the spring hole, vanished in the dark water *without a sound!* High up and close by, an owl queried hoarsely: "H'hoo! H'hoo! H'ho-H'hooo!" Afar off, a loon's weird laughter answered: ".Iha-ha-haa! .Iha-ha-haa! .Iha-ha-haa!" A belated bird flying low, swung shoreward with a startled cry and the echoes caught up and multiplied the sounds. "Camp," I muttered, a strange chill creeping over me, as Joe swung back into midstream and we floated silently on. Once again, just as we rounded the big rock, came the glint of silver and the silent disappearance; the owl's hoarse query, the loon's weird laughter, the ghostly echoes.

"Phantom fish be hanged," I breathed, somewhat nervously. "Befor' you geet heem, you perhaps tink so, mehbly," was the quick response, but from that moment Joe became one with me in the quest of Silversides. In the morning we found him not, but we knew his presence from that time on by the *absence of fishing*, and persistently we wended our way from spring hole to falls, rips to outlet, lingering only where our casts brought no reward. By the greatest stealth we soon discovered that while he often froliced at daylight, he rose to feed only at twilight—always once, sometimes twice, never more than thrice—cleaving the water as easily and as silently as an arrow in his descent. Cautious beyond man's conception he was, in all truth, the "Phantom Fish." Then warmer weather of late July quieted his wanderlust, and we found him day after day at the outlet, just above the dip, or just below, gathering in the bounteous dainties which the current wafted down; Master of this favorite haunt of big fellows. Realizing that he was for the time being content, we discarded the canoe, cleared the bushes from behind a big boulder within easy casting distance of the retreat, established a temporary camp fifty yards away, and laid siege. That he had an appetite, did this Phantom, and a very substantial one, we soon discovered and set about to gratify the very natural desire. Everything possible to suggest in replica of the tidbits which tempted him, we offered; floating naturally down stream, fluttering frantically across it, dashing madly up, possible and impossible, but without avail, and, perplexed, baffled, we rested on our arms. Then one warm day the green, gauze-winged trout flies, huge and juicy, poising lightly on the water to rise and dart away, began to float across the dip at the reef.

That night I fashioned a trout fly, green-bodied, gauzed-winged, big head, crooked legs and all, wound skilfully on cork, and weighted to float upright; a masterpiece upon which I looked and felt that my work was good. Just as twilight waned, I sent it down on the current, watching its journey with breathless anticipation. * * * The water swirled; a flash of silver became a dull gleam. My heart stopped. * * * Never shall I forget the anguish of that moment, for, responding to the first impulse, I had struck too soon, and my fly had darted away, skipped and jumped again, before I regained control. Chagrined, mortified, I jerked the lure across the water, carelessly as a boy skips a stone, sullen that my nervousness should have cost me so dearly. Indifferently I straightened the line to gather for the back cast, lowered my wrist, and snapped with the easy tug of indifference. Vaguely I recall seeing the fly leave the water, a spray like a pinch of mustard-seed floating from it. Then the familiar vision of The Phantom awoke my inactivity and I relaxed mechanically just the fraction of a second necessary. The rush with which Silversides sank did the rest and a moment later he was fighting afar off with the anger, determination and chagrin of a tiger trapped; tireless, relentless, resourceful.

Line and leader I knew, however, and snubbed him sixty feet away, anxious to keep plenty of reserve on the reel. High into the air he went, hovering aloft to shake a shower of spray free before plunging into the water, and he was off again like a race horse with the word go ringing in his ears. Swing, dash and leap it was throughout, a tension on the rod as delicate as a finely adjusted spring necessary to prevent disaster; the uncertain battle culminating in a desperate attempt to make the quick water where victory was certain. Again and again I turned him just in the nick of time, again and again he renewed the attack. Then a superb leap and he lay without struggle, beautiful to behold, on the surface of the water forty feet away. "He'll pull dem leetle scales uv yours erpart," commented Joe gleefully when we reached camp, and thus it was that we never weighed him. Joe's original estimate, of "twelvt' poun', eight poun', ten poun', I dunno, mebbey," was not far from right, however, as the mounted skin which hangs in place of honor above my desk, testifies.

Fishing in Big Moose was never better for the old pools never fail now, but for me the waters have lost their fascination, and so Joe and I are roaming where the Wilderness beckons and Mystery lies beyond. "The king is dead, long live the king," and we cherish his memory by recognizing that his equal does not swim.—H. L. J.



There's a forest murmur, a ripple in the dell;
 Birds are singing sweetly, a song of love they tell;
 Hours are passing idly, the Days are yet to be;
 Past is but a mem'ry—the Future *Lives* for me!

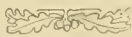


CLAIM THEIR OWN AGAIN

Beauty, Grandeur and Charm to Compare with Mountains Returning Friends Have Vainly Sought



SERENELY beautiful in sunlight and shadow, stretching on to distant hills and cloud-capped sky, welcoming friend, repelling foe like feudal castle in days of old, the White Mountains are greeting thousands gathered, gathering. Magnificent, dignified, supreme, the Switzerland of America has claimed its own again for all time. Beauty, grandeur, charm to compare with them many have sought the world over and found them not, and all are turning back with new appreciation, keener understanding and deeper affection. Not since stage coach days have the walks, rides and drives been equally appreciated and motor touring has doubled if not tripled, the transient guests. To have missed the view from not one but many mountain peaks, is to have made a visit incomplete, for a summer in the Hills is now a return to Nature from which many of us have wandered far, heedless of her mother love. Comprehending, visitors are coming gladly, going reluctantly, living in memory and anticipation; the present a joy and the past a prophecy.



THE HEART OF WHITE HILLS

**As in Days of Ancient Rome, All Roads
Lead to Fair Maplewood**

As in days of ancient Rome, all roads lead to fair Maplewood, Heart of the White Hills, where all arteries of travel center. In the summer's activity golf will lead all sports, the program begun early in the month, leading up to the more important events of August and September. Radical golf course changes add much to the attractiveness of the

holes and include drainage, through establishment of ditches bounding the sixteenth and seventeenth fair greens, and the lengthening of the fifteenth from 250 to 625 yards, with general improvement on the entire links. The first of the tennis tournaments is scheduled for the present week with the championship August 7-12. Trap, pistol and rifle shooting will be featured and baseball possesses special interest through the winning of the Mountain championship by the local nine last season. As a rendezvous for automobilists no point in the Mountains is more popular and a string of fine saddle horses are included in the splendid equipment of the livery. Socially, interest will center in the entertainments at the Casino and the more formal cotillions, with the usual Thursday hop and the Monday afternoon sunlight dance for the children.

The summer colony will include many annual sojourners. Among the cottagers are Judge H. A. Gildersleeve, Vice-President Benj. L. Allen of the Knickerbocker Trust Co., Vice-President E. E. Perkins of the New York Life, Mr. Howard Townsend, all of New York; President W. F. Dunsbaugh of the Maplewood Company, of Beaver, Pa.; Mr. J. P. Taylor of Henderson, N. C.; Dr. E. L. Farr of Roxbury. At the hotels are: Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Stoddard and family, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Hamblin, Mr. and Mrs. I. Eugene White, Mr. and Mrs. Dudley Tenney, Mr. and Mrs. William Lamm and sons, Dr. L. A. Jones and family, Mr. Frederick Pla and family, Mr. and Mrs. E. K. Rawson and family, Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Wilson, and family, Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Ahern, Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Lynch, Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Burgess, Mrs. F. B. Tracy, Mrs. W. E. Whitney, Mrs. J. Greenough, Mrs. A. A. Knight, Miss Ellen O'Rorke, Mrs.



"SERENELY BEAUTIFUL IN SUNLIGHT AND SHADOW—



—STRETCHING ON TO DISTANT HILLS AND CLOUD-CAPPED SKY"

E. E. Smith and Miss Smith of New York, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Morton, Mrs. John C. Morton, Miss Emma Morton, Mr. and Mrs. G. G. Evans and family, Mrs. Charles Halstead, Miss Addie Halstead, Mrs. Phinney and Master Phinney, Mrs. A. Reinhardt of Brooklyn, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Durban and family, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Longstreth and family, Mrs. J. W. Michener of Philadelphia, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. McArthur, Mr. and Mrs. G. Maey Edwards, Mrs. A. Nettles of Boston, Mrs. C. F. Connor, Mrs. George Forsythe, Mrs. Clara B. Boyre of Brookline, Mrs. W. M. Horn of Malden, Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Murray of New Bedford, Prof. and Mrs. Cushman of Tufts College, Miss Lilla B. Moses of Jamaica Plain, Miss Amelia Brew of Andover, Miss Emily S. Shepard of Taunton, Miss Sarah Pardee of Hartford, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Stark, Miss Elizabeth Bugbee, Miss Edith Baker, Miss Green of Providence, Mrs. H. M. Gould and Miss Gould of Portland, Mr. and Mrs. C. K. Amiden and the Misses Amiden of Bristol, Prof. and Mrs. Charles A. Schumacher of Oneonta, Mrs. Kyre Crank and Miss Kathryn Ballou of Memphis, Mr. Pearl Wight and Miss Wight of New Orleans, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Clark of Annapolis, Mrs. William Leckie of Burlington, Vt., Mrs. E. D. Buffington.



QUEEN OF THE MOUNTAINS

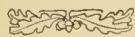
On Green Robed Slopes of Starr King Waumbek Reigns

Enthroned upon the green-robed slopes of Starr King, Waumbek, Queen of the Mountains, reigns; sweet, gracious, serene. Gathered as if round an amphitheatre, grim peaks overlooking the arena of the valley, pay her homage while cool breezes waft to her the fragrance of the plain and the voices of the forest. Every July found the first of thousands of loyal subjects returning to linger for Autumn's glory, interest of the weeks to come centered in sports and social pleasures. For the annual White

Mountain golf championship on August 24, 25, 26, devotees of the ancient game will come from many sections; numerous other tournaments preceding and following. Four divisions are provided for with trophies for qualification and handicap scores, match play division winners, runners-up and consolation winners. Many putting competitions will enliven the season, music and afternoon tea adding to their interest. Trap shooting is also much enjoyed, various tennis tournaments will round out August and the saddle horses of the Lakewood string are a part of the livery. Automobilists find Waumbek a charming destination and many guests bring their own cars. Socially many affairs are planned, the hops and cotillions of the younger set, entertainments, and parties, teas and Bohemian room parties. The Rt. Rev. J. M. Francis, Bishop of Indianapolis, will be in charge at the Church of the Holy Trinity.

Among the cottagers are Mrs. John Wanamaker and Mr. John Wanamaker, Jr., of Philadelphia, who are occupying Onaway and will be joined soon by Mr. Wanamaker, Miss Wanamaker and Mr. and Mrs. Barclay Warhurton. Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Vietor and family and Mrs. Louise Steinway of New York, are at Cherry. Mr. and Mrs. Henry A. Blair, Miss Anita Blair and Miss Hollingsworth of Chicago, are at The Wigwam. Mr. and Mrs. Cabot J. Morse and Master Jack Morse of Boston, are at Mountain View with Mrs. Morse's mother, Mrs. John Burns. Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Pridie will spend August with them. Mrs. Nathaniel Witherell and Miss Thorne of New York, are at Way-onda. Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Schmidt of New York, are at Brookside. Mrs. K. W. Neuhoff and Mrs. Catharine Kountze of New York, are at Bashaba. Manager and Mrs. C. V. Murphy are at Starr King; the most popular little miss in the colony their five months old daughter, Marjorie Elizabeth. Season sojourners at the hotel include Hon. and Mrs. Henry Stoddard of Woodbridge, Mr. and Mrs. William D'Olier,

Miss D'Olier and Mrs. Lippincott, Mr. and Mrs. George A. Huhn of Philadelphia, Mr. and Mrs. George A. Suter and family Mr. and Mrs. William Lumis and family, Mr. and Mrs. B. Sterling Bottome and Master Robert, Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Sabín, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Shiland and family, Mr. and Mrs. Anson G. McCook and family, Mrs. L. T. de Navarro, all of New York; Mr. Granville W. Harmon and Miss C. S. Harmon of Brooklyn, Mrs. George F. Chamberlain and Mr. W. H. Macey of Harrison, N. Y., Mr. and Mrs. John Biggs and the Misses Biggs of Wilmington, Mr. and Mrs. David Magie and Mrs. James Magie of Princeton, Dr. and Mrs. A. D. Beavan and Dr. and Mrs. W. H. Wilder, Mr. and Mrs. Alex Smith of Chicago, Gen. and Mrs. W. W. Gordon of Savannah, Mrs. Orlando Tompkins of Boston, Mr. and Mrs. George W. Taylor, Mr. Edward W. Taylor of Lexington and Miss Grace Roxburgh of Liverpool, Eng., Mr. Tonzo Sauvage of Newark, and Mr. Arthur Barnwell of Pelham, S. C.



GUARDED BY GRIM MOUNTAIN

Like Rare Pearl in Emerald Casket Profile Glows Among Hills

As rare pearl in casket of emerald, Profile glows between its "seven hills," guarded by grim mountain, ever changing under subtle influence of sun and cloud; a jewel of rarest splendor among the many which beautify the Mountains. Thus an unique charm the place holds in store for its exclusive colony; the season one of many pleasures. In sports, tennis leads with the annual championship late in August, prominent among the tournaments. The annual golf championship for the Profile cup, August 22, ranks with the Governor Draper competition; Mr. John Kendrick Bangs, Jr., leading with "legs" in 1907-08, Mr. E. W. Jewett winning in 1909 and Gen. W. P. Darrow in 1910. Baseball, bowls and putting will be new

diversions for the younger set, happily combining with mountain climbing and trout fishing; many visitors bringing their motor cars. Socially interest centers in the more formal cotillions; the regular Wednesday and Saturday hops, golf club teas and numerous other affairs rounding out the calendar.

The cottage colony is made up very largely of old friends, among them Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Gilbert and family, Mr. and Mrs. Pliny Fisk and family, Mrs. W. F. Bridge and Miss Lane, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. White and family, Miss Nina Rhoades, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Cornell and family, Mr. and Mrs. Dwight Jones and family, Mrs. Moses B. Hopkins, Mrs. J. H. Benedict, The Misses Babcock, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Twombly, Mrs. Ewald Fleitmann and family, Mrs. A. S. Jarvis, Dr. and Mrs. C. E. Atwood, all of New York; Mr. and Mrs. Henry K. McHarg of Stamford, Mrs. F. W. Jackson of Westchester, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Goodwin of Hartford, Judge and Mrs. Martin J. Keogh and family of New Rochelle, Mr. and Mrs. Phelps Montgomery and family of New Haven, Gen. and Mrs. W. P. Darrow of St. Augustine, Rear Admiral and Mrs. W. H. Brownson, Lieut. and Mrs. Thomas N. Hart of Washington, Mr. and Mrs. David B. Kimball and the Misses Edwards of Boston. At the hotel are Mr. and Mrs. George Maculloch Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Jefferson Hogan and family, Mr. and Mrs. William Bayliss, Mr. and Mrs. Mark H. Maclay and Mark H. Maclay, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Walter G. Oakman and Miss Oakman, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Mead, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. H. Sheldon, Mrs. John P. Duncan and family, Mr. and Mrs. R. P. H. Durkee, Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Coffin, Mr. and Mrs. Sloan Coffin, Mr. and Mrs. John C. Tappin and Mrs. James Tappin, Mr. and Mrs. William Bayliss, Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Bonaparte, Mrs. and Miss Little, Mrs. Louis H. Belloni and family, Mrs. Charles Bateson and Miss Bateson, Dr. and Mrs. Frederick Warren Pearl, Mrs. Samuel Riker and fam-

(Concluded on Page 32.)

AS DID OLD RIP VAN WINKLE

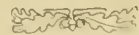
Marveling at Transformations Wrought are Returning Friends at Mt Kineo the Beautiful



MARVELING as did old Rip Van Winkle, are returning friends at Mount Kineo, marveling unceasingly at the transformation wrought in six short months; at the new, the greater Kineo. A far cry it is from stage coach fishing days to Somerset Air Line summer resort present; but in this half century, Kineo the beautiful has grown from tiny Inn to the most superb of America's famous inland lake resorts, and centuries lie before; centuries of further achievement. Saying good-bye to the old in October one returns in June to greet the new. "How did you do it?" is the query which is best answered by the check book, close to \$400,000 having been expended. To comprehend you must see for not only within but without the house are the changes remarkable. The offices, at the front, are set back, large plate glass windows permitting a superb view of lake, forest and mountain. White colonnades support a high portico entrance, while overhead a high tower is topped by a brilliant signal-light, emblematic and suggestive; plate glass windows giving the new wing addition dining-room the effect of an open air pavillion. No break now mars broad sweep of lawn to lake, a kitchen of 1912 equipment and new furnishings, are some of many other improvements; apparently, the mountain alone remaining unchanged!

As for the season itself, much the same transformation may be expected; the Yacht Club as in the past, the center round which interest radiates and the races, the summer's biggest feature, for everybody now owns a motor boat. Golf and tennis events lead up to the championships and trap, rifle and pistol shooting will be leading cards. There

are saddle horses also, and marvel of marvels, plans for an automobile road to the lake shore. Socially, dances, dinners, teas, bridge and many other diversions will make the season notable; October witnessing the last departures. Returning friends are many: Mr. and Mrs. Arthur B. Waring of Yonkers, Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Clark and family of New York, Mrs. Cornelius Doremus and Mrs. M. D. Paterson of New York, Mrs. W. H. Dougherty of Brooklyn, are already at their cottages. Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Campbell of Paterson, have opened, their luxurious camp and Judge Wilford Bolster of Boston, is at Camp Comfort. Returning to the hotel are Commodore and Mrs. John Reilly, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Fuller, Mr. and Mrs. Stanton I. Hanson of New York, Mr. and Mrs. George M. Thornton and the Misses Thornton of Pawtucket, Dr. and Mrs. Thomas Upham Coe of Bangor, Dr. and Mrs. S. MacCuen Smith and family, Mrs. W. O. Rowland and Master Howard Rowland of Philadelphia, Mr. and Mrs. Theodore P. Gilman and Miss Anna L. Goessling, Mr. and Mrs. George L. Colbraith of New York, Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Allen and Miss Allen of Boston, Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Bailey and family, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Phelps, T. S. Lee of Philadelphia.



Don't Close Register

Look the hotel register over all you like, but as you value your reputation, don't close it for it means "at least ten years of the worst sort of luck." Another hotel superstition deals with the thirteenth year of the life of a hotel and sometime, hunt for room 13! As a class, however, hotel men are not superstitious, but these are the exceptions.



THE GLORY OF THE MOUNTAINS





DAYS IN THE GLORIOUS OPEN

'Mid Ocean Breezes and Woodland Murmurs Wentworth
Guests Anticipate Weeks to Come



REFRESHED by ocean breezes or lulled by woodland murmurs, guests at The Wentworth are anticipating the weeks which lie before; days in God's glorious open and the companionship of congenial people. Favored with location unequalled for beauty, charm and diversity, the hotel claims its guests from all sections. Overlooking the sea and surrounded by woodland, the attractions are many; its situation making it the Hub of the numerous motor tours to the Mountains. Thousands who come only for brief visits are welcomed with the hundreds of old friends who summer here; the extensive equipment providing for fully five hundred guests in accordance with the high standards of modern requirements. The winter's improvements further evince the progressive policy of the present management; repainting of the exterior and refurnishing combined with the rare beauty of the flower bedecked private park, forcibly suggestive of the hotel's present perfection. Many important changes have been made on the golf course; the usual tournaments leading up to the August championship. Tennis also maintains its supremacy, and a string of saddle horses are an attractive feature of the livery.

A merry group it is which gathers for the morning bathing hour, while sailing and deep sea fishing claim devotees. Socially, many affairs will round out the season, the usual dances, entertainments, teas and dinners enjoyed by the entire colony, and the charming White Cat Inn still a favorite rendezvous for tea. Many familiar faces make up the company gathered for the summer, among them Mr. and Mrs. Henry Baldwin, Miss Alice Hazen Scott, Mr.

and Mrs. L. W. Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Lewis, Mrs. L. G. Brosseau and Master Pierce Brosseau and Mrs. Thomas Denny, Mrs. Thomas H. Bellas, Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Aldrich, Mr. P. E. Scott, Miss Janet A. Baxter and Miss R. M. Dolph of New York, Mr. and Mrs. John S. Newbold, Jr., Mrs. John S. Newbold, Dr. and Mrs. Charles Henry of Philadelphia, Miss Elizabeth Chew Williams and Miss H. W. Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Hanlon and family of Baltimore, Mrs. A. P. Fairfield of Annapolis, Mr. and Mrs. Wilton J. Lambert, Miss Elizabeth Lambert and Master Arthur Lambert, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Snow of Washington. From Boston are: Mrs. J. W. Hollis, Mrs. Martha S. Jones, Mrs. Charles Sinclair and Mrs. Mary E. Lothrop, Mrs. J. P. Hewins, Dr. P. W. Hewins and Miss Hewins; from Brookline, Miss M. Morton and Miss McCarom, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Morse, and Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Smith; from Newton, Mr. and Mrs. Frank L. Preston; from Andover, Mr. and Mrs. Dwight M. Billings and Miss Elizabeth B. Billings; from Newburyport, Mr. and Mrs. Carl Felmer. The Chicago colony includes the following: Mrs. Philip D. Armour, Mrs. Edson Keith, Mrs. A. J. Averill, Mrs. John C. Grant, Mr. A. B. Adams and Miss Adams and Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Canfield, Mr. and Mrs. Warren Wood. Others covering a wide range of territory include Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Smithers and the Misses Smithers of Montreal, Mr. and Mrs. John Reinhardt of Owensboro, Ky., Mr. and Mrs. Oliver K. Brooks and the Misses Brooks of Cleveland, Mr. and Mrs. Walter C. Faxon of Hartford, and Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. McCutchen of North Plainfield, Mr. and Mrs. D. G. Evans of St. Louis, Mr. and Mrs. F. T. McCully and Miss E. Seager of Paterson.



“REFRESHED BY OCEAN BREEZES—



—LULLED BY WOODLAND MURMURS”

FISHING THE MASTERPIECE

Always on Line it Hangs Throughout Entire Rangeley Chain, Though Motif Varies

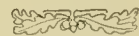


MANY pictures hang in the Rangeley gallery, but they are mainly a background for the Masterpiece. Always on "the line" you find it, often the *motif* varies; but still fish and fishing pervade this American *Salon* in which anglers from the world over vie for premier honors. To be sure, August and September bring other attractive canvases into prominence, but the climax is the Autumn and closing exhibition. Motor boating and trap shooting divide honors equally with golf and shooting; the leading events the annual Rangeley Lake house golf and tennis championships, the annual motor boat regatta and various target sweepstakes. Each year the section claims an increasing number of motor tourists as the result of good roads improvement. Socially the season's affairs will include the usual dances and bridge parties.

Among those who will sojourn at The Rangeley Lake house are Mr. and Mrs. N. L. Tunis, Rev. Dr. Nathaniel Conkling, Mr. and Mrs. F. N. Proctor, Mr. and Mrs. Winslow Pierce and Miss Eunice, Mr. E. Ledelley and Mr. D. H. Cohan of New York, Major and Mrs. E. V. Bookmiller, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Dornette, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Prince, Mrs. John C. Baird and Mr. Stewart Baird, Rear Admiral N. G. O. Colby, Capt. John Banister, Mr. Frederick Skinner, Mrs. C. H. Bowdoin, Mrs. C. F. Hutchins, Mr. C. E. Knowles, Mr. F. W. Emory and Mr. Charles A. Hubbard of Boston, Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Proctor of Fitchburg, Mrs. C. J. Judd of Brookline, Mrs. A. F. Breed of Salem, Mr. and Mrs. W. O. Roberts of Hartford, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Dennison of New Bedford, Mr. and Mrs. D. W. T. Herrick and Mr. P.

E. Herrick, Mr. J. J. Brigham of Springfield, Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Mauraan of Providence, Mr. Eugene Atwood of Stonington, Mr. and Mrs. Charles R. Adams, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Castle and Miss Castle Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Forbes and Miss Helen F. Smith of Philadelphia, Mrs. A. E. Brigham and Miss Brigham of Santa Barbara, Mrs. Chas. Wood, Mr. Alton Wood and Miss Wood, Mr. Charles F. Jones, of Buffalo.

At Mountain View Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Schieron, Mr. Frank Cavalli and Miss Cavalli, of New York, Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Dunbar, Mr. William W. Whitcomb and Russell Whitcomb, Mrs. E. E. Thayer, Miss Ella Gregory, Miss Ira Kempshall and Dr. Eliza Cahill, Mr. and Mrs. F. N. Dean, Mrs. A. C. Trainor of Boston, and Miss Ethel Bolles of Hartford; all old friends. Among those who will occupy the cottages are Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Colton, Mr. and Mrs. W. Roger Fronfield, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. McLaughlin, of Philadelphia, and Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Buss of Boston; all old friends.



SINCE EARLY IN MAY

Belgrade Lakes Claim Many Visitors Until Late in October

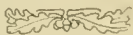
Since the going out of the ice in early May, anglers at Belgrade have missed few tricks and they will be in the game until October, but August inaugurates activities in sports and social pleasures which claim attention until September once more brings fishing into prominence. Golf and tennis tournaments will include the usual August championships and socially, dances, dinners and other affairs will combine with outdoor diversions. The winter's im-



THE SILENCE OF THE PLAIN

provements include the enlargement and refurnishing of The Belgrade kitchen and the introduction of steam heat to provide for early and late seasons which now claim many.

Already gathered here are many former patrons among them Mr. and Mrs. Eagleson Robb, Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Adams, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Williams, Miss Williams and Miss F. E. Cox, Mrs. E. E. Barros and Miss Barros, Mr. E. T. Warner and Mr. D. Wheeler, Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Merwin, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Mahony and family, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Zuckerman and family, Mr. William Cassard and Mrs. Cassard of New York, Mrs. K. A. Reading of Brooklyn, Mr. Waldo Kerr and the Misses Kerr, Mr. A. D. Snow, of East Orange, Mr. E. P. Hay of Newark, Mr. J. G. Fine of Bridgton, Mr. H. O. Wilbur of Philadelphia, Mr. F. B. Wetmore and Miss Wetmore of New Haven, Mrs. Charles E. Fowler and Mr. L. P. Russell of Washington, Dr. and Mrs. J. P. Moen and Miss Moen, Mr. and Mrs. L. of Evansville, C. P. Foy of Chicago.



HOME MADE FLIES EFFECTIVE

Almost Anything Sufficiently Suggestive Will do the Trick

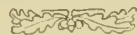
"I remember that when I was a boy the only thing in all the trouting region where I lived, and there never was a better one or one that had better fishermen, that was called a trout fly and was used as such, was a chicken or grouse feather tied with a silk thread on the shank of what might now be called a No. 2 Carlisle hook. It made a lure about half an inch long and was fastened to a horsehair line, also home made. There was no gut leader or snell," writes an angler in *The Sun*.

And we might add that a number of similar home made lures are effective. Even red and white flannel make an excellent "Parmachencee" and the hackle feathers of the cock have been used ever since the days of Claudius Aelianus

in the third century. All of which goes to prove that it is the *suggestion* which attracts the trout. Just what phase the suggestion assumes anglers will probably continue to discuss for the remaining centuries. The fact, however, remains that the real skill lies in *fly fishing*; other methods are mere child's play in comparison. They may be *tricky*, but nothing more.

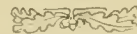
Of the game fish in this territory the trout is unquestionably king. The landlocked salmon, the gamiest fighter, does not rise readily to the fly and the bull dog bass requires no skill in book-*ing*. Of the three fish the trout is the only one which rises naturally and possesses keen powers of discrimination; the only one quick to discover the deception. As a rule trout do not hook themselves; bass and salmon usually do, hence the distinction.

Eels, frogs and mud turtles can be taken with the fly, but it is not *fly fishing*. This extreme comparison is a trifle rough on the bass and salmon, but it is *suggestive of the difference!* Just as the salmon is the gamiest of fighters and the bass the most determined, so trout is king among northern fish which take the fly, and his fight suggests both the gaminess and the determination of his distinguished associates in sport.



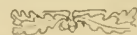
Auction Bridge Treatise

In response to hundreds of requests we have reprinted an edition of last season's number containing Mr. Charlton L. Becker's story on "Auction Bridge," illustrated with problem hands. The price is twenty-five cents, postpaid.



National Archery Tournament

The thirty-third annual tournament of the National Archery Association takes place at Chicago Aug. 15, 16, 17 and 18.



Mailing envelopes at the news counter. Use them for sending NORTHWARD-10! to friends. "It saves letter writing!"

FROM STATION TO HILL-TOP

Along Fragrant Country Roads Old Friends Journey Once Again to Fair Poland Spring



ALONG country roads fringed with budding daisies, piquant buttercups and fragrant clover, visitors are journeying from railway station to hill-top, joyous at returning to Poland Spring when radiant summer is at her best. Old friends to welcome, new comers to greet there are, informal affairs rounding out perfect days with the season stretching on before like a winding river; each hour holding some new delight in store. As usual, life is much in the open, motoring now vicing in popularity with riding and driving, for many bring their cars to enjoy the excellent roads which lead in all directions. Boating, bathing and fishing were never more generally enjoyed, tennis claims devotees and golf still reigns supreme. Early in the season Professional Arthur H. Fenn, who never was in better form, hung up a new course record of thirty-three for the cracks to shoot at—4-5-4-4-3-2-3-4-4—and shortly after, a new eighteen-hole record of seventy, duplicate rounds up thirty-five: 3-5-4-5-4-3-3-4-4; 4-4-4-5-4-3-3-4-4. One stroke to the good, however, was not quite satisfactory and a sixty-eight, two thirty-fours, is the latest card of the marksman: 4-4-4-6-3-3-2-4-4; 3-6-4-5-3-3-3-4-3. Yes, Poland has seen a flying machine; but it was not in Fenn's class! Preliminary to the annual championship early in August, will be the usual handicaps; the social side of the game evincing itself in the usual putting and foursome competitions.

Socially the season promises much activity with the usual afternoon teas and card parties which claim the entire colony, and the rides, picnics and camp-fire suppers of the younger set. Dancing is much enjoyed and several more

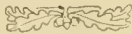
formal cotillions are being planned. The annual art exhibit is a representative one of paintings, miniatures and sculpture by Americans; the Library building a favorite retreat for all. Many improvements and changes are noted both within and without the hotel, among the most pleasing the imposing granite Chapel, adjoining the Maine State building. The spacious grounds were never more beautiful; a pleasing note of color on the greensward which stretches away from primeval oaks to distant lake, forest, mountain.

Already gathered are many old friends, among those who will summer here being: Mr. and Mrs. Garret A. Hobart and Mrs. Garret A. Hobart of Paterson, Mr. and Mrs. David B. McClure, Mr. and Mrs. T. M. Emerson, Mr. and Mrs. Ira A. Place, Mr. and Mrs. Isaac B. Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. David Thurston, Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Peck, Mrs. D. C. West, Mrs. Wilford Linsley and Miss J. B. Thurston, Mr. and Mrs. George V. Coe, Mrs. M. B. Hoffman, Mrs. E. A. Hoffman and Miss Eufrasia Leland of New York, Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Allen, and Mrs. K. G. Turle of Brooklyn, and Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Wyeth and Miss Horner, Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Stinson, Mrs. W. P. Troth and Miss A. H. Fox, Mr. and Mrs. S. P. Holton of Philadelphia, Mrs. A. W. Painter of Pittsburg, Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Thomas, Mr. and Mrs. I. W. Chick, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Bates, Mrs. C. C. Corbin, Mrs. John C. Haines, Mrs. Amos Barnes, Mrs. W. A. Vose and Mrs. C. D. McDuffee of Boston, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Lee Francis, and Mrs. J. J. Dearborn of Brookline, Hon. and Mrs. S. M. Inman and Mr. and Mrs. G. P. Kiser of Atlanta, Mrs. Thomas P. Stran, and Miss Abraham, Mrs. W. M. Painter and Miss Murray of Baltimore,



Mr. and Mrs. Crosby S. Noyes, Dr. and Mrs. W. S. Harbau, Mr. and Mrs. T. M. Gale of Washington, Mrs. J. B. M. Kehlor, Mrs. M. E. Updike and Mr. James Green of St. Louis, Mrs. D. C. West of Lawrenceville, Mrs. F. LeBaron Mahew and Miss F. E. Murphy of Orange, Col. of Somerset and New York City.

Never has motoring been more in evidence as is evinced by the cars which come long distances; far-away California and southern Florida, being frequently represented in the arrivals.

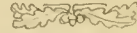


CLAIM THEIR OWN AGAIN

(Concluded from Page 21.)

ily and Mrs. Daniel Riker, Mr. Isham Henderson and his mother, Mrs. Henderson, Mrs. Francis N. Bangs, Mrs. George M. Groves, Mrs. C. L. Lamont, Mrs. James R. Jessup, Mrs. B. H. Bristow, Miss H. Rhoades, and Messrs. Alfred Batchelder, Robert Batchelder, W. W. Churchill and E. W. Jewett, all of New York; Mr. and Mrs. John Baird McVickar of Morristown, Mr. and Mrs. George T. Jenkins of Baltimore, Mr. George Crom-

well and Mrs. Charles Benedict of Richmond, L. I., Mrs. Amos Barnes of Boston, Rev. and Mrs. W. C. Marsh and family of Springfield, Mrs. George Ruhe and Miss S. Boyer of West Newton, Dr. and Mrs. R. P. Townsend and Mrs. Charles Townsend.



GREETINGS AND GOOD-BYES

Crawfords Welcomes the Coming and Speeds Parting Guest

No longer secret trail to Mountain fastnesses, yet Crawford Notch still guards the entrance to the White Hills, welcoming the coming and speeding the parting guest; its hotel replacing Red Men's tepees and flying the flag of truce. Here one always finds the Commander receiving and no passports necessary, no guard to question. On mountain slopes where the Indians hunted, visitors ramble, on distant peaks beacon fires no longer burn; while happy laughter echoes back from forest glades where once rang the war cry and the death gurgle. Thousands journey where once were few, but unchanged, unconquered, the Notch still bars the way. Here as at no point in the Mountains, are the uplift of the Hills appreciated for in all directions trails spread out fan-like; trails for man, trails for beast, trails for team, trails for motor, trails of steel. In secluded streams the trout still hides, on mountain side the deer still roams, in interval cover the partridge still scurries. Interest in sports will be shared equally this season between the annual White Mountain and New Hampshire state tennis championship rounding out the full week, commencing July 31, and the golf meeting on August 7, 8 and 9; the former event claiming national honors through its prominence. Numerous other tournaments will fill in August and September. Always the string of Rocky Mountain burros are on the go, while howling fills in many pleasant

hours. Socially, bridge, dinners, teas, and dancing claim attention; the annual tennis fete and the entertainment arranged by Mrs. Pauline H. Clark, anticipated from year to year, with a climax in the Labor Day horribles parade. Conspicuous among the winter's improvements is a large garage now nearing completion.

Among those who will summer here are Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Charles H. Parkhurst, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hilton Brown, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Kennedy, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Bell, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Bartlett, all of New York, Mr. and Mrs. Felix Arnold, Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Perkins, Mrs. W. Y. Taylor, Miss McCalla, Miss Anna Reed, Miss Ross, Dr. and Mrs. G. C. Jenkins of Philadelphia, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Jeffries and the Misses Jeffries of Wayne, Mr. and Mrs. Oswald Smith of Merion, Mr. and Mrs. Walter H. Clark and family, Mrs. Charles H. Smith of Hartford, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Troth of Camden, Mrs. John Johnson of Greenwich, and Miss Edna Willetts of Oyster Bay, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Hemingway of New Haven, Mrs. Alfred S. Kitt of Yonkers, Mr. and Mrs. O. M. Wentworth, Mrs. J. P. Selinger, the Misses Cummings, Miss Shumway, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Pearl and family, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Stockin and family, Mrs. K. R. Winch of Boston, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Thomas of Worcester, Mr. and Mrs. Joshua Hale, Mr. and Mrs. Hayden Sawyer, Mrs. Charles Atkinson of Newburyport, Mrs. Pauline Day Meals and child of Springfield, Miss Harriet Hall of Medford, Mr. Tucker D. Williams and Miss Williams of Salem, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. H. Worthley and family of Brookline, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Marsh of Dedham, Gen. and Mrs. J. H. Andrews of Manchester, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Woodfin and family of Portland, Dr. R. B. Fulton of Texas, Mrs. George I. Reed W. Moody and Mr. A. Smith of Akron.

Bethlehem with its score of hotels, hundreds of cottages and superb golf course, was never more popular.



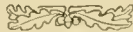
GET BIG TROUT ANGRY

Various Ruses by Which They May Be Tempted

"There's no denying it," insists the observant fisherman, "big trout hate to be annoyed and if you can figure out a plan to get them real angry they're yours. For instance, you know there is a trout of unusual size at the bottom of a pool and he has defied or rather ignored all the flies and baits you have offered him in the ordinary respectful way. You have at last given the old fellow up as one surfeited with food or one to which age and experience have brought uncanny wisdom. Either of these theories may or may not be right, but if you had tried the effect of exciting his temper you would undoubtedly have found that whether he was surfeited or wise, or both, he was not proof against falling for that, and, if you hadn't landed him then it would have been your own fault. A good way to get an old mossback's temper up is to splash the water above him with some nondescript fly or bait, throwing it in and drawing it back and forth through

the water. By and by he will get so mad he can't control himself, and he will make a dash for that irritating obtruder on his quiet with the intention, I suppose, of tearing it to pieces.

"Teasing a big trout that has refused all day to rise to the fly by dangling in the pool a bunch of wiggling fish worms or some unusual object, will often raise the ire of the testy old fish, and he will light upon the objectionable thing with a furious rush and the teaser does the rest. Some up to date anglers have found a way to play on the temper of trout so artistically that they don't consider it necessary to make a change in their flies to kill the fish they are after at that particular spot. Before making the cast they depend on for a rise, they cast here and there in the water, agitating it by drawing their flies swiftly this way and that way, to and fro and across, pounding on the roof of the trout below, so to speak. After awhile the trout are mad all through, and by the time the cast of the flies that is intended to get a rise is made they go for it as the thing that has been irritating them, seeking revenge."



S & S was Accommodation

A quiet, unassuming man, this traveller on the Slow & Sure Railroad, seemed for miles. Then without warning, he jumped up and yanked the bell cord excitedly. The conductor rushed furiously in demanding the cause. "Oh, nothing special," purred the man, quiet once more, "but you only stopped at one of the doors of that double house back there. I was sure it must be a mistake, for it's the only spot you've missed."

THE COUNTY CORRESPONDENT

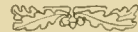
Some of the Things He is Writing for Backwoods Social Columns

These are the days when the "county correspondent" has his innings, days when backwoods society arrays itself for the wedding feast. Among other things this incident occurred at *Squeedunk* last week: "Promptly at high noon the bride, a symphony in white, slipped down the stairs and a hush fell upon the waiting company."

At *Jumping-off* "The drawing-room was transformed into a floral bower by wild daisies and buttercups;" (the latter, undoubtedly *assisting*) "the effect heightened by palms which were placed about the room at frequent intervals;" (probably every five minutes.)

At *Temperance* "a sumptuous wedding breakfast was served to the happy couple *en route* for their honeymoon" (undoubtedly on board train) "and following the spread the ten-cent cigars were passed;" (still *en route*.)

Incidentally we mention that Dr. Pill has added a bay cob to his string.

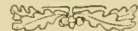


So Sorry, Partner!

Harriet—Busy?

Harry—Yes, going to play mixed foursomes.

Harriet—Oh! The game where you say I'm *so* sorry partner!



The Fish Were Hungry

NEW COMER—Fish bitin' any?

OLD VETERAN—Why you've got to get behind a tree to bait yer hook!





Famous for Quality
and Delicious Flavor

THEY ALWAYS GIVE



Rare
Satisfaction



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JUNE TO OCTOBER

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HAND MADE, of the finest
selected Split Bamboo, fitted
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181 Franklin St. Boston, Mass.
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A decorative advertisement for McKenney & Waterbury Company. It features a central illustration of a chandelier on the left and a globe on the right. The text is arranged around these elements, with the company name at the top, product types in the middle, and the slogan 'WE LIGHT THE WORLD' in large, stylized letters across the globe. The address '181 Franklin St. Boston, Mass.' is at the bottom.

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and the
White Mountains



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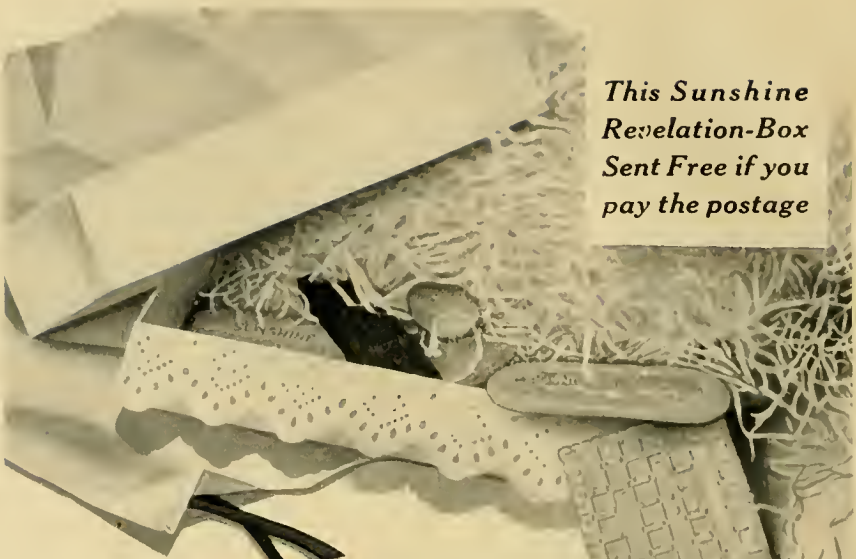
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Pinehurst

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Pinehurst is the only resort in America from which **CONSUMPTIVES ARE ABSOLUTELY EXCLUDED**

FOUR HOTELS AND 52 COTTAGES UNDER ONE MANAGEMENT

Through Atlantic Coastline... See Right Hand Side Page
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Boston, Mass. Pinehurst, North Carolina

1913
ARCHERY'S

FASCINATION

NORTHWARD-HO!
A·WEEKLY·MAGAZINE
OF
FICTION·FACT & NEWS



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NORTHERN·SUMMER·RESORTS

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the taste

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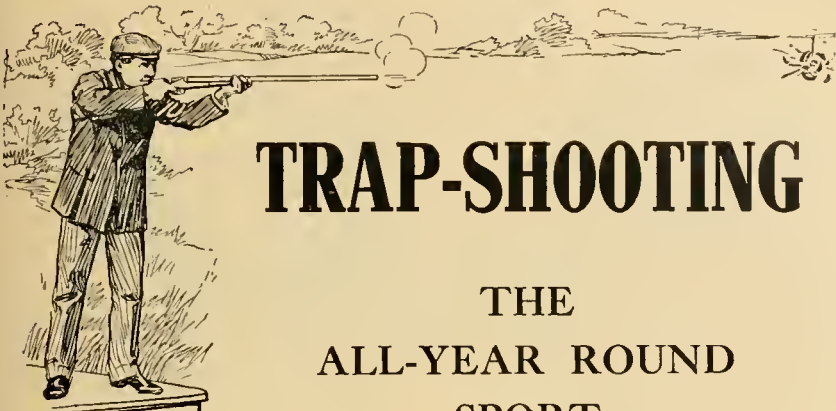


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There's no closed season for the Trap-Shooter; the clay birds fly every month of the year

Closely parallels actual hunting conditions—the open air, the sudden, swift flight of the bird—the same opportunity for quick, accurate shooting all combine to make trap-shooting

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E. I. Du Pont de Nemours Powder Co.

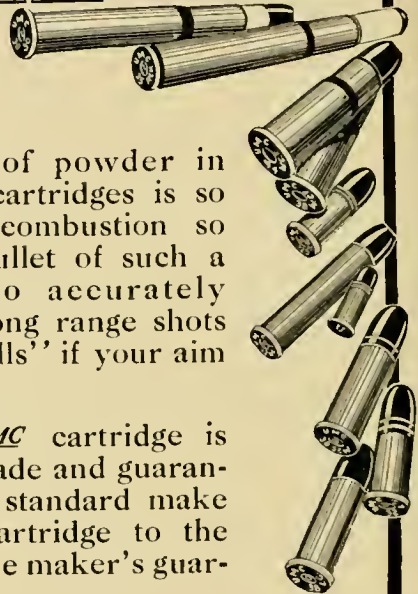
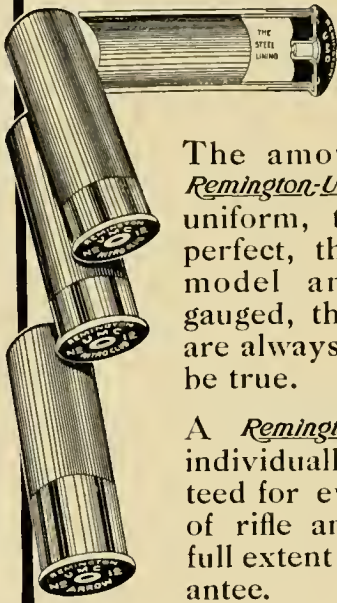
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It makes the shell stronger, surer and safer.

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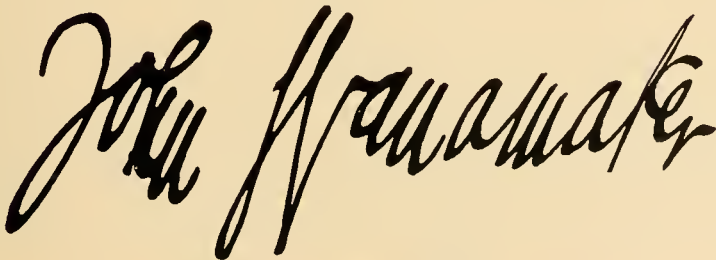
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Pleasing our customers on mail orders is a specialty with us
Don't hesitate to order anything you want

A large, elegant handwritten signature in black ink, reading "J. Wanamaker". The signature is written in a cursive style with long, sweeping flourishes, particularly on the "W" and "a"s.



"CHIEF OF THEM ALL"



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Nor should you forget that our Department of Games and Sporting Goods is also very strong in all lines pertaining to Summer Service.

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NOW IF HE ONLY
HAD A BOX OF
Kuylor's



ABSOLUTELY THE PUREST
AND BEST CANDIES
IN THE WORLD

The illustration shows a man and a woman sitting side-by-side. The man is on the left, wearing a dark suit, a white shirt, a tie, and a boater hat. He is looking towards the woman. The woman is on the right, wearing a light-colored, sleeveless dress with a high collar and a long skirt. She is looking towards the man. The illustration is done in a simple, line-art style.

HIGH CLASS RESORTS



**6 SHOTS BY THE PRESSURE
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WINCHESTER

HIGH-POWER SELF-LOADING RIFLE

.351 Caliber

THE TRIGGER-CONTROLLED REPEATER

THERE is nothing to take your mind off the game if you shoot a Winchester Self-Loading Rifle. The recoil does the reloading for you, which places the complete control of the gun under the trigger finger. You can shoot six shots as fast as you can pull the trigger and without taking your eye off the sights. As this rifle is made with a detachable magazine, you can replace an exhausted one with a loaded one in a jiffy and continue shooting. No recoil-operated rifle but the Winchester offers this advantage. Other desirable and distinctive features of this rifle are — a stationary barrel with sights attached, and all moving parts enclosed. The .351 Caliber, High-Power Cartridge has great killing power, making it heavy enough for the largest game.

*Catalogue fully describing this rifle—"The Gun
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NORTHWARD-HO!

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Published Saturday Mornings for a period of ten weeks, during July, August and September.

One Dollar Annually

Ten Cents a Copy

Central Offices

LEWISTON, MAINE

BETHLEHEM, N. H.

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CORRECT FORM IN ARCHERY
Stringing the bow—Nocking the arrow
Drawing the bow—Taking aim

NORTHWARD-HO!

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE OF NEWS

SATURDAY, JULY 29, 1911

VOL. VII

No. 2

ARCHERY'S FASCINATION

The Sport of Romance

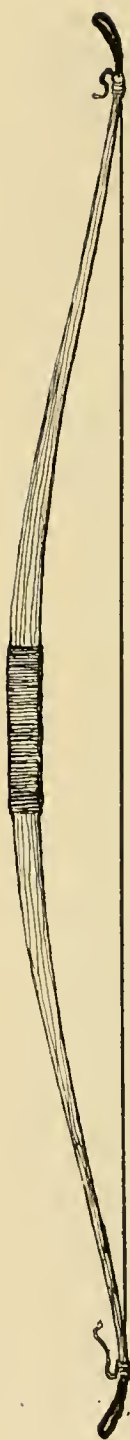


"JUST so long as the new moon returns to heaven, a bent and beautiful bow, just so long will the fascination of archery hold the hearts of men." Thus wrote

Maurice Thompson in

words which are just as true to-day as they were thirty years ago, for archery is the sport of past and present, the sport of song and story, the sport of romance. Not only does it recall stirring deeds of valor, veiled in subtle mystery, but it has special significance for Americans because of its picturesque association with the Indian, and to the world at large, because Dan Cupid has never deserted the weapon with which he pierced the first hearts in the days of long ago. In consequence, its rapid growth as a twentieth century pastime is but the natural result of this association and influence and its addition as a recreation to the varied list which keep moderns in God's open is intensely gratifying to its devoted admirers who have watched its rise and decline in public favor with anxious interest. No pastime which has been popular for so many centuries, has had a career so varied and interesting. In ancient times when the bow was an important weapon in warfare, practise was enforced by royal edict and as a result, a race of sturdy bowmen existed whose skill was marvelous. With the discovery of gunpowder, however, the bow ceased to be a factor in civilized warfare and was soon lost to sight except among savage tribes which still depend upon it.

Its fascination still existed, however, resulting in its revival early in the eighteenth century. Rapidly it grew in favor, culminating in the formation of the Grand National Archery Association in England in 1844, and occupying an important place ever since in spite of the fact that from time to time it has suffered temporary declines. Early in the seventies Americans became interested, largely through the influence of the gifted pen of Thompson, the sport, becoming a veritable craze with the publication of his book, "The Witchery of Archery;" an interest and enthusiasm so marked that it could not be permanent, but which without question, exerted an influence which will ever work for good. In 1879 the National Archery Association was formed and while its career has not been unlike that of its English contemporary, the past few years have witnessed a revival of interest along lines which promise steady, permanent growth. To be sure twentieth century realism has robbed the sport of some of its ancient charm, but its picturesqueness remains and a practical side has been introduced in its adaptability for men and women, young and old, weak and strong; few or many. It is also interesting to note that both in England and America, women have occupied an important place among those who have excelled. The most gratifying recent phase of archery is its appearance at resorts and this is but one evidence of the general interest which it is arousing throughout the country. Further, its suitability both as an indoor

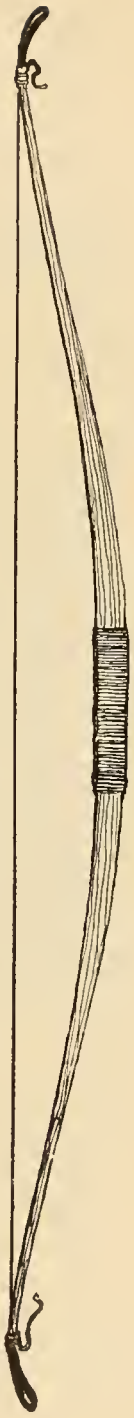


and an outdoor recreation is not to be overlooked, for no evening can be more pleasantly spent than with the bow and arrow. Its appearance in connection with cotillions as a special figure, is but one example of its many and entertaining social adaptations.

It is generally recognized to-day that exercise to be beneficial, must also be enjoyable; that a two-mile stroll through the woods is worth a half a dozen walks "eight times around the veranda," for no physical exercise in which the mind is not diverted, is to be compared with one which awakens the joy of contest or the exhilaration of conquest. Not only does archery develop strength, mildly and effectively, but at the same time it gives poise and grace to the figure, clearness to the eye and alertness to the mind, filling the lungs with the pure air of glorious sunshine, offering mild or strenuous exercise; diversion or competition. Further, it is not without its practical side for those who frequent the woods, a bow with a thirty-pound pull being as effective at short range as a twenty-two rifle; noiseless and never "loaded." In case of necessity this "arm" can be made anywhere and there is no more delightful plaything with which to while the hours away, especially in the wilderness where the recreation possesses a certain sense of fitness, just as the canoe seems a part of the river while the boat does not. The secret of skill in the art lies in rightly conducted practice and interest and determination to succeed. Books, to be sure, tell what is to be done, but *results* come through practice and careful study.

The complete outfit is not extensive or expensive, consisting only of a bow which for beginners, should have a pull of not more than thirty pounds to draw the arrow for men, or more than fifteen pounds for women; arrows, tassel for cleaning arrows, shooting glove or tips and arm guards. First of all, learn to use the bow in the right *form* for there is but one *right way* and while it is not difficult to learn right at beginning, it is extremely so to correct errors when once they become a matter of habit. To be sure, each archer may possess some personal peculiarity of form, but in a general way, as in golf, or in shooting, there are many things which cannot be done and succeed. These are apt to be the very things the beginner will do unless he starts properly, for it is the most natural thing in the world to do a thing in the wrong way. The main things to be considered are the position in which one should stand, knocking of the arrow, drawing the bow, holding, aiming and releasing. Each must be done correctly and uniformly in order to become an accurate marksman and once acquired, they become largely mechanical. Take a position thirty yards from the target, stand with your left side *opposite* to it, heels eight inches apart and placed so that a line from the target will pass through them; the left foot forming a right angle with the target and the right pointed slightly backwards. Knock the arrow by placing it on the string and grasping it between the *feathers* and the *nock*. Carry the point over the string and let the shaft rest on the bow and *against* the hand, at the upper edge of the handle. Draw the nock onto the string and at right angles with it. Hook the *first three fingers* of the right hand over the string so that it is about half an inch from the end of each finger, the arrow being held with the *first* and *second*. The thumb is not used. Now raise the left or bow hand, to the proper elevation, the arm





being held straight, and at the same time draw the right hand to and *under* the chin and just touching it, with the knock of the arrow directly below the right eye; the point resting against the hand (*not* between the fingers) on the *left hand* side of the bow. Hold steadily while taking aim which when the knack is acquired, will take but a second. If the bow has been held firmly, the arrow drawn to the exact (full) length, pointed in the right direction at the right elevation and aimed correctly, it will strike the gold (centre). But the whole trouble lies with the little word "if" and in this case, there are six phases of the usage: position, holding, drawing, aiming and releasing. The main point, however, is in pointing and elevation (aiming) and this is largely a question of judgment. This should be worked out by sighting *over* the point of the arrow, *not along* it; much as you would sight over the front of a gun *held at the hip*. Note carefully the *spot* the point of the arrow covers. This will be on the target, below or above it, dependent on the distance. The trick is to *aim at this spot* and not directly at the bullseye. Note the result of the shot

and select a *spot* which corrects the *fault* of the shot. If the bow is pulled back and pointed the same each time, the arrow must, theoretically, strike the same spot each time. If you are shooting low, aim at a *spot* higher up, and naturally, if you are shooting high, aim at *spot* lower down. Be careful always about your shots; that is, try to keep your shots high or low and *not* have them strike at the right or left of the bullseye. This is just as essential as it is in rifle shooting. Be careful always to hold the bow *perpendicular* and not to yield to the tendency to tip. Once acquired on these lines you have the *theory* of archery and your natural intelligence and perseverance will accomplish the rest, but remember always, that the bow must be drawn back to the full length of the arrow and exactly the same length, at every shot. It must be released instantly, freely, and in the same manner each time.

Archery is more like gun trap shooting than like rifle shooting; the question of aiming is really more of a question of *judgment* than of sighting. The skillful archer is a component part of the bow and he *feels* that the arrow is pointed right. When you begin to experience this sensation you begin to hit the gold, and when you use the bow with the same freedom that an expert youngster uses a sling-shot or throws a rock, you have become a master of the art. Never let yourself believe for an instant, that you can literally *sight* the arrow and figure out to a mathematical certainty that you have a dead center as you can when sighting rifle across a rest, simply because the trajectory of the arrow's flight makes this impossible. It's a question of *feeling*, and this feeling comes through judgment and confidence acquired through practice. Muscular development and eye training also count for much, and as you delve deeper into its mysteries the fascination lays hold of you, for the ideal is ever beckoning! The subtle influences of varied lights, reckoning on windage, a strange affection for a particular arrow and a devotion to a particular bow, all enter in. Surely, never was one created the equal of *that*; if you broke it what *would* you do! When you have reached this stage you take your place among the devoted band responsible for the place the sport of song and story, the sport of past and present, the sport of romance, now occupies.

WENTWORTH'S MERRY WEEK

Motor Boat Parties the Favorite Diversion Among Many Informal Affairs at New Castle by-the-Sea



MANY informal affairs have added to the pleasure of the week at New Castle-by-the-Sea, a favorite diversion, motor boat parties. Tuesday, Manager and Mrs. H. W. Priest entertained in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Tufts and family of Pinchurst, N. C., the guests Mr. J. R. Mix, Miss Mix, Mrs. Herbert L. Jillson, Miss Lucy K. Priest, Miss Edith Sise and Dr. Myron W. Marr. The journey was up the river, nearly to Dover, where lunch was served. Mr. C. E. Curtiss of Cleveland, was host on a moonlight trip to the Isle of Shoals, entertaining Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Hincheliffe and Messrs. J. L. Dergan, C. M. Brockway and C. W. Churchill. Mrs. A. E. Hollis of Boston, had as her guests on a trip to the Navy Yard, Mrs. C. L. Blackburn, Mrs. Francis T. Macullar, Miss E. Sieger and Mr. H. B. Hollis. Mr. H. G. B. Alexander of New York, and Mr. A. W. Johnson of Chicago, were among others who entertained. Dinners have been numerous, the birthday anniversary of Mrs. C. M. Brown of Yonkers, drawing together Mr. and Mrs. Ray Tompkins and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur W. Booth as Mr. Brown's guests. Mrs. Alexander Smith of Yonkers, and Mr. W. Masterton of Elyria, were among others who entertained. The hotel is a popular rendezvous of Portsmouth's elect, Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Robertson, Jr., and Paymaster P. A. Clarke dining friends here.

The annual convention of the International Association of Accident underwriters occupied a full week, business enlivened with a banquet, ball, tennis and golf tournaments. Golf honors went to W. G. Curtis of Detroit, who defeated Colonel Bogey finishing, one down. In a medal play handicap, William B.

Brown of Boston, playing with an allowance of eighteen, was the winner. In the mixed doubles, tennis, Mrs. R. W. Hyman and Mr. Isaac M. Hamilton, both of Chicago, won three sets out of five from Mrs. I. M. Hamilton and Mr. Chauncey S. S. Miller, also of the windy city. Deep sea fishing was never better, Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Everett and Mr. and Mrs. Alva Bradley of Cleveland, making a big haul of pollock under the guidance of Capt. Edgar David of the motor boat Majestic. Devoted to riding are Mr. and Mrs. Frank L. Preston, Mrs. G. E. Mortimer, Mr. Mix and Miss Mix, Miss Winn and Mr. Babcock, and the morning bathing hour claims the entire household. Messrs. Edward and J. T. Hanlon, A. E. K. W., and E. Burch, C. J. Canfield and Robert S. Babcock, lead in tennis enthusiasm and the golf club registration is very large, among others: Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Canfield, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Holland, Mrs. W. E. Mortimer, Mr. J. R. Mix, Miss Mix, Miss J. G. Winn, and Messrs. David Van Schaack, R. S. Babcock, William Firth, H. G. Alexander, J. S. Newbold, G. C. Wharton, F. P. Kirken-dale, John A. McShane, T. A. Parks, F. W. Burch, E. K. Hanlon, A. G. Hall, F. Reed Estabrook, B. W. Estabrook, J. N. D. Leary, J. J. Smith, William Broswith, J. M. Boggs, B. A. Page, A. P. Woodward, George A. Neiley, W. C. Johnson, E. D. G. Ruckett, E. D. De Veau and G. S. Dana.

Late arrivals include many who will remain through September, among them; Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Smithers and the Misses Smithers of Montreal, Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Wheaton, Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Kirkendall of Omaha, Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Thomas, Miss A. Champion of Philadelphia, Mrs. C. C. Rose, Mr. V. D. Rose and Miss George

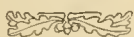
of Scranton, Mrs. Francis Lee and children, Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Voegeli, Francis H. Marsh, Mrs. W. T. Windram and son of Boston, Massachusetts. Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Forrest and child, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Lytton, Mr. Beaumont Lytton and Miss Dumboy of Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Trull, Messrs. A. G. Hall and John Leary of New York, Mrs. Alexander Smith and Miss S. L. Hermace of Yonkers, Mr. and Mrs. F. O. Woods of Dallas, Mrs. C. R. Forrest and the Misses Forrest of Hartford, Mrs. E. H. Dudley and Mr. F. D. Winkley of Madison, Bishop and

continues excellent and the motor boat is rapidly supplanting all else here, even the guides using them. Dancing and various diversions claim the younger set and bridge the older; the cozy Grill a favorite rendezvous for informal spreads. Never were the Lakes more popular among motor tourists or the roads centering here in better condition.

Late arrivals at The Belgrade include: Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Sparks, Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Adams, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Adams, Mr. and Mrs. C. Richardson, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert A. Morgan, of New York, Mr. and Mrs. G. H.



Mrs. W. A. Leonard of Cleveland, Mr. and Mrs. O. B. Sanders and Miss M. A. Prescott, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Cushman.

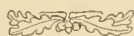


MIDSEASON AT BELGRADE

Record Breaking House Counts of Week Mark its Early Commencement

Midseason "house counts" mark August's commencement at Belgrade lakes, the week inaugurating the first of the season's golf and tennis tournaments and the usual baseball games. Fishing

Buzby, Mrs. H. F. Cassard and family of Philadelphia, Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Termaine and family of Westfield, Mr. A. A. Kirkpatrick, Miss Kirkpatrick, Mrs. E. R. Sheridan, Miss Sheridan of Brooklyn, Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Kohn of Hartford, Mr. Lloyd E. Allen of Boston, Mr. J. W. Crocker of Chicago.



Tides at Moosehead Lake

It is not generally known, but there are "tides" at Moosehead Lake; their ebb and flow visible at several points.

IN SEARCH OF SPOOGLE FISH

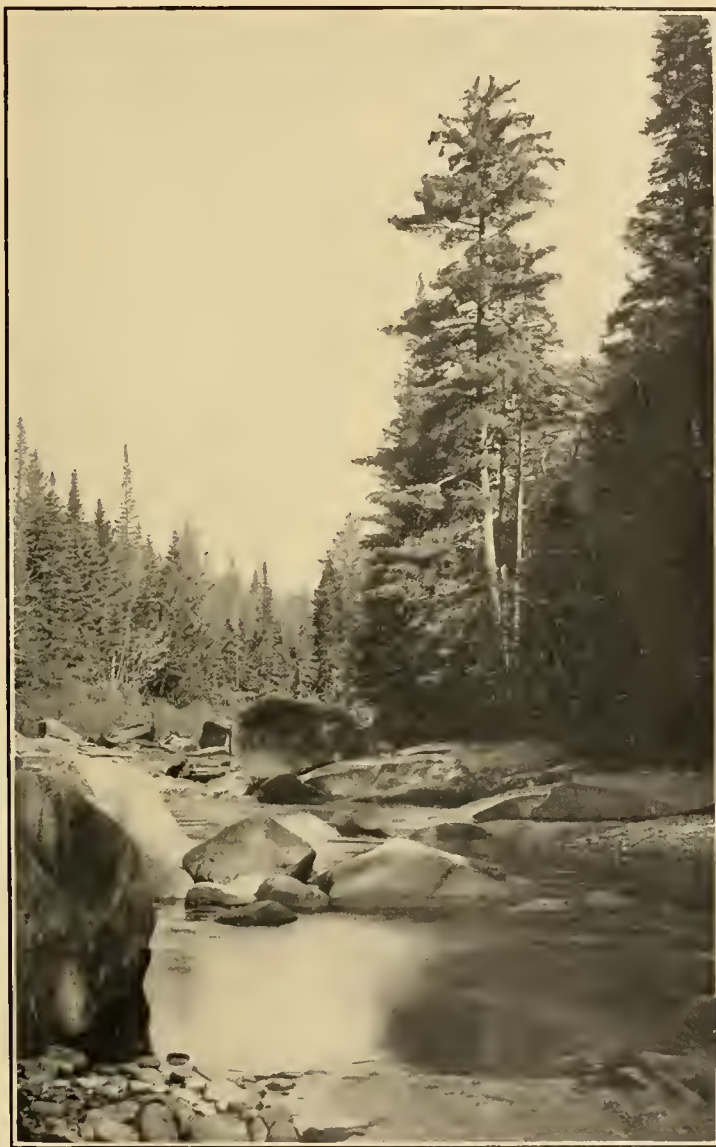
All Rangeley Gathers to Enjoy Midsummer Follies and Sweet Charity Reaps Golden Harvest



ALL RANGELEY gathered for the annual "Midsummer Follies" in Rangeley Lake house Casino, Thursday evening, again Friday, once more to-night, and from opening overture to curtain, there wasn't a dull number. Perfectly and elaborately carried out even to minutest details, under the skilful management of Mr. Stewart R. Baird of the all star New Theatre Company, and ably assisted by Miss Marie Chatillon of New York, the evening was one to rival even New York's famous Winter Garden; the only regret that the Casino was not the Hippodrome! Sweet charity also, reaps a golden harvest, the proceeds going to the Village Church and Library funds; Mesdames Ogden, Pope, McGay, McCard and Kempton the patronesses. The play, written by Mr. Baird, was sprung in two "spasms," one in the garden of a Japanese tea house at Tokio, the other on the Rangeley Lake house piazza, and its story was the story of "The Search for the Spoogle Fish," which many have sought and so few have found. To make the quest possible the following caste was necessary: Lord Doolittle Helpus, longer on title than cash, Mr. Stewart Baird; Rolli Poli San, Geisha soubrette, Miss Marguerite Schaefer; Toto Teatotaler, barkeep of tea-house, Mr. Raymond Adams; D. Damnable Deadly, Esq., inventor of "Knockem Stiff Bug Powder," Mr. Luther Wood; Mrs. D. Damnable Deadly, the 399th of Hoboken's 400, Miss Marie Chatillon; Deadly daughters, Miss Adelaide Wood, Miss Marion Synott, Miss Genevieve Jeandron, Miss Ruth Hilburn; Lilly White, Deadlys' governess, Mr. Kenneth Wood; Joshua Ebenezer Frye, Kennebago guide, Mr. William C. Allen;

Tommy Taddles, bell hop, Mr. Alton Wood; Satterlites, Mrs. Allen, the Misses Castle, Cunningham, A. Jeandron, Koss, Osterholt, Rogers, A. Schaefer and E. Schaefer; the Messrs. Barrows, Goodspeed, Marble, Smith, Tunis and Bishop; Costumes, Mrs. Baird, Mrs. Osterholt; Decorations, Mrs. Bauchle, Mrs. Crocker; Entr' acte sweets, Mrs. Burrows, Mrs. Marble Miss Castle; Assistance, Mr. Grew, Mr. Ogden; Ushers, Miss Helen Koomb, Miss Ruth Eisenhower.

Mr. Baird was the personification of cleverness, wit, humor and satire; the type we all know so well, so bally well. Mr. Wood and Miss Chatillon were superb, the newly rich "easy marks" from London to Cairo and back again. As Dora, Miss Wood made every man envious of English titles, and Mr. Allen should send in an application for a Rube's license or hook up to the "Old Homestead." Mr. Adams will undoubtedly start a tea house in Rangeley, if he don't it's opportunity lost, and Miss Schaefer's Geisha girl smiles held (not Anna) the audience captive. Mr. Kenneth Wood made the deadliest of governesses and Mr. Alton Wood the liveliest of bell hops; Misses Synott, Jeandron and Hilburn, charming as the daughters of the muchly rich. Of the songs, "Laughing Little Almond Eyes," "Charming Weather," "Land of Freedom," "Meet Me Where the Lanterns Glow," "Any Old Time at All," "I'd Like to Go on a Honeymoon with You," and "Japan" were the hits. Between turns Josh of Kennebago and Tokio, assisted by Mr. Tunis, hands out a few pungencies that have to deal with people, conditions and things, music by the orchestra adding to the evening. * * * Watch for next week's "echoes" an outline of plot and group picture of participants.



A WISTFUL SMILE AND LO—HE'S GONE!

Of all the Fish which cleave the wet, the Spoogle is the worst I've met.
Like Dame Fortune, he leads you on; a wistful smile and lo—he's gone!

THROUGH THE WILDERNESS

Automobile Road from Jackman to Kineo Must be
Hewn Out at a Cost of \$50,000



NORTHWARD-HO!'S announcement concerning the proposed automobile road from Jackman to Birch Point on Moosehead Lake, opposite Kineo, has attracted widespread attention, hence additional information. The distance is about forty miles with only ten miles of road. The remaining portions must literally be "hewn out" of the wilderness and the cost would not be far from \$50,000. The question is contained in these figures. If the state will assist the road it is practically certain and for natural attractions it will, without question, rival anything in America. At present the only approach to Moosehead is *via* Greenville Junction, a route not popular. Jackman was first brought into prominence by the Glidden tourists and it has been much favored ever since, being on the direct line from Waterville to Quebec and Montreal. The route's main charm is the unusual picturesqueness of the landscape; the unbroken wilderness which fascinates all Nature lovers.

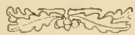
All Moosehead will gather at Kineo to-day or the first of the Yacht Club's motor boat handicaps which inaugurate the summer's program. The trophy presented by the hotel management, is a beauty and rivalry keen because of sentimental association. Next Saturday a cup donated by Mr. Henry Sheaffer, will be contested for and on August 12, Vice-Commodore Arthur B. Waring offers a trophy for the annual race for the members of the fairer sex; other events rounding out the remaining weeks. Special interest centers in competition for a beautiful cup offered by Ex-Commodore Charles M. Clark to be awarded to the boat scoring the largest number of points during the race

season; firsts counting three; seconds two, and thirds, one. Socially, the Club is the center round which the colony radiates, the scene of many pleasant gatherings. Plans are already making for the annual masquerade on August 19, the annual regatta August 26 and a moonlight carnival later in the month. Old friends are also making much of the last year of the log cabin Kineo Club, round which so many treasured associations hover. Golf, tennis, trap and rifle shooting events will leave few open dates upon the calendar during August, while riding and bathing claim others. The wilderness, also, is attracting many, some for the day, others for a week and some for the summer months. The lake is claiming numerous automobile parties, among them Messrs. R. I. Rogers, W. M. Garland, Harry Gray and R. J. Schweppe who came from far away Los Angeles. Mrs. Albert Young, Miss Arents and Miss Gertrude Arents made the trip from New York, and Messrs. James Garvin, L. T. and A. T. Sloper from New Britain.

Returning friends are many, among them Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Clark and family of New York, Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Sheaffer, Mr. Henry Sheaffer and Miss Sheaffer of Pottsville, and Mr. and Mrs. Hurd Hutchins of Boston, who re-open their cottages. Others welcomed include Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Dougherty, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Feuchtwanger, Mr. and Mrs. Emil Baumgarten, Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Jacques, Capt. and Mrs. L. W. Stotesbury and Miss Stotesbury, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Luedes, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Phelps, Miss Phelps, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Sandford, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Berlin, Miss Berlin, Mr. and Mrs. H. K. Titsuka, Mrs. Alex. A. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Coughlin, Miss M. A. Coughlin, Miss M. E. Coughlin, Miss

Smith, Mrs. John Orr, Mrs. F. E. Miller, the Misses Miller, Miss Ratzer, Master Thomas Hickey, Mr. and Mrs. George F. Brownell, George A. Brownell, Mr. Francis A. Brownell, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Stone, Mrs. D. R. Posner, Mrs. Rowland Robbins and Miss Robbins, of New York, Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Menke, Miss Menke, Mr. and Mrs. John Gilbert, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Filton, Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Butterworth and family, Dr. and Mrs. Henry W. Stelwagan, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Mohr, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Cochran, Dr. and Mrs. H. J. Makun, Mrs. J. D. Lee, Miss Lee, Miss Bailey, Miss Myers, Mrs. W. B. Chamberlain, Mr. W. B. Chamberlain, Jr., Mr. J. H. Chamberlain Mrs. Sarah Diembach, Mrs. A. J. Ashbridge, Mrs. S. T. Smaltz, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Mohr of Philadelphia, Mrs. George B. Rhea and Miss Rhea of Ardmore, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Gresh and Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Sliogluff of Norristown, Mr.

Mr. Clarence Whitman of New York, leases the Outerbridge bungalow and is pleasantly located there for the summer. Mrs. Henry S. Jeanes of Edwardsville, Pa., is at Lakeview camp. Mrs. Wilder Bush of Newton, and Mr. Henry Cook of Philadelphia, are guests of Mr. Jay Cooke, Jr., at Ogontz. Messrs. C. H. Tenney, A. C. Merrill. Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Barclay and Mrs. J. B. Brennan were recent guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Waring at Nephawin. Miss Jessie Durfee of Providence, is visiting the Misses Thornton of Pawtucket. Miss Elizabeth Smith joins the family. Messrs. Leslie G. and Clinton W. Sheaffer and J. S. Lee, Jr., are guests of the Sheafers. Mrs. Suzanne Franckel joins her brother, Mr. Edwin Prossner. Mr. W. S. Fowler joins Mr. Robert N. Nye. Mr. Louis Joseph Vance, the author, is at Lily Bay and a brother of Stewart Edward White is enjoying the Allegash canoe trip with friends.



Mailing envelopes at the news counter. Use them for sending NORTHWARD-HO! to friends. "It saves letter writing!"

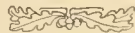
23 PAGE—NORTHWARD-HO!

POLITICS AND ANGLING

Former Senator Foraker Fishes for Bass Instead of Votes at Poland

Politics and angling possess a certain relationship; *pull* counts for much in both. It is but natural, in consequence, that former Senator J. B. Foraker should outdistance the field at Poland Spring, for he it is who has popularized fishing here. Undisturbed the big bass frolicked until he came, undisturbed many gambol still; but woe to the over-confident who *gambles* with the Senator's lure! Golf is claiming its own, tennis is popular, the morning ride indispensable to many, and bathing generally enjoyed by the younger set.

Returning friends are joining those already here, among them: Dr. and Mrs. W. S. Harban, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Stellwagen of Washington, Mrs. G. F. Brownell and children, Dr. and Mrs. R. S. Fowler, Mrs. C. F. Doane, Mrs. J. C. Haynes, Mrs. E. S. Hurd, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Goodrich, Mr. and Mrs. H. J. M. Cardeza, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Meek, Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Buchanan, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Carrington, Mr. and Mrs. G. D. Cole, of New York, Mr. and Mrs. F. F. Rhodes, Mrs. G. W. Barnes, Dr. and Mrs. G. B. Manzer, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Bragg, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Annis, Dr. and Mrs. H. R. Gaylord, Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Lowe, Mrs. J. C. Haynes, Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Loose of Boston, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Coes of Worcester, Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Johnson of East Orange, Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Burton of New Haven, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Crouse of Syracuse, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Ewen of Saginaw, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Elmore.



Their Usual Exhibitions

Maynard and Company are planning their usual exhibitions of "unique jewelry of the better kind" at the various resorts: Poland Spring, August 2 and 3; SamOset, August 4 and 5; Profile, August 8 and 9, 23 and 24; Waumbek, August 10 and 11, 25 and 26.*

SPORTS AT THE MAPLEWOOD

Golf and Tennis Tournaments Leave Few Open Dates Upon Calendar During August and September



AUGUST and September will have few open dates upon the calendar of sports at Maplewood, the match play handicap of the present week preceding more important golf and tennis tournaments of the schedule. For Thursday, Friday and Saturday of the coming week, the Directors' cup match play handicap is booked, followed on August 10 and 11, by the thirty-six hole medal play President's cup flag handicap. The annual August tourney takes place August 21, 22 and 23, and the annual invitation meeting August 31, September 1 and 2; concluding with a handicap. September 11, 12 and 13, will be devoted to the hay fever match play handicap, the fixtures concluding with the annual invitation Autumn contest, September 18, 19 and 20. The big tennis championship is booked for August 26, 28 and 30, preceded by men's singles and doubles during the full week of August 7. Trap, rifle and pistol shots will compete in numerous special events and for high average gold medals.

Dancing, dinners and bridge are filling in many pleasant hours, while riding, driving and autoing appeal to many, old friends very largely making up the colony gathered here for the summer. Mr. and Mrs. Alger C. Gildersleeve of New York, join Judge Gildersleeve, Miss Virginia Gildersleeve of Barnard College, is also summering here. A cosmopolitan touch is added by the presence of several prominent Cuban families; Mr. and Mrs. Alvarado, Mr. R. Passo, Mr. and Mrs. T. Bachiller and family, Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Fuertis and their daughter, Mrs. Louisa Nuno, of Havana; Mr. and Mrs. Felipe Silva and their two sons of Cienfuego. Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Wise and the Misses Wise of

Brooklyn, are welcomed back, and Dr. and Mrs. J. B. Maloney of Key West, are sojourning here. Mr. John Arthur Green and his sister, Miss Alice, of Waltham, return as do Rev. and Mrs. J. W. Bradin and Master Jack Bradin of Hartford. Mr. John Dalzell Boyd of New York, joins his mother, Mrs. James Boyd; Mr. Bradford Joyce, his guest. Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Steedman and Dr. and Mrs. Dudley Tenney of New York, Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Cook and Miss Marjorie Cook of Baltimore, are among others who return. At the Inn are: Mr. F. W. Broatch of Boston, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Fraser-Campbell, Dr. and Mrs. Warren S. Adams, Dr. Frank Pla and Dr. Frank Pla, Jr., and Mr. L. Macy Edwards of New York, and Mrs. M. E. Forsythe of Brookline, Mr. and Mrs. Larkin T. Trull and family, Miss E. M. Mitchell, Miss H. G. Mitchell, Mr. Ray L. Pullen, Mr. E. B. Smith, Lowell.

Socially, August promises many gayeties, among them the more formal cotillions and the various affairs which mark midseason's flood tide. The motor touring registrations are very large, its central location making Maplewood the rendezvous on all the popular mountain tours. Merry notes of the tally-ho bugle are awakening forest echoes through the renewal of coaching; the first of what is to be many parties, a run to Forest Lake. In the group were Mr. and Mrs. Frederick M. Burgess, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Bragdon, Misses H. Elizabeth Wilson, Mildred Zellhoefer, Katherine Niles, Mildred Willcutt, Katherine Cawley, Suzanne Cawley. A temporary wigwam was pitched and lunch enjoyed in true Indian fashion. Dancing claims the younger coterie, among them Mr. and Mrs. Alger Gildersleeve, Mr. and Mrs. Burgess, Mr. and Mrs. Bragdon and the Misses Mitchell, Willcutt, Brown, Niles.

CRAWFORD'S BIGGEST WEEK

Annual State and White Mountain Championship on Monday

Interest of the coming week at Crawford Notch will center in the sixth annual White Mountain and New Hampshire State Championship tennis tournament which occupies the full week, starting Monday. National in its character, this event claims entries from all sections of the country. The trophies include silver loving cups for the winners and runners-up in both singles and

Russ with two, needing only one more win to become the permanent owner. Last year's event was a series of startling surprises throughout and this year's classy field promises even faster play. For the week following the annual golf tournament is scheduled.



Happy Days at Waumbek

Many delightful affairs have rounded out the week at Waumbek with interest centered in the putting competitions and their attendant music, tea and chat. As usual, numerous handsome trophies



doubles, together with a consolation singles prize. N. H. Batchelder of Salem, T. B. Plimpton of Boston, W. B. Craigin, Jr., of New York, Dr. W. A. Bradford of Boston, and J. H. Jefferies of Philadelphia, have details of management in hand, working in conjunction with the American Tennis Association.

The winner in the singles (championship) will be called upon to play Fred H. Harris, the present holder of the Crawford Notch Challenge cup, upon which Irving W. Wright and W. B. Craigin, Jr., already have legs; Semp

will be competed for during the summer, President William D'Olier of the golf club, making the first presentation. Always one finds a congenial group in the Bohemian room; the younger set occupied with dancing and the older with bridge. Informal golf and tennis play is occupying attention preliminary to the August championships. August 16, 17, 18 and 19 are the dates selected for the tennis tourney, details of arrangement in the hands of Messrs. Frederick A. Victor and Andrew Shiland, Jr., as for several years past.

GOLF AT BETHLEHEM

August Will Inaugurate More Important Country Club Contests

The week's match play tourney for the Mt. Washington cup, inaugurates the more important golf fixtures of the Bethlehem Country Club which will round out August and September. For the coming week, Wednesday to Saturday inclusive, match play for the Arlington trophy is scheduled; and the week following, August 16-19, match play for Mrs. R. A. Swigert's trophy. Other events include: August 23-26, match play for the Uplands trophy; August 30, thirty-six hole medal play for Club Championship cup; September 2, women's putting and approaching contest for Mr. Connery's club membership; September 4, men's driving, putting and approaching contest for Sinclair cup; September 6-9, medal play handicap; September 16, monkey contest; September 20-23, medal play bogey handicap.

Various informal affairs are rounding out happy days for the younger set, among the most novel a moonlight supper and dance at the "tip-top" of Mt. Agassiz. In the group, chaperoned by Mrs. H. E. Thompson, were the Misses Emma and Bessie Abbe, Marion Knight, Julia Lewis and Helen Curtis; Messrs. Leon Davis, George Twombly, Karl Abbott, Maurice Pierce, and Howard Cleasby. The cottage colony is now complete. Mr. and Mrs. J. M. G. Glessner of New York, are at The Rocks. Miss Carrie V. Cadwalader of Philadelphia, is at Carlton cottage. Mr. and Mrs. Ruel W. Poor of New York, are at Edgemont. Sprague cottage has been opened by Mrs. Hamlin of Chicago. Mrs. George E. Abbe of Springfield, and the Misses Abbe are at Overlook. Mr. and Mrs. George A.

Macbeth of Pittsburg, will arrive soon at The Glamis. At the Sayre cottages are: Mr. and Mrs. W. Murray Sayre, Miss Bruce and Mr. Frederick Bruce, New York; Mr. and Mrs. George N. Dana, Boston; Mr. and Mrs. George E. Hodson, New Haven; and Mr. and Mrs. Charles P. Hayward of East Orange.

At the Sinclair are many old friends: Mr. and Mrs. Joseph J. Ryan, New York; Chancellor James R. Day, Mrs. Day, Miss Day, Miss Brown, Syracuse; Mrs. William J. Atwater, New Haven; Mrs. H. L. Sterrett, Bridgeport; Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Tapley, Cambridge; Mr. and Mrs. Harry A. Norton, Miss Norton, Boston; Mrs. Ambrose Morrell, Tuxedo; Mr. Warren Hayward Durkee, Providence; Mrs. J. G. MacGonigle, Miss Margaret MacGonigle, Miss Kate Allen, New York; Miss F. C. Jones, Brooklyn; Miss S. C. S. Burnitt, Ithaca. At Sinclair Lodge are Mrs. W. T. Armstrong of New York, and her daughter, Mrs. R. A. Swigert of Ky.

At the Uplands are Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Shaw, Brockton; Mrs. H. E. Andrews, Mrs. B. A. Dane, Hamilton, Mass.; Mrs. N. J. Bean, Miss Ethel Bean, Everett; Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Richardson, Franklin; Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Woodward, Miss Grace E. Wilder, Lynn; Mr. and Mrs. J. F. W. Whitney, Miss Whitney, Mr. R. Sherburne, Miss Pauline Sherburne, Boston. At the Arlington are Dr. and Mrs. Robert T. Wheeler, Master Wheeler, Miss Eleanor McCune, Brooklyn; Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Powell, Morristown, N. J.; Mr. and Mrs. John M. F. Finney, Jr., Baltimore; Mrs. S. B. Ayres, Boston; Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Belcher, Miss Helen Belcher, New Haven; Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Jones, Henry W. Plumt, Pittsfield; G. H. Burdick, Springfield; Mr. and Mrs. John Peterson, John Peterson, Jr., Derby, Ct.





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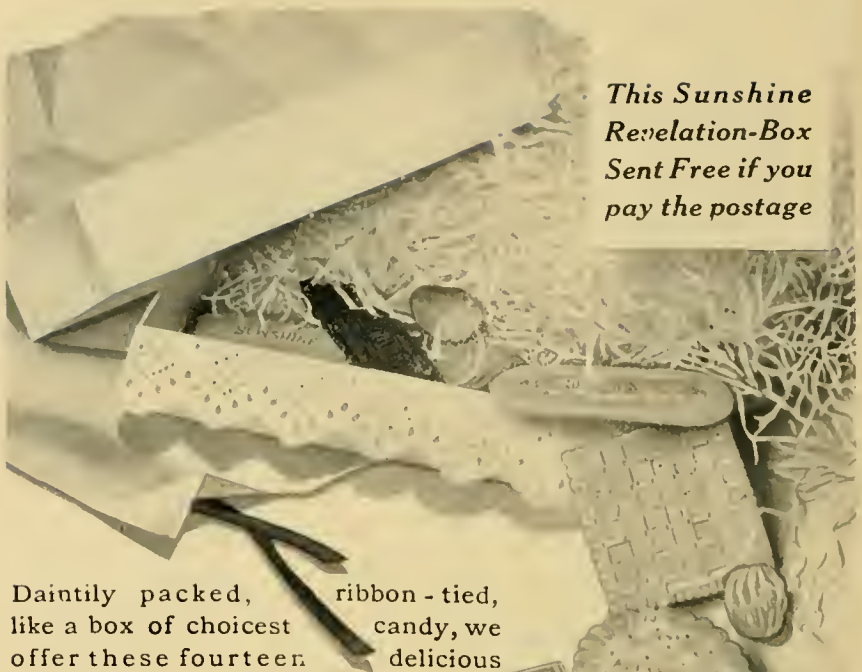
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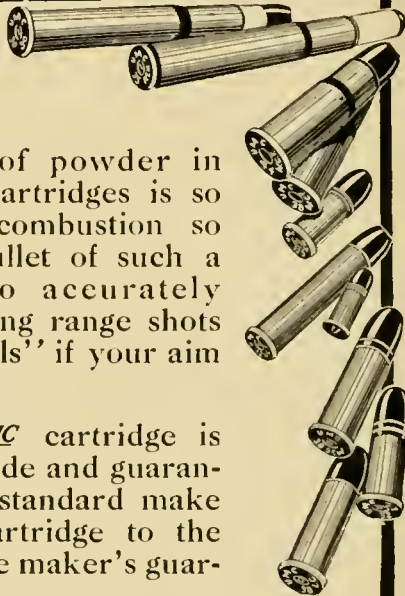
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A village lies below the hill, serenely peaceful, calm and still; quiet reigns!

NORTHWARD-HOI!

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE OF NEWS

SATURDAY, AUGUST 5, 1911

VOL. VII

No. 3

THE OLD MUSKET'S STORY

Told by the Veteran



"YOU ASK if the old gun ever killed a Reb?" repeated the veteran, glancing at the musket resting in its stairway nook. "and I'll answer by telling a story. You've heard me

speak of my old comrade, Harvey Wing? Well, Harvey was a Kentucky boy and when war was declared, while he saw no special reason for the abolition of slavery, he balked at secession. His brother, Chester, felt differently however, and they parted; Chester receiving a commission in the Sixth Virginia Infantry, while Harvey found his way into the 51st Massachusetts and became my tentmate. In time he told me his story, almost forgotten during weary months of campaigning. Then came the battle of Port Hudson. Our division arrived on the field late, and was held in reserve on a hillside below and behind which the Rebs had thrown up breastworks outside our range of vision.

Under the cover of night, I afterwards learned, a reckless company of Connecticut men had crept up close to these entrenchments. They were so near the Rebs couldn't get their range without exposing themselves to a dangerous fire, they hadn't force enough to charge, would not retreat, and were annoying the enemy all they could by cheering every now and then as if about to advance, thus forcing the Rebs to rise and offering excuse for a volley of musketry. The ruse, however, was soon apparent, neither side regarding it very seriously, for both were cautious, and

was continued, I imagine, more for diversion than anything else. Reconnoitering, I accidentally discovered a little eminence on the hill crest from which the gray jackets were visible when they rose; an old stump and a great oak offering the only protection. Determined to play a lone hand, I crawled up behind the stump and when the Connecticut boys cheered would push my musket across the top or along the side, aim at the long line, fire and drop quickly. Before long, however, the Rebel sharpshooters got my range and I considered the place dangerous enough to evacuate honorably in favor of the oak, behind which I secured excellent protection, ignoring the sharpshooters who were soon after me again, for there was little danger with due caution. In fact, I rather enjoyed the novel excitement of hearing the bullets patter against the oak, sing past like locusts, or chug into the earth at my feet. A few of the boys, attracted by my shooting, gathered below, Harvey among them, who suggested that he load some muskets and pass them up. The idea struck me as a happy one and I began to do better work for it had now become co-operative. By way of diversion, I occasionally poked out my cap, perched on the tip of the ramrod for the Rebs to shoot at; just so they wouldn't forget me.

Perhaps those clumsy, old muzzle loading howitzers couldn't shoot, but it wasn't safe to bank on it; the size of bullet something you had to figure on. For a time I kept on firing at the dusty-gray line. Then I noticed an of-

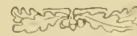
ficer at the extreme right, probably because he was coatless and wore a red shirt. He was game, that chap, always first to rise when the ringing cheer came, leaning far out with absolute fearlessness, supported on his left hand, his sabre ready in his right; the rarest kind of a target. Again and again I shot with extreme care, but when the cheer floated up I always found him in the same position. I became annoyed, for I was a fair shot. Then Harvey passed up my musket—knew it by the little heart cut in the stock—and suddenly it occurred to me that I had been shooting over, not allowing for my elevated position. With the assurance of conviction I slid the front sight down a couple notches, and when the cheer sounded, aimed a trifle low, held steadily, pressed the trigger and dodged back. Peeking eagerly out, I saw the rebel officer stretched out at the foot of the embankment. He had been leaning out so far that when the bullet hit him, he had plunged over and out of reach of his men. I'm frank to confess that it never occurred to me that I had shot a fellow-being. It's the last thing I thought of. On the contrary, I was elated at my skill and called down to Harvey gleefully: 'Got one that time, old chap.' And Harvey's response, as he pushed up a loaded musket, was 'Now get another.'

Not long after the Connecticut boys were reinforced and charged, driving the Rebs before them like turkeys. Then our men everywhere made a break for the place to rummage it over, Harvey and I joining the rest. I was particu-



larly anxious to have a look at my man; to find out just where I had hit him. In fact, I thought I knew, for I felt my work had been good. As we drew nearer, I noticed an army revolver on the man's belt and remarked that it would do for me. A moment later a cry from Harvey startled me and he darted forward and knelt at the officer's side. Not another word did the brave lad utter, but one look told me that I had shot his brother. * * * Turning away, stunned, I sank down. How long I lay I know not. Then I was vaguely conscious of a feeble voice and listening, I caught these words: 'Ready, men! Noa!' Turning my head anxiously, I saw the officer's lips moving, his eyelids twitch, and his right hand which still held the sabre, clutch convulsively.

Well, no matter what happened after that! He was hard hit, but I had shot a trifle high, and in due time they pulled him through. Not long after, Lieutenant Chester A. Wing of the 6th Virginia Infantry, C. S. A., was discharged on hospital parole in charge of Private Harvey C. Wing of the 51st Massachusetts Volunteers. * * * That's the old musket's story, lad. If the ending had been different I'm afraid you wouldn't find it there in place of honor, beside the old clock."—H. L. J.



The Big Un' Tom Lost

Tom strolled in with the air of one forever lost and the hard luck story was as quick in coming as it was short: 'Ten pound salmon, if an ounce; took my pet Jock Scott, leader an' all. Foreign fly, too; got it in Scotland.' We'd all seen that fly; in fact, we were glad he'd lost it! Half an hour later Rob drifted in, joining the circle, and immediately spotting Tom. "Don't you know how to knot a leader?" he queried, opening his fly book. "Found this in the jaw of a pound chub that swallowed everything I threw overboard. Camp wouldn't be home without that Scotch-English Jock Scott of yours, so I brought it in."

HO FOR THE WILDERNESS!

The Bugbear "Roughing-it" Lives Only In Fanciful Imagination

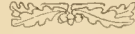
Many sportsmen come and go, year after year, without enjoying the best the north territory offers, simply because they insist upon sticking close to hotel, sporting lodge and farmhouse. The fact is, the impression that woods life is "roughing it" in every sense of the word, has a tremendous hold upon numerous able-bodied men. It is most lamentable principally because it is all wrong, and simply one of the many bugbears which humanity is forever trying to dodge, for to make a wilderness trip is to be benefited and *converted*.

"Roughing it" is not a hardship but a pleasure to every person who has blood in his veins, and not necessarily *red blood*, while to many so called invalids, it is little less than salvation. "I am not strong enough to make the trip," and "I couldn't possibly get along on the food," are familiar expressions. Another will assert: "Why I never slept out of doors a night in my life" or "I never could do any walking." But the eternal fear is: "What if I should be taken sick, with no doctor within forty miles?" Fear! Mankind's eternal curse. Let the old doctor, who loved the woods reply; his remarks to a patient who argued that he was not strong enough, "just now," but thought he had better wait to recuperate before he started. Patience became no longer a virtue:

"You come to me for advice, and I gave it you, but you seem disposed to discard it. I will simply say this: Get into the woods as quick as Providence and trains will let you. Stop all this nonsense about trying to recuperate under your present condition. Pack up and start. From the moment you put your foot on the train you will begin to feel better, and with the first breath of forest air forget it, and rough it! Don't baby yourself by imagining that wet feet will give you pneumonia or that

every drop of water you drink has typhoid germs. Be a *man*. Take what comes your way; work hard, fish, hunt, canoe, walk. Live! And you'll come back with a new lease on life."

And there you have it. Forever let this nonsense about the "hardship" of woods life cease, particularly, among able-bodied, intelligent and otherwise active men and women. Be it Maine or New Hampshire—Ho for the Wilderness!



Fighting Tim, the Chaplain

"There were many army Chaplains," writes a civil war Captain, "who adapted themselves to conditions, and who were none the less religious in consequence, but some of their remarks were at times, humorous, nevertheless. 'Our old Chap'ain, 'Fighting Tim' we called him, would often grasp a musket and get into the thick of the fight as fast as possible when we were under hot fire, forgetting that his place was at the rear, ministering to the wounded.

"He was up in front one day peppering away, when I passed down the line. Stopping for a moment at his side, I noticed that the men about him were unconsciously swearing like 'troopers.' It was a habit some had; men never known to swear in calmer moments.

"I accordingly reprimanded them, mentioning the fact that the Chaplain was present. 'Never mind me, Captain,' broke forth Tim as he bit off a paper cartridge, 'any man who dies here will go to Heaven so quick that the devil will never know he's dead!'"



MIDSEASON AT MAPLEWOOD

Week Inaugurates Formal Affairs Which Round Out
Summer in Heart of the White Hills

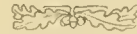


MIDSEASON in carnival attire, graces Maplewood's broad lawns, attended by happy groups of maids and matrons, while from golf course echoes back "fore" and on tennis courts merry laughter. From mountain roads ring the clatter of hoofbeats, in forest glades the notes of motor horn and siren. Summer days! Saturday's more formal dance at the Casino is the first of many brilliant affairs, Mr. and Mrs. Alger Gildersleeve, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick M. Burgess, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Bragdon, the Misses Garland, Fay, Atwood, Willcutt, Katherine and Suzanne Cawley, Brown, Zellhoeffer, and Messrs. White, Garland, Atwood and Mecker prominent in the merrymaking.

Partridge lake was the destination for a tally-ho ride and picnic lunch, and the sunlight dances of the little ones are enjoyed by the entire colony. To celebrate the birthday of little Janice Maloney, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. J. B. Maloney of Key West, Fla., Mrs. Leon H. Cilley gave a children's party in the music room. So popular did the sports prove that the guests were confronted on the next day with this bulletin: "To members of the younger set! There will be a potato race to-night in the ball room, for which handsome prizes are offered. No children will be allowed."

Trap, pistol and rifle shooting vie in popularity with other sports, attracting many young women, among them: Miss Marjorie Garland the winner of the Gun Club trophy last year, Miss Dorothy Atwood, Miss Grennan, Miss Lynch and Miss Madge Scannell. Versed in heavier "gun play" are Judge Henry A. Gildersleeve, Messrs. William F. Dunsbaugh, P. H. Lynch, James Atwood, "Eddie" Mecker, Joseph Bragdon, Frederick M.

Burgess and Alger Gildersleeve. For the coming week golf for the President's cup will fill in Thursday and Friday, and tennis for the challenge cup, the entire week. Returning guests and new-comers intending to remain for the season include: Mrs. William M. Horne of Madden, Miss Ida Horne and Miss Valeria Page, James T. Murray of New Bedford, Mrs. H. Magee of Boston, and daughter, Mrs. Frances Cawley and her two daughters, the Misses Katherine and Suzanne, Mr. and Mrs. George Tarbell (*nee* Eleanor Fink), Mr. J. A. Atwood, J. A. Atwood, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. M. D. Fink, Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Fink, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Craig and Miss Craig of New York.



At Profile Among the Clouds

In Profile's miniature city among the clouds, golf enlivened by afternoon tea on the cosy club house veranda, coaching through Franconia Notch, bridge and trout fishing, have rounded out the days. Some little entertaining has been done, Mrs. Arthur Twombly holding at her cottage a raffle for a richly embroidered luncheon set, and Gen. and Mrs. William N. P. Darrow having Messrs. John Hawkensworth, and Robert Wilff on a fishing jaunt to Lonesome lake.

Prominent among the cottagers who have arrived this week are Mrs. B. H. Bristow of Hopedale, mother of Mrs. Eben S. Draper, who is here with her son, W. B. Draper. Former Governor Draper is expected in September with Mrs. Draper, Miss Dorothy Draper and Mr. Eben Draper, Jr. Other cottagers are Mr. and Mrs. Irving Cornell of New York, with the Misses Annie, Emily and Camille, guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Cornell, and Mrs. Fordyce Barker who is being entertained by Mrs. Babcock.

Joining friends are Mrs. James R. Jesup and her daughter, Mrs. Charles A. Lamont, Mr. H. Langdon Laws and child, Miss Adelaide Baylis, Mr. and Mrs. Franklin A. Batcheller, Commander Thomas C. Hart, U. S. N., Mrs. D. A. Van Ingen who is being entertained by Miss Minna Rhoades, Judge Saunders, Mrs. Lindsay R. Williams, Mr. and Mrs. John H. Livingston and Mr. and Mrs. Charles L. Livingston of New York.



The Younger Set at Crawford's

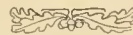
Moonlight suppers on Mount Williard and dancing, always dancing, have proved a delightful complement to tennis, the real business of the week at Crawford's; the Misses Gleason, Joslyn, Jordon, Manning, Jones, Wilde, Cummings, Selinger, Mrs. John R. Johnson of Greenwich, and her sister, Miss Edna Willitts both of whom are returning guests, and Messrs. Russ, Morandi, Batchelder, Craigin, Smith, Foster, Hinchliffe, Wright, Barron, Jr., Ivy, Wilbur, and Randall, leaders in activities which are rounding out the days.

August promises many pleasures, the permanent colony including Mr. and Mrs. Francis D. Pollock, Mrs. C. Denver James, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hilton Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Frazer and Mrs. G. I. Reed, Miss Mary Parsons, Miss H. E. Young, all of New York; Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Hemenway and Mr. and Mrs. Donald Hemenway of New Haven, Mr. and Mrs. George L. Hassett of St. Louis, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Pearl, Miss Pearl, Mrs. J. F. Fuller and Miss Fuller and Mrs. J. B. Copp of Brookline, Mr. and Mrs. George A. Joslyn and Miss Joslyn, and Mr. C. L. Farnsworth of Omaha, Mr. and Mrs. Tucker D. Williams and Miss Williams of Lynn, Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Perkins, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Jeffries, Mr. and Mrs. Oswald Smith, Miss Mary Harris Thompson of Philadelphia, Mrs. Alfred Skitt of Yonkers, entertained at a cafe supper party, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Troth, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Arnold, Mr. Felix Arnold and Mrs. Arnold.

Many Attractions at Waumbek

Saturday's dance at the Waumbek was a pleasant prophesy for the summer, preceded by the most brilliant of the season's putting competitions; Mr. and Mrs. William F. Lummis of New York, the donors of the trophies won by Miss Katherine McCook and Mr. B. Sterling Bottome. Enjoying the affair were: Mrs. Barclay Warburton and Miss Warburton, Mr. and Mrs. Anson G. McCook, Mrs. Albert J. Morgan, Mrs. Henry Blair, Miss Anita Blair, Mrs. Howard Coonley, Miss Violet Oakley, Mrs. Augustus Kountze, Mrs. Karl W. Neuhoff, Mrs. Antonio F. De Navarro, Mr. and Mrs. William D'Olier, Mr. and Mrs. Cabot J. Morse, Mrs. Duncan M. Pridie, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Shiland, Mr. George A. McCook, Mrs. W. H. Lippincott, Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Vietor, Miss Vietor and Mrs. Geo. Boardman.

The Misses Adelaide and Marjorie Browning of New York, are guests of Miss Lummis. Mrs. Howard Coonley, of Chicago, who has leased one of the McIntyre cottages, is entertaining Mr. M. M. Root, of Chicago. Mr. Franklin W. D'Olier of Philadelphia, has joined Mr. and Mrs. William D'Olier.



Where the Waters Part

Directly in front of the side or automobile entrance to the Crawford house is the "great divide" where the waters part, half to journey through the Ammonoosuc and Connecticut rivers to Long Island sound, and the other to make the Atlantic ocean, *via* the Saco river, at Saco, Maine. During a heavy rain this mysterious line is plainly visible, attracting much attention. In front of the hotel the Saco has its source; in the rear, the Ammonoosuc.



A Word to the Children

NORTHWARD-HO! would like vacation stories or experiences, from its youthful readers. In return we will send souvenirs to all contributors.

THE SUBTLE POWER OF MUSIC

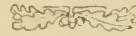
Under Magic Spell Even Lust of Battle is Forgotten in Petersburg's Bloody Trenches



"I RECALL an incident which occurred while I was with Grant's army when it lay before Petersburg," writes a civil war veteran, "which I have never seen in print. The Union and Confederate lines lay parallel for miles, so close that the men on the opposite sides could easily talk across the space, and during daylight hours the sight of a head was a signal for those in either trench to shoot. One afternoon the Johnnies began singing 'The Bonnie Blue Flag' and when they paused our boys responded with 'America.' Then 'My Maryland' and we gave them 'Rally Round the Flag.' Next came 'Dixie,' the best song the Southerners ever had, and we sang 'Yankee Doodle' by way of contrast. Then as there was no response, we struck up with 'Just Before the Battle, Mother' and followed with a lot of other songs which we all knew and loved. After ceasing, silence reigned until one of our men called out: 'Johnny, why don't you sing?' 'We ain't got emmy mo' songs; if we had we'd been in Washington befor' thiss-a time,' was the quick reply. A murmur of laughter gurgled along the trenches and then broken only by the crack of an occasional musket.

"Presently the Johnnies began singing 'Home, Sweet Home.' Our boys were quick to join in and gradually the music stretched along both sides, until it went their entire distance, more than ten miles; fading away, growing fainter and fainter, at last becoming inaudible. Quiet reigned. Not a musket spoke. Then a voice broke loud and clear, from across the way: 'Yank!' 'Johnny!' was the curt response. 'Don't less shoot emmy mo' to-day, Yank?' came the query, and it was tinged with tenderness. 'All

right, Johnny,' was the friendly answer. A few minutes later the men from trenches on both sides of the battleground were climbing up on the breastworks for miles and miles, stretching their cramped limbs and exchanging greetings across the space where bullets usually whizzed from daylight till dark, and thus night settled down."



An Unrecorded Mutiny

"The boys of sixty-one," writes a major of the civil war, "didn't always take kindly to work, and there were many 'unrecorded mutinies' in consequence. I remember how, just before the battle of Fair Oaks, a squad of seven men sent out to chop wood, rebelled, and sent word back to headquarters that they did not enlist as wood choppers, but to fight. A raw recruit brought the news to me, with blanched face and quaking limbs. If Lee's whole army had been at our outposts, he could not have been more frightened.

"Jumping on my horse I sought out the officer of the guard. Then I called out the ambulance and had a lot of handcuffs and anklets thrown in, and at the head of this formidable array, I rode to the scene of the disturbance. The men noted our approach sullenly and not until the man inside the ambulance threw the irons into sight and the members of the squad brought their rifles to shoulder did they relax, but when they did give way it was with such zest that I was forced to swing my horse about and look the other way.

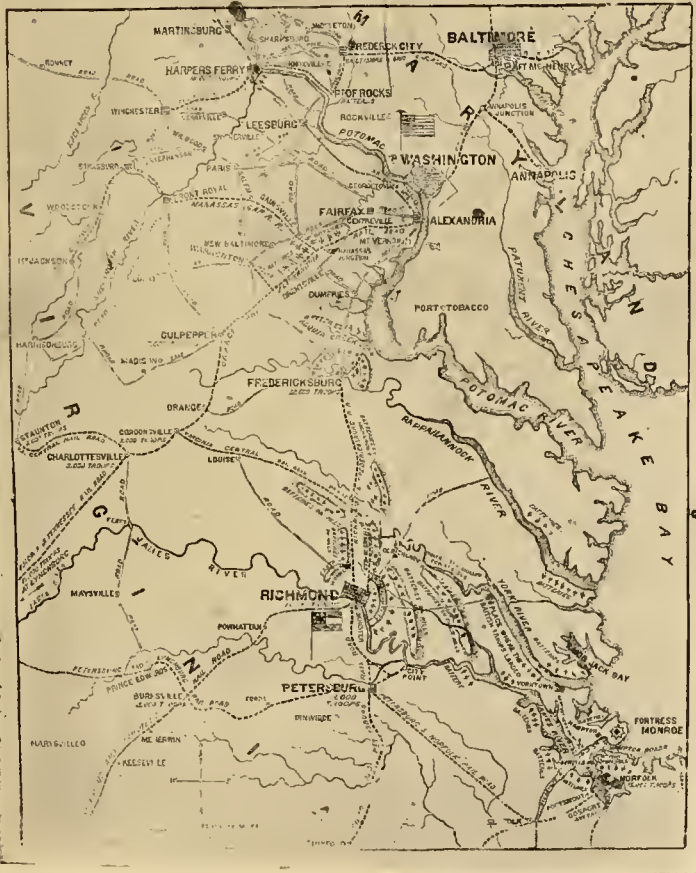
"And when I turned back with the attacking party, seven privates were chopping wood as it had never been chopped in the history of our regiment; all orders, thereafter, obeyed as they had never been obeyed before."

THE NEW YORK HERALD.

NEW YORK TUESDAY, JULY 23, 1861.

WAR MAPS AND DIAGRAMS.

THE POSITIONS OF THE REBEL FORCES IN VIRGINIA.



This copy of *The Herald* was found in the camp chest of Lieut. William Grout of Worcester, Mass., whose death during the battle of Balls Bluff, inspired Hon. Henry Stevenson Washburn to write "The Vacant Chair."

MERRY WEEK AT MT KINEO

Visitors at Moosehead Spend Much Time at Bridge
Tables with Yacht Club the Social Rendezvous



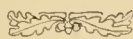
THE WEEK has been a pleasant prophecy for August, rounded out with informal affairs, interest centering in the first of the Yacht Club teas. Mrs. C. M. Clark, Mrs. John Reilly, Jr., Mrs. M. D. Paterson, Mrs. C. A. Judkins and Mrs. W. L. Sheaffer having the affair in charge, were assisted by the young people. Judge A. W. Seeligson, James A. Brodie, H. C. Warren and Henry Feuchtwanger were the judges of the day. The latest of many new and nobby boats is Commodore Clark's Kin-nah-beh, rivaling in beauty rear-Commodore Waring's Ioneta. Morris McDonald, W. L. Sheaffer and S. R. Hooper have all launched flyers and competition for a special trophy offered by the regatta committee, will be keen, representative as the win will be of the speed championship. In sports, rifle shooting, and golf lead with plans for the usual August tennis tournaments. In a putting competition Arthur Seligson defeated his brother, Lamar; John Torresdale winning the consolation. In shooting for trophies presented by Mrs. S. Mac Cuen Smith of Philadelphia, Mrs. Judkins and John Reilly, Jr., were the winners. G. Allen Smith leads in the continuous score competition.

Socially, bridge is filling in many pleasant evenings. Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Clark, assisted by Mr. and Mrs. Stephen W. Milligan, entertained at the Yacht Club. Mrs. Thomas Upham Coe, Mr. and Mrs. James A. Brodie and Mr. J. Arnold Norcross were the prize winners, refreshments following play. At the log cabin Kineo Club Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Brodie of Brooklyn, were hosts; Mrs. Thomas Upham Coe, Miss Aline Feuchtwanger, Mr. R. E. Paine and Mr. Henry Feuchtwanger winning the tro-

phies. Old friends make up very largely late arrivals who remain through the summer, among them: Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Adams of Pawtucket, Mr. and Mrs. Haggerty, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Butterworth, Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Davis, and the Misses Davis, Mrs. J. D. Lee, Miss Lee, Mrs. G. B. Meyers, Miss Bailey of Philadelphia, Mr. J. F. B. Breed with his family of Louisville, Mrs. Rowland Cox of Plainfield, Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Conklin and Master Daniel of Atlanta, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Feuchtwanger, Mr. and Mrs. Chapin Marcus, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Berlin, Mrs. T. F. Shaw, Miss Shaw, Mrs. W. S. Sillocks and Miss Mabel Sillocks of New York, Mr. and Mrs. J. Norcross of New Haven, Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Richards, Jr., of Stamford, Mrs. J. M. Lasell and children of Whitinsville, Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Carpenter of Boston, Rev. and Mrs. W. A. Turner of Overbrook, Mrs. J. J. Roberts, Miss Isabel Roberts and Miss H. S. Walkinshaw of Brooklyn, Mrs. E. R. Godfrey, Jr., Mrs. G. F. Godfrey and Mrs. J. M. Kay of Brookline.

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Eyeson, Mr. and Mrs. Newton Claypool, Miss Claypool of Brookline, Mr. and Mrs. W. N. Trowbridge of Milford, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Allen, Miss Doris Allen of Arlington, Mr. and Mrs. E. U. Curtis and children, Mr. and Mrs. John S. Eyeson, Mr. and Mrs. F. T. Vose, Mr. C. M. Burt, Miss Ruth Burt, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Hyde of Boston, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Triant of Grand Rapids, Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Summers, Worcester, Miss E. D. Williams, Mr. T. D. Williams of Salem, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Lloyd, Mr. E. C. Simpson, John Brewster Fitch and Miss Brewster, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Warren of New Haven, Mr. and Mrs. Y. Murai of Riverside, Mr. and Mrs. Charles D.

Cushman of Auburn, Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Garland, Mr. and Mrs. John S. Lockwood, Judge A. W. Secligson and family of San Antonio, Mr. De Witte Van Buskirk and Master Van Buskirk of Bayonne, Mr. and Mrs. John H. Crawford of Orange, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Coe of Oyster Bay.

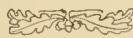


THE NOBBY IONETA

Rear Commodore Waring's Yacht is Classiest Craft on Moosehead

The nobbiest craft of the Moosehead Lake Yacht Club fleet is the new twin screw motor yacht "Ioneta," designed and built by the Gas Engine & Power Company, and Charles L. Seabury & Company, Consolidated, of Morris Heights, New York, for Rear-Commodore A. B. Waring. She is 65 feet long, 10 feet beam, and in appearance, resembles a small steam yacht, having the flat or torpedo stern below the waterline, with graceful overhang above, in conformity with the regular Seabury high-speed yacht stern.

There is a cabin house forward, followed by midship deck, where the steering wheel, marine telegraphs, etc., are located. In the after trunk cabin is a large saloon, toilet, galley, etc. There is deck-space between the rail and the house, and a commodious after deck. Two six-cylinder 6x6 inch Speedway engines are installed. A speed of 16 miles an hour was guaranteed, and on a trial trip 18 3-4 miles an hour was attained. The yacht is handsomely finished throughout in mahogany and furnished elaborately. The boat is lighted throughout with electricity.



Silver Trout at Ellsworth

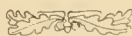
Flood's Pond, near Ellsworth, Me., is the only body of water in the world which produces the famous silver trout, or silverling, in large enough numbers to make their catching worth while. The silver trout reaches fullest perfec-

tion of vigor and beauty at spawning time, from the middle to the end of November, when its scarlet gills and shining scales have caused local poets to call it "imprisoned moonlight." The best time to catch it is through the March ice with a live smelt for bait. In outward show a silver trout gives the impression of a landlocked salmon that has been banked up carefully and blanched by a skilled water gardener. There is nothing of the gross and heavy traits of the togue or laker about this slim and active beauty. While few are caught exceeding a foot in length and four or five pounds in weight, there are records of ten pounders that were twenty inches from tip of nose to end of tail. Though a bit more sportive and belligerent than the landlocked salmon, a native of which have spread from the stock in Sebago Lake, the silver trout is strongly combative.



Days of the Liquid Pen

Yes, indeed, these are the days of the *liquid pen*. Note this baseball story introduction: "The combined outlashed crews of Lafitte, Roger the Rover and old Capt. Kidd never stormed the enemy with any greater ferocity than Fred Clarke's Pirates displayed in yesterday's battle. But this time the Giants were set and ready, and after one of the greatest battles ever fought on the High Seas of Flagdom the rushing Buccaneers were repelled at last and driven back into the gory surf of defeat. The invading Pirates, encouraged by past successes, flashed their grapnels athwart the Giant ship and swarmed over the deck with a roar until the Giants, driven to bay at last, met them at the rail. They fought, reeled and recovered; broke and rallied; scattered, only to form and rush again in serried rank without a lull, until the last man died and the battle was won."



NORTHWARD-HO!—"It saves letter writing!" Ask for mailing envelopes.

ECHOES FROM THE FOLLIES

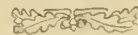
Mr. Deadly Captures not Alone the Spoogle but All Rangeley and Return in 1912 is Anticipated



THE Spoogle Fish is dead, but in capturing him, Mr. Deadly also captivated Rangeley and his return in 1912 is already anticipated, for the "Follies" are now not only an *annual*, but the event of the season. Throughout hotel corridors many "echoes" are ringing and posterity should, indeed, have an outline of the plot of Mr. Stewart R. Baird's clever farce. Straight through it's every ball over the plate center and the amusing and surprising situations follow as rapidly as the pop-pop of motor boat. The opening scene in a Jap tea house, offers a picturesque background for the excited group which is discussing the coming of Mr. Deadly, the wealthiest man in America, and his entire family. Lord Helpus, who is touring Japan, hearing that there are four beautiful daughters, decides to "stick around for an heiress," for, although he is a good fellow, he is in all truth, "long on title and short on cash." As per schedule, no washouts, no punctured tires, the Deadly family arrives, and it's all up with Lord Helpus when his eyes meet those of the fair Dora, Mr. Deadly's eldest and most beautiful daughter. Learning that Mr. Deadly has come all the way from America in quest of the one fish he has never caught, the wary "*Spoogle*," Lord Helpus at the same time discovers that Dora cannot marry until papa has hooked this elusive member of the finny tribe. Whereupon, Lord Helpus tells his guide, Josh Frye, that he must locate the Spoogle. Josh immediately cables his friend, Fly Rod, who informs him that Skinner at the Rangeley Lake house, is the only living man who knows where the fish can be found. Mr. Deadly at once invites all to accom-

pany him to Rangeley in his airship; starting yesterday or the day before. The second act finds the group at their destination, at home on Rangeley Lake house piazza. Mr. Deadly starting out to seek The Unknown. During his absence Mrs. Deadly entertains with vaudeville; clever song, dance, mystery, and monologue. With the last number Mr. Deadly appears, proudly bearing the Spoogle fish, whereupon Lord Helpus promptly claims the hand of Dora Deadly as his reward; Mrs. Deadly readily consenting because a title will take away the sting of that awful bug powder by which her loving husband has made all his money. There's mirth, wit, humor and satire throughout, the snap and go *melce* quality of the modern musical comedy; executive skill apparent in the manner in which it was produced by amateurs. A pleasing aftermath was the presentation of loving cups to Mr. Baird and Miss Chatillon as a mark of appreciation.

Various golf events are claiming attention, a tie resulting in a "Marathon" for a cup presented by Mr. W. R. Eisenhower, between T. W. Synnott of Woodbury, and Jay S. Jones of Dyker Meadow; Mr. Synnott winning. J. S. Jones led in ball sweepstakes with a card of seventy-three, his handicap eight; Kenneth Wood (24), second in seventy-nine, and Mr. Eisenhower (24), third in eighty-two. Mr. Jones was also winner of a ditch tournament. The championships are scheduled for August 9, 10, 11, 14, 15, 16; the men's event preceding the women's. Starting Tuesday play begins for the Jones cup.



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Mr. Baird as Axel in *The Piper*. As a member of the New Theatre Company, he has appeared in all of the year's productions. A Harvard man (1903) he has successfully coached several of the famous Hasty Pudding entertainments.

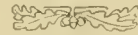
BATTLESHIPS AN ATTRACTION

Visitors at The Wentworth Find Them Interesting and Instructive

The presence of the Montana and several other battleships undergoing repairs at the Portsmouth navy yard, is attracting much attention among visitors at The Wentworth. Courteous Jack Tars explain the wonders of the big fighters interestingly and the sail fills in a delightful hour; the road around the shore an equally pleasing drive or motor. Nearby Inns at York, Rye and Hampton Beaches are popular rendezvous for lunch or tea, combining happily with the more formal affairs which add gaiety to the season at The Wentworth itself; Saturday evening's dance attracting scores from surrounding resorts. Motor boating, bathing and deep sea fishing claim ocean lovers, while others find golf, tennis and riding equally attractive.

The first week in August adds many season sojourners to the colony gathered here, among them: Mr. and Mrs. Theodore W. Strong and Messrs. G. T. Rowland, J. J. Little, W. J. Cox of New York, Mrs. G. T. Rowland, Miss Francis Rowland of Mt. Vernon, Mr. and Mrs. Chandler W. Riker, Miss Riker of Newark, Mrs. John H. Patterson, Mrs. E. Bartlett Hayward of Baltimore, Mrs. E. S. Booth, Mr. F. O. Booth, Mr. E. S. Booth of Boston, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Smith of Brookline, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel I. Motter of St. Joseph, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Bowden, Jr., Mr. Whitney Bowden of New Orleans, Mr. Frank Schoeble, Mrs. F. Schoeble, Miss Clara Schoeble, Mr. Ralph Schoeble of Wyncote, Mr. Thomas M. Benner of Pittsburgh, Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Cray of Cleveland, Mrs. G. Smithers and the Misses Smithers of Montreal, Mrs. W. G. Bronson and Mr. W. Carlos Bronson

of Ottawa. Mrs. Alexander Smith of New York, dined Mr. and Mrs. W. E. De Jorge, Miss Zayder De Jorge and Mr. A. H. De Jorge of Fitchburg; a motor boat trip following the spread. The usual Sunday services in the music room are under the direction of Rt. Rev. Edward M. Parker, D.D., Bishop Coadjutor of New Hampshire, in charge of Rev. Harold M. Folsom, Rector of St. John's Church, Portsmouth.



Merrymaking at Poland Spring

August inaugurates the more formal of midseason's affairs at Poland Spring, the first of many similar parties, a supper and dance at Dry Mills. The younger set also visited Bay of Naples Inn, returning after tea. For the coming weeks many things are planned, among them the usual cotillions, picnics and corn roasts. Garret A. Hobart and H. C. Holton divided honors in the first of the golf handicaps which open the tournament season, and putting is always popular. Tennis claims many with plans for several tournaments. Mr. Arthur Foraker has done much to popularize motor boating by launching a nobby little craft and the bathing hour is enjoyed by many. Never has riding been more generally enjoyed on inviting country roads.

Late arrivals who remain some time include: Mrs. W. T. Lawrence of New York, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Bremer of Philadelphia, Mrs. A. E. Wample and Miss Madelaine of New York, Mrs. Wm. C. Downing of Germantown, Mrs. Elisha Sears Lewis of Princeton, Mass., Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Pomeroy of New York, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Binckerhoff of Englewood, Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Bowden of Philadelphia, Mrs. Eugene H. Clapp of Boston, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Kesoler of Cleveland, Mr. and Mrs. N. C. Rogers and the Misses Rogers.



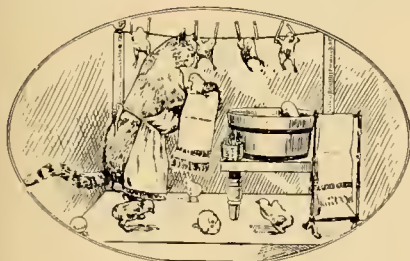


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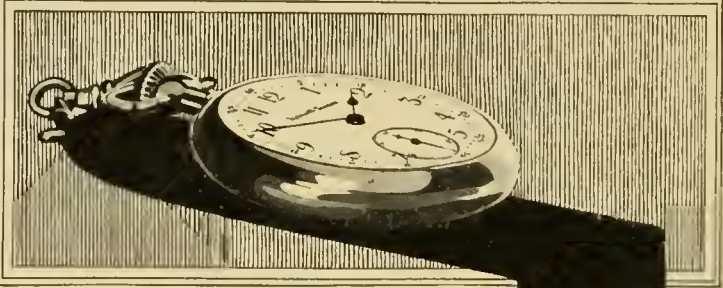
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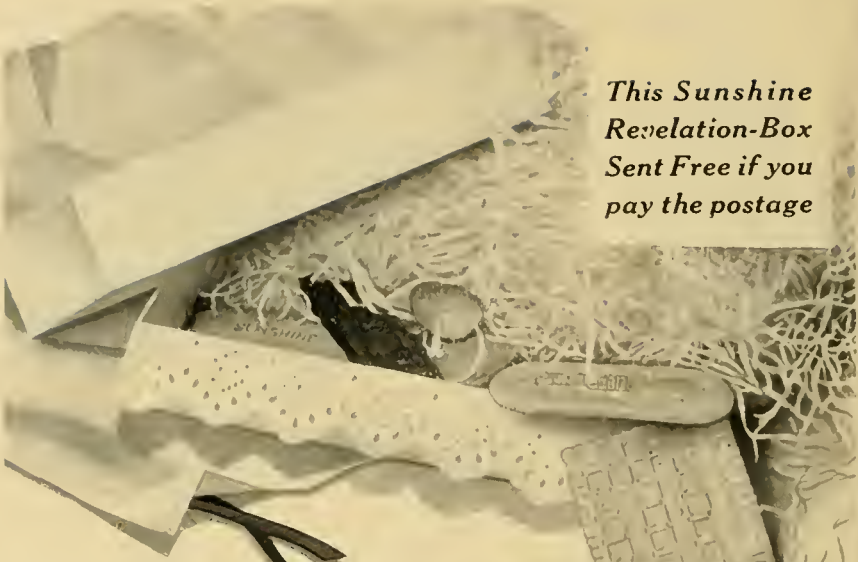
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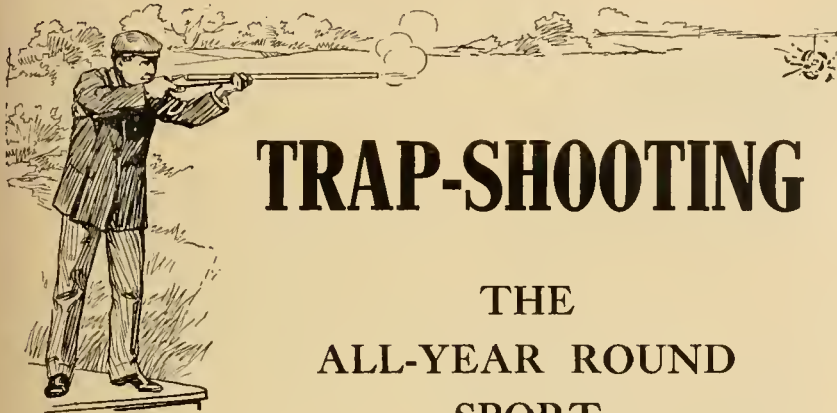


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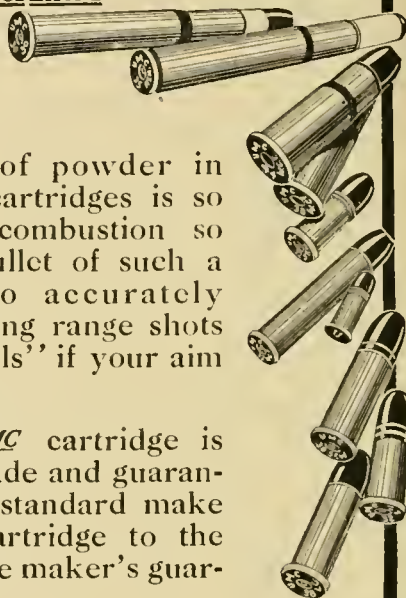
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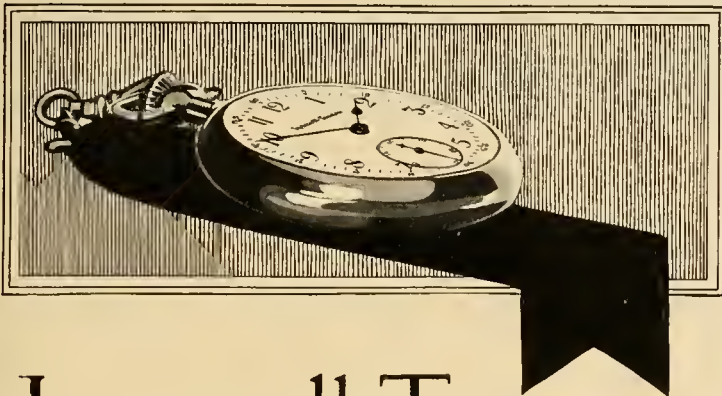
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NORTHWARD-HO!

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THE SONG SPARROW

He's first to come in March each year
And lingers till November drear



NORTHWARD-HO!



A WEEKLY MAGAZINE OF NEWS

SATURDAY, AUGUST 12, 1911

VOL. VII

No. 4

SWEET SONGS IN MANY KEYS

By Elizabeth Olney



A GENERATION ago there was in circulation a very popular book known as "Evenings at Home." Among its stories was "Eyes and No Eyes" describing the different experiences of two boys who walked over the same road at about the same time. One had seen most interesting things in nature and pronounced the walk highly enjoyable; the other had seen nothing and declared the road absolutely uninteresting. In the style of the olden time the schoolmaster listening to them drew a moral: "It is a case of eyes and no eyes, for Peter, by his own account, saw nothing where William saw much. Peter must learn to use his eyes or he will be like "blind Thomas." Now as far as birds are concerned, I fear most persons belong to Peter's class. Ask anyone of average intelligence to name six birds he knows well. A reasonable guess at his answer will be: "Crow, Robin, Oriole, Bluebird, Sparrow" (most uncertain in meaning) "Yellowbird" or, possibly, "Hummingbird." Now if birds were scarce or if they hid themselves in the depth of the forests, there might be some excuse for this, but it is simply a case of "no eyes." I shall mention no birds in this article that cannot be seen, in all probability, by any one who will take the trouble to look for them during the summer months. A glass is a great help, close observation is a necessity, and silence and patience should go with it. Once I took with me to see birds a young woman, who carried her embroid-

ery and seated herself saying: "When a bird comes, tell me!" gluing her eyes to her work. A man isn't apt to do *this*, but he will thrash the bushes as he walks, whistle or seize the quiet as the time for telling stories. Both man and woman will report—"No birds."

Let us begin with the commonest of birds, the English Sparrow. Are you *sure* you know him? When an attempt was made in a New England city to destroy his nests, it was found that the Song Sparrow, Chipping, Field and other lovely singers were among the sufferers. Truth is, the Sparrow and Finch family is very large, and includes many of our finest songsters as well as most beautiful birds. I think I am right in saying that the English Sparrow alone is wholly without a musical voice. One of the earliest of the family to arrive in the spring is the Song Sparrow. He is about the size of the English, but beautifully marked with whitish lines over his head and dark stripes on his breast in the center of which is his distinguishing mark, a dark brown spot like a mud splash. He is a sociable little fellow and varies his song constantly, but the orthodox form is: "Maids! Maids! Maids! Put the *tea* kettle on!" Smaller than he and hopping about confidently in the paths near the house, is daily to be seen the "Chippy" with his russet brown cap and white streak over the eyes. He sings constantly, a long song like that of the locust. In North Carolina he is one of the first to come to us from his winter quarters farther south and a delight throughout the early spring months.

About Chippy's size but somewhat plumper and without the white line over the eyes, is the Field Sparrow, likewise a bird of the ground, but a much better singer. He begins like the Song Sparrow, with three whistles and then continues with a sweet trill running down the scale. Another sparrow often met with along the country roads, is the Vesper who reveals his identity by showing two white tail feathers as he takes wing. His song is lovely, like the Song Sparrow's, in a minor key. The Purple Finch, who is really not purple but mulberry red, does not acquire this lovely



hue until three years of age. Before that time he looks like a plain Sparrow. But how he sings; even soaring into the air in ecstasy, though not to a great height! How does he sing? Something like a glorified canary exulting in freedom. The Goldfinch with his yellow back, black wings and black cap, is often found swaying on the white-topped dandelions or thistle heads. He is sometimes called the Wild Canary, and may be easily recognized by his dipping flight during which he calls: "Per-chic-o-ree! Per-chic-o-ree!" The *per* being at the height of the wave. Common in the northern woods and neighboring swamps, is the Peabody-bird or White-throated Sparrow. You may know him by the white and black lines running over his head and the dainty white bib under his chin. His notes are sweet and shrill with something of an eerie quality as they come to you at dusk from the dim distances of the woods. "Sow wheat; Peabody! Peabody! Peabody!" he cries. The farmers call him "the planting bird."

Most beautiful of this numerous family is the Rosebreasted Grosbeak, whom to see and hear, if only once, is a joy forever. He is a large bird comparatively, striped black and white with a rose-red throat and his song is worthy of his color. His short thick beak shows his relationship to the Cardinal Grosbeak of the south. The Chewink or Towhee, known by his black and white and russet coloring, is also a notable member of the Sparrow family, but I have never happened to see him this far north, although he nests there. The Scarlet Tanager, whose wonderful coloring of black and red, makes him even more conspicuous than the Cardinal, should be protected with great care. Once seen he will be al-

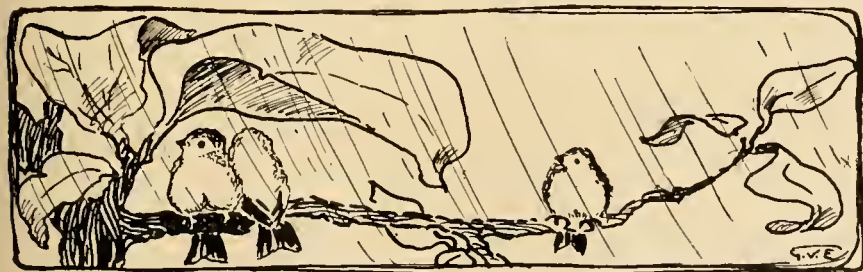
ways known and he is a fine singer also. The Barn Swallow and the Tree Swallow may be distinguished from each other, by the fact that the first has a brown or reddish brown breast and the second, pure white. They come to us late and depart very early. The Chimney Swift, often miscalled the Chimney Swallow, belongs to a different family as may be seen by observing his spine pointed tail, so unlike the beautiful swallow tail of the Swift.

Coming in such large flocks as to attract the notice of even careless observers, the Cedar Waxwings often light upon a tree, arrange themselves in regular rows, all facing the same way and whispering in chorus. They cannot sing, but their exquisite tailor-made

suits of seal brown touched off with red and yellow, and their remarkable ability for clearing trees of insects and canker worms, make them both charming and valuable. Though they eat cherries in return for their labor, they earn all they devour and leave the farmers still in their debt. Travelling rapidly over the highest branches of the elm trees from early dawn till twilight, may be heard the Redeyed Vireo. He never stops, even the heat of mid-day fails to quiet him. "Do you hear me? Do you see me?" he cries, always with a rising inflection, till we grow weary enough of the sweet incessant call. Olive-green he is with a distinct white line over his eyes, and his alert motions are a characteristic of his family. As you grow accustomed to listening with sharpened ears for all bird notes, there will often come to you a curious "Yank! Yank! Yank!" which followed up, will lead you to a little grey and white bird with a short tail, who is going through most curious feats of running up and down the tree trunks, now head up, now head down, with equal unconcern. This is the Nuthatch, a close relative of the Chickadee with whom he is often found in company. This reminds me to say that the call note of the Chickadee is "Phe-be! Phe-be!" very sweet and plaintive. Many persons think this the note of the Phebe bird, but the Phebe, a plain brownish little fellow, has a very harsh voice, and his "Phebe" is very different in tone and accent. The Phebe is a Flycatcher, and so are the Kingbird and the Wood Pewee. The Kingbird has a black hack, and white breast, his tail tipped with white, and is rather

conspicuous along the roads and meadows. He is a great foe of the English Sparrow which he has almost exterminated in some places. The Wood Pewee haunts the woods from whose tallest tree he cries: "Pe—a—wee!" most mournfully. He is unassuming in color. The smallest of the Flycatchers, is the nervous little Chebec who will sit on the top of a post, throw back his head and cry: "Chebec! Chebec! Chebec!" until his tiny body shakes from bill to tail.

The brilliant Oriole in his orange and black, belongs to the Blackbird family with which he shows relationship by many of his notes. His cousin the Grackle, often seen in towns stalking in dignified fashion over the lawns, displaying the iridescent coloring of his black feathers, squeaks like a creaking wheelbarrow, while the handsome Red-winged Blackbird of the swamps proclaims his identity by calling loudly, "Conk-a-ree! Conk-a-ree!" Of all the Blackbird family not one is so delightful as the Bobolink. Every one knows his name, but few know his plumage. He reverses ordinary bird laws of costume and wears his white and yellow feathers on his back, while his breast, throat and crown are black. He gives you a curious impression as though his clothes were put on wrong side before. As to describing his song, many have attempted to do so, but no one has ever succeeded! It has in it everything of ecstasy, buoyancy, jollity and sweetness combined. In the fall he doffs his brilliant feathers and puts on the Sparrow-like colors of his mate. Thus he is not known during his journey southward, but is called the Reedbird and Ricebird.



Under these names he is shot and eaten, to the grief and dismay of all who have heard him sing. It is as bad as eating Canaries and Nightingales. Woodpeckers are always beautiful and interesting birds. The clear call of the Flicker which gives the bird its name, that is one of its names, is a signal of spring. He himself is an original character. He is sociably inclined and unlike other Woodpeckers, often walks about on the ground. In the principal street of one of our towns I have seen the heads of the young Flickers peering out from the holes in the elm trees where their parents had bored their nests. What other bird can boast of golden lining to his wings, a scarlet cap and black crescent on his breast?

The most numerous, smallest and most wonderfully colored birds, belong to the Wood Warblers. Very few of these birds have noticeable songs, and their swift motions and small size make their existence practically unknown. One of them, the Summer Yellowbird, is so abundant and so much like a canary in color, that he is noticed to some extent, though I never can tell whether he or the Goldfinch is meant when a person tells me that he has seen a Wild Canary. Yet the Goldfinch has black wings and the Yellow Warbler has no black, but not one person in a hundred can be sure whether his bird is black and yellow or all yellow. "No eyes" again. There is a little orange and black fellow like a small edition of the Oriole, very abundant and not especially shy, called the Redstart. He is one of the easiest of the Warbler family to identify, but beyond a general recommendation to be on the watch for tropical appearing small birds the subject of Warblers is too extensive to be considered further in this article. If you seat yourself by any shady brook or pond, your meditations are likely to be suddenly interrupted by a harsh, "Mi-aw! Mi-aw!" "Where is that cat?" you will cry, looking vainly around. On a bush not very high up, you may notice a trig, slate-colored bird who will prob-

ably break into a most charming and varied song. Even as you admire it there will come in its midst, "Mi-aw! Mi-aw!" You know who it is now, the Cat Bird, sometimes called the northern Mockingbird because of his resemblance to the famous Mockingbird of the south and to whom he is first cousin. The Cat Bird's tail if nothing else, proclaims his membership in the Wren family, to which belongs also the Brown Thrasher. This beautiful bird whose white breast with its thrush-like markings has been the cause of his incorrect name, Thrasher being a corruption of Thrush, is to me the finest of all our singers, excepting the true thrushes. In the south many persons are unable to distinguish his notes from those of the Mockingbird, but close attention will show that he never sings any phase of his song more than twice while the Mockingbird has no hesitation in repeating each one eight or ten times.

The most distinguished family of our song birds is that of the Thrushes, to which the Robin shows his relationship in early youth when his breast is spotted with brown instead of being all red, and the Bluebird likewise. It is strange so many persons do not know a Bluebird from a Blue Jay. The former, small and retiring, sweetly mournful in song; the other large, obstreperous, and harshly screeching: "Jay! Jay!" Were ever two birds more unlike, save in the fact that they both wear blue feathers! The northern woods are filled with Wilson's Thrush, better known as the Veery. Of the Banshee-like voice of this bird and his general mysterious character, I can say little here. Listen to him at twilight and you may know what it is to feel your hair inclining to stand on end. The Hermit Thrush is admittedly of all birds the singer of highest and most exalted quality. He partakes of the mysterious nature of the Veery and can steal away under the bushes without a rustle. You may know him from the Veery by the fact that his tail is distinctly redder than his brown back, while back and tail are alike in

the Veery. * * * And now with study and a fair opportunity, how many birds should a novice come to know in a summer in the land of NORTHWARD-HO! With glass, time and patience, and a good book, I should say sixty or more were possible, but even twenty are worth time and trouble. Be it remembered that it is the *living* birds you wish to know, their voices, their very actions and their method of flight. Then will you grow to feel that any country, however unknown its features, is yet peopled with friends, and as you meet them one by one, they will prove to you like all true friends, a source of gladness and unwearying delight.



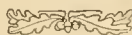
GREATER KINEO, INDEED

August House Counts Background All Records at Moosehead Lake

"Greater Kineo," indeed it is; August house counts backgrounding all previous records with a waiting list in spite of the winter's extensive addition. In a blaze of social gayety also the month advances, lunches, suppers, dinners, teas at the Yacht Club, moonlight "sails," all day picnics, evening dances or rubbers at bridge, interlaced between rounds of golf, sets of tennis, rides, drives and motor boating. Today is *the day* of the season in various ways, for Diana like Victory, is captain of many a craft which contests for Rear Commodore Arthur B. Waring's trophy offered to the best of the navigators among the fairer sex.

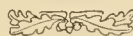
Many motor tourists are journeying to Greenville, enthusiastic over the picturesque beauty of a route far too little known, its charm first made known by Mr. Walter H. Wesson of Springfield, long a camp owner. From Cincinnati come Mrs. S. A. Ault and Mrs. F. C. Upjohn; from Bayonne, Mr. De Witt Van Buskirk and his son; from Philadelphia, Mr. and Mrs. S. D. Lit; from Whitinsville, Mass., Mrs. J. M. Lasell. The list of trophies for coming events grows apace, Mrs. M. D. Pater-

son donating rifle and golf prizes, Mrs. George Nye, Jr., one for golf, and Mrs. S. MacCuen Smith one for shooting. Messrs. Henry Sheaffer, W. L. Sheaffer and John Reilly, Jr., are among others who offer motor boat prizes and the golfers and tennis players are also liberally remembered in the array.



The Truthful Angler

In reality, papa was annoyed because youthful Jacky had borrowed his pet fly rod without permission, but he dwelt more especially on his son's lack of knowledge piscatorial. "Why the idea," he began, "You don't even know how to cast." "That's all right, perhaps I don't; but I got a dozen nice 'uns just the same," was the response. "You mean you caught a wee, foolish one," retorted papa. "Let's see it." Jack had not counted on anyone's questioning an angler's word. The very daring of it stunned him. "Well," he concluded, choosing his words carefully, "I did see a trout, honest, and I can prove it by Tommy!" Thus youth differs from age in its respect for fact!



Who Pays This Freight?

No wonder American Journalism is more or less of a joke. Read this:

NEW YORK, June 29.—A little toy dog that literally walks when one gently tugs on its leash, is the latest fad which promises to become very popular. Several of these fascinating little bowwows have made their appearance at Atlantic City and other seaside resorts. The artificial canines have created a veritable furore everywhere. Every day these may be seen toddling along in absurdly amusing fashion.



One Hundred Feet

Dan spotted the demure Odd Fellows' building among the sky-scrappers, dwelling on its golden letters: I. O. O. F. "Shure," says he, "ther hoight uv ther buildin'; so yez kin figger on t'others."

TENNIS AT THE WENTWORTH

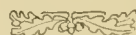
Men's Singles Tournament Inaugurates More Important Contests Planned for Midseason Program



INTEREST of the week at The Wentworth centered in the first of the August tennis tournaments, S. P. Breck of Port Chester, winning the closely contested final from C. Whitney Bouden of New Orleans. Other entries included Messrs. Joseph T. Hanlon, Edward Hanlon, O. B. Ross, V. D. Rose, C. G. Taylor, C. J. Canfield, Beaumont Lytton and Dr. Myron W. Marr. Events planned for the immediate future include men's and mixed doubles. Golf club registration is very large, among those devoted to the game being Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Whipple, Major and Mrs. H. Treadwell, Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Canfield, and Messrs. H. E. Spaulding, A. A. Kim, W. M. Nute, W. F. Sheelan and A. S. Cook. Bathing was never more generally enjoyed and auto touring is now at flood tide, the hotel The Hub from which the most interesting tours radiate. The White Cat Inn is a popular rendezvous for luncheon and tea, among the most elaborate affairs of the week a luncheon given by Mrs. Martha S. Jones of Boston, for Mrs. C. A. Sinclair, Mrs. J. C. Spring, Mrs. S. M. Merrill, Mrs. P. W. Whittemore, Mrs. M. Whittemore, Miss Whittemore and Miss Bacon. Mrs. Edson Keith of Chicago, was also hostess at a spread given for Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Sinclair and Miss E. Marie Sinclair. Sunday services were conducted by Bishop W. A. Leonard of Ohio.

Late arrivals include Mrs. W. E. Tway, Mr. Wilson E. Tway and Miss Hortense Bohannon of New Rochelle, who made a brief visit *en route* to Lenox. Others who will remain some time include Mr. and Mrs. L. M. DeMoss, Mrs. Fernande Kerr, Miss Madeline Kerr, Mr. James A. Kerr, Mr. M.

J. M. McMichael, Mrs. McMichael, Mrs. Thompson and Miss L. E. Turney, of New York, Mrs. W. J. Durfee of Montclair, Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Read, Miss Mildred Read, Mr. C. S. Read, and Mr. E. M. Read of New Haven, Miss Elizabeth Chew Williams, and Miss Matilda W. Williams of Baltimore, Mrs. E. C. Terry of Hartford, Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Enslow and family of Huntington, Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Sise and Mr. A. D. Blackader of Montreal, Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Byrnes, Mr. G. G. Byrnes, Mr. F. O. Booth of Boston, Mrs. A. A. Entwistle and Miss L. M. Stevens, Mrs. A. C. Webber and Miss E. B. Welch of Lowell, Mr. George W. Herrick of Malden, Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Packard of South Deerfield, Mr. A. S. Cook of Woonsocket, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Saville and Miss Saville, Mr. Wilton J. Lambert of Washington, Mr. and Mrs. O. K. Brooks, Miss Katherine Brooks and Miss Elizabeth Brooks of Cleveland, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. L. Dickson and Miss B. Goodhue of Cincinnati, Rev. William Francis Galvin of St. Louis, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Benny and Mr. Warren Benny of New Orleans, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Smoot of Alexandria, Mrs. H. H. Shearson and Mr. A. B. Adam of Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Cannon, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Cannon of Providence, Mrs. L. C. Viall Beekman.



Hopper Fishing at Belgrade Lakes

Not to have angled for the gamy bass with the elusive grasshopper, is to have missed an unique angling experience, as near fly fishing with bait as one can hope to find it. In consequence, these are happy days for anglers at Belgrade Lakes for the sport is now at its best. At evening the fly is still effective and cool days keep big fellows active.

IN THE SADDLE AT POLAND

Mrs. S. M. Inman Leads Younger Set In First of Breakfast Rides

The first of the early morning rides which are so thoroughly enjoyed by those devoted to riding, was a delightful innovation of the week at Poland Spring. As usual Mrs. S. M. Inman of Atlanta, was the leading spirit, and a perfect day, excellent breakfast and congenial company, made the affair one which can be repeated none too often. Every night is dance night for the

say of Philadelphia, Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell Wyeth of Rosemont, Miss C. S. Penfield, Miss L. Van Houten of Brooklyn, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Bloodgood Peck of New York, Col. Rogers Birnie of Governors' Island, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas J. Sanson of East Orange, Mr. I. W. Chick and Miss Mabel Chick of Boston, Mr. Charles F. Choate of Southboro, Mr. Sidney Blanchard and Mr. Dana Blanchard of Winchester, Mrs. E. W. C. Jordan of Portland, Mr. C. E. Scott Waring of Saratoga Springs, Mr. and Mrs. T. M. Gale of Washington, Miss Cannon of Danville.

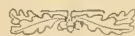


younger set, and as the luscious corn ripens, the usual corn roasts, distinctive to this resort, are being anticipated. The more important golf and tennis tournaments will fill in the closing weeks of the month, and the big bass are still rising in Middle Lake. Baseball is also attracting attention, and it is rumored that the young women will challenge the young men as a result of their recent exhibition.

Late arrivals who remain some time include: Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln Passimore, Mr. J. K. Passimore, Mr. and Mrs. I. Miller, Messrs. J. G. and P. H. Lind-

Just Plain Rumford Junction

We labor under the impression that Rumford Junction, Maine, is the only railway station in the world without a carriage road leading to it. It's either a case of drive across the field or walk down the railroad track. In all truth, it is just plain Rumford Junction; not much else, and, frequently, the "connections" don't run as close as the road!



Mailing envelopes at the news counter. Use them for sending NORTHWARD-HO! to friends. "It saves letter writing!"

THE DANCE OF THE FOLLIES

Guests of Mrs. Cunningham, They Eat, Drink and Make Merry and Sing Again the Spoogle Songs

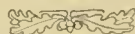


SOCIALLY the week at the Rangeley Lake house has been one of many and varied activities with the season's most delightful affair Thursday's dance for the "Midsummer Follies" company at the luxurious camp of Mrs. J. C. Cunningham on the nearby lake shore. A special steamer conveyed the merry party which sang again the songs of "The Spoogle Fish" under moonlit skies, awakening forest echoes. Ablaze with light against cool blue of the moonlight sky, the bungalow was as radiant as a study by Monet, its broad verandas a charming retreat between dances, and the dining-room spread most appreciated, for no class may be counted hungrier than "actors." The success of "Follies" has already led to plans for a minstrel show later on.

Ernest Napier of the South Orange Field club, led in the weekly medal golf play tourney with a net card of sixty-nine, his handicap twenty. Eight strokes away, Jay S. Jones of Dyker Meadow, whose allowance was three, finished second in seventy-seven. Playing with a handicap of four, Mr. Jones won informal ball sweepstakes with a card of seventy-seven; Kenneth Wood of the Buffalo Country Club, whose allowance was twenty, second in eighty. Mrs. L. N. Tunis of New York, was the winner in a putting competition for trophies offered by Mrs. F. H. Ellis of Philadelphia; Miss C. H. Esherich of Philadelphia winning the consolation.

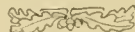
Baseball is claiming a lion's share of attention and the "R. L. H." team is very nobby in its new white uniforms, which, by the way, are always considered more or less of a hoodoo until the glint is worn off! Tennis interest is leading to plans for the usual tournaments and

motor boating is claiming an increasing number of devotees. Many enjoy the morning bathing hour while others find side trips to wilderness ponds to their liking. The motor touring registrations are very large, especially the numbers coming long distances, and the garage has half a score of private cars which are in daily use by season guests.



Golf at Crawford Notch

Golf has held full sway at Crawford's during the week, play in the annual tournament claiming the attention of the entire colony with numerous dinners and dances in honor of the devotees of the ancient game. Returning friends who remain through the season are many, among them Mrs. Francis Marsh of Dedham, who is with Mrs. John F. Winch of Boston; Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Gleason of Gleasondale accompanied by their daughter, Miss Freda Gleason. Mrs. G. F. W. Holman of Brookline, Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Hodges, Miss Isabel Taylor and George M. Slater, Mrs. A. T. Baldwin of Boston, with Mrs. T. R. Brigham of New York, Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Whalen and Miss Whalen, of Baltimore, Mrs. H. E. McDowell, Miss L. McDowell of Cohoes, Mrs. C. A. Lovejoy of Lynn, Miss Mary Ella Foster of Cambridge, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Wadlin and Mrs. E. M. Bath of Boston, and Charles S. Read of Salem.



Jack of All Trades

Many a tourist has smiled at the legend below which greets one from the car windows at Lacrosse, Va.:

J. C. PITTARD
WHEELWRIGHT, BLACKSMITH
AND UNDERTAKER



"THEY SANG AGAIN THE SPOOGLE SONGS"

COACHING AT MAPLEWOOD

Destination Points of Interest, Bounteous Hampers and
Congenial Companions Enhance its Pleasures



MIDSEASON'S gayeties are many at Maplewood, but none more popular than coaching with always a destination point of interest, bounteous hampers and congenial companions to enhance its pleasures. Enjoying the weekly outing were Mr. and Mrs. Frederick M. Burgess, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Bragdon, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Taylor, Mrs. H. E. Wall, the Misses Mildred Zellhoeffer, Suzanne and Catherine Cawley, Marjorie Garland, Jessie Boyd, and Messrs. Lawrence Garland and Edward Meaker; the accompanying photographic reproduction showing one of the earlier parties including: Mr. and Mrs. Burgess, the Misses Cawley, Zellhoeffer, Catherine Brown, H. Elizabeth Wilson, Mildred Willcutt, Katherine L. Niles, and Mr. N. Tilander. Riding also claims many, the Misses Katherine and Irene Lynch, Jessie Boyd, May Cleary, Estelle McClossin, and Hon. and Mrs. Pearl Wight among those much in saddle.

The first of the more formal cotillions brought guests from miles around, several novel figures adding to the enjoyment of the evening. Among others accepting invitations were: Judge and Mrs. Henry A. Gildersleeve, Mr. and Mrs. Alger Gildersleeve, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Dunspaugh, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Davidson, Mr. and Mrs. Morrison Gilmour, Mrs. J. F. Greenough, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Baillie, Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Lynch, the Misses Lynch, Mrs. M. L. Wyckoff, Mrs. Robert J. Archibald, Mrs. Peter Cleary, Mrs. A. M. Chapman, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. T. Moon, Colonel and Mrs. A. T. Palmer, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Owens, Mrs. Henry Meeker, Mr. and Mrs. Albert L. Calder,

Mrs. F. M. Mathews, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Lawson, Mrs. Herbert Gardiner, Miss Gardiner, Mrs. Frank E. Agnew, Mr. and Mrs. Franklin D. Mooney, Mr. T. St. John Westervelt, Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Marshall, Mr. and Mrs. John G. M. Glessner, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Andrews, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Moses, Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Young, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick M. Burgess, Miss Craig, Miss Andrews, the Misses Cawley.

The Gun Club, where there was a bonfire supper party during the week, has been the rendezvous for the large number of crack shots here, and several informal tournaments have drawn large galleries. Messrs. J. E. Lynch, W. F. Dunspaugh and Henry A. Gildersleeve have the highest records so far. Handsome cups have been offered for the best score for both women and men with a short range target rifle and some of the entries include Judge Gildersleeve, Mrs. J. F. Greenough, Mrs. A. L. Calder, the Misses Katherine Lynch, Marjorie Garland, Dorothy Atwood and Messrs. W. F. Dunspaugh, B. S. Scannell, J. H. Bragden, Edward Meeker, James Atwood, G. H. Story and John Young, Jr. Elaborate plans are being made for the annual Bazaar in aid of the Littleton Hospital in which Mrs. William F. Dunspaugh and Mrs. Leon H. Cilley are the leading spirits. Late arrivals who came for the month include: Mr. and Mrs. B. H. Moore and the Misses Muriel and Eleanor Moore, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Carroll, Mrs. F. A. Mackintosh and D. S. Carter, all of New York, Mrs. C. J. Schovelling of Akron, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Peck of Providence, Murry Kiggins of New Kensington, Pa., Hon. and Mrs. G. M. Glazier of Brookline, C. B. Rodman and Mrs. C. S. Rodman of Waterbury, Mr. and Mrs. John G. Stearns and Mr. and Mrs.

Frank A. Stearns of Brookline; Mr. Frank A. Fitzpatrick of New York, who is the guest here of J. Arthur Green, Mrs. D. M. Nettles of Roxbury and Miss Eva Van Dyke of Lancaster, who is the guest of Mrs. J. A. Snyder. At The Inn are Mme. Suzan Doane, J. G. Eldridge and J. B. Hitchings of Boston, Mrs. Helen Knight of Brookline, Miss E. P. Derby of Salem, Mrs. Frank H. Smith and Miss Helen B. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Clark, U. S. N., and Mrs. Henry A. Lincoln of Providence.

When a party of well known Maplewood guests from Baltimore, including Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Chapman, Mr. A.

MERRY WEEK AT WAUMBEEK

Bridge, Putting, Dinners and Dancing Round Out August Days

Bridge, putting, dinners, teas and dancing are adding to the pleasure of August days at the Waumbek, hostesses of the week including Mrs. William D'Olier, Mrs. W. H. Lippincott, Mrs. Luther E. Martin, Mrs. Andrew Shiland, Mrs. Harvey Bates, Mrs. W. H. Seamans, Mrs. J. M. Bacon and Mrs. Tonzo Sauvage. For the usual putting competition Mrs. Charles F. Schmidt was the donor of the prizes won by



M. Chapman, Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Andrews, Miss Jane R. Andrews, Guy C. D. Andrews, H. E. Young, John S. Young and Howard Young, bowled under the porte cochere this week in their limousine they saw a man in a spotless "bar-tender" coat suavely offering "drinks" of Spring water. Familiar with Maplewood hospitality, they were about to accept this added courtesy, when one of the party caught a twinkle in the attendant's eye, no other than Doctor Wm. Tenney of New York, who had borrowed the white duck jacket. Then it was more—Spring water—and it was the bartender who treated!

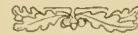
Miss Marguerite Bacon and Mr. Louis P. Myers. At the tea which concluded the afternoon were: General and Mrs. William P. Biddle, Mr. and Mrs. William D'Olier, Mrs. William H. Lippincott, Mr. and Mrs. William Lummis, Mrs. William Earl, Senator and Mrs. Gilbert M. Hitchcock, Mr. and Mrs. Horace L. Hotchkiss, General Anson G. McCook, Dr. and Mrs. David Magie, Mrs. John Benjamin, Mrs. Karl W. Neuhoff, Mr. H. P. Otis, Mrs. F. H. Seamans, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Shiland, Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Sabin, Mrs. Samuel W. Bowne, Mrs. Nathaniel Witherell, Mrs. Augustus Kountze, Miss Ella Thorne,

Mrs. Albert G. Morgan, Mrs. John Farson, Jr., and Mrs. Howard Coonly.

A moonlight brake ride under the chaperonage of Mrs. Luther E. Martin, filled in a delightful evening for the younger set: The Misses Estelle and Marguerite Suter, Lillian Crail, Marguerite and Gladys Bacon, and Messrs. Norton P. Otis, Fritz Victor, William Lummis, John Lummis and Dr. L. A. Salisbury. Mr. George A. Suter was host on an auto trout fishing trip to Dixville Notch and a dinner which marked the return, his guests, Messrs. Cabot J. Morse, B. Sterling Bottome, J. M. Bacon, Granville D. Harman and Charles V. Murphy. Miss Mary B. Warburton, who sails for Europe soon with her mother, Mrs. Barclay Warburton, gave a farewell party for her young friends just previous to her departure at Onaway, the cottage of Mrs. John Wanamaker, the guests: The Misses Harriet Lummis, Marjorie and Adelaide Browning, Elizabeth Sabin and the Messrs. John and William L. Lummis, C. D. Sabin, Jr., and Master S. Jack Morse and C. Edgerton Warburton.

Late arrivals include Senator and Mrs. Gilbert M. Hitchcock, Miss Ruth Hitchcock, Major and Mrs. W. P. Bid-
dle, Mrs. C. R. Forest, Rev. W. T. Sumner, Karl W. Neuhoff, Clifford C. Roberts, Miss Elizabeth Achelis, Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Sabin, Miss Elizabeth Sabin, C. D. Sabin, Jr., Edw. S. Barnes, Miss Barr, J. Frank Hull, Mrs. Henry A. Barnes, Charles Wheeler Barnes, Miss Majorie Cochrane, Norton P. Otis, Mr. and Mrs. William H. Ludington, Mrs. John Benjamin, Mrs. Samuel W. Bowne, Mrs. Hewitt Coburn of New York, Mrs. R. D. McFadon, Miss McFadon, Miss M. P. Ward, Mr. and Mrs. Walter B. Smith, Miss Winifred B. Smith of Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. H. Martin of Stamford, Mrs. George L. Storm, Miss

Virginia Storm, Miss Turner, George L. Storm, Jr., of Greenwich, Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Stoddard, Mrs. Henry Stoddard, Master Henry Stoddard of Woodbridge, Mr. and Mrs. Horace L. Hotchkiss of Rye; Mrs. H. Osgood of Norwich, Mrs. Norman McLeod of Philadelphia, joins Mrs. John Wanamaker. Mr. Karl Neuhoff is the guest of Mrs. Neuhoff and Mrs. Augustus Kountze. Wyndybrae, the summer home of Mr. and Mrs. Mark Willing, has been leased by Mrs. R. D. McFadon, who is here with Miss McFadon and Miss M. P. Ward. Mr. Andrew Freedman joins friends for the summer, bringing a string of five saddle and driving horses.



Round the Profile Tea Table

Always anticipated are the season's Golf Club teas, Mrs. W. P. N. Darrow presiding at the season's first; Mrs. Arthur B. Twombly, Mrs. David P. Kimball and Mrs. Eben S. Draper, among others who will have the affairs in hand. Late additions to the cottage colony include: Mrs. James R. Jesup of New York, and her daughter, Mrs. Charles A. Lamont, of Lenox; Lieut. Commander Thomas Hart and Mrs. Hart who are with Rear Admiral Brownson and Mrs. Brownson; Mr. and Mrs. Irving Cornell and the Misses Cornell of New York, who join Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Cornell; and Mrs. Fordyce Barker of New York, who is a guest of Mr. and Mrs. N. W. Mundy and Mrs. Babcock. Mrs. Frances M. Bangs is entertaining Mr. and Mrs. Franklin A. Batcheller and Franklin Batcheller of Yonkers, and Mrs. George Batcheller of New York. At the Rhoades cottage, Miss Mina Rhoades has as her house guest Mrs. F. W. Marston of Paterson and Mrs. M. P. Hastings of New York.



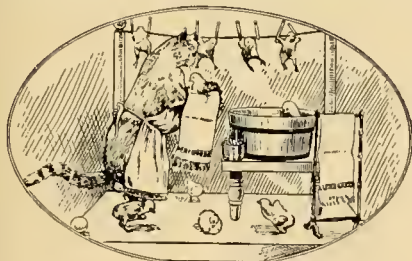


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a splendid hotel, vastly improved, accommodating over 500 guests and offering every comfort, convenience and luxury of modern times. Just the sort of a vacation home YOU would like. No hay fever. We furnish guides, canoes, camping outfits and supplies on request. Let us send you our 1911 illustrated booklet?

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KINEO, Moosehead Lake, MAINE

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Open June 30-Oct. 1

This new hotel, with twenty private cottages, comprises one of the largest and best equipped of leading summer resorts in the country. The unexcelled location makes it desirable for season and transient guests, and most attractive for automobilists, being extensively patronized by them.

The estate of the hotel company, comprising six thousand acres of land, extends for nine miles through the Franconia Notch, making a magnificent preserve which includes many objects of rare picturesque beauty and interest. Miles of shady woodland paths and well kept roads invite one to exhilarating walks and pleasant drives.

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THE FLUME HOUSE

This restful summer house, five miles from the Profile House, and under the same ownership, is located at the southern extremity of Franconia Notch, and but a short distance from the famous Flume. It is conducted in a most liberal and pleasing manner, and to accommodate the early and late motorists the house remains open from June 15 to October 15. The visitors will find here a comfortable inn and a well kept garage.

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OR CONGRESS STREET

A decorative advertisement for McKenney & Waterbury Company. The central image shows a three-arm chandelier hanging from a ceiling, with a globe positioned to its right. The globe is tilted and shows latitude and longitude lines. The text is arranged around these images, with the company name at the top, followed by their services and products. The slogan 'WE LIGHT THE WORLD' is written in a large, stylized font across the globe. The address '181 Franklin St. Boston, Mass.' is at the bottom, with 'OR CONGRESS STREET' in smaller text below it.



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MAPLEWOOD HOTEL, High-Class House for 400 Guests
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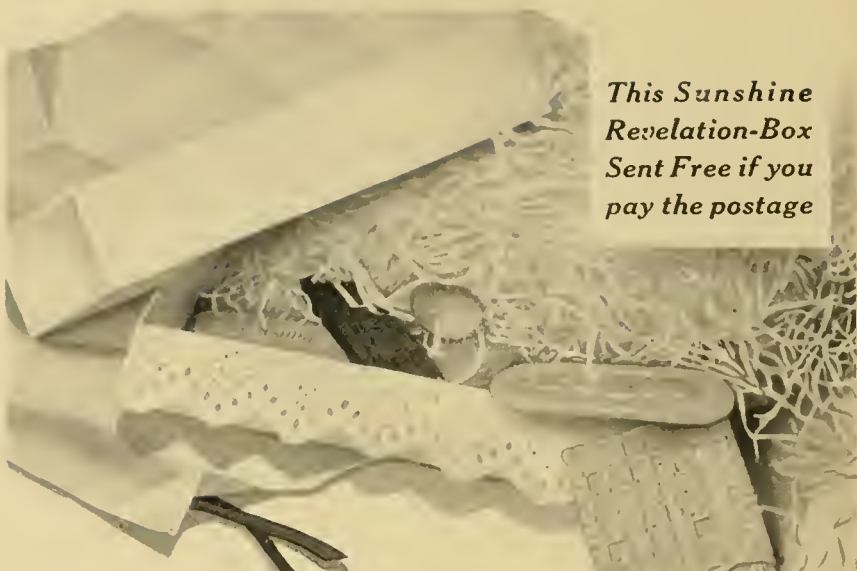
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Daintily packed, ribbon-tied,
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Bakers of Sunshine Biscuits.

All the Leading Resorts Serve Them

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SHREDDED WHEAT

the food that provides the greatest amount of body-building nutriment with the least tax upon the digestive organs. It supplies more real digestible nutriment pound for pound than meat, eggs or vegetables. It is the whole wheat steam-cooked, shredded and baked—nothing added, nothing taken away

¶ Here is a Summer suggestion for those who know enough to cut out greasy meats and soggy pastries: heat one or more Shredded Wheat Biscuits in the oven to restore their crispness; then drop over them blackberries or other berries or fresh fruit and serve with milk and cream; sweetened to suit the taste. The combination is deliciously wholesome and strengthening for breakfast or any other meal, supplying all the strength needed and giving Nature a chance to throw off the poisons that come from a high-protein diet

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Is Delicious!



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combination of
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Sold in 1-8 lb.
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There's no closed season for the Trap-Shooter; the clay birds fly every month of the year

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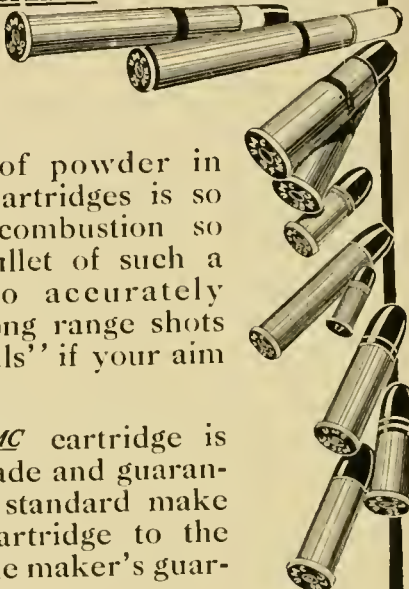
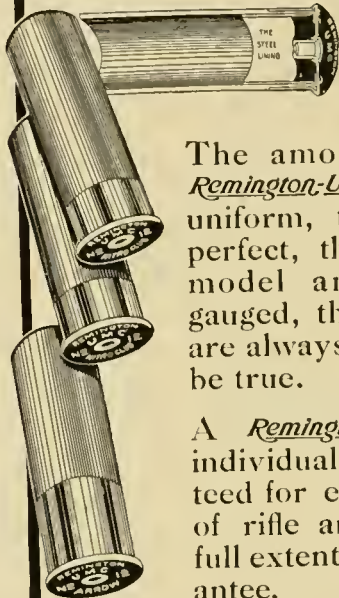
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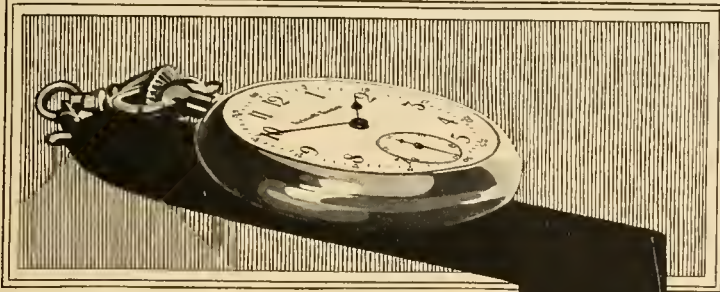
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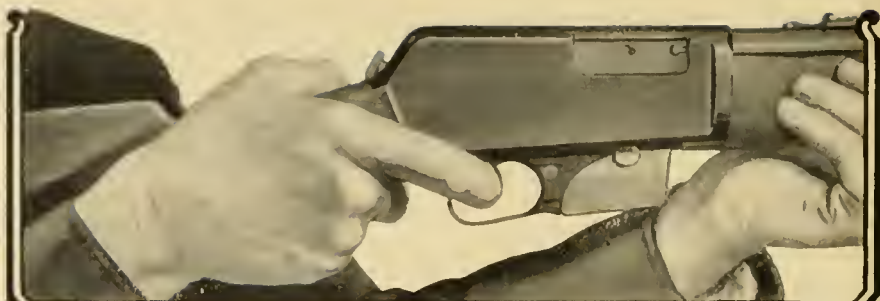
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"MASTERS OF THE AIR WE ARE!"



NORTHWARD-HO!



A WEEKLY MAGAZINE OF NEWS

SATURDAY, AUGUST 19, 1911

VOL. VII

No. 5

MASTERS OF THE AIR WE ARE

The Future of Aviation



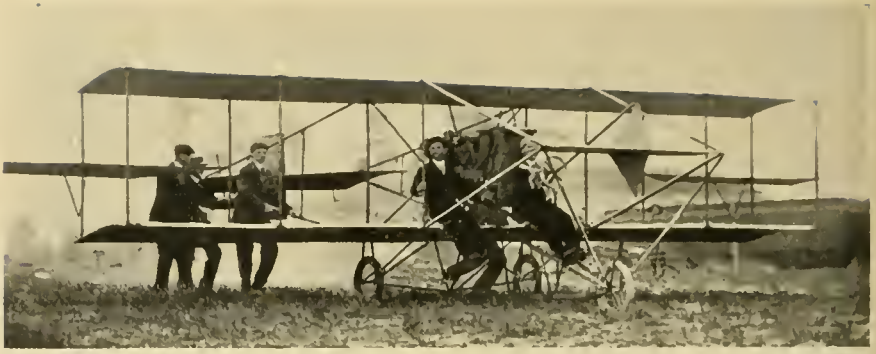
MASTERS of the air we undoubtedly are, the climax of man's latter day achievements, yet the future of aviation—the aeroplane more properly—is at the head of 20th century sports.

Limited to a class it will be, but nevertheless, enjoyed by all; indescribably fascinating because it has so long eluded us. Still the ideal remains, for no sport can ever possess quite so much of the unattainable; the theoretically possible, practically impossible. Very naturally we began as imitators, by trying to fly as the birds fly. The *theory* was perfectly plausible and yet, we might as well have tried to make wheels with spokes and no rim, automobiles with legs instead of wheels! Briefly, we counted not that we were to fly as the kite flies, by *resistance*; the real difficulties coming in establishing effectual power and solving the problems of weight and balance. Once past these barriers, our progress has been wonderful, but the fact remains that the aeroplane is to be confined to a limited sphere, for the present at least.

We may, to be sure, tour somewhat as motorists now tour, but limited service between New York and Chicago should not be anticipated to the extent of regrets; the difficulty lying in producing a weight carrier. When one considers the great weight, comparatively speaking, of even the lightest engine, the real difficulties begin. Add to this the weight of the machine itself and there is little provision for the passenger, not to men-

tion *passengers!* There you have aviation's problematic distinction. To fully realize just what inventors were struggling against at the start, jump into a bushel basket and try to lift yourself by the handles, or climb to the top of a ladder, pull the ladder up, and climb another length higher! And yet, there *was* a solution! The buzzard, eagle and gull are perfectly possible aviators, maintaining flight by resistance, balance by "warping" the tips of the wings, much as the special planes of the aeroplane are warped. How the wild turkey, goose, grouse and many other birds *maintain* flight, science has as yet been unable to determine satisfactorily, and has ceased in its efforts to unravel the mystery of the secret power of feathers.

Indescribable are the hitherto unknown joys of flight, mainly because of the wondrous charm and variety of the landscape which we have known only in *detail*, ignorant of its beauty as a *mass*. Apprehension, shuddering, gruesome, childish apprehension perhaps, at the starting, is replaced by profound security as mastery, perfect mastery, is apparent; a sense of joyous exaltation following as the marvelous world below is revealed; a strange toy, fairyland world. Like an exquisite monotone in low relief it is, each note of color with its value and in perfect harmony with the whole; ever subtly changing, always some new surprise, some unexpected revelation. Past is forgotten, the future does not exist; the present alone lives, a present in which time ceases to be a matter of record, vanishing on wings of freedom!



AN EARLY FLYING MACHINE

Remarkable Invention by Portuguese Which Failed to Aviate

Flying machines are not so *new*, quoting from the *Evening Post* of December 20-22, 1709, which gives an interesting description of a flying ship then lately invented by a Portuguese priest. Unfortunately, for the glory of Portugal, it did not fly, as was expected, 200 miles in twenty-four hours, or at all. In order that the deeply scientific among our readers may understand the cause of its failure we quote:

The ship was fitted in the first place, with "sails wherewith the air is to be divided." It had also two pairs of bellows "which must be blown when there is no wind." At opposite ends of the hull were "the Globes of Heaven and

Earth containing in them the Attractive Virtues." These served as covers to "two Loadstones placed in them upon Pedestals, to draw the ship after them." Over the whole is a cover made of Iron Wire in form of a Net, on which are Fastened a good number of Large Amber Beads which by a Secret Operation will help to keep the Ship Aloft. And by the Sun's heat (certain Mats) that line the Ship will be drawn toward the Amber Beads."

It is strange that a flying ship fitted with so many alternative appliances should have failed. Possibly the Amber Beads tried to fly one way, the Globes another, the wind and the bellows worked in yet other directions, and thus stable equilibrium resulted. And this machine was hardly more of a colossal joke than some of modern days!





DANGERS EXAGGERATED

Rational Flight Hardly More Hazardous Than Many Other Sports

Now that we are coming to regard the aeroplane seriously, more from the practical and less from the grandstand side, it may be noted without fear of loss to gate receipts, that its dangers have been greatly exaggerated. Rational flight is hardly any more hazardous than motor speeding, steeple chasing, polo and many other sports, not to mention football! Engines stop and planes split, but steering gear breaks and horses stumble. Danger lurks everywhere, but we disregard it because the chances are long in our favor.

The real danger in aviation lies in the chances men take as *desire* lays hold upon them; chances the dangers of which they fully realize, but disregard for

various causes. There are "holes in the air" but they are hardly more numerous than gullies in the road. High wind is dangerous, but the aviator can often avoid its perils if he will. Briefly, aviation confined to its now well defined limitations, is a thoroughly rational sport.

The "queer" sensation of flight comes in a quick rise, dip or short turn, and you can experience the same sensation in the elevator of a New York skyscraper, Ferris wheel, shoot-the-chutes or even the back yard swing, for that matter! Dizziness from height is not experienced for one sees the landscape spread out from high up and afar off, as if from a sheltered balcony; the tendency is not to look down but away. While the rush of air is tremendous it is not disagreeable and one even forgets the deafening, unmuffled motor.



THE NYMPHS AND SATYRS

All Maplewood Gathers for Annual Baseball Burlesque
Which is Preceded by Beauty Show Parade

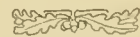


YES, indeed, they were as entrancing as Carot's "wood nymphs," but all Maplewood, gathered for the annual baseball burlesque between "skirts and skirts," saw only the "satyrs." Gingerly they made their way across the greensward with precaution suggesting inexperience, while summer breezes caressed them fondly; a rummage sale of millinery, gowns and *lingerie* on parade! With a rush and a roar such as greets a harem skirt on Broadway (lower), the crowd closed in; no gallant policemen to lend friendly aid. "Air!" Give us air!" gasped the captain bold and thus the diamond was gained. "Play ball!" rang the voice of Diana of the Giants, but the crowd preferred a parade instead and not until, like Greek slaves of old, the beauties were led before the multitude, did the umpire succeed in making himself (or herself) heard.

And there were: Dr. Dudley P. Tenney in white, with scarlet ribbons and Dolly Vardon hat; F. P. Lynch in a black lace skirt, *en train* (appliqued with pink roses), panama, bandeau and fan; D. F. Clifford in white with *masse* bow of orange, fore and aft, Psyche knot and green veil; Dr. Frank Pla, in a blue skirt and orange sash, such as mother used to wear; not to mention other apparitions in the presence of J. C. Robbins, Gonzalo Freyre, Victor Mendoza, and Joseph Bragdon. And the wood nymphs; yes, indeed: Mrs. Bragdon and the Misses Helen B. Smith, Marjorie Garland, Hazel Meeker, Bertha Skinner, Gladys Moon, Katherine Rothschild, Dorothy Atwood, Eleanor Agnew and Otilla Bachiller. Who won? Well, the "nymphs" proved to be human and lost all interest in the game when a "Tempter" with a *huge* box of candy

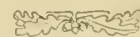
made his appearance on the side lines; the act undoubtedly saving the life of the "satyr" umpire who evidently thought baseball was much like polo.

Mrs. Albert L. Calder and Mrs. J. F. Greenough divided honors in the rifle tourney, others participating including: the Misses Louise Mathews, Jessie Lynch, Irene Lynch, Marjorie Garland, Dorothy Atwood and Eleanor Agnew. Late arrivals who remain some time include Mr. and Mrs. O. H. Harriman and Miss Zaidee Harriman of New York, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Owens of Brooklyn, Mrs. Albert Calder, 2d, of Providence, Mr. and Mrs. John S. Kent of Broekton, Mr. J. C. Robbins, Jr., and Miss E. B. Robbins of Deal Beach, N. J., Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Lewis and child and Mr. and Mrs. Jason Heinrich of Boston, Mrs. I. F. P. Thomas of Swampscott, Mrs. H. McIntosh and Miss McIntosh and Miss Bertha Morse of Boston, Mr. and Mrs. George Bahan and Mr. Edward McCarthy, Brookline, Miss Ethel Spence of Rockland, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Dunsbaugh of New York, at their cottage.



When the Fishing is Dull

"No use, I'm goin' to quit this place," commented the veteran. "Got so the fish come out on shore an' steal your lunch while you are at the spring for water. Lake's getting low because they spend so much time in the woods huntin' hoppers. Seen a few of them climbin' trees after birds' eggs. Bunch down near the inlet don't dare to go in the water for fear they'll drown!"



Mailing envelopes at the news counter. Use them for sending NORTHWARD-HO! to friends. "It saves letter writing!"

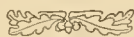
MIDSEASON AT PROFILE

Many Affairs Add to the Pleasure of Speeding August Days

Midseason and its gayeties claim the Profile colony as August hours flit backward into pleasant memory and the days lie before in anticipation. The week's activities centered in the ball room card party in aid of the West Side Day Nursery, arranged by Mrs. Moses Hopkins and Mrs. James Goodwin. Among others who entertained were: Mrs. Arthur Butler Twombly, Mrs. J. C. Tappin, Mrs. R. P. H. Durkee, Mrs. Riley Miles Gilbert, Mrs. Nathaniel S. Simpkins, Mrs. Charles Lamont and Mrs. James R. Jesup. Mr. and Mrs. Henry K. McHarg were hosts at a house warming. Mrs. Pliny Fisk gave a quaint, old-fashioned tea for the young people and Mrs. Alfred Batchelder was hostess at a golf club tea and tournament for which nearly one hundred invitations were issued.

The cottage colony is now complete and the hotel filled. Mr. and Mrs. Twombly are entertaining Mr. and Mrs. Harold J. Hadden, Jr.; Miss Laura Hadden and Mrs. Henry C. Emmett, Jr. The Messrs. James Ludlow Raymond and Kenneth L. Raymond, of New York, join their aunt, Mrs. James C. Tappin. Mr. M. W. MacLay, Jr. is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. M. W. MacLay. Mrs. Cyril Crimmins, a son of Mr. John D. Crimmins joins Mr. Henry Fleitman. Mr. and Mrs. Irving Cornell are entertaining Miss Gladys Dwight Jones and Miss Isabel Houghton Smith, and Miss Harriet Smith are with Miss Cornelia Rhoades. Mrs. Ewald Fleitman has Mr. L. N. Watjen, of Bremen, Mrs. William, Mr. Louis Watjen, Mrs. Blaine Wing, the Misses Watjen and Master Louis Watjen as her guests. Mr. and Mrs. Bayard Stockton are joined by Mr. Bayard Stockton, Jr. General and Mrs. W. N. P. Darrow are entertaining Mr. H. R. Lawrence, of New York. Mr. J. V. Cornell is visiting his brother, Mr. Irving Cornell. Mr.

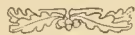
G. Endicott Putnam of Brookline, Mass., joins his mother, Mrs. G. J. Putnam, at her home. Mrs. Moses Hopkins has as her guest, Mrs. C. S. Redfield of Glen Ridge, N. J. Mrs. Henry McHarg Davenport joins Mr. and Mrs. McHarg. Messrs. Henry Fleitman, Frank Raymond and Hubert McDonnell are at the Fleitman cottage. Mr. and Mrs. James J. Goodwin open their cottage, Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Milburn of New York, return for the summer.



Mountain Climbing at Crawfords

The motor car is crowding the locomotive into the background throughout the White Mountains, but not the doughty little burros at Crawfords. Patient, willing, sure-footed, they wend their way to mountain summit and back, and always with enthusiastic passengers. No novelty in the hills attracts more general attention and its popularity is by no means confined to Crawfords' guests. As for trips there are a dozen of them and many take them all; families riding side by side; not alone the view, but often a summit lunch, the delights of these novel outings. Or, possibly, one goes late and lingers for the sunset or, perhaps, camps above the clouds and waits for the sunrise.

Late arrivals joining the great colony gathered here include: Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Woodruff of Atlanta, Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Gilpin, Mrs. William M. Taylor of Philadelphia, Miss Adams, Miss S. B. McColla and Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Saunders of New York; Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Ingraham of St. Augustine, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick P. Stearns and Ralph H. Stearns of Boston.



Fear the Flying Machine

The effect of the flying machine upon animals and birds is varied. Horses as a rule, fear it with an awful fear while cows ignore it and hogs gallop madly, regardless. Birds flee wildly with startled cries and fowls slink to cover as the big "hawk" approaches.

IN OPEN AT POLAND SPRING

Week Inaugurates More Important Golf and Tennis Championships and Various August Activities

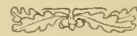


SPORTS in the open air are claiming visitors at Poland Spring, large galleries gathering to follow play in the women's tennis tournament which concluded Saturday; Miss Gladys Robbins of New York, winning the final from Miss Anna Lec of Newark, 8-10, 7-5, 6-2. Handicap match play against bogey, for a trophy offered by Mrs. W. F. Burrowes of Chicago, was an easy victory for Horace B. Ingalls of Swampscott, five up. Mortimer M. Singer of New York, George H. Gonger, H. M. Harrison and H. G. Hornfields of Montclair, and Col. Rogers Birnie of Governors' Island, were all close in at the finish, Mrs. S. M. Inman of Atlanta, and Paul Harrison of Montclair, divided honors in an amusing "obstacle" putting competition, with I. W. Chick of Boston, a close second. Miss Helen P. Dixon of Wallingford and Mrs. H. A. Dodge of Newark, were also trophy winners; Miss Grace Rogers of New York, who established a consolation bogey of one hundred and twenty-one, also being remembered. The entrance was very large.

The "national game," baseball, is claiming its share of attention, the "guest" team frequently crossing bats with the "bell hops." Dr. P. H. Adams of New York, and W. F. Burrowes, Jr., of Chicago, make up the battery, Howard Holton of Philadelphia, Howard Van Nostrand of Boston, and A. F. Tunell of New York, on the bases, William C. Rehn of Philadelphia, at short, and John Holton and Allan Pettit of Philadelphia, and Hathaway Watson of Chicago, in the field. Interest of the week centered in the annual golf championship for the "Chick" cup, and for the coming week, the women's

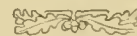
championship for the "Ivers" cup is scheduled. Men's handicap tennis singles and numerous informal social affairs will mark midseason's activities.

Prominent among recent visitors was President Hamilton of Tufts College, who spent several days here as a guest of Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Rieker. Mr. and Mrs. George W. Elkins, of Elkins Park, Pa., are welcomed back. Others who remain throughout the month include Mr. and Mrs. Louis Ayres, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Graham of Philadelphia, Mr. and Mrs. Lyman Blair of Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Dodge of Jamestown, Pa., Mr and Mrs George Enger and the Misses Enger of South Orange, Mr and Mrs. F. C. Ranley, and Mr. J. D Herreshoff of New York, Mr. and Mrs. M. W. Johnson of Boston, Mr and Mrs. F. W. Kavanaugh of Waterford, Mr. and Mrs. William Sleicher of Troy, Miss Marguerite Boughton of Trenton, Miss Martha Berry and Mr. John J. Eagan of Atlanta, Messrs. S. H. Harrison, Paul Harrison, S. H. Harris, of Montclair.



Weird, Fascinating, Alluring

"Doan' tell mah erbout no mo' mirakles," commented Uncle Charlie, returning to Aunt Betsy when the exhibition flight was over, "fur I dun seed de buzz buzzard!" And here you have it; the first impression of a first flight: weird, fascinating, alluring!



Miles. From Bangor

"Sure an' they hain't got nothin' on Moike," commented Pat. "Seed er milestone, down ther rud, doffs his cap an' sez riverently: 'Tread loigaty Patty; hoire lois ther daid. His aige wuz foirty an' his noime, Moiles, from Bangor!'"



"WONDROUS CHARM WHICH WE HAVE KNOWN ONLY IN DETAIL"

TOURISTS AT WENTWORTH

Ten Hundred and Ninety-eight Automobilists Register
At New Castle During the Past Two Weeks



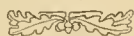
MOTOR touring is now at its height at The Wentworth. Sunday's registrations pushing the total number of tourist guests entertained during thirteen days of the month up to one thousand and ninety-eight, and who came in two hundred and sixty-two cars, or an average of eighty-four people daily. During July five hundred and fifteen cars brought two thousand and sixty-nine people, a notable increase over previous years. From all sections they come, some idea of the territory represented being gained by the more distant of Sunday's registrations: Mrs. H. M. Francis, Miss Bannis, New York, (Columbus); Mr. and Mrs. Burt Van Horn, Miss Claire M. Howland, Miss Natalie B. Howard, New York, (Rambler); Mr. and Mrs. Harry W. Konwenhoven, Mr. and Mrs. Peter W. Konwenhoven, Miss H. Ethel Konwenhoven, New York, (Peerless); Mr. and Mrs. William G. Taylor, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Charles K. Lukins, Philadelphia, (Marmon); Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Speck, Pittsburgh, Miss Stella Ford, Detroit, Mr. Howard Ballantyne, Miss Dorothy Ballantyne, Pittsburgh, (Packard); Col. and Mrs. W. D. Durbin, Indiana, Mr. F. M. Durbin, Indianapolis, (Packard-Ideal); Mr. C. E. Bushnell, Mr. G. J. Merrill, Mr. W. G. Zoller, Mr. J. A. Jacobs, Chicago, (Packard); Mr. and Mrs. Schmur, Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Voegelé, Mansfield, (Peerless); Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Mareau, Brooklyn, (Locomobile); Mr. and Mrs. B. B. Thresher, Mr. B. Alden, Dayton, (Cadillac); Mrs. H. S. Young, Mrs. William H. Simmons, Mr. F. W. Simmons, Toledo, (Stevens); Mr. and Mrs. R. McAllister, Mr. R. McAllister, Jr., Atlantic City, (Royal Tourist); Mr. and

Mrs. J. C. Steenwitz, Dr. and Mrs. E. A. Kent, New York, (Velie); Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Church, Mr. Reginald R. Church, Miss Katharine Church, Pittsburgh, (Peerless), in the big list. Some linger only for lunch, dinner or the night, while others remain several days, enjoying trips to nearby points of interest. The number of guests who bring their cars is also very large, the daily "spin" replacing the usual drive of "former days" with coach and four.

Among many pleasant affairs was a dinner and dance tendered to some thirty members of the cottage colony of York Beach by Mr. W. G. Bowdoin of Baltimore. Motor boating, moonlight parties and all-day picnics have resulted in the addition of another boat to The Wentworth fleet; one of the most enjoyable parties of the week, a visit to the battleships at the Navy Yard, with Mrs. J. W. Hollis of Cambridge, as the hostess. Songs by Mrs. Hessem-De-Moss of New York, contributed much to the pleasure of Sunday's religious services, conducted by Bishop W. A. Leonard of Ohio. For the immediate future, golf and tennis tournaments are planned, in addition to midseason's more formal events. Among the notable visitors of the week was Mr. Charles J. Glidden, who made an interesting test of his heliograph between the hotel and the Isles of Shoals, eight miles distant. Mrs. L. G. Beckman of Burlington, Miss Jennie Winn of Chicago, and Miss G. T. Rowland of New York, are among those who have taken up riding.

Late arrivals who will remain sometime include Mr. George McAnnery, Mr. Samuel W. McAnnery and Mr. N. D. Nenkin of New York; Mr. and Mrs. John B. Coekran, Miss Harriet K. Coekran, Mrs. George G. Coekran, Mrs. S. A. Bigelow, and Miss Dorris Bigelow of

Cleveland, Mrs. W. E. Schweppe and Miss Schweppe of Los Angeles; Mrs. J. Otis Smith of Pasadena, Mrs. Mary E. Lull of Dubuque, Mrs. G. W. Clark of Toronto, Mrs. W. M. Whaley, Miss Mary Whaley, Miss Dolly Whaley and Miss Elizabeth Whaley of Norfolk, Mrs. Clayton Giles and Miss Merchison of Wilmington, N. C., Mrs. Flora Reed of Syracuse, Mrs. William J. Taylor, and Miss Taylor of Philadelphia, Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Hancock of Baltimore, Mr. and Mrs. Channing Smith, Worcester.



RANGELEY'S WATER CARNIVAL

First of What Promises to be Annual Event Announced for Thursday

The entire Rangeley Lake section is anticipating the first of what promises to be an annual water carnival, is announced for Thursday next, aquatic sports in the morning, followed by a parade and motor boat handicap in the afternoon. Dr. B. Franklin Stahl is the active head of the large committee in charge, and numerous prizes have been offered, among them a permanent trophy by Mr. W. R. Eisenhower, who also gives one for this season's winner, and seven medals for the winners of various events presented by Mr. Heyl. The week has been a merry one for the younger set, with its most delightful affair Friday evening's straw ride to Dallas Hill, and the attendant feast of substantial, prepared by the veteran woods' chef, Nate Albee. Announcement is made that over \$700 was added to the Library fund as result of the recent fair.

Match play for the J. S. Jones' cup, inaugurated the more important of the August golf tournaments at the Lake house, J. W. F. Kennedy of the Commonwealth club, winning the final round from H. M. Maris, of the Merion Cricket club, with a nine and seven victory. In the semi-final, Mr. Kennedy defeated W. A. Bedell of Mt. Vernon, five and four, and Mr. Maris won from E. Osterholt of New York, by six and five. In qualification, C. R.

Folsom of Commonwealth, whose handicap was thirty led with a net score of seventy-four; E. S. Crocker of Alpine (10), second in seventy-six, S. King, of the Essex County Country club (20), and Mr. Kennedy (4), tied for third at seventy-seven, and C. E. Synnott of the Woodbury Country club (12), fourth in eighty. In the weekly medal play handicap, Mr. King, with an allowance of twenty, was first in seventy-two; Leonard Wood of Buffalo (20), second in seventy-five, with Mr. Osterholt (12), third in seventy-seven. Mrs. J. T. Richards of Philadelphia, was the winner of a women's putting contest for a trophy presented by Mrs. C. H. Wood of Buffalo. Men's singles and mixed doubles tennis tournaments are in progress. Summer fishing is excellent but the wilderness ponds are mainly sought by anglers, Kennebago the favorite. There the little fellows rise to the fly in schools and the limit of catches may be truthfully said to be the angler's endurance. The number killed, however, is small.



The Office Boy's Lament

hiho! The pleasant days are gone
 and summer claps the Blower on
 The editors are feigning deth
 and the offis boy pants hard for breth
 the drone of faos is on the air
 and news There aint nunn Anywhere
 The shouting and the tumult cease
 the hookworm is the King of beasts
 alas for vigilance that Keeps
 the wurld informed It sweetly sleeps
 And nothing very urgent seems
 tew nar the spirit of Its dreams
 the moving finger rites And then
 the riter Dozes off again
 And what is oew in statesmanship
 or war nobody gives a Rip.
 or what has happened or may Hap
 the editors dont care a rap
 The only thing that matters now
 is keeping boys employed Somehow
 or is it cold Or is it Hot
 a boy must keep upon the Trot
 and let him tarry Twenty meo
 wake Up and start him On again
 a editur would rather drown
 Than let an offis boy slow down
 o merciless—and—Bitter—cu-u-u-p—
 * * *
 dogoo the luck Who woke me Up!

MANY DIVERSIONS AT KINEO

Motor Boating, Golf, Tennis, Shooting and Baseball Claim Attention of Visitors at Moosehead



THE WEEK has been one with every moment occupied at Moosehead, motor boating, golf, tennis, and baseball combining happily with numerous social pleasures; the boat races, as usual, claiming the attention of the section. Arranged to provide entertainment in view of the postponement of the women's race for the Waring trophy, the field got a bit the best of the handicap committee, and C. A. Conklin of Atlanta, was an easy winner in his new speed boat, the Danny. George M. Thornton of Pawtucket, finished second in the Edimar; the balance of the field making a pretty fight for third position, and C. M. Clark in the Kin-nah-beh, leading Arthur B. Waring in the Ioneta, by a small margin. Presiding at the afternoon tea which followed were Mrs. George M. Thornton of Pawtucket, and Mrs. A. W. Sheaffer of Pottsville. Miss Clarice Paterson driving her mother's boat, Damiante, was last week's winner.

Chapin Marcus of New York, and G. Allen Smith of Philadelphia, divided honors in men's singles tennis for cups offered by Mrs. John Gilbert of Philadelphia, and women's singles for trophies presented by Mrs. Paterson, are in progress. Master Lamar Seeligson of San Antonio, defeated Mr. Courtney Day of South Orange, in the final of a putting competition, for cups offered by Mrs. Paterson. Mrs. W. A. Sanford of New York, was also a winner in a similar contest. Baseball enthusiasm runs high, the guests' team including: Chapin Marcus of New York, Charles M. DuPuy of Pittsburg, Junior Lee of Pottsville, Lamar Seeligson of San Antonio, Hurd Hutchins of Boston, W. C. Allison, Warden McLean, W. L. McLean, jr., and G. Allen Smith of Philadelphia.

Socially, many affairs informal in their character, have been much enjoyed, among them an evening campfire, supper at Socatean stream as guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Clark, the group including Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Dean, Mr. Howard Dean, Miss Ruth Dean, Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Milligan, Mr. F. C. Milligan of Elizabeth, Miss Katherine Clark, Master Charles Clark, Miss Helen Stotesbury and Miss Lucy Seeligson. Dr. and Mrs. S. MacCuen Smith of Philadelphia, were hosts at an all-day picnic, their guests Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Rogers and Mrs. W. S. Sillocks. Rear-Commodore and Mrs. Arthur B. Waring of Yonkers, gave the most elaborate of the Yacht Club dinners for Mr. and Mrs. Howard Scribner, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Tenney, Mrs. M. D. Paterson, Judge and Mrs. A. W. Seeligson, and Col. and Mrs. C. A. Judkins. Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Sheaffer of Pottsville, were hosts at a delightful card party and dance, and Judge and Mrs. Seeligson dined a party of twelve at the Club.

The wilderness is claiming many and the number of equestrians is gradually increasing. Mrs. Stan-Tyson, Miss Meyer, Miss Gertrude Coleman, and Messrs. E. S. Kinley and Morgan Schiller, recent additions to the merry group. Mr. and Mrs. Howard Scribner and Mr. and Mrs. Daniel G. Tenney of New York are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur B. Waring. Mr. A. F. C. Milligan of Elizabeth, is a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Clark. Miss Evelyn Sears, Miss Frances P. Sears and Mr. Richard Sears of Boston, were recent visitors. Mr. and Mrs. William Negley of San Antonio, join friends Mr. and Mrs. Herbert DuPuy and the Misses DuPuy, and Mr. and Mrs. C. M. DuPuy and children, are the latest additions to the cottage colony.



"AN EXQUISITE MONOTONE IN LOW RELIEF"

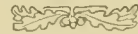
WAUMBEK'S BANNER WEEK

Annual Amateur White Mountain Golf Championship Starts Thursday

The week to come will be a banner one at Waumbek, attention occupied with the annual White Mountain golf championship scheduled for Thursday, Friday and Saturday; the premier event of the entire season throughout the White Hills. Details of arrangement are under the general supervision of the Golf Clubs' officers: President William D'Olier, Vice-President Mark S. Willing, Secretary A. T. Compton, Treasurer A. E. Todd, Captain J. Courtney Punderford, Governors J. Robinson Beard, Charles L. Raymond and Albert N. Reed, and Greens Committee A. J. McClure and Tonzo Sauvage. The trophies which have been on exhibition for some weeks past, are a glittering array and advance entries assure one of the fastest and classiest fields in history. Four divisions are provided for in cups for qualification and handicap scores, division winners and runners-up, and consolation division winners.

Socially, affairs are many. Mr. and Mrs. Luther Martin reviving coaching; hosts on a twenty-mile trip with Mrs. George A. Suter, the Misses Suter, Frances Fox, Gladys Bacon, Marguerite Bacon, Lillian Crail, Dr. L. A. Salisbury, Mr. Norton P. Otis and Mr. Andrew Shiland as their guests. The younger set is making much of dancing, the Misses Estelle and Marguerite Suter, Katherine McCook, Elizabeth Sabin, Mary Biggs, Gertrude Foos, Dorothy Linn, Elsie and Virginia Forrest, Marjorie and Adelaide Browning, Harriet Lummis, Lillian Crail, Dorothy and Winifred Ward, and Messrs. Andrew R. Shiland, Alexander T. Compton, Jr.,

Warren Ward, Norton Polis, John Biggs, Jr., Albert Ritchie, Lewis Earle, Evans Earle, Evans Ward, Charles D. Sabin, Jr., and Dr. L. A. Salisbury forming a congenial group. Mrs. Andrew Shiland and Miss Caroline Harmon were hostesses at putting and tea; Mrs. Tonzo Sauvage, Miss Gladys Bacon, Mr. Albert Ritchie and Mr. John Lummis the prize winners. Many handsome prizes have been given for similar contests, the list of donors including: Mrs. Tonzo Sauvage, Mrs. B. Sterling Botome, Mrs. Walter Smith, Mrs. Henry A. Blair, Miss Alice D'Olier, Bishop J. M. Francis, Messrs. Cabot J. Morse, William D'Olier, George A. Suter and Andrew R. Shiland. Messrs. Andrew R. Shiland and Warren L. Wood were hosts at a Bohemian room supper, their guests: the Misses Katherine McCook, Harriet Lummis, Adelaide and Marjorie Browning, Marie Vietor and Elizabeth Sabin and Messrs. Charles D. Sabin, Jr., William Lummis, Jr., and Fritz Vietor. Master C. Edgarton Warburton entertained his young friends with a corn roast at Onaway, the cottage of Mrs. John Wanamaker of Philadelphia.



August Fishing at Belgrade Lakes

Elsewhere fishing comes and fishing goes, but at Belgrade Lakes—like the Kennebec—it goes on forever. Even when August is unusually warm the sport is excellent, but this year with an over-abundance of cool days, it has been exceptional. A catch of fifty or sixty bass is the average, and one angler took one hundred and fifty in a day's fishing recently. The average weight also is large, one string of five weighing fifteen pounds. A number of fine perch, trout, and pickerel are being caught. Golf, tennis and boating also claim attention.





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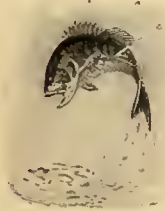
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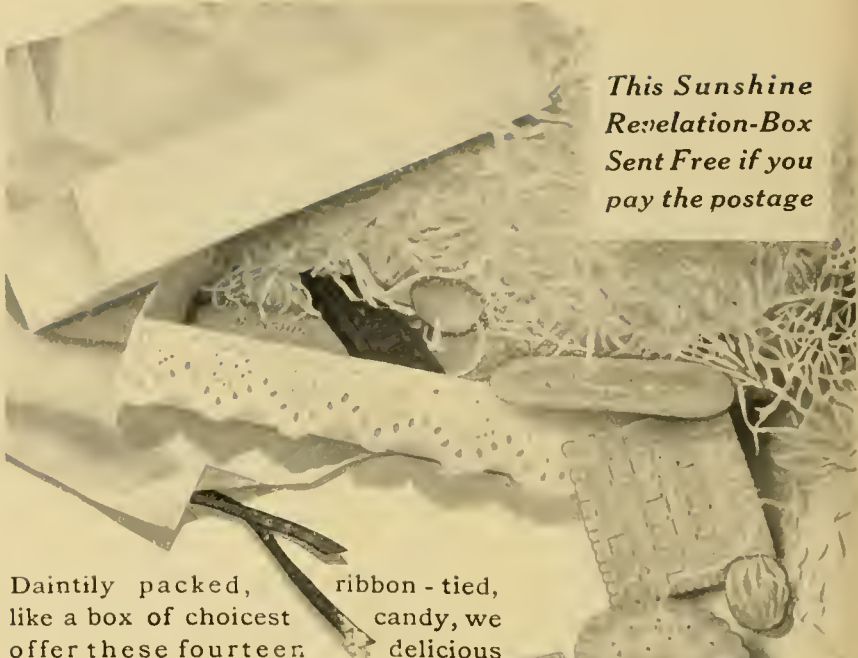
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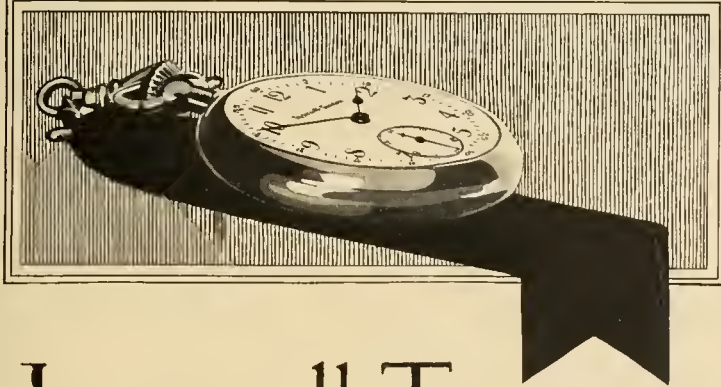
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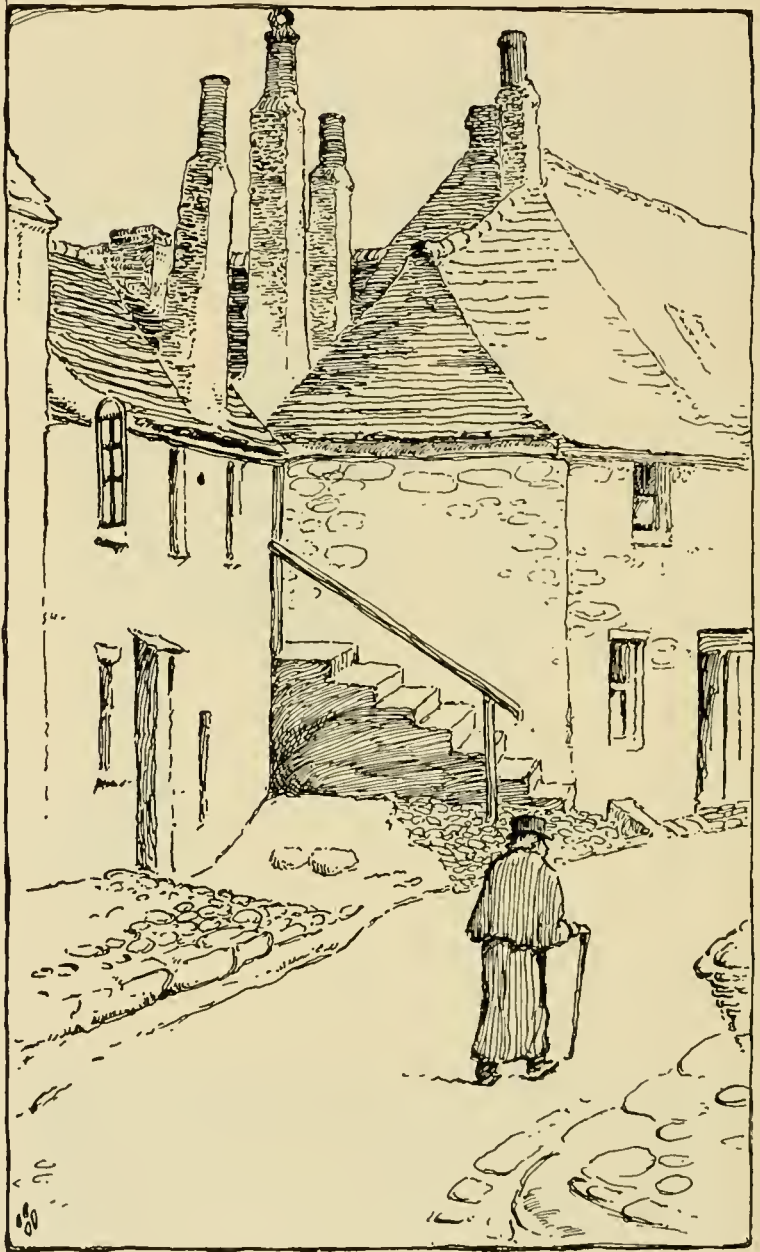
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"NOT THE PLACES ONE VISITS"



NORTHWARD-HO!



A WEEKLY MAGAZINE OF NEWS

SATURDAY, AUGUST 26, 1911

VOL. VII

No. 6

ON THE ROAD WITH SOUSA

People Not Places



IT IS NOT the places one visits or the things one sees which remain when the bugle sounds the furlough. Consequently, these "Tales of the Road" have mainly to do with people, the types which impress themselves indelibly upon memory, for in all quarters of the globe one finds humanity much the same; Music like Art, the universal language. ¶ Shortly after my arrival at a favorite retreat where I had gone for rest and quiet, I was waited on by a young mountaineer: "Mr. Sousa," he began, "of course we know you are at the head of a great band, and we also know you are very fond of shooting, and so I have come to make a proposition. Our band here is going to give a concert next Monday night, and our big piece—the one we've been working on for a long time—is Bucalossi's 'Hunting Scene.' We can't make the thing go. It seems to be too much for us. But the boys want to do it, and I come to ask you to give us a lesson. If you consent, I promise you as fine a day's pheasant and squirrel shooting as you ever had in your life." ¶ The prospect was alluring. I found a band of eighteen or twenty pieces. Going over "the big piece," a combination of chaos and pandemonium reigned, before the final movement was reached. No man seemed to be able to play the notes, read his part, or interpret the composition; the weirdest attempt at anything musically harmonious I had ever heard. I remarked that I thought it very foolish for them to at-

tempt the composition, but the band mildly insisted that they had bought the score, wanted to play it, knew there would be great disappointment among the folks if they didn't, and begged me to do the best I could. ¶ Those familiar with the piece will remember that it contains suggestion of the eager barking of the dogs and winds up with a quick movement, representing the chase. ¶ "Gentlemen," I said, "you know one of the features of this composition is the realistic effect, simulating the barking of the fox-hounds. I have noticed that each of you proceeds one, two, three or four bars more, then gets hopelessly lost, and now I would suggest that each of you gentlemen"—this in my most persuasive and conciliatory manner—"when he breaks down in his part, set up a barking and bark until the end of the piece. I will play bass drum and so long as I strike the drum, you keep on barking." On the night of the concert the leader rapped for attention, and the first movement of the Hunting Scene began—which, as everybody knows, represents morning. Morning dawned for about five bars, when in the direction of the fourth horn came: "Bow-wow-wow!" and a second later, an answering "Bow-wow!" from the second trombone. By the time the last movement was reached only one of the players was left. He soon ceased, and then the leader lost his place and was "bow-wow-ing" while I whacked the drum as loudly as I could. ¶ There have been instances when I have played the national anthem, in which the intensity of public feeling and



patriotism of the audiences evoked great enthusiasm. I can remember, however, no instance where the piece was received with greater acclaim than in Russia. When I reached my dressing-room, I was waited upon by the secretary of the prefect of the city, who requested that I open my performance with the Russian national anthem. "And if it meets with a demonstration, will you kindly repeat it?" I said I would. "And," continued he, "if it meets with a further demonstration, will you repeat it again?" I acquiesced. The audience consisted almost entirely of members of the nobility and the military, with their wives, sweethearts, sons, and daughters. At the playing of the first note the entire audience rose and every man, almost all in uniform, came to a salute. At the end of the anthem there was great applause, and we were called upon to play the air in all, four times. ¶ On retiring to my dressing-room at the end of the first part, I was again visited by the secretary who told me it was the wish of the prefect that I begin the second part of my programme with the national anthem of America, the "Star Spangled Banner," and that he would have an official announce the name and sentiment of the song. Before we began our second part, a tall Russian explained the name and character of the words of the piece, and I have never heard more sincere or lasting applause for any musical number than that which greeted us. We were compelled to repeat it no less than four times, with every one in the vast hall standing and the military men in the attitude of salute. I am also sure that no body of musicians ever played a piece with more fervor, dignity, and spirit than our boys did that stirring music in the capital of the far away Russian empire. ¶ I found the leader of the village orchestra in the paint shop and asked if he could supply ten men. "Many ez yer want." "How much?" "Two dollars er skull." "Well, I want ten skulls: one first skull, one second skull, viola, 'cello and bass skulls, for the strings; flute, clarinet, cornet and trombone skulls, for the wind, and a drum skull besides." "Stranger," was his response, "Yer don't want eny first fid, an' yer don't want eny violy or celly, an' yer don't want no flute; 'caise we ain't got 'em." * * * That evening I found the orchestra assembled in the music room under the stage. "Yer moight ez well know ther boys," said the leader, "allow me ter interduce Professor Smith, our second fid; Professor Brown, our clarinet player; Professor Perkins, our bull fid; Professor Jones, who agitates ther pipe organ ivories; Professors Jim and Bill Simpson, solo and first cornet; Professor Reed, who whacks ther bull drum, an' yours truly, solo trombone." * * * Producing my overture, I explained it, saying that it had met with great favor. "I ain't sayin' thet's so er not, but it won't go hyah." "But you have have never heard it." I expostulated, "you know nothing about it. I can assure you it is all right." "It mout be all right in Chicagy er Boston, but it won't go hyah. I got ther overtur' thet our people wants an' thet's ther

one we air goin' ter play." "But I think——," I began. "Don't think," said the leader, putting his hand on my shoulder, "jess make up yer mind that we air goin' ter play our overtur.'" * * * And they played it, played it in ten different keys, ten different tunes, finishing one by one. Annoyed beyond endurance, I rushed down the center aisle to the manager's office. "Call the constable and put them out," was his curt response. "And," I continued, "these men told me they never rehearsed!" "Right," responded the manager, "if they did they'd never get a chance to play!"

¶ "Look!" I said, "Look at that table! That man, apparently a gentleman, has just finished his dinner and what does he do but hand a quarter to the colored man who is waiting on him." "Well, what of it?" queried my companion. "What of it!" I answered, "It's horrible. In my country, when a colored man has the privilege of waiting on a gentleman, the colored man, at the end of the meal, gives the white man a quarter." "Whar did youh say dat wuz, boss?" queried the waiter. "In Senegambia," I replied. "Wall, dis darkey takes de cyars de udder way." ¶ I had, indeed, shot very poorly; even the dog had begun to eye me sidewise as they frequently do. "Massa Sousa," commented Sam, my colored guide, "youh gun am out ob tune!" ¶ While waiting for my train, I strolled down the railway platform. Presently a lady much out of breath, noticing my uniform, stopped opposite me demanding: "When does the next train leave for Hoboken?" "I do not know," was my response. "Aren't you a conductor?" she snapped back, impatiently. "I am, but only of a brass band." ¶ The southern native types are always interesting and in my jaunts I have met many odd characters, but none more quaint than the Cracker who sold a farm, on which \$100,000 was afterwards taken in free gold, for \$100. "Unfortunately indeed," I sympathized. "Wall, mout be 'twas, mout be 'twasn't," he meditated: "but thet hund'ed didn't las' lon' an' I reckon I ain't been pestered eny seence!"

¶ I have been held up by autograph hunters in Berlin, Paris and London for an hour after a concert, but never to the same extent as at Indianapolis during one of the State Fairs. At our concert they had a choir of children, hundreds and hundreds of them, and to add to the picturesqueness of the occasion they were in white, even to the little jockey cap. At the close of the performance, a mite of girl poked her cap up to me: "Please, Mr. Sousa, will you write your name on the peak of my cap?" Others followed in natural sequence and I worked on those peaks for two hours. Beginning with "John Philip Sousa," I ran down through "John P. Sousa," "J. P. Sousa," and "J. Sousa," to just plain "Sousa!" ¶ "Fame" is, indeed, not without its rewards. Shortly after reaching my apartments in a French hotel, an obsequious steward entered, howing low: "I greet ze great Sousair; hees wish ees my pleasair." Just at that particular moment the wish was intensely material. "Fruit," I said, "Have you peaches?" He had two. The check was for the equivalent of \$2.00!



ALL MAPLEWOOD GATHERS

Open Air Gun Club Tea and Midsummer Hop Round
Out Days Suggestive of Early Autumn



THE FIRST faint breath of early Autumn is in the air at Maplewood, subtle tints upon maples, purple tones upon hills; a twang in the air and a glitter in the sunshine. Nature beckons and mankind yields, for what days compare with these which mark September's glory? In happy relation with the season was the largest of the summer's teas, served on the lawns surrounding the Gun Club and enjoyed by several hundred guests, many from points round about. Like the first night at an art exhibit the crowd gathered for a purpose, the presentation of prizes; but like the first night it was to see and be seen, to enjoy the companionship of congenial people and no affair of the year has been more enjoyable. There were music and flowers also and when twilight fell many still lingered. ¶ Rounding out the day was the midsummer hop enjoyed by Mr. and Mrs. Pearl Wight, Mrs. W. T. Dunsbaugh, Mrs. John Kent and Miss Ethel Pentee. Mr. and Mrs. William J. Milne, Miss Milne, Mr. and Mrs. John G. Stearns, Mr. and Mrs. John Stoddard, Mrs. Alger Gildersleeve, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. O. H. Harriman, Miss Zaidee Harriman, Mr and Mrs. A. A. Maxwell, Mr. and Mrs. Franklin D. Mooney, Mr. and Mrs. John A. Greene, Mr. and Mrs. Underwood Hasero, Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Westervelt, Mr. and Mrs. E. Bachiller, Mrs. G. H. Wyckoff, Mrs. John Dyer, Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Andrews, Mr. and Mrs. G. G. Evans, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Atwood, Jr.; Mr. and Mrs. Albert L. Calder, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Davidson, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Lynch, the Misses Irene and Katherine Lynch, Mr. and Mrs. R. Jay Walsh, Mrs. S. M. Mathews, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Mathews, Mr. and Mrs. S. L.

Peck, Mr. and Mrs. George T. Pearson, Mrs. M. L. Wyckoff, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Bragdon, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Burgess, Mr. and Mrs. George T. Moon, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Moses, Mrs. R. E. Archibald, Mrs. H. E. Wall, Mrs. W. W. Owens, Mrs. Henry Meeker, Miss Hazel Meeker, and Mr. Edward Meeker, the Misses Katherine and Suzanne Cawley, Marjorie Garland, Bertha Skimmer, Gladys Moon, Katherine Rothschild, Eleanor Agnew, Othilla Bachiller and Helen Smith.

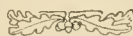
¶ No longer "nymphs" or "satyrs" participants in last week's baseball burlesque gathered round the banquet board to eat, drink and be merry, an evening long to be remembered; even the umpire forgotten; the week of gayety concluding with to-night's dance at the Casino. ¶ Golf, tennis, riding and the open air claim many, motor tourists from far away California and Florida mingling with the scores which come from all points of the compass. ¶ Late arrivals who remain some time include: Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Holt of Quebec, H. A. Storer of Cambridge, Miss Addie Halstead of Brooklyn, Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Hopkins of Melrose, and Miss Nettles of Boston. Miss Margaret V. McManus, Mr. and Mrs. R. N. Hall of Brockton, Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Rice, Mrs. E. Hall, Mr. W. M. Mich and W. P. Rice, Mr. and Mrs. M. M. Davis, Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Sheehan, Miss Helen M. Sheehan, Miss Mildred T. Fraser, Mr. and Mrs. O. H. Harriman, Miss Zaidee Harriman and Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Owens of New York, Mr. William E. Allen, Mr. Elijah Allen, Mrs. John Dyer of Providence, Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Phelps, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Pritchard of North Adams, Mrs. Charles N. Finch, Miss Marjorie Finch of Summit, N. J.; Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Evans, Mr. and Mrs. P. A. Evans.

THE WANDERER'S WELCOME

Tin Horn Brass Band Greets Mr. Alfred Batcheller's Return to Profile

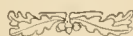
The new baseball diamond at Profile, is a popular feature with the younger set which finds daylight hours far too short. Golf and tennis also fill in the days for many with September anticipated by all, for the month will witness few departures. ¶ The week's merriest affair was the welcome accorded Mr. Alfred Batcheller who joins Mrs. Batcheller. Backgrouned by a real tin horn brass band, the reception committee including Rear Admiral W. H. Brownson and "aides" A. B. Twombly and Arthur Ryle, was lined up in state when the tired train pulled in, to greet the much surprised wanderer. Then majestically along the shady board walk into the sunlit open moved the conclave to "Georgia's" stirring notes. Yes, the leader positively insisted that was the tune played; an unabridged edition undoubtedly. ¶ Gathered on the verandas were loyal subjects with Mrs. A. B. Twombly and Miss Grace Edwards as flower girls to give greeting and make the path of the prodigal one of roses. Then greetings and happy repartee from friends and acquaintances including: Mr. and Mrs. John C. Lappin, General and Mrs. W. N. P. Darrow, Mrs. Blaine Ewing, Jr., Mrs. H. J. Riker, Miss Louise Jackson, Miss Paula Fleitman, Miss Gladys Jones, Miss Ruth Haskins, Miss Marjorie Motley, Messrs. Edward Jewett, J. B. Cornell, Irving H. Cornell, M. L. Cornell, H. L. Fleitman, Frank Raymond, Daniel Riker and Hubert McDonnell, and the distribution of R. B. W. A. badges of scarlet and gold as souvenirs of a tribute to one whose presence among the colony is welcome. ¶ Socially, the week's affairs were many, Mrs. C. N. Haskins, Mrs. Ewald Fleitman, Mrs. Walter G. Oakman and Mrs. Twombly among the hostesses. ¶ Mrs. Townsend Ashmore of New York, is visiting Mrs. Jackson at her cottage. Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Goodwin have Miss Augusta Williams at their summer home,

and General and Mrs. W. N. P. Darrow are entertaining Mr. R. H. Laurence. Mrs. A. C. Smith of Omaha, joins her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. White. Others at the White cottage are Mr. A. C. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. George J. Putnam, Miss Smith and Mr. J. H. W. Smith. Mr. and Mrs. Phelps Montgomery are joined by Miss Elsa Montgomery, Miss Marjorie Montgomery, Miss Elizabeth Barrett and Mr. John Phelps Montgomery, of New Haven. Mrs. C. S. Holmes is a guest at the Brownson cottage and Mr. and Mrs. Dwight A. Jones of New York, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Irwin H. Cornell. Late arrivals: Mrs. George A. Adee, Mr. and Mrs. John H. Hanan, Mr. Frederick H. Ward, Miss Florence Ward and Mrs. John A. Emory of New York, Dr. Elmer A. Sheels, Mr. Elmer A. Sheels, Jr., Mrs. Lawrence Griffith, Miss Laurie B. Griffith, Miss Kate H. Griffith, Yonkers; Mr. and Mrs. Graham Sumner, Englewood; Mr. and Mrs. James Stokes, Montreal; Mr. George G. Osgood, Hopedale; Miss S. G. Haydock, Mr. and Mrs. Charles P. Hoyt, Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Simms, Miss B. D. Simms, Philadelphia; Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Bonaparte, Baltimore; Mr. and Mrs. Preston Lea, Miss L. C. Lea, Wilmington, and Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Wentworth, Paris.



Yacht Club Elects Officers

The annual meeting of the Moosehead Lake Yacht Club resulted in the choice of the following officers: Commodore John Reilly, Jr., New York; Vice-Commodore W. L. Sheafer, Pottsville; Rear Commodore, Arthur B. Waring, Yonkers; Treasurer, C. A. Judkins, Kineo; Secretary, G. E. Cooley, New York; Trustees (three years), C. M. Clark, Stanton I. Hanson, Howard A. Colby; Walton Ferguson, Jr., and Dr. S. MacCuen Smith.



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AQUATIC SPORTS ENJOYED

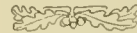
Novel and Varied Program Provides Excitement and Amusement for Guests at New Castle



EASILY the season's most interesting entertainment at The Wentworth was Monday afternoon's aquatic sports, and enjoyed by the entire colony; the novel and varied program concluding with an exhibition by swimming master Henry V. O'Day, who had the affair in charge. The program included thirty-five yard races, regular, side stroke and back stroke, an under water swim, one hundred and forty yard swim for the masters, thirty-five yard side and back stroke races for the misses with novelties in the form of sack canoe and obstacle races and a "Monte Christo sack dive;" excitement and amusement happily combined. ¶ In the final summing up Joseph P. Hanlon and Robert Babcock were the leaders among the masters; Miss Jessie Winn and Miss Viola Van Noort tying among the misses and the committees awarding two prizes. Other contestants were Miss Edwena Hanlon, Miss Helen Hanlon, Edward Hanlon, Whitney Bouden, Jr., Perry Breck and Dr. O. B. Ross. ¶ Mr. Henry W. Baldwin acted as referee and starter, Mr. E. S. Booth as announcer, and Messrs. J. E. Bouden, Jr., and Edward Hanlon as scorers. Already a demand for a repetition of the program is general. ¶ Golf, tennis and riding all claim devotees.

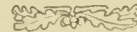
¶ Bridge, dinners and dancing are filling in many pleasant evenings and motor boating also continues popular. Among others who have entertained with trips to the Isles of Shoals and the Navy Yard, is Mr. Winthrop M. Crane, Jr., son of Senator and Mrs. W. Murray Crane of Dalton, who are late arrivals. ¶ Postmaster General and Mrs. Hitchcock were recent visitors. Others who remain some time include: Mr. and

Mrs. R. Billings, Mr. and Mrs. V. W. Gunther, Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Babbage, Mrs. E. S. Luther, Mrs. Roland Redmond of New York, Mrs. T. I. Rushmore of Hempstead, Mrs. J. Van Noort and Miss Viola Van Noort of Paterson, Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Showell, Mr. E. B. Showell, Jr., Mrs. R. G. Cook and the Misses Cook, and Mr. C. Newbold Taylor of Philadelphia, Mrs. J. S. Gilman, Mrs. D'Arcy Paul, and Miss Nannie Miller of Baltimore, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. McVitty of Bryn Mawr, Mr. and Mrs. William A. Hoyt of Kansas City, Mr. Edmund Clark and Mr. D. E. Stone of Cleveland, Mrs. William Hunt Perry and Miss Mayhew of Bridgeport, Dr. O. T. Osborne of New Haven, Dr. C. S. Rodman of Waterbury, Dr. and Mrs. O. B. Sanders of Boston, Mrs. Fredk. Carter and Mr. F. L. Carter, Winchester.



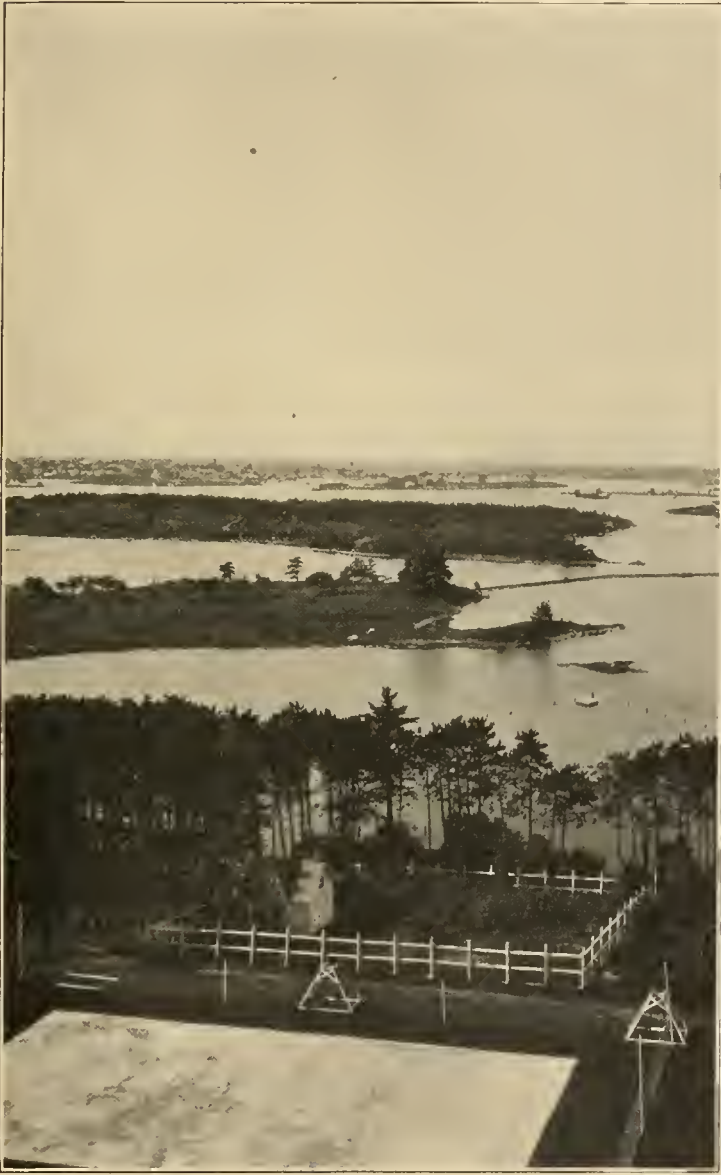
Across the Continent

Not many years ago a cross-the-continent automobile trip would have caused as much of a sensation as Atwood's aeroplane flight and yet, to-day, it causes little comment. At The Wentworth north, south, east and west is represented weekly, while the White Mountains and Poland Spring all get their share. Last week Mr. and Mrs. S. P. Coley of Santa Barbara were visitors and not long ago, Mooshead Lake was the destination point of a similar party. ¶ And presently won't "air cars" be doing much the same?



Secretary Knox at Belgrade

The return of Secretary of State and Mrs. Philander C. Knox, accompanied by Judge Joseph S. Young of Pittsburg, is again welcomed at Belgrade Lakes. The Senator is an enthusiastic angler and he finds the sport at its very best.



WHERE THE BATHERS FROLIC

ANNUAL GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP

John M. Ward Wins Both Match and Medal Honors With Record Rounds at Poland Spring



PLAYING in fast form John M. Ward, the Fox Hills expert, captured both qualification and match play honors in the annual Poland Spring golf championship, his progress in the nature of a triumphal march and his final a Waterloo over S. Raymond Harris of Montclair, 10 and 9. In the semi-final, Mr. Ward defeated Mortimer M. Singer of Montclair, 4 up and 3 to play; in the second round, W. F. Burrows of Chicago, 6 and 4, and in the first, H. P. Dixon of Springhaven, 4 and 3. Throughout Mr. Ward's play was consistent, his qualification seventy, a total which he also duplicated in Saturday's rounds, lowering the amateur record of the course, held jointly by Dr. W. S. Harban of Columbia, and W. C. Chick of Oakley, four strokes. ¶ Mr. Harris won his semi-final from Howard P. Holton of Philadelphia, 3 and 1, his second round from Dr. W. S. Harban of Columbia, by the same score, and his first, from E. C. Lewis of New York, 8 up and 6 to play. ¶ In the championship consolation, G. A. Hobart of Paterson, was the winner of the final round, defeating S. P. Holton of Philadelphia, 4 up and 2 to play. The closest match of the week was Mr. Hobart's semi-final with H. P. Dixon of Springhaven. At the turn Mr. Hobart was two holes to the good, but remarkable putts by Mr. Dixon squared matters shortly after, and Mr. Hobart gained the lead again on the seventeenth only to lose it again on the home green. A par three for the Paterson player, however, won the extra hole. ¶ Faxon Passmore of Philadelphia, defeated F. C. Henry of Washington, in consolation. ¶ The women's championship is now in progress. ¶ Saturday's "tombstone" or

"cemetery" medal play competition, provided no end of fun, its amusing feature the touching epitaphs which dotted the greens near the "Styx." Characteristic of their general style are the following:

Pause a moment to drop a tear;
His golfing hopes are lying here!
About His Game He Always Lied;
'Tis here, you'll note, that the Liar Died!
This little card deals with Fact;
A qualitee He Often Lact!
Stop a Moment, a Lesson Learn;
But, Perhaps, He's too Green to Burn!
He bravely fought, the end was sad;
The cup's not His—Indeed, too bad!
His drive was bad, his putt was bun;
And his language—well—'twas "goin' some!"

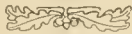
¶ Socially, numerous affairs have made the week a merry one, among them Tuesday evening's party at Oxford Springs as guests of Mr. E. R. Finch of New York, nearly sixty in the group. ¶ Mrs. S. M. Inman of Atlanta, was hostess on a similar affair at Dry Mills and the annual Fair in aid of the Chapel fund, Wednesday, was by far the largest event of the season. ¶ Mrs. C. A. Richards and Miss A. L. Richards of Boston, proved themselves charming hostesses at the most elaborate of the season's card parties; the guests numbering fifty and the decorations in exquisite harmony with the occasion. ¶ Midseason merrymaking among the younger set evinced itself in Monday's baseball burlesque between the young men and young women whose plans for the weeks to come leave few open dates upon the calendar. ¶ Late arrivals who remain some time include: Mrs. G. W. Coates, Miss Coates of Mobile, Miss Marguerite K. Tower of St. Louis, Miss Emma M. Scudder of Trenton, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Davis of Syracuse, Mr. and Mrs. P. W. Rice of Chicago, Mrs. E. H. Ogden and Mrs. C. W. Neven.

BRIDGE AT CRAWFORD'S

Largest Card Party of the Season Precedes Annual Charity Fete

Many pleasant informal affairs are contributing to the pleasure of August days at Crawford Notch, among the most enjoyable the first of the bridge parties in which fifty participated. Dainty prizes were awarded for the highest scores at the various tables, the prize winners: Mrs. Horace E. Wadlin, Mr. Herbert H. Darling, Mrs. Frederick Thompson, Mrs. F. Arnold, Mrs. Herbert Gleason, Miss C. Church, Miss E. Adams and Mrs. T. M. Emerson. ¶ Mrs. A. C. Neals was hostess at a large putting competition in which Mrs. Frederick Thompson and Miss Kate Halk were victorious, and Mrs. Alfred Skitt entertained in honor of her sister, Mrs. H. A. Holligan, and Miss Myra Louise Holligan. ¶ For the immediate future the annual Fete in aid of the Littleton Hospital is being anticipated, Mrs. W. A. Barron at the head of the active committee of arrangements.

¶ Late arrivals who remain some time include: Dr. and Mrs. L. M. Moon, T. Moon and Miss Amelia Fox of New York, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Stearns and child of Boston, Mr. and Mrs. Francis A. Foster and Mrs. Seth L. Sprague of Weston, Mrs. E. L. Pratt and Mr. Clarence A. Pratt of Brooklyn, Mr. and Mrs. George M. Baker and James E. Baker of Concord, Mr. and Mrs. Stephen E. Brooks of Cleveland, Joseph E. Mason of Providence, and Dr. Denman W. Ross of Harvard University. ¶ Golf and tennis lead among outdoor sports, while mountain climbing and woods tramps are popular.

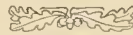


Golf Cotillion at Waumbek

Interest in the annual White Mountain championship golf tournament has by no means backgrounded the week's social pleasures at Waumbek, for tonight's cotillion in honor of the participants, promises the season's most brilliant affair. Mr. J. Courtney Punder-

ford and Miss Anita Blair lead; the patronesses: Mesdames William B. Biddle, Gilbert N. Hitchcock, John Wanamaker, Anson G. McCook, Augustus Kountze, Nathaniel Witherell, L. L. De Navarro, H. Langdon Laws, Howard Coonley, William Lummis, Andrew Shiland, Devereux Emmet, Albert J. Morgan, Charles D. Sabin, Frederick Correll, William D'Olier, Henry Stoddard and Henry A. Blair. ¶ Numerous dinners, teas and Bohemian room suppers have also enlivened the week. Miss Ola A. Cowles was the guest at a bridge tea given in her honor by Mrs. Morrison Gilman, Mrs. Martin and Mrs. Andrew Shiland; the guests: Mrs. William P. Biddle, Mrs. H. Langdon Laws, Mrs. W. H. Seamans, Miss Frances Fox, Miss Alice D'Olier, Mrs. Hervey Bates, Jr., and Miss Martindale. ¶ Prizes in a novel obstacle putting competition arranged by Mrs. Henry A. Blair, were won by Mr. Conover and Miss Linn.

¶ Mrs. J. Wray Cleveland and Miss Marjorie Cleveland join Mr. and Mrs. William Lummis. Miss Janet H. Miller of Chicago is visiting Miss Anita Blair at the Wigwam. Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph H. Kissel, the Misses Barbara and Eleanora Kissel, and Mr. R. Kissel, of Morristown, N. J., are here for September. Mrs. A. H. Schmidt of New York is visiting her son, Mr. Charles F. Schmidt, at Brookside. Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Smithers, the Misses Smithers and Miss Cook, are come for the month. Mr. and Mrs. Devereaux Emmet of New York, will spend September here.



The Gentle Winds of Spring

"Call thet er squall," commented Pete disgustedly. "Why I seed er leetle zepper turn Big Dingley clean over one May. Fish er swimmin' upside down an' ther bottom er floatin' on ther top. An' thet wan't nothin' much. Thet eer lake haff way up ol' Bal' Mount'n, wuz blowed thar, lon' 'bout ther sixties. These yer summer puffs don't ermount ter nothin'; yer o't ter be hyar in ther sprin'."

WON ON FIFTY-FOURTH HOLE

Mrs. Myra D. Paterson Captures Golf Trophy in Exciting Tie Play-off on Moosehead Lake Links



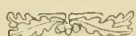
ATTENTION of the week at Moosehead centred in the annual championship golf and tennis tournaments, final rounds of which are in progress to-day; the fields large and representative. ¶ Handicap match play for cups presented by Mrs. George Nye, Jr., developed one of the keenest golf contests ever played here with many extra hole matches and a thrilling final between Mr. J. K. Beach of New Haven, whose handicap was 4, and Mrs. M. D. Paterson of New York, whose allowance was 8. Tied at the end of the thirty-six hole round, the committee ruled on an eighteen-hole play-off; Mrs. Paterson overcoming the superior long game of her male opponent by splendid approaching and deadly putting, no less than three putts being holed from the edge of the green and winning the fifty-fourth hole and the match, with the score all even, with a similar play. Throughout interest was maintained at high tension which culminated in prolonged enthusiasm. ¶ Mrs. W. A. Sandford of New York, again proved herself invincible in putting, winning a closely contested final from Mrs. W. S. Sillocks, also of the Metropolis. The cups were presented by Mr. John Day, of Orange, Mrs. R. E. Paine of Brookline, and Mrs. W. R. Coe of New York, entertained groups of children with similar contests. ¶ Rifle shooting claims many; Mrs. C. M. Du Puy of Pittsburg, and Mr. W. R. Allison of Philadelphia, the prize winners in Monday's event for trophies offered by Mr. L. B. Adams of New York. ¶ For to-day the annual Yacht Club Regatta for the Ferguson trophy, is the biggest attraction. ¶ Socially, the week has been the season's gayest, the annual Yacht Club

masquerade ball the summer's most brilliant affair, enjoyed not alone by the cosmopolitan throng upon the floor, but also by onlookers which crowded the Club house. As usual, unmasking was an occasion of revelation and, sad to relate, some of the most fascinating "Pierrots" proved to be "Pierres!" Refreshments were served at intermission, the spacious piazzas a delightful retreat during the evening. ¶ Many dinners at the Club have been enjoyed. Mr. and Mrs. I. T. Reiter of Philadelphia were honored by their friends, Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Menke, also of the Quaker City, on their wedding anniversary; the guests: Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Sandford and Mr. H. B. Jeffreys of New York, Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Shanbacher and Mr. and Mrs. A. F. McCullagh of Philadelphia. ¶ Commodore John Reilly, Jr., entertained his fellow officers at "mess," the party including: Vice Commodore W. L. Shaefer, Rear Commodore Arthur B. Waring, Treasurer C. A. Judkins, Secretary G. E. Cooley, Ex-Commodore Charles M. Clark, Trustees Henry Feuchtwanger, C. A. Conklin, James A. Brodie, Henry Shaefer, Dr. S. Mac Cuen Smith, James K. Clarke, Fleet Captain G. Allen Smith and Fleet Surgeon Dr. Rowland Cox. ¶ Mr. and Mrs. Harry D. Rogers of Philadelphia, were supper hosts at a merry gathering of intimates; Mr. and Mrs. Jay Gates and Mrs. S. Mac Cuen Smith, of Philadelphia, Mr. and Mrs. John Hall Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Warren S. Sillocks and Mr. and Mrs. W. Rasmus of New York. ¶ Col. and Mrs. Judkins, Mrs. W. A. McGilbon, Mrs. M. D. Paterson and Mr. E. P. Ricker were dinner guests of Mr. Morris McDonald of Portland. ¶ Mrs. Thomas Upham Coe of Bangor, proved a charming hostess at a Friday afternoon card party; the prize win-



AND THE ECHOES ANSWER—FORE!

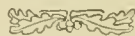
ners: Miss Sheaffer of Pottsville, Mrs. J. B. Kinley of Philadelphia, Mrs. James A. Brodie and Mrs. M. D. Paterson of New York. ¶ Rear Commodore and Mrs. Arthur B. Waring of Yonkers, were leaders in the many "sailing" parties, entertaining in honor of Miss Lucy Virginia Gordon of New York, the Misses Howell, Beatrice Howell, Cecelia Howell, Janette Bailey, Dorothy Kinley and Miss Betty Smith of Philadelphia; Clarice Paterson, Marie Shaw of New York, and Mesdames William Negley and A. W. Seeligson of San Antonio. ¶ Mrs. J. B. Lea of Philadelphia, gave a similar outing for: Mrs. E. B. Myers, Miss Betty Smith and Miss Bailey of Philadelphia, Dr. and Mrs. Stillwagen and Messrs. G. Allen Smith and Howard Rowland of Philadelphia, the Misses Edith and Margery Thornton of Pawtucket, and Mr. Paul Feuchtwanger of New York. ¶ Tuesday afternoon, Mrs. Emil Baumgarten of New York gave a Club house luncheon and card party assisted by Mrs. Henry Feuchtwanger and Mrs. John Carnrick of New York.



Thirty-seventh Wins Championship

A brilliant match between J. S. Jones of Dyker Meadow and C. B. Waterman of Brae Burn, characterized the thirty-six-hole final for the Rangeley Lakes golf championship, the Dyker Meadow player winning on the thirty-seventh green. Six down on retiring for luncheon, Mr. Jones seemed out of it, but playing in fast form on the second round, he gradually reduced the lead, tied for second at eighty-one. ¶ A quad won the thirty-seventh; the cards for the afternoon seventy-six and eighty. In the semi-final, Mr. Jones won from C. E. Synott of Woodbury, 3 and 2, and Mr. Waterman defeated G. S. Dunham of

Brockton, 1 up. In qualification, Mr. Dunham led with seventy-four; Mr. Waterman and A. M. Maris of Merion, tied for second at eighty-one. A quadruple tie at eighty-eight between E. Osterholt and J. W. Mills of Oquosoc, E. S. Crocker of Alpine, Harold Napier of South Orange, and J. W. Mills, marked the division limit, and the play-off was won by Mr. Osterholt. C. B. Grady of Baltusrol, won the consolation final from Mr. Mills, 3 and 2. In the semi-final, Mr. Grady defeated Mr. Napier, 4 and 3, and Mr. Mills won on Mr. Crocker's default. ¶ Mrs. C. H. Wood of Buffalo was the winner of a putting competition arranged by Mrs. G. G. Schaefer of New York. ¶ G. S. Koss of New York (22) and Leonard Wood of Buffalo (20) playing off a tie at seventy-four in the weekly medal play handicap; Mr. Koss winning.



Society Circus at Bethlehem

From miles roundabouts visitors gathered Tuesday for Bethlehem's "Society Circus" so carefully planned and carried out by Messrs. W. M. Sayer, Frederick D. Lewis, Leonard M. Knight, Frederick C. Abbe, O. P. Hayward, Frederick Bruce, Paul Dana, W. C. Dunham, E. A. Long, Frank Herbert Abbott, H. C. Barrett, C. E. Hall, H. F. Hardy, H. A. Lewis, Benjamin Tucker, R. N. Gordon, Ira A. Taylor, C. B. Eaton, I. J. Cook, W. H. Presbrey, E. L. Mellow, H. P. Smith, Myron Jackson, J. N. Mathes, W. J. Lewis, L. T. Clawson, C. E. Blanchard, W. G. Stevens, A. P. Rowe, George H. Turner, James N. Turner, J. E. Skilton, A. J. Ivie, Dr. H. E. Thompson, Dr. J. W. Kenney, D. W. Harrington and William McAuliffe. ¶ Preceded by a "parade," a ball under Mrs. Harrington's direction, rounded out the day.



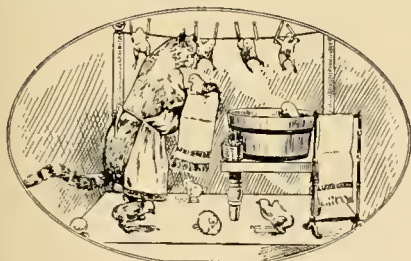


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C. A. JUDKINS, Manager

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The New Profile House White Mountains

Open June 30-Oct. 1

This new hotel, with twenty private cottages, comprises one of the largest and best equipped of leading summer resorts in the country. The unexcelled location makes it desirable for season and transient guests, and most attractive for automobilists, being extensively patronized by them.

The estate of the hotel company, comprising six thousand acres of land, extends for nine miles through the Franconia Notch, making a magnificent preserve which includes many objects of rare picturesque beauty and interest. Miles of shady woodland paths and well kept roads invite one to exhilarating walks and pleasant drives.

The Profile golf links and tennis courts are among the finest in the country.

THE FLUME HOUSE

This restful summer house, five miles from the Profile House, and under the same ownership, is located at the southern extremity of Franconia Notch, and but a short distance from the famous Flume. It is conducted in a most liberal and pleasing manner, and to accommodate the early and late motorists the house remains open from June 15 to October 15. The visitors will find here a comfortable inn and a well kept garage.

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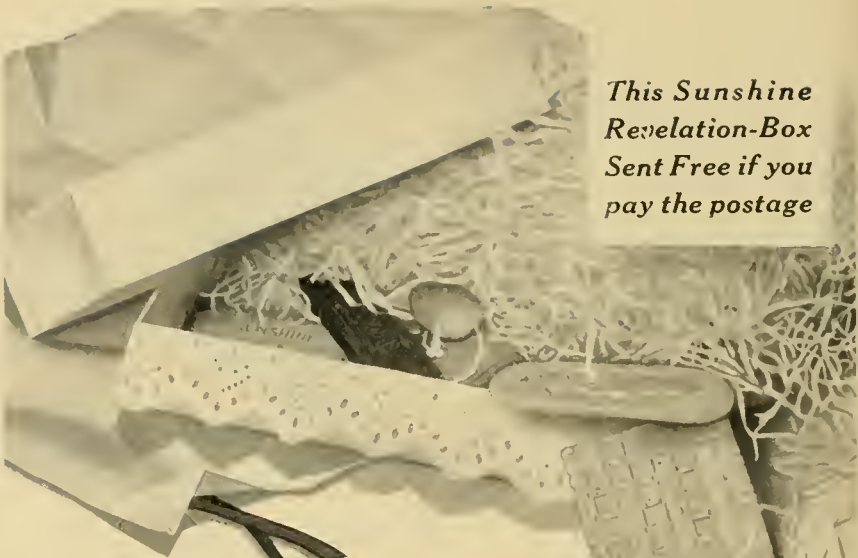
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They are so entirely different from any other biscuits baked in this country, that we want *them* to tell their own surprising, toothsome and enticing story.

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Just the things to serve with ice cream, chocolate or any iced beverage. They solve the problem of the luncheon dessert, the afternoon tea and the "evening bite."

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See that your grocer has a supply, so that you may be the first to introduce these wonderfully delicious dainties to your friends.

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¶ Summer is the time for relaxation and replenishment—a time for giving Nature a chance to recoup the losses of the strenuous Winter. The summer “life-savers” are Outdoor air, Pure Water, Healthful Employment, Recreation and Simple Food. The best food to live on, to play on, to travel on in Summer is

SHREDDED WHEAT

the food that provides the greatest amount of body-building nutriment with the least tax upon the digestive organs. It supplies more real digestible nutriment pound for pound than meat, eggs or vegetables. It is the whole wheat steam-cooked, shredded and baked—nothing added, nothing taken away

¶ Here is a Summer suggestion for those who know enough to cut out greasy meats and soggy pastries: heat one or more Shredded Wheat Biscuits in the oven to restore their crispness; then drop over them blackberries or other berries or fresh fruit and serve with milk and cream; sweetened to suit the taste. The combination is deliciously wholesome and strengthening for breakfast or any other meal, supplying all the strength needed and giving Nature a chance to throw off the poisons that come from a high-protein diet

TRISCUIT IS WAFER TOAST

Made of Shredded Wheat

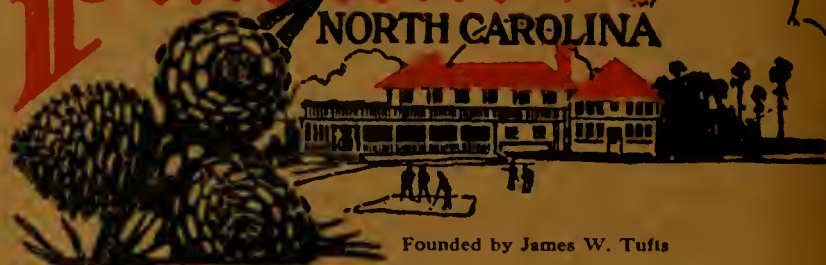
¶ Eaten with soft cheese or marmalades it makes a delicious “snack” for the Summer camp or the long tramp, for picnics or excursions on land or sea. Made by

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The only resort in the United States having
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CARACAS SWEET CHOCOLATE

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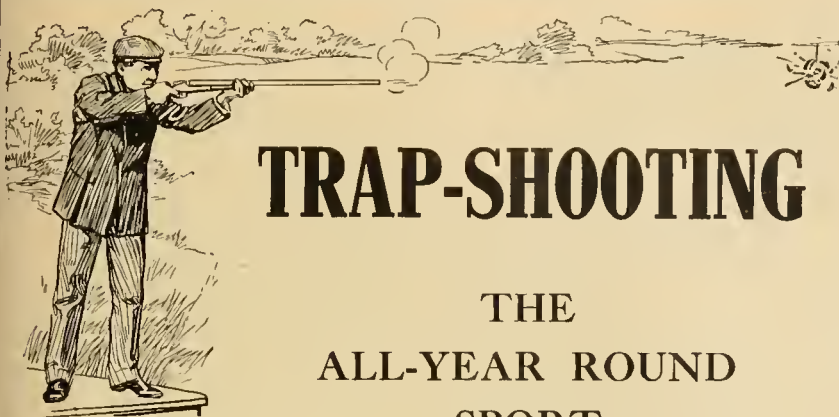
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high grade cocoa
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vanilla to please
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Closely parallels actual hunting conditions—the open air, the sudden, swift flight of the bird—the same opportunity for quick, accurate shooting all combine to make trap-shooting

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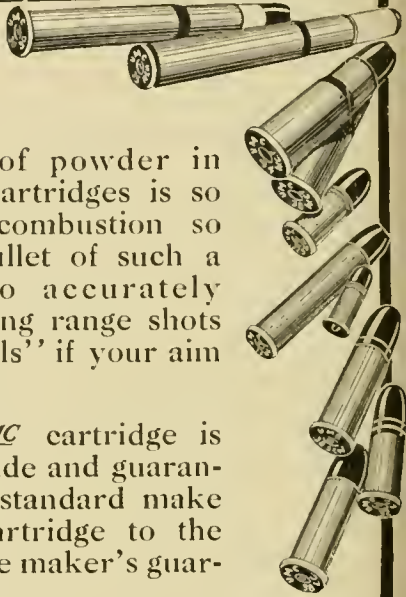
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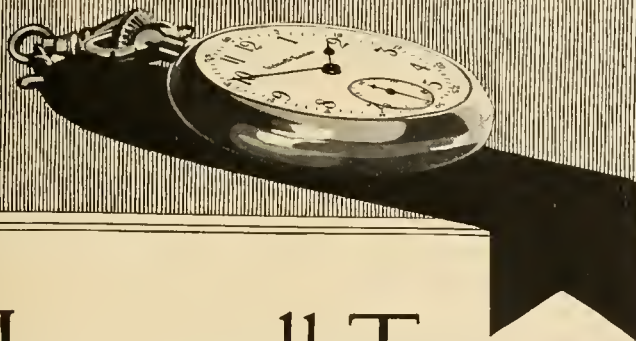
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NORTHWARD-HO!

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"WHERE EARTH AND SKY SEEM ONE"



NORTHWARD-HO!



A WEEKLY MAGAZINE OF NEWS

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1911

VOL. VII

No. 7

By Charles Evans, Jr.



TO CHOOSE golf as a sport is to make safe provision for life-long enjoyment; for the pre-eminent characteristic is its adaptability to every age, to "all sorts and conditions of men." Many games are suited only to the short season of youth—the physically strong—but golf furnishes healthful amusement throughout the length of life; its joy is unending. ¶ To the golfer the most beautiful sight for mortal eyes is a ball on a straight flight down the course and the sweetest sound in all the world is the click of the little globe as it drops into the cup. We, who play, know that happiness lies all along the golf links; happiness for the beginner, in a game with other beginners, marking daily increase in skill, as well as for the champion in championship match. Perhaps, more so, because the newcomer can give himself freely to the joys of the game while at times, the champion feels uncomfortably the burden of the reputation he is expected to sustain.

¶ I recall when I saw golf played for the first time at Chicago in 1898, and how I showed my ignorance in defining it. As a youngster of eight the boy living next to us, took me over to the Edgewater course and there I "scabbed" a job as caddy and made thirty-five cents. How rich I felt! I went over day after day, going through the stage of being interested even in poorly played golf, up through the observant stage where one watches the golfers, trees and everything except the ball, to the

desire to see the best golf played. Of course I tried to play some during these years, but as my only club was a shinney stick, I did not make much headway. ¶ Finally father gave me an old Morristown cleek for a Christmas present and I then realized the feel of the contact of ball and club for the first time. But I was a beginner and easily discouraged and hence played little because I was in everything going on in the neighborhood; pitcher on the baseball team, quarter on the eleven and ready for anything. In the late fall of 1904 I broke my left leg playing football and for three long months lay with irons on my legs. ¶ When I got out of bed I was a different boy.

¶ As it was about April I did not return to school that year, but remained around home in order to regain my health. No crutches were bought for me because when I was able to get out of the house my little Morristown and the shinney stick answered the purpose. Soon I abandoned my shinney and was given the putting cleek, which I now use. These clubs were continually with me—my companions and chums. Gradually I became able to support my weight on my leg and finally lengthened my walks to the dear old grounds of the Edgewater club. ¶ Each day I sat under an exceptionally majestic poplar tree and watched my former employers. Later on I began to try to play, for the first time to see and feel the great parts of golf. The golf grounds, which of course meant the game, had an unbreakable grasp on me and I always



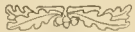
looked forward to "the hole or so" we could play after finishing caddying. Everyone could beat me in those days and I could not even make the caddy team that year, which, by the way, beat everything around Chicago. But I had the enthusiasm and the mark of the golfer. The old second green, which was the nearest to our home, was the nightly meeting place and there I used to lose my pennies, old balls and sodas; the latter paid at a nearby drug store. Here I learned to putt and even now, can see the handkerchief we used to put at the back of the hole when it grew dark. ¶ The next year absences from school were more frequent and I was employed by Tom O'Neil, the professional, when school let out. It all comes back to me now, how I used to get the toothache, stomach ache or anything else to get away from studies and to the links. O'Neil made me work pretty hard, but I gained invaluable knowledge in his shop and learned to make a club from start to finish and the training that goes with it, acquired many things and really laid the foundation of my game. ¶ Next year I stopped work-

ing for O'Neil and played considerably in the spring, and quit caddying because I did not want to be a professional. Late in 1906 I became a junior member of the Jackson Park Public Club, played in my first tournament and did well. In 1907 my real golf started when my father got me a membership at dear Edgewood; days ever to be cherished. ¶ Thus I have known every phase of the game from the small boy of fourteen, the proud possessor of a cleveland and a single cracked and blackened ball, to these latter days when I own a complete set of choice clubs and boxes of balls wherein each whole and perfect sphere lies carefully wrapped in tissue paper. Every experience has been a part of the game and dear to me from the viewpoint of health and happiness. Even failures—and I have had many—have only intensified the joy of victory. It is true that after a more than usually humiliating defeat, I have felt for a few hours, that life was hard and the future held no joy; but the next day when the wind blew softly across the links, and the sun shone and the very air seemed laden with health, hope and hap-





pinness, then my golf club and I became again a single mechanism and life seemed good indeed. ¶ There is no place in golf for the confirmed pessimist, or the *blase* man of the world, but there is a place for the old with hearts of youth. For the joy of golf is an intensified joy of living; the joy of living the tired man forgets but the child feels always. It is the spirit of the open air, the springy turf, where earth and sky seem one and the step of man is in rhythm, for the time being, with Nature's pulsing heartbeat.

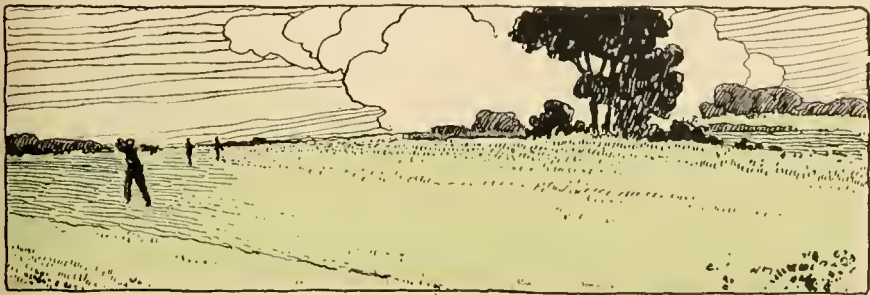


Opened Their Hearts to Evans

Apropos to Evans' recent appearance in the British amateur championship, an English writer says: ¶ "Every one who met Mr. Evans was very candid in hoping that he would come over again and have another try, for he is not only a very good golfer but he is essentially a good sportsman. Both on the course and in the club house, Mr. Evans was about as an unassuming young fellow as one could wish to see and a general favorite. When he played a bad hole he smiled and when he played a good hole

he was still smiling from the very pleasure of the accomplishment. ¶ Prestwick and Sandwich opened their hearts to him, because they found him playing the game with its best traditions as part of him. How good a player Mr. Evans is I don't think we really know in this country. He is certainly better than his performances made him out."

¶ As Americans we fully appreciate the force of all the English writer has said, more especially the closing sentence. The fact is, Evans is the best *type* of golfer in America to-day, playing the most natural and perfect game because he is drawn irresistibly to it. An idealist whose love for and belief in golf are responsible for his perfection and when he fails in competitive play, it is for this very same reason! ¶ Can't overcome it? He won't need to simply because he will continue to play better golf, and, ultimately, his skill will through sheer force of its superiority, place him at the head. ¶ Self taught, Evans has no acquired faults and his rare personality is a priceless asset. He may feel defeat, but success can never harm him, for he will always be himself.—EDITOR.



Annual Masquerade Ball is But the First of Month's Many Brilliant Social Affairs

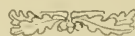


'MID the glory of September, visitors in the White Hills are anticipating the weeks which lie before, days of promise, precious hours, for October waits beyond. And then, 'tis *au revoir* and—pleasant memories! ¶ Socially, no week of the entire season has been more brilliant or no affair more enjoyable than the annual masquerade at Maplewood, claiming as it did, the attention of the entire section. From gay Tokio and weird Zanzibar, murky past and glowing present, western plain and southern hills, came the cosmopolitan throng upon the floor, each upon pleasure bent; the world a stage and each a part. Painted clown and powdered cavalier, dainty maid and matron serene; greeting, laughing, dancing the happy hours away. ¶ Sweet charity also graced the occasion, a substantial sum added to the Littleton Hospital fund through the efforts of Mrs. W. F. Dunsbaugh, Mrs. A. M. Chapman and Mrs. H. M. Meeker, the dancers including: Mr. and Mrs. Alger Gildersleeve, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick M. Burgess, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Bragdon, Mrs. H. N. Meeker, Miss Hazel Meeker, Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Chapman, Dr. and Mrs. Fred D. Bailey, the Misses Dorothy Atwood, Marjorie Garland, Suzanne and Katherine Cawley, Eleanor Agnew, Othilla Bachiller, Gladys Moon, Katherine Rothschild, Bertha Skinner, and the Messrs. Francis Shields, Victor Mendoza, Edward McCarthy, Brice Evans, William B. Bailey, Harry Waldron, A. Nawn, Jr., Ralph H. Fales, Edward Meeker and Dr. Frank Pla.

¶ Mr. W. P. Rice of New York, was host at a delightful picnic at Partridge Lake for a large party, including Hon. and Mrs. Pearl Wight, Mr. and Mrs.

W. F. Dunsbaugh, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Flint, Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. McKay, Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Cilley, Mrs. H. H. Lummis, Mrs. J. G. Rice, the Misses Laura Rice, Patty Lummis, Col. W. N. Mick, Dr. Fred D. Bailey, Mr. Charles M. Phinney, Mr. J. W. Lewis and Mr. William B. Bailey. ¶ Mrs. A. M. Chapman and Mrs. H. N. Meeker contributed much to the general pleasure with an afternoon veranda tea and Mr. J. W. Payntar gave a grill room dinner for Mr. and Mrs. Bragdon, Mr. and Mrs. Burgess, Mrs. Meeker, Mrs. Atwood, Mrs. Garland, the Misses Lynch, Atwood, Meeker, Garland, Agnew, Boyd, Cawley, Berry and Mooney, and the Messrs. Phinney, Meeker, Atwood, Garland, Cook, Carroll, Sullivan and Bailey.

¶ In sports interest centered in the annual golf championship, T. C. Conover of Princeton, winning the thirty-six hole final from Brice S. Evans of Brae Burn, who has frequently been more successful. In the second division, S. E. Thayer of Woodland, won from Leonard Scott of Greenfield. ¶ Final rounds of the annual invitation tourney are in progress to-day. Coming events are scheduled for the 11th, 12th and 13th and the 18th, 19th and 20th. ¶ Trap and rifle shooting share honors with tennis, competition for the annual high score trophies at present being even honors between Mrs. Calder and Miss Atwood.



A Phenomenon, Indeed

"A phenomenon?" queried Sammy. "Wall, er cow in er pastur' ain't er phenomenon, an' er thistle in er pastur' ain't er phenomenon, nor er bird singin' in er pastur' ain't er phenomenon; but I reckon, er cow settin' on er thistle in er pastur' an' singin' like er bird, is er phenomenon?" ¶ And we agreed!



SEPTEMBER'S GLORY

REGATTA WEEK AT MT KINEO

Race is Not to the Fleet in Annual Motor Boat Handicap Of Moosehead Lake Yacht Club



SELDOM it is that the race is not to the swift. Such was the case, however, in the annual Yacht Club regatta at Moosehead in which the first two boats to cross the line were disqualified because each had gone faster than they were privileged to do on the basis of handicaps allotted. Thus the tiny power canoe "Onaway," manned by Francis West of Boston, and the magnificent yacht "Ionea," of Rear Commodore Arthur B. Waring of Yonkers—a strange combination illustrating how handicaps level all class lines—won the *applause* but not the *trophies!* Close after them came the real but for the time being, the unrecognized winner, the "Clematis," owned by Henry L. Sheaffer of Pottsville, closely pursued by the "Gracious," named by Stanton L. Hanson of New York, which, lacking information regarding the buoys, was also out of it. Second honors went to G. Allen Smith of Philadelphia, in the *Wissahickon II.*, and third to C. M. DuPuy of Pittsburg, in the "Sabot," with the balance of the big field fighting it out as keenly as if eternal happiness depended on not being *last!* ¶ Details of management were in the hands of Messrs. Henry Sheaffer, L. B. Adams, J. A. Brodie and Judge A. W. Seeligson as judges, J. Hall Hillman, Jr., as timekeeper, and G. E. Cooley as starter. † Next week the premier championship of the flyers will be decided and they are being worked out as carefully as "thoroughbreds" for this supreme test. † The annual golf and tennis championships were followed with keen interest, a series of close matches resulting. On the courts Miss Marie Wildman of Philadelphia, and Miss Aline Feuchtwanger of Madison, divided honors in

the women's event, and E. N. Dodge of Paterson, and L. F. Hooper of New York, among the men. In mixed doubles Mr. Dodge and Miss Feuchtwanger were victorious over Mr. Hooper and Miss Wildey. ¶ Men's doubles are in progress. ¶ Two divisions qualified for the match golf rounds, A. F. C. Milligan of Elizabeth and L. S. Colby of Plainfield, in the lead with a tie of eighty-four. In the championship final round, C. M. DuPuy of Pittsburg and J. Henry Hentz, 3d, of Philadelphia, met; an easy seven and five victory for the former. In the consolation W. N. Breed of Louisville, won from Mrs. Thomas Sinnickson of Salem, N. J., four and three. ¶ Monday's shoot for trophies offered by W. R. Allison of Philadelphia attracted a good field; Walter Neyley of San Antonio, and Mrs. James K. Clarke of Philadelphia, leading with high scores. The month concludes the high average competition. † The week's social affairs have been many, the employees masquerade ball, as usual, an entertainment feature enjoyed by the colony. Prizes were awarded by a committee of guests including: Messrs. Nathan Davis and Dr. Louis P. Posey of Philadelphia, G. M. Thornton of Pawtucket, Mrs. A. W. Seeligson of San Antonio, and Mrs. R. E. Paine of Brookline. † Tuesday afternoon Mrs. Charles A. Conklin of Atlanta was hostess at an afternoon card party and tea; the prize winners Mrs. R. E. Paine, Mrs. Thomas Sinnickson, Mrs. M. D. Paterson, Mrs. T. U. Coe and Mrs. J. K. Beach. Mrs. Henry Feuchtwanger of Madison and Mrs. R. E. Paine of Brooklyn, also entertained at the Club. Among numerous dinners a spread for a party of twelve by Mr. Thomas Dickson of New York, was the largest affair of the week.

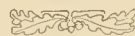
GOLF COTILLION AT WAUMBEEK

Season's Most Elaborate Dance Pleasant Prophecy for September Gayeties

The week at Waumbek has been a pleasant prophecy for September gayeties, with one elaborate affair after another rounding out the calendar. The enjoyment of Saturday evening's cotillion, the summer's most elaborate affair, included the entire colony which undoubtedly found as much pleasure in the varied program as the dancers themselves. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Counselman of Chicago, and Mr. J. Courtney Punderford of New York and Miss Anita Blair of Chicago, were the leaders, the climax of the evening's novel figures coming in the thrilling hurdle race. The exquisite souvenir favors included cloisonné belt and collar pins, sterling photograph frames, pencils, pens, bookmarkers and tape measures, vanity cases and a wealth of showy paper things in caps, fans and the like. The patronesses who also presided at the favor tables, were Mrs. William Lummis, Mrs. Andrew Shiland, Mrs. Adolph Vietor, Mrs. Henry A. Blair, Mrs. Robert D. McFaddon, Mrs. William D'Olier and Mrs. John Biggs. The ball room was transformed with decorations in the colors of the Waumbek Golf Club and at intermission supper was served in the English Grill room.

Among the more dainty of the invitation affairs was a Japanese bridge tea planned by Mrs. W. H. Seamans and Miss Frances Fox. Decorations and favors in keeping with the occasion. The list of guests included Mrs. William P. Biddle, Mrs. Horace L. Hotchkiss, Mrs. Andrew Shiland, Mrs. H. Langdon Laws, Mrs. William Earle, Mrs. B. Sterling Bottome, Mrs. Benjamin H. Belcher, Mrs. J. M. Bacon, Mrs. George A. Suter, Mrs. Herry Bates, Jr., Mrs. Luther E. Martin, Mrs. Charles V. Murphy, Mrs. G. M. F. Bond, Mrs. Morrison Gilmour, and the Misses Martindale, Harmon, and Cole. Mrs. Luther E. Martin was also hostess at tea and

bridge, Wednesday just previous to her departure for Poland Spring. The usual Saturday afternoon golf competitions with their accompanying music and tea, proved most enjoyable, while golf, tennis and riding all claim devotees. Angling is in much favor with September's coming, the more secluded lakes and streams roundabout affording a taste of the wilderness which is particularly delightful these crisp days when the campfire becomes a companion. Mr. William D'Olier, who as president of the Golf Club, has rendered invaluable service, was the victim of a pleasant surprise at which an imported travelling clock was presented in recognition of his interest. Following the affair, the company supped in the Bohemian room. A team match between golfers from New York and Chicago, facetiously dubbed "The Quick and the Dead," aroused much interest. Mr. Albert Ritchie of New York, the donor of the trophies. Master Cabot J. Morse, Jr., of Boston, entertained the children pleasantly at a putting competition in observance of his twelfth birthday. The younger set are much in the saddle, among the most devoted equestrians Messrs. William Lummis, Jr., Louis Earle, and Alexander Smith, Mrs. H. Langdon Laws, Mrs. Morrison Gilmour, and the Misses Jeannette Martin, Beatrice Smith, Harriet Lummis, Catharine McCook and Marguerite Suter.



The Warm Spell of Seventy-two

"Hot?" queried Sandy, wiping the perspiration from his forehead. "Why this hain't hot. Long 'bout seventy-two we did have er few warm days, tho'. Lakes got ter bilin', over near Chesuncook, an' ther steam warped ther trees; still standin'. Used ter cook aigs in Col' Sprin', at Heal' Pon', an' parboil trout in ther snow gullies on Katahdin Potater fiel', down by Sordyhonk, slid into Leetle Fish pon', an' they put up er factory an' canned chowder. Them wuz er few warm days, in seventy-two; but we hain't bin pestered much seence."

THE SONG OF THE GOLFER

Ho! for the links in the springtime—
 The summer lies before;
Then ho for the land of sunshine,
 Till winter days are o'er;

For there's joy in store for golfer,
 Yes, joy the whole year through;
Happiness from dawn till sunset,
 Though skies be gray or blue;

When the turf is green like em'rald,
 Fragrant with early spring;
Till tinged with the tones of topaz,
 And happy birds take wing;

In the sunny, balmy Southland,
 On "greens" of gleaming white;
Where the pickaninny caddies
 And "mockers" sings at night;

Yes, a joy which is unending,
 A joy that all may find;
For youth's like unto the golfer—
 Happiness of the mind.

Ho! for the links in the springtime—
 The summer lies before;
Then ho for the land of sunshine,
 Till winter days are o'er!

JUSTUS KENDALL



JOY WHICH IS UNENDING

MERRYMAKING AT POLAND

Replete with Novelty and Surprise, Annual Autumn Cotillion is Enjoyed by Entire Colony



THE annual autumn cotillion proved to be the most delightful affair of the summer at Poland Spring, the entire colony gathering to enjoy the evening with the merry-makers. Mr. John Holton of Philadelphia and Miss Gladys Robbins of New York led in a program of novelty and variety with the element of surprise most fascinating.

¶ For one number young men sitting on inverted Poland water bottles, sewed on buttons for the right to claim partners, their frantic haste ludicrous in the extreme. In another the first to blow out a candle held tantalizingly just out of reach by a young woman standing in a chair, claimed her as a partner, and in a third, masqued partners were selected, failure to pierce the disguise meaning a seat. The pin wheel and follow the man from Cook's provided merry romps, while the tally-ho was fast and furious enough to make the crowd hold and the dancers seek their breath; the four "steeds" and two "whips"—victors and vanquished—dancing together when the race was won. And last but by no means least, was the Cinderella "slipper rush" in which young men played football in their wild desire to possess a certain dainty bit of leather, even more eagerly than the Fairy Prince in days of long ago. Waltzes and two-steps intermingled in the program, a wealth of attractive favors making the floor a kaleidoscope of brilliancy and bewildering color.

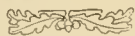
¶ The patronesses who also served at the favor booths, were Mrs. Isaac B. Johnson of Spuyten Duyvil, Mrs. S. P. Holton of Philadelphia, and Mrs. H. P. Dixon of Wallingford; the special souvenirs: Sterling powder puffs, scissors and photo frames for the women, pen-

knives and cigar cutters for the men. The dancers included besides the leaders: Mr. Harry Finch and Miss Madeline Reed, Mr. William Burrowes and Miss Madeline Wemple, Mr. Howard Holton and Miss Florence Murphy, Mr. E. P. Ricker, Jr., and Miss Helen Enger, Mr. William Rehn and Miss Dorothy Enger, Mr. Philip Lindsay and Miss Lillian Sleicher, Mr. Cyril Dos Passos and Miss Marguerite Broughton, Mr. Edward R. Finch and Miss Mabel Chick, Mr. Rumsey Green and Miss Helen Johnson, Mr. James Ricker and Miss Grace Rogers, Mr. W. K. Atwood and Miss Nannie Rogers, Mr. Allan N. Pettit and Miss Margaret Watson, Mr. Arthur Burrowes and Miss Edith Sleicher, Mr. Julian Osborne and Miss Rosa Coates, Mr. W. A. Waring and Miss Guernsey, Mr. George Palmer and Miss Waring, Mr. Edwin Isley and Miss Marie Finch, Mr. James Martin and Miss Charlotte Finch, Mr. J. H. Sanford and Miss Hunter, Mr. Austin G. Morrison, Jr., and Miss Madeline Worden. ¶ A dining room supper with song and jest rounded out the evening. ¶ Announcement that \$2800 was netted through sales and subscriptions at the Annual Bazar in aid of the Chapel Fund, making the total over \$15,000, is received with much satisfaction. For its success the following devoted women were largely responsible: Mrs. Garret A. Hobart of Paterson, Mrs. Mary B. Hoffman of New York, Mrs. Thomas P. Stran of Baltimore, Mrs. Willard A. Vose of Boston, Mrs. Samuel B. Stinson of Philadelphia, Mrs. George H. Flint of Brookline, and Mrs. Byron P. Moulton of Ardmore.

¶ Miss Dorothy Calman of New York was the winner of the final round of the Ivers women's golf championship, defeating Miss Ethel Campbell of Phila-

delphia, 3 up and 2 to play. In the semi-final Miss Calman won a close match from Mrs. Mortimer M. Singer of New York, one up, and Miss Campbell defeated her sister, Miss Gladys, 5 up and 3 to play. ¶ In the consolation final Mrs. H. P. Dixon of Springhaven defeated Miss Dorothy Enger of New York, 7 up and 6 to play. ¶ In qualification, Mrs. Singer led with a card of one hundred and two, Miss Ethel Campbell second in one hundred and six, Miss Calman third in one hundred and seven, and Miss Gladys Campbell fourth in one hundred and ten. ¶ The golf novelty of the week was an elimination "Swatfest" and baseball still claims its own, the "goats" hopelessly at sea since their ignominious defeat by the "doves." Tennis also occupies many, while others find recreation in riding and motoring.

¶ Bridge and tea claim the older set and dances and merry picnic outings the younger. ¶ Returning friends who remain some time include: Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Moore of Brooklyn, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Otis, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Carpenter of Boston, Mr. and Mrs. O. H. B. Powers, Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Barney, Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Reed of New York, Mr. and Mrs. O. M. Fisher of Newton, and Mr. and Mrs. Howard L. Kramer of Indiana.



SOCIETY'S DOINGS AT PROFILE

Bridge, Luncheons and Teas Round Out Week at Franconia Notch

Golf and tennis are combining happily with informal affairs at Profile, the influx of visitors by no means at an end and the big colony gathered here planning to remain throughout the month. ¶ Mrs. Ewald Fleitman gave a large bridge party and tea, the invitation list including Mrs. J. N. Tappan, Mrs. Harold H. Hadden, Jr., Mrs. George A. Adee, Mrs. Townsend Ashmore, Mrs. A. C. Smith, Mrs. Lawrence Griffith, Mrs. Riley Miles Gilbert, Mrs. J. C. Tappan, Mrs. R. B. Dodson and Mrs. C. E. Alwood; Misses Grace Edwards,

E. M. Nash, Lulu Jackson, Clara Ewing and Gladys Dwight Jones and Miss Wells. Coming for tea were Mrs. Arthur B. Twombly, Mrs. Louis J. Belloni, Mrs. George McLaughlin, Mrs. J. H. White, Mrs. H. I. Riker, Mrs. John Duncan, Mrs. R. P. H. Durkee, Mrs. J. B. Hoyt, Mrs. Henry McHarg, Mrs. Irwin H. Connell, Mrs. David P. Kimball, Mrs. F. N. Bangs, Mrs. Charles H. Greenleaf, Mrs. F. Warren Pearl and Mrs. S. V. Hotchkiss, the Misses Edwards and Miss Schmelzel. ¶ Mrs. Henry K. McHarg gave one of the largest at-homes of the summer and numerous others have entertained quietly at dinner, luncheon and tea.

¶ Mixed doubles tennis developed an interesting series of matches, Dr. and Mrs. F. Warren Pearl winning the final from Mr. E. A. Sheeb, Jr., and Miss Louise Sheeb. Mr. and Mrs. Hawley Ward and Mr. Henry Fleitman and Miss Haskins were the winners of the consolation. Other participants included Mr. and Mrs. Louis Waljen, Mr. and Mrs. Harold H. Hadden, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Irwin H. Cornell, Mrs. Thomas C. Hart, Mrs. H. S. Riker, Mrs. Blaine Ewing, the Misses Haskins, Miss Paula Fleitman, Miss Gladys Dwight Jones; Messrs. Hubert McDonnell, Henry McHarg Davenport, Henry Fleitman, J. B. Cornell and W. B. Symmes. ¶ General William N. P. Darrow, who divides his time between angling and golf, has added to the interest of the ancient game by offering three trophies for best selected scores during the remainder of the season. ¶ Among recent arrivals are Mrs. Elisha Dyer, of Providence, who is visiting Mrs. H. C. Weston, of Beverly Farms. Mrs. James F. Fargo, of New York, joins Mrs. William C. Sheldon for a short visit. Miss Margaret Linberger of St. Louis, is a guest of Miss Paula Fleitman. Mr. P. L. Goodwin is with Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Goodwin. Mr. Mark W. Macky, Jr., joins Mr. and Mrs. Mark W. Macky. Mrs. C. H. Townsend and Mrs. S. V. Hotchkiss are entertaining the Rev. S. N. Kenney of New York.

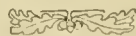
Star Boarders Defeat the Bell Hops and Immortal Casey Has Learned Another Lesson



LIVING much in the open air visitors at The Wentworth are occupied with golf, tennis, riding, motor-ing, bathing, boating and fishing, social affairs informal in their character rounding out the perfect days. Many are joining those who linger to enjoy early Autumn's charm; a congenial company mingling as one great family, conscious of a personal happiness. Many have entertained, while dancing claims the younger and bridge the older set; the influx of motor tourists breaking all previous records for the month. ¶ Undoubtedly "Hanlon" started it—or was it "Bouden"—but be that as it may, the result was the formation of a "guests" nine. Whereupon, the "bell hops" team immediately paraded with huge chips on their nine shoulders; tipsy, tottering chips. Ignored they were for a time, 'cause the guests were only in fun, but once on the diamond in fighting trim, the startling discovery was made that there were ball players in the aggregation. "We'll play 'em!" commented the captain. "'Course we will!" said "Doc" who plays football, and the "row" substituted peacock feathers for the chips, for if there is any real "easy mark" for a "bell hop" ball team it is an aggregation of "star boarders." But as they indulged in feather balancing, the guest captain coached and the guest manager scolded, while expectation hung in hotel corridors like sea mist. ¶ "To miss it is to mourn!" read the announcement—and—there are no "mourners" for the household gathered as they have gathered since the days of long ago. "Play ball!" rang the umpire's voice, and breathing ceased, began and ceased again, until the smoke cleared sufficiently to read the score emblazoned

in lurid letters—9 to 6—in favor of the boarders. In "quarters" peacock feathers no longer gaily wave to and fro in evening breezes and as for chips, there isn't one big enough to make a raft for a nautilus, in the neighborhood!

¶ The bright and particular star of the aggregation was "Ned" Hanlon of "Oriole" fame and what he couldn't do with the sphere isn't worth recording and as for stopping the hot 'uns, nothing got by him or his "support:" J. E. Bouden, Jr., of New Orleans, W. P. Woods of Lincoln, Nebraska, F. E. Shute of Boston, Dr. Myron W. Marr of Dorchester, and Whitney Bouden. And "dey found de ball, too; 'deed dey did;" whacking it out into dim distance and skimming, sliding and stealing 'round the bases as if on skis! ¶ But the end is not yet. The "hops" in their turn are being coached and scolded; for "Casey's" learned another lesson! ¶ We shall issue special wireless reports by innings. Please file your requests early! ¶ Late arrivals who remain some time include: Mrs. Henry Paret, Miss C. E. Paret, Mrs. E. M. Hall, Mr. H. B. Hall, Mrs. Alfred Ely, and Mrs. B. F. Fairchild of New York, Mr. C. Lee Abell, Mr. H. L. Abell, Miss Abell of Buffalo.



Civilizing the Wilderness

"Yes, ther beevair an wond'ful intelligen't," stated Joe with decision. "Colony down near Williams stream, build-in' meetin' house, theater an' univarsity. Wimmen folks have sewin' circles with adder juice tea, an' men folks sit in club windies drinkin' cedar bark highballs an' watchin' the pertty girl feesh swim by. I tell yer thees ceevelerzatun an' game purtection is upsettin' ther whol' wildy-ness. Fo' yer know't moose'll be wear-in' tin pants an' deer'll own air ships."



PERFECT DAYS

Though Robbed of Mythical Significance, Still Possess
Subtle Charm which Appeals to Many



Though we may disregard the traditional significance of birthstones and flowers, we still cherish the sentiment; though robbed of magical powers they still possess a subtle charm of which modern jewelers are now making much. Starting in January with the garnet and the carnation, the year concludes with the turquoise and holly of December, the significance of each set forth in verse. ¶ Beginning with January we have carnations for the flower, dainty and expressive:

By those in January born no gems save garnets should be worn;
They will insure them constancy, true friendship and fidelity.

¶ For February the royal amethyst, which shades from lavender to rich purple; it is also known as the church stone and is set into the rings made for priests and bishops. ¶ The cyclamen is the flower, and is to be found in all its glory during the bleak wintry months, bring cheer with the varied colors:

The February horn will find sincerity and peace of mind;
Freedom from passion and from care, if they the amethyst will wear.

¶ March—"mad as a hare"—has the bloodstone for its own. It is beautifully adapted for seal and signet rings; the violet is the flower, bespeaking faithfulness, happiness, love and expectation. This is true in many ways, as a lover always honors his maiden fair with gifts of these sweet blossoms.

Who, in this world of ours their eyes in March first open, would be wise
In days of peril, firm and brave, should wear a bloodstone to the grave.

¶ For April the diamond brings its wearer good fortune. The ancients claimed this brilliant stone gave power to resist poisons, would dispel vain fears and bring success in lawsuits:

Those who from April date their years diamonds should wear, lest bitter tears
For vain repentance flow; this stone emblem of innocence, is known.

¶ Emeralds have May for their own and their language is "hope," foretelling in the verse a happy wifehood to girls born in this beautiful month. Few stones have as many and varied charms as these. They were great favorites in olden days and were strung on a silken cord like pearls to be worn in strands around the neck. Of late their rareness has made them almost prohibitive save to the very rich. They are supposed to shield from ague, to protect from storms, to keep passion and anger within bounds, and if their luster fails it can be restored by "steeping verdant oil or bathing it in wine." ¶ The daisies are given as a fitting flower to send:

Who first beholds the light of day in spring's sweet, flowery month of May,
And wears an emerald, all her life shall be a loved and happy wife.

¶ Sacred to June are the agate and the rose, love's ambassador. In olden days it was the symbol of silence, also consecrated to Venus. A pretty legend says that a red rose took its color from the lips of Mother Eve when she kissed it in the Garden of Eden:

Who comes with summer to the earth, and owes to June her day of birth,
With ring of agate on her hand, may health, wealth and long life command.

¶ For July, the glowing ruby. To it the ancients ascribed the power of a peacemaker between friends who had quarreled, and it also was conducive to health and strength. To prevent lightning, storm or blight, the stone was used to touch the four corners of a house or vineyard. ¶ July's flower, the poppy, is most appropriate, bringing sleep, healing and balm:

The glowing ruby should adorn those who in warm July are born ;
They will then be exempt and free from love's doubt and anxiety.

¶ The moonstone belongs to August. The Romans called it "Lunaris," because they fancied it contained the form of the moon with its translucent rays. It was a favorite with the farmers, as it is credited with the power of making trees fruitful. ¶ Nasturtiums are the allotted flowers. Legends say it is a patriotic flower and considered a warlike trophy :

Wear a moonstone, or for thee no conjugal felicity ;
The August born without this stone, it is said, must live unloved and lone.

As a preserver from all bodily harm the September child wears a sapphire. It preserves health and disarms treachery. ¶ The aster, meaning a star, is the flower for the first autumn month :

A maiden born when autumn leaves are rustling in September breeze,
A sapphire on her brow should bind ; 'twill cure diseases of the mind.

¶ Opals for October. In the middle ages these gems were not supposed to bring bad luck ; on the contrary they were supposed to be endowed with the virtues of all the jewels which their colors represent. They kept off all the evils that could possibly befall to youth or old age, and were especially efficacious in warding off lovers' quarrels. Perhaps Sir Walter Scott did a great deal to couple ill luck with the opal, as one of his heroines was haunted by bad fortune whenever she wore one of these stones. But the late Queen Victoria did much to restore them to favor as she always gave them in some form to each of her children and grandchildren when they married. ¶ The floral assignment for October is the dainty cosmos which grows so abundantly throughout the middle states :

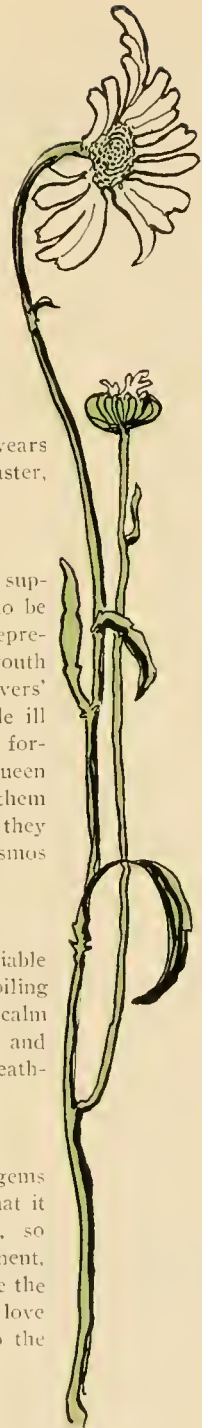
October's child is born for woe, and life's vicissitudes must know ;
But lay an opal on her breast, and hope will lull these woes to rest.

¶ For November is the topaz with all its golden luster. Reliable authorities claim that this stone has the power of cooling boiling water if plunged into a seething kettle ; hence its power to calm madness, cool lust and avert sudden death. It brings wealth and favor also. ¶ The chrysanthemum, queen of the fall flowers, breathing love and trust, is bleak November's legacy :

Who first comes to this world below with drear November's fog and snow,
Should prize the topaz' amber hue—emblem of friends and lovers true.

¶ Cold December has the turquoise for its own. Few of the gems are so endowed, for it has a long list of virtues, among them that it gives grace and immunity from dangers to horseback riders, so Italians, who are famous horsemen and fond of the blue ornament, wear it as a setting for rings. One thing peculiar is that to have the free play of its lucky qualities it must be given as a token of love and esteem and not purchased by the wearer. ¶ Appropriate to the Christmas month, holly is the floral emblem :

If cold December gave you birth, the month of snow and ice and mirth,
Place on your hand a turquoise blue ; success will bless whate'er you do.



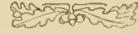
FULL WEEK AT CRAWFORDS

Annual Charity Fete Includes Dance, Fair and Clever Vaudeville

The annual fete in aid of the Littleton Hospital which rounded out a full week at Crawfords, proved the most successful of the series, interest centering in the ball, fair and vaudeville. Prominent in the arrangements, and who also served as matrons at the dance were Mrs. William A. Barron, Mrs. Charles A. Meals, Mrs. Thomas E. Emerson, Mrs. Alfred S. Skitt, Mrs. Eugene Troth, Mrs. Edward Marble, Mrs. Samuel Hemenway, Mrs. Abraham Perkins, Mrs. Richard Arnold, and Mrs. Felix Arnold. Among those at the various sales booths at the fair were Mrs. Skitt, Mrs. Meals, Mrs. Marble, Mrs. Troth and Mrs. Emerson, who were at the fancywork table. Mrs. Frederick Thompson, Mrs. A. S. Frazer and Mrs. Charles H. Brown were assisted at the flower table by the Misses Reed and Ross. Delicious sweets were sold by Mrs. George Reed, Mrs. Felix Arnold and Miss Kate Halk. Mrs. H. W. Saunders and the Misses Emma Adams, May Cummings and Miss McCalla were in charge of the fascinating mystery bags which claimed the attention of not only the younger but the older patrons as well. At the tea table were Mrs. Samuel Hemenway and Miss Williams.

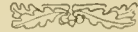
¶ The vaudeville program was novel and unique including songs by the Misses Marie Selinger and Agnes Sheehy, a sketch by Messrs. Fred Holbrook and Robert E. Smith, and the "grand finale" in which Messrs. Johnson, Smith, Brown, Day and Bartlett and the Misses Devine, Fuller, Barrows, Snow, Sheehy, Jeffries, Marble, Stockin,

Selinger and Snow participated. The star number was "The Eight Miss Pelli-coes," impersonated by the Misses Mildred and Dolly Slater, Beatrice Stokes, Myra Halligan, Eleanor Clarke, Leah McCarthy, Marble, and Master Marble. Mr. Morandi Bartlett and Miss Irene Snow gave a snappy Spanish dance; Mr. Herbert Saunders whistling solos, "Sig Morandi" clever legerdemain, and Messrs. William P. Long and George Kurth, amusing character sketches. Special "boxes" were reserved for the evening, and the demand for them was large, a tidy sum the result.



Motor Boat Club for Rangeley

The success of Rangeley Lakes water carnival leads to definite announcement concerning the formation of the Oquossoc Motor Boat Club, which will, without doubt, have a handsome clubhouse upon the lake shore of Rangeley village ere the season of 1912 is well advanced. Dr. B. Franklin Stahl has been the leading spirit in the movement which is now assured every success and the officers chosen include: Commodore Fred Neher of Princeton, Vice-Commodore Alton F. Wood of Buffalo, with Dr. Stahl as fleet surgeon and secretary.



September Fishing at Belgrade

September fishing has backgrounded all else at Belgrade Lakes and both the Belgrade and Central are filled to their comfortable capacity with visitors, many of whom remain throughout the month. A string of fifty bass daily is a fair average and prominent among those who rank among the record fishermen are Secretary of State Philander C. Knox and former Senator Foraker.





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The estate of the hotel company, comprising six thousand acres of land, extends for nine miles through the Franconia Notch, making a magnificent preserve which includes many objects of rare picturesque beauty and interest. Miles of shady woodland paths and well kept roads invite one to exhilarating walks and pleasant drives.

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A decorative advertisement for McKenney & Waterbury Company. It features a central globe with a chandelier hanging from the top left. The text is arranged around the globe, including the company name, product types, and the slogan 'WE LIGHT THE WORLD'. The address '181 Franklin St. Boston, Mass.' is at the bottom.

You will still find America's greatest combination of Fishing, Hunting, Golf, Tennis, Mountain Climbing and Canoeing at

Kineo

Here is Maine's greatest inland water—Moosehead Lake—and the gateway to Maine's immense recreation wilderness.

Here, too, is the

New Mount Kineo House

a splendid hotel, vastly improved, accommodating over 500 guests and offering every comfort, convenience and luxury of modern times. Just the sort of a vacation home YOU would like. No hay fever. We furnish guides, canoes, camping outfits and supplies on request. Let us send you our 1911 illustrated booklet?

RICKER HOTEL COMPANY

C. A. JUDKINS, Manager

KINEO, Moosehead Lake, MAINE



Hotel Brunswick

Copley Square
Boston, Mass

European and American Plan
An Ideal Place to Stay

HERBERT H. BARNES

COTILLION FAVORS

Large Assortment of Hats, Costumes, Oddities and Imported Novelties. Real French Serpentine and Confetti. Write for Samples for Selection

MARKS & MEYER IMPORTATION COMPANY
11 West 20th Street, New York

ORIENTAL CONDENSED COFFEE

"Especially for the Woodsman"
"One spoonful makes a cupful"
"25c a bottle making 20 cups"

ORIENTAL TEA CO., Boston, Mass

C. R. CORWIN COMPANY
Commission Merchants

AND DEALERS IN

Butter, Eggs, Poultry, Game
Hotel and Restaurant Supplies a Specialty
Basement, 2 Faneuil Hall Market, South Side
BOSTON, MASS

THE WHITMAN SADDLE



The Prince
of
Them All

Built upon the Celebrated Whitman tree and scientifically moulded to the natural lines of the horse's back. It is not only a comfort to the animal, but gives the rider a nice, secure seat, which makes him feel as if he and his horse were one. We build special saddles for individual requirements, in very wide variety. We have

"Everything from Saddle to Spur"

Illustrated catalogue mailed free to anybody who is interested. Contains everything for a horseback rider.

The MEHLBACH SADDLE CO

106 (N) Chambers St., NEW YORK CITY

Batchelder & Snyder Company

Slaughterers
Poultry Dressers and
Butter Makers

Office and Stores

55, 57, 59, 61 and 63 Blackstone Street
BOSTON, MASS

THE S. L. CROSBY CO

Taxidermists
and
Sportsman's Supplies

Rifles and Shot Guns for rent, Licenses for sale
186 Exchange Street
BANGOR, MAINE

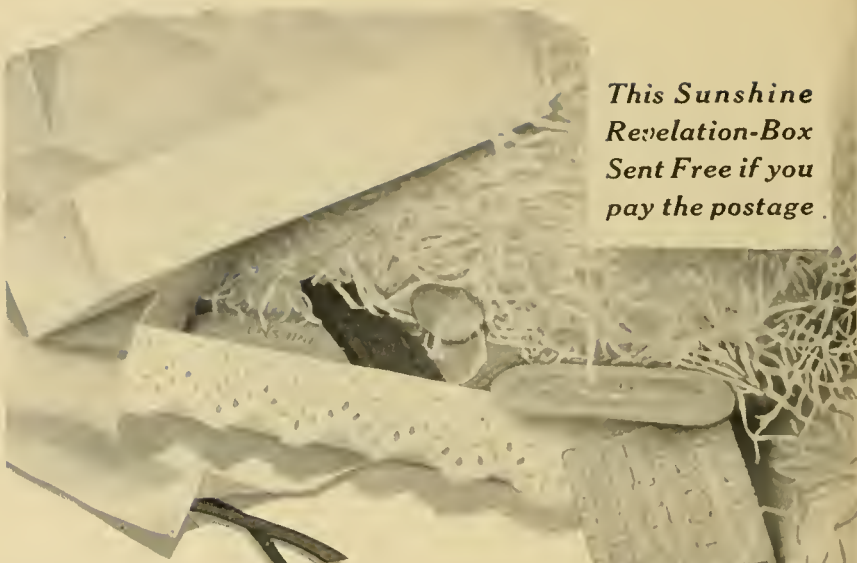
MORANDI-PROCTOR CO

Cooking Apparatus

FOR

Hotels, Restaurants, Clubs, Institutions
and Steamboats

48-50 Union Street BOSTON, MASS



*This Sunshine
Revelation-Box
Sent Free if you
pay the postage*

Daintily packed, ribbon-tied,
like a box of choicest candy, we
offer these fourteen delicious

Sunshine

Specialties

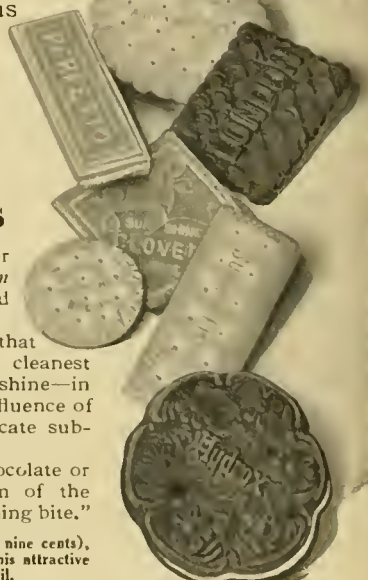
They are so entirely different from any other biscuits baked in this country, that we want *them* to tell their own surprising, toothsome and enticing story.

When you taste them you will readily believe that they are made in the lightest, brightest and cleanest bakery in the world. Literally baked in the sunshine—in the Bakery with a Thousand Windows. The influence of sunshine is reflected everywhere in their delicate substance and delicious taste.

Just the things to serve with ice cream, chocolate or any iced beverage. They solve the problem of the luncheon dessert, the afternoon tea and the "evening bite."

Send us 10 cents in stamps or coin (the postage alone costs us nine cents), with your name and address, and the name of your grocer, and this attractive Sunshine Revelation-Box shown here will be sent free by return mail.

See that your grocer has a supply, so that you may be the first to introduce these wonderfully delicious dainties to your friends.



LOOSE-WILES BISCUIT CO.

415 Causeway Street, BOSTON, MASS.

Bakers of Sunshine Biscuits.

All the Leading Resorts Serve Them

SUMMER LIFE-SAVERS

¶ Summer is the time for relaxation and replenishment—a time for giving Nature a chance to recoup the losses of the strenuous Winter. The summer “life-savers” are Outdoor air, Pure Water, Healthful Employment, Recreation and Simple Food. The best food to live on, to play on, to travel on in Summer is

SHREDDED WHEAT

the food that provides the greatest amount of body-building nutriment with the least tax upon the digestive organs. It supplies more real digestible nutriment pound for pound than meat, eggs or vegetables. It is the whole wheat steam-cooked, shredded and baked—nothing added, nothing taken away

¶ Here is a Summer suggestion for those who know enough to cut out greasy meats and soggy pastries: heat one or more Shredded Wheat Biscuits in the oven to restore their crispness; then drop over them blackberries or other berries or fresh fruit and serve with milk and cream; sweetened to suit the taste. The combination is deliciously wholesome and strengthening for breakfast or any other meal, supplying all the strength needed and giving Nature a chance to throw off the poisons that come from a high-protein diet

TRISCUIT IS WATER TRUST

Made of Shredded Wheat

¶ Eaten with soft cheese or marmalades it makes a delicious “snack” for the Summer camp or the long tramp, for picnics or excursions on land or sea. Made by

THE SHREDDED WHEAT COMPANY

Niagara Falls, N. Y.



NORTH CAROLINA



Founded by James W. Tufts

The Winter Outdoor Life Center of America

Free from climatic extremes and offering all the invigorating qualities of the wonderful climate found only in the dry, sandy, Longleaf Pine region of North Carolina—"The Land of Sunshine"

The only resort in the United States having

THE ONLY GOLF COURSE IN THE UNITED STATES (A fourth in process of construction)

Perfectly maintained and generally conceded to rank with the best. Here the United North and South Amateur Golf Championship and three other tournaments of national importance are held annually

THE ONLY RESORT IN THE UNITED STATES HAVING A COMPLETELY EQUIPPED SKI CLUB

Pinhurst is a private estate about ten miles square. It has an altitude of 700 feet above sea level. Complete and perfect equipment: Dairy, Market Garden, abundant Pure Water

Pinhurst is the only resort in America from which CONSUMPTIVES ARE ABSOLUTELY EXCLUDED

FOUR HOTELS AND 52 COTTAGES UNDER ONE MANAGEMENT

THE ONLY RESORT IN THE UNITED STATES HAVING A COMPLETELY EQUIPPED SKI CLUB

For information, booklet, or tournament schedule address

LEONARD TUFTS, OWNER or PINEHURST GENERAL OFFICE
Boston, Mass. Pinhurst, North Carolina

REVOLVER

SHOOTING

NORTHWARD-HO!
A·WEEKLY·MAGAZINE
OF
FICTION·FACT & NEWS



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

TEN CENTS

BAKER'S CARACAS SWEET CHOCOLATE

Is Delicious!



Just the right
combination of
high grade cocoa
pure sugar and
vanilla to please
the taste

Sold in 1-8 lb.
and
1-4 lb. packages



Be Sure That You Get "BAKER'S"
With the Trade-Mark on the Package.

WALTER BAKER & CO. Ltd.

Established 1780

Dorchester, Mass.



TRAP-SHOOTING

THE ALL-YEAR ROUND SPORT

There's no closed season for the Trap-Shooter; the clay birds fly every month of the year

Closely parallels actual hunting conditions—the open air, the sudden, swift flight of the bird—the same opportunity for quick, accurate shooting all combine to make trap-shooting

FASCINATING AND HEALTHFUL

Quickly develops the novice into a skilled shot because of the opportunity for regular and continuous shooting under favorable conditions and pleasant surroundings

If there's no trap-shooting equipment nearby get a trap of your own; they're inexpensive and targets cost but a trifle

Free Trap-Shooting Rules Booklet No. 65, will be sent on request

E. I. Du Pont de Nemours Powder Co.

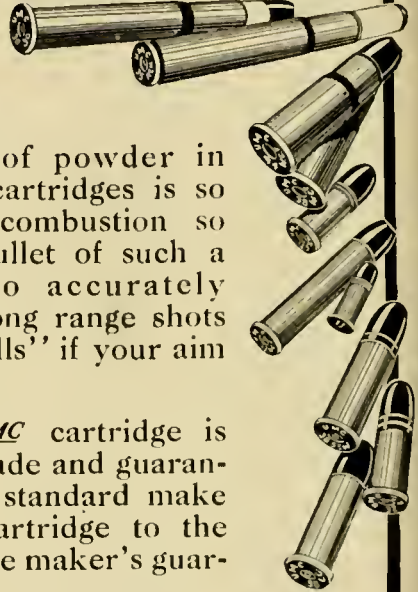
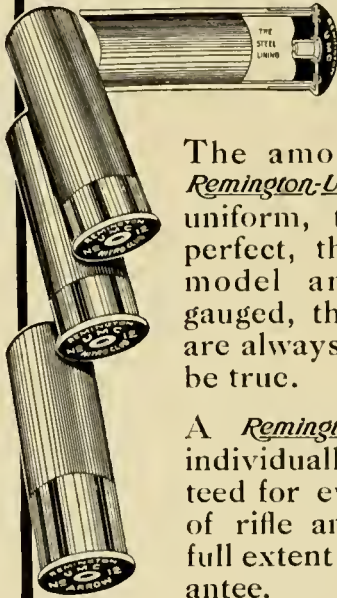
Established 1802



Wilmington, Del.



METALLIC CARTRIDGES and Steel Lined SHOT SHELLS



The amount of powder in *Remington-UMC* cartridges is so uniform, the combustion so perfect, the bullet of such a model and so accurately gauged, that long range shots are always "kills" if your aim be true.

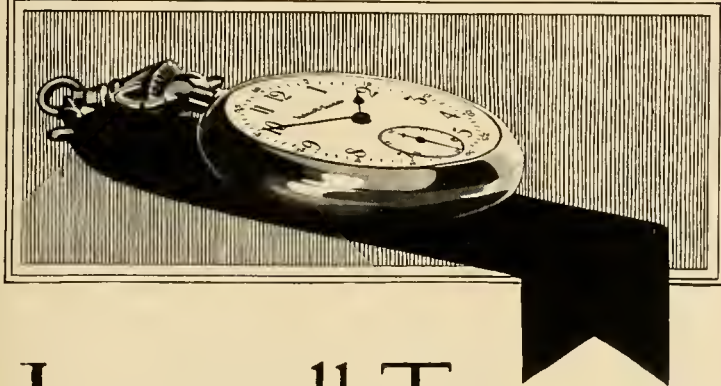
A *Remington-UMC* cartridge is individually made and guaranteed for every standard make of rifle and cartridge to the full extent of the maker's guarantee.

The steel lining around the powder in Nitro Club and Arrow Shot Shells insures better pattern, better penetration and greater velocity for the same load.

It makes the shell stronger, surer and safer.

Remington-UMC — the perfect shooting combination

REMINGTON ARMS-UNION METALLIC CARTRIDGE CO.
299 Broadway New York City



Ingersoll-Trenton

\$5.00 to \$19.00

There is a book about this watch which should be read by every prospective watch buyer. This book tells the story of the Ingersoll-Trenton Watch as it has never been told before—a story that could not be told of any other watch.

Even if you are not thinking of buying a watch now, you ought to know why and how we can make such an accurate timekeeper and such a beautifully appearing watch at such low prices. It will help you to a better understanding of watch buying and more than that it will tell about the extraordinary manufacturing system that is behind the Ingersoll-Trenton Watch.

This little book, "How to judge a watch," is sent free to anyone who asks for it.

ROBT. H. INGERSOLL & BRO., 149 Ashland Building, New York



Examine the New 6¼lb. Takedown **SAVAGE** Featherweight

Big game hunters stick to the Savage high power rifles because they want the game.

The Featherweight Takedown gets all the game that is to be gotten, from big Bengal tigers to little Canadian deer. Always brings a cartridge to the chamber, always sends a powerful bullet on a long true flight. Price \$25. Extra barrel (303 cal. or 30.30 cal.) interchangeable with 25.35 caliber, \$10.

Big game hunters want reliability and must have it. They don't want excessive recoil shock, nor excessive weight.

If you examine the new Savage Featherweight Takedown at your dealer's, you won't wonder at the number of these rifles seen in the mountain camps and North woods this year. See one today, or write us for complete Rifle Book of Savage Models.

Address: Savage Arms Company, 33 Savage Avenue, Utica, New York.

INTERCHANGEABLE BARRELS—AN EXCLUSIVE SAVAGE FEATURE

Hotel Huritan

Commonwealth Avenue, 100 yards west
of Massachusetts Avenue



A Distinctive Boston House

Inviting to transient and permanent guests
who prefer good taste to display

Attractive booklet with guide to Boston and vicinity
on request

B. B. COSTELLO, Manager

IT'S TIME RIGHT NOW

to consider the Stevens Repeating Shotgun. Anybody who has actually seen and *felt* this gun doesn't have to do any "considering." But if you have *not* seen it go to your dealer to-day—put this Repeating Shotgun up to your shoulder and feel the beautiful balance that makes the Stevens *almost point itself*.

This model is made in several different grades—which one interests you most?

No. 535, To order only	List Price, \$100.00
No. 530, To order only	List Price, 75.00
No. 525, To order only	List Price, 50.00
No. 522, Trap Grade	List Price, 40.00
No. 520, Field Grade	List Price, 25.00



J. Stevens Arms & Tool Co.

The Factory of Precision

163 Main Street

Chicopee Falls, Mass.

THEY'RE ON SALE AT

NOW IF HE ONLY
HAD A BOX OF
Kuylers

A black and white line drawing of a man and a woman sitting on the ground. The man is on the left, wearing a dark suit, a white shirt, a tie, and a boater hat. He is sitting with his legs crossed and hands clasped. The woman is on the right, wearing a light-colored, long-sleeved dress with a high collar and a belt. She is sitting with her legs crossed and hands resting on her lap. The background is minimal, with a few lines suggesting a landscape.

ABSOLUTELY THE PUREST
AND BEST CANDIES
IN THE WORLD

HIGH CLASS RESORTS



**6 SHOTS BY THE PRESSURE
OF YOUR FINGER!**

WINCHESTER

HIGH-POWER SELF-LOADING RIFLE

.351 Caliber

THE TRIGGER-CONTROLLED REPEATER

THERE is nothing to take your mind off the game if you shoot a Winchester Self-Loading Rifle. The recoil does the reloading for you, which places the complete control of the gun under the trigger finger. You can shoot six shots as fast as you can pull the trigger and without taking your eye off the sights. As this rifle is made with a detachable magazine, you can replace an exhausted one with a loaded one in a jiffy and continue shooting. No recoil-operated rifle but the Winchester offers this advantage. Other desirable and distinctive features of this rifle are — a stationary barrel with sights attached, and all moving parts enclosed. The .351 Caliber, High-Power Cartridge has great killing power, making it heavy enough for the largest game.

*Catalogue fully describing this rifle—"The Gun
That Shoots Through Steel"—sent upon request*

WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO., NEW HAVEN, CONN

NECCO WAFERS

A Vacation Dainty



The largest five-cent wafer
roll made and abso-
lutely pure

SOLD EVERYWHERE

MADE BY

New England Confectionery Co.

BOSTON, MASS.

Pleasure Yachts and Launches

UP-TO-DATE

HIGH-CLASS

SUCCESSFUL

POWERFUL

DEPENDABLE

“SPEEDWAY”

Boats with Speed, Comfort
Safety and Sea-worthiness

YACHTING IN YACHTING STYLE



Rear-Commodore A. B. Waring's "Ioneta" now in commission on Moosehead Lake

Gas Engine and Power Co.
and Charles L. Seabury & Co.

(Consolidated)

MORRIS HEIGHTS,

NEW YORK CITY

CATALOGUE SENT ON REQUEST

Candy of Excellence



**HYGIENICALLY
SERVED**

THE increasing demand for Page & Shaw product has made it necessary for us to put on the market our goods in packed sealed boxes. These candies are delivered from the workroom to customer as quickly as possible. This method of distributing our product to the public, also in putting together a popular selection of all kinds to meet a popular taste, has required study and careful thought.

THESE PACKAGES ARE ON SALE AT

19 State Street	Boston
439 Boylston Street	Boston
553 5th Avenue, near 45th Street	New York
101 South 13th Street	Philadelphia

and Various Resort Hotels



Trophies

Appropriate to every sport on land or water, receive particular attention. We have extraordinary facilities for producing simple or elaborate pieces, also for making up of special designs if desired

*Correspondence
Solicited*

Maynard & Co., Inc.

416 Boylston Street

BOSTON, MASS





NORTHWARD-HO!

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"FORM IS LARGELY A MATTER OF INDIVIDUAL TEMPERAMENT"



NORTHWARD-HOI!



A WEEKLY MAGAZINE OF NEWS

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1911

VOL. VII

No. 8

ABOUT REVOLVER SHOOTING

Facts and Illusions



FACT often dispels illusion, hence the frequent disregard when it detracts from the charm of narrative. Of the negative cowboy we have made a hero and, incidentally, we casually mention a few of the things he did with his trusty frontier forty-four.

Billy Wild, we are told, could ride at full gallop and drive a cork through a whiskey bottle neck fifty yards away, without breaking the glass. Sandy Ike's favorite amusement, it is asserted, was knocking a tomato can (always a tomato can) into the air by hitting the ground under it, then puncturing the hobo's camp kit with the second shot. Greasy Pete, in sportive moods, was wont to throw half a dozen silver quarters into the air and to clip the tails off each of the eagles, before they reached the ground. But why enumerate? This sort of thing is classic in western fire-side lore and is related in all sincerity, for fact. But, believe me, don't ever tell it as your *personal experience* to a modern revolver shot; not even if you have really seen it—which you haven't!

The fact of the matter is that the "dead shot" westerner was not in the same class with the twentieth century expert; not for one brief period. He was quicker, possibly, so is a boy with a sling-shot or a stone; but in the matter of *accuracy*, he is completely outclassed. The westerner, the "dead shot," the snap shot, was *never* a close shot. At twenty yards he could put six bullets into a ten inch circle as fast as he could work the

trigger, but when it came to hitting the inner circle of the two-inch bullseye, he stepped down and out. He simply couldn't do it. If he did it was purely accident. If the modern expert *doesn't* it is for exactly the same reason. In these two sentences you find the difference between the two, and this is plain, unadorned fact; no glamour of romance, no tradition handed down story, but every day present accomplishment.

How he does it this story endeavors to show in outline, for no arm is more practical in its adaptation than the pistol, not as an arm of defense; but of utility and recreation. First of all, pistol shooting is as much a question of eyesight as nerve, and steadiness comes from practise; muscular development, confidence. Form is largely a matter of individual temperament, some experts shooting facing the target, but the majority with the side slightly towards it; some with arm fully extended, others with it slightly crooked; wrist straight out or slightly turned to the right, but always with a firm stance; the majority holding their breath while taking aim. These are matters to experiment with and make your own selection; there are special reasons for each. The fine art comes in sighting, releasing the trigger and *adjusting the sights*, for while all arms may be absolutely alike and perfect, they do not seem so. The grip offers several forms for selection—low down with the little finger below the butt, medium and snug up—but in each case, the revolver should be held naturally, *lightly*. The trigger is not *pulled*, the



but *pressed* (squeezed) gently to the point of release. This not only prevents variation, but overcomes the natural tendency to wince. Don't extend the forefinger along the chamber and pull with the second. There is nothing to be gained and it's bad form, often dangerous. Do not allow the pistol to tip sideways. Its position should always be vertical. Raise the pistol in sighting.

As for practice, you can acquire it with empty chambers. The sight should rest at the *bottom* of the bullseye, not "covering" it, thus giving a clear vision. Adjustment of sights should be such that you can sight at this point and hit the white pinhead in the bulls' dead center. Don't start on large bullseyes and work down to regulation. If you prefer, start on small and progress to

regulation, but it is better to begin on standard targets at standard range. Twenty yards is ample for the beginner, and ideal for practice, because the results of each shot are visible; average distance also, for all practical purposes. Small caliber is ideal for practice but it does not fit one well for larger if there is any tendency to wince. Generally speaking, one should shoot the arm he wishes to become proficient with. Few can quickly adapt themselves to changes from one arm to another. Better shoot lighter loads and keep up dummy practice, *for perfection is largely confidence* resulting from familiarity. The main thing is to keep your shots in *line*, up and down. The tendency to shoot consistently to either right or left is easily remedied, but if you cannot overcome



circling the bull (peppering the target) the championship is surely not for you. ¶ Last and most important of all, you must *concentrate*, learn to separate yourself from all else but the dead center of the bull when aiming. Because they are unable to do this, many fine shots are competitive shots; unable to stand the supreme test. Remember also, that ten bulls in the *outside ring score but eighty*, while seven dead centers (tens) and three sevens (just outside the bull) score ninety-one. Hard to believe, but it's a fact and it is the ability to hit the ten which makes the modern expert a marvel. Don't mind your *start*. It really doesn't matter whether you make seventeen or seventy. It's merely a ques-

A checked wood butt is much better than rubber—pearl is excellent for collar buttons! A checked trigger makes a lot of difference, but content yourself with the regulation pull; don't let the hair trigger tempt you. Eight inches is ample length of barrel to my thinking—ten inches ungainly. You are not shooting a rifle! Plain, honest blue is the proper finish; a dull blue (smoke) would be better if we weren't so fond of the *pretty*. Plain open and front sights are good enough. Avoid the bead front sight, for the bull is really what you are looking at and what you want to see. The better *definition* you get, the closer the center you hit, and remember that you are not shooting at the bullseye, but



tion of whether you *progress* after you've reached the seventy or eighty average. After the latter mark scores climb upward mighty slow. You'll strive for days, weeks, to score five successive tens; months or more, for ten of them, and possibly not land them. Shoot strings of five and then change targets. The rest helps. Don't get over tired. When the eye wearies, stop. Avoid competition early in the game; advance slowly and surely. Take care of your weapon, experiment with various loads. Learn to know without looking, just what you are doing; *never* drift into snap shooting. Recall what Wild Bill, Sandy Ike and Greasy Pete have done and don't try to rob them of their glory. Uplift the sport of to-day.

the *center* of the bull. In game shooting forest shadows will bother, open sunlight will exaggerate. A rest across the supported left hand is as good as a stock if you are hungry! Always shoot not at the game, but some *point on the game*. Concentrate on this and variation won't make much difference. As a woods arm you'll find the revolver without an equal, especially the light small caliber in leather holster, worn on the belt with attached cartridge pouch. ¶ Consider the revolver as an arm and *don't* get the "pistol habit." Regard revolver shooting from its practical side or as a sport, and dignify it as such, for it ranks high, its ideal is worthy and is not without manifold and varied adaptations.

—JUSTUS KENDALL.

AUTUMN AT NEW CASTLE

Deep Sea Fishing Adds Interest to Week of Informal Pleasures at The Wentworth

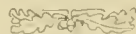


GLORIOUS days are these at The Wentworth and while the grand old ocean has lost none of its fascination, delicate tints of emerald are giving way to royal purple, and feathery spray to majestic billows. Serene, the sea, but not without a suggestion of the latent fury which will roar its defiance when the golden leaves have fallen from the slender birches. Days, no longer weeks, lie before and they are memory hours for the many who are rounding out the season with those who have enjoyed this delightful spot since late June. ¶ The week has been one of many informal affairs, interest in deep sea fishing being aroused through a party arranged by Mr. Henry W. Baldwin, Mr. Lathrop E. Baldwin and Miss Baldwin of New York; Mr. Albert E. Smith of Brookline, and Miss Baldwin dividing honors for the largest fish taken. Bishop and Mrs. W. A. Leonard of Ohio, were members of the party.

Mrs. Philip D. Armour of Chicago, entertained at the White Cat Inn informally, her guests including Mrs. Edson Keith, Mrs. Davis Kelly and Mrs. William A. Fuller of Chicago, Mrs. W. A. Leonard of Cleveland, Mrs. John Rinehart of Owensboro, Ky., Mrs. Martha S. Jones and Mrs. C. A. Sinclair of Boston, and Mrs. H. W. Priest, Mrs. Louis Prang of Boston, was hostess for a large party from Little Boar's Head. ¶ Among the largest of numerous spreads at The Wentworth was a luncheon given by Mrs. Arthur E. Clark of Manchester, N. H., for a group including Mrs. Charles G. Smith of Washington, Mrs. James E. Tait, Miss Margaret Wood and Miss Ellen S. Roder of Baltimore, Mrs. Charles G. Smith, Mrs. Joseph Strauss and Mrs. W. H.

Hill of Washington, Miss E. W. Bretton of New York, Mrs. Nathaniel W. Norton of Buffalo, Mrs. E. C. Bates of Boston, Mrs. Arthur P. French of Brookline, Mrs. Albert Hantz of Amherst, Mrs. C. B. Brittain of Richmond, Ky., Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Gooch of Covington, Ky., and Mrs. H. H. Royal of Richmond, Va. ¶ An open air concert by the orchestra was followed by tea.

The presence of Calvary Commandery, K. T., of Providence, added brilliancy to the week. ¶ Late arrivals who will remain some time include: Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Perry and Mr. William A. Fuller of Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Cushman of Boston, Mrs. A. P. Amy and Miss Amy of Brookline, Mr. B. T. Fairchild of New York, Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Kirkham and Miss Kirkham of Montclair, Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Blackburn of Philadelphia, Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Preston of Weston, Mr. and Mrs. Edward F. Miner of Lowell, Miss E. I. Goshorn and Miss Shepley of Cincinnati; Mrs. W. H. Anderson and child of Manila, and Miss Mary Grant of Chicago. ¶ Interest of the coming week centers in the visit of Governor Robert P. Bass of New Hampshire, who reviews the State Militia on Monday; the day rounded out with an evening reception and ball for which many will come from Portsmouth, New Castle, the Navy Yard and nearby hotels and cottages.



The Number Was Ninety and Nine

"Sure!" commented the patient golf professional when asked for the loan of the ninety-ninth set of clubs, handing out a right and left-handed brassie. "Use this one (right) going out, and when you turn to come back take this one (left.)" ¶ An hour later he was rescued from a lunatic's end by a friend.



"SERENE, THE SEA"

ON THE THIRTY-NINTH GREEN

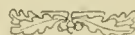
Brilliant Play Characterizes the Final Round of Annual Autumn Golf Tourney at Maplewood



NIP and tuck to the thirty-ninth green the final round of the second annual golf tournament at Maplewood, ranks first among the keenest of mountain contests; E. F. Andrews of the Albany Country club, winning from Harold P. Farrington of Woodland. Retiring for luncheon, two up, the Woodland player had a bit the best of it, adding an extra hole at the turn, but coming down the home stretch, the Albany player captured the first four holes, gaining the lead only to lose it on the thirty-third. A fast three, however, tied the score on the next green, the two remaining holes halved. A brilliant putt halved the thirty-seventh for Mr. Farrington in three, the thirty-eighth halved in Bogey, Mr. Andrews running down a twenty-foot putt, just off the green, for a win. F. H. Bailey of Brachburn and D. M. Stanley of Boston, were other division winners. W. M. Payne of Westward-Ho! won the handicap in a tie play-off with J. R. Scott of Maplewood, at seventy-three; E. H. English of Bethlehem the gross score prize with seventy-six. ¶ The closing tourney of the schedule is booked for Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, next.

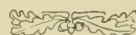
Riding was never more popular, Mrs. George Tarbell, Mrs. Etta Fredenburg, Miss Gladys Moon, Miss Katherine Rothschild, Miss Marjorie Garland and Mr. Lawrence Gerland among those much in the saddle. Rifle and trap shooting continue popular and many informal pleasures are enjoyed. ¶ Mr. and Mrs. John S. Kent of Broekton, who are at the Dinspaugh cottage, are joined by John S. Kent, Jr., Alfred Kent, Miss Helen Kent and Miss Susie Kent. Other late arrivals include: Dr. and Mrs. F. W. Stonebrook, Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Knight and Mrs. Brosman, Mr.

and Mrs. George L. Batchelder, Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. McGreenerly; Mr. and Mrs. H. I. Pinkham; Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Woods and Miss Woods; Mrs. M. E. Dana de Cordova, and J. Dana de Cordova; Miss Annie Ellison, Miss Barbara McGregor and Mr. Allen McGregor.



Bridge and Fishing at Profile

September's affairs at Profile have never been more delightful, the colony very largely occupied with bridge, and the hostesses of the week Mrs. Willard H. Brownson and Mrs. C. H. Haskins. Miss Ruth Haskins gave a party in observance of her birthday for the younger set. ¶ Fishing in Profile Lake is excellent, Mr. Henry Batcheller carrying off the season's honors with a monster trout for these waters, measuring fifteen-and-a-half inches in length. ¶ Many automobilists make not only the Profile but the Flume, a destination point, for the route is through the most picturesque section of the Mountains. ¶ Golf and tennis both claim many, and the days of the closing season are far too short.



Secretary Knox Admits It

Secretary of State Philander C. Knox has rendered Belgrade anglers inestimable service, in that he owns to a catch of one hundred and thirty-four bass. In future any truthful statement may be made without fear, in spite of the fact that those who have never visited Belgrade will continue to wonder at records. ¶ Undoubtedly the secretary killed but few of the string and likewise, he could probably have taken many more had he wished—at Belgrade! ¶ The number of automobile tourists is breaking all records for the month.

COACHING AT WAUMBEEK

Visitors at Jefferson Spend Much Time In the Open Air

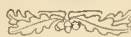
A house full of guests still gives Waumbek a midseason appearance and many activities are planned for the month. Among the most delightful of the affairs are those which have to do with the open air, the revival of coaching a popular diversion. Mr. and Mrs. James Richard Carter were hosts on a recent trip round the Presidential range, their guests including Mr. and Mrs. Endicott, the Misses Spalding and Carter

Platt, Miss Vera Wadsworth, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Stoddard, Mrs. H. Langdon Laws, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Smith and Dr. and Mrs. David Magie. ¶ Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Vietor were hosts at bridge, entertaining Mr. and Mrs. Walter B. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Henry A. Blair, Mr. and Mrs. William D'Olier, Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Schmidt, Mrs. A. H. Schmidt, Mrs. G. F. M. Bond, and Miss
Late arrivals include Mr. and Mrs. Robert A. Leeson, Mr. and Mrs. John R. Hegeman, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Lyon, and Mr. Frederick Lyon, Mr. and Mrs. John G. Bates, Miss Charlotte



and Messrs. David Coffin and Elliot Carter. ¶ A large number participated in Saturday's putting competition for prizes offered by Mrs. Anson G. McCook, of which Mr. Carl Vietor and Miss Katherine McFadon were the winners. Enjoying the tea which followed were Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph H. Kissel, Miss Eleonora Kissell, Mrs. Augustus Kountze, Mrs. Nathaniel Witherell, Mrs. Karl Walker Neuhoff, Mr. and Mrs. William D'Olier, Mr. and Mrs. Robert L. Livingston, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Doane Cook, Mrs. B. W. Cleveland, Miss Marjorie Cleveland, Mr. and Mrs. William Lumis, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Platt, Miss

Fleischman, and Miss Alice Foote, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Charles, Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Kinney, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Fairbanks, Miss Elizabeth Fairbanks, and Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Keese of New York, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Woods, Mrs. M. E. DeCordova, Miss Edwina Woods, Mrs. J. H. Benton, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Curtis of Boston, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Smith of Newark, Mr. and Mrs. William T. Wright, Mr. William C. Wright, and Mrs. George W. Banks of Philadelphia.



NORTHWARD-HO!—"It saves letter writing!" Ask for mailing envelopes.

IONETA IS THE CHAMPION

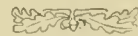
Rear-Commodore Arthur B. Waring Leads in Moosehead Lake Yacht Club's Elimination Race



A FITTING climax to the season's motor boat handicaps was, the elimination race in which the splendid steam yacht Ioneta of Arthur B. Waring of Yonkers, and the small speed boat Neehana of James K. Clarke of Ardmore, fought it out to a finish which has seen no equal here since the days when the Rebecca of the Coburn Steamship line out-distanced the Priscilla of Lily Bay. At the start, the smaller craft shot away like an arrow, maintaining a liberal lead for three miles only to fall behind, forge ahead again, and to be rapidly overhauled by the larger boat which took the lead and maintained it to the finish; the total distance twenty-four miles. ¶ The week concluded the continuous score rife shooting contest, G. Allen Smith of Philadelphia, leading with a selected score of two hundred and forty, strings of eighty-two, eighty and seventy-eight. Mrs. James K. Clark of Ardmore, was first among the fairer experts, with a total of two hundred and thirty-eight, strings of eighty-three, seventy-eight and seventy-seven. ¶ In the final rounds of the men's doubles tennis championship, Walter Negley and Arthur Seeligson won from E. N. Dodge and Lamar Seeligson.

Fishing in Moose River is at its best; Frank C. Payson of Portland, and Eugene Treadwell of New York, among the old-timers camping there. Many are enjoying woods' life. Mrs. Robert W. Downing and children, Mrs. B. Frank Clapp and her son of Philadelphia, and Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Dangerfield, Jr., of Pittsburg, are at Loon Lake; Mr. Henry Sheaffer and Leslie and Clinton Sheaffer of Pottsville, are at Churchill; Mr. and Mrs. Herbert M. Adams of Pawtucket, are at Brassua;

and Mr. Lawrence Sullivan and Miss Florence Sullivan of New York, are on the West Branch. Mr. Sloat Fassett of Elmira, spent the week here on his return from Allegash waters, Mr. W. M. McLean and his sons of Philadelphia, are back from a month at Harrington Lake and Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Lasell of Whitinsville, report a delightful outing at Lobster. ¶ Cool days of September are bringing the trout to shallow waters where the fishing is excellent and the fly effective. Bird hunters are anticipating the opening sport and big game hunters are making their plans.



Hunter's Moon at Crawford's

The hunter's moon hangs a crescent above the White Hills, veiling them in mystery and what should be more natural than the temptation to seek the Unknown on their summits! Yielding, a merry party at Crawford's ascended Mt. Willard by burro, the affair one long of cherished memory. In the party were Mr. and Mrs. Horatio Harris, the Misses Freda Gleason, Mabel Fuller, Irene Snow and Messrs. Clifford Fuller, W. D. Waldron and Frederick Holbrook. ¶ Others loving conquest make various trips afoot, Mr. and Mrs. G. O. Judkins of Glen Falls ascending Mt. Washington, while Messrs. A. S. Pier, B. L. Young, C. Stewart Forbes and Dr. J. Babst Blake of Boston, enjoyed a jaunt of fifty miles from Chocorura through the Notch and on through the range. Dr. John McDonald, T. J. Sayers and W. H. Corbett of Waterbury are also devoted pedestrians. ¶ An obstacle putting competition arranged by Mrs. Charles A. Meals was the week's novelty and Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Craigin gave a luncheon for Mr. and Mrs. N. W. Mundy, Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Cowles.



A BIT OF MOOSE RIVER

MEMORY'S PICTURE GALLERY

There Are Gathered the Fleeting Seasons—Spring, Summer
Autumn—Their Beauty, Fragrance, Color



TO BE a landscape painter has long been my desire, my wish to transfer to canvas the many delightful bits which hang in "memory's gallery." Thus would I live continually in the companionship of the fleeting seasons—spring, summer and autumn—'mid their fragrance, beauty and color. Not a painter of detail, but of mass; not a transcriber, but an interpreter; not a writer, but a poet; always gratifying that close companion—temperament. Days, weeks, months—years—as a waking dreamer; each picture a treasure for the world to enjoy. * * * Thus it is that the art gallery at Poland Spring has claimed me many hours when the forest called and the plain beckoned, for there are gathered the fleeting seasons—spring, summer, autumn—their beauty, fragrance, color; "memory pictures" which have long been the dearest of friends.

How often "The Brook," No. 81, (Cullen Yates) with its exquisite tints and cloud-banked sky, has greeted me; always a refreshing melody in contrast with summer's symphony, autumn's staccato, and winter's dirge. For years in boyhood days, every "Late Afternoon," No. 10, (H. Bolton Jones) I passed, on my way to school, this same meadow brook reflecting the sunlight from the houses half hidden among the trees; watching them, with the changing seasons, turn from gray to green, green to crimson and crimson to gray. Then summer, glorious summer, as shown in "The South Wind," No. 87, (Frank V. DuMond) which is blowing up a thunderstorm; grass, trees, clouds quivering, and haymakers hurrying as I have also hurried. Or "Milking Time," No. 37, (Rhoda Holmes Nicholls); the

willows as soft as Carot's tenderest tones, with the farmhouse reflected in the limpid pool, and lilies sparkling in its shadows. Such a scene as "At Boulogne," No. 63, (Leslie P. Thompson), overlooking harbor and city at early dawn, I have also enjoyed until daylight's detail destroyed its mass, and from mountain side, I have gazed for hours, at the everchanging panoramic kaleidoscope suggested by "Sun Spots," No. 45, (H. H. Gallison).

Many "A Summer Morning," (No. 92) I have spent with William J. Bixbee watching the sea beat lazily against ochre rocks. Fascinated, I have also watched the surf "Off Whitehead," No. 18, (Walter L. Dean) in delicate tints of emerald, or marvelled at the majesty of its strength at "Night Fall," (No. 24) with Charles Herbert Woodbury. "The Home of the Osprey," No. 34, (Dwight Blaney), I have also visited and "A Bit of the Maine Coast," No. 99, (Edward R. Kingsbury); yes, many, of them, I treasure. "The Shimmering Sea," No. 51, (Frank W. Benson) is an old friend; quite near, as I recall it, to No. 96, "The East Wind," (Gallison) where the rank sea grass stretches on to lagoon, lagoon to hillside and hillside to lowering sky. And yes, even Leon Dabo's weird "Silver Light" and "The Hudson," (Nos. 77 and 79) are vaguely familiar, and—much alike! Like Childe Hassam, I have seen "Union Square," (No. 66) glittering in the bright spring sunshine, but to attempt to paint it is the quest of perpetual motion.

Often I have seen dawn, weird, alluring, enchanting in veil of mystery, (No. 84) by Ettore Caser, and in "Chestnut Tree Lane," No. 72, (Chauncey F. Ryder) noted autumn's approach with a tinge of sadness. I also have watched billowing clouds glorify the earth in

subtle "Sunlight and Shadow," No. 47, (William J. Kaula) and many happy hours I have spent "Under the Trees" (No. 82) with William R. Derrick, or in a cool "Woodland Glade" (No. 5) with R. M. Shurtleff, wandering home as the afternoon waned, "Through the Forest," No. 121, (Herbert M. Faulkner) and past "The Pines at Twilight," No. 22, (Ben Foster.) Lingering until the last glow faded from such rare beauty as "Near South Egremont," No. 32, (H. Bolton Jones) and revelling in its half lights, deep shadows and glowing sky. "I have waited until the silvery "Summer Moon," No. 23, (Matilda Brown), sang day's sweet requiem; the requiem of eternity! * * * Then autumn's monotone "In the Woods," No. 76, (J. Eliot Enneking) has faded into winter drear which I recall, in such sombre canvases as "December Thaw," No. 95, (John J. Enneking.) "Mount Monadnock," No. 26, (Hermann Dudley Murphy), "Winter Afternoon" No. 4, (Gardner Symons) or "Meadow Brook," No. 15, (Edward W. Redfield.)

Gladly I turn to refresh myself in midsummer's warm sunshine and ravishing color so vividly portrayed in such bits as "A Beverly Garden," No. 29, (Abbott Graves;) "Beulah and the Holyhoeks," No. 75, (Jean N. Oliver;) "Peter Rabbit," No. 90, (Charles Hopkinson;) "An Old Fashioned Garden," No. 110, (Everett L. Warner;) and "A Cape Cod Garden," No. 112, (Grace W. Geer.) * * * Such rare "Still Life" bits as No. 59, (William M. Chase) I enjoy, but to me they lack sentiment. If, however, I saw nature as this same artist depicts it in "A Tuscan Landscape," (No. 55) I should continue to paint still life for it at least, possess charm of color and beauty of form. Or could I suggest *fragrance* as they are suggested in "Chrysanthemums," No. 91, (Anna E. Hardy) or "Killarney Roses," No. 103, (Adelaide Palmer) I might paint them so that like the fleeting seasons, I might have them always. Likewise, portraits and figures often to me, seem personal, sometimes human; but

they are surely "pictures" when painted with such exquisite backgrounds as "Among the Laurel Blossoms," No. 41, (Charles C. Curran;) No. 42, "Summer," (Mary B. Titcomb) and "Elder-blow," No. 83, (Susan Ricker Knox.) One possessing the artistic sense cannot, however, pass by such a masterly effect of pigment, composition and technique as "Mrs. Wiles and Daughter," No. 11, (Irving R. Wiles.) Robert Reid's "Tennis Girl," (No. 52) must also claim attention, as will "Huntress Restraining Hounds," No. 88, (William J. Whittemore.) Luis F. Mora's "Miniature," (No. 38) and Mary B. Hazleton's "Music Room," (No. 48) are both pleasing interiors, while "The Persian Kitten," No. 49, (Louise Cox) and "The Story Book," No. 30, (Lee L. Kaula) depict charming phases of child life.

"At the Window," No. 33, (Francis Jones) and "Candle Light," No. 36, (Arthur M. Spear) both awaken memories, pleasant memories, and there is tenderness, pathos, and poetry in Frank H. Tompkins' "Mother and Child," (No. 50.) I. H. Caliga's portrait study, "The Blue Scarf," (No. 89) is misleading in title but bold in treatment, and much the same may be said of "The Japanese Lily," (No. 35) and "The Red Shawl," (No. 40) by Arthur M. Hazard and Leslie P. Thompson. "Susan," by Elizabeth Taylor Wilson (No. 43) is a dainty little miss, William M. Paxton has an excellent figure in "Dejeuner," (No. 25) while Joseph DeCamp's portrait of "Mr. Joseph Baker" (No. 54) and Margaret Richardson's study of "Mr. Frank Bayley" (No. 93) are both excellent, their reality contrasting pleasantly with the suggestion of Mary L. Macomber's "Identity," (No. 69).

Failing to recognize Frank W. Benson in "In the Spruce Woods," (No. 62) I ponder for a time, in similar perplexity, over one of the earlier studies of Edmund Tarbell, "Girl with Horse" (No. 86.) With lifted eyebrows I marvel at the infinite patience of Alexander Pope and J. G. Brown, passing on

to pause for a moment before sheep pictures by J. A. S. Monks (Nos. 20 and 85) and "Wild Horses" by William Ritschel, (No. 66). * * * And though I have never seen them, the "Grande Palace at Antwerp," No. 107, (Colin C. Cooper); "St. Michael's Mount," No. 115, (Hendricks A. Hallett) and "Old Bridge at St. Ives," No. 117, (Sears Gallagher) seem familiar, for beauty, like happiness, is found wherever we really seek it. * * * And finally, even I who care not for detail, or line and form without color, linger over the dainty miniatures and fine sculpture, departing happy in the consciousness that I may come again—and again—to be for a time, with the "memory pictures" which have long been dear friends.

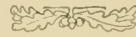
—JUSTUS KENDALL.



Interest in Art Exhibition General

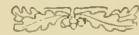
Interest in the exhibit has never been more general than during the present season, a significant indication the sale of four water colors, two oils and one piece of statuary. Nos. 3, "New England Farm Yard," by William T. Robinson; No. 87, "The South Wind," Frank V. DuMond; Nos. 118, "Black Cat and Poland Lakes," Agnes Leavitt, and No. 119, "Upper Saranac Lake," Will S. Budworth, go to Uxbridge, Mass.; No. 121, "Through the Forest," Herbert W. Faulkner, and No. J, "Dog with Bone" of Alexander P. Proctor, go to St. Louis, and a water color of the Poland Lakes, by Miss Leavitt, to Springfield. ¶ The sculpture this year is of special interest notably the bust of Emerson by French, one of the very few modelled from life. Two bas-reliefs by Mrs. Helen L. Pratt of her children, and panel portraits of Bela L. Pratt and Howard Everett Smith, as well as Mr. Pratt's bust of Dr. J. B. S. Jackson and the statuette,

"Boy with Fish," are of special interest. Gutzon Borglum's statuette of Ruskin and the animal group, "Mares of Diomedes" both bear the mark of genius and Anna V. Hyatt's "Work Horses" are among other things which command attention. ¶ In the miniatures Marie J. Stream's "Lace Shawl," and portraits by Evelyn Purdie, Laura C. Hills, Rhoda Holmes Nicholls, Grace W. Geer and Jean N. Oliver are all exquisite.



Golf in the Moonlight

Yes, indeed, good-byes at Poland Spring are weeks away, attention occupied with many informal affairs among them a moonlight putting competition enjoyed by the household. Mr. and Mrs. S. Ross Campbell of Philadelphia, were hosts at a jolly corn roast, the guests including: Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Lindsay, Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Keene, Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. William C. West, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Halsell, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Oldham, Mrs. George W. Barnes, Mrs. C. A. Griffin, Mrs. A. B. Ricker, Mrs. H. W. Ricker and Mrs. F. F. Rhodes.



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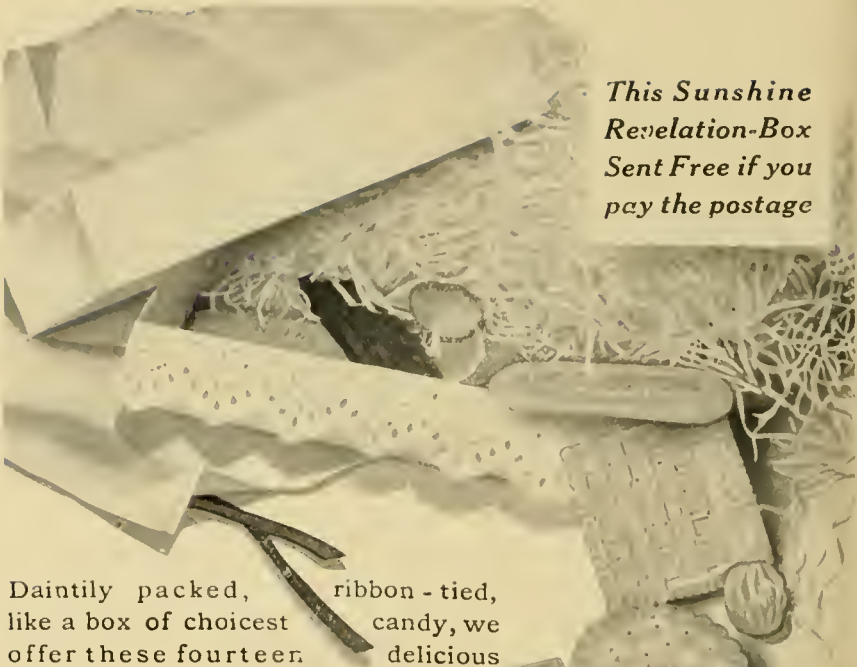
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DOG OF CLASS

NORTHWARD-HO!
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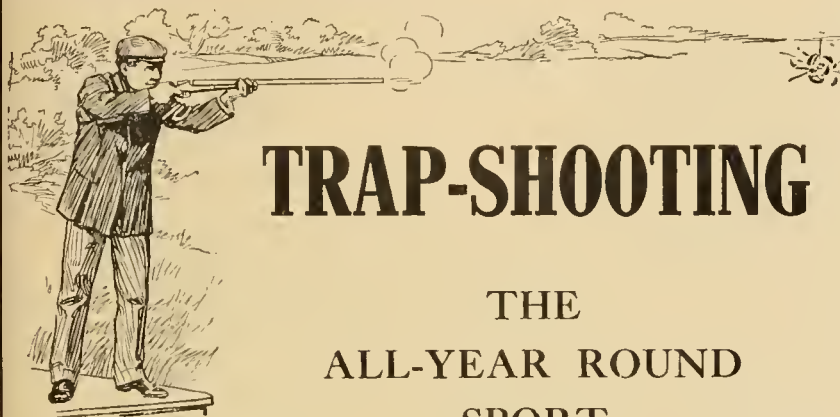


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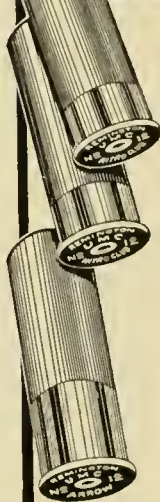
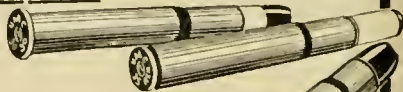
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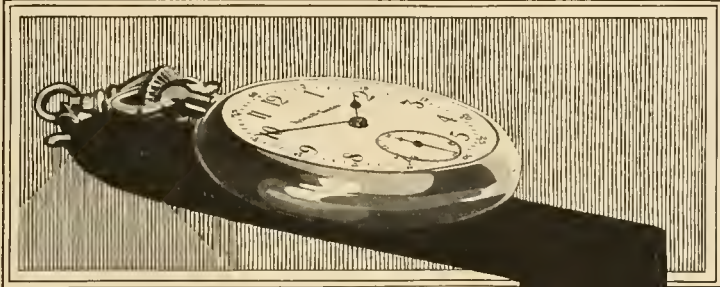
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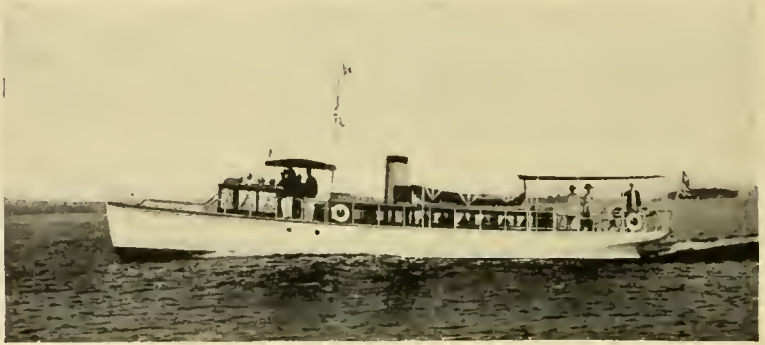
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THE SETTER OF CLASS



THE POINTER OF STYLE



NORTHWARD-HO!



A WEEKLY MAGAZINE OF NEWS

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1911

VOL. VII

No. 9

THE HUNTING DOG OF CLASS

Twentieth Century Evolution



JUST as Remington has shown us that the hobby horse merry-go-round run was not the actual gallop, so the modern class hunting dog has shown that the former dog was not beauty in line and form; another phase of evolution twentieth century sport has brought about. Briefly, the former hunting dog was bred with but one purpose—to get the birds—no attention being paid to the finer qualities which the modern sportsman demands. In a measure to be sure, field trial and bench have done much, but in the main, higher standards have been responsible for hunting has become not a *quest* but a *sport*; killing an *incident* where formerly it was an *end*. And in this transformation we have produced not only a more beautiful but a better dog; keener of nose, faster of foot, more powerful in limb and superior in sagacity; a *thoroughbred* in every meaning of the word and with a thoroughbred's *pride* as the direct right of inheritance. In kennel, field or on bench he commands our admiration as a masterpiece.

The requirements also have been a factor, for with scarcity of birds the old dog was far too slow, his maze of quartering useless where birds are scarce as in open country, his creeping up far too slow for present day speed requirements. In two hours the modern dog will accomplish what would have required a day for the former; speedily, tirelessly, confidently, willingly, joyously. The point is no longer a thing of uncertainty

to keep the hunter on tenter hooks—a pause, a stop, then on again—but swift, instantaneous, certain; a realization which makes every muscle quiver, confidence in every line; “classy,” and in striking contrast to the “stylish” point.

To-day we are *training* not *breaking* dogs, both expressive words which tell their story; development and arrested development when applied to humans. Formerly dogs were *afraid to flush*, now *they wish to point!* Properly bred, the modern dog only needs *development* under *skillful guidance*; character and confidence the result at a comparatively early age, though the actual training takes much longer. At first allowed to run under light restrictions for several months until the *idea* of hunting is thoroughly instilled, they are gradually trained by a process which in reality, allows them to *learn themselves*. Instead of punishment, which takes from the average dog something which can never be put back, it is simply a case of bringing him back under subjugation.

This accomplished it is merely a case of making instructions clear. Orders given are always enforced, enforced with the aim of conveying the meaning, of showing just what is to be done. If he refuses to do what he is convinced is right, he will stand punishment, but if he is in the wrong and doesn't know it or in the right and is punished, he is practically ruined. ¶ Modern training develops no *acquired* faults, well nigh impossible to eradicate, but natural ones easily overcome. The *trained* dog with confidence, may always

be made to *try*, while the *broken* dog fearing punishment, lacking confidence, sulks. You can not *reason* with a dog, or a child for that matter, but you can inspire confidence, respect and affection, and herein is the keystone which supports the foundation of the modern class dog, for while breeding exerts its influence generation after generation, training produces the *result*. Basic it is with life as we are coming to understand it, for the modern teacher is in reality, but a *critic*, and such the successful twentieth century handler must be.

berries of the holly trees and meadow-larks strutted in the fields, while mockers and other songsters whisked in and out among the bushes. Presently our path led through the fragrant pine forest, then past a "haunted house" and through a huge gate to a stubble field.

Some sixty yards away stood the dogs, staunch as rocks; Rose at the front and Polly, the youngster, backing beautifully. I dismounted in nervous haste, but George took his time, remarking: "There's plenty of time, sah. They'll hold 'em all day, sah." Possibly George



HUNTING IN THE CAROLINAS

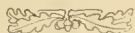
January Seems Unreal in Quail Covers of the Balmy, Sunny Southland

"The birds'll be out to-day, sah," remarked my guide as we rode away from the picturesque plantation mansion. "Why?" I queried, curiously. "See the chick'ns, sah? They're busy movin' about, happy like; a sure sign, sah—it never fails." Coming from the North with its snow and ice, I seemed to have stepped backward into October; the glorious sunlight and balmy air making January unreal. Robins feasted on the

was right, I thought, but I was much relieved when we had climbed the rail fence. What a superb place it was to shoot! Fly which way the birds might, they would be in the open for fully sixty yards and I began to congratulate myself on the double I was about to make. A moment later we were at the dog's heels. Then a whirr and a single bird went into the air like a rocket. To be sure it was in the open and the bird's flight was not a bad quarter, but I missed, missed badly, and a second later the crack of my guide's gun scored a kill. Simultaneously the air was full of

birds and I was trying to pick one when George's left barrel spoke and two birds fell. He had waited until they were in line and killed both, just as I fired at space. "A very good shot, sir," he remarked, implying that I had killed one of the birds, and, guiltily, I tucked the quail away in my coat when the old dog brought it to me a moment later.

The birds were marked down in a dense cover where it was impossible to follow, so we mounted and as we rode along, I held an interesting conversation with myself, while George talked to the dogs and his horse. I couldn't account for my work. It was certainly easy enough, child's play, compared with grouse shooting, and yet I had scored two as clean misses as ever a duffer had booked to his credit. Still marveling, we found the dogs close by a little branch which ran through a big semi-clearing, rank with broom straw. The bevy got up in a bunch and I managed to wing a bird at long range with my left, while my guide had no trouble in making a double. ¶ We marked the birds down in a ravine and for half an hour, there was merry sport. George followed the puppy while I kept Rose in sight, managing to get into better shape by "practise." When we came together he had seven birds to show and I proudly laid four alongside. For the rest of the day we hunted magnificent quail country, starting fully twenty bevies and when we started homeward our saddle-bags were heavy and my cartridge vest was light.



An Enthusiastic Angler

The late Senator William P. Frye was, for many years, an enthusiastic angler and an annual visitor at the Rangelcys. Devoted to the sport as a sportsman, he gave it much study, one result the catching of the largest trout ever taken with the artificial fly. ¶ Here is the Senator's own description of the incident: "I have your letter asking for information in relation to the banner trout taken by me four or five years ago. There is no photograph of the fish. I

have a painting of him made from figures given to the painter. I shall be obliged to give them from recollection. He was twenty-seven and one-fourth inches long, about eighteen inches in girth, perfectly shaped, beautiful color, with a spread of tail of about eight inches. I saw him rise in the morning, but knew better than to trouble him before night. ¶ I prepared for the contest with a fine split-bamboo rod that could not be broken, a salmon leader tested to nine pounds, and a brown hackle fly, double size, tested to eight pounds, which I had made at Rangeley village between the time I saw the fish and the time I cast for him. I had my guide, Amos Ellis of Rangeley, locate me about seventy feet from where the fish was. I got out the necessary length of line, made one cast, and he, like a gentleman, rose to the fly. ¶ I hooked him and then had the guide pull for deeper water. Knowing the rod, leader and fly were perfectly safe, but being uncertain as to the security of the hold, I determined to give him no line. I gave him none though the fight was desperate, and in twenty minutes I had him in my arms. His weight was a trifle over ten pounds, and I believe him to be the largest trout ever taken on a fly."

I am, very truly,

WM. P. FRYE.



GOVERNOR AT NEW CASTLE

Reception and Ball in Honor of Chief Executive, Season's Most Brilliant Affair at The Wentworth



A FITTING close of a brilliant season' was Monday evening's reception and ball, given in honor of Governor Robert P. Bass of New Hampshire at The Wentworth over three hundred visitors including many from nearby points, gathering for the occasion. ¶ Receiving with the governor were Captain Hancock and Lieuts. Cress and Allen of the U. S. Navy; the Governor attended by the following members of his personal staff: Brig. Gen. Herbert E. Tutherly, Adjutant General, Chief of Staff, Claremont; Major Chauncey B. Hoyt, Coast Artillery Corps Aide-de-Camp, Portsmouth; Aide-de-Camps Major E. Bertram Pike, Pike; Major Harold H. Blake, Concord; Major Robert P. Johnston, Manchester; Major Ralph G. Carpenter, Wolfboro; Captain Orville E. Cain, Co. H., 1st Infantry; Keene; First Lieutenant Charles W. Jellison, Troop A, Cavalry, Peterborough; First Lieutenant Henry A. Worthen, Battery A, Field Artillery, Manchester; and the Departmental Staff including: Brig. Gen. William Sullivan, Inspector General, Manchester; Brig. Gen. Charles J. Hamblett, Judge Advocate General, Brig. Gen. Alfred R. Evans, Quartermaster General, Gorham; Brig. Gen. Frank A. Hardy, Commissary General, Derry; Major Norman B. Webber, Acting Surgeon General, Manchester; Captain E. V. D. Murphy, 18th U. S. Infantry, Inspector-Instructor, Concord.

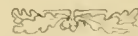
Militia officers in attendance included: Major C. B. Hoyt, Captains C. S. Foss, F. T. Harriman, J. H. Lavetue, and C. C. Rowley; Lieuts. C. P. Bodwell, E. H. Washburn, C. L. Rowe, C. W. Moore, Graves, Davis and Russ.

¶ Following the reception a collation

was served; the Governor leading the march which opened the ball at ten o'clock. Music by Mr. Carl Bchr's symphony orchestra contributed much to the pleasure of the evening, the exquisite gowns of the women and brilliant uniforms of the officers transforming the music hall into a maze of dazzling color, backgrounded by the sombre evening dress of the civilians, and to which decorations in keeping with the occasion contributed their part.

The afternoon's program included a review of regular and state troops by the governor after which he was tendered a reception by Captain Hancock. ¶ Preceding the evening reception exhibition target practise was given by the artillery at Fort Stark; all in all military pomp and ceremony which this famous hotel has not known since the Russian-Japanese peace conference.

The closing of the hotel marks a significant year under its present management; a season which has further established its pre-eminence among the leading resorts of the New England coast. For 1912 many important extensions are already under way, made necessary by continued growth indicative of visible evidences of appreciation. Into all sections of the land its fame has spread, especially into the far west; a select patronage which few eastern resort hotels enjoy the result. ¶ After an automobile trip with Hon. and Mrs. Albert H. Shaw of Bath, Manager and Mrs. H. W. Priest will spend a month at Forest Park, their Moosehead Lake bungalow, leaving for Pinehurst, N. C.



"Not so bad" commented Cleek, "went out in sixty and came back is seventy-two!" "Yes'n he orter stayed out!" muttered the patient caddy.

SEPTEMBER AT CRAWFORDS

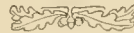
Many Visitors Linger for Closing Weeks of Season at the Notch

Automobile touring shows no indication of the waning season at Crawford Notch where many visitors are rounding out the remaining weeks of the autumn. A hundred cars a day is a low average at this, the gateway to America's Switzerland. ¶ These are ideal days for mountain climbing, the clear air like a prism, intensifying wondrous tints, tones and colors. ¶ Never has September been gayer, interest centering in the week's bridge tourney. Mrs. W. B. Hicks, Mrs. Charles H. Brown, Mr. Hicks and Mr. W. Rogers were the prize winners, Mrs. Alfred E. Vass and Mr. Charles Brown being awarded the consolation trophies.

The Crawford's musical coterie, including Mrs. Pauline Clark, Miss Elisa Worthley and Mrs. Eleanor Marks, who is soloist at Dr. Parkhurst's church in New York and who is here with Dr. and Mrs. Parkhurst, has been widened this week to take in Mr. George Harris, who has been with Jean de Reszke for several years. During his stay here Mr. Harris has sung several times, accompanied by his friend, Mr. Max Herzberg. Though not a musician Mr. George E. Phelan of Brookline, has been warmly welcomed to the stellar ranks, and early in the week, gave an informal reading in the ball room. On his program was "The Rajput Nurse," and "Sir Rupert's Head." ¶ Mrs. Chauncey Blair motored over from Camden, Me., where she has been a cottager. Her daughter, the Marquise de Qoesano, with her husband of Madrid and Paris, and their little daughter, are with her. Mr. William Joslin of Providence, accompanied by Mrs. Joslin and their two granddaughters, the Misses Theresa and Beryl, spent the week here with friends.

Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Moffat and Mr. and Mrs. T. Nielsen of Hackensack, are enjoying several weeks' golf. The

Misses Thora and Dorothy Nielsen who are with their parents, are among the children who ride the burros every day. ¶ Mr. and Mrs. Erastus Blauvelt and the latter's sister, Miss Clementine Rust of Passaic, who came early in the summer, will remain several weeks longer. ¶ Mr. and Mrs. Hilton Brown of New York, are joined by their daughter, Mrs. Fraser, and her husband. Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Breed of Lynn are also here. ¶ Miss Beatrice Worthley of Brookline, who returned from abroad last week on the Romanic, joins her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Worthley, and her sister, Miss Elisa Worthley. ¶ Mr. Arthur Truax of New York, son of Judge Truax, accompanied by Mrs. Truax and her mother, Mrs. Hermon L. Riggs, are here for the month. ¶ Other returning guests who have many affiliations at Crawford's, are: Mrs. Charles S. Landers of New Britain, Mrs. Charles L. Hubbard, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas A. Whelan of Baltimore, and with them their daughters, Miss Alice Whelan, and Mrs. Philip R. Reese, Jr., and her little son; Mr. Theodore K. Guth of Boston, who joins Mr. George Comstock; Mrs. E. L. Phipps of Malden, with their guest, Mrs. D. M. Dempster of Pittsburgh; Mr. Alfred Skitt of Yonkers, who joins Mrs. Skitt; Mr. A. Graham Allan of Toronto, who is here with his son; Mrs. Charles W. Moffett, Misses Bertha and Lillian Curry of Boston and Mr. and Mrs. Frank H. Davis of Elizabeth, N. J.



Golf at Belgrade Lakes

A handicap for the Hill cups concluded the season's golf tournaments at Belgrade Lakes; Miss Marion C. Williams and Mr. Lloyd Williams, the victors. ¶ Miss Williams was also winner of the Mitchell cup in a medal play handicap; Mrs. Henry Zuckerman finishing second. Master Carrol Buzby and Mr. Egleson Robb won the men's trophies. ¶ As for fishing it has never been better and the influx of motorists promises to continue through October.



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"PRIDE BY RIGHT OF INHERITANCE"



"EVERY MUSCLE QUIVERING"



"CONFIDENCE IN EVERY LINE"

IN THE FIRELIGHT'S GLOW

Younger Set at Maplewood Roast and Toast Gun Club Stars and Satellites at Moonlight Feast



IN GOOD old college style the younger set gathered at the Gun Club for a moonlight camp fire feast in honor of stars and satellites who have cast an aurora 'round traps and targets during the summer. Under "Eddie" Meeker's brilliant leadership the waning summer was lived again, its songs resung, its jokes retold, with roasts and toasts for the 'eroes and 'eroines of the hour. Special attention was bestowed upon Harry Nawn who found the fair gallery more attractive than the targets, as well as the Misses Jessie Boyd, Sadie Seaman and Eleanor Agnew who have shot so finely. Others in the party were: The Misses Agnes McCrossin, Francis Matthews, Mathilda Schovelling, Sarah Pardee, Laura Rice, Gladys Moon, Hazel Meeker, Patty Lummis, Dorothy Pease, Mary Craig, Sophie Mackenzie and Pearl Wight and the Messrs. Murray Kiggins, Frank Mitchell, John Donovan, Francis Doyle, M. V. W. DeMott, W. B. Bailey and R. S. Owens.

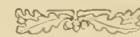
The golf links are in splendid condition and a big field assured for the closing tournament of the season scheduled for Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday next. Interest in trap shooting is general for live birds will soon be targets and motor touring shows not the slightest indication of abatement; in fact it is expected that October registrations will be large. The saddle and driving horses are in constant demand for these are days to be made much of. ¶ Cheerful open fires give warmth and cheer on the cooler evenings and many rubbers of bridge or quiet Bohemian room suppers are bringing congenial friends together. ¶ For 1912 extensive plans are already under way for no

season in history has been more notable. ¶ Though the usual departures are being made many linger for the month and its numerous affairs. Mrs. J. H. Rice, Mr. O. F. Page and Mr. K. Clemenson of New York, are the guests of Mr. W. P. Rice. The youngest Judge of the supreme court, Ralph Crane of New York, comes for the month, as does Judge H. H. Swan of Detroit, in whose party are Mrs. Swan, Miss M. F. Clark and Miss A. P. Clark, Mr. and Mrs. Norris W. Mundy of New York, will remain several weeks. Late arrivals include: Mr. and Mrs. C. M. DeMott and Munroe V. W. DeMott of New Rochelle; Mr. E. H. Bronson, Mrs. M. B. Lord, Mr. Jack Mason, Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Currier of Lynn, Dr. E. K. Root of Hartford, Mrs. Walter S. Wolff, Mrs. A. F. Wadsworth, Miss F. St. J. Baldwin, Mr. F. E. Crane, Dr. Thompkins and E. T. Maynard of New York, Mr. H. P. Pearce and Mr. M. H. Pearce of New Britain, Mrs. D. L. Rice and Miss Ruth Rice of Boston, Mr. and Mrs. James C. Cowell, Mr. David Cowell and Miss E. G. Cowell of Troy.



Dinner for Miss Evelyn Porter

Good-byes are being said at Profile, but many remain through the month and automobile touring continues heavy. Among the week's affairs was a dinner given by Mrs. F. W. Jackson for Miss Evelyn S. Porter, fiancee of Mr. Charles H. Jackson. ¶ Reports of snow on some of the highest mountain peaks is the first real indication that autumn is fast gaining supremacy over summer.



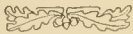
Mailing envelopes at the news counter. Use them for sending NORTHWARD-HO! to friends. "It saves letter writing!"

EQUESTRIANS AT WAUMBEC

Younger Set at Jefferson Spend Much Time in the Saddle

Rare days are these for those devoted to riding at Waumbek, the forest radiant in garb of early autumn, the air with the twang of good wine, and a fast pace the younger equestrians set. One recent trip for Messrs. Adolph Viotor and Fritz Viotor and Misses Marie Viotor and Miss Katherine McFadon included a thirty-six mile jaunt over Cherry Mountain and thence back *via* Crawfords. ¶ Secretary of State Knox and friends made up one of the many motor parties of the week past.

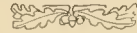
Mrs. Ross Burchardt entertained Monday with putting and tea; Mr. William L. Ward and Miss Alice D'Olier the prize winners. Others enjoying the afternoon were: Gen. and Mrs. Anson G. McCook, Miss Katherine McCook, Mr. and Mrs. Walter B. Smith, Mrs. William Walter Phelps, Mrs. Augustus Kountze, Mrs. Karl W. Neuhoff, Mr. and Mrs. James I. Kay, Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Doherty, Mr. Alexander L. Compton, Jr., Mrs. Rudolph H. Kissell, Miss Eleonora Kissell, Mrs. William Schickel, Miss Gertrude Schickel, Mrs. Henry A. Blair, Miss Anita Blair, Mr. and Mrs. B. Sterling Bottome, Mrs. Howard Coonley and Mr. and Mrs. Tonzo Sauvage, Mr. Douglas Hartzhorne. ¶ Mr. Hartzhorne and Mrs. Burchardt were prize winners of putting cups offered by Mrs. Coonley.



Motor Tourists at Poland Spring

Of departures there are few as yet at Poland Spring, the unprecedented number of motor tourists keeping house counts at midseason mark; attention occupied with sports and informal social pleasures. Prominent among the week's visitors was Governor J. Frank Hanley of Indiana. Ex-Ambassador Charlemagne Tower to Germany, Mrs. Tower and the Misses Tower spent a few days here recently. ¶ Late arrivals who come

for the month include: Miss E. H. Houghton and Miss Virginia Houghton, of Cambridge, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Olmstead and Mrs. L. S. Cowles of Brookline, Mr. and Mrs. O. E. Reiner and Mr. Rudolph Reiner of Brooklyn, Mr. and Mrs. Lowell Lincoln, Mrs. J. E. Willing, Mrs. C. H. Bernard and Messrs. F. O. Hurd, R. W. Windram, J. M. Knight of New York, Mrs. Albert H. Mouse, Miss Ethel Mouse, Mrs. W. E. Windram and Mr. D. B. Mallet of Boston, Mr. and Mrs. B. H. Mann and Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Hughes and Miss Mildred Hughes of Philadelphia.



Sixty Million Packs a Year

"See those bridge tables everywhere?" remarked a playing card manufacturer, "but did it ever occur to you that no less than sixty million packs of cards were necessary to supply the demands of card users last year? Most of 'em low priced cards too; very few 'dollar a pack' cards sold. The expert player and the novice as a rule want a twenty-five or thirty-five cent pack, because the finer cardboard don't 'feel' right, and further, the consuming public will have no change made in the conventional card face, which has been in use for more than fifty years; artistic design far below the standards of the present time. Not even the variation of the card spots will be tolerated; not even the 'squeezer' mark in the corners may be altered. The players continue persistently insistent in this particular.

"Superstitions of card players really do more for the playing card business than anything else. For instance, one has a run of bad luck with a pack of cards having a red back, he is likely to lay the fact to the color and to ask for a blue back, or a green one, or for one having some color combination in which he has thought to have discovered 'luck' in times past. In many of the great card tournaments where whist is played no pack of cards ever is used a second time. It plays one game and is thrown aside, however serviceable."

CALLING—EVER CALLING

Summer and its Gayeties are of the Past; Sport and its Promise of the Present, at Moosehead Lake



CALLING—ever calling, is the Wilderness, forest murmurs, rippling waters; soft as a Siren's voice, and yielding, Kineo has once again claimed its own. Summer and its gayeties are of the past; sport and its promise of the present—the hunting season lies before, † Interest of the week, in consequence, centered in the opening of the bird season on Friday, many handsome bags displayed on the opening day with reports of big game in abundance—everywhere. At the trap-shooting grounds the "pop-pop, pop-pop-pop" of smokeless has been continuous for enthusiasts have made much of practice, friendly rivalry keen in numerous sweepstakes, John Reilly, Jr., of Salem, N. J., has set a fast pace throughout, his best string a fine kill of forty-seven out of fifty, but James K. Clarke of Ardmore, and W. O. Rowland, Jr., of Philadelphia, have not fared badly in the dividends. Long distance rifle shooting has also divided attention with shorter work in which Mrs. M. D. Paterson of New York, and C. M. Du Puy of Pittsburg were winners of trophies offered by Mr. Clarke and Walter Negley. † The anglers, also, are making much of the closing days; both near at hand and at distant points. In the quick water of Moose river F. C. Payson of Portland, and Eugene Treadwell of New York, are enjoying royal sport with salmon, while close at hand, H. C. Warren of New Haven and Rush Rowland of Philadelphia, divide honors with ten and a quarter and five and a half pound salmon and numerous fine strings of trout. At Loon Lake C. C. Ferris of New York, took two hundred and seventy trout during a week's stay, and Austin Feuchtwanger, of Madison,

and F. Walter Hentz of Philadelphia, finding the sport at its best in West Branch waters. In nearby Brassua Mr. and Mrs. Herbert M. Adams of Pawtucket, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Waring, Mr. and Mrs. William Dickson and W. G. Shailer of New York, and John Redding of Boston, are among the many who have been successful. † Enjoying wilderness life are Mr. and Mrs. Howard A. Colby of Plainfield, who are at Umbazooksis lake, Mr. and Mrs. Carvin Denby of Syracuse who are on the Allegash, and George W. Perkins, Jr., Flamen Ball, Jr., and E. W. Forman of New York, who are spending several weeks on the East Branch. Horace M. Cate of Portland, and C. B. Clarke of Baltimore, are at Ripogonus, and Mr. and Mrs. Austen G. Fox and Miss Alice Fox of New York, at Socatean.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur B. Waring entertained on the Ioneta with an all day picnic, their guests: Mr. and Mrs. William Dickson, Mr. and Mrs. Stanton I. Hanson, Judge and Mr. A. W. Seeligson, Mrs. Cornelius Doremus, and Mrs. John Carnrick. † Mr. C. M. Du Puy of Pittsburg, dined Mr. J. Henry Hentz, 2d, at the Yacht Club, and Mrs. James K. Clarke assisted by Mesdames McGibbon, Algood, Rea and Paterson gave a children's party for: Misses Juliet Hillman, Eleonor Judkins, Ann Rea, Eunice Du Puy and Katherine Clarke, and Masters Charles Clarke, Gerard Paine, William McGee, Danny Conklin, and Gordon Carrigan. † An exhibition golf match between golf professionals Striley of the home club, and Fenn of Poland Spring, was followed by a large gallery. Following the match which went to Mr. Fenn, two up, Mrs. Paterson and Mr. Striley were defeated by Miss Feuchtwanger and Mr. Fenn in a keen match round.



"CALLING—EVER CALLING"

The Balsams at Dixville Notch Will Double Capacity for Coming Year

Yielding to demands of many who desire to linger The Balsams at Dixville Notch, remains open until October ninth, a week longer than usual, an announcement which is indicative that the enlargement for 1912 which will double the hotel's capacity is a wise step. Among other things planned is a golf course upon which work has begun.

The season has been the most successful in history and September the gayest of months. Among the most unique of recent dinners was one given by Mrs. Carl G. Rasmus; the table a miniature forest. The guests were: Mr. and Mrs. H. Warren K. Hale, Mrs. Gilbert B. Perkins, Misses Suzanne E. Throop, Edith McBurnie, Julia Gallup, M. Bryan and Winifred Tittman, Messrs. Harold H. Tittman, Jr.; Harold T. Lay, W. P. H. Turner, Jr.; Sanford Otis, Lawrence Starkweather and William H. Woolverton, Jr., and Dr. William W. Walcott. ¶ Dancing claims the younger and bridge the older set.

Tennis has led in popularity among out-door sports. Dr. and Mrs. E. S. Taylor winning mixed doubles, Mr. Richard J. Goodman men's singles, and Miss Margaret Brockway, women's. ¶ Riding and fishing claim many and the number of motor tourists has been large. ¶ Mr. and Mrs. Henry S. Hale and Mr. and Mrs. H. Warren K. Hale leave on October 15, for a world trip.

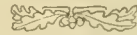


The Downfall of Bogey

"Your handicap is twelve strokes," said the starter to the duffer in the bogey handicap. ¶ He took them on every hole and "kicked," besides!

Campfire Supper at Rangeley

A houseful of guests are lingering at Rangeley, many pleasant affairs rounding out the closing weeks of the season. Mrs. G. G. Schaefer entertained the younger set at a jolly camp fire supper, and bridge and dancing are enjoyed. ¶ Mixed doubles completed the tennis tournaments, Mr. Leroy Sneckner of Seabright and Mrs. Browning of Brooklyn, winning the final from Mr. Browning and Miss Adrience of Poughkeepsie. ¶ In the ranking among the men, Mr. Sneckner, H. Schinzel, E. Vail, M. Goodspeed and L. Wood, lead. ¶ Fishing is at its best and motor tourists are many. ¶ The season has been a remarkable one in every way; the big hotel closing October second.



Chest which Beats Pandora's Box

When William was a little boy
He went about, I'm told,
With every clumsy sort of toy
His tattered clothes would hold;
A rusty file, a fishing line,
A pebble and a yard of twine,
A lucky marble and a knife
That wouldn't cut to save your life,
A piece of perforated tin
Which on a string would buzz and spin,
A windwheel with its pine-carved sails,
Some putty and a lot of nails,
And other things which seemed to be
The idols of his heart;
Mysterious treasures from which he
Would never, never part!

Now William keeps 'neath sturdy locks
Upon his motor car
A chest which beats Pandora's box
For troubles seen afar,
A monkey wrench, a pump for air,
A rag whose grease spots make you stare;
Some sparking plugs, a coil of wire,
The remnants of a damaged tire;
Assorted lots of pliers stout,
Some dry cells that have given out,
An oil can with a stubborn leak,
A battered horn that scarce will squeak,
And other odds and ends which he
Can't possibly employ,
For William's much the same you see,
As when he was a boy!
—Washington Star.



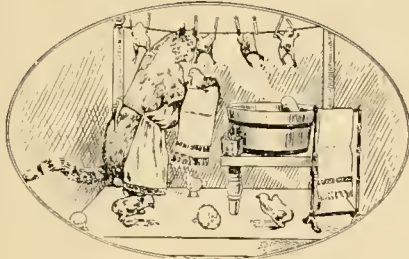


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Open June 30-Oct. 1

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The estate of the hotel company, comprising six thousand acres of land, extends for nine miles through the Franconia Notch, making a magnificent preserve which includes many objects of rare picturesque beauty and interest. Miles of shady woodland paths and well kept roads invite one to exhilarating walks and pleasant drives.

The Profile golf links and tennis courts are among the finest in the country.

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This restful summer house, five miles from the Profile House, and under the same ownership, is located at the southern extremity of Franconia Notch, and but a short distance from the famous Flume. It is conducted in a most liberal and pleasing manner, and to accommodate the early and late motorists the house remains open from June 15 to October 15. The visitors will find here a comfortable inn and a well kept garage.

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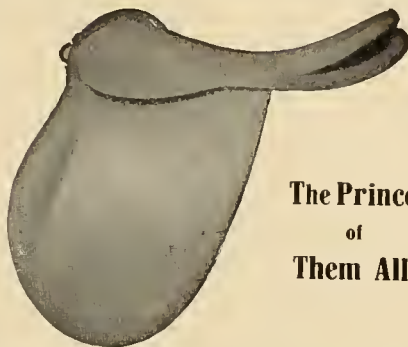
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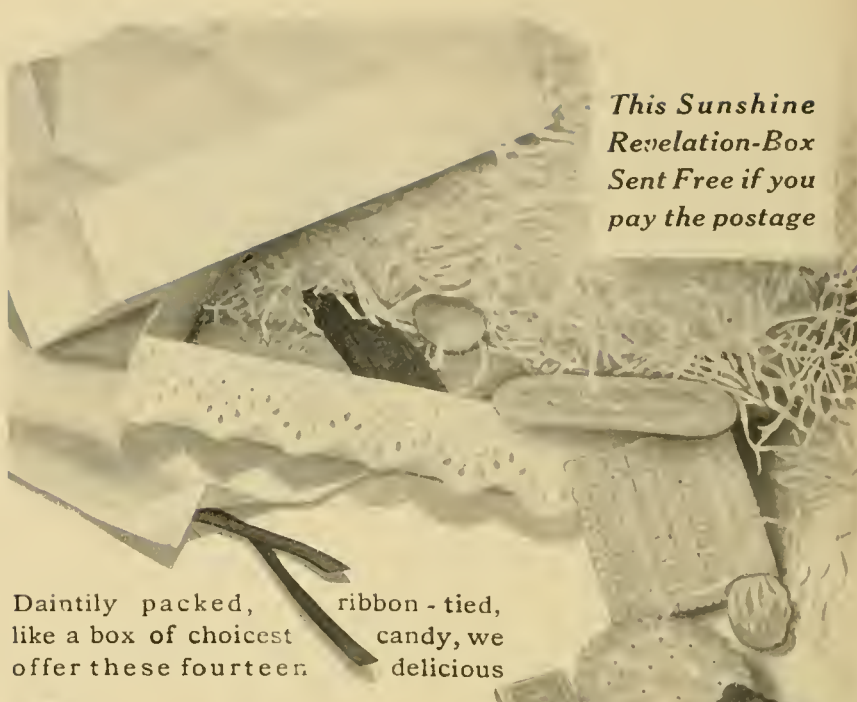
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NORTHWARD-HO!
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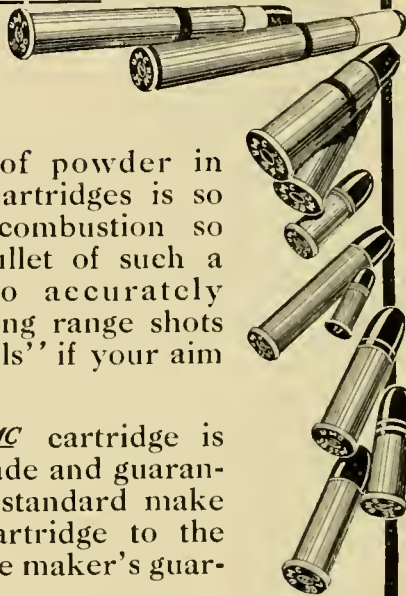
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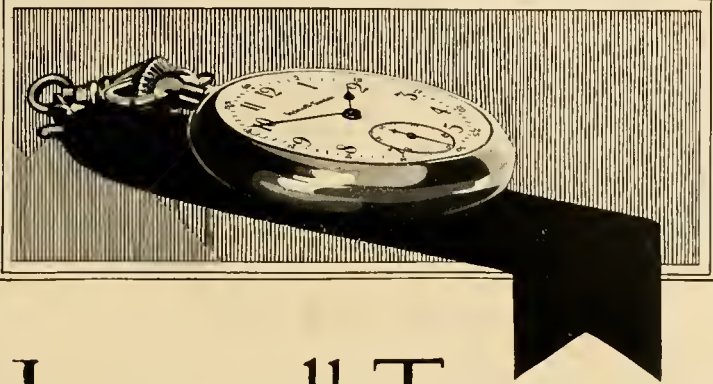
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"HAD A PARTICULAR FONDNESS FOR CATS"



NORTHWARD-HOI!



A WEEKLY MAGAZINE OF NEWS

ANNUAL HUNTER'S NUMBER, 1911

VOL. VII

No. 10

THE PUP AND THE SPORTSMAN

As Told at the Club



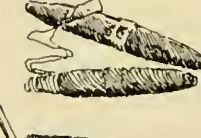
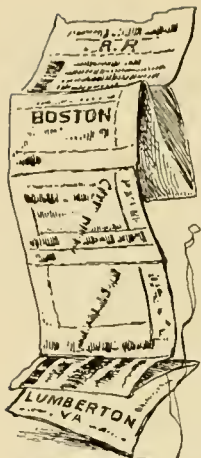
"OH YES, I took my dog with me," said a sportsman who had just returned from a Southern shooting trip. "Not on the advice of hunters who had been, but mainly because the guide books advised it. 'Take your own dogs,' they said. 'The dogs one finds are very often poorly

broken, and the northern sportsman will be much better satisfied if he shoots over his own blooded, well trained dogs. The expense of transportation is trifling.' ¶ Now my dog was nothing but a pup and not of unusual blood or particularly well-trained at that, but after reading that article I began to regard him with the greatest affection and admiration. Took him down to business with me and otherwise showed him attention, and it wasn't long before I began to talk of his blood and how well broken he was, until I really began to regard what I was saying as fact.

"So it was with a proud mein that I boarded the train, leading the pup who tugged impatiently at his leash, for I knew the picture I presented was sportsmanlike. It gratified me when people patted the dog as I moved slowly down the aisle, and I didn't mind a bit when some of the women shrunk back in their seats nervously. I was alike unmoved, whether someone remarked: 'What a fine looking pointer?' or 'How horribly thin he is!' for, of course, I knew that the first speaker was right

and that the last didn't know what a sporting dog's condition should be. ¶ I found an empty seat, stood my gun against the window, and tried to make the pup curl down at my feet, but he didn't like the newness of the situation and insisted on trying to walk up and down the aisle and make acquaintances, which, of course, was rather 'cute.'

"When the train started his uneasiness increased and as he could not gratify his desire, he whined. I didn't mind that; but the fat man, several seats in front of me, who, of course, wasn't a sportsman, did. A nervous old lady across the way, also seemed disturbed and there were other people in the car who seemed uneasy about something; but I assumed it was because they weren't used to travelling. Presently I let the pup dance up and down the aisle at chain's length for a time, with the desired effect. Then I pulled him in and made him charge. After pretending to rest for a few moments, with ears pricked up and eyes wide open, he suddenly became possessed with a desire to look out of the car window. I humored him in that he was supremely happy, whining wistfully when he saw dogs whiz past or trying to dash through the window when he caught sight of a cat. Then he divided his time between chewing the cushion seat and untying my shoe lacings, finally curling up at my feet and going to sleep. Just then the conductor entered. I don't know what prompted me to throw my coat over my knees, thus partially concealing him, but I did. Possibly I feared a draught!



"The genial ticket puncher examined my ticket, glanced at my gun, looked at me, seemed to take in the situation and gratified my pride by remarking: 'Goin' south for shooting, eh?' I nodded assent. Then he peered down, pulled my coat gently aside and said quietly but firmly: 'You'll have to take the dog in the baggage car. It's a rule of the road.' Remonstrance, entreaty, persuasion, were alike of no avail, and into the baggage car the pup had to go. The smasher seemed pleased to see me and promised all sorts of things. At first, I thought I'd ride with the dog, but after sitting on a hob-nailed trunk for a while, I changed my mind, and started to go. Then the baggage man handed me a slip of paper: 'Please sign this release, sir?' 'This what?' I asked. 'Release, sir, release,' was the explanatory reply. 'Oh, yes,' I muttered knowingly. As I affixed my name, I glanced over the contents of the slip and I saw that my signature released the railroad company from all liability to damage, in case of an accident of any kind to the dog, and made me responsible for damage of any sort the animal might do while in the car. 'Only a matter of form, I assure you,' was the comment.

"Then it occurred to me that a half dollar might interest the baggage master. 'I only go as far as L—, sir,' he remarked. 'Perhaps it would be just as well if you'd run up and see how the dog is, sir.' I wanted to ask the chap if I couldn't give him the half and have him hand it to his successor; but I didn't, and made my way back to my seat. Everybody seemed to be much pleased about something, the fat man immensely so. I glared at him as I passed. "When L— was reached, I carried up another half dollar to the new baggage master and was relieved to find out that he went through to New York. The train was late in getting in and instead of forty minutes to get across the city to the Pennsylvania ferry, I had only twenty. Everything was bustle and confusion about the depot, hacks scarce and drivers insolent. I left my pup, grip and guns with a porter and started out for a cabby. Presently I found one, stated my wish and was informed that \$2.00 was the price. I succeeded in beating him down half a dollar and then hurried for my luggage. When I appeared with the pup, the cabby got frantic:

"'Be gorry, er dawg, eh? An' phy didn't yer soi so whin yer war er beatin' me down? I'll not toike ther dawg et all soir.' There was no time for debate, so I threw the dog into the carriage and followed before the cabby had time to resist, telling him to name his price; but to drive as if his life depended on it. 'It'll cost yer two an' er 'alf, soir,' he called from the box. I got to the ferry just in time to see the boat moving off. My cabby stood beside me meekly when I turned about disgustedly. I abused him for a while and finally accepted the situation and his offer to take me back to the Grand Union for half a dollar. I wish you could have seen the expression the office attaches assumed, from clerk down to bell boys, when I walked up to the desk. A boy took my gun and bag. Then a porter appeared in response to

the clerk's ring. ¶ 'Pat,' he said, 'show this sportsman (that pleased me) where he can put his dog for the night.' ¶ In response Pat led the way out, across Fourth avenue, around a corner near-by, to a stable, addressing the round-faced boy in charge. ¶ 'Ther spoitsman doisoirs ter laive his dawg hoir.' ¶ 'That seemed to please the round-faced youth who rose with alacrity, ushered me into the back part of the stable to a small box stall filled with straw, into which he told me to turn the dog. It was a very comfortable place and I was much pleased. ¶ When hē asked if the dog had been fed I was more gratified and I hunted about in my pocket for a quarter. Then as we turned to make our way back to the office, the round-faced youth remarked: ¶ 'A dollar and a half, sir.' ¶ 'What?' I exclaimed. ¶ 'A dollar for stall and fifty cents for feeding; the regular price, sir,' he replied meekly. ¶ Then I turned to Pat. ¶ 'That's korrekt, soir,' he replied with a gracious bow, assuring me that there was no place at the hotel for the dog, and that he could, under no circumstances, be taken to my room. I decided to go to another hotel and Pat kindly volunteered the information that none would receive both myself and dog. ¶ The round-faced youth got his money.

"Pat sympathized kindly with me as we crossed to the hotel, agreed that it was an imposition. I gave him a quarter as he left me at the desk. ¶ Then I went to my room and revenged myself by ringing for everything on the card, calling a maid for blankets and using all the towels but one, which I put in my valise. Next I telegraphed to the station where my friends were to drive twelve miles to meet me, that I'd come a day later and went to bed to dream about buying a gold collar for my pup. ¶ I spent the next morning in the sporting stores, buying expensive things I had no use for, and after lunch took the pup out for exercise. Unleashing him I started down Fourth Avenue. The day was sunny. Nurses were walking with children, wheeling them in carriages or watching them while they played, or romped. Pet dogs of all sizes and breeds were hobnobbing together and furnishing no end of exercise for both myself and the pup. I felt proud of the rascal as he pranced here and there full of life. Things were progressing finely when suddenly the pup spied a cat, sunning in the open doorway of a brownstone mansion.

"Now that pup of mine had a particular fondness for cats. He caught sight of that bunch of feline contentedness just as I did; but he was the quicker and in less time than it takes to tell it, he was bounding towards her, fairly yelping with delight. The cat turned tail and ran. The pup followed. ¶ So did I. ¶ I reached the open door just in time to see dog and cat vanish up the beautifully carpeted, mahogany balustrated stairway. An overturned chair in the hall told me what was liable to happen farther on, so I rushed madly up the stairs. When I reached the top, I heard wild screams and excited barking from a rear chamber, and plunged in the direction. Entering the room I found a French maid dancing up and down on a bed, frantic with fear, holding her head with



both hands and screaming wildly. In one corner of the room, the pup had the cat treed on top of a wardrobe, and was regarding her calmly from the doorway. Jumping forward, I grasped the beast by the neck and commenced to back out, dragging the yelping puppy, who was vainly endeavoring to get away from me and climb the wardrobe. At sight of me, the maid began to yell:

"'Police! Police! Help! Help!' as only a French maid can. I didn't stop to explain. As I reached the head of the staircase, liveried servants, a matronly woman and two very sweet young ladies flocked out from several doors. I made a wild dash down the staircase for the front door, fairly carrying the pup, plunged through the crowd on the sidewalk, and hurried down the avenue. Then I stopped, snapped the chain into the dog's collar, wiped the perspiration from my forehead and neck, and returned to the stable. Hurrying across to the hotel bar-room I frightened the occupants, and seeking the seclusion of my room smoked three strong cigars in

about as many minutes. I started early for the ferry and *walked*, made the boat and crossed to Jersey without incident. Passing through the gate, I found the baggage master, for I was to take a sleeper. 'Norfolk,' I said briefly, as I turned the dog over. 'How much?' 'One dollar and seventy-five' was the quick response. 'Cheap enough,' I curtly responded, handed over the exact change and took my receipt. I thought things about 'the inducements the roads offer to sportsmen going south;' but kept them to myself. Then I sought the sleeper and my berth, and as I dozed off, I didn't care a straw whether I ever saw the pup again or not. But in the morning, I saw him put aboard the boat at Cape Charles and later, relenting, took him breakfast and water.

"On reaching Norfolk, I made my way across the city to the old Atlantic & Danville ferry. I led the pup, or rather the pup led me. Just before I reached the wharf, I passed a saloon with a cat in the doorway. The pup saw that cat and in spite of the leash and my presence he manifested a strong desire to chase it. I chucked gleefully as I dragged him away by main force. At last, I thought, I am master of the situation; my destination will soon be reached and my trials over. I arrived some minutes before the boat started, put my luggage aboard and settled down. Then I relented and determined to let the pup have a little exercise, so I went ashore and turned him loose. He responded beautifully to the whistle, and it gratified me to see him come galloping gamely back in response to my calls; but later I recalled that each time he circled farther and looked more wistfully in the direction I had come. Then suddenly, he dashed up the street and rounded the corner at full speed. I yelled frantically, and then suddenly remembering the cat in the saloon doorway, I followed, unheeding the warning whistle of the boat. When I reached the saloon a great commotion greeted me, for all sorts of bottles were going off like pistols in the ice chest behind



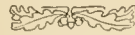
the bar. Then I saw the irate proprietor with the pup's tail in one hand and a bottle in the other, trying to pull the beast out to brain him. ¶ At first i determined to retire and let him proceed. Then my heart softened and I screamed:

"Hold on! Hold on! Don't brain him. I'll pay any damage." ¶ The infuriated man succeeded in dragging the excited pup out and I grasped him by the collar. Then the frightened cat was secured and an examination of the ice chest made. The damage was only \$5.00. I paid it instantly, for fear there was some mistake, asked the crowd to have a drink on me, and as I took my departure, all agreed that it was a huge *joke*. ¶ Then I thought of the boat with my luggage aboard. But that didn't disturb me. I turned and walked to the nearest hotel, leading the pup who still insisted on trying to return to the saloon, without a murmur. I didn't whip him. I didn't swear. I never felt less disturbed in my life. Strange, how a man will get accustomed to things, isn't it? ¶ Registering. I asked to be shown a room and turned the pup over to a darkey without comment. Then I telegraphed the people who had already driven thirty-six miles to meet me, that I would come a day later and wrote some letters telling what a pleasant journey I'd had. In the evening I took the dog out for a spin. I looked at the clerk in amazement when I paid my bill in the morning and he said there was no charge for the dog. A boy showed me the way to the wharf and I crossed without trouble. The baggage master took my dog, said there was nothing to pay, and refused to take anything but a cigar. ¶ Fact! ¶ There was no one to meet me. The horses had been used up by the long trips over bad roads two days in succession. I got a native to carry me over for \$2.50. Didn't even mention the price.

"Hold on there! That's not all. Well, I hunted that pup just two days. Couldn't get him away from my feet. Didn't know what a quail was, wouldn't range, lost flesh and was generally use-

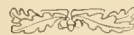


less. Then I hired a real dog for \$3.00 a week and paid fifty cents a week board on the pup until I was able to give him to a negro. ¶ O yes, my friends, you certainly want to take your own blooded, well-trained dogs with you. You will be much better satisfied, and, you won't mind the *slight expense* of transportation." ¶ Then the sportsman ordered things with straws in them, signed the check, and raised his glass: "Here's to the pup!"



Winter No Longer Closed Season

Winter is no longer a "closed season" for tourists in the land of NORTHWARD-HO! Kineo has welcomed them for half a century and the Mansion house at Poland Spring has had its capacity severely taxed upon numerous occasions for several seasons past. ¶ In the White Mountains, also, many points cater to visitors throughout the year and some even go so far as to predict a brilliant future for "winter resort" business.

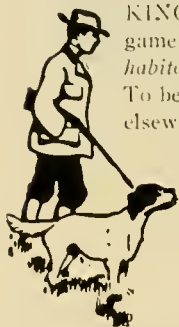


A Precautionary Measure

"Eef I knew yer wuz goin' ter shute at me with thet," commented Pete, examining the small bore critically, "I'd go ter usin' fly dope, much's I hate ther pesky stuff; durned eef I wudn't."

KING OF AMERICA'S BIG GAME

Monarch Moose Reigns Supreme in Wilderness Domain; His Retreats Many, His Ways Mysterious



KING of America's big game is the moose and his *habitat* is Northern Maine. To be sure, you may find him elsewhere, but not in the same abundance and under such ideal conditions, for here the rivers, streams and lakes form a network of trunk lines which make the most distant points of comparatively easy access to the canoe, with thousands of deer and a wealth of small game everywhere. Remember also that the Maine guide is a hunter born, and he's American. Not only does he talk "United States" naturally, but his mind is an American's mind and, if you wish it, you'll find him an agreeable companion. He has his faults, to be sure, but in all fairness, it must be said that most of them have been *acquired* through association with sportsmen. But first, last and always he knows the woods game and if you are more of a *listener* and less of a *talker* he will show you how to play it to win. ¶ Be *receptive* for generations of experience lie behind him. ¶ He may insist on boiling tea and declare that hot bread is better than triscuit; nevertheless, he knows woodcraft and woodsfolk better than he knows himself; knows it by right of inheritance. Let him lead. Follow.

Easy of access as the territory is, the King is not easily accessible. You may enter the palace grounds, but if your business is urgent the chances are that he will be engaged. ¶ It's a way with all dignitaries and King Moose is no exception. Monarch of all he surveys, he comes and goes without question; his domain vast, his retreats many, his ways mysterious. You must seek and in the *seeking* lies the fascination which draws thousands back year after year.

The chances are you will at first and on many other occasions, mistake a vassal or a noble for the King, but this only serves to make your quest more keen because with it comes the realization and the ideal. No longer is monarch Myth, but Reality, and from thenceforth no peace awaits you until the goal is attained. The thrill of pursuit, the lust of conquest, possesses you and matching your craft, intelligence and strength against The Unknown you pursue, ever conscious of his presence, but often baffled, for the journey is long and the path is rough. ¶ But with realization comes an experience words cannot convey and of which the mounted head, a trophy in your hall, is but a *suggestion*; as the painted canvas is to Niagara's grandeur of power, mighty roar and glory of color. ¶ You have *lived*, for one brief moment stood upon the mighty peak which rises high above its fellows; the hardship of the climb forgotten in the exaltation of victory!

Don't allow yourself to plan to accomplish all this on the *system* which has become mechanical through your business experience, the *direction* which has become a part of you. ¶ Reverse the order in the King's domain. ¶ It will annoy you, perhaps, to find the absence of it; the indirection of approach, the cautiousness of attack, the apparent absence of motive, the disregard for schedule, but the Master whose pupil you are, knows without knowing why, the reasons for the day-to-day method of siege, pursuit or stealth. ¶ Time figures not in his calculations, has never figured. In his way he strives for what your whole life is devoted to—results; but he has learned what you have, without doubt, forgotten—to wait. ¶ And so my advice is *not* to tell "Joe" you *must* be back at the office a week from Tuesday, but rather to say:

"Now Joe, remember, we are not coming out until we get *that* head. And *when* (not if) we get it, there's a brand new rifle coming to you as a little reminder." ¶ That rifle or its equivalent, is the *only* way to hurry Joe, if hurrying it can be called, for you might as well try to thaw out the snow gullies on Katahdin with a camp fire? If you can't say this better wait until you can.

The only other practical advice *necessary* is to hit the long trail. Joe will also tell you that, if you *listen*; but you may not hear it if you don't. Suit yourself about a rifle; it's really not a matter of any great consequence to one

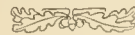
The Ingenious Chinese Sportsman

"The Chinese sportsman is certainly a curio," remarked the traveller. "The sporting gun or *gingal*, is over eight feet in length and about twenty-four pounds in weight, and the hunting dog is fully as weird, but fishing with unbaited hooks is certainly even more uncanny. ¶ Two small boats move along some thirty feet apart, a man in each holding one end of a sixty foot line, stretched across the space, to which small unbaited hooks are attached. Alternately the anglers jerk the line, thus hooking the fish. Purely accidental you would say, but the *accident* occurs



of judgment, for the trick is more in the *way* you shoot it than the *kind* of a gun you shoot. I might add, however, that the old style *repeater* has about the same relation to the modern *automatic*, that a stage coach has to an automobile. ¶ Joe may not agree on this, and you'd hardly expect it. ¶ Joe knows exactly what you *need* in every other way, except your little luxuries, but if you want many of these, better give him an assistant. ¶ The main point is to *travel light* or you won't *travel far*—and believe me, the Monarch's retreat is on the "mountainside" where the lean-to and camp fire are companions

about four out of every five twitches! ¶ The shell fisherman wades in a waterproof suit, seeking with his feet and completing the capture with a net. ¶ Yes, indeed, 'no pnshee, no pully' is as odd in sport as he is in his dingy laundry; but he is certainly ingenious."



The Musical Marksman

"Mos' like ez not yer hit 'im," replied Sandy, "trees ees pow'ful thick an' bullets do er lot er glancin', but eef yer want ter kill 'em 'tw'd be heap sight better eef yer c'ud git over ther idea that yer gun ez er baton."

SENTINEL OF THE FOREST I

Sentinel of the forest I,
Nothing escapes my watchful eye
 From dawn till dark.
High up in chestnut tree or oak
Gray squirrel's gone like puff of smoke—
 When first I bark.

To secret lair, Sir Reynard's trend;
Traitor, fearing both foe and friend,
 He knows 'tis best.
Swift to dim swamp sly bunny flees
Through the alders, beneath the trees,
 And sinks to rest.

In hillside covers partridge hide
And wait with ears open wide,
 Till all is well.
In lowlands cool the woodcock pause
There peering out to learn the cause
 Of danger's knell.

The happy birds all cease to sing
And frightened, take to speedy wing,
 Away from harm.
The crafty crow swings far and free,
With warning shrill, the blue jays flee
 In wild alarm.

While Sentinel I, without fear,
Silently wait to see, to hear,
 If friend or foe;
Proclaiming when all danger's past,
In joyous tones, loud, quick and fast,
 The call all know!

JUSTUS KENDALL



"NOTHING ESCAPES MY WATCHFUL EYE"

THAT DELICIOUS MOMENT

No Sport Compares With Grouse and Woodcock Shooting On New England's Rugged Foothills



THE GAMEST bird of wing is the ruffled grouse of New England's rugged foothills; the best indication of supremacy, his survival. In craft and cunning he rivals even the wild turkey, and his swift thunderbolt flight has no parallel. No feathered quarry more fully tests nose and mettle

of dog and none is morsel more delicious. Like the big trout we never know just where to find him and when located, we are never quite sure that a rise is, necessarily, a kill. The pursuit is anticipation from the time the dog strikes the faint trail up to that delicious moment when the point marks the find. Never does the true sportsman cease to thrill as he advances to the flush, never does the satisfaction of the kill lose its zest. Noble bird indeed he is, and our tribute should be constant effort towards his preservation for we shall not see his like again; a fact only recently appreciated.

A worthy rival is the woodcock, unquestionably the daintiest thing in game feathers. While his killing is really more of knack than skill, he has a certain way of his own for fooling even the cleverest dogs, which places him in a class by himself, and he can sit tight within six inches of his discoverer's nose as no other bird can. Unfortunately, however, this chap is migratory, running the gamut of guns from Maine to Florida and suffering badly in consequence. Without doubt his days are numbered to years, comparatively few, and with his passing bird shooting loses something which can never be replaced. The quick flight and musical twitter, the round head and long beak silhouetted against the sky, with just a dash of orange high light on the breast,

make a strangely fascinating picture, which fades suddenly in the peculiar zig-zag or dropping flight. Barely fifty yards away, he's down again and again, each time more difficult to find, until the dog brings him in or the earth swallows him up. To know the whereabouts of good woodcock covers is to possess a secret guarded even from intimates; in fact, one of which you are not really certain of yourself, for you may and you may not find them occupied. As a tid-bit I suppose we must grant the place of honor to "robin red breast." While you would not enjoy him as a regular thing, the fact nevertheless remains that as a morsel he is as unique as he is quaint.

In secluded ponds the Hills often offer fine water fowl shooting, but it can hardly be depended on and must usually be enjoyed under difficulties. ¶ Ever and always you find bunny cotton tail and his big brother, the hare. Plan to take half a day now and then in hunting them ahead of a good hound, and ere long you'll come to the conclusion that bunny's not half as stupid as he looks. The music is good to hear and the sport is not strenuous. ¶ Likewise a day now and then waiting for sly reynard, will fill in the time pleasantly and if there are gray squirrels near at hand, you'll learn they're not as easy to find in autumn as in summer. ¶ But best of all you carry away from the Hills, is pleasant memory. No section is more beautiful, no experience more satisfying than recollection of days afield with dog and gun in the crisp October air. And besides, it is within the reach of everyone, affording a delightful outing for one week or six, companionship or solitude. ¶ The brush gun is the ideal cover arm of to-day, the nobbiest product in fowling pieces the twentieth century has produced; a thing of beauty which it is a delight to possess. Avoid the smaller of bores be-

cause they do not *kill*. ¶ If you love color and texture, corduroy will afford endless satisfaction, but it also has its objections. Gaberdien or moleskin are ideal; canvas not nearly as cool as it looks. The real comfort lies in footwear and "knickers" make long tramps much less tiresome than trousers.

Where to go? Really, that's a difficult question. Make a few inquiries and if you can, locate at some farmhouse, but get away from the "over Sunday" district. If you find just the place you want, buy a deserted farmhouse for a summer cottage and fall lodge and *don't* talk a great deal about the attractions if you

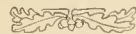
Sea Fowl Plentiful at Marsh Bay

There are half a dozen resting spots for the migratory sea fowls between Cape Cod and Halifax along the eastern coast of Maine, none of which is more famous than Marsh Bay, in Waldo county. Because Bangor is twenty miles to the north and Belfast is twenty miles to the southeast and there are no large cities or towns near at hand, these waters have never been hunted over much. Here the rare eider ducks play about all winter and black ducks and whistlers never leave. Great and brilliant cock oldsquaws grow fat and even the brilliant and not common wood



care to maintain the shooting excellence. Be nice to the farmer's son for what he doesn't know about the section isn't worth knowing. In its way your retreat will possess for you the same charm the wilderness does for the big game hunter, and an evening before the huge fireplace, with a happy tired feeling all over, is something old New England alone offers as the reward after a day afield. Her beauty you may search the world over for and not find its equal and her environment has builded Americans since the early days when hardy pioneers invaded its mountain fastnesses. There's *strength* in the Hills!

ducks, which roost in trees, are found. Local hunters have had and continue to have, things much their own way owing to lack of suitable accommodations.



They were Pinehurst Pictures

The illustrations printed in recent issues in connection with the articles on "The Future of Aviation" and "The Hunting Dog of Class" have attracted widespread attention. ¶ All were taken at Pinehurst, N. C. The former were photos made during Mr. Lincoln Beachey's visit last winter and the latter are dogs of the Pinehurst kennels.

'TIS JOY AKIN TO FLIGHT

Silent Forest, Gleaming Plain and Bright Hills Revealed
As New and Wonderfully Beautiful World



TO THE Indian who once reigned supreme in the land of NORTHWARD—no! we owe much for he was Master, and though the lakes and streams know him no longer the forest-wilderness has changed but little. Quick we were to adopt the silent canoe and we have not improved upon the art of woodcraft. Content we were at first, to seek the Hills in spring, summer and autumn, but recently love of conquest has drawn us back to battle with winter grim and our most powerful ally has been the snowshoe. Once accustomed to it as a necessity we have come to adopt it as a plaything and a new and wonderful world has been revealed.

And skill has not been hard to attain for generation upon generation of experiment lie behind us. As for snowshoes, the selection is almost as complete as hunting boots and personal fancy may be gratified in not only shape but adornment; adaptability for work, play or even decoration! In each also, our primitive instincts are appealed to for who of us does not like the barbarically picturesque, either with or without modifications or variations! And yet, withal intensely practical it is, for all true art is utility. Back we have turned to mackinaw jacket, toque, scarf and moccasin with a certain savage delight which is our birthright.

A part of the great Unknown we become; silent forest, gleaming plain and bright hills are ours; the campfire and bivouac close friends. There's joy in life, for anticipation is a companion. The technique of knowing how is simple and may become expert or continue as novice, according to one's ability to progress, so let us start at the be-

ginning. The moccasins should fit snugly, not tight, not loose—*snugly*. Loose moes wrinkle and blister; tight, stop needful circulation, and the snow is near. Two pairs of heavy woolen stockings—a pair of socks over knee stockings, to be exact—are ample protection. Ask some one to *show* you how to tie the shoe strings properly. Their *adjustment* is a knack, varying with the style of tie; stirrup loop on toe cap. Too loose, more comfort, insecure hold; too tight, less comfort, better hold; just right, both comfort and hold; remembering that the toe must clear the cross bar at the front opening and that it's not an easy task to retie properly with cold fingers. Ready? Remember you are not *walking*. If anything it is a *waddle* for you are now web-footed, and the whole point is to have the shoes *clear each other*, hence the wide side to side stride of the duck. *Press down* with the heel to slightly raise the toe of the shoe, also slightly raising the *outside* edge while keeping the inside close down, for the shoes must be *slid* along, *not* lifted. It's not easy to avoid letting one shoe land upon the other which means a fall and, possibly, a broken shoe.

If, however, you tumble, as you surely must, let yourself go freely for in relaxation the danger from *strain* is overcome and if you come in contact only with the snow you need have no fear. It's soft, but if it happens to be deep and you are alone, there is but one thing to do. Don't struggle until comfortable, no matter how far down you sink. Then roll to and fro, thus packing the snow beneath. Draw the ends of your snowshoes up under you to the firm snow, pulling yourself forward at the same time steadying yourself by holding the ends. In this way you may

(Concluded on page 32)



"A NEW AND WONDERFULLY BEAUTIFUL WORLD"

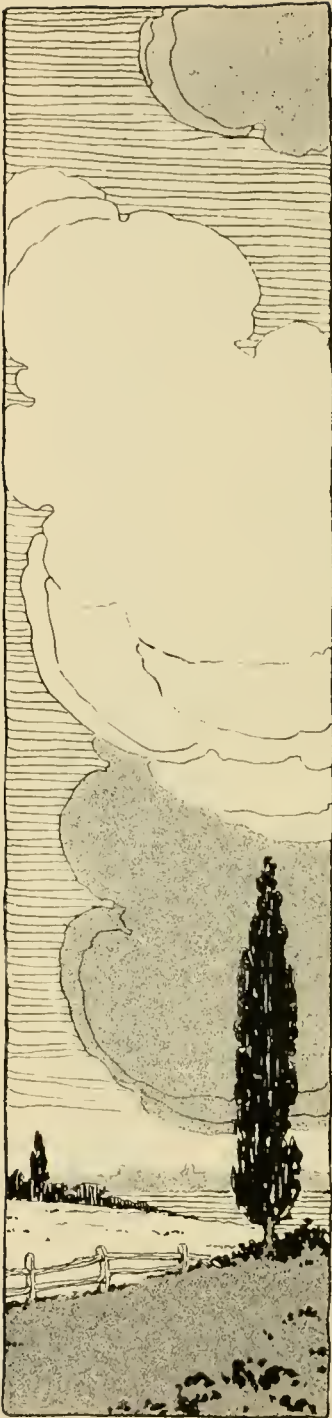
CONCERNING THE BRAVERY OF BETTY

Fear She Knows Not Until Bruin is Slain and All Danger is of the Past

BETTY'S my wife, and, naturally, I want to tell you how she killed a bear. It happened while we were on our fall hunting trip. I say "we" and "our" because Betty's always my companion in the field, and—why shouldn't she be? She enjoys the pure air and nature's beauties. The exercise brings color to her cheeks and gives added grace; the sport leads to self-control, judgment, quickness of thought, confidence; the whole, makes her more of a woman—loving, sympathetic, interested—a better wife. ¶ Some people think it strange but that doesn't matter. They ask her if she isn't afraid of accident and timid women think she must be hard-hearted to kill a rabbit or a bird. Her mother and my mother bid us tearful adieus which are pitiful to behold; but still each year we find new pleasure in our trip. The winter months pass quickly in reverie and the hot, sultry city days of summer are bearable because we are anticipating our fall vacation in the Hills, radiant with October's glory of color, cloud and sky; memory and anticipation!

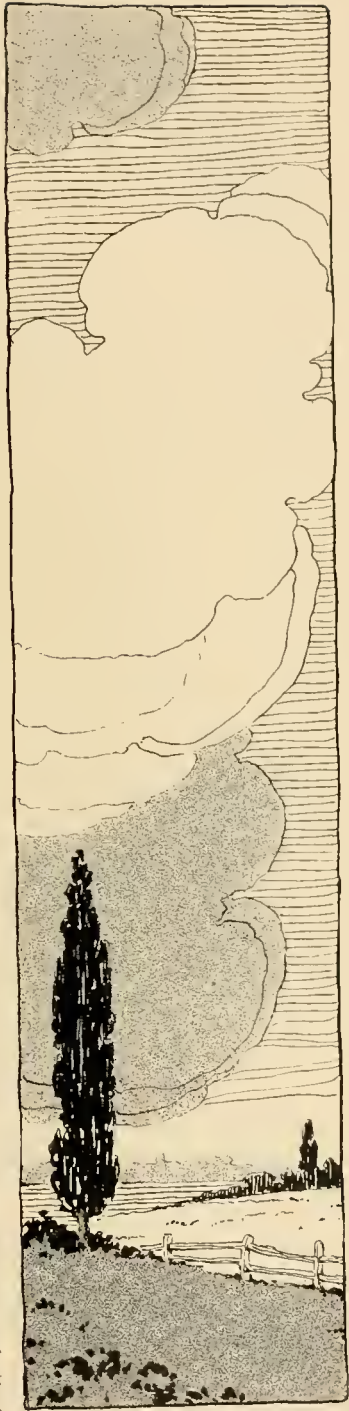
We have our "kennel" of dogs, a brace of pointers and a rabbit hound, and their presence keeps ever in mind the cozy farmhouse with its open fires, wholesome food, sunny bedroom and big-hearted farmer host who welcomes us as if we were children, and says good-bye with tears in his eyes. ¶ In the cabinet where we keep our hunting truck, there's a twenty gauge double-barreled hammerless for Betty, and a twelve for myself; not to mention belts, bags and suitable clothes. When we get a little blue, all we need to do is to glance inside; perhaps take out a gun and look it over fondly, or try on a hunting jacket. ¶ As the time for our outing draws near we find almost childish enjoyment in preparation and when it's all over there may be a tinge of sadness for a time, and we may day-dream a good deal, but it soon passes and becomes a delightful recollection which makes the burden of life lighter and its worries mere trifles.

But, I am wandering far from my story. ¶ I started out to tell how Betty killed a bear—brave girl. ¶ Our retreat is way up in—no matter *where!* In the forests gray squirrels hide, through foothill covers partridges scurry, woodcock lurk among the birches and hares abound in



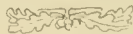
the swamps, while water fowl swarm to the lakes reflecting the mountains which rise on all sides. And, if one cares for it, there's plenty of large game—deer, bear, fox and coon. ¶ While we came principally for birds, rabbits and squirrels, previous experience had taught us that it was best to go prepared for bigger quarry. One evening a handsome buck came down to the edge of the pond as we were waiting for ducks, and stood kneedeep in water with head erect, not fifty yards away. What a picture he made against the dark woods, reflecting the last glow of twilight! What a trophy, that head! We had nothing but "fours" and there was an unutterable pang of regret when he turned back, scenting danger. ¶ After that we added buckshot cartridges.

Bear also were frequently reported as seen and they were the one thing Betty dreaded. She used to ask me what to do in case she saw one, and, very coolly, I told her to take a buckshot cartridge and let him have it. Perfectly simple! When she referred to the possibility of attack I assured her that I was always close at hand and a cry would bring me. Absolute protection! But she only shuddered a bit in response, and yet, withal, looked a bit determined. ¶ Betty has nerve. ¶ Late one afternoon search for birds brought us close to a favorite clump of oaks, and we stopped for a little twilight shooting at grays. Calling in the dogs, we fastened them to a sapling and crept cautiously into the edge of the woods. Betty took a position near the corner of an old stone wall and I moved down to the right, some distance away. The sun sank lower—lower. Then the silence of the forest and its weird shroud of mystery. * * * Afar off the tinkle of a cow bell and the faint barking of a house dog. * * * The last vague forest murmur ceased. * * * Then the sharp report of Betty's twenty, and the echoes were clapping back and forth in the gloom. ¶ Strangely curious, I started pellmell, speeding like a deer as I drew nearer. Presently, I caught sight of Betty, standing behind a small pine and peering intently down among the rocks which formed dark caverns beyond the wall. Then a rift of light struck her face and I saw that she was pale and trembling. She turned with a long drawn sigh of relief at my approach, released the catch on her gun and sank to a rock. ¶ "I've shot a bear!" she gasped, her voice tremulous. "Over there, among the rocks. You can just get a glimpse of his back from the pine." ¶ Yes, there he was! ¶ It was,



of course, "our" bear and I felt just as much elated as if I'd killed brum myself. I sat down beside Betty and called her a brave girl—which she is. ¶ Then I heard the story. ¶ Just as she was beginning to get impatient, the dogs growled suspiciously. A moment later a rustling in the dead leaves attracted her attention and she caught a glimpse of a shaggy coat moving among the rocks. The nature of the animal flashed across her mind in an instant. Breaking the gun, she pulled out the squirrel charges, put in a couple loads of buck-shot and slipped the safety. On came brum, Betty's heart beating wildly.

Presently, he rounded the corner of the bowlder and started straight towards her, and a monster too! "I'll shoot at his head," she decided quickly, aiming carefully as the big fellow came forward, swaying oddly from side to side. Then she saw his eyes quite plainly, brought the shining brass head upon them, held firmly and pressed the trigger. ¶ Through the thin veil of smoke she saw the beast stop, shudder and roll back among the rocks. A convulsive twitch and he lay still. With the left barrel ready, she waited and thus I found her. ¶ Picking up my gun, I clambered over the wall and hurried down the hillside. Rocks, pines and the poor light kept brum from sight for a time, but presently I caught sight of the carcass. With a strange thrill, I bounded forward and a moment later, stood over the prize. ¶ I bent down. ¶ It was a mammoth *Porcupine!*

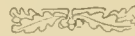


"Sh-sh-o-o-t! Fo-fo-r-r-r heaven's sake sh-sh-o-o-t!" gasped the excited sportsman, in buck fever delirium. "Jess keep that up an' yer'll scare 'im ter de'th," was the guide's curt response.



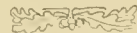
Conclusion " 'Tis Joy Akin to Flight"

regain your feet and only in this way under many circumstances, often dangerous. As an exercise snowshoeing is violent, a fact often forgotten in its exhilaration, until one is exhausted. Use care after the exercise, whether warm or chilled, regaining normal condition speedily and without exposure. Rest is always beneficial especially before eating. ¶ The only remedy for frost bites is brisk rubbing with a double handful of snow; painful but absolutely necessary. Watch your nose, protect cheeks, fingers and the ears, if sensitive. Properly clad and tied, your feet will give you no annoyance, but don't forget that extreme cold is very subtle. ¶ But this is only caution for joy awaits you; joy akin to flight.



The Midwinter Handicap

The biggest trap tourney of the year, the Grand American excepted, is the annual Midwinter Handicap at Pinehurst, N. C., the fifth annual scheduled for January 24, 25, 26 and 27, in reality rounding out the full week for many will assemble in advance for practise. ¶ The big card is the lavish added money, amounting to nearly \$2000 and including \$500 to the Handicap winner, \$200 to the Preliminary winner, \$500 in trophies and nearly \$1000 in the sweepstakes. ¶ And last but by no means least, Luther Squier, originator of the Squier system, will manage the event; a synonym for perfection in every detail.



"Don't mind 'em," commented Sammy as several bullets whizzed past. "Them's only or few uv ther 'three hund'ed an' ones' shot off las' fall. ¶ They've bin roum' ther worl' an' jess gettin' back!"

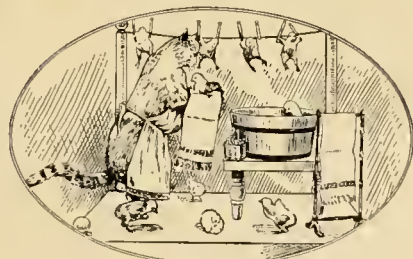


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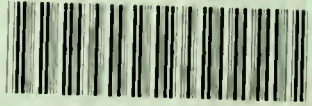
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