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NORTHWARD-HO!

**COVERING MAINE'S
INLAND RESORTS**

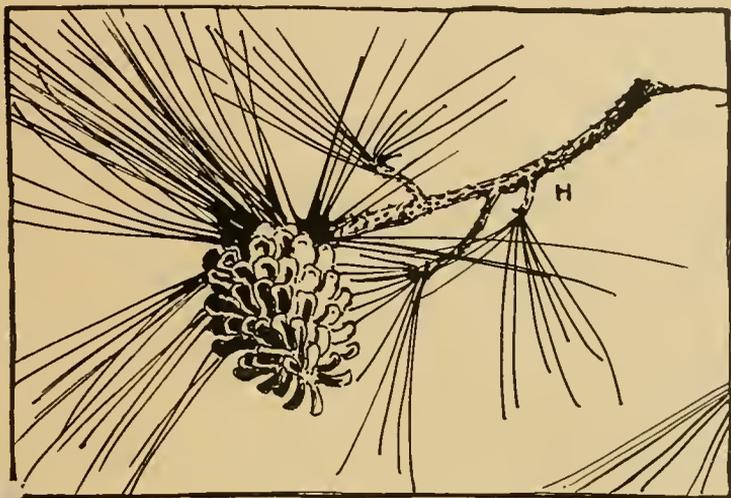
MOOSEHEAD LAKE
THE RANGELEYS, BELGRADE LAKES
AND POLAND SPRING



**PUBLISHED · WEEKLY · DURING
THE · SEASON**

**EDITED · BY
HERBERT L JILLSON**

ANGLER'S NUMBER



NORTHWARD-HO!

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NORTHWARD-HO!—THE PINE TREE STATE:

“Here’s to the Land of spruce and pine,
The Northern Land with air like wine.”



NORTHWARD-HO!

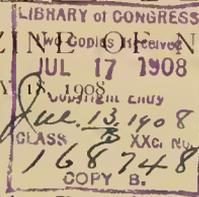


A WEEKLY MAGAZINE OF NEWS

SATURDAY, JULY

VOL. IV

NO. 1



FLY FISHING AS AN ART

By Herbert L. Jillson



ABOVE and beyond all fly fishing, now at its best, holds its admirers captive and makes new converts, because it is, in all truth, both in character and environment, the "sport ideal;" because it constantly leaves something to be attained; because the successful fly fisherman must be *creative*. It is not *fishing* in the general acceptance of the word, but *sport* which is constantly opening up greater possibilities, and in which success is dependent not only upon skill and experience, but constant study and keen observation.

Trout there are for all, but they grade upward in numbers and weight, according to the *power* of the angler. The bucket shop easily gathers in the few hundreds that the small fry have to squander, but it takes Wall Street to land the millions of the big fellows, and fly fishing as an art, is no exception to the general rule. It is not the working of a huncunc scheme, but the presentation of a straight business proposition which must stand rigid examination by those who know. It is not a question of letting the trout in on the ground floor—the knowing ones will invariably "take the elevator to the roof"—but of demonstration in such a way that there is no reasonable chance for doubt, and to do this the fisherman must know his clientele.

The fly fisherman is dealing with a fellow who knows his business; who is keen, alert, wiley, experienced, and, in

this connection, should be emphasized the keenness of perception of the trout—his most striking characteristic—which combined with his great beauty and table excellence, make him, unquestionably, King of all inland fresh water game fish. The black bass is far more dogged and determined a fighter, and his vicious leap into the air is thrilling, but is dull in distinguishing between natural and artificial flies. The landlocked salmon is the prettiest and gamiest of fresh water fighters, but he does not rise readily to the fly, not naturally being a surface feeder, and when he does, as with the bass, there is ample time to strike.

But not so with the trout. The moment he takes the artificial fly between his lips, just that moment he knows that he has been deceived and discards it, and the time which the fisherman has to fix the hook is but the fraction of a second, at the *moment* the trout breaks. A fraction of a second later may be too late. And in addition to this, no matter how attractive or seductive the lure, it must do things in a natural, rational way, and it is, perhaps, needless to add that the angler should not appear in connection with the transaction.

When you find a monster rising from time to time near a bunch of lily pads at the inlet of the pond, study him carefully. You will soon discover that he only rises at rare occasions, usually once or twice at early morning or late even-

ing. These big fellows take but little surface food and merely as an appetizer or, perhaps, for the sake of old association or habit, and they are, in consequence, exceedingly fussy about what they take and how they take it.

Next find out what the big trout is taking and how that fly alights, and then make up your cast with a fly which, at least, suggests the morsel of which the big trout is fond. Then try for him, and try early, try late, and try often; just a few fifty-foot casts at the *proper time* and in the *proper way*. More if you wish, but half a dozen, at most, will suffice, for, in fact, you might as well reel in after the third cast if there has not been a response, for if the first cast is *right*, and the fish is ready, the problem is solved. Above all be careful not to hook and lose the fish, for if you do you will have to wait until another year and then find him more difficult to take than ever before.

If you are fishing in quick or running water, the flies must be cast above and allowed to float down naturally and with the current, past the retreat of the big trout. Experience has taught them that nature sends food in this way, and either intuition or caution, makes it utterly out of the question for them to even consider flies which dart upwards against the swift current, zig-zag strangely across it, or do other impossible things. When fishing for trout lying at the mouth of a cold stream emptying into a lake or river, cast up into the stream and draw the flies down slowly.

If you find a bunch of big fellows lying beside the shore, underneath overhanging branches, and rising from time to time, watch carefully, and you will see that they are feeding on insects which *first light* upon the bushes and *then fall* into the water. If you would lure them forth, make your cast do what the real flies are doing; light upon the bushes, rest there for a moment, and then drop gently to the surface of the water. If you do not believe such care is necessary, experiment a bit.

Generally speaking, a cast should

alight delicately upon the water and be drawn slowly in, keeping the flies upon the surface. This is the "dry" fly and is the usual cast when trout are rising. When the fish are not rising well, the "wet" fly may be resorted to; a cast drawn very slowly along an inch or so under the water. These are ordinary casts but the exceptions already noted are not the only ones, and when to observe them is a matter of judgment.

For instance, when the natural flies alight heavily and flutter vigorously, let your flies do the same. When millers are numerous, alighting to rest for only a fraction of a second, and then fluttering on to alight again, try the trick with your cast. Imitate the hopping fly when it is about; the insect which jumps up and down at one point. Have a few flies tied backwards, that is with the "head" at the bend of the hook, and, at times, the unusual actions which resistance to the water causes this fly to make, will prove positively irresistible; but never try to imitate the sluggish June or "trout fly" which lights upon the water and waits patiently for the trout to gather him in.

When this fellow is plentiful, hang up your rod and climb a mountain or visit a deer pond, or rather make up your mind to fish and be satisfied with small creels. These insects come annually in great numbers, but, fortunately, last but a short time, and while they invariably spoil the fishing, they demonstrate very clearly the truth of what has already been said. These flies literally glue themselves to the water and it takes the wily trout but a very short time to discover that there is no occasion for haste, and when they reach this condition of mind, the artificial fly is useless.

As a matter of experiment, I even went so far as to tie up a number of flies which were perfect replicas of the June fly, but they were useless. Then I wound them with cork bodies and weighted the tips so that they would sit upright on the water, exactly like the real fly. The trout saw them to be sure, but a moment's examination was enough.



KING OF ALL INLAND FRESH WATER GAME FISH

They did not even take the trouble to take hold of them.

Remember also, that there will be times when the trout are not rising freely, for all fishing, and fly fishing in particular, is dependent upon conditions. It is keenly amusing to see the number of these things the enthusiastic novice, thinking that trout may be taken anywhere and any time, will run up against in the shape of water too high or too low, too cold or too warm, too still or too rough; working water or muddy water, days too dark or too bright, and no end of complications as to the earliness or lateness of the season, the direction of the wind, and the fullness of the moon! The Maine guide has a fertile imagination in this particular and he usually finds ready listeners. Nevertheless, if the angler goes to the right place he may rest assured that the trout are there, and if he fishes patiently and well, he will sooner or later be convinced and the memory of *one day's* catch will linger forever after.

Fly casting is in itself, easy to acquire, merely a quick motion of the wrist and forearm, not the entire arm. See that the flies are well up on the surface of the water and that the rod is at an angle of about forty-five degrees, and then whip the rod back to a position at the same angle, in the rear of the body, give the line a second or so to straighten out (the time required depending on the length of the cast) and then whip the rod forward to the same angle again, letting the line straighten out some feet above the water, and fall gently and naturally to the surface. Theoretically the "swing" of the forward and back cast should be the same. The trick can be learned by the use of a cast made up of barbless flies (the barbs being removed to prevent their catching) upon any lawn, as well as water. Distance comes from practice *after* acquiring the knack of handling a short line. Do not attempt to handle too much line at first.

The strike requires long practice and excellent self-control; it must be quick,

but not severe. Too much force will either tear the hook from the mouth of the fish or weaken the hold, and as for too little, well, it's an exception which proves that anglers invariably strike too hard. If you wish to see how very little force is necessary to set a hook, try it on the fleshy part of the thumb, but don't try too hard!

Strict attention is necessary at all times. Always remember that the big fish usually come when you least expect them, and concentrate your mind upon the flies. Don't whip a single spot too much, cast in a circle or semi-circle; three or four casts in a place. When trout are rising freely, cover the rises, or if it is evident that they are moving in a certain direction, cast a trifle ahead of where they *break*. When fishing from a lake shore for trout in distant deep water, cover the rises and draw slowly in. Have the next cast a bit shorter and so on, and the chances are that the trout will be taken at about the tenth cast, having followed the flies in, carefully investigating all the while.

When you have the trout hooked, don't hurry. There is all the time in the world, and there are other trout in the lake if you lose that one. Keep the line taut, the fish under water and gradually lead, but do not force, to the net.

There are a hundred or so different kinds of trout flies in existence and many of them good, but a dozen different varieties will suffice the practical needs of any angler. The Parmacheene Belle is a prime favorite, tied to imitate the belly fins of the trout; and the Montreal Silver Doctor, Professor, Queen of the Water, Jock Scott, and the silk bodied Brown and Gray Hackles are indispensable. Add the Scarlet Ibis, White Miller, Yellow May, Black Gnat, Cow Dung and Jungle Cock Coachman and your variety will be ample. Numbers six and eight hooks are a good all-round size.

Use six foot single gut leaders, and not more than two flies—one will usually do—unless you are fishing little fellows, and then you may go the limit,

three. Remember, however, that two flies can be handled better than three, and one better than two. Plain silk line casts better than enamel or water proof, but is not as easily cared for.

Split bamboo is the only all-around fly rod, and four ounces in weight is enough; the less weight you have, the more skill is required, and the greater will be the fight the fish makes. A good rod cannot be bought for less than ten or fifteen dollars, and even thirty dollars can be invested to advantage by anyone who fishes much. The reel should *balance the rod*. A landing net is advisable, but a rough gaff may be made by fastening a cod hook, or a bent and sharpened piece of wire to the end of a stick. This will save carrying a net to a wilderness pond, if the angler is "going light," but is by no means as sure as the net. A pair of pocket scales will give one *facts* to talk about.

"Where to go?" Oh, get some fly fisher friend to tell you, but in any event go to the wilderness. Strike out for yourself with guide, tent and canoe, make your headquarters at some one of the many "sporting camps" which dot the forest, if you must; but spend at least a part of your days in seeking out inaccessible ponds, and a part of your nights in the bough lean-to, falling to sleep with the cool, damp air on your forehead, and the weird sounds of the forest in your ears!

FAST PULLMAN SERVICE

Hot New York and Cool Maine are Brought Close Together

The through New York train service of the Maine Central Railroad to NORTHWARD-Ho! territory brings cool Maine nearer to hot New York than ever before in history, several hours being clipped off the running time between Moosehead Lake by the new Somerset railway extension to Kineo Station, and the Rumford Falls extension from Bemis to Oquossoc and other Rangeley Lake points.

One night only is required, the through sleeper leaving New York at 8 P.M., arriving at Poland Spring Junction (Danville) at 7.40, Belgrade at 8.58, and Kineo at 1 P.M.; changing at Portland for the Rangeley Lakes, via the Rumford Falls line, Oquossoc is reached at 1 P.M.

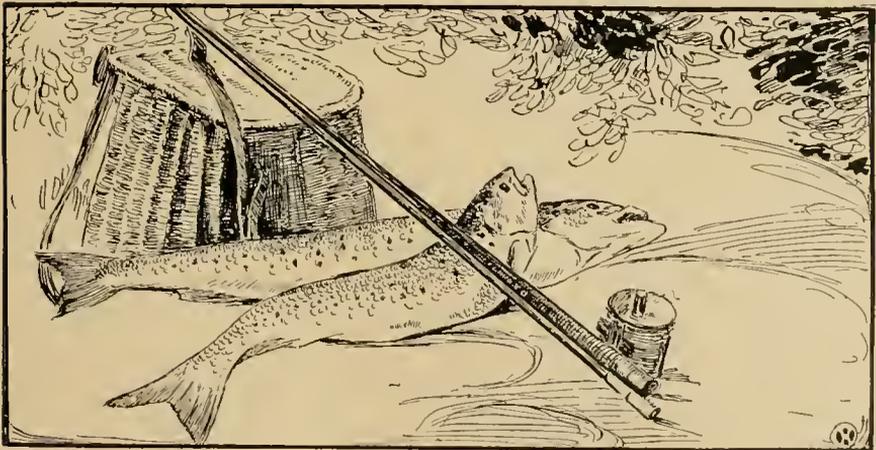
Return service is equally rapid, and the day trains from Boston to the points named make the run in from four to nine hours.

Nobody Works Up This Way

Nobody works up this way,
They all come here to fish;
To cast bright flies of feather
With many a swirl and swish.

Some fish for gamey salmon,
Others the wiley trout;
Nobody works up this way—
They are here to cut work out.

—The Indian.



MANY CHANGES AT KINEO

Winter One of Transformation, Marking New Era of Progress for Point and Section



THE WINTER has been one of transformation at Kineo, the most conspicuous improvement feature being the removal of the old guide house as a location for the proposed new Yacht Club building which enthusiastic power boat owners contemplate building during the coming summer at a cost of \$10,000. Close at hand a 250-foot breakwater, laid at a cost of \$3,500, extends out into the lake shutting off the heavy southerly surf from a twenty-two mile sweep, and giving an ideal harbor for large and small craft.

Elsewhere about the Point and the Lake is evidence of awakening, of a new era of activity and progress, and largely as a result of the coming of the new railroad through the Somerset extension, or what tourists will for all time, know as the "Kineo Short Line." Two hours in running time is a great saving in this age when time is money, and it brings Kineo into close communication, through direct service and through cars, with the Metropolis and other large cities from which the bulk of visitors come.

Here and there new cottages are going up and new camps are being built, and directly across the lake, but half a mile away, where barely more than a year ago was a wilderness forest peninsular known as Birch Point, there is now a thriving settlement, and the shriek of locomotive and the bellow of steamboat, awake forest echoes which have hitherto remained undisturbed since Creation.

To be sure Kineo has lost something—it is no longer in the "wilderness"—but it has gained much. It is in close touch with the throbbing world upon which it counts for support and to which it looks for future growth, and it takes front rank with the country's best known

and most accessible summer resorts. There is still the wilderness in every meaning of the word, but wilderness no more in a literal sense, because it is easy of access, and accessible, will be more and more appreciated.

You may hear a murmur of sadness now and then from those who loved Birch Point and the wild, strange beauty it gave the place, but all must realize that History for the Point and the Lake begins with the coming of the road. Just a few years more now and the shores of "Brooklyn," across the cove, will be dotted with handsome private cottages where now unsightly shacks rest; just a few years more and summer homes will spring into being throughout the territory, adding to its life, activity and interest. Bumpers to Greater Kineo!

For the first time in history Kineo will be closed during the coming winter, Manager C. A. Judkins having leased the property at Kineo Station where he will run an all the year hotel to take the place of the old "cottage" which has sheltered men of all conditions and kinds; where sportsmen have spun their yarns 'round the same blazing fireplace that lumbermen, chilled from the long ride down the lake, have warmed themselves; where associations hover for those who have come early or stayed late. Peace to fond memories!

SUMMER VISITORS MANY

Since May 9th when the first fishermen of the season made their way across the ice from Kineo Station, visitors have been flocking in, attracted by the early opening of the large hotel and the fishing, which has been the best of years, but July has witnessed the gradual backgrounding of the angler and the coming of the summer tourist. Still the split



NORTHWARD-HO !—KINEO :
"Where grim mountain peaks of purple hue,
Sink into skies of purest blue."

bamboo and landing net are in evidence and will be until October, but the golf club, tennis racquet, rifle and canoe paddle now outnumber them and riding, driving, mountain climbing and other pastimes are filling in the days of rare sunshine and glorious air.

Bridge, always bridge, holds its devotees captive, dancing is enjoyed by the younger set, and the Kineo Club welcomes those who seek quiet and seclusion on the shady lake shore, to write a letter, read a bit, chat with a friend, or while away an idle hour. No one feature of the place adds a greater special charm, for the Club is like good books—one may not read them often, but one likes to feel that they are near when wanted. Amid the bustle of the midseason whirl of hotel social life, the Club is a quiet retreat for all who enjoy its privileges.

The second week of July finds the hotel with one of the largest house counts in history, conspicuous in the list being old friends who have not missed a season here, except when abroad, for a score and more of seasons. Friends to whom Kineo owes much and to whom Kineo is glad to show its appreciation; friends who find no place like Kineo, and whose interest has spread its fair name farther and farther each year until it is now known North and South, East and West.

In the list of those already here are Mr. and Mrs. Stanton I. Hanson, Mr. and Mrs. George E. Marcus and Mr. Hermann Marcus, Mr. and Mrs. Howard A. Colby, Mr. and Mrs. Fred W. Tufts, Mrs. Walter Brooks, Dr. Rowland Cox, Mr. George W. Powers, Mrs. F. C. Treadwell, Mr. T. J. O'Donohue, Mrs. J. C. Havemeyer, Miss Havemeyer, Mr. and Mrs. Lyman Dennison, Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Rogers, Mr. E. M. Richards, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Williams, Mr. F. E. Kingen, Mr. F. X. Costelli, Mr. M. F. Roche, New York; Mr. and Mrs. James A. Brodie, Brooklyn; Mrs. W. O. Rowland, Mr. W. O. Rowland, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Kinley and family, Mrs. C. A. Martin, Mrs. De Mare, Mrs. James K.

Clarke, Philadelphia; Mrs. D. R. Garrison and Miss Garrison, Radnor; Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Mitton, Miss Mitton, Boston; Mr. Charles Allen, Mr. T. P. Talbot, Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Kehew, Boston; Mr. R. W. Allen, Plymouth; Mr. Samuel Johnson, Mr. Edward Johnson, Milton; Mrs. J. O. Fiske, Miss Mary M. Fiske, Bath; Mrs. A. B. Butler, Miss F. S. Butler, Miss Gladys Butler, A. B. Butler, Jr., Mrs. Richards, Washington; Mr. R. C. Braddock, the Misses Collings, Haddonfield; Mrs. George P. Hummer, Grand Rapids; Mr. and Mrs. I. M. Ullman and family, New Haven; Mr. and Mrs. George W. Thornton and family, Pawtucket; Mr. and Mrs. Carl Beers, Bangor.

THE COTTAGE COLONY

The cottage colony is nearly complete and made up largely of old friends including Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Clarke and family, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Dougherty and family, Mrs. Cornelius Doremus, Mrs. M. D. Paterson and Miss Clarice Paterson, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Feuchtwanger and family, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur B. Waring, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Outerbridge and family, Dr. William Hanna Thompson, Mr. Henry Lord, all of New York; Mr. and Mrs. J. Hurd Hutchins and family, Boston; Mr. and Mrs. T. Sedgwick Steele and Mrs. Adams, Pawtucket; Mr. and Mrs. Henry Sheafer and family, Pottsville; Mr. S. M. Vandergrift, Philadelphia.

RETURNING FRIENDS

Returning friends booked for the weeks to come include: Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Van Arsdale, Mr. and Mrs. Walton Ferguson, Jr., and Miss Ferguson, Mrs. James Carstairs, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel B. Hawley, Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Overpeck, Mr. and Mrs. Charles N. Judson, New York; Dr. and Mrs. G. H. Sexsmith, Mrs. Emmett Smith, Dr. and Mrs. L. F. Donohoe and the Misses Winants, Bayonne; Mrs. F. N. Dodge and son, Dr. and Mrs. E. T. Marsh, Paterson; Dr. and Mrs. E. T. Steadman, Hoboken; Mr. and Mrs. J. Henry Hentz and sons, Rear Admiral and Mrs. W. G.

Beuhler, Mrs. B. Frank Clapp and Master Algernon Clapp, Rev. and Mrs. W. R. Turner, Dr. S. MacCuen Smith and family, Mrs. Emily K. Rowland, Philadelphia; Mr. and Mrs. Lyman B. Goff and family, Pawtucket; Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Warren and family, New Haven; Dr. and Mrs. Thomas U. Coc, Mrs. Charles Stetson, Bangor.

SPORTS IN THE OPEN

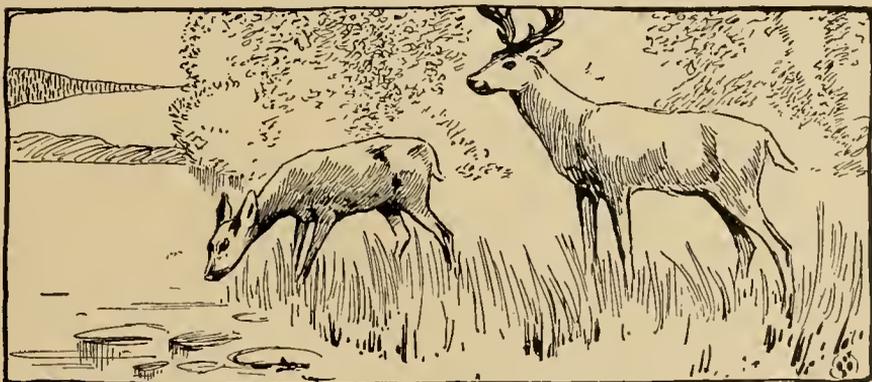
A busy summer in the way of sports in the open air is planned, with new and attractive features. Golf's popularity remains unquestioned, the usual weekly tournaments leading up to the annual match play event in which unusually attractive trophies are offered for both men and women. There will also be the usual team matches, putting competitions, mixed foursomes and the like, which add a social interest, among the most enjoyable of these being various invitation affairs for prizes contributed by guests.

Closely rivalling the Ancient Scottish game will be rifle shooting, two splendid championship trophies having been contributed by Mr. Nathaniel C. Nash of Boston, whose generosity meant much to the Rifle Club in its early history. The annual power boat handicap has now become an annual feature through the gift of a beautiful cup by Mr. Walton Ferguson, Jr., of Stamford; an event eagerly anticipated by the entire section. As a new departure will be the trap shooting begun informally last year, and which will be put upon a permanent

basis this year through the interest of Mr. Thomas J. O'Donohue of New York, and Mr. James K. Clarke of Philadelphia; numerous sweepstake and several cup shoots being planned.

Tennis continues a general favorite, the annual championship tournaments which include men's and women's singles and mixed doubles events, being the feature of numerous contests. The addition of a number of fine saddle horses to the livery has given added interest to this recreation, and new rigs and equipment are necessary to meet the requirements of the increasing number who look forward to the morning or afternoon drive. The chug of power boats adds life and interest to the lake, more and more enjoying it, and some are taking up sailing, both in skiffs and canoes—a sport lamentably neglected here—and ever and always, the wilderness beckons to those who love its solitude and the sport it offers. In all directions the rivers lead; everywhere silver lakes gleam in the cool forest.

Baseball enthusiasm continues unabated and the Point will once more strive to keep the attention of all visiting teams on the game, with the enviable record of the past two years clearly in mind. All and all the outlook for the summer was never more gratifying, for numerous social affairs of a pleasant character—the usual dances, teas, dinners, canoe picnics, bridge parties and steamer excursions—promise to be even more numerous than in the past.



BUSTER BROWN RESOLVES

In Six Short Words Real Secret of Poland Spring's
Wonderful Popularity is Summed Up



“RESOLVED, this is the best place we ever stopped,” is the trite comment of the original Buster Brown through his originator, R. F. Outcault, as the result of a recent visit at Poland Spring, and in this short sentence are volumes of meaning, for, generally speaking, it is the unanimous opinion of all who have visited this famous watering place. Therein lies the real secret of its wonderful popularity and its fame which now circles the globe—with friends, one may truly say, in every land and every clime. Thousands have thought the same thing and said it differently and at length, but it has remained for the famous Buster and the inimitable Tige, to get right down to the heart of things in six short words:

THE BEST PLACE WE EVER STOPPED

And when you come to think about it, what more is there to say? Buster and Tige are globe trotters; they've romped together in gay Patee, they've hobnobbed with royalty, they've bearded the festive Chink in his lair, and as for hotels, resort and otherwise, you can count the important ones on your thumb that they haven't "stopped at." Buster and Tige *know* what they are talking about as others know it. The only difference is that Buster has the power of expression, and because of this what he says will go down into history.

In view of this it is but natural that old and new friends have been gathering here since the opening of the hotels, June first, and the present week finds the largest early season company in history, a large and congenial colony, renewing pleasant acquaintances of the past and finding new delight in the magnificent hospitality of the Rickers. Out

doors and in visitors find sport and pleasure, with every comfort and every luxury that foresight based on something over one hundred years experience, can provide. You may be quite sure of it—"there is no place like Poland"—no place as complete and as faultlessly maintained.

THE ANNUAL ART EXHIBITION

Just at present interest is centered in the fourteenth annual exhibition of paintings by American artists, now being shown in the art gallery of the Maine state building; an event not alone enjoyed by visitors here, but by the entire State as well, for it is the only exhibition of its character which Maine is privileged to enjoy, attracting thousands from all sections.

No admission is charged and in addition, the beautifully illustrated catalogs are free; treasured souvenirs of a visit of education and delight. The same liberal methods that have always been pursued by the Rickers continue this year, no thought or expense being spared, and one thousand dollars has been appropriated for the purchase of pictures for addition to the permanent collection.

The exhibition is fully up to the high standard of recent years, and in some respects, surpasses it; not only in the variety of the motifs, canvases and the importance of the artists represented, but more American sculptors are represented than usual and the collection of miniatures is of exceptional interest. In all 138 paintings, 29 miniatures and 13 pieces of sculpture are shown, many of the artists represented being annual contributors to the Salon and the International exhibitions at Munich, Berlin and Tunis, as well as the leading American shows; several choice pictures being painted especially for this exhibition.



NORTHWARD—HO!—POLAND SPRING :
"Where there's health and peace and sport and rest,
And life is lived at its very best."

The selection of paintings was made in the studios of the artists by Miss Nettie M. Ricker, art director, who has also hung the gallery with rare judgment, and prepared the catalog with taste and knowledge; the supplementary data being particularly interesting and helpful. Considering the greatly increased demand for good exhibition pictures during the summer months, owing to the various summer exhibitions which are now held regularly in many large cities such as Worcester, Cincinnati and Buffalo, the support which the artists give to the Poland Spring exhibition shows plainly that they appreciate the excellent work done in the cause of American art by it.

During the season NORTHWARD-HO! will feature a descriptive article upon the exhibition, and will dwell as some length from time to time, upon various pictures, treating them in detail.

SPORTS AND SOCIAL PLEASURES

Poland's guests live much in the fresh air and sunshine and the summer will be one of activity, with numerous attractions in the way of tournaments, golf leading in importance.

Thus early the annual championship contest is anticipated, and a large and important field of contestants assured, two handsome trophies being the goal for which all will strive. W. C. Chick of Oakley, who already has two "legs" on the cup, will defend his title and try for a third and permanent win, but the task will be by no means easy with such doughty opponents as Fred Herreshoff and Frank Layng of Garden City, Dr. W. S. Harban of Columbia, L. A. Hamilton of Englewood, Allan Petit of Philadelphia, and Samuel Ivers of New Bedford. In addition to this contest will be the usual handicaps, foursomes and putting competitions.

Tennis is claiming increasing attention and various competitive events are planned, and interest in indoor bagatelle has been heightened by the offering of two splendid trophies, one each for men and women, to be awarded for the best scores made during the season.

A novelty is a splendid trophy to be awarded to the amateur aeronaut alighting nearest the hotel during the summer and for which a number have signified their intention of competing. High up on the hill, set amid its deep green background of oak and pine, the hotel is a fascinating target for balloonists, the well laid out grounds as soft as a Persian rug, apparently the easiest of all places to reach, but—that remains to be seen.

Never has motoring been more general, tourists skimming in almost every hour, and before the season ends several thousand will have affixed their names to the hotel registers. From all sections they come, to all sections they go, taking with them only pleasant memories and anticipating return visits. Riding and driving has never been more generally popular, and as in the past, many bring their private equipages; among them Mr. and Mrs. George W. Elkins of Philadelphia, Mrs. E. A. Hoffman of New York, Mrs. John C. Haines of Boston, and Mr. D. W. Fields of Brockton. In all directions beckoning roads lead, none without a destination point of interest at the end.

Down in the big lake the fishermen find the bass eager, and the trout brooks, hard by, are providing excellent sport, and Mr. George W. Elkins, Mr. S. B. Stinson and Mr. James F. G. Lindsey and Mr. Byron P. Moulton, all of Philadelphia, and Mr. J. L. Grandin of Boston, will spend much of their time with rod and reel and relate the usual stories about the big one that got away.

Society will make much of the season, the interest of the young people being centred upon the usual Saturday night hops and the more formal cotillions. Putting competitions and afternoon teas will claim the attention of the entire colony, and saddle parties, brake trips and numerous suppers and lunches at nearby and distant points will combine happily in filling in every minute of such time as those who live much in the open air have to spare.

'TIS A "WIND BURNER"

Automobilists are much interested in a test which the management is making

of a 30 H. P. Stanley car of the mountain-wagon type, designed for stage service to and from the railway station, six miles distant; a stiff journey, very much up hill on the way to the hotel.

The car is of the same type which Mr. F. O. Stanley sent to Denver to climb the mountains there, and it is guaranteed to make not less than twenty miles going up hill, accomplishing the journey easily in twenty minutes.

If the test is satisfactory, two of these cars will be put on, each carrying eight passengers and a chauffeur. The first trials were made last week, and the initial work has been very satisfactory. The car has already been dubbed "a wind burner," by motorists who have ridden in it.

Prominent among the big crowd of motor tourists who are arriving daily, was Senator M. B. Scott of West Virginia, who spent several days here, stopping off on his way over the already very popular "Ideal Tour" route.

OLD AND NEW FRIENDS HERE

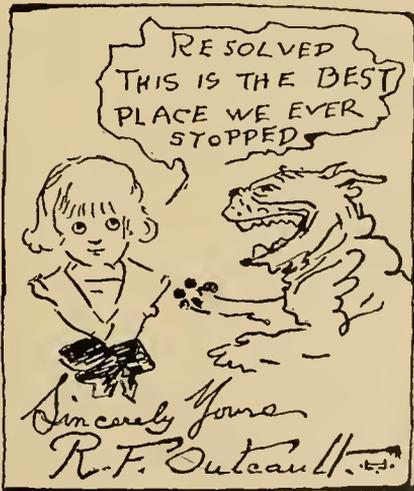
Prominent among guests already here, many of them to remain throughout the season, and a few of those who have registered recently are the following:

Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Griswold, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Whitridge, Mr. and Mrs. Leonard K. Smith, Mr. James G. Johnson and family, Mrs. Peter Doelger and family, Mrs. Mason Mannheim and family, Mrs. George G. Gregory, Mrs. Henry S. Brooks, Mrs. George C. Dexter, Miss M. D. Dexter, Mrs. King and Miss Edith King, Mr. W. Rasmus and family, Mrs. David Folsom, Hon. Walter S. Johnson and party, Major J. L. Johnson, Mrs. E. Leland, Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Rhodes, Mr. and Mrs. David Thornton, Mr. and Mrs. Pierpont Hicks, Mr. and Mrs. E. Barnett, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Vreeland, Miss Vreeland, Mr. R. S. Vreeland, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Phillips, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Fisher, Mr. and Mrs. Dudley Tenney, Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Scott, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. McKinley, Miss Annie Foster, Mrs. S. Shaffer, Mrs. E. C. Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. George A. Pearson, Mrs. W. P. Doelger, Jr., and Master Doelger, all of New York; Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Everett, Mrs. Henry Coffin, Mrs. Alden S. Swan, Brooklyn; Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Kingsland and family, Mr. and Mrs. C. N. King, Jersey City; Mrs. Garret A. Hobart and party;

Mr. Garret A. Hobart, Jr., and family, Paterson; Mrs. Emmet Smith and Miss Smith, Bayonne; Mrs. Peter C. Van Voores, Camden; Hon. and Mrs. Bryon P. Moulton, Mr. F. H. Wyeth and family, Mr. George W. Elkins and family, Mr. S. P. Stinson and family, Mr. J. G. Lindsay and family; Col. and Mrs. A. L. Snowdon, Mrs. James Carstairs, Miss A. H. Fox, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Strawbridge, Miss Gillespie, Mrs. A. C. Barnes, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Reilly, Mr. Allen Pettit, Mr. J. V. Merrick, Mrs. A. T. Uhlman, Miss Smith, all of Philadelphia; Mrs. A. T. Slater, Mrs. Alexander Murray, Mrs. Stanley Matthews, Dr. and Mrs. W. S. Harban, Mr. and Mrs. Edward J. Stellwagen, Washington, D. C.; Mrs. Willock and Miss Willock, Sewickley; Mr. Percy Proctor, Mr. H. T. Loomis and family, Cincinnati; Mr. James W. Green, Mr. Daniel C. Nugent and party, St. Louis; Mr. S. R. Vickers, Mr. G. W. Kirwan, Mrs. T. P. Strang, Baltimore.

Mr. C. A. Browning and family, Mrs. Amos Barnes, Mrs. George W. Coleman, Miss S. P. Baker, Mrs. A. D. Chapin and party, Mrs. C. C. Corbin, Mrs. J. Rees Whipple, Mr. Josiah Oakes, Mrs. Franklin Smith, Mr. R. H. Rines, Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Thomas, Mrs. E. P. Stewart Clark and family, Mrs. S. V. Rice, Mr. J. L. Grandin and party, Mr. Reuben W. Hopkins and family, Mrs. L. A. Wright and party, Mr. W. O. Blancy and family, Boston; Mr. and Mrs. Willard A. Vose, Miss Florence Vose, Brookline; Mr. N. B. Kerr and family, New Bedford; Mr. and Mrs. Charles Rodman, Providence; Mrs. Samuel Hubbard, Jacksonville, Fla.; Mr. and Mrs. Andrew McNally, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Pringle, Montreal; Mr. H. T. Loomis and family, Cincinnati; Senator W. P. Frye of Maine.

BUSTER'S RESOLVE



AT BELGRADE AND RANGELEY

Many Summer Visitors are Coming, but Still it is Fish and Fishing at These Resorts



MANY summer visitors are coming, but still it is fish and fishing which claim attention at Belgrade and Rangeley. You breathe the contagion in the very air, and join in heart and soul with the throng which is striving to catch the biggest fish or the largest string.

You may never have cared for the sport, but you soon discover that the reason is because you have never known what *real* fishing was, and a day or two only is needed to make a split bamboo rod and a book of flies your most treasured possessions. You may shrink from publicity, but an uncontrollable desire seizes you to have your name on the fish record, and you won't mind a bit if it appears in display type, top of column, alongside reading matter.

In a word, it's the old rule of adaptation which began with "doing the Romans;" the innate desire to be *one* of the crowd with which you exchange greetings and touch elbows. You may have wondered what could possess anyone to want to wear bright colored flies in their hat, and if you have you will be one of the first to appear with the largest and gaudiest you can find.

The angler lust thrills like good wine at Belgrade and Rangeley and binds the whole community into a common interest. It is a healthful, happy existence which gives life new meaning, and makes many a dark day to come bright with anticipation and recollection. Old Isaac Walton was surely on the right track, and the world is his debtor, with Belgrade and Rangeley the best exponents among the moderns. From all sections of the country anglers come, and none go away disappointed.

BIG CROWDS AT BELGRADE

Thus Early it Has Been Necessary to Bring Annex into Play

The increasing popularity of the popular Belgrade hotel has made it necessary, thus early, to bring the annex into use upon several occasions, and the present week finds the house filled very close to its capacity with no indication of diminution until late in September. Familiar faces one finds in the happy group, those who return year after year, coming early and remaining late; all devotees of rod and reel.

From early morning until late evening the big lakes are dotted with the boats of the anglers, and men and women vie in friendly rivalry for piscatorial honors and at the hotel in the evening, relate experiences of the day. As for "records," they are hard to find, for big strings and big fish are so common here that little attention is paid to them. Nothing short of a sensation is much talked about, because fishing *records* here must at least be unusual.

And so it is this season that but few records stand out sharp and clear. One is a string of 126 bass with the fly, in a day's casting, by Mr. Charles Malby of New York, and another, a ten-pound salmon landed by Mr. H. R. Mallison, also of the Metropolis. Mr. B. F. Goodrich of Haverhill, landed an even hundred trout in a two weeks' stay, including two strings of four totaling 16 pounds, and Mr. A. T. Sansbury of Boston, took a string of from three to six trout daily, weighing from 2½ pounds to 6½ pounds during a two weeks visit. Naturally there have been "others," but their catches are of the "modest" order—fifty or seventy-five bass a day, or a few



NORTHWARD-HO!—RANGELY AND BELGRADE:
"Where bright lakes nestle 'mid em'rald hills."

three to five-pound trout—not worth mentioning at Belgrade!

Society is just beginning to make a claim for attention, and there will be the usual informal affairs to enliven the season; hops, teas and card parties, together with dinners, suppers and trips to distant points; quiet affairs but none the less enjoyable.

Golfers there are, busy upon the links, standing out sharp and clear against the deep blue background of the lake, and several tournaments have been arranged. Others are enjoying the tennis courts and the numerous drives of the section which wind on and on through a countryside of unusual beauty, where wild flowers bloom, the forest murmurs and rushing water gurgles.

GREAT SALMON FISHING

Rangeley Lake House Visitors Find Sport the Very Best

The usual invasion of summer tourists is well under way at the Rangeley Lake House and social pleasures are occupying the attention of a big crowd of visitors, but fishing is still much in evidence with the records for the season the best of recent years.

Something over four yards long is the sheet upon which the story is told, and the most conspicuous poster in the hotel office, and still the fishing continues and the record grows apace. One hears of "big uns" from early morning until late at night, and nearly every guest has some story to tell, men and women dividing the season's honors.

The record string is credited to Mr. James J. Brigham of Springfield, Mass., who took five salmon totaling 22 pounds and including an 8-pounder. Mr. F. W. Emery of Boston, who made a long visit, took two big strings; one of the two fish weighing $14\frac{1}{4}$, and another of three weighing $13\frac{1}{2}$ pounds and including 7- and 8-pound salmon. In all, Mr. Emery took 24 fish weighing from 3 to 8 pounds and including five 7-pounders and two 6-pounders. Mrs. W. P. Mason of New

York, took two salmon weighing $12\frac{1}{2}$ pounds, and including a $7\frac{1}{2}$ pounder, and Mr. William A. Ulman of New York, a string of three salmon totaling $10\frac{3}{4}$ pounds.

Mr. E. E. Lederly of Brooklyn, and Mr. F. Wells of Hartford, lead in the big fish records, each with a nine-pound salmon to their credit. Mrs. C. R. Adams of Philadelphia, and Dr. C. W. Packard of New York, have taken 7-pounders, Mr. J. W. Argenburgher of New York, a $7\frac{3}{4}$ -pound salmon, and Mrs. W. P. Mason of New York, a $7\frac{1}{2}$ -pounder.

PLANS FOR BUSY SUMMER

Many delightful social affairs are being planned by the young people, including the usual dances and cotillions; the return of Mr. Harry T. Bauchle, Jr., of New York, being an occasion for general rejoicing. In addition there will be the usual trips and picnics, dinners, teas and concerts. Motor boating is coming rapidly into vogue and an annual regatta arranged, and golf holds its own as the most popular of out-door recreation; the usual tournaments adding interest to the season. Motor tourists are more numerous than ever before, their number increasing with the lengthening of July.

Among the returning cottagers are Judge J. G. Dill and family of Orange, Mr. L. M. Schwan and family and Mr. W. N. Cunningham and family, both of New York. Everywhere flags are flying, everywhere there is indication that the season is well begun and that it promises to be one of the most successful in the history of this resort.

Glidden Tourists Monday

The Glidden tourists, in the fifth annual contest, will spend to-morrow in Boston, reaching Poland Spring Monday and Rangeley the following day. Wednesday they make Bethlehem, N. H., and the day following, the trip ends at Saratoga; a total of 1,669.7 miles.

The trophies are the Glidden and Hower cups, to be awarded to the clubs whose team loses the fewest points.

JACKMAN'S POPULARITY

New Territory Opened Up and Old Friends Returning

Jackman's increasing popularity among those who love wilderness life, is leading to its steady growth, the winter witnessing the opening up of new territory and important enlargement of the equipment of points well established.

FINE FISHING AT ATTEAN

At Attean Camps, on beautiful Attean Lake, the Holden Brothers have branched out to meet increasing demands, giving them what is unquestionably one of the most complete sporting camp equipment in the State. Since last spring a private camp has been built by Mr. W. L. Hodgman of Providence, who has been an annual visitor for years and others will select sites during the summer. Mr. Hodgman and his wife are enthusiastic admirers of the section, coming annually for the spring fishing and August rest. The splendid new dining camp is now complete in every particular even to rustic fittings, and a new launch meets the Canadian Pacific trains where they stop on the very lake shore three-quarters of a mile away.

Among those who will spend the summer here are many old friends, among them Rev. and Mrs. J. H. Dennison of Williamstown, Mass., Hon. and Mrs. Lucien L. Bayliss of Brooklyn, Dr. and Mrs. Forbes McCreery of New York; the Misses Shipley of Bryn Mawr, Pa.; Dr. and Mrs. C. H. Barney of Ludlow, Vt.; Mr. Richard Northup and mother of Chicago, and others.

The spring fishing has been excellent, honors for the best string going to Mr. Robert J. Murcur of Montreal, who took thirty-eight trout, with a two and a half pounder at the head, late in June. The best fish was a four and a half pound trout secured by Mr. Clark Jenkins of Skowhegan.

HENRY MCKINNEY'S NEW CAMPS

In the matter of new equipment, Henry P. McKinney has built a hotel in an ideal

location on the Moose River, just above the inlet into Wood Pond, leasing some hundred square miles of territory upon which he has located branch camps. At Bull Dog Pond a string of cabins will be opened and under the personal supervision of Thomas Gerard, for many years host at Spencer Lake camps, and at Lake Parlin will be built a hotel and cabins.

In striking contrast are Mr. McKinney's "home" camps and they open up very desirable territory. Bull Dog and the ponds near at hand, are deep in the wilderness, reached by canoe and trail; Lake Parlin one may reach by auto, and the home hotel is practically in the village of Jackman, yet far enough away to give it charm and seclusion.

FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS

Prizes Offered for Short Stories, Verse and Photographs

NORTHWARD-HO! is especially interested in its younger readers and it hopes to have frequent contributions from them in the way of short stories and photographs. Descriptions of trips, incidents and experiences are especially desired, as well as short stories, if they deal with Northern Maine subjects. Photographs must be taken by the little folks themselves, and preferably, should be subjects of interest to children.

To heighten interest the Editor will award prizes for both stories and photographs; a brownie camera and a water color box each for the first and second best story or photograph to both boys and girls.

The full name and both temporary and home address, of each competitor must accompany each contribution, both inside the package and out, and stories must be written upon one side of the paper only. Address the Children's Department, NORTHWARD-HO!, Lewiston, Maine. Awards will be made August 15 and September 15, and a copy of the Magazine will be sent to each contributor.

NORTHWARD=HO! BY AUTO

Rare Scenic Beauties of Maine's Rugged Interior are
Appealing More and More to Motor Tourists



THUS EARLY there is ample evidence of the growing popularity of NORTHWARD-HO! territory among motor tourists, for already the honk of horn and screech of siren are reverberating through the silent forest. Ample evidence there is that no roads in the country are more fascinating than those of the Maine interior with their rugged scenic beauties.

To be sure there are hills, and good ones, but they are not steep enough to bother the average high power car, and they lend charm and diversity to the landscape; the broad lakes and rushing streams, the shady forests and sunlit plains, dotted here and there with villages and farmhouses where various necessities can be obtained, showing great improvement within the past two years.

The roads are excellent, the air is like good wine, the water is cold and pure, the people are hospitable! What more can the tourist, living the "life ideal," ask? As the Pine Tree State is the "Playground of the Nation," so has NORTHWARD-HO! territory become the mecca for autoists, with the splendid summer resort hotels at Poland Spring, Kinco, Rangeley and Belgrade as the bright and guiding stars.

First in line is Poland Spring where over two thousand motorists were entertained last season, on the line of the new and what promises to become deservedly popular "Ideal Tour." Accessible from North, South, East and West; the glistening dome of its high tower a landmark for miles around; its location is so well known that no descriptive route is necessary.

Just above lie the Belgrade Lakes, reached from Lewiston via Greene, North

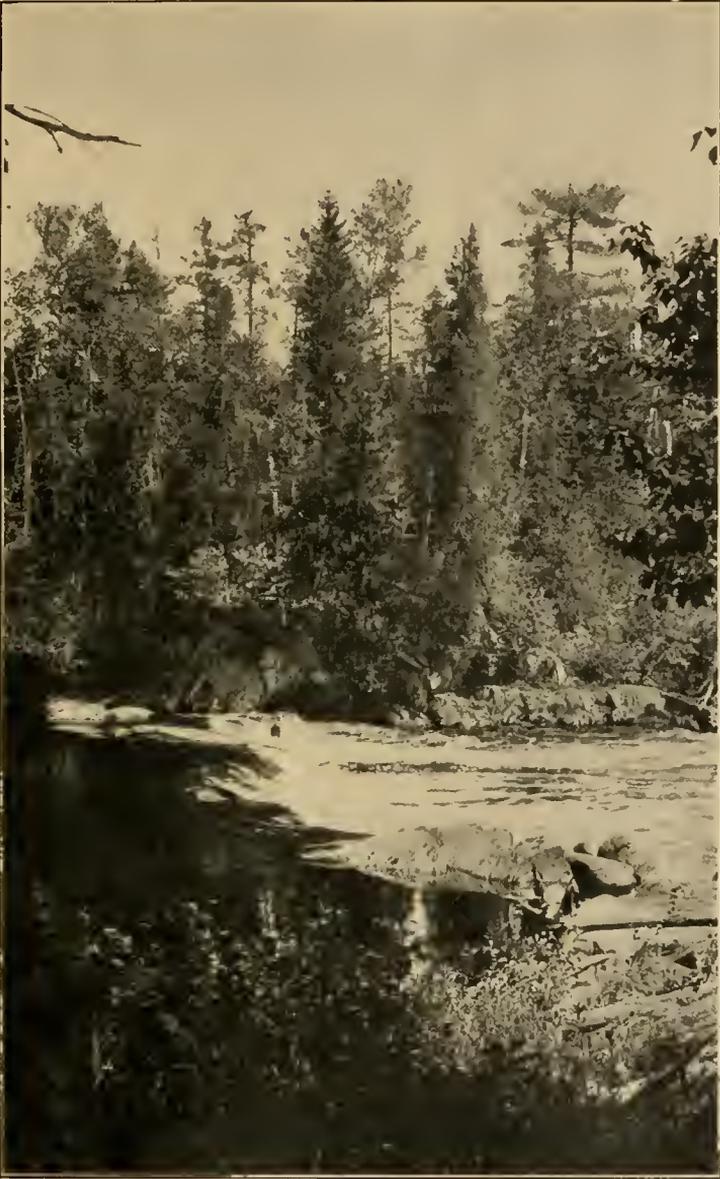
Monmouth, Winthrop, East Winthrop and East Readfield, resting on a triangle with Augusta and Winthrop at opposite ends.

Further along is Rangeley with four distinct routes to it; first brought into prominence through the still famous trip of Judge Dill from East Orange. One route leads from Lewiston through Livermore Falls, Farmington, Strong and Phillips. Another from Portland on through Freeport, Brunswick, Gardiner, Augusta, Waterville, Skowhegan, North Anson, North New Portland and Stratton. The third swings from Worcester, Mass., to Nashua, N. H., and thence on through Manchester, Concord, Franklin, Bristol, Plymouth, North Woodstock, Bethlehem, Bretton Woods, Gorham, Gilead, Newry (Me.), Rumford Falls, Dixfield and Weld. Still a fourth route in the one followed in 1906, by the Glidden tourists, from Buffalo via Auburn, Utica, Saratoga, Elizabethtown, Hotel Champlain, Montreal, Three Rivers, Quebec, Jackson and Waterville.

And last but not least, lies Fair Moosehead, formerly considered well nigh inaccessible, but during the last few years, proven to be the most delightful of wilderness tours, full of charm and fascination, with roads far above the average; a journey with slight difficulties, a journey of rare reward.

Among the first to brave the supposed difficulties was Mr. Walter H. Wesson, the Springfield revolver manufacturer, who summers annually at his private camp on Moody Islands, and he has been courteous enough to supply NORTHWARD-HO! with details concerning three routes he has taken.

The first is via Boston, Portsmouth, Poland Spring, Augusta and Waterville to Greenville. The second includes



NORTHWARD-HO!—BY AUTO:
“Where woodlands sparkle with silver rills”

the White Mountains, Bretton Woods, Rumford Falls, Farmington, Auson, Athens, Blanchard, Shirley and Greenville. The third the White Mountains via Fitchburg, Nashua, Manchester, Concord, Lake Winnepesaukee, Intervale, Poland Spring, Skowhegan, Blanchard and Shirley to Greenville.

"On all of these trips," says Mr. Wesson, "I found the roads for the most of the way, fairly good, and in some sections of Northern Maine, excellent. There are a number of good stiff hills on each route, especially about Poland Spring and Augusta, but nothing that a good, high power car cannot negotiate easily. In a dry season I should take the route through the woods from Athens to Blanchard, but in a rainy one should go via Waterville."

And so now 'tis NORTHWARD-Ho! by auto where first it was by trail, later by stage, and then by train. Man has stormed and beaten down the barriers which the wilderness reared as supreme. In the shadows of grim Kineo, where Indian arrow makers once plied their art, happy children play, and on the flat promontory, where rival tribes fought to death, one hears the war cry of the golfer. Where stood the picturesque hide tepee is now the summer bungalow. The birch bark canoe is only a memory, and so 'tis throughout the State.

ABOUT NORTHWARD-HO!

As Good as We Can Make it will be the Rule Throughout

About NORTHWARD-Ho! and its purpose, we can only say that it will be as good as we can make it throughout: text, illustration and printing.

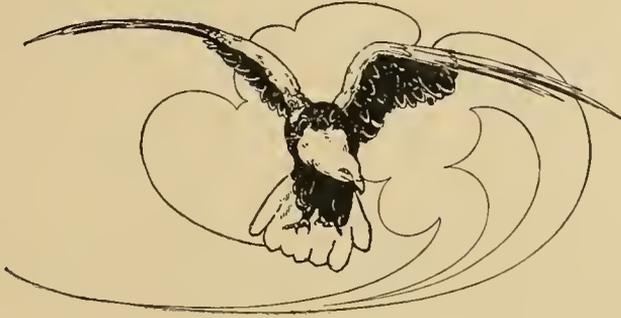
Primarily its mission will be to print the news of the resorts it covers, but special articles and various departments will give a general character and broaden its field.

The Magazine stands upon an absolutely independent basis, counting upon the large hotels in its territory for coöperation, but in no way controlled by them, its mission to unify Maine's inland resorts; to make them one in a general interpretation of the word.

It will cater only to the high class tourist trade and its advertising will be subject to the same scrutiny as the news. It will be exclusive, a publication which will attract attention because of its beauty; which will be valued because of its high class character. It strives to give to the world not only a correct impression of the beauty of the territory it covers, but a comprehensive idea of what the best class of visitors in that territory are doing.

The Magazine aims to do things different from the usual way and it counts upon appreciation and coöperation for its future growth and prosperity.





NORTHWARD-HO!

HERE'S to the Land of spruce and pine,
The Northern Land with air like wine;
Where bright lakes nestle 'mid em'rald hills
And woodlands sparkle with silver rills;
Where grim mountain peaks of purple hue,
Sink into skies of purest blue;
Where there's health and peace, and sport and rest,
And life is lived at its very best;
Where the weak grow strong and strong, grow great,
Here's to NORTHWARD-Ho!—the Pine Tree State!

H L J  1908

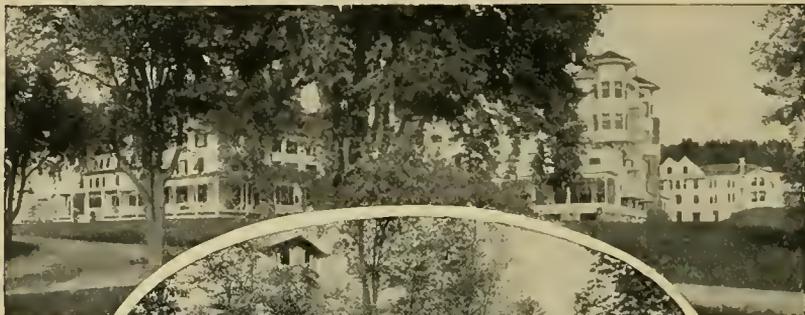
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THE POLAND SPRING HOUSE



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The "Good Time" Region

Most assuredly is at
Kineo and Round About

The manifold
charms of
Moosehead
Lake and
Maine's great
forests are
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for Kineo
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NORTHWARD-HO!

Information Bureau

NORTHWARD-HO! will be glad to give its readers full information concerning all points in its territory, relative to hotels, camps, cottages, canoe trips, guides and other necessary information

Address, Information Bureau,
NORTHWARD-HO!
JOURNAL BLD'G, LEWISTON, ME.

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Our New *Cushion Cover* renders these balls not only *More Lively* but *Wonderfully Durable* and dependable in all parts of the game. With ordinary use they can be played many rounds without injury.

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Prompt and Careful Attention given to Prescription Work,
Edison Phonograph and Edison Records.
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MOOSEHEAD LAKE, MAINE

S. W. PHILBRICK
VICE-PRES. & TREAS.

FLEET: Katahdin Moosehead Marguerite Louisa Twilight Comet Priscilla Reindeer
SUMMER SCHEDULE, SEASON 1908

GREENVILLE TO KINEO, KINEO STATION AND HEAD OF LAKE

	Ex. Sun.	Ex. Sun.	Ex. Sun.	Ex. Sun.	Ex. Sat.	Sun. only	Sun. only
	Beginning July 26						
Greenville, lv.	6.15 A.						8.00 A.
Greenville Jct.	6.45 "		10.00 A.	2.30 P.			8.30 "
Deer Island	*7.40 "		10.55 "	*3.25 "			*9.25 "
Kineo, arr.	8.35 "		11.50 "	4.20 "			10.20 "
Kineo, lv.	8.45 "	10.15 A.	12.15 "	4.40 "	8.20 P.	1.15 P.	10.30 "
Kineo Station	9.00 "	10.30 "	12.45 "	5.00 "	8.40 "	1.30 "	10.45 "
Rockwood	*9.15 "		*1.00 P.	*5.10 "			11.05 "
Northwest Carry ...	10.45 "			7.20 "			
Northeast Carry ...	11.30 "		2.30 "	6.40 "			12.35 "

HEAD OF LAKE TO KINEO, KINEO STATION AND GREENVILLE

	Ex. Sun.	Ex. Sun.	Daily.	Ex. Sun.	Ex. Sun.	Ex. Sun.	Sun. only	Sun. only
	Beginning July 26							
Northwest C'ry. lv.		7.00 A.		10.45 A.				
Northeast Carry,		7.45 "		12.30 P.		2.30 P.	2.00 P.	
Rockwood		*9.15 "		*2.00 "		*4.00 "	*3.25 "	
Kineo Station...	8.30 A.	10.00 "	12.45 P.	2.20 "	5.15 P.	5.00 "	3.40 "	6.30 P.
Kineo, arr.	9.00 "	10.10 "	1.00 "	2.35 "		5.15 "	3.50 "	6.45 "
Kineo, lv.		10.15 "		2.45 "	5.00 "		4.00 "	
Deer Island		*11.05 "		*3.40 "	6.00 "		*5.00 "	
Greenville Jct.		12.00 Noon.		4.30 "	6.55 "		5.55 "	
Greenville				5.30 "			6.15 "	

GREENVILLE TO LILY BAY AND WEST OUTLET VIA KINEO [Daily except Sunday]

Greenville, lv.	9.15 A.	West Outlet, lv.	1.00 P.
Greenville Jct.	9.55 A.	Kineo	2.00 P.
Sugar Island	10.40 A.	Lily Bay, arr.	3.30 P.
Lily Bay, arr.	11.00 A.	Lily Bay, lv.	5.15 P.
Lily Bay, lv.	11.05 A.	Sugar Island	5.35 P.
Kineo	12.30 P.	Greenville Jct.	6.30 P.
Kineo Station	12.45 P.	Greenville	7.00 P.
West Outlet	1.00 P.		

*Boats stop on signal or notice to captain.

Above times subject to delays or change without notice.

C. J. ROBINSON, General Manager.

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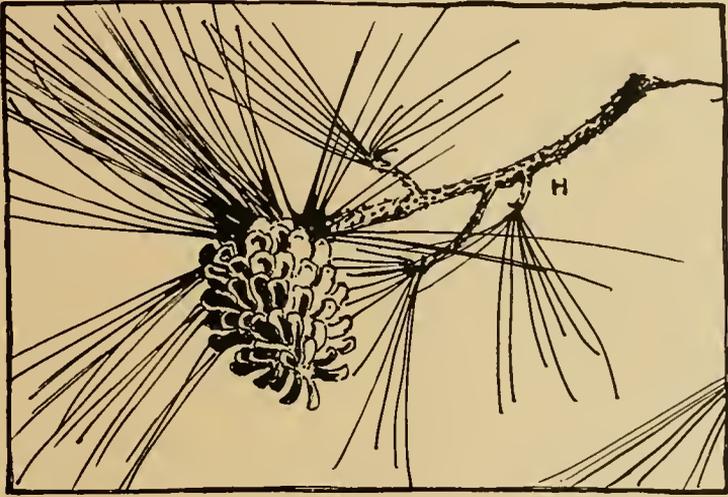
MOOSEHEAD LAKE
THE RANGELEYS, BELGRADE LAKES
AND POLAND SPRING



PUBLISHED · WEEKLY · DURING
THE · SEASON

EDITED · BY
HERBERT L JILLSON

SATURDAY, JULY 25



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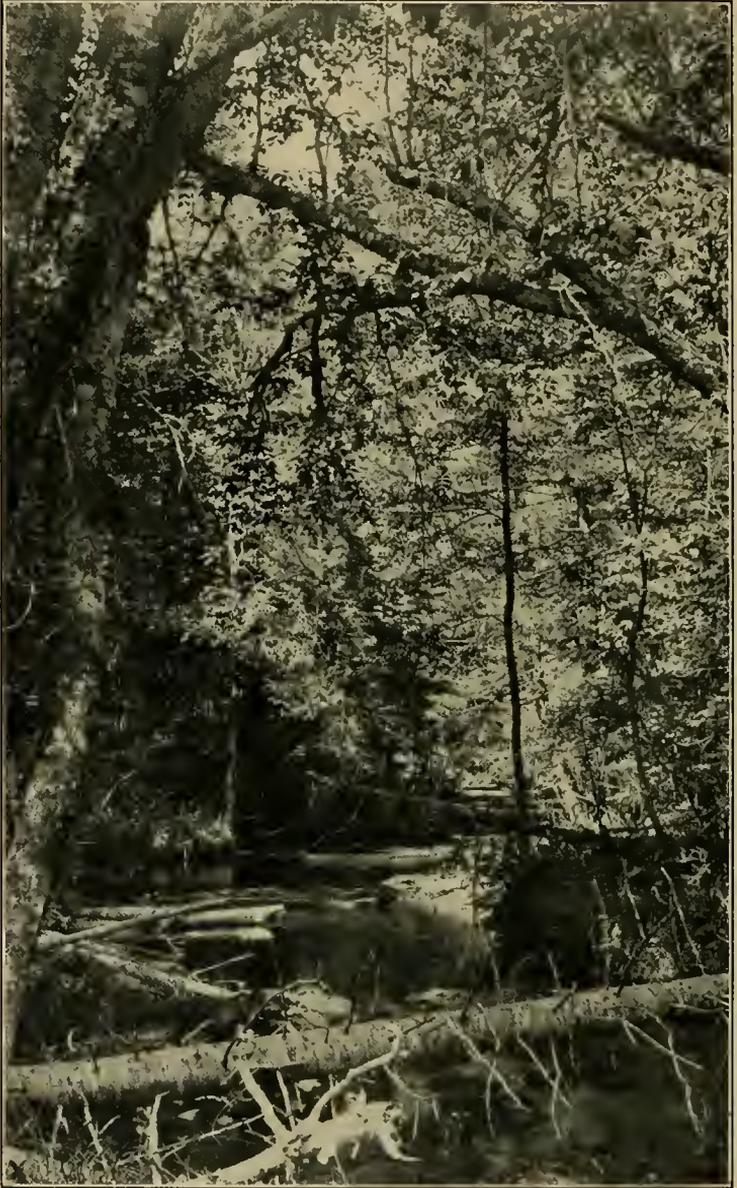
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NORTHWARD-HO!



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No. 2

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ANGLING FOR BLACK BASS

The Bull-Dog of Game Fish



NEVER to have taken a small-mouthed black bass is to have missed a precious angling experience, for no game fish, fresh water or salt, has more savage, dogged fight in him per pound than this bulldog of game fish.

Bass take the fly readily during the month of June, and again in September or after the water cools in the fall, and fly fishing for bass when they are rising with zest, is sport that furnishes numbers sufficient to satisfy the demands of the most enthusiastic. It is, however, in bait fishing that the bass excels, and mainly because he is the only one of a very few fish that may be taken with bait according to the sportsman's notions of fishing. Just as fly fishing stands out clearly defined as sport, so does bait fishing for bass correspond with bait fishing as it is generally indulged in.

The novice starts out on his first trip with memories of former fishing experiences before him—days when he pulled the little trout from the mountain brook, the perch from the lake shore, race, or the mud pouts from the mill pond—and as the bait sinks out of sight and the first faint nibble announces that the fish is making the usual preliminary inspection, he has visions of a lusty bass shooting heavenward with nimble protestations.

But they are only visions. For a time the strike results only in the bring-

ing up of an empty hook, but one soon learns to wait for the frantic rush at the expense of broken rods, for one might as well try to pull up the bottom of the lake as to pull out a bass on the first run.

Then comes the period of discovering not to hold him too hard or too light, and last of all, not to be disturbed when the demon goes into the air and scatters the bait in an attempt to rid its mouth of the hook. But experience is the great teacher and so it is that bass fishing is among the most fascinating of all angling.

The live minnow is the usual bait, and is effective at all times when the bass are hungry, but the live minnow must be handled properly or it will fail to appeal. First of all the minnow should be placed on the hook fastening it lightly through the fleshy part of the back, just behind the dorsal fin. It should then be thrown out, care being taken not to tear it from the hook, and left to sink and move about naturally.

Any attempt on the part of the angler to make it appear especially lively will be immediately understood by the bass, and the lowering of a dead minnow into a bass pool is merely a loss of time. The same dead minnow cast upon the top of the water may be immediately gathered in, but when attached to a hook and several feet under the water, it will remain there indefinitely. The bass knows what a dead minnow three feet under water is, and it knows what a live minnow is if that same minnow

does funny stunts in the way of impossible action.

The bass does not take the bait at once, but he looks it over carefully for a while, then bites it gently, likes the taste, takes another bite and finally grabs it for fair and makes a dash. The angler's time to strike is when the run comes.

When the appetites are jaded, and the bass requires tempting, the live frog is his special weakness, but even then he is not so hungry that he does not demand a thoroughly natural frog. The frogs are, of course, little fellows and should be hooked lightly through the upper lip, thrown into the water and left to swim about. As a rule they do not swim far when the bass are hungry.

There is, however, always a period during the warmest weather, when the bass is extremely fastidious and nothing on earth but a live grasshopper appeals to him. Then it is that the sport is at its best. These hoppers are caught and kept alive and must be lightly hooked so as to injure them but slightly. No sinker is used and the hopper is cast out and left to struggle naturally upon the surface of the water. When the bass comes for this bait he comes with a mighty splash which demonstrates very clearly that there is no trepidation and one has only to wait a moment before the strike may be made with safety. This sport is as near fly fishing as it is possible to have bait fishing and the lightest of rods and tackle may be used, making the battle skill against strength. Extreme delicacy is necessary to cast this bait any distance without tearing the tender hopper from the hook.

The bass rises well to many trout flies, notably the Parmachenee Bells, Montreal, Brown Hackle and Silver Doctor, but as a rule something more spectacular appeals to him; Kitson, Seth Green, Wilson, Red Ibis, Yellow May and other strange creations. The regular trout fly rod will do but a bass fly rod, somewhat more resilient, is preferred, and it stands the great strain with more permanence.

No description of the bass would be complete without mention of its fearlessness, and the real sentiment it shows towards its young. From the time the eggs are deposited on the spawning beds, until the little fry are able to care for themselves, the mother bass hovers about and protects her offspring. The bass, unlike other fish, will not eat bass spawn, but other fish manifest decided cannibalistic tendencies, and trout, perch and pickerel are always on the lookout for dainty bits of "cavair" or fry, and it is from these natural enemies that the bass defends its young. Let one of these approach and it is attacked with fearlessness and desperation that rarely fails to drive away the intruder.

When a school of bass are seen along the shores of a pond all that is necessary to bring the mother into sight is to throw a chip in among them, and if one wishes to really see how she fights, the throwing in of a gasping and helpless perch will afford the opportunity. This trait of the bass is, no doubt, largely responsible for the wonderful increase the fish make in favorable waters.

Bass fishing may be enjoyed in a wide range of territory, but the Belgrade Lakes have within the past few years become world-famous, mainly because of the abundance of these fish there and their exceptional readiness to take either bait or fly. The fish are, apparently, numberless.

The record catch with the fly at Belgrade, in a day's fishing, is one hundred and fifty-three, and the score stopped there mainly because no fisherman's arm can stand up for further casting.

The bass is not as graceful and gamey a fighter as the landlocked salmon, nor as clean-cut in his methods or as alert in his perception as the trout, but taken all and all, he is a game fish that takes his place with the very best this country affords. He will always appeal to those who love conquest, and no angler's education is complete who has not tested his skill with this the fiercest fighter of fresh water game fish.

BUSY DAYS AT MOUNT KINEO

Numerous Affairs Indoors and Out are Claiming the Attention of Two Hundred Early Visitors



THE WEEK sets the Kineo "season" in full swing and finds the largest company of visitors in the history of this resort assembled, Saturday night's house count being but a fraction under the two hundred mark.

Sports and social pleasures are filling in the time delightfully, days in the open air being rounded out by evenings of enjoyment. Golf, tennis, rifle shooting and riding lead among the popular recreations, with canoe picnics, steamer excursions, teas, card parties and dancing providing social diversion, the large number of young people giving an unwonted activity and gaiety which is enjoyed by the entire household.

MATCH PLAY PUTTING CONTEST

Saturday's match play putting contest augurs well for the many similar events which will fill in the summer, thirty-two participating and close play resulting, four attractive trophies being offered. Mr. John H. P. Phillips of New York, captured the final round from Mr. Howard A. Colby of New York, Mr. Lyman B. Goff of Pawtucket, and Mr. James L. Phillips of Washington, landing the two remaining cups. Others who took part were Mrs. M. D. Paterson, Mrs. Kenneth Wood, Mrs. Thomas Sedgwick Steele, Mrs. James K. Clarke, the Misses Butler, the Misses Thornton, Miss Williams, Miss Havemeyer, Miss Mitton, Miss Warren, Miss Dorothy Kinley, Miss Paterson, Miss Hyde, Mr. George E. Marcus, Mr. J. B. Frazier, Mr. James A. Brodie, Mr. Daniel Drake-Smith, Mr. W. O. Rowland, Jr., Mr. R. M. Cleveland, Mr. Chapin Marcus, Mr. J. B. Kinley, Mr. Theodore Kinley, Mr. D. C. Phillips, Mr. Austin Feuchtwanger, Mr. Kimball.

RIFLE SHOOTING POPULAR

Interest in rifle shooting has been heightened by the gift of two cups by Mr. James K. Clarke of Philadelphia, to be awarded to both men and women, and the inauguration of a series of subscription tournaments, the first of which was held Saturday, Mr. R. M. Cleveland winning.

In connection was held a shoot, scores counting on the N. C. Nash trophies, Mrs. C. A. Judkins, Mrs. James K. Clarke and Miss Warren leading with scores of 56, 51 and 44; with Mr. Cleveland, Dr. Rowland Cox and Mr. W. O. Rowland, Jr., making 54, 51 and 43.

Others who participated were Mrs. M. D. Paterson, Mrs. W. A. McGibbon, Miss Paterson, Miss Butler, Miss Warren, Mr. W. L. Sheaffer, Mr. T. J. O'Donohue, Mr. John H. B. Phillips, Mr. James L. Phillips, Mr. W. H. Carpenter, and Mr. George E. Cooley.

COMING EVENTS

Never has a busier season of sports been planned and the trophies offered are a dazzling array.

In addition to the Ferguson trophy for the annual power boat handicap, is cup offered by Mr. C. M. Clarke to become the property of the winner of this year's event.

The cups for the annual golf tournament are beauties and the weekly handicap prizes well worth winning. There are also mixed foursome, putting and special tournament cups in almost endless assortment.

The annual tennis tournament will be featured and there will be numerous other events, as well as trap shooting, sweeps and cup shoots.

Photographer Potter has also offered a sterling cup for the best amateur photograph, awards to be made by a

committee and conditions to be announced later.

MANY RIDE AND DRIVE

Riding and driving are being enjoyed by an increasing number, among those whose skill elicits general admiration being the Misses Butler and their brother, Mr. A. B. Butler, Jr. Their training was western and their love of horseflesh is inherent; they ride like Centaurs.

Dr. Rowland Cox, Jr., is also frequently in the saddle, renewing associations of a season's campaigning in the West, when a pack horse carried his outfit and a six shooter and sombrero were his most treasured possessions. The six shooter is now a relic, but the sombrero the doctor still has in service.

Mr. Chapin Marcus is also devoted to equestrianism, and hardly a day passes that Manager C. A. Judkins does not combine business and pleasure in a ride to Deer Head farm, his seat the seat of the Southerners who made the Confederate cavalry famous.

Some of the old string of saddle horses remain, among them old "Riley" whose trot and canter have been enjoyed for half a dozen years; but there is new and livelier blood for those who enjoy the thrill which a good pull on the reins creates.

Always fascinating is the road which winds along the lake shore to the Farm and Folsoms, and many who drive enjoy it frequently, among them Mr. C. M. Clarke and family, Mr. Henry Sheaffer and party, Mr. and Mrs. James A. Brodie, Mr. and Mrs. George E. Marcus and Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Mitton.

There is the spring at Mr. Dennen's cottage, the fresh milk at the farm, the flowers at the nursery; there is sunlight and shadow along the entire route, with glimmering Moosehead and the blue mountains half hidden by the silver birches which border the lake shore. Wild flowers bloom by the roadside, birds carol, and Nature in primeval garb, crowds close up to the roadside with a strange, half-repellant charm.

ON GOLF LINKS AND TENNIS COURTS

Busy days these are upon the golf links and tennis courts. Among the most enthusiastic of the golfers is Miss Havemeyer who rarely misses a day, and the Misses Butler and Miss Warren are also devotees. Miss Clarke is just taking up the game and making rapid progress, but the familiar figure and graceful swing of Mrs. M. D. Paterson is missed as she is resting from the game this summer.

Mr. J. Hurd Hutchins and Mr. George Marcus are still fighting the same old friendly battle just above the eighty mark, and still hoping to get lower than ever before. Mr. J. B. Kinley manages to get away from his beloved books long enough to make a daily round and Mr. James A. Brodie is still practicing for "that match" with Professional Watson and frequently gets round under the hundred mark (number of holes not stated). Mr. Howard A. Colby occasionally leaves the tennis courts for play, but not with the old-time enthusiasm, while Mr. Lyman B. Goff is still invincible. Mr. Thomas J. O'Donohue finds time for occasional play, and is as strong as ever on the Club House and the Hutchins cottage. The course is in excellent condition, in spite of the dry season.

The tennis court gallery is finding plenty to keep it occupied from its shady retreat on the hotel verandas. Mr. Howard A. Colby, Mr. Chapin Marcus, Mr. Nelson Dougherty all playing fast games, with Mr. W. O. Rowland, Jr., Mr. Thomas J. O'Donohue, excellent seconds. Miss Kinley and Miss Thornton are both clever enthusiasts, and Miss Ethel Outerbridge and her friends run over frequently from their cottage for morning or afternoon play.

SOCIETY'S DIVERSIONS

Socially the season promises to be of the gayest, both for young and old, many delightful affairs even thus early indicating unusual activity. Among the most pleasing of the informal affairs is the serving of afternoon tea at the

Kineo Club, Mrs. George E. Marcus of New York, and Mrs. A. B. Butler of Washington, both entertaining during the week.

The first of the many steamer excursions which are always a popular feature of the season, was given by Mr. Henry Sheaffer of Pottsville, lunch being served on the shores of Spencer stream, the party including: Mrs. James K. Clarke, Mrs. M. D. Paterson, Mrs. W. A. McGibbon, the Misses Butler, Miss Mitton, Miss Sheaffer, Mr. W. L. Sheaffer, Mr. L. G. Sheaffer, Mr. C. W. Sheaffer, Mr. W. H. Carpenter, Mr. George W. Rhodes, Jr., Mr. Nelson Dougherty, Mr. A. B. Butler, Jr., Mr. Hermann Marcus, Mr. Chapin Marcus.

The first of many dinners planned was a novel affair tendered by Mrs. Walter Brooks of New York, in the grill room, with woods' decorations and birch bark favors as the decorative features, the great round table containing an even sixteen plates. The guests included Mrs. M. D. Paterson, Mrs. A. J. Butler, the Misses Butler, Miss Wallace, Mr. Chapin Marcus, Mr. Hermann Marcus, Mr. Nelson Dougherty, Mr. T. J. O'Donohue, Dr. Rowland Cox, Jr., Mr. S. Howard Armstrong, Mr. H. G. Clifford, Mr. M. Richard.

HERE AND THERE

Among the latest additions to the rapidly increasing motor boat flotilla is a natty little boat launched during the week by Mr. W. L. Sheaffer. Mr. Stanton I. Hanson has also put a new launch in commission recently which is generally admired. Mr. C. M. Clarke is usually upon the water with friends in the "Unome," and Mr. Nelson Dougherty, Mrs. Outerbridge and other owners find much pleasure in days afloat.

Saturday's double canoe races for a purse contributed by Mr. Howard A. Colby, provided an afternoon of entertainment, with a nip and tuck finish. Only amateurs were entered and amateur enthusiasm ruled, among the contestants being Mr. Chapin Marcus and Mr. Nelson Dougherty.

Mr. W. L. Sheaffer of Pottsville, and Major D. C. Phillips of Washington, are first of the advance guard of autoists to run through to the Lake; both delighted with the trip and the roads, and prophesying great popularity for the journey as it becomes better known.

Mr. and Mrs. Harlan Page, Miss Jessie Page, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Page and children of Philadelphia, and Miss Cordes of Colorado, are at Mr. Harland Page's private camp at Brassau Lake for the summer.

Those interested in the proposed Yacht Club are busy planning bringing the movement to a successful culmination, just at present the selection on an ensign being considered.

Miss A. K. Robinson, Miss Emily Kolff and Miss Carolyn Kobbe of New York, are the guests of Mrs. E. H. and Miss Ethel Outerbridge at Ethelwynd.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Waring of Youkers, will entertain many friends during the summer in their usual charming way.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis West and children of Boston, return; Mr. West busy as usual with brush and palette.

Mrs. Walton Ferguson and daughter of Stamford, are quartered at their camp for the season.

Saves Letter Writing

Make a point of sending NORTHWARD-Ho! to your friends—"It Saves Letter Writing!" Better still, it will bring with it the odor of spruce and pine; the cool, crisp air of Northern Maine.

All the newstands in the territory sell the Magazine and there are attractive two-color mailing envelopes which ensure delivery in perfect condition.

"Get the habit!"

Manager Gardner in Auburn

The many acquaintances of former Manager and Mrs. Frank Gardner, for five years at Deer Island house, Moosehead Lake, will be glad to learn of their location at the Elm house, a cozy hotel in Auburn, Maine.

POLAND SPRING'S BIG CROWD

Mid-July House Count is Largest in History—Sports and Social Pleasures Rounding Out Delightful Hours



EVERY TRAIN is adding the faces of old and new friends to the company assembled at Poland Spring, with the large hotel filled very close to its capacity and the Mansion house with but limited accommodations. Not in the fifty years' history of this resort have as many mid-July guests been entertained, and bookings for the immediate future will call into play every available room in both hotels.

Last Saturday three hundred and twenty-five was the house count at the Poland Spring house, and Wednesday night, three hundred and sixty-seven. These figures give a clear idea of the permanent increase, but no indication of the real number of people handled, the movable crowd running from sixty to a hundred daily, and including a large proportion of autoists who are rolling in from all sections. Wednesday night thirty-seven cars being quartered at the big garage.

Delightful weather is keeping all out of doors and society gathers in the evening upon the broad verandas to enjoy the cool night air, gossip and discuss gowns; a brilliant picture full of life and color. Never have more exquisite toilettes been worn, the gowns of the young women being particularly striking and in good taste, and ever and always the gleam of rare gems adds fascination. One feels Poland's elegance and exclusiveness in the very atmosphere.

Here and there little groups sit together, here and there young people romp in beavies, while many are busy in the great card room, the reading and writing rooms, and others are enjoying the office and parlors. Soft music floats out from the dance hall, mingling with the merry voices of the merrymakers, in

fitting harmony with the brilliant lights, and the Poland Spring spirit which pervades the whole.

SOCIETY ENJOYS PUTTING

Socially the event of the week was Thursday afternoon's putting contest, for two very attractive trophies, nearly fifty participating, afternoon tea being served at the close of the play.

Qualification was by medal scores, match play rounds deciding the final results, with keen play and numerous extra hole contests resulting. The list of participants included:

Mrs. A. B. Lounsbury, Mrs. E. P. Stuart Clark, Mrs. J. H. Bennett, Mrs. Morris Soper, Mrs. R. H. Hood, Mrs. Percy Stewart, Miss Helen B. Stinson, Miss Elizabeth Adams, Miss Marguerite Pettit, Miss A. H. Allen, Miss F. P. Vose, Miss Anna Goessling, Miss Brown.

Mr. Garret A. Hobart, Dr. Wallace K. Oakes, Mr. H. Flammer, Mr. D. C. Nugent, Jr., Mr. C. B. Wilmer, Mr. F. I. Thomas, Mr. George B. French, Mr. W. L. Allen, Mr. F. M. Allen, Mr. M. A. Soper, Mr. H. R. Green, Mr. H. C. Heaton, Mr. W. H. Flammer, Mr. John H. Bennett.

WITH CROP AND SADDLE

Decidedly in vogue is riding, the morning or afternoon gallop being one of the most enjoyable features of the day for a rapidly increasing number, among them many of the fairer sex. Wondrously fascinating are the roads which wind down from the hilltop and on through the cool forests and sunlit meadows, past gleaming lakes and rushing brooks, with here and there a farmhouse nestled mid elms or apple trees, to be lost in the blue hills beyond. Up hill and down these white ribbons lead and

always they beckon to those who love the thrill which a good mount conveys.

Mrs. E. P. Stuart Clark, the Misses Emily and Mary Reed and Miss Hilda Greenleaf of Boston, rarely miss a day and Miss Charlotte Finch of New York, brings her own horses; Miss Carstairs and Miss Campbell of Philadelphia, are all much in the saddle.

Driving is enjoyed by the older guests, many bringing their private equipages, and the usual brake rides are being looked forward to.

GOLF IS POPULAR

Golf has never claimed more general attention, with an increasing interest on the part of women, as its most gratifying feature. Mrs. W. H. Lord of Boston, Miss Marguerite Pettit and Miss Helen B. Stinson of Philadelphia, and Miss E. M. Allen and Miss Belle Brown of Boston, rarely miss a round, all playing excellent games and in splendid form. The Misses Carstairs of Philadelphia, are often upon the course, and Mrs. R. H. Hood of New York, has just started in and is making excellent progress.

Mr. Daniel C. Nugent, two sons and daughters of St. Louis, are all devotees, and three score of others find in the ancient Scottish game recreation ideal from the modern standpoint.

SOCIAL ACTIVITIES

The arrival next Saturday, of Mr. and Mrs. Sannel M. Inman of Atlanta, is anticipated by the entire household, for both are social favorites. Mrs. Inman's coming will inaugurate the more formal social affairs, among them the usual cotillions.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel C. Nugent of St. Louis, entertained Mr. Charles J. Glidden at dinner, Monday night, Mr. Glidden running over from Poland where the Glidden tourists were quartered for the night.

Daily afternoon tea in the grove adjoining the hotel is enjoyed by all; the social hour of the day when news and gossip are exchanged.

Mr. Philip C. Lockwood of Boston, is a recent and important addition to the golfing clique.

Bass fishing in the big lake is excellent.

PROMINENT ARRIVALS

Prominent among the late arrivals are General Manager H. B. Judson of the Illinois Division of the C. B. & Q. Railroad, who comes by private car with Mrs. Judson, and Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Beadle of Minneapolis. They will spend a week here as the guests of Mr. E. P. Ricker, concluding their visit in the east with a sojourn at the SamOset.

Mr. J. B. Salter, secretary of Mr. Henry M. Flagler of the Florida East Coast System, is here with Mr. W. B. Salter of New York.

Governor Charles M. Floyd of New Hampshire, spent a portion of the week here with Mrs. Floyd and Miss Marion Floyd.

Senator William P. Frye of Maine, is here for the summer after his usual custom, and will from time to time, run up to his private camp at Rangeley.

Other late arrivals include Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Dunscombe and Master Dunscombe, Mr. W. H. Flammer and Mr. Harold Flammer, Mrs. Nathaniel C. Huggins, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Reade and Mr. and Mrs. Haley Fiske, Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Cannon, Mrs. George Richardson, Miss Richardson, Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Moore, Mrs. G. T. Prentice, Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Leshar and party, all of New York.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Fox, Mrs. H. McMichan, Miss Rosalie Hallahan, Mr. and Mrs. George B. Linard, Mrs. W. G. Andeuriel, Mr. C. A. Fife, all of Philadelphia; Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Stellwagen, Miss Stellwagen of Washington; Miss Sara Craig Bennett of Easton; Mr. and Mrs. F. G. King, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Harris, Mrs. B. C. Moulton, Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Field, Mr. Philip C. Lockwood, Mrs. J. C. Haynes, Mrs. E. S. Hurd, all of Boston.

MUST BE TURNED AWAY

Visitors at Belgrade Tax Capacity of Hotel—Golf and Society Vie with Fishing in Popularity



FILLED very close to its capacity is The Belgrade hotel, with the day not far distant when many who desire to come must be turned away; thus early indicating the necessity of an important addition which is even now assured for the coming season. A contented colony one finds here, busy indoors and out, with fishing still in the lead, but golf, tennis and other recreations more and more in evidence and social affairs of an informal character claiming increasing attention.

The fishing continues excellent and nearly all are enjoying it, good strings ruling with now and then one enough out of the ordinary, to attract attention, both trout and salmon figuring in the records. Among the big trout is a 3½-pounder taken by Mr. Henry Barthman, a 3-pounder for Mr. Lathrop Hopkins, and an 8½-pounder for A. F. Marshall of Waterville, who made a short visit. The bass records include a string of forty-eight taken by Mr. Benjamin Letcher, including 2 and 3-pound fish, and a string of eight beauties averaging 3 pounds secured by Mr. Charles M. Barney.

Among the guests quartered at the Belgrade, many of them to remain through the summer, and a few of those who have registered recently are the following: Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. B. Letcher, Mrs. Edwin Bruns, Miss Mildred Bruns, Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Remington, Mr. and Mrs. Clark Day, Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Boyd and family, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Tilge, Mr. and Mrs. Zuckerman, and family, Mr. and Mrs. Charles LeRoy, Mr. and Mrs. William Keys, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Knapp, Mr. and Mrs. Henry C. Barthman and family, Mr. E. J. Burden, Mr. H. F. Ives, Dr. D. M. Mar-

win, Mr. Richard Hopkins, Mr. Lathrop Hopkins, Mr. John S. Baird, Mr. W. Frazier Gibson, Mr. Herman Edgar and family, Mr. Spencer Swain, Dr. C. B. Glover, Mr. B. W. Glover, Mr. Robert Colwell and family, Mrs. J. B. Fairchild, Mr. John N. Derby, Mrs. G. B. Sanford and son, Dr. and Mrs. F. N. Clasing, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Lawrence, Mr. C. W. Varney and family, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Tood, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Tiltonson, Mr. John Fynes and family, Mr. E. Salt, Mr. E. A. Hubbard, Mrs. G. H. Ohnewald, Mr. D. M. Darby, Mr. and Mrs. William Bird, Mr. and Mrs. H. Phelps, Miss M. M. Phelps, all of New York.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Frank Hale and children, Mr. and Mrs. R. O. Shailer and family, Mr. C. A. Clough, Mr. L. S. Allen, Boston; Mr. and Mrs. Fred L. Wood, Springfield; Mr. H. B. Hirsch and family, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Ryan, Philadelphia; Mrs. N. E. Corson, Beaumont, Tex.; Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Childress, Mrs. Charlotte Daly, Washington; Mr. L. C. Laughton, Morristown.

The cottage colony now includes: Prof. M. T. Bogart, Mr. C. W. Wilder, Mr. J. S. Newton, Mrs. Sophie Proutt, Mr. Harry Shaw, Mr. J. C. Davis, all of New York; Gen. B. F. Bridges, Mr. Charles Eaton, Mr. Frank H. Monks, Mr. L. A. Fink, all of Boston; Dr. E. E. Francis of Worcester.



Warm Welcome for Glidden Tourists

Interest of the week at the Rangeley Lake house centred in the visit of the Glidden tourists, Tuesday; an event anticipated not only by the entire hotel but the village as well. Most of the hotel, the lawn about it and the village itself, were brought into use to care for the big company, and both Rangeley

and the visitors will remember the trip with pleasure.

The arrival of the hotel orchestra is welcomed by all and the young people are making much of dancing and looking forward to the usual hops and Germans. Golfers dot the course, the tennis courts are busy and still the angler battles with the big trout and salmon. Evenings of cards and sociability round out busy days; the hotel like one great congenial family with a common purpose.

Prominent among late arrivals are Rev. and Mrs. F. A. Noble of Chicago, who return for their annual sojourn, beloved by all here because of their efforts in behalf of the new public library which Rangeley is soon to have.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Maris and their sons of Philadelphia, return for the summer.

Mr. J. S. McLean, Miss McLean and Mrs. W. J. Thompson of New York, are here for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Richards and the Misses Richards, Mrs. N. S. Essig and Miss Amy Richards of Philadelphia, are here with Mr. E. O. Fitch of Boston, to remain through September.

Mr. and Mrs. D. T. Steedman of Glassboro, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Pearson of Jersey City, are here for their first visit and delighted with the place.

Mr. Edward B. Foote of New Haven, will make a long stay.

Mrs. Winston Churchill, wife of the author, is at the upper dam for the month.

Capt. John Bannister, U. S. A., is here for the summer.

Mrs. Frank Bushman, Miss Bushman, and Mrs. F. T. Tainer of Philadelphia, will remain until fall.

Prof. W. A. Packard of Princeton, carries off fishing honors with an 8½-pound salmon, one of the numerous record fish that have been taken during the past two weeks.

Master Grant Small of Boston, leads the juvenile squad with a 5½-pounder, and Mrs. J. G. Small is among the successful women anglers.

ABOUT NORTHWARD-HO!

As Good as We Can Make It will be the Rule Throughout

About NORTHWARD-HO! and its purpose, we can only say that it will be as good as we can make it throughout, text, illustration and printing.

Primarily its mission will be to print the *notes* of the resorts it covers, but special articles and various departments will give a general character and broaden its field.

The Magazine stands upon an absolutely independent basis, counting upon the large hotels in its territory for coöperation, but in no way controlled by them, its mission to unify Maine's inland resorts; to make them one in a general interpretation of the word.

It will cater only to the high class tourist trade and its advertising will be subject to the same scrutiny as the news. It will be exclusive, a publication which will attract attention because of its beauty; which will be valued because of its high class character. It strives to give to the world not only a correct impression of the attractions of the territory it covers, but a comprehensive idea of what the best class of visitors in that territory are doing.

The Magazine aims to do things different from the usual way and it counts upon appreciation and coöperation for its future growth and prosperity.



The Pretty Waitress

She's eyes of blue
That smile on you
In a winsome, gracious way;
Her voice is low
With accent slow
And when you hear her say:

We've beef and lamb,
Roast pork and ham,
With cold roast chicken and veal
You seem to sigh
An appetite
That at first you didn't feel.

Then as you lunch—
Joyously munch—
You can feel her presence near,
And when you go
'Tis somewhat slow,
And with keen regret, I fear!

—*The Bachelor.*

CAMP COOKING RECEIPTS

For the Wilderness Chef



HERE are a few camp cooking receipts, prepared by a professional cook who each year finds time to spend a month or six weeks in the wilderness. They cover the necessities of any "rough camp" and are thoroughly practical. The measurements are by pints, half pints, etc., for convenience, for a pint dipper is a part of every camp outfit. The ingredients should be put together as indicated.

FISH CHOWDER—Cut up fish and one-third as much potato, sliced thin, and one onion, cut fine. Add a little salt pork (cut into dice and fried), salt and pepper to suit taste, and add a few crackers. Put all together, cover with water and boil until potatoes are done. Use milk if available, if not, butter.

VENISON STEW—To each pound of meat allow one onion. Cover with water, season with salt and pepper. When meat is nearly done slice in two potatoes and thicken with a mixture of flour and water.

ANOTHER WAY—Dice the meat and fry with an onion in butter, sprinkle over a little flour, brown and season with pepper and salt. Remove from frying pan and put in kettle, cover with water and boil until done. A bay leaf and three cloves added, will improve the flavor.

PARTRIDGE, rabbit and other game stews may be made in the above manner.

ROAST VENISON—Venison should be roasted in ashes. Roll in green hardwood leaves and cover with clay, then lay in the ashes beneath the fire. Bake fifteen minutes to each pound of meat.

ANY GAME may be cooked in the above way. Partridges and woodcock should be baked with feathers on. Twelve minutes should be allowed for a bird the size of a woodcock, and half an hour for a partridge.

BROILED PARTRIDGE—Skin the bird, split

down the back, flatten out between broiler and stand before the fire, turning until done. A piece of salt pork on the breast will improve flavor. Season.

DUCKS—Ducks are best roasted before an open fire. Stuff with two onions and place on a revolving spit before the fire. Keep the bird turning constantly. Baste occasionally with the drippings, which should be caught in a plate placed beneath. Black meat ducks should be cooked rare and white meat birds, well done. From thirty-five to forty minutes will be required to cook the birds.

TO REMOVE GAMEY TASTE—Let the game stand over night in plenty of salt water. Parboiling spoils flavor.

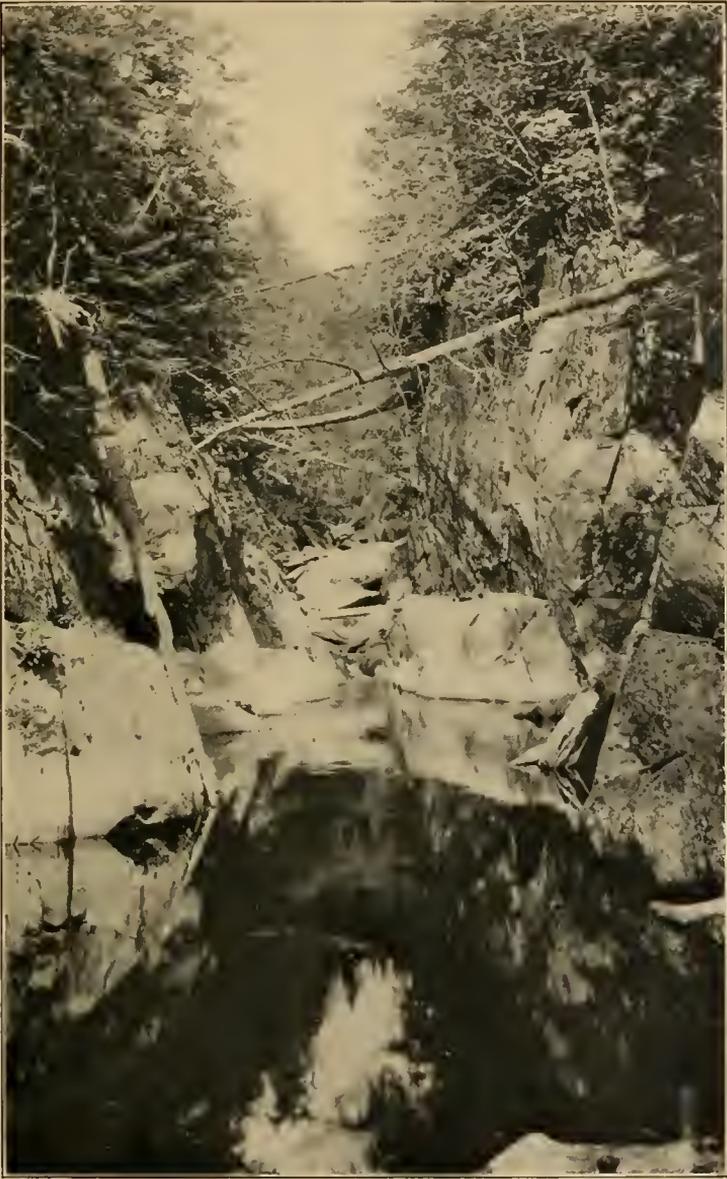
SEASONING GAME—All game should "hang" until seasoned. Partridges and other birds should hang by the neck and should not be drawn until ready for use. A bird that is drawn and hung loses much of its flavor. A bird is never "seasoned" until its tail feathers refuse to sustain its weight when held aloft.

HOT BISCUITS OR BREAD—One pint of flour, one tablespoon of melted lard or butter, one teaspoon (heaping) baking powder, one-third pint of water or milk, a pinch of salt. Knead as little as possible; roll out, cut into biscuits and bake. Bread is done when it does not go down when touched lightly with the finger.

CORN BREAD OR "JOHNNY CAKE"—One pint flour, one-third pint Indian meal, one-fourth pint sugar, two eggs, two tablespoons butter, one and one-third teaspoons baking powder, one-half pint milk or water, pinch of salt. Mix.

MOLASSES COOKIES—One-half pint molasses, one-half pint water, one tablespoon lard, two tablespoons sugar, one teaspoon soda, two pints flour, pinch of salt. Mix.

SOFT GINGERBREAD—Omitting the use of sugar and using only one pint of flour, in the molasses cookies receipt, makes soft gingerbread.



THE HOME OF THE HERMIT TROUT

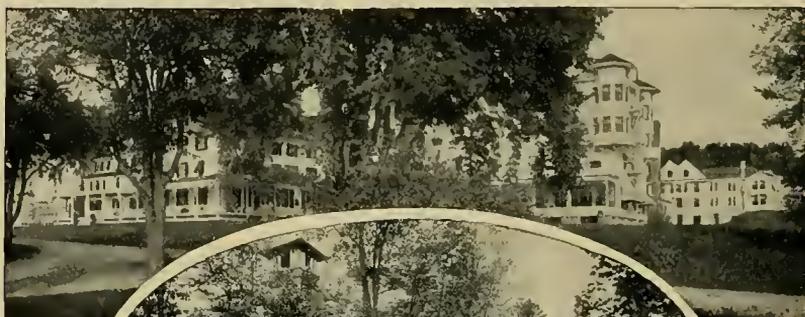
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SUMMER SCHEDULE, SEASON 1908

GREENVILLE TO KINEO, KINEO STATION AND HEAD OF LAKE

	Ex. Sun.	Ex. Sun.	Ex. Sun.	Ex. Sun.	Ex. Sat.	Sun. only	Sun. only
Greenville, lv.	6.15 A.						Beginning July 26 8.00 A.
Greenville Jct.	6.45 "		10.00 A.	2.30 P.			8.30 "
Deer Island	*7.40 "			10.55 "	*3.25 "		*9.25 "
Kineo, arr.	8.35 "		11.50 "	4.20 "			10.20 "
Kineo, lv.	8.45 "	10.15 A.	12.15 "	4.40 "	8.20 P.	1.15 P.	10.30 "
Kineo Station	9.00 "	10.30 "	12.45 "	5.00 "	8.40 "	1.30 "	10.45 "
Rockwood	*9.15 "		*1.00 P.	*5.10 "			11.05 "
Northwest Carry ...	10.45 "			7.20 "			
Northeast Carry ...	11.30 "		2.30 "	6.40 "			12.35 "

HEAD OF LAKE TO KINEO, KINEO STATION AND GREENVILLE

	Ex. Sun.	Ex. Sun.	Daily.	Ex. Sun.	Ex. Sun.	Ex. Sun.	Sun. only	Sun. only
Northwest Cry. lv.	7.00 A.			10.45 A.				
Northeast Carry,	7.45 "			12.30 P.				
Rockwood	*9.15 "			*2.00 "		2.30 P.	2.00 P.	
Kineo Station, ...	8.30 A.	10.00 "	12.45 P.	2.20 "	5.15 P.	5.00 "	3.40 "	6.30 P.
Kineo, arr.	9.00 "	10.10 "	1.00 "	2.35 "		5.15 "	3.50 "	6.45 "
Kineo, lv.		10.15 "		2.45 "	5.00 "		4.00 "	
Deer Island,		*11.05 "		*3.40 "	6.00 "		*5.00 "	
Greenville Jct.		12.00 Noon.		4.30 "	6.55 "		5.55 "	
Greenville				5.30 "			6.15 "	

GREENVILLE TO LILY BAY AND WEST OUTLET VIA KINEO [Daily except Sunday]

Greenville, lv.	9.15 A.	West Outlet, lv.	1.00 P.
Greenville Jct.	9.55 A.	Kineo	2.00 P.
Sugar Island	10.40 A.	Lily Bay, arr.	3.30 P.
Lily Bay, arr.	11.00 A.	Lily Bay, lv.	5.15 P.
Lily Bay, lv.	11.05 A.	Sugar Island	5.35 P.
Kineo	12.30 P.	Greenville Jct.	6.30 P.
Kineo Station	12.45 P.	Greenville	7.00 P.
West Outlet	1.00 P.		

*Boats stop on signal or notice to captain.

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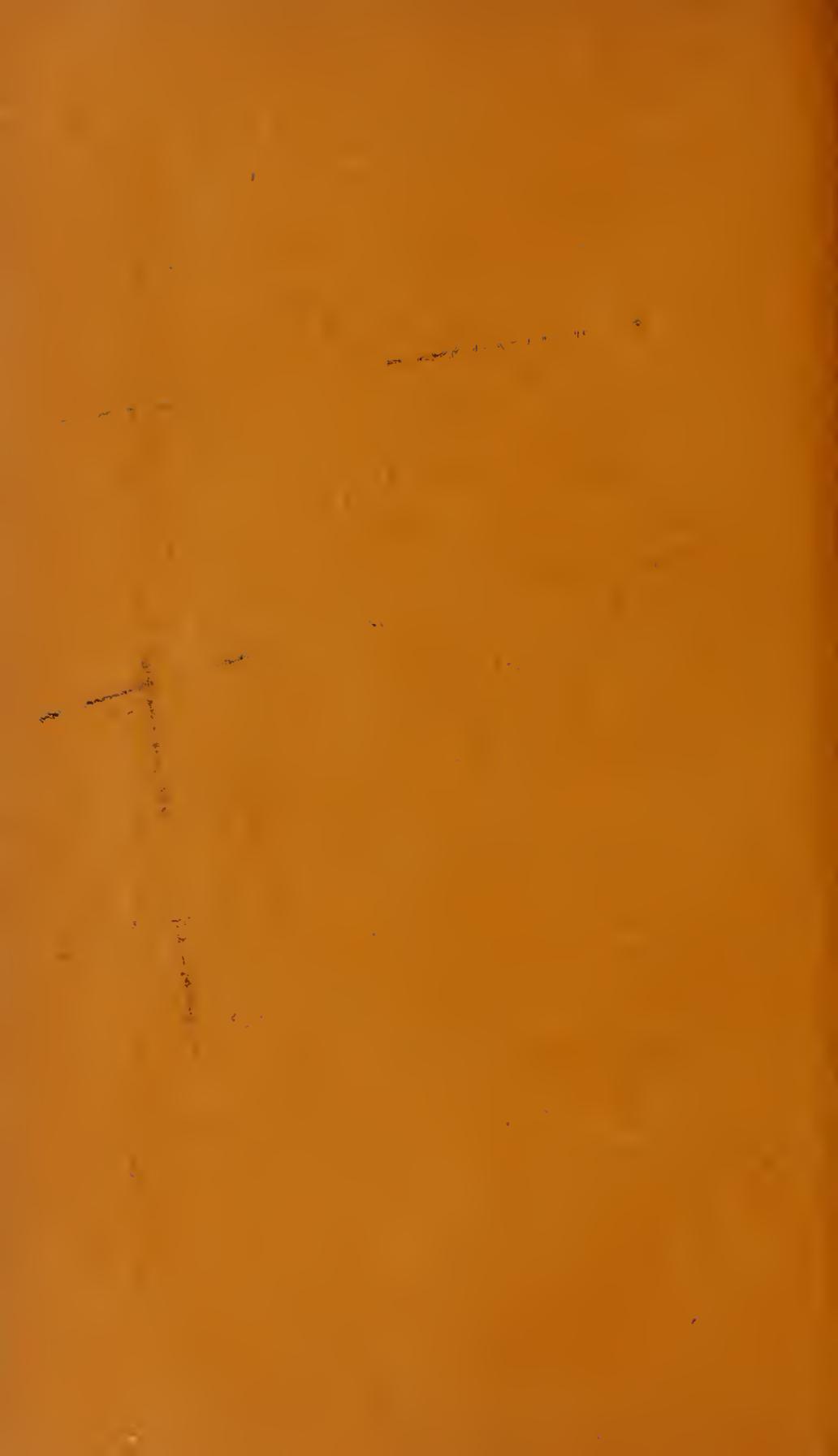
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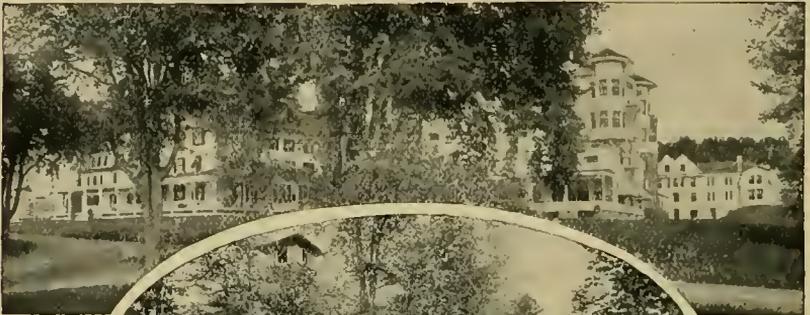
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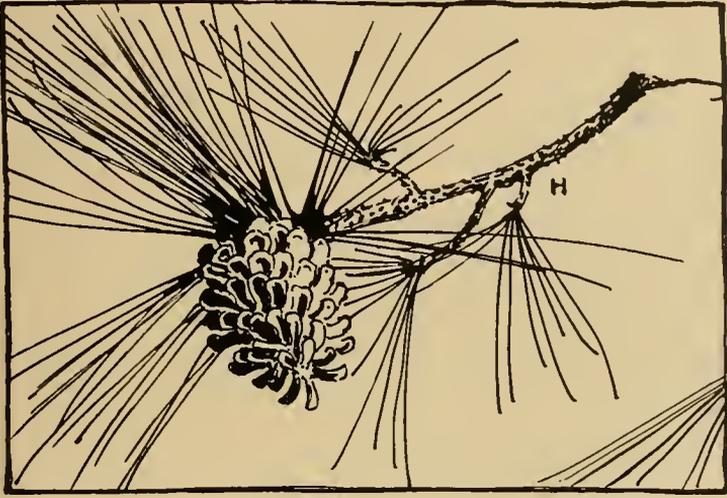
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MOONLIGHT IN THE LAND OF NORTHWARD-HO!



NORTHWARD-HO!

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE OF NEWS

SATURDAY, AUGUST 1, 1908

VOL. IV

No. 3



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ABOUT HARDY GILSTRAP

A True Ghost Story



I'M NOT a believer in ghosts; that is, not in a general way. That's one reason I have for writing out the following story. I've never been able to explain the matter satisfactorily myself, and am curious to know how it will impress others, so I'm just setting down the plain, unadorned facts as I personally know them to be, and you, dear reader, must form your own conclusions.

Many years ago I was stationed at Greenville, South Carolina, on special revenue work for the government, and in this way I came to know a man by the name of Hardy Gilstrap, who lived in Pickens county, not far away. He looked and talked somewhat like a gypsy, had a peculiar square knit frame, a swarthy complexion with a heavy beard, straight hair as black as a raven's wing, and his eyes—peering out from under overarching eyebrows—were the most remarkable I have ever seen in the head of man.

I can't attempt to describe those eyes or the man. I can only say that he had a strange, almost startling, personality, which would attract attention anywhere, and I recall as distinctly as if it were yesterday, that the first time I ever saw him I reined my horse up sharply and stared stupidly at him as he walked past.

At that time he was sixty years of age. He was born poor and spent the greater part of his life on a plantation. When the war broke out he managed in some

peculiar way, to keep out of the Confederate army. After the war he traded a great deal and with wonderful results. Everything he touched seemed to turn into dollars and to all appearances, he made a great deal of money, but no one knew how much, not even his wife. The negroes stoutly maintained that he was in league with Satan and regarded him with superstitions awe.

At the time I first knew him he loaned money a great deal. If he was asked for a loan he would enquire as to the security and appoint a time for a second interview. In the meantime he would investigate the matter and at the appointed time he would have the money, no matter how much, so long as the security was satisfactory. Where he kept this money no one knew. He pretended to go away for it each time just before giving it out, but he had no bank accounts and this trip was generally thought to be a ruse. Everybody supposed that he had his money hidden somewhere about the house, but Gilstrap was as sly as a fox and no amount of watching developed any clue to the mystery.

After a time Gilstrap started a distillery. Each bonded distillery is in charge of a government storekeeper and gauger, who weighs the grain, gauges the product and keeps a run of the amount of whiskey produced. In response to a request from Gilstrap for a gauger I sent him Prelo Goodwin, a

Greenville man. For a time the distillery made money, but after a while it began to fall below the capacity required by the government, and money was lost. This worried Gilstrap a good deal, and he got into the habit of coming down each evening to enquire as to the result of the day's work.

About this time Gilstrap died very suddenly and was buried after the custom of the country. It was generally expected that among his papers directions as to the secret locations of large sums of money would be found; but there were none and to all outward appearances, Gilstrap died a poor man.

In a short time the negroes living on the home plantation began to see Gilstrap at twilight. They said he frequented spots where he formerly spent a great deal of time and several stoutly affirmed that they saw him digging in the ruins of an old mill. On several occasions he had approached and attempted to converse with his old servants, but they had all fled in a frenzy of fear. There was nothing uncanny about this apparition. It was Hardy Gilstrap, peculiar Hardy Gilstrap, just as he always was, only *Hardy Gilstrap was dead and buried!*

Not long after this the white people who had charge of a plantation of his some miles distant, reported having seen him several evenings just at dusk.

Then one day, Prelo Goodwin walked into my office with a blanched face and handed in his resignation as gauger at Gilstrap's distillery, which had been run by Mrs. Gilstrap since her husband's death.

I knew there must be some very decided reason for such an action, for the salary was good, and I was curious to know what it was, so I asked what it all meant. There was no reply. The man only hung his head and looked set. I repeated the question several times. Finally he said he didn't care to say. This made me more curious than ever.

"What do you mean?" I retorted.

Goodwin shifted nervously. "Because

if I told, you wouldn't believe me," he answered.

After some further questioning he burst out with:

"The damn place is haunted!"

I leaned back in my chair and laughed long and loudly at the idea of Goodwin's allowing the silly nonsense of the negroes to disturb him, and then looked at the man again. I then realized at a glance, that it was no joke with him and here's the story that he told me, as nearly as I can recall it:

"One night early last week I got through late at the distillery. When I started for the house it was nearly dark. I was hurrying along, for I knew supper was ready, thinking of the day's work as I walked, with my head bent forward. As I approached the little turnstile on the path, I noticed someone leaning on it and looking up I saw that it was Hardy Gilstrap.

"'Hello, Prelo!' he remarked as I passed through the gate, and then as he walked along by my side, he continued: 'How you gettin' on? Make your 'pacity to-day? Reckon there'll be a 'ficiency this month?'

"I was about to reply when suddenly, *I remembered that Hardy was dead!* At first the whole thing, the voice and figure, had been so natural that I thought nothing about it, but the second thought chilled me to the marrow, for I was now conscious that *a dead man was walking by my side!* I dared not look into his face, but I made up my mind I would watch and see where he went. Then, suddenly, I was alone. Gilstrap had vanished as if the earth had swallowed him, and though I could see fifty yards in every direction, not a living thing was in sight!"

Goodwin stopped for a moment and just as I was about to speak continued:

"You're going to say I was drunk, but I am willing to swear that if I was ever sober in my life I was sober that night. *I tell you Gilstrap's come back after his gold,* just as the niggers say, and I wouldn't go back to that distillery to work for a hundred dollars a week."

And he wouldn't.

Not long after this occurrence an old friend of Gilstrap's, Mason by name, who was a travelling agent for farm machinery, came to the house of his old friend, and as it was late, decided to stop there for the night, as had been his custom when Hardy was alive.

Not long after this I saw Mason and this is what he told me:

"Happening along past Hardy's at nightfall I thought I would spend the night there after my usual custom. Mrs. Gilstrap and I spent the evening together pleasantly and about nine o'clock a servant showed me to the room I always occupied. Shortly after midnight I awoke suddenly and noticed that there was a light in my room. Turning over in bed I found Hardy standing by my bedside with a candle in his hand.

"'Mason, old feller,' he began, 'get up and let's have a game of seven up.'

"This was an old trick of Hardy's, coming to my room in the middle of the night, and routing me out to play cards. Ofttimes when he could not sleep, he resorted to this as a means for quieting himself. But I was very sleepy and rolled over with the remark: 'It's too late, Hardy.'

"But Hardy threatened to pull the bed clothes off unless I complied and knowing that resistance would be useless, I tumbled out of bed and began to dress by the light of the flickering candle which he held. Suddenly the thought came to me *that Hardy was dead* and I glanced toward him with frightened eyes. As I did so he grinned maliciously and then gradually faded from my sight until the room was dark again. At first I tried to tell myself it was all a dream, but it didn't go. I was as wide awake when I stood there and saw him vanish, as I am now, and I can tell you that I didn't sleep much during the rest of the night.

"I determined to say nothing. I knew it would only make me appear ridiculous, but at breakfast I noticed that Mrs. Gilstrap acted very strangely

and I questioned her, saying: 'You seem worried, Mrs. Gilstrap?'

"'Yes, Mr. Mason,' she replied, 'I had a bad night. *I saw Hardy!* In the middle of the night I awoke feeling chilly. I opened my eyes to see Hardy standing at the foot of the bed, dressed, with a lighted candle in his hand. You know he had a way of getting up at all hours of the night? Well, he would always pull the bed clothes off to bother me. I noticed that the clothes were gone and protested mildly to him as was my usual custom, whereupon he turned and walked from the room with his familiar laugh, 'Ha, Ha, Ha!'

"I rose to pick up the clothes. Just then *I remembered that Hardy was dead!* I thought I must have been dreaming, but on a second thought I knew that could not be the case for there were the clothes on the floor at the foot of the bed, where Hardy had thrown them, *and I stood over them in the darkness ready to replace them!* It couldn't possibly have been a dream. Mr. Mason, and it makes me nervous.'

"Then I told Mrs. Gilstrap my story. I am confident that Hardy came from Mrs. Gilstrap's room to mine. You may call me foolish, *but I tell you that Hardy Gilstrap appeared to us both that night as sure as the sun shines!*"



I knew Goodwin and Mason well, and I am confident that they told what they believed to be the truth. I know also that the negroes fled from the plantation, the distillery was abandoned, that the old home was deserted and fell to pieces—a "haunted house"—shunned and feared by the negroes and poor whites, and regarded with a strange curiosity by people of education. Though this all happened some thirty years ago, the story is as fresh in that vicinity to-day as it was then, and Prelo Goodwin and Mason tell their experiences precisely as they did when I first heard them.

BUSY DAYS AT RANGELEY

Hornpipes and Cake Walks a Novel Diversion—Golf and Other Sports Claiming Attention of Many



“WE CAN give you a room in the Casino,” is the usual remark of the smiling clerk at the Rangeley



Lake house these busy days, and you're happy all the way through at that! Never before has this popular hotel been so severely taxed to provide for the early midseason influx, never has the demand for August accommodations been greater. Hundreds have been turned away and as many more will meet with similar refusals, for only limited accommodations will be available throughout the entire month.

Good cheer reigns, home comforts and hotel luxuries rule, for “John” Marble is both Landlord and Friend; Solicitous as one, Provident as the other. Before the hotel the bright lake gleams, behind it the golf links stretch away, and everywhere Nature beckons! Happy days they are, days close to Nature in companionship with congenial people, days when one stores up treasured memories to be enjoyed in months to come.

GOLF IS KING

One hears much of fish and fishing, of motoring on land and water, of tramps and drives, of tennis and bathing, but in spite of this golf is unquestionably King of Sports, the greensward claiming the attention of all, from the wee youngster who swings papa's clubs on the first tee, to gray-haired grandfather who has forsaken the fly rod for the time being. Here it is a “friendly game,” there it is a match for a “ball a hole,” but the same spirit pervades all.

At a recent meeting the Oquossoc Golf Club announced the season's program, interest centering in the annual Rangeley Lakes Championship events

for men and women, booked for August 10—13 and 17—20, the trophies being splendid cups presented by President Bauchle. Other August events include medal play handicaps upon the first, fifth, eighth, twelfth, fifteenth, twenty-sixth, and twenty-ninth, with qualification and match play for Mrs. Ogden's cup upon the fifth, sixth and eighth, and a putting competition for women upon the twenty-first.

The membership list is growing rapidly, the present roll including: H. A. Freeman, Clarence Freeman, G. R. Souder, C. E. Knowles, W. H. Castle, C. Roberts, Arthur Maris, H. Maris, F. E. Sauter, R. W. Rhoades, Mrs. F. E. Sauter, Miss Helen Dill, Mrs. F. A. Winslow, Miss Edith McCoy, Mr. F. Leon Shelp, Miss Cushing, Miss W. E. Chatellon, Miss Sears, Prof. Fred Neher, Miss Anna Schaefer, M. Trump, G. C. Norton, Wm. Allen, J. B. Fine, J. F. Bartlett, G. Lydecker, R. E. Stearns, H. T. Shields, S. B. Shields, G. C. Morton.

SATURDAY'S HANDICAP

Last Saturday's handicap drew a good field, G. R. Souder of Philadelphia, leading with a low score of sixty-nine, G. C. Morton of Boston, finishing second in seventy-four, and G. Lydecker of Englewood, third in eighty-two; E. Roberts of Baltimore, W. H. Castle of Philadelphia, T. H. Bauchle of New York, and H. M. Maris of Philadelphia, scoring in order. A. M. Maris of Philadelphia, F. E. Sauter of Brooklyn, and H. M. Burroughs of East Orange, failed to turn in cards. The scores:

Souder,	87	18	69
Morton,	89	15	74
Lydecker,	96	14	82
Roberts,	103	20	83
Castle,	103	16	87
Bauchle,	106	19	87
Maris,	102	10	92

Club officers have been elected in the choice of Thomas H. Bauchle of New York, as president; C. E. Synnott of Glassboro, N. J., as treasurer; H. M. Burroughs of East Orange, as secretary; Dr. B. F. Stahl of Philadelphia, and Fred B. Marsh of East Orange, as additional members of the Board of Governors.

SOCIETY'S DIVERSIONS

The guests have discovered a new amusement and are making the most of it. Thanks are due to an itinerant organ grinder for straying up here last Monday afternoon while cards and needles held uncontested sway on the veranda. Two tunes of ancient vintage had offended delicate ears when the cheerful Son of the Boot turned on a lively breakdown.

At this point Miss Brunner, whose feet had become very restless, lost all control of those members, and scattering a hundred aces to the cool lake breeze, sprang into a clear space and showed a highly appreciative audience how a hornpipe should be danced.

In the midst of Miss Brunner's efforts Miss McCoy likewise had "a feelin' in her feet like St. Vitus dance" and the fun was redoubled. After repeated encores the musician declared his arm was "on da blink" and half a hundred people set about the serious task of catching their breath and straightening the kinks out of aching jaws.

That was the beginning.

The next evening the same lively couple was lured onto the Casino floor where, after a few moments of well-simulated embarrassment, the details of real coon cakewalk were illustrated so faithfully that the applause was heard over in the village.

It is to be hoped that Miss Brunner and Miss McCoy are blessed with strong constitutions for it is easily seen that the summer will be a strenuous one for them.

MR. CLARENCE FREEMAN'S GUESTS

The most attractive of the social events of the week was the birthday

dinner given by Mr. Clarence P. Freeman on the occasion of his birthday.

The table was attractively decorated, each guest receiving an appropriate favor, and twenty covers were laid. Afterwards the company adjourned to the Casino, where informal dancing was enlivened by the introduction of several sets of unique favors.

The guests were: The Misses Amy Richards, Helen and Susan Dill, Mary King, Rachel Marble, Gladys Gilman, Elsa, Anna and Marguerite Schaefer, Mildred Sears, Marie Chatillon and Elizabeth Shields. Also the Messrs. Sturgis and Nelson Shields, Jack Gilman, Will Trump, Harry Bauchle, and Arthur and Harry Maris.

HERE AND THERE

Notwithstanding the hotel is taxed to its utmost, there are but two babies in the number. What is lacking in paucity of numbers is certainly made up in quality, for two fine specimens of babyhood are the nine months' Thomas Wriggins and the nineteen months Thomas Synnott. Phillips Brooks could truly say of them as do all the guests of the hotel, "These *are* babies."

The Sunday evening concerts, conducted acceptably last season by the Rev. Dr. F. A. Noble, are proving attractive again this year.

The pastor of the Rangeley church, Rev. F. P. Freeman, closed the concert, Sunday evening, with a beautiful and appropriate talk on "Friendship."

The following guests are here in their touring cars: Mr. Gilbert Tollman, Canton, Mass., (Packard); Mr. Harry Bauchle, New York, (Thomas); Mr. Geo. B. White, Boston, (Stevens Duryea); Mr. J. S. McLean, New York, (Packard); Mrs. Edward S. Crocker, Fitchburg, Mass., (Pierce Arrow); Mr. J. L. Ogden, Newark, N. J., (Stoddart Dayton). Many of the guests, through the kindness of owners, share rides with them, finding rare pleasure in the diversity of scenery and pure air.

GOLF REIGNS AT POLAND

Mixed Foursomes, Medal Handicap and Match Putting Round Out Week—Old Friends Return



THE WEEK at Poland Spring has been the busiest and the merriest of the season, affairs of a varied nature filling in the time completely and a large influx of returning friends taxing the hotel to its extreme capacity. From now on until the middle of September accommodations will be at a premium and the only safe way is to "write or wire."

Hopper fishing for bass in the big lake, riding and driving, tennis and boating, sunny corners and shady nooks, all are claiming attention, but golf leads in popularity, interest of the week centering in Wednesday's mixed foursome tournament for two handsome trophies. Qualification was by handicap medal play, the two best scores qualifying for a match play round; a novelty which worked out entirely satisfactory.

In qualification Mr. and Mrs. George W. Elkins, Jr., of Philadelphia, playing with an allowance of ten, led the field with a card of ninety-one; Mr. H. C. Holton and Miss Marguerite Pettit of Philadelphia (6), and Mr. Percy H. Stuart and Miss Bessie Adams of New York (10), tying for second at ninety-two. In the play-off Mr. Holton and Miss Pettit won the right to meet Mr. and Mrs. Elkins in the finals, Mr. Holton and Miss Pettit losing by three down in a close match which a large and interested gallery followed.

Qualification play was keen as the result of excellent handicaps, Mr. Holton and Miss Pettit making the best gross score in ninety-eight, with Mr. F. M. Allen of Boston, and Miss Bessie Fenn of South Poland, second in ninety-nine. One hundred and two was the next in order with Mr. Stuart and Miss Adams and Mr. Garret A. Hobart of

Paterson, and Miss Anne Smith of Bayonne, tied at that figure.

The scores by rounds:

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Elkins, Jr.,	51	50	101	10	91
Mr. H. C. Holton and Miss Marguerite Pettit,	47	51	98	6	92
Mr. Percy H. Stewart and Miss Bessie Adams,	56	46	102	10	92
Mr. Garret A. Hobart and Miss Smith,	51	51	102	8	94
Mr. Hugh Halsall and Mrs. A. D. Lounsbury,	51	53	104	10	94
Mr. F. M. Allen and Miss Bessie Fenn,	51	48	99	2	97
Mr. E. R. Finch and Mrs. W. H. Lord,	57	54	111	12	99
Mr. W. L. Allen and Miss E. H. Allen,	51	55	106	6	100
Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Hood,	67	64	131	12	119

MEDAL PLAY HANDICAP

The first of the season's golf tournaments, a medal play handicap with cups for the best gross and net scores, attracted a good field Saturday and developed keen play. M. A. Sofer of the Baltimore Country Club, whose allowance was 14, led the field with a net card of seventy-six, Dr. W. S. Harban, of the Columbia Golf Club, turning in a low card of eighty, and playing from scratch. Tied for second position were F. M. Allen of Boston, and H. C. Holton of Philadelphia, both playing with an allowance of 8, and scoring seventy-seven each; Hugh Halsall of Dallas, Texas, making seventy-nine. W. L. Allen (8), made 80; S. R. Vickers (12) and D. C. Nugent, Jr. (8), 81 each; Garret A. Hobart (6), 82; H. R. Green (12) and Percy H. Stewart (8), 85 each; George W. Kirwin (18), 86; D. C. Nugent (18), 87; and A. Koppelman (18), 90. J. H. Bennett, E. P. Goodwin, H. D. Judson, J. A. Beedle and F. A. Buckhout did not hand in cards. The scores:

Sofer,	45	45	90	14	76
Allen,	44	41	85	8	77
Holton,	43	42	85	8	77
Halsall,	46	43	89	10	79
Allen,	46	42	88	8	80
Harban,	54	35	80	0	80
Vickers,	44	49	93	12	81
Nugent, Jr.,	44	45	89	8	81
Hobart,	43	45	88	6	82
Green,	50	46	97	12	85
Stewart,	46	47	93	8	85
Kirwin,	51	53	104	18	86
Nugent,	53	52	105	18	87
Koppelman,	56	52	108	18	90

PUTTING COMPETITION KEEN

The final round of last week's putting competition attracted an interested gallery of onlookers. W. H. Flammer of New York, defeating Hugh Halsall, one up. Miss E. H. Allen of Philadelphia, was the winner of the women's trophy, defeating Miss Katherine Brooks of Cincinnati, by three up and two to play.

In qualification T. M. Allen led the field with a low round of thirty-six, Mr. Koppelman making thirty-nine, Mr. Allen, Mr. Holton, Mr. Halsall, Mr. Everett, Mr. Stuart and Mr. Pettit, forty each.

The low card among the women was made by Mrs. George W. Elkins, Jr., a thirty-nine, Miss Dexter making forty-one, Miss Allen and Mrs. Sofer, forty-three each, Mrs. Lounsbury, Miss Pettit and Miss Finch, forty-four each.

Other contestants were Mrs. J. H. Bennett, Miss Bessie Adams, Mrs. Stewart Clark, Miss Heggeman, Miss Goessling, Mrs. W. W. Linsley, Mrs. R. H. Hood, Mrs. Percy Stewart, Miss Brown; C. B. Wilmer, H. R. Green, M. A. Sofer, Garret A. Hobart, W. W. Linsley, J. H. Bennett, Dr. Wallace Oakes, Charles Briggs, N. F. Greely, R. W. Hopkins, Philip Page, Charles Briggs.

CHAMPIONSHIP EVENT PLANNED

Golfers here, largely through the interest of Dr. W. S. Harban, will meet this evening to consider the holding of a Poland Spring Championship event, open to all amateur golfers, with the idea of making the contest an annual

affair which shall rank in importance with the very best tournaments of the year. Plans are to have two divisions qualify, for a wealth of beautiful trophies, thirty-six holes final rounds to prevail. Interested with Dr. Harban are Allan Pettit, Garret A. Hobart, W. C. Chick, Isaac B. Johnson, George W. Elkins, Jr., W. H. Flammer, Howard Holton, and others.

RETURNING FRIENDS

Prominent among the week's arrivals are many old friends who return for the season, among them Brig. Gen. and Mrs. Theodore Schwan of Washington, Dr. C. S. Bingham and Miss Marion Bingham of Pittsburg, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Griffin of Haverhill, Mr. and Mrs. James G. Lindsay and family, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Pearson and Mr. Davis Pearson, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Doran, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hastings, Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Wyeth and family, Mrs. T. D. Stinson, Mr. F. M. Wyeth, all of Philadelphia, Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Dixon of Wallingford, Mr. and Mrs. I. B. Chick and family, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Flint and family, Mrs. John E. Hudson, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Watson and family, all of Boston.

Mrs. Ransom F. Taylor and Miss Taylor of Worcester, Dr. and Mrs. George H. Knight of Lakeville, Conn., Mr. Eleazer Clark and family of Portland, Mrs. Richard Butler, Mr. W. J. Fletcher and son of Washington, D. C., Mr. and Mrs. Isaac B. Johnson, and Miss Helen B. Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Ladd and family, Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Peck, Mrs. M. Maxwell, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Childs, all of New York, Mrs. L. S. Hallock and Miss Hallock of East Orange, Mrs. Peter C. VanVoorhees of Camden, Mrs. Ellen E. Hills and Miss Hills, Mrs. C. A. Robinson of Hartford, Conn. and Mrs. S. M. Inman of Atlanta.

Mr. J. George Flammer of New York, joins his son for a short visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Nathaniel C. Nash and Mr. Nathaniel C. Nash, Jr., of Cambridge, are making a short visit.

Mr. and Mrs. T. King of Boston, are here for a three weeks' stay.

Mr. and Mrs. O. S. Horton of Providence, will spend the best part of the month here.

Mr. Harry D. Ziegler and Mr. Harry Maxwell of Philadelphia, return for their annual sojourn.

Mr. E. Naumberg of New York, is among the late arrivals.

Mr. G. W. Elkins, Jr., and Mr. Samuel B. Stinson of Philadelphia, are high line among the fishermen, a recent string of bass including over two dozen beauties.

The influx of motor tourists has been exceptionally large.

BASEBALL AND TENNIS

Interest at Kineo Centres in Mixed Doubles, Sensational Diamond Play and Social Pleasures



THE WEEK has been one of activity, indoors and out, sports and social pleasures combining happily, perfect weather contributing to the enjoyment of all. Old and new friends are crowding in by every train with the day not far distant when many who desire to come must be turned away, for in common with other resorts in NORTHWARD-HO! territory, Kineo is enjoying a floodtide season. With July business nearly double previous years and large August bookings, it is easy to prophesy record entries on the big ledger when the auditor sums up the season's business in the fall.

MIXED DOUBLES TENNIS

Mixed doubles tennis, the first event of a series of similar contests, filled in Monday, Mr. and Mrs. Howard A. Colby defeating Mr. Y. Arai and Miss Dudley, 6-3, 6-0, in the final round. Among the most interesting of several matches were the sets between Mr. G. E. Kaerchler and Miss Constance Kinley, won on the close margin of 6-4, 6-3.

Other contestants were Miss Marian Drake-Smith and Mr. J. Walton Carpenter, Jr., Mrs. James K. Clarke and Mr. Reginald M. Cleveland, Mr. and Mrs. M. S. Hagar, Miss Toyo Murai and Mr. Austin Feuchtwanger.

Among events planned for the near future in a mens' singles handicap for an attractive sterling trophy contributed by Mrs. Walter Brooks, who left Sunday after a six weeks sojourn here, Mrs. Brooks sailed Wednesday for England and will spend the summer on an auto trip through the Continent with her daughter, Miss Edith, who is pleasantly remembered here as a charming little miss.

Mr. W. L. Sheaffer has offered a

special prize for a women's singles event and thus early the annual Championship is being anticipated by the entire household.

SHOOTING AND GOLF

Mrs. E. H. Outerbridge has given two beautiful trophies for a special rifle contest to be held early in August, which has done much to increase interest in an already popular sport.

Rain interfered somewhat with the weekly shoot, but scores were good, Mr. Reginald M. Cleveland, last week's winner, being "high gun" with a target of seventy-two; Mrs. James K. Clarke leading the women with fifty-six.

The addition of a miniature golf course, adjoining the hotel, is proving a popular attraction for both those who enjoy the long course and those who care for a less strenuous game, and a tournament has been arranged. At present scores are striven for with Professional Watson, who went round in twenty-one—3 2 2 3 2 3 2 3 1—posing as Colonel Bogey.

The Misses Murai are the latest recruits to the ranks of the rapidly increasing squad of golfers.

BASEBALL INTEREST KEEN

Interest of the week centred in Thursday's game with the fast Taconnets of Waterville, the home team winning, 5-0, in the season's most sensational game. Wednesday's game was called off on account of rain.

Last week Dover and Foxcroft suffered defeat, 7-2 and 2-0, in rapid games, the week before the Jackman's finding the home aggregation invincible to the tune of 14-8 and 6-3. And this is the sort of records the local nine proposes to maintain throughout the entire season.

The week's social diversions have been many, among the most delightful being a bridge party given at the Kineo Club by Mr. and Mrs. James A. Brodie, Saturday evening; a feast of good things following play. The guests included Mr. and Mrs. George E. Marcus, Dr. and Mrs. E. T. Steadman, Mrs. J. C. Havemeyer, Miss Louise Havemeyer, Mrs. Kenneth Wood, Miss Anne Hyde, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Mitton, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Kinley, Miss Perin, Mrs. W. H. Dougherty, Mrs. Geo. M. Thornton, Mrs. H. A. Colby, Mr. William L. Sheaffer, Mr. Henry Sheaffer, Dr. Rowland Cox. The prize winners were Mrs. Colby, Mrs. Wood, Dr. Cox and Mr. Mitton.

Mrs. T. Sedgwick Steele entertained a small party of friends at bridge at her private cottage, Friday afternoon.

Manager and Mrs. C. A. Judkins entertained Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Waring and their friend, Mr. William H. Bust of Chicago, at dinner very pleasantly, others present including Mrs. George Swain, Miss Giovanini and Mr. Stanton I. Hanson.

Miss Eleanor Judkins, through her mother, Mrs. C. A. Judkins, provided a never-to-be-forgotten afternoon for the little ones, in a ride to the Farm; the company including Misses Katherine Clarke, Mary Withers, Eleanor Wood, Masters C. M. Clarke, Jr., and Kenneth Outerbridge.

Others who have entertained recently include Mr. W. L. Sheaffer, who gave a launch christening party for fifteen young people; Mrs. George E. Marcus, who entertained with a steamer and canoe picnic; Mrs. E. J. Mitton and Mrs. W. O. Rowland, who gave sailing parties.

Mr. and Mrs. Harlan Page and party ran down from Camp Porcupine at Brassna Lake, Saturday, for the day with Dr. S. MacCuen Smith and family; welcomed by many acquaintances.

Dr. and Mrs. Thomas U. Coe entertain at the Kineo Club tonight with a progressive whist party.

August Demands Fill Hotel and Annex to Overflowing

"Packed" is the word which best applies to The Belgrade hotel at Belgrade Lakes, and packed it will be until September, demands for accommodations making it necessary to turn people away daily who drift in without due inquiry. For weeks past the annex and several cottages have been in use and for weeks to come they will provide for the overflow.

The fishermen continue to occupy the boards and good strings rule, Mr. R. O. Shailer being "high line" with a catch of 112 bass taken in two afternoon's fly fishing. Mr. J. R. Fairchild is credited with a "double," two bass weighing 2½ and 1½ pounds, Mr. A. G. Hodenpyl has 3¾ and 4 pounders to brag about, and Mrs. John P. Ryan a 3½ pounder. Mrs. M. A. Mears leads the trout delegation with 5¾ and 6 pound fish, and Mr. Lathrop Hopkins appears on the records with a 3¾ pounder.

Golfers have broken through the lines for attention, in the formation of the Belgrade Golf Club by Mr. Clark Day, Mr. J. S. Baird, Mr. H. S. Phelps and Mr. H. F. Ives of New York, Mr. J. L. Heneman and Mr. G. H. Busby of Philadelphia, Mr. C. L. Schmidt of Brooklyn, Mr. J. W. Childress of Washington, Mr. N. H. Williamson of Rochester, Mr. C. C. Hoge of Hartford, and Mr. L. E. Allen, 2d, of Boston, and various tournaments are held and planned. Among the most important will be a contest for The Belgrade cup offered by the hotel management.

In Monday's handicap Mr. Ives captured the gross prize with eighty-one and Mr. Williamson the net with seventy-seven, his handicap being twelve strokes. In a previous tournament Mr. Baird won the gross trophy with eighty, and in the event previous, Mr. Busby led with seventy-nine.

Departures will make room for a big list of arrivals to-day, adding new faces, those who have come recently, including Mr. and Mrs. H. Phelps, Miss M. M. Phelps, Mr. and Mrs. Roland Mallory, Mr. and Mrs. N. J. Tiltonson, Mrs. T. E. Grant, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Skench, Mrs. Aba S. Ackerson and the Misses Ella and Ethel Ackerson, all of New York; Mr. and Mrs. John B. Miles and family, Dr. E. Winslow Taylor and family, Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Taylor and family, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Thomas, all of Philadelphia; Mrs. G. A. Pierce and Mr. Frank R. Sewall of Boston, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Davis of New Jersey, Mrs. George B. Carpenter of Chicago.

PETE GILBRAY'S TAME TROUT

A French-Canadian Fish Story



SOME TWENTY of us were gathered round the blazing fireplace of the log cabin office of the Maine sporting camp, one evening, when Johnson came in with his French-Canadian guide, Joe Gilbray, and explained briefly that Joe had consented to tell us about a tame trout his little boy, Pete, once owned. We all turned toward Joe.

Gilbray rose with evident embarrassment, placing the match with which he had just lighted his corn cob between his teeth, and throwing the pipe into the fireplace.

"I no laik spiek in companie," he began, "but Meester Johnsing she say sport man from New Yorik an' Bostong an' down river, laik hear 'bout tame trout me leetle boy, Pete, haff some taim go. bimeby, mebby.

"You see it wair dis way. Me leetle boy she fall an' break hees laig on buckboard rud, between big rock an' dark, an' for wan leetle while or longer, mebby, she wair vair seek. 'Long 'bout taim she git beter, so be out 'bout yard, wan sport man an' wan sport woman see heem an' taik peety on her, geeving heem wan fine feesh pole; wan nice feesh rod. Den me leetle boy she want go feeshing, but he haff no feesh hook or feesh line, so I go buy heem some at store town.

"Whan furst I go in I tink I want wan feesh hook, but store man he say dey no feesh wid feesh hook nowaday, so I buy some fleas—store man call 'em—purty tings wid bright wings—'cause dey all cost same wages, an' I kno' dey please boy. An' I naiver haff see more tickle chil' den whan I geef dose fleas to heem."

"Bimeby, some time after, mebby, whan she git stronger, he go feeshing; wan sport man an' wan sport woman, who geef him wan fine feesh pole, hafing tol' heem how use dose purty tings wid bright wings which store man call

fleas. At furst he no catch trout in odder kinds of feesh, an' I laff on heem whan she come back each day 'bout six wan half o'clock; but after while, purty queek, I laff 'long way off, for he get so she feesh wid dose fleas like wan real sport man, an' I bein' fadder dat boy, feel right proud, I dummo, mebby.

"Wall, one night short way off, she come home wid one vair fine trout 'live in pail; weigh wan pound, half pound, mebby, an' he wair such purty feesh me leetle boy want kaip heem 'live in wan wash tub which stan' in yard. I no laik such, but boy she feel so baid an' taik on so whan I 'fuse, so fin'ly I say yes. So feesh he go in wan wash tub an' swim 'bout happy an' smilin' laik, lookin' up at me leetle boy every now an' den to shake hees head an' wag hees tail.

"In wan vair leetle while I see dat feesh loff me leetle boy an' dat me leetle boy loff hees feesh, an' I tink lot of heem from den, an' maik no trouble whan I haff go buy nudder wash tub for my woman.

"After leetle while get so me leetle boy spen' 'bout all her taim play wid dat trout, an' whan he go feeshing an' leaff heem behin' it seem dough hees heart would braik. Bimeby, say wan week wan haff, mebby, she git tired totin' hees tame trout 'long brook in pail water while he feesh, so she put heem in brook, see what she do, an', by gor! feesh foller 'long in brook after me leetle boy, laik wan dawg, lettin' heem taik heem out any time he want or whan dey git ready go home, bimeby, mebby.

"He won'ful feesh, dat trout, an' after leetle while, say two tree day, mebby, she fin' out what me leetle boy wair on brook for, an' he get so he make odder feesh in brook, big ones mos'ly, bight dose purty tings wid wheech me leetle boy feesh. He do dis vair cle vair. Sometim' he maik dive for dose fleas laik he wair goin' eat dem who!, an' udder

feesh see heem an' maik rush too, bein' so greedy dey push dat leetle tame trout wan side laik he wair so much mudings, an' purty queek he leetle boy haff dem foolish feesh on bank. Den dat tame trout shake hees head an' wag hees tail jus' laik tickle dawg, an' swim way do same ting some mo'.

"Den odder times, when he fin' feesh who no care feed, he talk dose purty fleas an' lay dem down befo' her so obligin' laik dat heem no refus', an' purty queek she be in me leetle boy's basket too. Dees maik tame trout look sad, but he loff me leetle boy so she soon forget, an' do it some more, nex' time he get chance; purty queek, mebbly.

"Den togedder, dat trout know whair fin' big feesh; better dan wan sport man an' wan guide, who tink dey know everythin', an' me leetle boy he no tell an' tame trout no talk, an' no tell eef he could, she loff me leetle boy so. In vair short while dey maik what wan sport man an' wan sport woman who geef me leetle boy dat fin' feesh pole, call 'nominal' catches; but I no tell it wair 'cause tame trout, an' me leetle boy he kaip still, an' feesh he no talk, an' no tell eef he could, 'cause he loff me leetle boy so.

"Bimeby dat tame trout grow be great big feesh; so beeg wan wash tub not small 'nuff hold heem, an' me leetle boy haff kaip heem in pon' close house, whair feesh fret all while whan he wair 'way from me leetle boy. All time it seem he wait for hees funny whis'le by which she call dat won'ful feesh.

"Bimeby, wan bad sport man, who haff seen dat feesh an' who haff great big eyes whan he look on heem, he wair so beeg, lairn me leetle boy's funny whis'le, an' wan dairk night, whan feesh she no see who call for heem, bad sport man call dat trout 'shore, ketch him, keel heem an' taik heem 'way wid her.

"I t'ought me leetle boy's heart would braik whan he call her feesh an' he no come, an' bimeby, week or tree, mebbly, whan he lairn trut' frum nudder sport man, who had seen bad sport man wid dead trout, an' knew her, I t'ought she would die, he feel so bad. I feel bad

too, an' so my woman, who say she giff all her wash tub get dat feesh back. But it wair no use; she wair long time dead—grait way off, mebbly. Me leetle boy she kaip taik on so, I write dese leetle verse an' tack it board pole side pon' whair Beelee—dat wair feesh's naim—once live:

GOOD-BYE, BEELEE

"Here lived Beelee, wan tame trout,
Caught by bad sport man in de
noight!
She called heem whan he couldn't see,
An' beet hees head agin a tree!"

"Poor leetle Pete's heart did almost
burst,
Whan she heard de news, at furst;
But now he does not feel so blue;
'Cause he 'members wha' hees feesh
could do!"

About Northward-Ho!

About NORTHWARD-HO! and its purpose, we can only say that it will be as good as we can make it throughout; text, illustration and printing.

Primarily its mission will be to print the news of the resorts it covers, but special articles and various departments will give a general character and broaden its field.

The Magazine stands upon an absolutely independent basis, counting upon the large hotels in its territory for co-operation, but in no way controlled by them, its mission to unify Maine's inland resorts; to make them one in a general interpretation of the word.

It will cater only to the high class tourist trade and its advertising will be subject to the same scrutiny as the news. It will be exclusive, a publication which will attract attention because of its beauty; which will be valued because of its high class character. It strives to give to the world not only a correct impression of the attractions of the territory it covers, but a comprehensive idea of what the best class of visitors in that territory are doing.

The Magazine aims to do things different from the usual way and it counts upon appreciation and co-operation for its future growth and prosperity.

SEA VOYAGE BY CANOE

Five Hundred Miles Alongshore, New York to Nova Scotia

The most interesting of recent visitors at the Sam Oset, Rockland Breakwater, Maine, were Mr. and Mrs. Henry A. Wise Wood of New York, who are journeying from New York to Nova Scotia in a ninety-pound, sixteen-foot canoe.

Some five hundred miles the trip is, along the seacoast with broad water ways and bays, miles in area, to cross,

gauge; so thoroughly rigged that Mr. and Mrs. Wood do not find it necessary to depend upon anything along the route except necessary supplies which are easily secured from time to time.

The journey to Nova Scotia from Rockland is by way of the Thoroughfare and Islands in the Penobscot Bay, and the voyagers plan to reach their destination the latter part of the present month.

This trip is the result of several other similar expeditions which have been most enjoyable. As a novelty it stands without precedent.



MR. AND MRS. WOOD IN THEIR SEA-GOING CANOE

along a path never before traveled, never before considered navigable by so frail a craft. Mr. and Mrs. Wood, however, are not only performing the feat, but finding the journey delightful, relying only upon sail and paddle for motor power. One hundred and seventy-five pounds is the weight of equipment and water-tight compartments give safety. Otherwise the canoe is just such as one may find anywhere.

The little craft is fully as interesting as its occupants, equipped with electric light, tent, cooking utensils and bag-

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All the newstands in the territory sell the Magazine and there are attractive two-color mailing envelopes which ensure delivery in perfect condition.

Make it a point to read "The Haunted Galleon," next week's feature story.

"Get the habit!"

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Information Bureau

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SUMMER SCHEDULE, SEASON 1908

GREENVILLE TO KINEO, KINEO STATION AND HEAD OF LAKE

	Ex. Sun.	Ex. Sun.	Ex. Sun.	Ex. Sun.	Ex. Sat.	Sun. only	Sun. only	Beginning July 26
Greenville, lv.	6.15 A.							8.00 A.
Greenville Jct.	6.45 "		10.00 A.	2.30 P.				8.30 "
Deer Island	*7.40 "		10.55 "	*3.25 "				*9.25 "
Kineo, arr.	8.35 "		11.50 "	4.20 "				10.20 "
Kineo, lv.	8.45 "	10.15 A.	12.15 "	4.40 "	8.20 P.	1.15 P.		10.30 "
Kineo Station	9.00 "	10.30 "	12.45 "	5.00 "	8.40 "	1.30 "		10.45 "
Rockwood	*9.15 "		*1.00 P.	*5.10 "				11.05 "
Northwest Carry ...	10.45 "			7.20 "				
Northeast Carry ...	11.30 "		2.30 "	6.40 "				12.35 "

HEAD OF LAKE TO KINEO, KINEO STATION AND GREENVILLE

	Ex. Sun.	Ex. Sun.	Daily.	Ex. Sun.	Ex. Sun.	Ex. Sun.	Sun. only	Sun. only	Beginning July 26
Northwest C'ry. lv.		7.00 A.		10.45 A.					
Northeast Carry,		7.45 "		12.30 P.					
Rockwood		*9.15 "		*2.00 "		2.30 P.	2.00 P.		
Kineo Station, ...	8.30 A.	10.00 "	12.45 P.	2.20 "	5.15 P.	5.00 "	3.40 "	6.30 P.	
Kineo, arr.	9.00 "	10.10 "	1.00 "	2.35 "		5.15 "	3.50 "	6.45 "	
Kineo, lv.		10.15 "		2.45 "	5.00 "		4.00 "		
Deer Island,		*11.05 "		*3.40 "	6.00 "		*5.00 "		
Greenville Jct. ...		12.00 Noon.		4.30 "	6.55 "		5.55 "		
Greenville				5.30 "			6.15 "		

GREENVILLE TO LILY BAY AND WEST OUTLET VIA KINEO [Daily except Sunday]

Greenville, lv.	9.15 A.	West Outlet, lv.	1.00 P.
Greenville Jct.	9.55 A.	Kineo	2.00 P.
Sugar Island	10.40 A.	Lily Bay, arr.	3.30 P.
Lily Bay, arr.	11.00 A.	Lily Bay, lv.	5.15 P.
Lily Bay, lv.	11.05 A.	Sugar Island	5.35 P.
Kineo	12.30 P.	Greenville Jct.	6.30 P.
Kineo Station	12.45 P.	Greenville	7.00 P.
West Outlet	1.00 P.		

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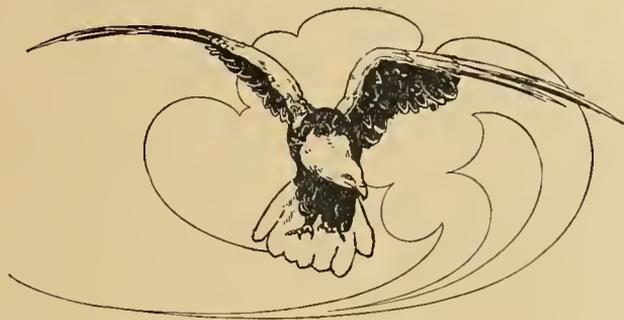
EDITED · BY ·

HERBERT L JILLSON

FICTION NUMBER

AUG 8 1908

TEN CENTS



NORTHWARD-HO!

HERE'S to the Land of spruce and pine,
The Northern Land with air like wine;
Where bright lakes nestle 'mid em'rald hills
And woodlands sparkle with silver rills;
Where grim mountain peaks of purple hue,
Sink into skies of clearest blue;
Where there's health and peace, and sport and rest,
And life is lived at its very best;
Where the weak grow strong and strong, grow great,
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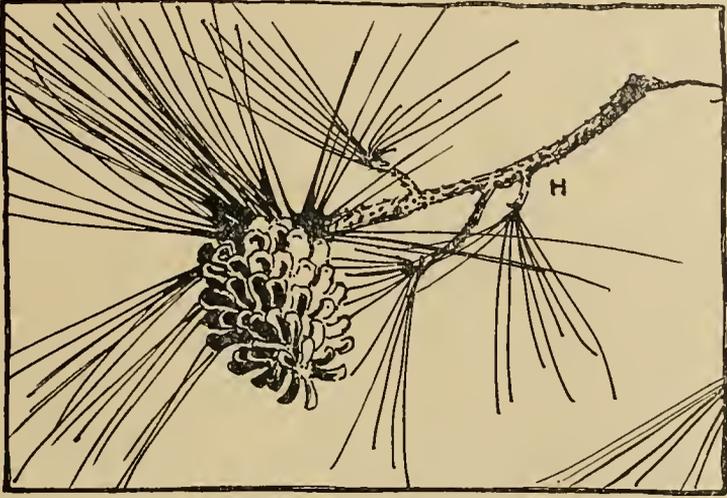
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AN AUGUST MORNING



NORTHWARD-HO!



A WEEKLY MAGAZINE OF NEWS

SATURDAY, AUGUST 16, 1908

VOL. IV

No. 4

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THE HAUNTED GALLEON

By Herbert L. Jillson



THOUGH I'm not old in years—scarcely three score—Time has lain her hand heavily upon me and already I see the lengthening shadows of Life's twilight falling across my pathway, and I feel that the memories of the sunshiny yesterday are becoming indistinct in the gathering gloom. But, as my mind wanders back, there is much in the years which have flown, that serves to make the approaching darkness unforbidding; much that I would not part with were it possible, by some miracle, to add two score years more to my days.

Success, as the world at large now reckons it, has not been mine. Fortune, though once I sought her earnestly, has ever eluded my grasp, and Fame, never courted, has not forced herself upon me; but I have had strange experiences, and there are rich memories which soothe and satisfy the soul in which there was once unutterable yearning. There's hardly a land bordering on the deep, blue ocean but I've stood upon; hardly a people that I've not seen, and somehow, as my weather-beaten craft draws near the harbor after its long and sometimes perilous voyage, and I look back over it all, I cannot but feel that the trip has been a fair one.

Fate brought me into the world in a seaport town and there my childhood and youth were spent. As I grew in years, a strange fascination for the sea fixed itself upon me, in spite of the

opposition of my people who were determined to have me learn a trade and settle down, as my father and his fathers had done for generations back. As time wore on and I continued to spend more and more time on the wharves, watching the white sails fade into the indistinct distance, the efforts of my parents became more pronounced, but they only strengthened my determination to find out what lay beyond the dim horizon which seemed ever beckoning.

The upshot of it all was that I ran away to sea at fourteen, shipping as a cabin boy. After two years of wandering, I found my way home again, very proud of my natty sailor suit and the gold coins from many lands which I jingled fondly in the pockets of my broad, blue trousers. There had been a tinge of home sickness and for a time it seemed good to get back to old and familiar scenes, and to relate my experiences to eager comrades, but it soon wore away and a few months later found me on board the schooner "William Cobb," Thomas D. Endicott master, as able seaman. In my diary for 1856, under date of November seventh, I find this inscription:

"Left Dighton this day for Baltimore, from Baltimore to Aspinwall, from Aspinwall to New Orleans, for Norfolk. That is the extent of our voyage."

There was a queer thrill at starting on this trip that I had not felt when I ran away, which, now that I recall it after the years have passed, seemed to

foretell the strange experience which I am about to relate. Under that influence I wrote this inscription in my diary on the eighth:

"In Newport with the wind from the southeast. Shall go to sea with the first fair wind. We intend if we have good success, to be on this voyage four months. Everything bids fair for a pleasant time—still we cannot see into the future—but I will place my trust in the One who watches over our welfare. To Him and Him alone is the future made known. So ends this day with my thoughts on the friends at home."

We were delayed somewhat at Baltimore where we put in to take on a cargo of coal for the Aspinwall and Panama Railroad. For some weeks I was depressed, gloomy, and I thought a great deal of the uncertainty of the future, something I'd never done before, but fair wind and full sail soon took the vessel into southern waters and my heart warmed with the old-time enthusiasm as we proceeded farther and farther into the land of sunshine, birds and flowers. We reached Aspinwall with its great vessels over which floated the flags of all nations, without incident, unloaded our cargo and set sail for New Orleans.

A few days out we encountered foul weather and on the night of January fourth, 1857, our ship struck a coral reef, some ten miles off the shore of the island Old Providence. A wave washed the vessel high up where she caught, stove in, tipped forward and hung. There was little danger and we made no effort to leave the ship until the following morning, when we went ashore in boats. We found a little settlement called the City of Isabella, largely made up of colored people—although nearly every nationality under the sun was represented—who though ignorant and superstitious, were very kind.

The island is under the control of the Columbian government and lies in the Caribbean Sea, latitude $13^{\circ} 21' N$, longitude $81^{\circ} 21' W$; 100 miles east of

the Mosquito coast. It is oblong in shape, about 8 miles long and 5 miles wide. In the centre a great mountain rises 3,000 feet into the air and from its rugged sides clear water gushes in torrents and cooling breezes come to temper the tropical sun. The landscape beauty of the place is particularly striking and the climate could not be more delightful. It is just such a spot as one would select for the strange history connected with it. The island was formerly known as Santa Catherina and for a long period was the rendezvous of the notorious buccaneers of the Gulf—Morgan, Jean DeVerde and others—who at one time, ruled the sea with iron hands. On a high cliff commanding the harbor, were the remains of an old fort in which eleven rusty cannon lay half imbedded in the earth, the supports having disappeared. These guns commanded the harbor perfectly and the island as well, for on the other sides, it was inaccessible owing to the high cliffs which rose precipitously out of the water, and the dangerous reefs that extended out into the ocean beneath them.

For many years this strange fort was manned by pirates. When the robbers were attacked upon the sea by a superior force, they would retreat to the harbor, under the protection of the guns, and for years they withstood all attacks. During this time the little harbor was frequently filled with black ships while high carousals were held on the island to celebrate the capture of some rich prize. Often the robbers came bringing prisoners. The men mysteriously disappeared unless they would consent to join the band, and the women were kept for a life that was little short of a living hell. These events were beyond the memory of all but the inhabitants at the time of our visit, who were familiar with the story which had been handed down to them.

On the white coral bottom of the harbor, which one could plainly see by paddling about in a canoe or boat and looking down through the clear water, were

many strange sights. At the foot of the great cliff beneath the fort, lay one of its guns which had evidently rolled down. Farther out from the shore was a good sized schooner, rapidly falling to decay, covered with shells and coral, her masts gone, and the brass work green with age. There were several guns on the sides and a swivel brass piece in the bow. Not far away was an eighteen-foot boat with a small cannon in the bow and about a mile from the shore, under forty feet of water, were the remains of a forty-four gun frigate. There were twenty-two iron guns on each side and a slender swivel brass piece, or "long Tom," in the bow. The old hulk was fast going to pieces, but it could be plainly seen that the craft had blown up, for she was almost rent in two amidships.

I found great pleasure in going over the fort, or gazing down at the sunken ships, but after a time they ceased to interest me and I turned my attention to the island, roaming here and there at will. Late one afternoon I came unexpectedly upon an old Spanish galleon or treasure-ship, lodged upon trees and rocks, some two hundred feet from the shore. I had never seen anything like her before and only knew what she was from her resemblance to pictures I had seen. It was too late in the day to explore the vessel, so I got my bearings and started for the settlement where I reported my discovery. The people exchanged frightened glances and finally in hoarse whispers informed me that the vessel was haunted. They said that every one who visited it met with bad luck, disaster or death soon after. Terrible, unearthly groans had been heard issuing from the hold, and vague white forms had been seen flitting about the decks at night. Mysterious lights appeared and disappeared weirdly on the tops of the shattered masts, or in the port-holes and broken cabin windows. Some believed it to be a phantom-ship that had appeared and disappeared off and on ever since the time of the pirates. The people had known

of the galleon's existence for years, but I could not find any one who had ever dared to visit it, and I learned that there was no one in the settlement who would not go miles out of the way while crossing the island, to avoid going either within sight or sound of the mysterious vessel.

Thus years had passed, each increasing the strange dread of the ship and adding to the fiction concerning it; fear and story being handed down from generation to generation and retold from childhood to old age.

But these uncanny stories only served to arouse my curiosity to fever point and early the following morning found me on my way to the galleon. As I reached the spot, and made my way through the trees towards the vessel, I could not stop the little chill that kept shooting up and down my spine. She was certainly a very strange craft as she lay there, looking almost like a castle in her majestic lines. She was nearly two hundred feet long with about thirty feet beam. At the stern, three decks rose high into the air, sinking down in a sharp curve to the one in the centre and rising again to two at the bow. Port-holes glared out ominously along her weather-beaten sides and there were ugly cracks and seams between the planking.

Surely a century and, perhaps, two, must have elapsed since the old ship was tossed up among the rocks, probably by a tidal wave, for I could think of no other satisfactory explanation for her being there. But in spite of the wear of years, everything went to show that she had once been a ship of rare beauty, upon which money had been lavished without stint. The heavy gilding on the elaborately fashioned figure-head and the beautiful carved work surrounding the lettering on the bows and quarters had, however, withstood the ravages of time well and by supplying letters missing on the prow from those on the quarter, I made out the name:

HISPANIOLA

(Continued next week.)

AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP

Poland Spring Golfers Inaugurate Important Annual Golf Tournament—Walter J. Travis Coming



INTEREST of the week at Poland Spring, has centred in the announcement of the inauguration of an annual "Amateur Championship Golf Tournament," and the news will be welcome to golfers everywhere for no resort course in the country is more attractive or universally popular. The aim will be to make the event one of the most important annual summer contests, the natural consequence of the assembling, season after season, of prominent players; the generally expressed desire being put into definite shape through the earnest personal efforts of Dr. W. S. Harban of the Columbia Golf Club.

Thursday, Friday and Saturday next, August 13, 14 and 15, are the dates selected for the opening tourney and as a "youngster," it promises to be a record breaker. Two divisions of sixteen each will be provided for, with gold and silver medals for the two best scores in qualification; the first division playing for the "Poland Spring Championship Cup" and the second for the "Maine State cup." There will also be cups for the runners-up in each division with the possibility of consolation divisions, should there be a general demand for them; nearly four hundred dollars being represented in the trophies.

WALTER J. TRAVIS COMING

Prominent in the list of those who will participate will be Walter J. Travis of Garden City, John Anderson of Woodland, Hugo Johnstone of Myopia, Clayton Dixon and Allan Pettit of Philadelphia, Paul Harrison, F. M. Harrison, H. G. Hornfleck and S. H. Harris of Montclair, Percy Gilbert and A. H. Gilbert of Brae Burn, Dr. Harban, Mr. Johnston, Mr. Chick and Mr. Hobart

of the committee of arrangements. Jerome D. Travers has also been invited and L. A. Hamilton and a number of Massachusetts experts and crack players assembled at the various resorts, are expected.

OTHER PLANS

Organization has been effected by the formation of a Governing Committee, of which Dr. Harban has been chosen chairman; Garret A. Hobart of the North Jersey Country Club, treasurer; Herbert L. Jillson of the Pinehurst Golf Club, secretary; Isaac B. Johnson of the Ardsley Club, George W. Elkins of the Philadelphia Country Club, W. C. Chick of the Oakley Country Club, and Frank S. Layng of the Garden City Golf Club, as additional members.

Nearly five hundred dollars has been raised, by subscription, to provide for a varied series of tournaments to fill in August and September to be conducted under the auspices of the committee, among the special features being a "veterans" handicap tournament.

GOLF'S POPULARITY

Golf continues to play an important part in the list of outdoor sports, claiming the attention of a large proportion of the visitors, friendly play, putting competitions and tournaments filling in the time pleasantly; special interest centres about match play handicap events for men and women for four beautiful trophies presented by Mr. and Mrs. Isaac B. Johnson of Spuyten Duyvil. The women's event is now in progress and the men's is booked for early September.

Professional A. H. Fenn added to his long line of wins during the week with a victory over Fred Royal, the professional at Prout's Neck, whom he defeated three up and two to play in a

match followed by several hundred people. Mr. Fenn was four up at luncheon and he kept the match well in hand to the close. The scores:

FENN										
Out—	4	5	4	5	3	4	4	5	4	—28
In—	4	5	4	4	3	4	5	4	4	—37
Out—	4	5	5	3	4	7	3	5	3	—39
In—	5	6	5	4	4	6	5	x	x	—35

ROYAL										
Out—	7	4	5	4	4	4	4	4	4	—40
In—	5	4	4	4	4	5	5	5	3	—39
Out—	4	5	6	4	4	5	4	4	4	—40
In—	5	5	5	4	4	5	6	x	x	—34

1680 MILES—1102 PASSENGERS

Tuesday rounded out the first month and a most satisfactory test of the new Stanley mountain wagon auto stage which the hotel management is making. In all 1680 miles have been run without mechanical or other trouble, the machine always ready at call, and 1102 passengers have been carried. Best of all, the average shows that a gallon of gasoline takes the car 8½ miles.

When one stops to consider that this gives thirty actual horse power, and a pressure of some five hundred pounds of steam, it is little short of marvelous to the lay mind. The six and a half miles, up hill or down, is easily covered in twenty minutes at fair speed and when pushed the distance down can be made so close to better than ten minutes that it don't pay to bother with a stop watch.

LATE ARRIVALS

Among returning friends who come for the season, are Mr. and Mrs. Harry L. Laws, Mr. and Mrs. Stuart B. Sulphin of Cincinnati, Mr. and Mrs. Lodowick H. Tillinghast of Providence, Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Harrison and Mr. S. Hayward Harris of Montclair, Mrs. W. D. Maxwell and Miss Maxwell, Mrs. Alexander von Gontrand, child and nurse, and Mrs. Edward W. Peet of New York, Mrs. R. F. Taylor, Miss Taylor, Miss Helen Taylor, Miss Margaret Taylor of Worcester.

Mr. and Mrs. Benj. Thurston of Providence, Mrs. George B. Armstrong, Mrs. George D. Armstrong, and Mr. H.

Canney of Boston, Mrs. M. A. Burns of Lawrence, Dr. Ralph Putnam and Mr. Harry Mitchell of Winchester, Mrs. W. P. Froth, Jr., and Miss Nora Jones of Philadelphia, Miss A. C. Meyer, Miss F. Hill of New York, are among other late arrivals.

AFTERNOON TEA AND CARDS

Among pleasant social affairs of the week was a whist party for forty given by Mrs. E. A. Everett and Mrs. Henry A. Coffin of Brooklyn, lunch following play. Mrs. B. E. Cole gave a tea for Mrs. F. R. Thomas of Boston, Mrs. Thomas, Mrs. C. C. Corbin of Boston, and Mrs. Stanley Matthews of Washington, being among others who entertained thus.

Wondrously beautiful are the sunsets which are being enjoyed these rare August evenings, an hour enjoyed by the entire household; colors no artist's palette can reproduce, colors no cold words can convey. High up on the hill-top overlooking the valley below, the hotel stands, and from this viewpoint Nature's panorama stretches away, the purple distance, gleaming lake and distant mountains a fitting foreground for a picture of indescribable beauty.

Tuesday evening, Delroy, the psychic lecturer and palmist, entertained the guests in the Music Hall and other varied entertainments are being enjoyed, the real interest of each day centering in the usual symphony concerts.

Rev. Percival F. Marston of Chicago, conducted services Sunday.

Saves Letter Writing

Make a point of sending NORTHWARD-Ho! to your friends—"It Saves Letter Writing!" Better still, it will bring with it the odor of spruce and pine; the cool, crisp air of Northern Maine.

All the newstands in the territory sell the Magazine and there are attractive two-color mailing envelopes which ensure delivery in perfect condition.

Make it a point to read "The Haunted Galleon."

"Get the habit!"

GAY WEEK AT MOUNT KINEO

Salmagundi Party, Bridge, Miniature Golf, Tennis, and
Rifle Shooting Keep Kineo Guests Busy



FILLED to overflowing has been the week at Kineo, sports without and affairs within, filling in the time delightfully, and promising much for the weeks to come. Record house count figures continue with the day not far distant when many who desire to come must be turned away or have their names added to the long waiting list. Never has social activity been greater, never have men and women, young and old, spent more time, pleasantly occupied, in God's glorious out of doors, perfect days entrancing all.

MR. SHEAFER'S GUESTS

There have been few open dates upon the social calendar, Mr. W. L. Sheaffer, Mrs. Thomas U. Coe, Mrs. George E. Marcus, Mrs. James K. Clarke and Miss Nanno Dougherty being among those who have entertained.

Mr. Sheaffer's guests numbered some forty and the occasion easily ranks as one of the most enjoyable and unquestionably the most unique ever given here, replete with delightful surprise from first to last, rain without adding to the cheer within. Various games, easy or perplexing, serious and humorous, after the "Salmagundi" plan, filled in the time, a delicious repast as the rounding out of a perfect evening. The prizes were exquisite, Mrs. M. D. Paterson, Mrs. James K. Clarke, Miss Constance Kinley, Miss Marjorie Thornton, Miss Aline Feuchtwanger, Miss Butler, Mr. John H. B. Phillips, Mr. Herman Marcus and Mr. L. Richards being the envied winners.

Others present included: Miss Elsie Mitton, Miss Edith Carlton, the Misses Butler, Miss Truesdale, Miss Louise

Sheaffer, Miss Agnes Musser, Miss L. Dudley, Miss Margory Thornton, Miss Nanno Dougherty, Miss Anita Warren, Mrs. W. A. McGibbon, Mrs. W. O. Rowland, Mrs. C. A. Judkins, Mrs. Howard Whitcomb, Mrs. Howard A. Colby, Messrs. Nelson Dougherty, C. Carpenter, John Phillips, Arthur Mitton, W. O. Rowland, Howard Whitcomb, Howard A. Colby, L. G. Sheaffer, W. O. Rowland, Jr., C. W. Sheaffer, Austin Feuchtwanger, Lansing W. Powers, G. H. Keaercher, James L. Phillips, C. A. Judkins, Henry Sheaffer, A. C. Butler, Jr., D. S. Allen, T. L. Pequignot, and D. Phillips, and Dr. Rowland Cox.

MRS. MARCUS ENTERTAINS

The foresight of Mrs. George E. Marcus made a dull afternoon bright, progressive bridge filling in the time, Mrs. T. Sedgwick Steele, Mrs. E. J. Mitton, Miss Constance Kinley and Mrs. Howard A. Colby winning the prizes and a dainty lunch being served at the close of play. Other guests were: Mrs. Kenneth Wood, Mrs. Henry Feuchtwanger, Mrs. J. B. Kinley, Mrs. Geo. M. Thornton, Mrs. Walter H. Powers, Mrs. J. C. Havemeyer, Mrs. James Brodie, Mrs. E. T. Stedman, Mrs. H. C. Warren, Mrs. William Dougherty, Mrs. Drake-Smith, Mrs. James K. Clark, Mrs. T. U. Coe, Mrs. A. B. Butler and Mrs. W. O. Rowland; Miss Louisa Havemeyer, Miss Havemeyer, Miss Anna Hyde and Miss Agnes Musser.

Mrs. Thomas Upham Coe entertained at the Kineo Club, Saturday, at bridge, woods decorations adding to the attractiveness of the rooms; Mr. G. E. Marcus, Mr. W. O. Rowland, Mrs. J. B. Kinley, Miss Agnes Musser, Mr. G. E. Marcus and Mr. W. O. Rowland, win-

ning the prizes which were in excellent taste.

A charming affair was an afternoon lawn fete given for the little ones by Mrs. James K. Clarke in honor of her little daughter, Miss Katherine W.; the guests including Katherine Castner, Barbara Castner, Katherine Clarke, Eleanor Judkins, Eleanor Wood, Mary Withers, Charles Clarke, Francis West, Robert West, and Kenneth Outerbridge.

Tuesday Miss Namo Dougherty gave a small tea at the Dougherty cottage, for the younger set.

MINIATURE GOLF MAKES A HIT

The miniature golf course, adjoining the hotel, complete with its tiny bunkers, hazards and pits, has made a most decided hit, unquestionably one of the most popular innovations ever introduced here; claiming the attention of golfers and non-golfers.

Easily one of the week's most popular affairs was Saturday's match play tournament, two divisions of sixteen each participating and the entire household, from time to time, following play from the broad verandas of the hotel. Interest centred in the final rounds, Mr. E. S. Kinley defeating his sister, Miss Constance, and Mrs. Howard A. Colby vanquishing her husband; Mrs. Colby winning the finals in a close contest, two up.

Among others who participated were Mrs. Kenneth Wood, Mrs. M. D. Paterson, Mrs. James K. Clarke, Miss Dorothy Kinley, Miss Mitton, Miss Edith Thornton, Miss M. Thornton, Miss M. M. Fiske, Miss Elizabeth Onley, Miss Bessie Adams, Miss Anita Warren, Miss Mabel Sellbree, Miss Havemeyer, Miss Williams, Miss Flannagan, Miss d'Orville, Miss Carstairs.

TENNIS INTEREST KEEN

Tennis interest promises much for the month, the week's most interesting event being women's doubles for sterling prizes contributed by Mr. Henry Sheaffer. In the finals Miss Murai and Miss Dudley of Riverside, defeated Mrs.

Howard A. Colby of New York, and Miss Constance Kinley of Philadelphia 7-5, 4-6, 6-1. Other contestants included Miss A. K. Robinson, for many years of national prominence as a player, and Mrs. E. H. Outerbridge, Mrs. James K. Clarke and Miss Marion-Drake-Smith.

Men's doubles for prizes also contributed by Mr. Sheaffer are under way, the field including the following teams: Austin Feuchtwanger and Y. Arai, J. Hurd Hutchins, Jr., and George E. Cooley, Nelson Dougherty and W. O. Rowland, Jr., G. H. Kearcher and Chapin Carpenter, Dr. S. MacCuen Smith and Ernest Eidlitz, Howard A. Colby and Henry Feuchtwanger, Dr. Rowland Cox and Cyril Outerbridge, E. S. Kinley and T. L. Pequignot.

To-day a children's tournament for two sterling trophies presented by Miss Clarice Paterson, daughter of Mrs. M. D. Paterson, is in progress.

AT THE RIFLE RANGE

There are few hours of the day when the cheerful crack of small calibre rifles is not heard at the rifle range, for a wealth of trophies are offered and competition for championship honors have never been keener. High scores in the weekly shoot were made by Mrs. James K. Clarke and Miss Bessie Adams, and Dr. Rowland Cox and Manager C. A. Judkins; Mr. L. B. Adams of New York, winning the special cup offered for the day. The scores:

NASH CUP—Standard targets—Miss Adams, 62; Mrs. Clarke, 62; Dr. Cox, 57; Mr. Judkins, 57; Mrs. Judkins, 52; Mrs. Paterson, 43; Mrs. McGibbon, 40; Miss Carstairs, 39; Miss Outerbridge, 39; Mr. Outerbridge, 35; Mr. Karcher, 34; Mr. Clinton Sheaffer, 29; Mr. Adams, 29; Mr. Outerbridge, 28; Miss Paterson, 25; Mrs. Colby, 23; Miss Busk, 15.

SPECIAL CUP—Winchester German ring targets—Mr. Adams, 229; Mrs. Clarke, 214; Mrs. Judkins, 212; Dr. Cox, 208; Miss Adams, 207; Mr. Outerbridge, 205; Henry Sheaffer, 199; Miss Outer-

bridge, 190; Cyril Outerbridge, 182; Miss Busk, 167; Clinton Sheaffer, 161; Miss Carstairs, 141; Mrs. McGibbon, 135; Mrs. Colby, 106.

HERE AND THERE

Among the most enthusiastic of the "fans" is Mr. R. M. Van Arsdale, who hasn't missed a season here for so long that records have ceased to be kept, and whose interest was largely responsible for the formation of the Kineo baseball Association. Always in the same chair upon the veranda is Mr. Van Arsdale when play is called, always the last to leave when the game is over, always ready to show his interest in the visitors in a tangible manner.

A new devotee is Mr. Howard A. Colby who promises to steal time from tennis for a little warming up, with the possibility of furnishing fun later on by forming a guests' team to fill in an afternoon or two of practice for the regulars.

Mrs. Anne Adams Peet who is spending several weeks here with her nephew, Mr. P. B. Beach of Chicago, is contributing to the pleasure of many with her pianoforte selections; always surrounded with interested and appreciative listeners.

Mr. and Mrs. I. M. Ullman and Mr. and Mrs. J. Freedman and family of New Haven, and Mr. Stephen W. Phillips of Salem, are among those who have enjoyed wilderness life and rare fishing at Round Pond.

Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Davis, Miss Natalie Davis and Miss Mary Jones are back from the Allegash trip, delighted with their wilderness experiences.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Duprey of Pittsburg, are on Allegash waters for a two weeks' canoeing, fishing and camping trip.

Lobster Lake is proving a popular point for visitors, among those who have recently gone there for short trips being Mr. and Mrs. George E. Marcus, Mr. Hermann Marcus and Mr. Chapin Marcus, Mr. and Mrs. J. Hurd Hutchins and family, Mr. W. L. Sheaffer and party.

Rev. and Mrs. W. R. Turner of Philadelphia, Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Overpeck of New York, and Mrs. Emmet Smith and Miss Anne Smith of Bayonne, are among returning friends.

Among the week's arrivals are Mr. and Mrs. Emil Baumgarten of New York, whose return is welcomed.

Mr. W. H. Dougherty of Brooklyn, and Mr. W. O. Rowland of Philadelphia, join their families.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Feutchwanger and Miss Aline of New York, complete the cottage colony.

Mr. and Mrs. W. N. Kline of Philadelphia, return for the season.

Rev. and Mrs. W. R. Turner of Philadelphia, are welcomed back, Dr. Turner conducting services Sunday morning after the usual custom.

Mr. T. W. Lauderdale, treasurer of the historic Plymouth church, Brooklyn, with Mrs. Lauderdale, joins Brooklyn friends for the summer here.

Mrs. Walter H. Powers and her nephew, Mr. Lansing W. Powers of New York, are the guests of Mr. George W. Powers.

Misses Louise and Miss Agnes Musser of Philadelphia, are the guests of Mrs. W. O. Rowland.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Mitton are entertaining Miss Edith Carleton of Brookline.

Guests at the Sheaffer cottage are Mr. and Mrs. Howard Whitcomb of Boston, Mr. G. H. Kearcher and Mr. Chapin Carpenter of Pottsville.

Making the trip to the foot of the Lake by motor car are Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Flannagan and son of Boston.

The wilderness is attracting many, among others who have gone in recently being Mr. and Mrs. J. Hurd Hutchins and sons of Boston, Mr. Thomas J. O'Donohue of New York, Rev. Edgar Cope of Philadelphia, Mr. George V. Leverett of Boston, Miss Marion Taber, Miss Elsie Bowman and Miss Eleanor H. Johnson of New York.

Mr. John H. B. Phillips, Mr. James L. Phillips and Mr. Duncan C. Phillips are back from a trip to Big Island. Dr. and Mrs. E. T. Steadman and Mr. and Mrs. James A. Brodie spent a day recently at Socatean Stream, seeing nineteen deer during the outing.

To-day's baseball game is with the Camp Caribou team, August 12 and 13 the Newports coming; August 19 and 20, Mars Hill; and August 26 and 27, the Easterns.

The June bug has the golden wings,
The firefly has the flame,
The ball bat has no wings at all
But it gets there just the same.

—N. Y. Sun.

RANGELEY AND BELGRADE

Outdoor Sports and Social Diversions Provide Merry Days for Crowds which Tax Hotels' Capacity



GOLF'S popularity remains unquestioned at the Rangeley Lake house, two events provided interesting contests during the week for both participants and onlookers. Fishing, motoring and informal social affairs are generally enjoyed and arrivals are provided for only by departures, for the hotel is filled with old and new friends who will remain until well into September, satisfied with life as they find it here.

A tie play-off between Ernest Roberts of Baltimore, whose allowance was twenty, and W. H. Trump of Philadelphia, whose handicap was a stroke less, at seventy-four each, gave zest to the weekly medal play handicap, Mr. Roberts winning the final round with a low sixty-six to a liberal eighty-two for his opponent, excellent handicaps bringing scores throughout close together. I. B. Shields made 99—20—79; M. Trump, 15—25—80; W. H. Castle, 97—16—81; C. E. Synnott, 98—17—81; G. R. Louder, 92—10—82; F. A. Winslow, 104—22—82; R. W. Rhoades, 110—28—82; F. C. Santer, 111—28—83; R. H. Stearns, 106—20—86; E. Napier, 126—30—96.

A nine-hole medal play handicap for women, the cup presented by Dr. B. F. Stahl, was the attraction Monday, Miss Helen Dill of East Orange, whose handicap was one, leading the field by a margin of ten strokes, with a card of sixty-eight; Mrs. F. A. Winslow of New York, making second in seventy-eight, playing with an allowance of five. A stroke away was Miss Susan H. Dill (6), in seventy-nine; Miss Dill (1), making eighty-one; Miss Anna Schaefer (6), eighty-four; Mrs. F. C. Sauter (12), ninety; and Miss Napier (14), 92.

A pleasing feature in connection with the tournaments is the presentation of the cups in the evening, Treasurer C. E. Synnott conferring the trophy upon Mr. Roberts, and Dr. Stahl making the presentation to Miss Dill.

Fishing honors of the week went to Mrs. Ernest Napier of East Orange, in the taking of a 5½ pound trout which was the centre of attraction in the foyer as it lay in state in all its rainbow glory of color. The big fish was hooked at sundown as Mrs. Napier was trolling her flies on top of the water, and night had fallen before the fighter was brought to net. Mr. Napier is credited with a 3½ pounder

and August days have no terrors for him in view of last season's excellent record.

Among the pleasant social affairs of the week was an "at home" given Thursday afternoon by Mrs. W. M. Cunningham of New York, at her beautiful private cottage, nearby, guests from the hotel including Mr. and Mrs. Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. Richards, Miss Richards, Mr. and Mrs. Freeman, Mrs. Bauchle and Miss Marzoff.

The birthday anniversary of Mr. "Harry" Bauchle was the occasion of a merry hop in the Casino, with all sorts of well wishes for the future health and prosperity of one of the most popular young men in the hotel.

Dr. and Mrs. B. F. Stahl gave a house party at their camp yesterday.

Motoring is claiming increasing attention, many making the trip here thus, among the fast runs being a trip from Fitchburg, Mass., 250 miles, in twelve and a half hours, by Mr. Edward S. Crocker, driving a Pierce-Arrow. Considering the condition of the roads the time is very close to a record.

Mr. John S. McLean and his daughter returned to New York, in their touring car after a very pleasant stay of three weeks. Mr. McLean is one of the oldest patrons of the hotel and when his health permitted a devoted fisherman. The hearty send-off he received as he left attests the warm esteem in which he is held.

Late Arrivals at The Belgrade

Excellent fishing, golf, tennis and other recreations in the open air, are occupying the attention of the big crowd at The Belgrade, the demand for accommodations continuing.

Late arrivals include Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Bennett, Mr. M. Rich, Mr. Norman Banerby, Mr. W. M. Sawyer, Mrs. E. M. Horton, Mr. Stephen Horton, Mr. William Phillips, Mr. Manning Phillips, Mr. S. W. Eckster, Mrs. T. S. Hamilton, Mrs. J. A. Bailey, Mr. Harry Cole, Mr. William Kropff, Miss G. H. Hartwig, Mr. William Protz, Mr. J. T. Ackerman, of New York; Mr. Loren Johnson, Dr. and Mrs. M. R. Hogan, Washington; Dr. and Mrs. H. L. Draper, Mr. Edward W. Greene, Newton; Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Tolman and sons, Canton, Mass.; Mrs. H. A. Berry, Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Greene, Passaic; Mr. Stanley F. Cooper, Philadelphia; Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Flannagan, Boston; Capt. and Mrs. A. T. Balentine, U. S. A.

THE DOCTOR ENTERTAINS

A Wilderness Hoax



FISHING wasn't good and the trails were in such condition that the gentlemen, to say nothing of the ladies, were loath to leave camp for trips into the woods. The days were passed idly in card playing or story telling about the rustic cabin fireplaces, and at night the guests amused themselves listening to the guides as they called owls close to camp. Then the desire to try "jacking," just for amusement, arose.

To be sure, there were few, if any, deer on the little pond on which the sporting camps were situated, but no one knew that except the proprietor, and it would not do for him to admit it, so he quoted the law glibly and pointed out clearly the dangers that were liable to ensue from such a gross disregard for the game laws. He dwelt particularly on the clause which says it is a violation of the law to have a jacklight in one's possession; he didn't have one; didn't know where such a thing could be obtained.

This sufficed for a day or so, till Mrs. Jones came and began to relate how she saw a doe and two fawns under a light at such and such a lake, and then all regard or fear for the law was cast aside.

One ingenious guest came to the rescue with a jack made out of a soap box, with a tomato can for a reflector, but it wasn't a success. Then Miss Trout had a bright thought, made an experiment with her sweetheart one night and the next noon announced that her bicycle lantern was just the thing for the purpose. From that time on, that light was kept busy every dark night, and guides paddled cautiously about the lake until the wee hours of the morning, just as cautiously as if they expected to find a deer at every turn, but no deer were seen. All sorts of reasons were given (the reputation of the camps had to be main-

tained): "it was too early in the season;" "the nights were not dark enough," and the like, but the guests were persistent, and would not have it.

The camp proprietor realized that something must be done and done quickly. He hunted far and wide for a tame deer that he could tie out on the banks of the pond, but none could be found. Then he thought of bringing the camp cow into use, but feared discovery, and then the Doctor came to his relief with a suggestion.

The next morning Mrs. New Woman electrified the camp with a thrilling description of how she found a "big buck" near the inlet, and how the guide had paddled within twenty feet of it—as near as he thought safe to go—while the deer stamped and whistled, pawing the water and raising and lowering his head menacingly. She dwelt particularly on the weirdness of the scene and told how the great glowing eyes, peering out into the darkness, fairly burned into her brain.

That night the little bicycle lantern was at a premium. Any sum would have been paid for its use, and for ten nights following it was in constant demand. Yes, there surely was a big buck on the shores of the pond, and night after night he was found at the inlet. The camp simply went "jacking" crazy.

Everybody was too enthusiastic to notice that the Doctor and the camp proprietor were absent from camp each evening. Late one night, as a young man in the camp who had a fondness for roaming about in the dark was making his way back to camp along an old tote road, he heard something approaching rapidly, and thinking it might be a wild animal, he slid into the bushes to wait. What was his surprise, a moment later, to see the Doctor and the camp proprietor hurry past and on down the road

which led around the pond, past the inlet. They moved with great care and the Doctor carried something in his hand.

The young man's curiosity was aroused. He didn't like to spy, but he could not control the desire to see what was up. At first he thought he would call, but something restrained him and he followed silently.

Presently the two men left the road and made their way through the bushes

moment." There was a rustle in the bushes and all was still.

A minute later the canoe was close by, the little lantern glaring like the door of a furnace. Just as its circle of light struck the shore the Doctor raised his arms high above his head and held something aloft just above the tops of the bushes. Then there was a furious splashing in the water on the shore, and as it ceased a frenzied whisper floated shoreward from the canoe: "There he is!



"NIGHT AFTER NIGHT HE WAS FOUND AT THE INLET"

to the shore of the pond. The young man dropped to the ground and wormed his way close up to them, taking advantage of the moments when they were conversing in low tones, or chuckling to themselves.

Before long the jacklight was visible off on the water, its bright blaze bringing the shore line out with startling distinctness, and it crept along the shore. Then the Doctor murmured softly: "Ready there, Tom; they'll be on us in a

There he is!" and then the guide's mutterings: "Quiet, quiet, or you will frighten him!"

On crept the canoe cautiously, not a sound coming from the paddle or the occupants. As it did so the Doctor held a mirror aloft. It was covered with black cloth, in which were cut two round holes at the proper distance apart. This was lowered and raised alternately, and with great deliberation, and from it two bright eyes gleamed out into the

darkness weirdly. The camp proprietor got more and more uneasy as the light drew nearer, stamping the earth with his fists, splashing the water and "whistling" vigorously. Closer crept the light, and then suddenly the "big buck" became frightened and dashed away through the bushes with a great crashing, almost crushing the life out of the young man on the ground.

A deep sigh floated across the water from the canoe: "Wasn't it weird and thrilling? Oh my!"

Then a moment later: "Let's go up and see where he stood," and then the guide muttered something about its being pretty dangerous business, but he would if Mrs. Brown would risk it, and Mrs. Brown begged him to get away from the shore as fast as possible. The light whirled about sharply and grew fainter and fainter as it crept down the shore of the pond, until at last it vanished around the point.

After a little while, the young man walked into camp, heard Mrs. Brown, who had just returned, relate her experience. The next night he went out for a look at the "big buck" himself just to see how it seemed from the other side. At breakfast the next morning he told his experience, like the rest, and said that though he had "jacked" many deer he had never seen it done more successfully.

And Tom and the Doctor don't know to this day that their secret was ever discovered!

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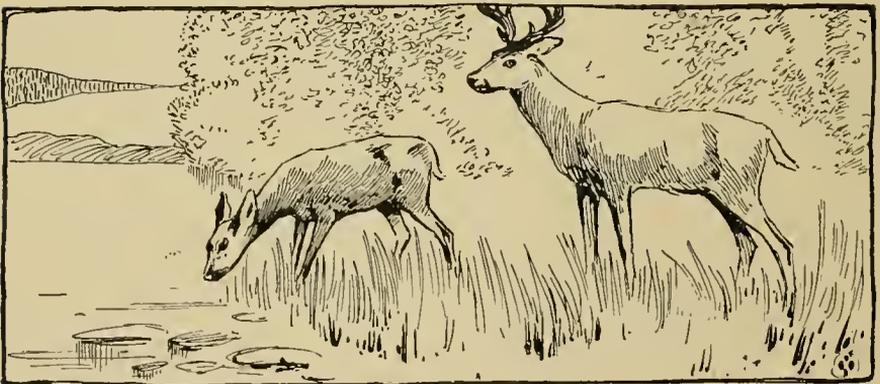
Without counting the number turned away for August, but judging from the volume of applications, over three hundred people have been unable to get accommodations because of lack of space.

This indication of the popularity of the place will be very gratifying to the hundreds of friends who have enjoyed its hospitality and who have commented upon its completeness and elegance.

Togue are Cannibalistic

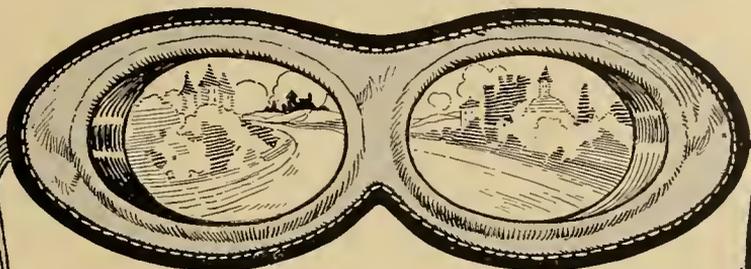
To give an idea of the cannibalistic capacity of a lake trout, Mr. Le Baron C. Colt of Providence, tells of taking a 5-pound togue in the stomach of which he found thirty-two small salmon. At this rate it will be readily seen how badly these fish are handicapped in the process of multiplication.

We bear the togue no special fondness, but in fairness it should be stated that both trout and salmon are nearly as ravenous feeders, and it makes little difference whether the fry is trout, togue or salmon.



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SUMMER SCHEDULE, SEASON 1908

GREENVILLE TO KINEO, KINEO STATION AND HEAD OF LAKE

	Ex. Sun.	Ex. Sun.	Ex. Sun.	Ex. Sun.	Ex. Sat.	Sun. only	Sun. only
Greenville, lv.	6.15 A.						Beginning July 26 8.00 A.
Greenville Jct.	6.45 "		10.00 A.	2.30 P.			8.30 "
Deer Island	*7.40 "		10.55 "	*3.25 "			*9.25 "
Kineo, arr.	8.35 "		11.50 "	4.20 "			10.20 "
Kineo, lv.	8.45 "	10.15 A.	12.15 "	4.40 "	8.20 P.	1.15 P.	10.30 "
Kineo Station	9.00 "	10.30 "	12.45 "	5.00 "	8.40 "	1.30 "	10.45 "
Rockwood	*9.15 "		*1.00 P.	*5.10 "			11.05 "
Northwest Carry ...	10.45 "			7.20 "			
Northeast Carry ...	11.30 "		2.30 "	6.40 "			12.35 "

HEAD OF LAKE TO KINEO, KINEO STATION AND GREENVILLE

	Ex. Sun.	Ex. Sun.	Daily.	Ex. Sun.	Ex. Sun.	Ex. Sun.	Sun. only	Sun. only
Northwest C'ry. lv.		7.00 A.		10.45 A.				
Northeast Carry,		7.45 "		12.30 P.		2.30 P.	2.00 P.	
Rockwood		*9.15 "		*2.00 "		*4.00 "	*3.25 "	
Kineo Station...	8.30 A.	10.00 "	12.45 P.	2.20 "	5.15 P.	5.00 "	3.40 "	6.30 P.
Kineo, arr.	9.00 "	10.10 "	1.00 "	2.35 "		5.15 "	3.50 "	6.45 "
Kineo, lv.		10.15 "		2.45 "	5.00 "		4.00 "	
Deer Island.....		*11.05 "		*3.40 "	6.00 "		*5.00 "	
Greenville Jct.		12.00 Noon.		4.30 "	6.55 "		5.55 "	
Greenville				5.30 "			6.15 "	

GREENVILLE TO LILY BAY AND WEST OUTLET VIA KINEO [Daily except Sunday]

Greenville, lv.	9.15 A.	West Outlet, lv.	1.00 P.
Greenville Jct.	9.55 A.	Kineo	2.00 P.
Sugar Island	10.40 A.	Lily Bay, arr.	3.30 P.
Lily Bay, arr.	11.00 A.	Lily Bay, lv.	5.15 P.
Lily Bay, lv.	11.05 A.	Sugar Island	5.35 P.
Kineo	12.30 P.	Greenville Jct.	6.30 P.
Kineo Station	12.45 P.	Greenville	7.00 P.
West Outlet	1.00 P.		

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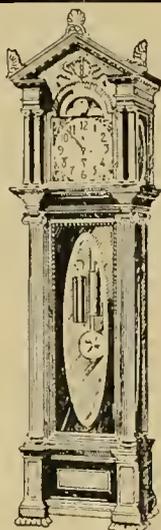
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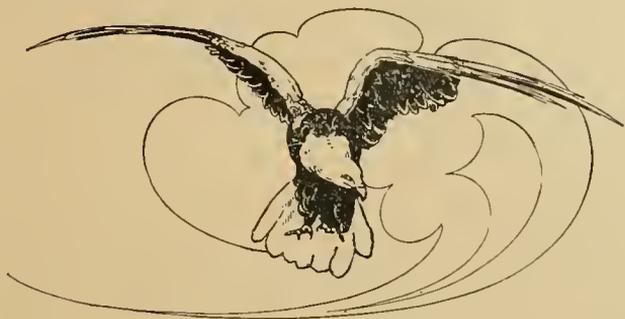
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HERBERT L JILLSON

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AUG 15 1908

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NORTHWARD-HO!

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The Northern Land with air like wine;
Where bright lakes nestle 'mid em'erald hills
And woodlands sparkle with silver rills;
Where grim mountain peaks of purple hue,
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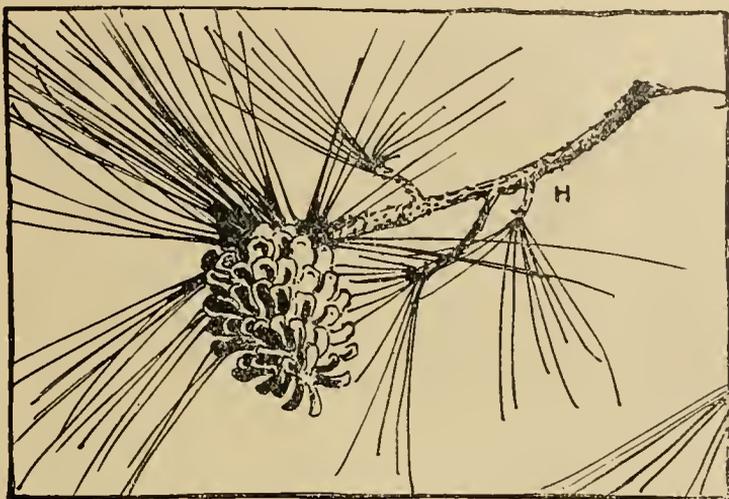
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NORTHWARD-HOI!



A WEEKLY MAGAZINE OF NEWS

SATURDAY, AUGUST 15, 1908

Vol. IV

No. 5

THE HAUNTED GALLEON

By Herbert L. Jillson



MOVING around to the stern, I found enough of the exquisitely wrought design left to make out the coat of arms of Spain, which proclaimed her to be a royal ship. After gazing at the vessel with keenest interest, finding more and more pleasure as I came to appreciate her rare beauty, I clambered aboard. Hardly had I set foot on deck when a horrible groan broke the stillness, issuing apparently from the hold. The weird stories of the people at the settlement flashed across my mind and for a moment my heart stood still. It was with difficulty that I restrained myself from taking to my legs and vanishing in the forest, but common sense finally prevailed and I stood my ground. I listened as intently as I could above the loud beating of my heart, but only the dismal sound of the wind surging through the trees greeted my ears.

I was about to proceed when the unearthly sound broke forth again. This time it seemed less human and did not frighten me as much. I started to investigate. I peered cautiously into the hold. As I did so the groan echoed and re-echoed through its sombre depths. I listened. Presently I heard the sound again. This time it seemed to come from the outside and to shake the ship. I jumped off the vessel and walked about it. After some searching I discovered where a brass plate on the

ship's side rested lightly against the soapy, greasy rock. As the wind moved the big hulk to and fro, it caused the blood-curdling sound to which I have referred.

The discovery gave me new courage and once more I climbed on board and then wandered with eager interest from the gloomy depths of the deserted hold to the upper cabin in the stern, which swayed recklessly under my weight. There was little unusual outside of the novelty of arrangement. The cabin, on the first deck at the stern, was a large square room. I found its floor strewn with bits of brass and rusty remains of iron, but nothing else, and after wandering about till tired, I turned my steps toward the settlement. But a strange craving to re-visit the old ship possessed me before I was well on my way and as a result I spent the next day and many following it, poking about here and there on the old galleon.

After a time, I discovered that the cabin on the first deck at the stern was not as wide as that of either of those on the decks above. The occurrence aroused my interest and I set about to investigate. Measurements convinced me that there was a secret room on the port side. I went outside, crawled upon the rocks and looked in through the big seams in the timbers. I could see little, only something white gleaming faintly, just enough to arouse my interest. I sought vainly for an entrance; tried to force the great planks aside with a timber,

and finally turned my steps homeward reluctantly.

The next day found me on hand early with a heavy iron bar which I had brought secretly. Something prompted me to keep my investigations to myself; why I know not. I worked away without result for a long time but when I least expected it, I pried out a big door, hung on heavy brass hinges whose fastenings had partially rotted away. It fell with a tremendous crash nearly putting an end to my investigations on board the old ship and elsewhere.

A long, narrow room of peculiar shape, was visible in the dim light which two small port holes high up in the stern, let in. A low, broad locker extended along the ship's side. Something white rested at the farther end and I made my way toward it. As I drew near I saw that it was a human skeleton. The suddenness of the discovery startled me for a moment, but as a youngster I had possessed a fascination for collecting the skulls and bones of Indians, so numerous about my home in Taunton, and my fear soon changed to joy. I started forward eagerly. The skeleton was that of a woman. It lay stretched out of the locker intact, save for the right arm and some of the bones of the foot, which had fallen to the deck. The skull was in perfect condition and the teeth in it as white as ivory. Stuck fast in the ribs on the left side was a dagger or stiletto handle, fantastically fashioned from gold or silver, studded with jewels and surmounted by a crest representing a warrior's helmet beneath which was a manacled arm and hand, crushing an open-mouthed serpent, and the Latin inscription: "*Semper Paratus.*"

The blade had rusted away close up to the handle. High up on the left arm of the skeleton rested an armlet or bracelet of gold, black with age. It bore the same crest as the dagger handle and, in addition, the coat of arms of Spain was emblazoned upon it. It measured sixteen inches in circumference and was nearly three inches wide. Various symbols were fashioned here and there with

diamonds, rubies and emeralds. At intervals of about three inches, large jewels set in a circle of smaller stones, hung pendent by slender chains. A tiny key hung by a chain from the centre which unlocked the bracelet and I remember taking it off, and snapping it together and unlocking it with the admiration that a boy had for clever mechanical trifles. Just where the armlet rested, there was an abnormal swelling on the bone of the arm, making it nearly twice its natural size. The bone was soft and spongy, as if it had been badly injured at some time and healed imperfectly.

On the finger bones were many rings, in all of which were set large stones. Each bore a crest like the one on the dagger handle. On the locker close by, was a little pile of jewelry of varied designs, each adorned with the crest I have referred to. The jewelry did not interest me much. I had no knowledge then of precious stones, and what jewelry I had seen at home was the kind that could be purchased for a few cents. I regarded those treasures, which I now know must have been of priceless value, in much the same light.

My interest centred on the skeleton. I have stated that as a youngster I had a fascination for gathering the bones and skulls of Indians which were so abundant near my home. I had found few skulls, however, that were not black and dirty, and I had never been able to find a complete skeleton. Vainly had I tried to make the bones that I found in different places fit into a perfect form, and to add to my discomfort, my parents persisted in throwing away everything of the kind that I brought home.

In consequence, the skeleton before me, so perfect and white, filled my boyish heart with positive rapture. I took the bones very carefully, one by one, to the deck and placed them in order. I remember that their size and beauty impressed me much and added to my glee at their discovery. Then to form an idea of the height of the person who once owned them, I lay down on the

deck alongside. I was a six footer and the skeleton must have belonged to some one nearly as tall as myself. Then as it was growing late, I reluctantly carried the skeleton back to the cabin, hid it with the jewelry under a pile of rubbish, and returned to the settlement.

On the following day, before the people were astir, I was on my way to the galleon with a stout box. I wrapped the jewels in seaweed and moss as I packed them in the bottom of the box, and putting the skeleton on top, nailed on the cover, took the box to the settlement and packed it in my ship chest. My companions, knowing my fondness for shells, rocks and old curios, manifested no interest whatever in the occurrence.

Time dragged somewhat heavily on my hands after that. I was anxious to reach home and display the splendid skeleton and strange jewelry to my comrades. It was purely a boyish desire, for I had no real idea of the immense wealth I had in the box. Nine weeks passed before a home-going vessel put into the harbor. It was the brig "Laura," Capt. Reese (a Dane), master, bound for Baltimore from the Isthmus, with a cargo of rubber, hides and nuts. Many of the crew had died from fever and the survivors were ill and unable to manage the craft. When the crew recovered sufficiently, the ship started home, taking our crew along, allowing us to work our passage. From the very first, the captain and I didn't get along well. I didn't like his style—brutal and arbitrary.

Several days out, he came to me one afternoon, during my turn at the wheel, and complained of the way I was steering. The boat was a clumsy one to manage and it was with difficulty that I kept her on the course. I told him I was doing the best I could. He promptly called me a liar and I retaliated. He muttered something in Danish I couldn't understand and started for the cabin. I knew there was going to be trouble and I followed. I saw him open a chest

and reach for a pistol. As he did so I jumped on his back, secured the weapon, rushed on deck and threw it overboard. Then I called on our crew for protection. They sided with me and I wasn't troubled during the rest of the voyage, but there was an ugly look in the captain's eyes that didn't make me feel at home when he was near me. The rest of the trip was uneventful and in due time we reached Baltimore and, after some delay, docked. Hardly had the ropes been fastened when a police sergeant accompanied by a detail, stepped on board and arrested me on a charge of mutiny and attempt at murder. I protested but it was of no avail and I was lugged off to a cell where I languished for three days before I succeeded in clearing myself, by proving that not having signed as a member of the crew, I was not subjected to the captain's orders. When I returned to the ship my comrades had gone. I found my ship chest ripped open, everything of value missing and the box gone. I could get no satisfaction, no explanation, from any one. Helpless to act, I was obliged to depart empty-handed.

Nearly three years passed. I had given up all hope of ever hearing anything of the skeleton, or of the strange jewelry, when one afternoon in the spring of 1860, while reading a copy of the *New York Herald* on Boston Common, my eye happened to fall on the following notice in the personals:

WILL THE SAILOR who came to Baltimore on the brig Laura in the summer of '57, bringing with him a box, correspond with R. S. Delavan, Battle Square, Baltimore, Md.

(Concluded next week.)

SYNOPSIS of preceding chapter—A sailor lad cast ashore on the island of Santa Catherina, makes many startling discoveries. Among them is a Spanish treasure ship, the "Hispaniola," said to be haunted, and which he begins exploring with the opening of this chapter.

NOVELTY AND SURPRISE

First of Season's Cotillions at Poland Spring Pleasant Prophecy—Week One of Social Activity



SOcially the week at Poland Spring has been a merry one, a pleasant prophecy for the 'mid season weeks to come, attention being occupied with the first of the usual cotillions, a moonlight straw ride and marshmallow roast, at the "Sand Pit," and an early morning ride to "Black Cap" mountain.

Golf interest has been at concert pitch, with the annual Amateur Championship tournament attracting the attention of the entire colony, and a women's match play handicap for the beautiful trophies presented by Mr. and Mrs. Isaac B. Johnson, and putting competitions as interesting features.

NOVELTY AND SURPRISE

While Saturday's cotillion was impromptu, arranged on short notice by the younger people, it was none the less delightful because of its informality, enjoyed by participants and a company of onlookers which taxed the capacity of the Music hall. Fun and frolic, surprise and novelty, reigned throughout; the figures of the character to amuse and entertain.

Among the most novel was the set in which couples were seated back to back, turning at a signal; the unfortunate young man who did not turn the same way as his fair partner, being relegated to the side lines, there to watch a rival, more fortunate, in the dreamy mazes of the waltz which concluded the number.

The familiar potato race was given in new form, the trick being to stand a Poland water bottle upon its unsteady end and then place a potato on top, the young men accomplishing the somewhat delicate trick first, winning a dance, while the unfortunate slow ones were forced to follow the dancers about the

floor in an attempt to protect them from the glare of the electric lights with parasols.

Partners were also secured by blowing out candles which the young women, perched high up on chairs, held exasperatingly out of reach, the first to extinguish the flame carrying off the Goddess of Light.

The ping pong or tennis figure provided a lively scramble, the possession of a ball meaning a dance, and the cracking-the-whip figure was carried out on the follow-the-man-from-Cook's plan, creating plenty of excitement and some harmless tumbles.

Among the most picturesque numbers of the evening was the chariot race, one young woman driving five young men, and a young man five young women, in a mad race about the hall, meeting at the head of the hall and steeds and chariotcers dancing together.

The curtain figure was given added interest because of the presence of a doll baby at the other end of one of the ribbons by which partners were selected, and with which the unlucky young man or young woman was obliged to dance, much to personal discomfiture and general amusement.

Mr. and Mrs. George W. Elkins, Jr., of Philadelphia, were the leaders and to them much of the enjoyment of the evening was due. Assisting were the patronesses, including Mrs. Isaac B. Johnson of Spuyten Duyvil, Mrs. James G. Lindsay of Philadelphia, Mrs. H. P. Dixon of Wallingford, Mrs. S. M. Inman of Atlanta, and Mrs. Willard P. Vose of Brookline.

The list of participants included: Mr. and Mrs. George W. Elkins, Jr., Mr. Davis Pearson and Mrs. Clayton Dixon, Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Sutphin, Mr. and Mrs. Garret A. Hobart, Jr., Mr. Dayton

Voorhees and Miss Dora Jones, Mr. John Holton and Miss Mildred Lindsay, Mr. Philip Lindsay and Miss Margaret Taylor, Mr. Howard Holton and Miss Anna Taylor, Mr. Daniel C. Nugent, Jr., and Miss Helen B. Johnson, Mr. Charles Inman and Miss Helen Stinson, Mr. Frank Wyeth and Miss Eleanor Lindsay, Mr. Charles Lindsay and Miss Florence Vose, Mr. William Flather and Miss Mary Childs, Mr. Hathaway Watson and Miss Marguerite Pettit, Mr. B. King and Miss Marguerite Ricker, Mr. F. H. Harris and Miss Mary Reed, Mr. Allan Pettit and Mrs. A. von Gontrand, Mr. W. C. Chick and Miss Allison, Mr. E. Allison and Miss Mabel Chick.

MARSHMALLOW ROAST—BREAKFAST RIDE

Monday evening the first of many affairs of a similar character planned, was enjoyed in a straw ride and marshmallow roast in which a large party participated. The party left the hotel late in the afternoon, supping beside a monster bonfire over which marshmallows, sweet corn and other dainties were cooked; spending the evening in its cheerful glow, songs, story-telling and good fellowship speeding the hours only too quickly.

The affair was the happy thought of Mrs. S. M. Inman, who chaperoned the party, assisted by Mrs. Peter Van Voorhees, Mrs. W. A. Vose, Mrs. W. P. Troth, Mrs. R. F. Taylor, Mrs. S. B. Stinson, Mrs. A. von Gontrand, Mrs. S. M. Inman. In the party were: Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Sutphin, Miss Helen B. Johnson, Miss Marguerite Pettit, Miss Mabel Chick, the Misses Lindsay, Mr. Philip H. Lindsay, Mr. Charles C. Lindsay, Mr. W. C. Chick, Mr. Allen Pettit, Mr. John H. Holton, Mr. Howard C. Holton, Mr. N. J. Flather, Mr. H. D. Maxwell, Mr. D. C. Nugent, Jr., Mr. F. H. Wyeth, Mr. James Green, Mr. R. N. Dyer, Mr. C. S. Inman, Mr. H. P. Dixon, Mr. Clayton Dixon, Mr. J. F. McNeil, Mr. E. P. Ricker, Jr., Mr. F. Pearson, Mr. C. H. Watson, Dr. W. Taylor.

Tuesday morning much the same party took an eight mile breakfast ride,

autos, teams and saddle horses conveying the party; the start being made early in the morning with the return in time for noonday dinner.

Tonight a trip to Dry Mills for a supper and dance, is planned.

WOMEN'S MATCH PLAY TOURNEY

In affairs out of doors the women's match play handicap for the trophies offered by Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, divided honors with the Championship Tournament.

Interest throughout was keen, culminating in the twenty-hole finals between Miss Mabel W. Childs of Brooklyn (8), and Mrs. W. H. Lord of Boston (6), a single stroke deciding it for the Brooklyn player on the last hole. In the semi-final round Miss Childs beat Miss Fenn (plus 4), 2 up; Mrs. Lord defeating Mrs. G. W. Elkins, Jr. (7) 2 and 1. In the first round Miss Childs beat Mrs. Allison (13), 9 and 8; Miss Fenn, Mrs. A. B. Lounsbury (7), 5 and 3; Mrs. Elkins, Miss Mabel Chick (8), 9 and 7; Mrs. Lord, Mrs. H. P. Dixon (6), 4 and 3.

In qualification Miss Childs led with a net card of ninety-two, playing with an allowance of 12 strokes, Mrs. Elkins (10), finishing second in ninety-five, and Miss Fenn (0), third in ninety-six. Other scores were: Mrs. Lord, 112—8—104; Mrs. Lounsbury, 117—10—107; Mrs. Dixon, 120—9—111; Miss Chick, 131—12—119.

MATCH PLAY PUTTING

Saturday afternoon's putting competition held the attention of a large field of participants and an interested gallery, the prizes being in exquisite taste. In the finals for the women's trophy Miss Marguerite Pettit defeated Miss Helen B. Johnson, 5 and 4; Mr. Clayton Dixon winning the men's prize from Mr. Percy Stewart, 1 up. In the semi-finals Mr. Dixon beat H. A. Dodge, and Mr. Stewart, John Holton. Miss Pettit's semi-final match was with Mrs. Dyer, and Miss Johnson's with Miss Fenn.

In qualification Miss Johnson led with forty, Miss Mildred Lindsay, Miss Dex-

ter, Miss Pettit and Miss Stinson being bunched in a quadruple tie for second place at forty-one each. Miss Goessling and Miss Fenn made forty-two, Mrs. Dodge, Miss Chick, forty-three; Mrs. Inman, Mrs. Dyer and Mrs. von Gontrand, forty-five; Mrs. Lounsbury, Mrs. E. Allison, Miss Eleanor Lindsay, Mrs. W. W. Linsley, Mrs. S. M. Harrison, Mrs. M. Watson, Mrs. R. F. Taylor, Miss Brown, Miss Reed and Mrs. C. G. Dixon being among others who participated.

MOONLIGHT PUTTING

Thursday evening's moonlight putting competition was one of the season's most brilliant informal social functions, eighty participating and the entire colony enjoying it. Novel decorations of electric lights and Jap lanterns gave Venetian charm; a circle of lights from automobiles, about the putting green, being distinctly American. A collation was served at the close of play. Miss Ethel Campbell won the women's cup from Miss Mary Childs, in the final round, by one up; the men's trophy going to Mr. H. C. Holton who defeated Paul Harrison, two and one.

Miss Ethel Campbell led in qualification with 42, Miss Helen B. Johnson and Miss Bissie tying for second at 43 each. Miss Marguerite Pettit, Mrs. R. Hincks were third in 45, others who participated including Mrs. J. R. Wickwire, Mrs. R. N. Dyer, Mrs. W. W. Winsley, Mrs. H. H. P. Dixon, Mrs. S. M. Inman, Mrs. Clayton Dixon, Mrs. Grandin, Mrs. Stewart, Mrs. James G. Lindsay, The Misses Lindsay, Miss B. G. Brown, Miss Jeanette Ricker, Miss F. Hegleman, Miss M. G. Dexter, Miss Anna Goessling and Miss M. Taylor.

THE AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP

The Amateur Championship tournament is in progress as NORTHWARD-110! goes to press, the field of entries and the interest awakened meeting the expectations of even those who were most enthusiastic in bringing it about. Full details will be printed next week.

The Women's Championship, booked for the week to come, promises a contest of unusual importance, among the contestants being Miss Georgianna Bishop and Mrs. J. R. Wickwire (*nee* Constance Johnson), the title holder.

In order that a clear understanding regarding the conditions under which the Ivers cup may be played for in connection with the newly inaugurated Championship Tournament, the following conditions are printed:

The cup to be played for once each year until won three times by one person.

The winner each year will receive a gold medal and have his name inscribed on the cup.

The player winning three times will become owner of the cup.

The winner to hold the championship of Poland for one year.

LATE ARRIVALS

Prominent among guests of the week was Adjutant General Corbin, U. S. A., retired, who spent Wednesday here, and Mr. Douglas Volk, the artist, who made a flying visit.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Wickwire and Mr. W. A. Wickwire of Cortland, N. Y., join Mrs. I. B. Johnson and Miss Helen; Mr. Johnson running down to New York for business matters which will occupy two weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren J. Lynch of Chicago, will spend some weeks here. Mr. Lynch is general passenger agent and traffic manager of the Big Four route.

Others who come to remain through the month or longer, include: Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Hayward, Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell Wyeth, Mr. Brenton Wyeth, Mr. W. W. Ladd, Mr. and Mrs. Robert P. Tally, Mr. and Mrs. J. Porter Shamon, New York; Mrs. Jonathan Dixon and Miss Dixon, Allenhurst; Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Hall, Mr. and Mrs. E. E. White, Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Hawes, Miss Maude E. Hawes, Mr. and Mrs. Benj. Thurston, Mr. Walter F. Kingsley, Mr. and Mrs. Robert P. Winsor, Dr. and Mrs. Clifford H. Giffin, Providence.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Bryant, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hincks, Miss Georgianna Bishop, Bridgeport; Mr. John M. Holton, Philadelphia; Miss Anna S. Taylor, Germantown; Mr. and Mrs. Elmer E. Mitchell, Wilmington, N. C.; Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Hensen, Mr. and Mrs. W. Schleiter of Pittsburg; Mr. Richard Ashton Elliott, Greenwich; Mr. and Mrs. George H. Flint, Mr. James M. Gleason, Boston; Mr. John D. Chesney, Baltimore.

GOLF—TENNIS—BASEBALL

They Claim Lion's Share of Attention in Busy Week
at Kineo—Newports Split Even in Fast Games



GOLF, tennis and baseball have claimed the lion's share of attention during the week at Kineo, numerous informal affairs of informal character filling in odd moments pleasantly. Taxed beyond its capacity the big hotel with the waiting list growing daily, and many are yielding to the voice of the wilderness and enjoying its cool and quiet.

MEDAL PLAY GOLF

Dr. S. MacCuen Smith of Philadelphia, was the winner of the opening event in the season's program of stated golf fixtures, capturing the handsome trophy offered by a modest friend of the club with a low card of sixty-two net, his handicap being twenty-eight. Second in line was Y. Murai of Riverside, Conn., who scored seventy-one playing with an allowance of thirty-eight, his Japanese friend, Mr. R. Arai, finishing but a stroke away in seventy-two with forty strokes to deduct from the gross score.

Other scores were: F. S. Haight, 93—19—74; Dr. G. H. Sexsmith, 99—25—74; J. B. Kinley, 103—28—75; S. G. Cooper, Jr., 104—28—76; Henry Feuchwanger, 86—10—76; G. E. Marcus, 87—11—76; A. H. Rosengarten, 68—20—78; M. N. Kline, 118—40—78; E. H. Moulton, 96—18—78; Miss Truesdell, 103—23—80; E. S. Kinley, 110—30—80; Y. Arai, 119—38—81; W. O. Rowland, Jr., 122—40—82; Truesdell, 109—26—83; Moller, 119—34—85; Lockwood, 97—11—86; Miss Hyde, 112—25—87; Rev. W. R. Turner, 110—23—87; W. C. Baldwin, 113—25—88; James Timpson, 104—16—88; Miss Havemeyer, 133—28—105.

MEN'S DOUBLES TENNIS

Saturday witnessed the close of the often postponed men's doubles tennis round robin tournament for prizes contributed by Mr. Henry Sheaffer, Howard A. Colby and Henry Feuchwanger win-

ning over a field of eight teams with a record of all seven games won. G. H. Kearscher and Chapin Carpenter won 6 and lost 1; Hurd Hutchins and G. E. Cooley, E. S. Kinley and T. L. Pequignot, won 4 and lost 3 each; Nelson Dougherty and W. O. Rowland, Jr., lost 3 and won 2; Dr. Rowland Cox and Cyril Outerbridge lost 6 and won 1; and Dr. S. MacCuen Smith and Ernest Eidlitz lost 7 and won 0.

Master Robert Dahn of Brooklyn, was the winner of the children's tennis tournament for cups contributed by Miss Clarice E. Patterson, defeating Miss Marion Williams of New York, in the final round, 6—2, 6—2. The match of the event was between Miss Ethel Outerbridge and Miss Marion Williams, three deuce sets being required, 9—7, 7—9 and 7—5. Others who participated were Miss Gertrude Flannagan, Miss Dorothy Haight, Miss Maria De Kosenko, Miss Dorothy Kinley, Miss Carol Kobbe and Masters Howard Rowland, Edward Flannagan, Herbert Foster, Carl Timpson, Howell Van Nostrand, and Paul Feuchwanger.

Mr. E. H. Outerbridge has added to the attractions of Camp Ethelwynd by the addition of a new tennis court, not an easy task considering the location.

NEWPORTS BREAK THE ICE

Baseball interest continues unabated, the entire point turning out for the weekly games, the feature of the week being the visit of the Newporters, accompanied by the town brass band and a goodly delegation of rooters, breaking the ice for the first victory of the season, to make good for defeats of the past two seasons.

The game was fast and snappy with Kineo having matters well in hand until the seventh inning when the home team

went to pieces, two hits, a like number of passes, and several errors netting four runs to which three more were added at the last try at the bat. The feature of the game was a home run by Captain James Scales on the first ball pitched.

Nordeen struck out 14 men to 10 for Howard, passing five to two for his rival.

The score:

NEWPORT

	AB	R	BI	A	E	PO
Bridges, cf.	3	2	0	0	0	0
Reed, 3b.	5	0	3	2	1	0
Gould, r.f.	5	0	1	0	0	0
Williams, 1b. ...	3	1	1	0	2	4
Emerson, c.	4	0	0	1	0	19
Gregory, 2b.	3	1	0	3	2	2
Soper, rf.	3	1	0	0	0	0
Martin, ss.	4	1	0	1	1	0
Howard, p.	4	1	0	15	0	0
	<u>34</u>	<u>7</u>	<u>5</u>	<u>22</u>	<u>6</u>	<u>27</u>

KINEO

	AB	R	BI	A	E	PO
J. Scales, ss.	5	1	1	1	1	1
N. Scales, r.f.	4	0	0	0	1	0
Doran, c.	3	0	1	3	0	15
Chaffee, 1b.	4	1	1	1	1	8
Fitzgerald, cf. ...	4	1	1	0	1	0
Smith, 3b.	4	1	0	3	1	3
Follows, 2b.	4	0	1	1	0	0
Haley, lf.	2	0	0	0	1	0
Nordeen, p.	4	1	1	16	0	0
	<u>35</u>	<u>5</u>	<u>6</u>	<u>25</u>	<u>6</u>	<u>27</u>

NEWPORT	0	0	0	0	0	4	0	3	—7
KINEO	1	0	0	4	0	0	0	0	—5

Rain interfered with Thursday's game, much to the regret of all but Kineo turned the tables on Newport by winning 9 to 4 in a fast and interesting game in spite of the drenching rain, which started in the fourth inning.

The score by innings:

KINEO	2	0	0	4	0	0	2	1	8—3
NEWPORT	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	2—4	

Today a game is booked with the guests, the team being gathered from all portions of the lake by Dr. S. MacCuen Smith.

AT THE RIFLE BUTTS

Rifle shooting continues to claim new devotees, Mrs. De Kosenko of Philadelphia, winning the week's handicap event. Among the high gross score targets was a seventy-three made by Mrs. M. D.

Paterson, and a seventy-nine by Mr. L. B. Adams. Others who participated were: Mr. and Mrs. James Clarke, Dr. Rowland Cox, Miss Bessie Adams, Nelson Dougherty, Mrs. W. A. McGibbon, Miss Elizabeth Carstairs, Mr. Leslie Sheafer, Mr. and Mrs. S. I. Hanson, C. M. Clark, W. L. Sheafer, Miss Clarice Paterson, H. C. Warren, A. F. Castner.

Mrs. Lloyd Williams, Miss Marion Williams and Miss Eleanor Keeler are delving into the mysteries of the sport.

HERE AND THERE

Among the most enjoyable of numerous social affairs was a steamer party given Monday evening, by Mr. and Mrs. George E. Marcus, supper being served on the shore of the lake and a sail in the moonlight rounding out the evening. In the party were Mrs. A. J. Butler, Mr. A. J. Butler, Jr., the Misses Butler, Mr. Hermann Marcus and Surgeon Cary Grayson, U. S. N.

Mr. and Mrs. George M. Thornton gave a steamer ride for a small circle including Mr. and Mrs. Lyman B. Goff, Mrs. Kenneth Wood, Mrs. T. Sedgwick Steele, Miss Elsie Mitton, Miss Edith Carleton, Mr. Lansing W. Powers and the Misses Thornton.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Feuchtwanger entertained Mr. and Mrs. Emil Baumgarten, Mr. L. B. Adams and Miss Bessie Adams very pleasantly with a steamer ride and lunch.

The bathing hour is claiming an increasing number of devotees, among those who go in almost daily being Miss Luelle Martin, Master Howard Van Nostrand, Master Robert A. Dahn, Master Lewis Smith, Mr. H. W. Bell, Mr. W. H. Haight, Miss Dorothy Kinley and Miss Alice Dahn.

Guests are laughing quietly at a prank of Mr. R. M. Van Arsdale of New York, who recently landed what he laughingly calls the "last salmon" in Moosehead; a fish possibly an inch long, not over that, which was pasted on a bit of paper and placed below the monster togue taken a year ago, by Mrs. C. A. Judkins.

Many autos find their way to the foot of the Lake each season, but rarely does one make the trip up by boat, hence the sight and sound of exhaust and horn is unusual here, and a novelty. Mr. John R. Davis of Rockford, Ill., Miss Frances Brown of Detroit, and Mr. E. J. Bray of Mexico City, were recent visitors in their Ford runabout and

an object so unusual here as to be regarded with much curiosity. "Think them sports had never seen an auto" was the comment of Jim Bludsoe, and it seemed to express the situation very tritely.

A recent addition to the Kinco Company's fleet of steamers is the "Somerset," increasing the number to eight, which are barely able to meet increasing demands. Other floating stock include the Kinco, Olivette, Idalette for steamers, and the Eleanor, Bee and C. A.

Mr. Nelson Dougherty and Mr. A. H. Rosengarten were the heroes in a tip-over-canoe rescue the other evening, which created no end of excitement for the time being; the victims of the affair being cooks who know more cooking than canoeing.

Among the many enjoying the cool and quiet of the wilderness camp life these hot August days are Mr. and Mrs. Howard A. Colby, who are entertaining a party including Miss Anita Warren, Mr. E. S. Kinley, Mr. W. O. Rowland, Jr., and Jack and Hurd Hutchins, at the private camp at Mud Pond carry, on Umbazooksus Lake to be more explicit. Mr. Colby loves this name because he considers it difficult to remember, and consequently, his exact location well guarded.

A merry party of young people spent the week at Lobster Lake under the chaperonage of Mrs. C. A. Judkins; Miss Elsie Mitton, Miss Edith Carleton, Mr. Arthur Mitton, Mr. R. Mitton, Mr. R. Coolidge, and Mr. J. S. Smith, all of the Hub.

Mr. and Mrs. Y. Murai, Mr. and Mrs. M. Aai, Miss Dudley, Miss Mio Murai, Mr. Yun Arai, Miss Toyo Murai and Mr. Austin J. Feuchtwanger have also been enjoying woods' life.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Spaulding of Haverhill, are enjoying their annual sojourn at Lobster Lake.

Among returning friends are Mrs. Herbert M. Adams, and Master Sedgwick S. Adams, of Pawtucket.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Arnold Norcross of New Haven, are the guests of Dr. and Mrs. Thomas Upham Coe.

Among coming events, eagerly anticipated, is the second annual handicap motor boat races, booked for Saturday afternoon, August 20, and to be held under the auspices of the Moosehead Lake Yacht Club. The course is twenty-one miles and the event open to all local motor boats. The Walton C. Ferguson trophy, which must be won three times to become permanent property, is the trophy most prized, added interest being given by the presentation of a permanent cup to go to this year's winner, by C. M. Clark, who won with the "Unome" last fall.

A benefit concert for Mrs. James Cagahan whose singing here has been so much enjoyed for several years past, is announced, and a rifle shoot for trophies contributed by Mrs. E. H. Outerbridge, is eagerly anticipated.

FOR THE OGDEN CUPS

Annual Match Play Handicap is Event of Week at Rangeley Lake House

The annual match play handicap for the beautiful "Ogden Cups" was the event of the week at the Rangeley Lake house which numerous informal social affairs rounded into completeness, S. B. Shields winning the final round from H. M. Maris, six up and five to play. In the semi-finals Mr. Shields defeated G. R. Souder, 1 up, Mr. Maris winning from H. R. Stearns, by seven and six. In the first round Mr. Souder beat Mr. E. Roberts, 4 and 3; Mr. Shields, Mr. F. C. Sauter, 1 up; Mr. H. M. Maris, Mr. C. E. Synnott, 4 and 2; and Mr. Stearns, Mr. A. M. Maris, 3 and 2.

C. E. Synnott playing with an allowance of seventeen strokes, won the weekly handicap with a net card of seventy-five. F. A. Bunn and Fred Neher (both 25), tying for second at seventy-eight.

S. B. Shields, with a handicap of eighteen, led in a medal play handicap on the point system, A. M. Maris (23), and C. E. Synnott (17) finishing second and third in eleven and twelve.

Among pleasant social affairs of the week was a card party given by Mrs. H. A. Freeman, steamer party by Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Stearns, and a card party by Mrs. M. Trump. Judge Bill provided a merry evening in a moonlight sail for the hotel employees, Thursday.

High line among the fishermen is Mr. E. Napier of East Orange, who landed an eight pound salmon and a beauty, Tuesday. In view of Mr. Napier's previous records it is generally believed by his many friends that he was born under the *Pisces* sign of the zodiac.

Mr. and Mrs. George Shaffer of New York, are back after an automobile trip which extended as far as Boston.

Rev. Dr. and Mrs. F. A. Noble of Chicago, spent Sunday here, Dr. Noble delivering the address at the Sunday evening services.

The Shakers from Sabbath Day Lake have emmeshed the pocketbooks of the ladies in their artistic net because of the keen demand for their novel handiwork.

Late arrivals include Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Koss, Mrs. W. Clark, Mrs. F. B. McGay, Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Colt, Mr. A. J. Lawis, of New York, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Richards, Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Rue, Mr. Thomas Wriggins of Philadelphia, Mrs. H. D. Priest of Boston.

ROOFED BY MOTHER BEAR

Ramagious Mrs. Bruin Corrals Prohibition Exponent at
Attean Lake—Golf and Tennis at Belgrade



MID wilderness pleasures, fine fishing and experiences with big game, visitors at Attean Camps, Jackman, are finding plenty to keep them occupied, delightful weather and the return of many old friends contributing much to the pleasure of all.

Just at present, little groups on the cabin porches are discussing the novel experience of Clark Jenkins, an employee of the camps, who was "treed" by a she-bear on the roof of a lumber camp at Hatchery Brook directly across the lake, and kept there until "rescued" by Mr. William E. Braman of Providence.

Jenkins had crossed the lake in the launch for prohibition spring water, landing at the inlet. While proceeding up the brook leisurely with the water jugs in hand, his attention was attracted by a crashing sound. Turning, he saw a mother bear and two cubs regarding him. Without stopping to figure out the mood of Mrs. Bear, Jenkins dropped his burden, made a sprint for an old lumber camp and pulled himself up to the roof.

A moment later Mrs. Bruin came lumbering along the hot trail, stopping en route to sniff at the water jugs and express her disgust in grunts. A careful investigation of the foundation of the cabin and an estimate as to its height followed, and then she settled down directly beneath her victim, prepared to wait with such patience as only a bear can show. Just how long the siege would have been maintained, no one can tell, but for the timely intervention of Mr. Braman.

Happening along in a canoe, the Providence man spied the launch and immediately saw an opportunity for a

ride instead of a paddle across the lake. The day was hot and the prospect inviting, so he settled down to wait for the return of the pilot. Jenkins did not appear promptly, so Mr. Braman called his name loudly, and faintly, and gratefully the answer came from the camp roof:

"Here I am, Braman; treed by a she bear and two cubs! Better make for camp and call out the guard."

But Mr. Braman was armed and he loves conquest. The idea of bear steaks was also enticing, not to mention an elegant bear-skin rug, so he approached quietly, and pushing back the bushes took careful aim with his big revolver and fired. When the smoke cleared Mrs. Teddy and the little Teddies were making for the middle distance as fast as their stubby legs could carry them and another precious life was saved; not only in the bear family, but on the camp roof as well!

The only tangible excuse for the bear's action offered here is that the jugs were not only empty, but water jugs at that! Such a condition of affairs in prohibition Maine is considered so unusual that even a bear has a right to be indignant. In future spring water will be transported to camp in carboys which even a bear can recognize at a glance.

Naturally Mr. Braman is very much of a hero here in spite of the fact that his reputation as a marksman has suffered somewhat.

Moose are frequently seen in the vicinity, the logans of the Moose River begin a favorite retreat, and deer are abundant everywhere, prophesying great sport for the months to come. A herd of six deer may be found almost any evening playing on the beach across the

lake, half a mile away, wholly unconscious of eyes which study them at close range, by aid of field glasses.

Attean Rips continues to maintain its reputation among the anglers, the best of recent catches being a string of thirty-five 2 and 3 pound trout, taken by Mr. and Mrs. Long of El Paso, Texas, who leave after a pleasant stay here planning to return with a large party, for hunting in the fall. The best fish of the season is a 5 $\frac{3}{4}$ pounder, landed by the man the bear hunted.

GOLF AND TENNIS LEAD

Belgrade Visitors Spend Much Time in Fresh Air and Sunshine

Golf and tennis are dividing honors with fish and fishing among guests quartered at The Belgrade, Belgrade Lakes, the big fish of many recent catches being a 5-pound trout for Mr. Charles R. Silkman of New York, and a 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ pounder for Mr. Charles G. Street of Brooklyn.



"SUNLIGHT AND SHADOW ALONG THE ROUTE"

One of the many picturesque roads which pass through
a country side of rare beauty at Belgrade Lakes

Among guests quartered here are Mr. and Mrs. Harold E. Stearns, Master Jack Stearns and Miss Eleanor Stearns of Montreal, Rev. and Mrs. J. H. Denison of Williamstown, Judge and Mrs. Lucien L. Bayliss and Master Ralph Bayliss of Brooklyn, and the Misses Shipley of Bryn Mawr.

Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Hodgman and Miss Hope, of Providence, return to their private camp for their usual visit.

Golf interest is keen and competition for The Belgrade cup developing fast play, Mr. H. S. Ives of New York, leading the field at present with a seventy-four; the best score of the season to win.

Miss Ethel Bond of Brooklyn, was the winner of a women's singles tennis tournament, defeating Miss Zuckerman in the finals. Other similar events are arranged. Baseball fills in an occasional

afternoon, the daily bathing hour is anticipated by many, and rides and drives afford many pleasant hours, each of the many roads with a point of interest at its end, and sunlight and shadow along the route.

Among pleasant social affairs of the week was a supper given in the grill room Saturday evening, by Mr. George H. Buzby of Philadelphia, for a party of an even dozen friends and acquaintances. Mr. and Mrs. Charles S. Eaton of Boston, have also entertained frequently and their return home is regretted. Mr. H. Williamson of Rochester, N. Y., took a small party to Poland Spring in his touring car Sunday.

Major-General George F. Elliot commanding the Marine Corps at Washington, and Mrs. Elliot are spending August here and are delighted with their first impressions of the place. They were the guests, during the week, of Mr. L. C. Lawton, on the "Jolly Rover," a string of thirty-three bass and a dinner at Capt. Jordan's being the features of the day.

Prominent among guests expected are Rev. Charles F. Acker of the Fifth Avenue Baptist church, New York, who returns September first with Mrs. Acker. The doctor is an enthusiastic angler and makes several visits a season.

Captain Balentine, U. S. A., and Mrs. Balentine, daughter of the late Thomas B. Reed, and Mr. Frank A. Vanderlip of New York, ex-secretary of the treasury, are among the late arrivals. Others here include: Mr. and Mrs. Butterworth and family, Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Buzby, Mr. Stanley F. Cooper of Phila-

delphia, Mr. L. C. Lawton and grandson, L. C. Lawton, Jr., Mr. B. W. Glover, Dr. C. B. Glover, Mr. and Mrs. Charles R. Street of Brooklyn, Mr. Charles G. Silkmán and family, Mr. Frank Dudensing and family, Mr. Childress and family of New York, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Carrigan and son of Germantown, Mrs. J. A. Bailey, Mr. J. M. McCadden of Mt. Vernon, Mr. and Mrs. Delano, Miss Alice Delano, Mr. Curtis Delano, Dr. and Mrs. Brackett of Boston, Judge and Mrs. Gains of Texas.

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Prominent Boston Autoists Find Maine Roads to Their Liking

Among the many recent motor tourists in the Rangeley region, were Mr. G. B. White and Mr. F. O. White, prominent Boston financiers, who are touring the North Woods in a 35 H. P. six cylinder Stevens-Duryea car of the "baby tourabout" type.

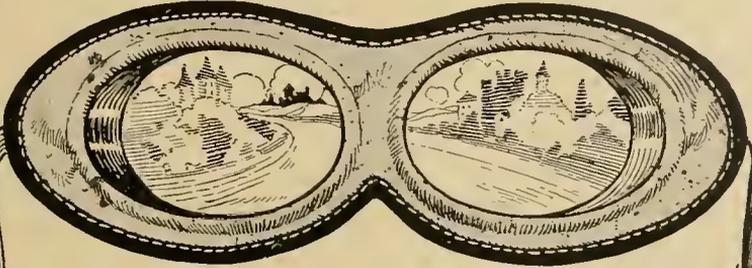
Since June sixth they have eaten up 2,700 miles without mechanical or other trouble and they hope to cover as much more space just as easily.

They are enthusiastic over the roads, saying that there is a bad stretch from Portsmouth to Portland, but after that they are in fine condition. They predict that as these roads and their attractions become better understood the number of tourists will multiply very rapidly, for they are confident that many are now laboring under the impression that the Northern Maine roads are not adapted for motor cars.



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SUMMER SCHEDULE, SEASON 1908

GREENVILLE TO KINEO, KINEO STATION AND HEAD OF LAKE

	Ex. Sun.	Ex. Sun.	Ex. Sun.	Ex. Sun.	Ex. Sat.	Sun. only	Sun. only
	Beginning July 26						
Greenville, lv.	6.15 A.						8.00 A.
Greenville Jct.	6.45 "		10.00 A.	2.30 P.			8.30 "
Deer Island	*7.40 "		10.55 "	*3.25 "			*9.25 "
Kineo, arr.	8.35 "		11.50 "	4.20 "			10.20 "
Kineo, lv.	8.45 "	10.15 A.	12.15 "	4.40 "	8.20 P.	1.15 P.	10.30 "
Kineo Station	9.00 "	10.30 "	12.45 "	5.00 "	8.40 "	1.30 "	10.45 "
Rockwood	*9.15 "		*1.00 P.	*5.10 "			11.05 "
Northwest Carry ...	10.45 "			7.20 "			
Northeast Carry ...	11.30 "		2.30 "	6.40 "			12.35 "

HEAD OF LAKE TO KINEO, KINEO STATION AND GREENVILLE

	Ex. Sun.	Ex. Sun.	Daily.	Ex. Sun.	Ex. Sun.	Ex. Sun.	Sun. only	Sun. only
	Beginning July 26							
Northwest C'ry. lv.		7.00 A.		10.45 A.				
Northeast Carry,		7.45 "		12.30 P.		2.30 P.	2.00 P.	
Rockwood		*9.15 "		*2.00 "		*4.00 "	*3.25 "	
Kineo Station...	8.30 A.	10.00 "	12.45 P.	2.20 "	5.15 P.	5.00 "	3.40 "	6.30 P.
Kineo, arr.	9.00 "	10.10 "	1.00 "	2.35 "		5.15 "	3.50 "	6.45 "
Kineo, lv.		10.15 "		2.45 "	5.00 "		4.00 "	
Deer Island		*11.05 "		*3.40 "	6.00 "		*5.00 "	
Greenville Jct. ...		12.00 Noon.		4.30 "	6.55 "		5.55 "	
Greenville				5.30 "			6.15 "	

GREENVILLE TO LILY BAY AND WEST OUTLET VIA KINEO [Daily except Sunday]

Greenville, lv.	9.15 A.	West Outlet, lv.	1.00 P.
Greenville Jct.	9.55 A.	Kineo	2.00 P.
Sugar Island	10.40 A.	Lily Bay, arr.	3.30 P.
Lily Bay, arr.	11.00 A.	Lily Bay, lv.	5.15 P.
Lily Bay, lv.	11.05 A.	Sugar Island	5.35 P.
Kineo	12.30 P.	Greenville Jct.	6.30 P.
Kineo Station	12.45 P.	Greenville	7.00 P.
West Outlet	1.00 P.		

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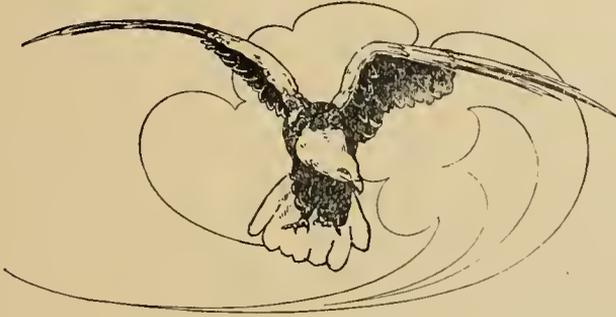
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HERBERT L JILLSON

MIDSEASON NUMBER

AUG 22 1908

TEN CENTS



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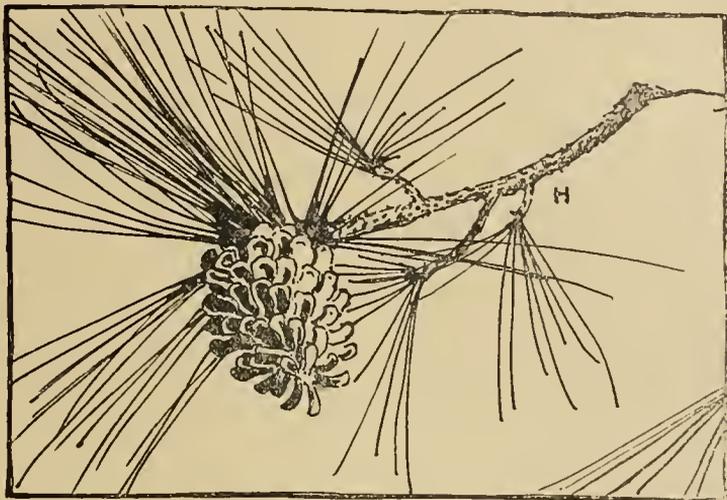
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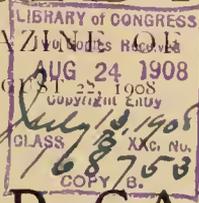


A WEEKLY MAGAZINE OF NEWS

SATURDAY, AUGUST 22, 1908

VOL. IV

No. 6



THE HAUNTED GALLEON

By Herbert L. Jillson



I WROTE immediately, asking that the box be sent to me, the rightful owner, and waited anxiously for a reply. After a few days, a polite answer came asking that I send the story connected with the finding of the articles in the box, but making no answer whatever to my demand that they be sent to me. I repeated my request, offering to give up everything else if they would send me the skeleton, for I still looked upon the jewelry indifferently. My request was refused very gracefully, the writer saying that the contents of the box belonged to the Spanish government which was anxious to learn the history of their discovery, and that I had no legal claim upon them. The writer closed by again making an urgent request that I explain how I came in possession of the articles. My reply was a somewhat indignant one. For months I waited for an answer, but none came.

Later, happening to put in at Baltimore, I made my way to the address mentioned in Mr. Delavan's letters. I found a magnificent brownstone residence, located in one of the wealthiest portions of the city. I hesitated a moment after climbing the broad marble staircase to the door, realizing how hopeless it would be for me, a poor sailor-youth, friendless and unknown, to attempt to deal with a man of such influence and power. At last I summoned courage and rang the bell. A liveried

darkey appeared in response. I inquired if Mr. Delavan was in, reading his full name from one of the letters which I held in my hand. I was very brusquely informed that no such person resided there. I insisted that there must be some mistake and showed the letter, but as a reply the door was slammed abruptly in my face.

The years have passed rapidly since then. Wanderings here and there have occupied by attention. I have said little about the experience which I have related, because when I told it, people only laughed incredulously, or tapped their heads suspiciously, when I became too earnest. At last, I determined never to refer to the story again. Recently, however, I have come across a translation from the Spanish entitled, "The Buccaneers of the Gulf," where among other things, I find the following:



THE FATE OF THE DE CASTROS

"In the year of 1603 Spain having settled a peace with France, fitted out an expedition to bring home the revenues due from her colonies in the New World. The expedition consisted of three ships, two frigates which were to act as convoys, and a new galleon or treasure-ship, the "Hispaniola." The fleet was placed in command of Captain Manuel de Castro, who, though but twenty-two years of age, was considered one of the most able and trustworthy, as well as one of the bravest officers in

the Spanish navy. He was accompanied by his twin sister Inez, who almost invariably went with her brother on his voyages. On a previous trip, Capt. de Castro's ship had an engagement with a French vessel, much her superior in size. During the fight, the enemy boarded the Spanish vessel and Capt. de Castro engaged the French commander.

During the duel his foot slipped in a pool of blood, he fell and was at the mercy of the Frenchman whose sword was raised for the final blow, when suddenly Inez threw herself between the warriors and received the weapon on her arm, thereby giving her brother time to regain his feet, when he at once killed his assailant. The blow that Inez received was a fearful one and for weeks it was thought she would lose her life, but by careful treatment she finally recovered, the wound leaving a large scar which disfigured her arm for life. When the De Castros returned to Spain, the King commanded them to appear at court where he placed with great ceremony on Inez's arm, over the scar, a broad band of gold, richly set with jewels and emblazoned with the royal arms of Spain and the crest of De Castros'.

"Perhaps it may interest the reader to know something of the personal appearance of this remarkable brother and sister. Manuel is described as being fully six feet in height, of fair complexion, his head covered with thick golden ringlets, bright blue eyes and a mouth as gentle as a woman. Inez was nearly as tall as her brother, a very Juno in stature, perfect in form, with a complexion of the dark Spanish type, hair and eyes as black as night. They were the last of a noble line who for five hundred years had held places as warriors and statesmen, and it was a sad day when Manuel and Inez bade good-bye to the old people, who seemed to have a presentiment that they never would return. From one of the lofty turrets of their grim old castle which stood near the sea, they watched the sails of the fleet until they disappeared in the distance.

"In due time, the ships arrived in the New World and touched at different places taking on the treasures which were principally in bullion and ingots. The last port touched at was Havana in the Island of Cuba, and when they sailed away from there, the treasure on board the Hispaniola amounted to upwards of \$7,000,000. Three days after leaving Havana, one of those terrific hurricanes which are so frequent in the West Indies, came on. When the storm had cleared away, the frigates were in sight of each other, but the Hispaniola had disappeared. The convoys sailed in every direction with the hope of finding her but not the slightest trace was discovered and it was supposed that she had gone down in the gale with all on board. They finally resumed the homeward trip reluctantly and on arrival reported the probable loss of the treasure ship.

"There were two in Spain, however, who still hoped, watching day after day from the old tower; sending eagerly to inquire if there was any news of the missing Hispaniola whenever a ship arrived. At last the mother, like a weary child, went to her long rest and in a few weeks the father closed his eyes in the sleep which knows no waking.

"More than fifty years passed away, and nothing was heard of the missing treasure-ship, until, one day, a small fishing vessel, sailing in the Caribbean Sea, driven from her course, landed on a small island called Santa Catherina. A hundred yards or so from the shore the fisherman found an old Spanish ship very much weather-beaten, but otherwise in good condition. She was high up on the rocks, where she had evidently been cast up by some great tidal wave. On going aboard, the men found the deck covered with human skeletons. Being very superstitious they fled in terror. Going at once to the nearest Spanish port they related their discovery. Some of the government officers persuaded them to return with them and the ship was found to be the long lost Hispaniola.

"In searching the ship, the treasure was found undisturbed, but the most singular discovery was that revealed by the twelve skeletons which lay in the cabin at the stern of the boat. Eleven had rusty cutlasses gripped tightly in their bony fingers, and one, a pistol. One, much taller than the rest, about which the others lay in a semi-circle, seemed to have died with his back to the side of the ship, as if defending himself. On the ankle bones were anklets with the connecting chain broken in twain. From the left wrist hung a pair of handcuffs and in the right hand, which was free, was an unusually large cutlass. In the forehead was a hole made by a bullet which was found fastened in the bone inside the skull. There was no doubt but that this skeleton was the remains of Captain de Castro.

"It is supposed that after the *Hispaniola* became separated from her convoys there was a mutiny; the sailors seizing the ship and killing all of the officers but the captain who was placed in irons; after which the crew, who numbered thirty, quarreled among themselves over the treasure until only eleven were left. About this time, Captain de Castro evidently freed himself, obtained a cutlass and attacked the whole gang, killing or wounding them all before he was shot with the pistol, probably by one of the crew who was mortally wounded. One thing which seemed very singular was that the fight took place in the cabin on the first deck, a part of the ship a long distance from the treasure chamber in the hold.

"Of his sister Inez, there was discovered not the slightest trace and it is supposed that she jumped overboard to escape a worse fate."



My discovery of the existing history concerning the queer vessel on which I passed so many delightful hours, and with which is connected the strangest experience of my somewhat eventful life, has prompted me to write the story out. I have done so, dear reader, and I pray your indulgence.

SYNOPSIS of the two preceding chapters—A sailor lad cast ashore on the island of Santa Catherina, makes many startling discoveries. Among them is a Spanish treasure ship, the "*Hispaniola*," said to be haunted, which he explores, finding a secret state room. In this he finds a woman's skeleton, with an old bracelet on the arm bone, which bears evidence of injury, and a wealth of strange jewelry, each piece bearing a family crest and a Latin inscription. These he packs in a box and secrets in his chest on board the ship by which he departs. On arrival at Baltimore the lad is arrested on a charge of mutiny, and imprisoned. Returning to the ship, on his release, he finds his chest ripped open and his precious box gone with no clue to its whereabouts. Three years later he sees an advertisement in the *New York Herald* asking for information concerning the box, and here the second chapter ends.



AMERICAN ART AT POLAND

Fourteenth Annual Exhibition One of Most Diversified
and Interesting of Important Series



NO SPECIAL feature at Poland Spring adds more to its high character than the annual exhibition of American art, emphasizing as it does, the dignity and exclusiveness, refinement and culture of the place. Probably at no other resort in the world is a similar exhibition maintained upon the same lines and it bespeaks volumes for the generosity and public spirit of the management, for, financially, it is what would, elsewhere, be considered an expensive luxury.

In many ways the exhibition ranks as the most important of the thirteen which have preceded it, delightful in its charming diversity of landscapes, marines, portrait, figure and flower subjects, miniatures and sculpture.

Added interest is also given by the presence of several pictures painted especially for the exhibition, and much has been made of the peculiar and attractive features of the gallery in hanging and arrangement, the light being admirable by both day and evening. Each alcove contains some surprise, some treasure and, never viewed in its entirety, the collection holds its admirers captive day after day, and week after week. Like a rare book, one studies it again and again, always with new pleasure and added understanding.

LANDSCAPES PREDOMINATE

In the list of exhibitors one finds the names of nearly all of those prominent in the modern school, and whose contributions are enjoyed at the leading exhibitions in this country and abroad. In all one hundred and thirty-eight paintings in oil and water color, twenty-nine miniatures and fourteen pieces of sculpture are shown, landscapes predominating.

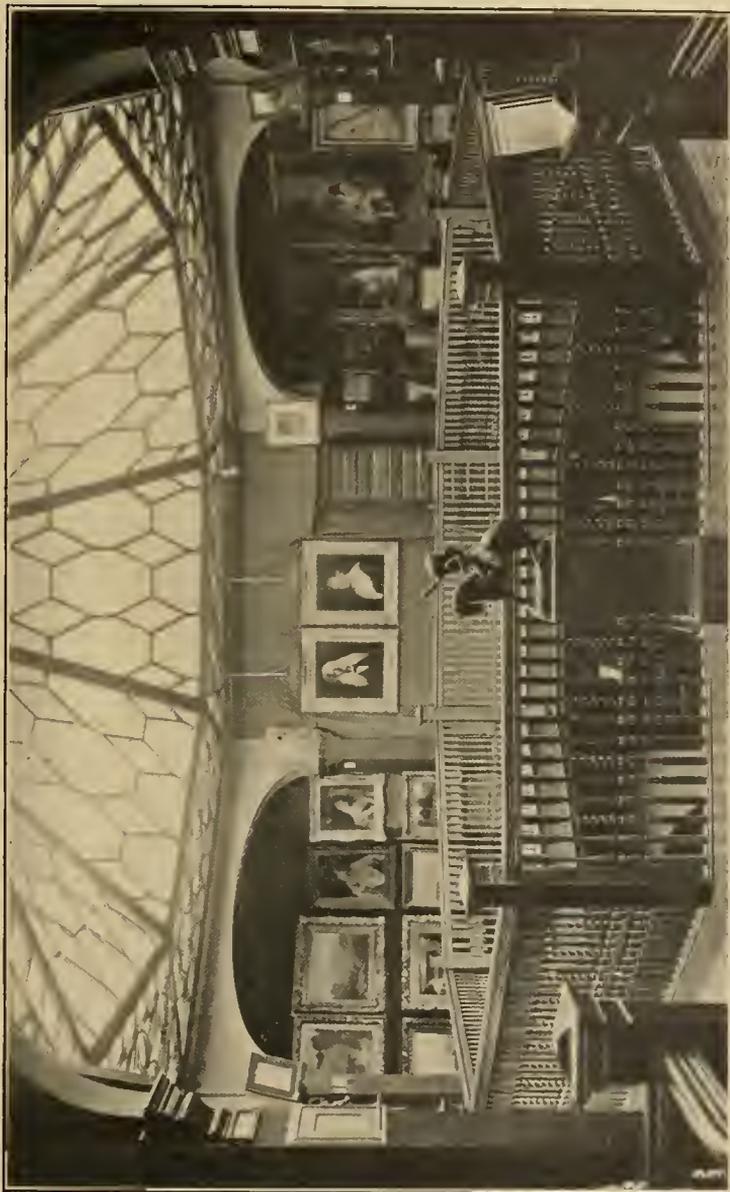
Among the latter is "The Edge of the

Hill" (No. 85), by Hermann Dudley Murphy, a broad, simple and yet powerful treatment, of cool, blue distance set off by a warm, greenish-ochre foreground, a strong clump of trees in the middle distance, giving character. "The Surf" (No. 70), by the same artist, is a dainty bit of color as fascinating as a piece of Sevrés.

Another refreshing canvas is "Towering Clouds" (No. 96), by William J. Kaula; a simple landscape with a wondrous sky of wind clouds, and a bunch of slender trees. Walter L. Dean shows a crisp, fragrant, decorative study of surf in "Off White Head" (No. 82), and H. H. Gallison a broad and effective impressionistic treatment of sunlight and shadow in mountain scenery, "Sunset" (No. 74). Cullen Yates sends a moonlight (No. 45) with much of Corot's subtlety of color.

Charles Herbert Woodbury's "Irish Sea" (No. 92) is another of the marines by this artist coming from "Midocean's" vogue. J. H. Fry shows in "An Idyll of the Grand Canyon" (No. 9), a large canvas of much strength and rich color, and Mrs. Fry a small canyon picture (No. 47) and a dainty autumn pastel (No. 105). Edmund C. Tarbell and Childe Hassam send impressionistic landscapes (Nos. 54 and 63), similar in subject and excellently handled, the former possessing strength and the latter delicacy.

John J. Enneking has a vigorous canvas (No. 94) and Elliott Daingerfield a light and cloud effect (No. 95) with all the force of an Innes. There are two of Leon Dabo's weird effects (Nos. 80 and 81) painted from the same pallet, a sheep picture with a background of blooming apple trees (No. 52) by J. A. S. Monks, a winter woodland subject by Joseph Lauber (No. 48), a rich au-



THE ART GALLERY AT POLAND
Portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Ricker, Sr., fittingly
occupying the place of honor

tumn scene by John Gordon Saxton (No. 68), two excellent examples of the work of H. Bolton Jones (Nos. 4 and 18), a marine by Ben Foster (No. 46), an evening picture by I. A. Josephi (No. 38), a spring twilight effect by C. G. Alexander (No. 20), a cleverly painted bit of distance by Harold A. Streater (No. 49), a foreign village street by Williard L. Metcalf (No. 62), two excellent things by C. C. Cooper and Mrs. Cooper (Nos. 104 and 135), and a well executed study of sand dunes (No. 35) by Marcus Waterman.

PORTRAITS AND FIGURES

The examples of portraits and figures are particularly pleasing, notable among these being "Girl with Apple Blossoms" (No. 44), a symphony in soft green, painted expressly for this exhibition by Douglas Volk. "Ave Maria" (No. 26) owned by Mr. A. Lincoln Seligman, is also shown.

Frank W. Benson shows a daring treatment of sunshine and shadow, in "The Seashell" (No. 56), William Paxton and A. M. Hazard boldly executed heads (Nos. 78 and 71), and F. Luis Mora a snappy and characteristic Spanish figure study with a landscape background (No. 37).

Ernest L. Major's "Golden Bowl" (No. 42) is rich and decorative in color and Marion Powers shows a wonderful color effect in her picture of a child with a basket of oranges (No. 97).

Charles C. Curran's "Purity" (No. 25), is exquisitely wrought, and E. L. Ipsen's "Portrait of Miss C." (No. 7) splendid in line and pose. Louise Cox shows a broadly executed life size portrait of a child (No. 55), and I. H. Caliga a profile of brilliant color (No. 65). J. Carrol Beckwith sends a striking study in light and shade (No. 40), and a clever sketch (No. 131), and Philip L. Hale a novel child's portrait (No. 34).

Ellen G. Emmet who carried away \$10,000 in commissions at her Boston exhibit, two years ago, sends a strong head (No. 64), and Mary B. Hazleton's "Rainbow Cup" (No. 87) is well done.

Edmund C. Tarbell sends a portrait sketch (No. 30), Miss Ava de Lagercrantz a pastel portrait (No. 110), and there are two striking portraits of the late Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Ricker (Nos. 67 and 66) executed in the characteristic style of Robert W. Vonnoh and I. H. Caliga.

There are two unusual pictures of interest, one an allegorical landscape with figures by Samuel Isham (No. 15), and a wierd witch picture by W. R. Derrick (No. 39).

Miss de Lagercrantz shows an exquisite head of a collie in "Rob Roy" (No. 19) and Sid Brackett a pleasing head study of dogs in "Chums" (No. 21).

Among the most refreshing of the numerous flower studies are Adelaide Palmer's "American Beauties" (No. 33) and Anna E. Hardy's "Peonies" (No. 41).

In addition are a score or more well-known artists, all sending excellent pictures, among them: J. G. Brown, Abbott Graves, F. P. Vinton, Kenyon Cox, Dwight Blaney, J. H. Hatfield, Ross Turner, Walter Saterlee, Alexander Pope, A. H. Bicknell, E. H. Garrett.

MINIATURES AND SCULPTURE

The collection of miniatures is particularly fascinating including a case of three from Alice Beckington, among them "Helen" (No. 167) which was a prize winner at the Pan-American Exposition. Others represented include Rhoda Holmes Nicholls, Anna B. Kindlund, Miss de Lagercrantz, I. A. Josephi, Thomas Brock, Sally M. Cross, Jean N. Oliver, Evelyn Purdie, Ellen M. Moore, Helen T. Hammond, and Grace W. Geer.

Among the works of sculpture "Circe," a gracefully posed and beautifully modeled figure, and an angry baby, by Edith W. Burroughs, a mounted Indian by C. E. Dallin, a crouching panther by John A. Wilson, and a male figure holding an American eagle aloft, by Anna Coleman Ladd, are easily the best. The bust of Major Higginson by Bela L. Pratt which is to rest permanently in Symphony Hall, Boston, is also shown.

MIDSEASON MERRYMAKING

Country Supper, Candy Pull, Corn Roast, Musicales
and Ball Game Fill Out Week at Poland Spring



MIDSEASON merrymaking has rounded out a week of rare enjoyment at Poland Spring, a week long to be pleasantly remembered because of its unique character; Mrs. H. P. Dixon, Mrs. S. M. Inman, Mrs. Benj. E. Cole and others, proving themselves charming entertainers.

As for affairs in the open air there have been many, Tuesday's ball game, the women's golf championship and two riding parties bringing together groups of congenial people on sport and pleasure bent.

MRS. DIXON'S GUESTS

Among the most delightful of the week's social diversions and one of the most unique occasions of its kind ever given here, was a "country supper" given at Dry Mills, by Mrs. H. P. Dixon of Wallingford, Pa., for a large party of friends, replete with novelty and surprise, merriment and good cheer reigning supreme.

The party left the hotel late in the afternoon, autos, saddle horses and carriages conveying them to the rendezvous, eight miles distant, the return home being made by the late moonlight. Spread in the open, lantern-lit pavillion, was a long table decorated with wild flowers and lighted by candles stuck in bottles, with rustic favors at each plate; a porcupine made of bright red apples and toothpicks for the women, and corncob pipes for the men, and a monster sour pickle as the "first course" for each and all.

Then maidens, in country garb, brought on the goodies—delicious broiled spring chicken, sweet and juicy green corn, mealy potatoes and, last of all, luscious doughnuts in shiny tin pans, creamy cheese on blue platters, amber

coffee in monster white cups, with mixed candy, stick candy and popcorn for dessert.

'Mid the fragrant aroma of corncobs, the merrymaking began, songs and laughter awakening woods' echoes, the arrival of a real country orchestra, cowhide boots, jeans, fiddle and all, setting the feet of both young and old a-twitching, one of the older couples starting the fun with a cake walk in which many joined, dancing and general merrymaking rounding out hours which passed all too quickly.

The guests:

Mr. and Mrs. Clayton Dixon, Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Sutphin, Mr. and Mrs. Garret A. Hobart, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Wickwire, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Elkins, Jr., Mrs. A. von Goutard, Mr. and Mrs. James G. Lindsay, Mrs. I. B. Johnson, Mrs. W. H. Lord, Dr. and Mrs. E. Winslow Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. S. P. Holton, Mrs. E. P. Ricker, Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell Wyeth, Mrs. W. A. Vose, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Whartman, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Mitchell, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Dornan, Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Inman, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Hincks, Dr. and Mrs. W. S. Harban, Mrs. R. F. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. C. Brokaw, Master Brokaw.

The Misses Lindsay, Miss Childs, Miss Reed, Miss Stinson, Miss Johnson, the Misses Taylor, Miss Anna Taylor, Miss Vose, Miss Pettit, Miss Ricker, Miss Jones, Miss Clark, Miss Sawtelle, Miss Sawyer, Miss Dexter, Miss Brown, Miss Chick, Miss Hallock, Miss Dixon, Mr. Dayton Voorhees, Mr. W. C. Chick, Mr. Howard Holton, Mr. John Holton, Mr. Rumsey Green, Mr. L. Watson, Mr. Hathaway Watson, Mr. C. C. Lindsay, Mr. Philip Lindsay, Mr. D. C. Nugent, Jr., Mr. C. S. Inman, Mr. N. Allen Pettitt, Mr. W. J. Flather, Jr., Mr. James

McNeil, Mr. W. A. Wickwire, Mr. R. T. Dyer and Mr. E. P. Ricker, Jr.

MRS. INMAN'S SURPRISE

Among the novel affairs of the week, and an occasion of much enjoyment, was a surprise candy pull, arranged for the younger set by Mrs. S. M. Inman, whose interest and originality adds so much to the social life of the place.

Some thirty of the younger people were included in the invitation list and drawn to the kitchen on some slight pretext, where they found two cleverly disguised chefs hard at work in the preparation of making delicious molasses candy.

Later came a candy pull with a prize for the most expert confectioner, Mr. D. C. Nugent, Jr., carrying off the trophy, after all sorts of amusing complications, which resulted from a lack of knowledge of the real affection molasses candy can show when given the opportunity.

So cleverly did the chefs (Mr. Garret A. Hobart and George W. Elkins, Jr.) carry out their part that several of the generous men in the party insisted upon loading them down with liberal tips as a slight evidence of appreciation for staying indoors when they might have been enjoying the moonlight.

The company included much the same group that enjoyed Thursday evening's ride and for a downright frolic it will long be remembered.

SUPPER AND CORN ROAST

Riding continues society's recreation, exclusive and supreme, interest of the week centering in a ride to Sabbathday Lake for supper, Thursday evening, and a corn roast at Lower Lake, Friday. Arrangements were in the hands of Mrs. S. M. Inman of Atlanta, who chaperoned the party, the company including Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Sutphin, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Elkins, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Clayton G. Dixon, Miss Taylor, Miss Anna Taylor, Miss Vose, the Misses Lindsay, Miss Pettit, Miss Chick, Miss Childs, Miss Stinson, Miss Reed, Miss

Johnson, Miss Dixon, Mr. W. C. Chick, Mr. J. C. McNeil, Mr. Davis Pearson, Mr. R. Green, Mr. Howard Holton, Mr. F. Weyth, Mr. C. C. Lindsay, Mr. W. J. Flather, Jr., Mr. C. S. Inman, Mr. H. Watson, Mr. L. Watson.

Among the women who are much in the saddle and accomplished equestriennes, are Mrs. S. M. Inman, Mrs. S. B. Sutphin, Mrs. A. von Goutard, Mrs. G. W. Elkins, Jr., the Misses Campbell, the Misses Lindsay, Miss Stewart, Miss Jones, Miss Hallock, Miss Johnson, Miss Kerl and Miss Childs.

MRS. COLE ENTERTAINS

Mrs. Benj. E. Cole of Wenham, Mass., assisted by Miss Brown, entertained forty friends and acquaintances in the Music hall, Wednesday afternoon. The room was tastefully decorated with palms and cut flowers, tea being served following the musical program.

Mr. James G. Lindsay of Philadelphia, entertained a few friends at euchre, Monday evening, and a large euchre party was enjoyed Thursday.

BASEBALL HOLDS THE CROWD

Interest in affairs out of doors centred in Tuesday afternoon's ball game between the "guests" and "bell hops," the former winning by nine to eight in play which was red hot from start to finish, the guests gaining the lead at the first try at the bat, but with their opponents close after them throughout.

Several hundred people enjoyed the game, awakening to the fact that there are at least eighteen real ball players on the hilltop and, without doubt, the game will be the first of many, for the victors are naturally "chesty," and the losers "determined."

Errors were few and hits less, but reckless base running and snappy work on the infield and out, with always the possibility that the "under dogs" would tie the score, kept interest keyed high.

The features of the game were an assist by Elliott, who robbed Colony of a hit by fielding a fast one to first, and Elkins' steal home in the last inning and

scoring what proved to be the winning run. McLean, on second, played a fast game and J. Holton made a difficult catch of a fly, at deep short, in the third inning. Sutphin pitched a great game, scoring eight strike-outs, and fielding his position well.

The make-up of the winning team included S. B. Sutphin of Philadelphia, who did the twirling; H. Watson of Brookline, who wore the mitts; Allen Pettit of Philadelphia, who held down first, with H. Holton, J. M. Holton, and G. W. Elkins, Jr., all of Philadelphia, at second, short and third, respectively. In the outfield J. C. McNeil of Newton, H. Maxwell of Philadelphia, and R. A. Elliot of Greenwich, took care of all that came their way.

For the losers the line-up was: Neil, ss.; Rouillard, c.; McLean, 2; Colomy, r.f.; McFarland, 3d; Smith, 1st; Joy, c.f.; Scannell, l.f.; Kinsella and Butler, pitchers.

The score by innings:

GUESTS	...	3	0	1	2	0	0	3	x—9
BELL BOYS	0	1	0	1	2	0	2	2—8	

And last but by no means least, was the remarkable umpiring of young Hiram Ricker, who advertised to suit all comers and made rules "while you wait," deliver the goods in wholesale lots, F.O.B., two off for cash!

THE WOMEN'S CHAMPIONSHIP

The annual Women's Championship event for the "Ivers cup," is in progress as NORTHWARD-Ho! goes to press, and attracting general interest.

The field of participants includes Mrs. J. R. Wickwire of Ardsley, the title holder, Miss Georgianna M. Bishop, former champion, of Brooklawn, Mrs. G. W. Elkins, Jr., Miss Marguerite Pettit and Miss Helen B. Stinson of Philadelphia Country, Mrs. H. P. Dixon and Mrs. C. G. Dixon of Springhaven, Mrs. W. H. Ford and Miss Mabel Chick of Oakley, Miss Mary W. Childs of Nassau, Mrs. S. M. Inman of Atlanta, Mrs. Frank Enos of Englewood, and Miss Bessie Fenn of South Poland.

The trophies are gold and silver

medals for the best qualification scores, sterling cups for the winner and runner-up.

Booked for the week to come is a match play handicap with handsome cups for the winner and runner-up, the week following the match handicap for trophies contributed by Mr. and Mrs. I. B. Johnson to be played.

AMONG THE GUESTS

One does not connect fishing with Poland Spring, nevertheless, there are several devoted followers of Isaac Walton here, among them James G. Lindsay, G. W. Elkins, S. B. Stinson, Dr. E. Winslow Taylor and Byron P. Moulton, all of the Quaker City. Hardly a week passes that they do not bring in fine strings, recent catches including a number of fine bass ranging from 2 to 5³/₄ pounds in weight and running from a dozen to a score in numbers. And it is more for sport than for fishing that these anglers assemble, Mr. Lindsay and Mr. Elkins being chums of years acquaintance and as much "boys" when together to-day, as they were forty years ago. Many are the frolics they enjoy while waiting for the bass to bite, and they add to the zest and interest of life as the years cross the meridian.

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Elkins and Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Elkins, Jr., are back from a short trip along the Maine coast in their private yacht, which ended at the SamOset.

Mrs. Mary H. Shipe of Washington, joins her sister, Mrs. W. S. Harban, and will remain through the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Benj. Neilds of Wilmington, Del., are here for a long sojourn.

Mrs. Myron Whitney, Jr., of New York, prominent in musical circles of the metropolis, is among the week's arrivals.

Mrs. M. S. Quay of Washington, and Mrs. D. J. Thayer of Pittsburg, are spending several weeks here. Mrs. Quay is the widow of the late Senator Quay of Pennsylvania.

HIGHBALLS AND STRAIGHTS

Novel Pitching Served at Game Between Kineo Guests and Regulars—Other Events of Busy Week



WONDROUS August days of crisp air and glorious sunshine, have kept Kinco's great crowd of mid-season visitors much out of doors during the week past, and as for diversion, there has been little to be desired.

Golf and rifle shooting, riding and driving, canoeing and fishing have been happily mingled with informal social pleasures, a real old time, laughter provoking baseball farce the week's special attraction.

BASEBALL CLAIMS LION'S SHARE

Baseball is claiming a lion's share of attention, the season's games indicating very clearly that this season's team is the snappiest ever gathered here. Not only are the boys quick on their feet and steady in their work, but the nine possesses what it has lacked for several years past, a goodly percentage of hard and sure hitters. Always Kineo has had the advantage over visitors in fielding, owing to the peculiarities of the grounds, but this year with the added advantage of an even start with the willow, they are making it warm for all comers.

The bright and particular stars of the aggregation are the two crack pitchers, Dury A. Nordeen of the Williston Seminary team, and William S. Monroe of Bridgton, with Joseph F. Doran of Williston, behind the bat. Onia H. Chaffee of the Ormond, Florida, team, will again hold down first, with Frank Fellows of the Eastern Maine Conference School, at second, Clarence W. Smith of the crack Carolina team, Pinehurst, N. C., at third, and Captain James Scales covering short. Frank Fitzgerald, captain of the old Kineo's—"home run Fitz"—speedy Nelson A. Scales of the

University of Maine, and B. S. Haley of Williston, make up the balance of the team, the pitchers alternating in the field when they are not in the box or on the bench.

HIGH BALLS AND STRAIGHTS

A ball game between the "regulars" and the "guests" filled in an open date, Thursday afternoon; the latter winning with the help of Umpire Prince, 4-11-44 to Skiddoo-23.

There was no end of fun, Manager Judkins' heavy hitting resulting in the presentation of a monster banquet by admiring friends, and C. M. Clark's pitching in a lame arm.

The "sphere" used was a trifle smaller than a football, and most of the curves were high balls with a few straights for chasers!

AT THE RIFLE BUTTS

Easily the most interesting rifle tournament of the season was the special tournament for the beautiful trophies presented by Mrs. E. H. Outerbridge, quite a crowd assembling to follow the match, and added interest being given by the presentation of two trophies for second and third prizes for women, by Mr. L. B. Adams of New York, and a second prize for men, by Mr. H. C. Warren of New Haven.

Mr. and Mrs. James K. Clarke of Philadelphia, carried off the first prizes with scores of one hundred and fifty and one hundred and twenty-one. Mrs. M. D. Paterson and Miss A. K. Robinson, both of New York, finishing second and third among the women with one hundred and ninety-nine, and Mr. L. B. Adams of New York, and Mr. Nelson Dougherty of Brooklyn, second and third among the men, with one hundred and thirty-seven and one hundred and twenty-six.

The event was at standard targets, twenty yards, four strings of five shots each, a possible two hundred.

The scores by strings:

MEN

J. K. Clarke,	29	43	38	40—150
L. B. Adams,	39	32	31	35—137
Nelson Dougherty,	21	34	31	40—126
Dr. Rowland Cox,	26	33	32	26—117
S. T. Castner,	25	27	32	29—113
T. L. Smith,	26	23	27	26—102
Henry Sheaffer,	20	30	16	14—80
H. C. Warren,	14	19	21	18—72
A. B. Waring,	21	12	9	23—65

WOMEN

Mrs. J. K. Clarke,	26	30	33	32—121
Mrs. M. D. Paterson,	21	28	17	34—100
Miss A. K. Robinson,	19	24	30	26—99
Mrs. C. A. Judkins,	28	23	24	21—96
Miss Bessie Adams,	26	20	23	25—94
Mrs. W. A. McGibbon,	20	20	19	29—88
Miss Ethel Outerbridge,	19	17	30	17—83
Miss Clarice Paterson,	21	17	25	50—82

Mrs. W. A. McGibbon of New York, won the special handicap event, shooting with an allowance of forty-two and scoring one hundred and seven. Other scores were Mrs. Paterson, 57—35—92; Miss Adams, 56—40—96; Miss Outerbridge, 48—43—91; Mr. Hanson, 57—43—90; Dr. Cox, 53—31—84; Mr. Clarke, 70—12—82; Mr. Judkins, 49—33—82; Miss Robinson, 35—43—78; Mr. McGibbon, 44—33—77; Mrs. Hanson, 42—34—76; Mrs. Judkins, 40—31—71; Mrs. Clarke, 57—18—75; Miss Paterson, 39—31—70.

In Tuesday's shoot in the contest for the James K. Clarke cups, Dr. Cox led with a score of fifty-four with Mr. Judkins second in fifty-two; Mrs. Judkins scoring fifty-four and Mrs. Paterson fifty.

In the contest for the N. C. Nash trophies, Mr. Clarke scored seventy and Mr. Hanson fifty-seven, Mrs. Clarke and Mrs. Paterson making fifty-seven each.

MATCH PLAY GOLF HANDICAP

Golf interest centered in a nine-hole match play handicap which attracted a field of thirty participants and developed keen play throughout, young Austin J. Feuchtwanger winning the eighteen-hole finals from George L. Crozer, Jr., of Philadelphia, by four up.

In qualification Lloyd Williams of New York, with a handicap of sixteen, made the best net score in thirty-two, Austin Feuchtwanger forty-three being the best gross card, by the margin of a stroke.

The story of play is told in the following scores and summary:

QUALIFICATION

Lloyd Williams, New York,	48	16	32
Judge G. G. Perkins, Covington, Ky.,	49	15	34
Rev. Edgar Cope, Philadelphia,	54	20	34
E. F. Eidlitz, New York,	52	18	34
Mr. W. E. Truesdall, New York,	50	14	36
Austin J. Feuchtwanger, Madison,	43	6	37
Geo. L. Crozer, Jr., Philadelphia,	47	10	37
Gilbert J. Perkins, Pasadena,	53	15	*38

FAILED TO QUALIFY

J. B. Kinley, Philadelphia,	51	13	38
Jas. Timpson, New York,	53	14	39
Henry Feuchtwanger, Madison,	44	5	39
J. Hurd Hutchins, Boston,	45	5	40
Miss Hyde, Yonkers,	55	15	40
William Forster, Yonkers,	61	50	41
Franklin Lockwood, New York,	46	6	40
Geo. J. Lovely, New York,	50	9	41
R. Arai, Riverside,	60	18	42
Y. Arai, Riverside,	62	20	42
J. Henry Hentz, 3d, Philadelphia,	50	8	42
Walter Hentz, Philadelphia,	48	6	42
Miss Havemeyer, Yonkers,	61	18	43
Y. Murai, Riverside,	58	15	43
M. N. Klein, Philadelphia,	66	20	46
A. M. McBirney, Philadelphia,	60	12	46
Miss Truesdall, New York,	65	16	46
M. Cooper, Jr., New York,	63	14	46
W. W. Forster, Yonkers,	75	20	55

*Won tie play-off on a toss.

MATCH PLAY

FIRST ROUND.—Feuchtwanger beat Perkins, 3 and 2; Judge Perkins beat Williams, 1 up; Crozer beat Rev. Cope, 3 and 2; Truesdall beat Eidlitz, 1 up.

SEMI-FINALS.—Feuchtwanger beat Judge Perkins, 3 up; Crozer beat Truesdall, 1 up (10 holes).

FINALS.—Feuchtwanger beat Crozer, 4 up (18 holes).

MINIATURE GOLF

Miniature golf continues popular, Saturday's tournament attracting a field of forty participants and a goodly crowd of interested onlookers, Mrs. M. D. Paterson of New York, defeating Mr. Franklin Lockwood, also of New York, in the final round. Other contestants included: Miss Havemeyer, Mrs. James Timpson, Miss Bessie Adams, Mr. Carl Timpson, Mrs. Franklin Lockwood.

Miss Mabel Sebree, New York; Mrs. Kenneth Wood, Pawtucket; Mr. S. A. Castner, Miss Dorothy Kinley, Master Howard Rowland, Miss Elizabeth Carstairs, Philadelphia; Miss Olney, Providence; Miss Gertrude Flannagan, Mr. Edward Flannagan, Boston.

YACHT CLUB ORGANIZATION

Permanent organization of the "Moosehead Lake Yacht Club" was an important feature of the week, the culmination of interest aroused last season. Of the \$10,000 necessary for the proposed new club house, practically every dollar has been raised and the success of the project assured, work of building to be begun this fall.

C. M. Clark of New York, is the commodore, other officers including: W. H. Dougherty of Brooklyn, Vice-Commodore; Stanton I. Hanson of New York, Rear-Commodore; James K. Clarke of Philadelphia, Fleet Captain; Dr. Rowland Cox of New York, Fleet Surgeon; G. E. Cooley of New York, Secretary; C. A. Judkins of Kineo, Treasurer.

Probably no recent movement means more to the section, meeting as it does a demand created by progressive growth.

As previously announced the second annual motor boat handicap is booked for Saturday afternoon next.

HERE AND THERE

Among the week's most delightful features was a benefit concert for Mrs. James Geaghan of Boston, whose singing has been enjoyed for several seasons past and whose willingness to oblige has made many friends. The result was a special sale of tickets—a visible indication of appreciation—the company in attendance taxing the capacity of the Music Hall.

Mrs. Geaghan's numbers were happily selected and she was admirably accompanied by the hotel orchestra, encores being the rule throughout, for she has never appeared to better advantage or sung with more sweetness, sympathy and power.

The program:

	PONCHIELLI	
Selections from La Gioconda	Orchestra	
	OLD FRENCH	
Come Sweet Morning		Mrs. Geaghan
	GOUNOD	
Sing, Smile, Slumber		Mrs. Geaghan
Cello obligato by Mr. Maxwell		
	SARASATE	
Zigeunerweisen		Mr. Holding
	BEACH	
Ah! Love But a Day		Mrs. Geaghan
	CHADWICK	
The Danza		Mrs. Geaghan
	ARDITI	
Parla		Mrs. Geaghan

Miss Elizabeth Olney, the hotel librarian, is concluding her second series of library talks, the subjects including "Old Norridgewock," "Old London," "Robert Browning," and "A Surrey Town."

Mr. R. L. Gordon of Oklahoma, is the guest of Mrs. A. J. Butler of Washington.

Mr. L. Havemeyer of Hartford, is the guest of Mrs. J. C. Havemeyer of Yonkers.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Williams of New York, recently entertained Miss Stott of Stottville, N. Y., who is spending the summer at Attean Camp, Jackman.

Judge and Mrs. Arthur W. Seeligson and three children of San Antonio, Tex., are here for a long sojourn.

Miss A. D. Robinson of Pittsburg, is the guest of Rev. W. R. Turner and his wife, of Philadelphia.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry White of Boston, are late arrivals making the trip to Greenville by auto.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Sheaffer, Mrs. Paul Sheaffer of Pottsville, Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Weed of Brookline, Mr. Clinton G. Harris and Miss Harris of Germantown, are the guests of Mr. Henry Sheaffer.

Among other late arrivals are Mr. and Mrs. Henry Brown, Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Owen, Mr. and Mrs. S. Castner of Philadelphia; Mr. and Mrs. John Kearny and Miss Kearny of Washington.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Conklin, and family of Atlanta, are spending August at Deer Island, being unable to secure accommodations here.

Late additions to the golfing contingent include Mrs. S. DeKosenko, Miss Rosalie Raynor and Miss A. R. Strauss.

Mr. A. B. Butler of Washington joins his family for the season.

AN IDEAL "KINEO DAY"

Sunday was an ideal "Kineo day," clear, crisp and beautiful, and the entire household joined in the enjoyment of it, riding, driving, walking and canoeing, while many enjoyed steamer rides.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanton I. Hanson gave a motor-boat party to a number of friends, for a sail about the lake, later meeting Mr. W. A. McGibbon, who joins his wife at Kineo Station.

Mrs. W. H. Pitkin, Miss Hastings and Miss E. Winifred Pitkin of Albany, and Miss L. L. Jaquith of Worcester, had the Somerset for the day.

Mrs. Charles Martin of Baltimore, gave a party on the Eleanor, for Mr. and Mrs. Baltzar de Mari and son of Philadelphia.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Cushing of New York, made a trip to Camp Wildwood where their son is spending the summer.

Those who enjoyed the day on Moose river were Mr. Lyman B. Goff of Pawtucket, Mr. A. H. Rosengarten of Philadelphia, Mr. E. J. Mitton of Boston, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Truesdall and Miss Dorothy Truesdall of New York.

Mrs. Richard Butler and friends, enjoyed a buckboard ride to the Farm; Mr. Butler, Miss Butler and Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Bronner leading on horseback.

Dr. S. MacCuen Smith and party, spent the day at Camp Porcupine, Brasau Lake, with Mr. and Mrs. Harlan Page and party of Philadelphia.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur B. Waring entertained on the Kineo with a sail about the lake, refreshments being served during the afternoon, the guests including Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Bell, Miss Bell, Mrs. J. C. Havemeyer, Miss Ann Hyde, Miss Giovanni.

INFORMAL PLEASURES

Mr. and Mrs. Emil Baumgarten, Mrs. Cornelius Doremus, Mr. and Mrs.

Henry Feuchtwanger, Mrs. M. D. Paterson, Mrs. W. A. McGibbon, Miss Bessie Adams, Mr. L. B. Adams, Mr. and Mrs. Lyman Dennison of New York, Dr. A. D. Atkinson of Boston, and Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Castner of Philadelphia, enjoyed supper at the West Outlet Camps, Saturday evening.

A straw ride to the Farm as the guest of Miss Clarice E. Paterson of New York, was enjoyed by a party of young people, Sunday afternoon. Tea was served and the return made in the early evening. Those who shared this pleasure were Miss Elizabeth Carstairs of Philadelphia, Miss Mio Arai, Miss Toyo Murai, and Master Yum Arai of Riverside, Ct., Mr. Austin and Miss Aline Feuchtwanger of New York.

A group consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. E. Marcus, Miss Carstairs and Dr. Rowland Cox of New York, Mrs. C. N. Martin of Baltimore, and Mrs. DeMare of Philadelphia, were visitors at the camp of Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Ferguson, Jr., of Stamford, recently, making the trip on the Olivette.

Mr. and Mrs. James K. Clarke entertained very pleasantly in the Grill Room, during the week, christening the cups won in the rifle tournament.

MANY ENJOY WILDERNESS PLEASURES

Many are enjoying wilderness pleasures, among them Mr. W. H. Dougherty, Miss Nanno and Mr. Nelson of Brooklyn, who are making the Allegash trip with Miss Betty Collamore of Boston, and Mr. Thompson of New York, as their guests.

Mrs. W. H. Pitkin, Miss H. Winifred Pitkin, and Miss Hastings of New Haven, and Miss L. L. Jaquith of Worcester, Dr. A. D. Atkinson and Mr. Philip Gardner of Boston, Dr. Charles L. Nichols of Worcester and Mr. J. S. Brayton of Fall River, are also on Allegash waters.

Mr. V. S. Allen and Mr. L. Richards, Jr., of Stamford, Ct.; Mr. A. W. Cuddeback of Paterson, Mr. T. Merriam, Essex Falls; Mr. and Mrs. George L. Crozer, Jr., of Urland, Pa.; Mr. and Mrs. Harold of Mason, Pa.; Mr. C. B. Smith of New York, are back from woods trips.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Warren of New Haven, return from a week at Lobster Lake.

GOLF BASEBALL AND BRIDGE

Sports in the Open Air Keep Visitors at the Rangeley and Belgrade Lakes Pleasantly Occupied



VISITORS at the Rangeley Lake house have spent much of the week at the card tables, many entertaining; dinners, dancing and sailing parties filling in many enjoyable hours, golf and baseball claiming interest in out-door sports, perfect days making all wonder if there is to be any real "August" weather this season.

MISS DILL THrice CHAMPION

Golf maintains its lead in popularity, the week's attraction being the annual "Rangeley Lakes Women's Championship" for handsome trophies contributed by Mr. Thomas H. Bauchle of New York, President of the Oquossoc Golf Club, a good field participating. Miss Helen Dill of East Orange was the winner of the coveted title, "thrice champion," defeating Mrs. F. A. Winslow of New York, eight and seven in the finals. In the semi-finals Miss Dill beat her sister, Miss Dill, two and one, and Mrs. Winslow, Miss Susan Dill, four and three.

Mixed foursomes added a semi-social side to the game, Mr. A. M. Maris and Miss Dill, winning with a card of eighty-eight; Mr. F. B. Marsh, 2d, and Miss Anna Schaefer making second in ninety, other contestants were Mr. H. M. Maris and Miss Helen Dill, Mr. N. L. Shields and Mrs. Winslow, Mr. S. B. Shields and Miss Susan King, Mr. E. Roberts and Miss Napier, Mr. W. H. Trump and Miss Susan Dill, Mr. T. M. Marsh and Miss Seyms.

T. B. MARSH WINS HANDICAP

In the weekly medal play handicap F. B. Marsh led the field with a card of seventy-five net, playing with a handicap of seventy-five, a tie for second place resulting between T. M. Marsh

(16) and E. Napier (25), at seventy-eight each, the balance of the field close up, eighty-seven marking the limit. Other scores: H. M. Burrows, 94-15-79; W. H. Trump, 94-14-80; A. M. Maris, 96-16-80; W. H. Castle, 98-16-82; H. Napier, 107-25-82; C. B. Waterman, 93-10-83; G. S. Dunham, 93-10-83; C. E. Synnott, 96-13-83; F. Nehar, 105-20-85; L. L. Rue, 109-22-87; G. R. Souder, E. Roberts, D. A. Winslow, J. F. Parlett, M. Trump, R. J. Lewis, no cards.

ON THE DIAMOND

The opening baseball games promise much in the way of entertainment, the week's closely contested game with Mingo Springs being lost by the narrow margin of seven to eight: S. Shields, A. M. Maris, H. M. Maris, E. Richards, T. M. Marsh, F. B. Marsh, F. C. West, E. Lines and J. Porter in the local line-up.

Wednesday Mingo sent over its tennis experts, Messrs. Beman and Munyon, who defeated the house representatives, Messrs. T. M. and F. B. Marsh and, naturally, the next ball game is anticipated!

BRIDGE IN VOGUE

Bridge is much in vogue, among those who have entertained recently being Mrs. Frank Trainer, the Misses Castle and Miss Napier, Mrs. William C. Bowers, Mrs. Joseph F. Richards, Mrs. William C. Bowers, Mrs. Joseph F. Richards, Mr. William C. Bowers, Mrs. J. T. Richards and Mrs. Colt. Mrs. Harold Freeman of Philadelphia, giving a large party in honor of her friend, Mrs. Weidersheim, also of the Quaker City.

Reporting a most enjoyable trip, Mrs. J. M. Lasell and the Misses Lasell of Whitinsville, Mrs. A. W. Keeler, Mr. A. Star Keeler and Mr. Richard Knowles who stopped over recently on their way to Mrs. Lasell's camp at Kennebago, where they will spend two weeks.

MATCH GOLF AND BASEBALL

Guests at The Belgrade Enjoy Sport on Links and Diamond

Golf has rather outclassed fishing among guests at The Belgrade, tennis has its devotees and an occasional afternoon of baseball is combining happily with bridge, dancing and informal affairs, the hotel still filled and many being turned away daily.

Just at present a match play golf handicap for a cup contributed by Mr. Mark Day of New York, is occupying attention, the final rounds in progress as NORTHWARD-HO! goes to press, which makes a report next week necessary. Tennis devotees are interested in a tournament, now in progress, and this evening's hop is anticipated by the younger set.

MR. CHILDRESS' CUP

In last week's medal handicap sweep-stake event, J. W. Childress playing with an allowance of four strokes, pulled through a winner by a narrow margin of a single stroke with a net card of seventy-eight; H. F. Ives (scratch), second in seventy-nine, and Raymond Green (10), third in eighty-three.

S. Mitchell (12), scored eighty-four; Dr. H. R. Hagner (0) eighty-five; Miss Margaret Shailer (4), eighty-six; G. H. Buzby (8), eighty-seven; J. S. Hineman (15), eighty-nine; M. R. Williamson (6), ninety; Clark Day (8), ninety-two; Mrs. Day (30), ninety-nine, General Elliott (20), one hundred and six, and Mrs. Hagner (30), one hundred and twenty-two.

BASEBALL AND FISHING

Among recent fishing records is a string of fifty bass for General Elliott, averaging a good two pounds each in weight, a five-pound trout for Dr. Glover, and a four-pounder for Dr. Hagner. Mrs. Silkman leads the women with a 3½ pound trout, half a pound, better than a speckled beauty landed by her husband.

Friday's ball game between The Belgrade and village team resulted in a win for the hotel aggregation, twelve to five, plenty of hard hitting keeping interest keen in spite of the one-sided score.

LATE ARRIVALS

Among late arrivals are Mrs. N. C. Hunter, Mr. Frank Lawrence, Mr. Hunter, Mr. Frank Lawrence, Mr. Frank Anderson, Mr. Daniel Nelson, Mrs. J. Gwaltney, Mr. J. McCadden, New York; Mr. and Mrs. W. A. McLaughlin, Jr., East Orange; Mr. C. H. Athens, Mr. W. C. Athens, New Castle, Pa.; Mr. William S. Carrigan, Mr. Harry S. Buzby, Philadelphia; Miss Alice Faulkner, Boston; Mr. Andrew Derby, Mr. Henry Nichols, Salem.

ABOUT "MOTORING ABROAD"

Without Doubt the Summer's Most Delightful Volume

Among the most delightful books of the summer is "Motoring Abroad," by Frank Presbrey, (Outing Publishing Company) of particular interest in NORTHWARD-HO! territory owing to the general enjoyment of touring.

Not a dull page is there from cover to cover, and the reader is carried through Normandy, Brittany, Touraine, England, Scotland and Wales, chapter by chapter, with illustration and text. In addition is a final word, "Practical suggestions to those contemplating a foreign motor trip," replete with the keen observations and wise advice of a shrewd observer.

Mr. Presbrey is not only a fluent writer with an appreciative eye for the beautiful, but a keen appreciation for the humorous which adds a spice to almost every page of the volume.

The type is large, clear and clean, the paper wide margined and deckle-edged, artistic ornaments, and a wealth of half-tones, made from snap shots taken by the author, combine with the two color cover in making a volume of exceptional beauty.

WALTER J TRAVIS—W C CHICK

They Divide Honors in Poland Spring Championship—
Enthusiasm Unbounded and Success Gratifying



FROM start to finish the annual Poland Spring Amateur Championship Golf Tournament was a success beyond the expectations of those most enthusiastic concerning

it. Not only was the field of sixty participants nearly double the number expected, but it covered a wide range of territory and embraced a large percentage of prominent players.

As for enthusiasm it was unbounded, hundreds thronging the course during the progress of play and flocking about the score boards eight and ten deep. It was golf, golf, golf for three full days and Poland Spring enjoyed it, enjoyed it in spite of itself, for the tournament on its present lines, is an innovation and, in consequence, did not arouse general enthusiasm among the non-golfing element when first announced.

Taken all and all, the event marks a new era in the history of the game here, for already plans are making for the "second annual" event with the idea of having it the most important contest of the summer.

CHICK WINS GOLD MEDAL

Interest began with the somewhat sensational surprise of the opening day's play and the defeat of Walter J. Travis by W. C. Chick in the race for the qualification gold medal. With the players at either end of the bracket the crowd was quick to foresee a second and final meeting, and it gave added interest from that time on.

Mr. Chick's qualification rounds were two even thirty-sevens, to thirty-nine and forty-one for his opponent, rather slow going for the Garden City player and not quite what the Oakley man is capable of, but the fact that Travis was outplayed made up for any discrepancy in the scores. The cards:

MR. CHICK

Out—5 3 3 5 4 4 4 5 4—37
In— 5 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4—37—74

MR. TRAVIS

Out—4 4 4 6 4 4 4 4 5—39
In— 5 4 4 5 4 6 4 4 5—41—80

In third position Clayton G. Dixon and H. M. Forrest tied at eighty-two each, the balance of the field finished close up with eighty-nine and a triple tie, marking the limit of admission to the first division, H. P. Dixon winning from N. Allen Pettit and Herbert E. Guttersen in the play-off.

Ninety-eight settled it in the second, Seward W. Ehrlich winning the play-off from David Lamson, and one hundred and sixteen was the score which landed L. Werner in the fag end of the third division for which a special cup was provided through the generosity of W. H. Childs.

TRAVIS WINS CHAMPIONSHIP

The entire colony turned out *en masse* for Saturday's thirty-six hole finals, with the Travis-Chick contest as the star attraction, and there were few moments during play when the dropping of a pin wouldn't have sounded like a thunder clap.

It was soon apparent that the Garden City player had the Oakley man on the go, for Mr. Travis had the match well in hand from the start, polishing off a couple of thirty-nines in the morning round, to an equal number of forty-threes for Mr. Chick, retiring for luncheon four up.

The afternoon round at a record gait of thirty-four settled the score, the match ending on the twenty-eighth green, ten up and eight to play, for the man who has time and time again, proved himself invincible in thirty-six hole matches.

Mr. Travis while not at his very best, was playing a clean-cut, steady game, overcoming the effect of a high wind by long, low drives, deadly on short approaches and sure on putts. Mr. Chick was badly handicapped by the wind because of his "hook" shots which the wind took strong hold of and played sad havoc with. In addition he was, apparently, a trifle conscious on the putting greens, failing to run down a number of short ones that would have meant wins.

HUGH HALSELL AND W. W. LINSLEY

The second division or Maine State cup, went to Hugh Halsell who defeated Dr. E. Winslow Taylor, nine up and seven to play, in the final round; the third division or special W. H. Childs' cup, went to W. W. Linsley who defeated Davis Pearson, four up and three to play.

There were a number of close matches, among them three carried to the nineteenth green and one that took twenty holes to decide it.

THE SUMMARY

The full story of the week's play is told in the following qualification scores and match play summary.

POLAND SPRING CHAMPIONSHIP CUP

W. C. Chick, Oakley,	37	37	74
Walter J. Travis, Garden City,	39	41	80
Clayton G. Dixon, Springhaven,	41	41	82
H. M. Forrest, Philadelphia,	42	40	82
H. C. Holton, Cape May,	40	44	84
Garret A. Hobart, North Jersey,	45	40	85
Paul Harrison, Montclair,	43	42	85
Hiram Ricker, Jr., South Poland,	43	43	86
H. P. Smith, Philadelphia,	44	42	86
Dr. W. S. Harban, Columbia,	42	44	86
C. S. Erswell, Portland,	45	42	87
F. M. Harrison, Montclair,	46	41	87
S. R. Vickers, Baltimore,	47	40	87
F. Hayward Harris, Montclair,	44	44	88
E. E. Mitchell, Wilmington,	44	44	88
H. P. Dixon, Springhaven,	43	46	89

MAINE STATE CUP

N. Allen Pettit, Philadelphia,	46	43	89
H. E. Gutterson, Commonwealth,	45	44	89
Dr. E. W. Taylor, Philadelphia,	44	46	90
S. P. Holton, Philadelphia,	45	47	92
I. W. Chick, Oakley,	47	45	92
H. H. Lamson, Baltusrol,	48	45	93
D. C. Nugent, Jr., Oakley,	48	45	93
W. J. Flather, Jr., Columbia,	53	41	94
James C. McNeil, Brae Burn,	47	48	95

F. A. Quail, Euclid,	48	47	95
Hugh Halsell, Dallas,	46	49	95
R. N. Dyer, Essex,	48	48	96
Percy H. Stewart, Plainfield,	46	50	96
W. N. Childs, Dyker Meadow,	51	46	97
R. A. Elliott, Greenwich,	50	47	97
Seward W. Ehrich, Hollywood,	50	48	98

SPECIAL W. H. CHILDS' CUP

David Lamson, Baltusrol,	46	52	98
R. Birnie, Navesink,	49	50	99
H. W. Bragg, Oakley,	51	49	100
H. C. Dodge, Glen Rudge,	46	55	101
W. W. Linsley, Maplewood,	48	54	102
W. J. Lynch, Exmoor,	48	54	102
F. Pearson, Merion Cricket,	50	52	102
George H. Flint, Commonwealth,	56	49	105
Joseph D. Chesney, Baltimore,	51	54	105
R. E. Hastings, Philadelphia,	56	50	106
R. H. Rines, Woodland,	53	54	107
Capt. J. P. Crane, Winchester,	53	54	107
Rumsey Green, Glen Echo,	60	47	107
D. Pearson, Merion Cricket,	58	52	110
W. J. Flather, Columbia,	54	59	113
L. Werner, Fairview,	60	56	116

POLAND SPRING CHAMPIONSHIP CUP

FIRST ROUND—Chick beat Erswell, 6 and 5; P. Harrison beat Harris, 5 and 4; Holton beat Vickers, by default; Ricker beat C. Dixon, 5 and 4; Smith beat Forrest, 2 and 1; Dr. Harban beat H. P. Dixon, 3 and 2; Hobart beat Mitchell, 2 and 1; Travis beat F. M. Harrison, 3 and 1.

SECOND ROUND—Chick beat Harrison, by default; Holton beat Ricker, 4 and 3; Smith beat Harban, 2 and 1; Travis beat Hobart, 3 and 2.

SEMI-FINALS—Chick beat Holton, 5 and 3; Travis beat Smith, 8 and 7.

FINALS—Travis beat Chick, 10 and 8.

MAINE STATE CUP

FIRST ROUND—Dyer beat Gutterson, 1 up; Nugent beat Quail, 6 and 4; Elliott beat Chick, 1 up (19 holes); Taylor beat McNeil, 4 and 3; Halsell beat Holton, 3 and 2; Flather, Jr., beat Ehrich, 1 up (19 holes); Childs beat Lamson, 6 and 4; Pettit beat Stewart, 2 up.

SECOND ROUND—Dyer beat Nugent, 3 and 1; Taylor beat Elliot, 2 up; Halsell beat Flather, 5 and 3; Pettit beat Childs, by default.

SEMI-FINALS—Halsell beat Taylor, 9 and 7.

SPECIAL W. H. CHILDS' CUP

FIRST ROUND—Lamson beat Crane, by default; Pearson beat Flather, 1 up (26 holes); Linsley beat Rines, 2 and 1; Flint beat Bragg, Dodge beat Hastings, Werner beat Chesney, all by default; Pearson beat Lynch, 3 and 1; Birnie beat Green, by default.

SECOND ROUND—Lamson beat Pearson, 2 up; Linsley beat Flint, 5 and 4; Dodge beat Werner, 8 and 7; Pearson beat Birnie, 1 up (19 holes).

SEMI-FINALS—Linsley beat Lamson, 2 up; Pearson beat Dodge, 1 up.

FINALS—Linsley beat Pearson, 4 and 3.

THE MAINE SPORTING CAMP

What it Really is and Why it Claims New Friends
in Increasing Numbers Season After Season



THE MAINE "sporting camp," as it is in reality, is little understood by those who have not visited it. At the sportsmen's exhibitions, to be sure, one may have seen sample camps, but an impression formed from these imitations would be far from correct; they give a very inadequate idea. Within the past few years, comparatively speaking, sporting camps have been springing up at favorable locations all over northern Maine. The proprietors are generally guides who have seen a possibility to make money through the venture. Each camp has its "preserve," so called. The greater part of the wild lands of northern Maine are owned by men or companies of men, who, on account of their vast lumbering wealth, often will not sell at any price, and the figures set when the lands are on the market, are beyond the reach of any save millionaires. The land owners are willing, however, to lease "sporting privileges," so called, for a term of years at prices varying from \$25 to \$100 per year. This gives the lessee right to build cabins on the land and to go over it, camping at will, cutting such wood as is necessary for cabins, wharves, rafts, fuel and the like. Others cannot camp upon the land without the consent of the lessee, but the State makes all lands and all water public so far as crossing them is concerned, and one may fish or hunt them at will, so long as he does not build fires or camp upon them. Each sporting camp has from one to five townships, each six miles square, in its preserve.

This gives a large territory, numerous ponds and streams for fishing, waters where deer congregate in the summer and forests where big game roams in the autumn. The camp man-

ager opens up this land. There is a "home camp" at a central point and as convenient to the main road as possible, and trails are cut to the best fishing and hunting grounds, where cabins and lean-tos are erected according to the nature of the territory. At the most important of these branch ponds canoes are placed in order to avoid the necessity of carrying them through the woods when guests desire to visit the places. If there is a mountain near at hand, or a place of special interest, a trail is cut to that and a feature made of it as a tramp.

The ideal location for a sporting camp is at a point where a large mileage through rivers and lakes opens up for canoeing and at the same time a vast country for tramping from the nearby shores. If one can be fortunate in having a railroad close by another card is played, but these ideal locations are few, and the majority of the camps are not so favorably situated. The extent of territory enables the proprietor to handle a large number of people of varying tastes—those who desire the comforts of the home camp continually, others who want a little rougher fare, and the sportsman who desires nothing better than the lean-to or deserted lumber camp.

The typical home camps are models in their way and every art and craft known to the backwoods, and much of civilization is used to make them attractive and comfortable. They are located on some river or pond, backed by the forest, and at a central point with a good view of water, forest and mountains. The number of cabins varies from six to twenty, and they are usually of two sorts, single and double. The single camps are about 16 feet by 22 in size and some 6 feet high to the eaves.

The roof is of "splits," shingles made by splitting cedar with a "frow," and the floor is of boards if there is a sawmill near, and if not, of hewn logs. There are single sash windows on either side and the rough logs, chinked with moss, are often concealed from view on the interior, by a lining of splits or birch bark.

The furnishings consist of two wide beds located on either side at the extreme end of the cabin, a table, and

cabins very unique and artistic. Bright colored curtains at the windows and draperies upon the shelves, together with guns and rods hung upon deer feet and wooden pegs, further delight the artistic senses. There are numerous shelves to hold the many things the visitor needs, hooks for clothes made by nailing up forked sticks cut to the proper length, or driving in rough wooden pegs, and here and there little oddities; a match box of birch bark, an etching on a bit



A TYPICAL MAINE "SPORTING CAMP"

comfortable easy chairs, of the folding pattern. Located in a corner at the front of the cabin is either a rustic fireplace made of stones, or a little wood stove. The former method of heating is the most popular, for there are few nights and mornings in Maine, spring, summer or autumn, when a fire is not comfortable and a cheery blaze is always very delightful to chat by, or to watch flicker on the ceiling after one has retired. These furnishings, home made and rustic, together with the cabin lining and the dim light let in by the small, low windows, make the interior of these

of fungus, and the like. A broad porch springs from the front of the cabin where one may sit or swing in a hammock. It will be seen that a man and his wife or a couple of sportsmen may be very comfortable in this little home, for a long or short stay, making headquarters for such trips as they desire to make from time to time.

The double cabins are much the same, only larger. There is a main living room in the center with the fireplace at the end, and four rooms, each with a bed, on the sides. The porch is larger and the roof higher, thereby letting in

more light. These cabins hold four, supposedly, and the single cabins are adapted to four persons who are well acquainted. The dining-room is a large separate cabin joined on to a kitchen which rests at the rear. The rough tables are concealed with clean linen, and plain crockery and knives answer as well as silver and china. The interior of this cabin is lined and there are numerous trophies—mounted heads and fish, outline of big trout, bits of moss, birds' nests, birds' wings, and the like upon the walls for decoration.

There is usually a separate cabin, or casino, for general assembly, social evenings, entertainments and the like. Here are card tables and chairs invariably, and oftentimes magazines, papers and sometimes a piano. A rustic fireplace is a central feature.

The food is good. In the summer there are toothsome fried trout three times a day if one wishes, and in the autumn plenty of venison. A cow furnishes milk, while a little garden supplies few or many vegetables according to its location. There are delicious berries during the summer. Sparkling spring water is always found.

It will be readily seen that the home camp is entirely "suitable for ladies," and it seems very queer to camp managers that this question is asked again and again each year, in letters.

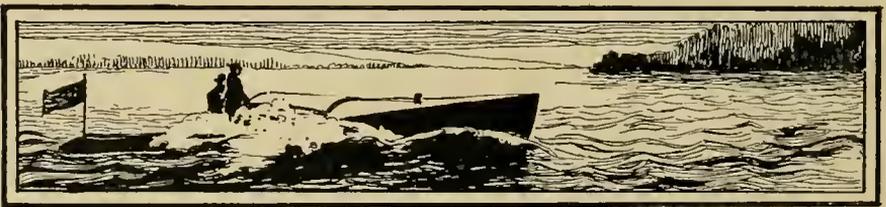
The branch or back camps are not so luxuriously fitted out, but even ladies who are fond of roughing it often find their way to them and come back delighted. These camps have supplies, but a guide is necessary to visit them enjoyably. This personage does the cooking, paddles the canoe, shows where the fish

and game are, and makes himself valuable as only a guide can. A cook stove helps the cuisine and one forgets that the table dishes are of tin, the dining table covered with oil cloth, the beds of boughs, and that blankets take the place of sheets.

Farther "in" is the lean-to or tent and the meals are cooked by the camp fire, a portable baker being used to bake bread. The farther in one goes the rougher becomes the task and the less the larder affords, but the country is wilder and fish and game abound in astonishing numbers. Here is where the sportsman goes and stays after once tasting the wild life.

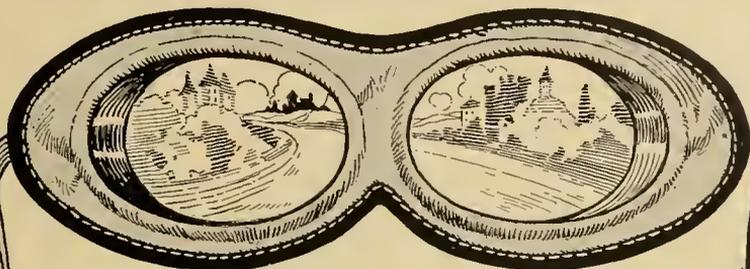
It is not strange that year after year Maine is becoming more and more a resort for people who seek rest and recreation as well as sport with fish and game. Rangeley and Moosehead have every luxury to be found at any resort, but the sporting camps seek to cater only to those who love the woods and the magnificent sport they offer, together with necessary material comforts. For a place to rest quietly and escape the noise of the city or the confusion of the overpopulated summer resort, the camps have no equal.

The actual sporting season is from the middle of May until the last of June and from September 1st until December. During July and August the sporting camp is only such in name, and the proprietor strives to fill his cabins with family parties. Each year the numbers who come for weeks and months during this period are increasing. Maine sporting camps as "summer resorts" are as yet little known, but "loving friends" are good advertisers.



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BY FRANK PRESBREY



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SUMMER SCHEDULE, SEASON 1908

GREENVILLE TO KINEO, KINEO STATION AND HEAD OF LAKE

	Ex. Sun.	Ex. Sun.	Ex. Sun.	Ex. Sun.	Ex. Sat.	Sun. only	Sun. only
	Beginning July 26						
Greenville, lv.	6.15 A.						8.00 A.
Greenville Jct.	6.45 "		10.00 A.	2.30 P.			8.30 "
Deer Island	*7.40 "		10.55 "	*3.25 "			*9.25 "
Kineo, arr.	8.35 "		11.50 "	4.20 "			10.20 "
Kineo, lv.	8.45 "	10.15 A.	12.15 "	4.40 "	8.20 P.	1.15 P.	10.30 "
Kineo Station	9.00 "	10.30 "	12.45 "	5.00 "	8.40 "	1.30 "	10.45 "
Rockwood	*9.15 "		*1.00 P.	*5.10 "			11.05 "
Northwest Carry ...	10.45 "			7.20 "			
Northeast Carry ...	11.30 "		2.30 "	6.40 "			12.35 "

HEAD OF LAKE TO KINEO, KINEO STATION AND GREENVILLE

	Ex. Sun.	Ex. Sun.	Daily.	Ex. Sun.	Ex. Sun.	Ex. Sun.	Sun. only	Sun. only
	Beginning July 26							
Northwest C'ry. lv.	7.00 A.			10.45 A.				
Northeast Carry,	7.45 "			12.30 P.		2.30 P.	2.00 P.	
Rockwood	*9.15 "			*2.00 "		*1.00 "	*3.25 "	
Kineo Station...	8.30 A.	10.00 "	12.45 P.	2.20 "	5.15 P.	5.00 "	3.40 "	6.30 P.
Kineo, arr.	9.00 "	10.10 "	1.00 "	2.35 "		5.15 "	3.50 "	6.45 "
Kineo, lv.	10.15 "			2.45 "	5.00 "		4.00 "	
Deer Island.....	*11.05 "			*3.40 "	6.00 "		*5.00 "	
Greenville Jct....	12.00 Noon.			4.30 "	6.55 "		5.55 "	
Greenville				5.30 "			6.15 "	

GREENVILLE TO LILY BAY AND WEST OUTLET VIA KINEO [Daily except Sunday]

Greenville, lv.	9.15 A.	West Outlet, lv.	1.00 P.
Greenville Jct.	9.55 A.	Kineo	2.00 P.
Sugar Island	10.40 A.	Lily Bay, arr.	3.30 P.
Lily Bay, arr.	11.00 A.	Lily Bay, lv.	5.15 P.
Lily Bay, lv.	11.05 A.	Sugar Island	5.35 P.
Kineo	12.30 P.	Greenville Jct.	6.30 P.
Kineo Station	12.45 P.	Greenville	7.00 P.
West Outlet	1.00 P.		

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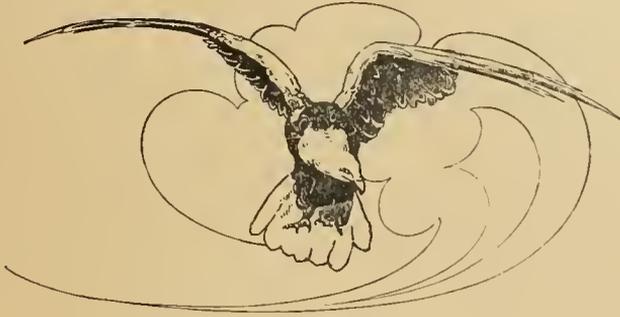
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THE SEASON

EDITED BY
HERBERT L JILLSON

WINDMILL PUBLISHING CO.

AUG 29 1908

TEN CENTS



NORTHWARD-HO!

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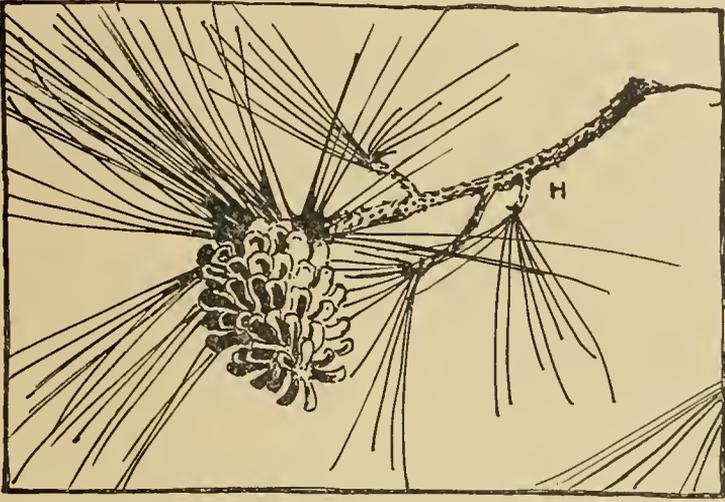
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NORTHWARD-HO!



A WEEKLY MAGAZINE OF NEWS

VOL. IV

AUGUST 29, 1908

No. 7

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THE BEAR HUNTS REGINALD

One of Pete's Yarns



REGINALD had failed to pass his college "exams" and so it happened he was in the Maine wilderness for the summer, restaurating for a winter's tutoring. "Money is no object, put the boy in good shape," wrote the father to his favorite guide, and so Reginald "went in" with two guides instead of one: Joe, to look after his personal welfare and safety, and Pete, a French-Canadian cook, to make the meals something which would add pounds in weight and be memories, long after the trip was over.

Reginald was a likely lad, well built and athletic, and fond of out door life. He could hold his own with the sinewy woodsmen on the trail, do his share of paddling on lake or river, and he loved the wild, free life and its excitement, but he had his weakness—every man has—and that was a fear of bears.

No sooner had he left civilization than he began to look for them and his ideas concerning their habits were evidently based on grizzly information, always listening for their fierce growls as an indication that they smelled human blood, and ever and anon querying:

"Wha-as that? Isn't that a bear's growl?" or "Look here, quick, Joe, isn't that a bear track?"

Joe was a man of patience and he loved the lad for his father's sake, but he couldn't stand this thing right along. He remonstrated gently at first, that though bears were fairly plentiful, they

were rarely seen, having a fear of man and fleeing at his approach, if possible, but this only made matters worse for it firmly convinced Reginald that he was being purposely deceived to allay his fears.

"You weil haff ter show you sport-man wan bier, shuah," insisted Pete to Joe, "or her heart weil braik, purty queek, I dumno, mebbly."

At last Joe came to the same conclusion.



Not long after, bear tracks were discovered in the camp tote road as the party was returning one evening and Reginald was promptly informed of the discovery. The tracks led down the road, straight to the cabin door, where it was evident that bruin had scratched on the sill several times in an indifferent attempt to open the door. Then the trail swung round to the rear of the cabin where the swill box had been overturned and its contents scattered about. At this point Joe discovered that there were two cubs with the bear.

"I don't like the idea of cubs," he commented gravely; "Ordinarily a baar's harmless enough, but when she's got cubs she stops at nothing—not even cabins—and now she's found that swill box she'll probably show up here every night."

Joe's "I tink so," and the lad's shiver, were the only answers.

Darkness settled quickly that night

and with its coming Reginald's fear did not decrease, but in spite of it he got sleepy early, for he had tramped all day. Pete disappeared without warning after the supper dishes were done and soon after Reginald and Joe crawled in between the blankets. Then came a short period of oblivion out of which Reginald was brought with a start by the sound of a low whining growl at the cabin door.

"Wha's that?" he gasped.

Joe was painfully silent for a moment and as the sound was repeated, he muttered somewhat huskily, "Sure'n fate, it's the baar."

Then came an "Ough! Ough!" at the bolted door, a snarl or two, followed by more sniffling and impatient scratching, several vicious growls and grunts ending with thumps on the door which made it rattle on its hinges.

When it ceased, Reginald was in the centre of the floor, rifle in hand, his face set, but Joe was upon him in an instant, his eyes dilated with real alarm.

"No, no! don't shoot," he almost screamed. "You might—wound the beast and there'd be no hope for us," he continued with more composure.

"Sure enough," moaned Reginald, but the bear had for some reason, ceased operations on the door.

"Lucky she didn't hear us talking," whispered Reginald.

"Perhaps she did," responded Joe, somewhat drily.

But presently they heard her again, this time at the swill box, tumbling it about, grunting as she did so. Then low growls and plaintive whinings conveyed the information that the cubs were also there. Then all was quiet for a few long moments, the tickety-tick, clackety-clack of a dollar watch sounding louder than a threshing machine. Suddenly and without warning, there came a tremendous thump on the cabin roof, followed by an uncertain scrambling.

"By thunder she's climbed a tree and dropped on the roof," exclaimed Joe, "and she'll be through the skylight un-

less we do something," he concluded excitedly.

"Fire! There's fire!" he added, "the only thing a baar's afraid of. Pile the bed boughs on the coals in the fireplace and the flames will shoot up the chimney. That will put her back into the woods with a fright she will never get over."

Joe and Reginald sprang for the bunks together, and how those boughs did go into the rough fireplace! It seemed that they never would catch, but after what seemed hours a tiny flame started at the bottom and crept stealthily up through the centre, jumping from spill to spill, leaping into flame with a roaring, crackling explosion, sending a sheet of flame and shower of sparks up through the chimney and far into the night. A few moments of suspense and then came another thump, a scramble, a thud upon the ground and a crashing in the forest, which grew fainter and fainter until it ceased.

Then Joe laughed long and loud. "I'll bet she's running yet," he concluded gleefully, "and what's more you couldn't get her within a mile of this place again unless you brought her here dead."

Then Joe crawled into his bunk and drew the blankets about him, muttering softly to himself as he struck his hip bone on a protruding knot, and a few moments later Reginald followed, sighing heavily.

Joe was snoring and Reginald was getting very sleepy when Pete demanded admittance. Joe let him in without comment and Reginald was too near asleep to speak, not even when Pete wanted to know, somewhat testily, what they had been doing to the bunks.

"It's your rheumatism," chuckled Joe.

"P'raps it ees, but, je-hokey, I doant tink so," gabbled Pete.



As Pete built the fire in the morning, the thrilling experiences of the night before were gone over in detail, the Canadian manifesting keen interest. Then they went outside and examined the

door where the marks of the claws of the angry monster were plainly visible.

"Why you no shute troo door, Reggy," queried Pete, "cāuse eef you had I tink you would haff got heen. Je-hokey, I do," and he shivered as if a chill wind had struck him.

Then they stepped around and looked at the overturned swill box, Joe and Pete glancing sidewise at the cabin roof where "bruin" had made her last stand. A strange sight met their eyes. The splits were nearly covered with boughs upon which the fresh marks of the axe were plainly visible, and there were others on the ground close by.

"Baar must have broke those off from that tree, Pete," suggested Joe with a sly wink and a jerk of his thumb towards a tall spruce, from which the limbs had been literally pruned.

"Je-hokey, but she must have been wan beeg wan," was Pete's comment as he hurried into the cabin with a grin.

And Reginald who was on his knees examining the "tracks," kept his eyes riveted there until Joe turned towards the wood pile.

Week at The Belgrade a Busy One

Golf, tennis, baseball and social pleasures are filling in busy days for guests at The Belgrade, the hotel still filled with congenial people upon sport and pleasure bent.

Among the leading features of the week was a tennis tournament for a cup offered by Mrs. Henry Zuckerman of New York, Mr. F. Coe of Newark, winning the final match.

A match play golf handicap for a cup contributed by Mrs. Zuckerman, attracted a large field, Raymond Green of Passaic, winning.

William Pilkington of New York, was the winner of the match play handicap for the cup offered by Clark Day.

W. M. Carrigan offers a trophy for an event booked for the coming week.

Socially there have been several pleasant affairs, Mr. Pilkington entertaining in honor of his victory with a grill room

supper, and Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Green and Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Bizby dining Mrs. W. S. Carrigan, Mrs. Henry Zuckerman, Gen. and Mrs. Elliott, Dr. and Mrs. Hagner and a few other friends and acquaintances.

Dr. Hagner leads in the recent fishing records with a string of forty-nine bass, Master James Lovington of Philadelphia, heading the juvenile squad with a four-pound pickerel, John Reis of New York, has taken several nice trout, and Dr. C. B. Glover a three-pounder.

Late arrivals include Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Laughton, Mr. C. F. Barner, Miss Mary Viel, Miss Katherine Veil, Mr. C. G. Amend, New York; Mr. and Mrs. Joseph A. Lovering, Miss Mary Lovering and Master Lovering, Mr. and Mrs. William Simpson, Mr. William Simpson, Jr., Philadelphia; Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Walker, Hartford; Mrs. C. F. Ackerson, Mr. C. Colbs, Montgomery, Ala.; Miss Elizabeth Reeside, Washington; Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Raymond, Mr. H. M. Friend, Boston.

Conclusion of Kineo Club Story

L. H. Lapham, New York; J. M. Lassell, Whitinsville, Mass.; J. R. Leeson, Boston, Mass.; George E. Marcus, New York; Dr. E. J. Marsh, Paterson, N. J.; James M. Morton, Fall River, Mass.; T. J. O'Donohue, New York; Harlan Page, Philadelphia; Franklin C. Payson, Portland, Me.; True Perkins, Cleveland, O.; Howard Phelps, New York; W. R. Philler, Philadelphia; Harvey Rowland, Jr., Frankford, Phila.; Howard Rowland, Philadelphia; W. O. Rowland, Philadelphia; Rush Rowland, Philadelphia; H. M. Reynolds, New Haven; Henry Sheaffer and W. L. Sheaffer, Pottsville, Pa.; Newton M. Shaffer, New York; Charles Stetson, Boston, Mass.; George M. Thornton, Pawtucket, R. I.; Eugene Treadwell, New York; R. M. Van Arsdale, New York; Arthur B. Waring, Yonkers, N. Y.; Samuel H. Watts, New York; J. F. Webster, Boston, Mass.; W. H. Wesson, Springfield, Mass.; Eli Whitney, New Haven, Conn.

SPORTS IN THE OPEN AIR

Rifle Shooting, Baseball, Golf, Tennis and other Outdoor Recreations Keep Kineo Guests Busy



NATURE beckons and mankind yields at Kineo these rare August days, social affairs backgrounded by interest in out-door recreations, time flitting away as in a sweet dream, leaving only treasured memories; memories of recollection and anticipation.

Golf, tennis, rifle shooting and baseball all have their devotees, while others enjoy a day's canoeing, a ride or gallop along the wooded lake shore, or a climb up the mountain; all pleasantly occupied in God's fresh air and sunshine, and the days far too short.

The wilderness is claiming hundreds and the demand for accommodations is lengthening the "waiting list" of the many who will come when duties call those who would linger, reluctantly homeward.

CRACKS AT THE RIFLE BUTTS

Interest in rifle shooting is making it among the most popular of outdoor diversions here, men and women, young and old, joining in the various tournaments and daily practice. Just at present attention is centred upon F. C. Batty of Savannah, Ga., former six hundred yard American rifle champion, and S. A. S. Hammar of Bethlehem, Pa., who missed making the American Olympic rifle team by a single point, both of whom were participants in the week's tournaments.

Among the events were shoots with scores to count on the James K. Clarke and N. C. Nash trophies, and special handicap, the leaders being W. T. Harrison of Bangor, Mrs. James K. Clarke of Philadelphia, Mr. Batty, Mrs. S. I. Hanson of New York, and Mr. Hammar. The scores offer an interesting basis for comparison and are printed

below, all events ten shots at twenty yards, standard American targets, one hundred the possible score:

CLARKE CUPS

MEN	
W. T. Harrison, Bangor	72
F. C. Batty, Savannah	67
S. A. L. Hammar, Bethlehem, Pa.	63
C. A. Judkins, Kineo	60
S. I. Hanson, New York	58
John Reilly, Philadelphia	47
Dr. R. Cox, Jr., New York	30
Cadwalader Corse, New York	10

WOMEN

Mrs. J. K. Clarke, Philadelphia	68
Mrs. S. I. Hanson, New York	54
Mrs. M. D. Paterson, New York	53
Mrs. W. A. McGibbon, New York	52
Mrs. C. A. Judkins, Kineo	52
Miss E. Outerbridge, New York	47
Mrs. John Reilly, Philadelphia	45
Miss C. Paterson, New York	39

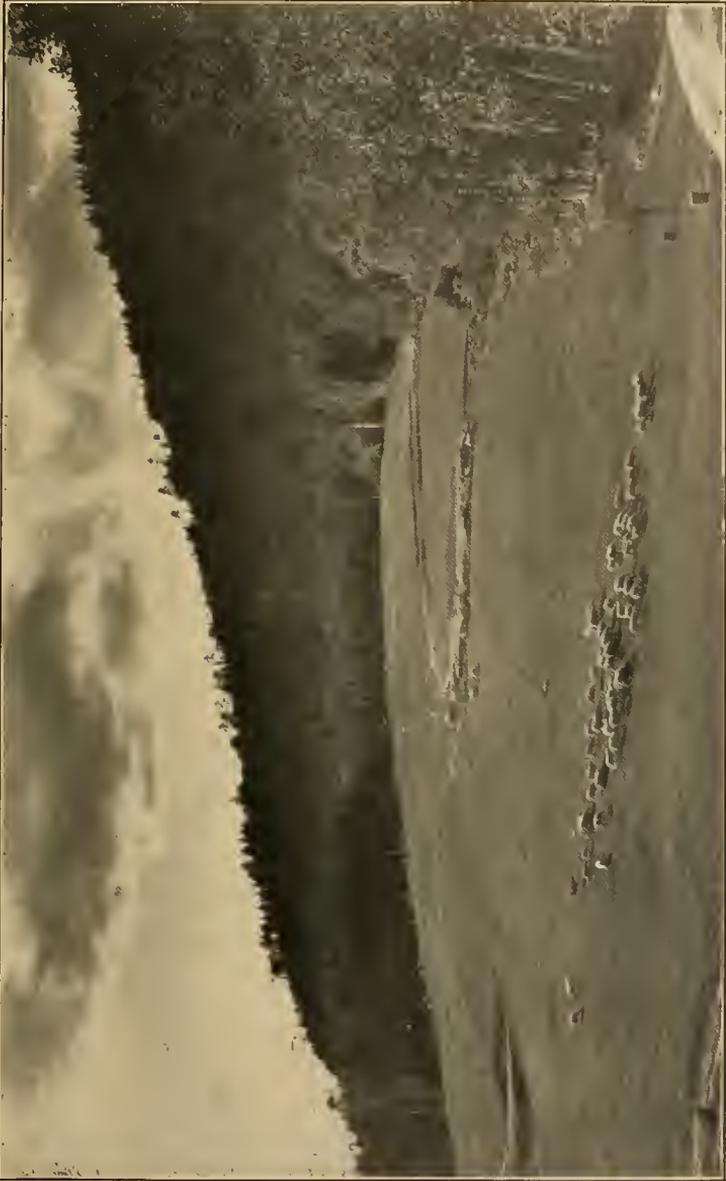
SPECIAL HANDICAP

Mr. Hammar	71	15	86
Mr. Batty	72	12	84
Mr. Hanson	65	18	83
Mrs. Reilly	56	27	83
Mr. Reilly	53	29	82
Mr. Judkins	62	19	81
Mrs. Hanson	57	23	80
Miss Paterson	42	37	79
Mrs. Judkins	53	25	78
Dr. Cox	53	22	75
Miss Outerbridge	44	28	72
Mr. Corse	27	45	72
Mrs. Paterson	43	24	67
Mr. Clarke	60	4	64
Mrs. McGibbon	36	25	61
Mrs. Clark,	44	14	58

NASH CUPS

MEN		WOMEN	
Mr. Batty,	72	Mrs. Hanson,	57
Mr. Hammar,	71	Mrs. Reilly,	56
Mr. Hanson,	65	Mrs. Judkins,	52
Mr. Judkins,	62	Mrs. Clarke,	44
Mr. Clarke,	62	Miss Outerbridge,	44
Mr. Harrison,	62	Miss Paterson,	42
Mr. Reilly,	53	Mrs. Paterson,	42
Dr. Cox,	43	Mrs. McGibbon,	36

Other events included an event open to women only for a trophy offered by Mrs. James K. Clarke of Ardmoo, Pa.,



A KINEO IDYL

and won by Mrs. C. A. Judkins, and a special handicap for trophies given by Manager and Mrs. C. A. Judkins, won by W. O. Rowland, Jr., and Mrs. James K. Clarke.

MEGANTIC SCORES TWO WINS

The Megantic ball team occupied the boards in the week's games, scoring two wins in hotly contested, but at times, loosely played games, much to the disappointment and surprise of the local fans.

In the opening game the home team had the game well in hand until the eighth inning when a hit, base on balls and errors netted five runs and turned the tables, neither team scoring at the last try at the bat. A misjudged ball by Fitzgerald gave a home run and the two remaining runs in the fourth.

The scores:

MEGANTIC

	AB	R	BH	PO	A	E
Ramsey, 2b.	5	1	1	5	3	0
Corey, ss., p.	5	1	0	1	2	0
Colby, p., ss.	4	2	1	0	6	1
Fisher, lf.	4	0	1	2	1	0
Butterfield, 3b. . .	4	0	0	2	0	0
Longten, 1b.	4	0	0	10	1	0
Godieau, c.	3	1	2	5	6	1
Geaudeau, rf. . . .	4	1	1	0	0	0
Begeron, cf.	3	1	0	2	2	1
	<u>38</u>	<u>7</u>	<u>6</u>	<u>27</u>	<u>21</u>	<u>3</u>

KINEO

	AB	R	BH	PO	A	E
J. Scales, ss.	4	1	1	1	2	0
N. Scales, rf.	4	2	2	1	0	0
Doran, c.	4	1	1	7	2	0
Chaffee, 1b.	4	1	1	15	1	0
Fitzgerald, cf. . .	4	0	1	1	0	1
Smith, 3b.	4	0	0	1	1	0
Fellows, 2b.	4	0	1	0	4	1
Nordeen, lf., ss. .	4	1	2	1	1	0
Monroe	4	0	1	0	11	1
	<u>36</u>	<u>6</u>	<u>10</u>	<u>27</u>	<u>22</u>	<u>3</u>

Earned runs, Kineo 4. Three base hits, Fitzgerald. Two base hits, J. Scales, Geaudeau, Fellows. Home run, Colby. Struck out, by Monroe 5; by Nordeen 1; Colby 4; Corey 3. Wild pitches, Corey. Base on balls, Colby 4; Monroe 1; Nordeen 1.

The score by innings:

MEGANTIC	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	5	0	—7
KINEO	2	0	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	—5

The locals started strong in Thursday's game piling up two runs in the third inning and adding six more in the fourth, but things got off the trolley in the seventh and the visitors added six runs to the three previously scored in the first and sixth innings. The score by innings:

MEGANTIC	2	0	0	0	1	6	0	0	—9
KINEO	0	0	2	6	0	0	0	0	—8

YOUNGSTERS ON THE DIAMOND

Even the juveniles have caught the baseball microbe, a "junior" Kineo team being organized and the opening game played with a similar organization, from Camp Wildwood as the victims, 12—9. Not a bat wickler on either team is over fourteen years of age, many of them younger, and when it comes to downright enthusiasm the junior teams have the regulars beaten to a standstill. As for coaching and side line gossip, what the youngsters don't know or think up isn't worth recording. With the usual games scheduled, the occasional appearance of the "guest" nine and the junior teams, Kineo provides variety in the national game the like of which it would be hard to find elsewhere.

Several hundred people followed the game, and among them fond parents were like governors at a County Fair, a close score adding to the enthusiasm which was contagious. The special feature was the catching of young Dahn who threw out five men at second and cracked out what would have been a home run had he not neglected to tag third base in a too eager desire to reach the home plate. Young Nelson made a fine running catch of a fly in centre, Sabin played a good game at second and Hutchins was steady at first, young Seeligson, eleven years old, pitching like a veteran.

The line-up follows: Robert Dahn, Brooklyn, catcher; Edward Flannagan, Boston, left field; Charles Sabin, New York, second; "Jimmy" Hutchins, Boston, first; A. Seeligson, San Antonio, short; Howard Van Nostrand, New York, third; John Nelson, Kineo, cen-

tre; Fred Whetlock, Kineo, right; Lamor Seeligson, pitcher.

If box seats for the next game were five dollars each they'd have to be sold at auction!

MEN'S SINGLES TENNIS

E. N. Dodge of Paterson, N. J., was the winner of the final match in the men's singles handicap tennis tournament for trophies offered by Mrs. Walter Brooks of New York, defeating Austin J. Feuchtswanger of Madison, N. J., 6-0, 6-1, 6-2, the culmination of steady, consistent play. Easily the most interesting match of the tournament

round in the annual match play golf handicap, defeating J. Hurd Hutchins of Boston, eight and seven. In qualification Mr. Baldwin led with a card of sixty-two, his handicap being thirty-eight, Dr. G. H. Sexsmith of Bayonne, whose allowance was thirty-two, second with sixty-nine.

HERE AND THERE

The largest list of campers ever known are working in from here, among others being F. C. Payson and family, Portland; Lyman B. Goff, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. M. Thornton and daughters, Pawtucket;



EVERYBODY ENJOYS BASEBALL AT KINEO

was in the semi-finals between Mr. Dodge and C. D. Moss of Boston, replete with brilliant play, the final score 6-3, 6-4. Mr. Feuchtswanger met F. Walter Hentz of Philadelphia in this round defeating him 6-3, 8-6.

Other contestants included: J. H. Hillman, J. Henry Hentz, 3d, W. O. Rowland, Jr., E. S. Gillespie, of Philadelphia; Ralph Lowell, John Lowell, Boston; Judge A. W. Seeligson, San Antonio; Morris Cooper, Jr., Dr. Rowland Cox, Jr., S. J. Henderson, New York; T. J. Smith, Brookline; V. Arai, Riverside.

ANNUAL GOLF HANDICAP

William H. Baldwin of Washington, was the winner of Thursday's final

Dr. L. F. Donohue and son, Bayonne, N. J.; John L. Hall, Boston; Prof. John D. Irving, New Haven; Mr. and Mrs. Chas. B. Van Nostrand and son, New York; Mrs. John Lowell, sons, and guests, Brookline; J. Henry Hentz and sons, Phila.; Henry Feuchtswanger and sons, New York; A. W. Clark, Boston; Mr. E. J. Mitton, Boston; W. H. McLean and friends, Phila.; G. H. Mifflin and party, Boston.

Among the enjoyable affairs of the week was a children's party given by Mrs. C. M. Clark of New York, Tuesday afternoon, for Miss Katherine and Master Charles, the guests including: Masters Sedgwick Adams, Kenneth Outerbridge, Robert Atwater, and Misses

Katherine Clarke, Katherine Castner, Barbara Castner, Eleanor Judkins, Eleanor Kearney, Katherine Wood and Margaret Timpson. Merry games filled in the afternoon, a feast of dainties being enjoyed.

Mrs. Kenneth Wood of Pawtucket, gave a similar party for much the same children, Saturday, her little daughter, Katherine, being the hostess.

Rev. Edgar Cope of Philadelphia, assisted Rev. W. R. Turner at the usual Sunday evening service, a pleasant feature being solos by Mr. A. C. Orcutt of Boston, a frequent visitor here whose singing is always enjoyed. Mr. Orcutt also sang at the evening orchestral concert, the program being one of special interest.

Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Robinson, Dr. and Mrs. Francis D. Merchant, of New York, Mr. and Mrs. C. Partridge of Brooklyn, Dr. and Mrs. Alex R. Shepherd of Washington, and Miss Louise Wilkinson and Miss Adriance of Jersey City, are among late arrivals who will remain some time.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. McLean, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Hammit, Mr. Thomas Wilson, New York; Mrs. Dorothy Ward, Mr. and Mrs. P. Fleisher, Mr. Charles M. Randford, Mr. and Mrs. Walker Hammit, Philadelphia; Mr. J. H. McConnell, Pittsburg, are others who have registered recently.

Mr. J. C. Havemeyer of Yonkers, joins his family for the remainder of the season.

The return of Mr. "Jack" Carnrick of New York, is welcome to a large circle of acquaintances.

YACHT CLUB SUBSCRIBERS

The week witnesses the practical completion of the subscription necessary for the new Moosehead Lake Yacht Club building, the Kineo Company underwriting \$5,000.00 of the necessary \$10,000.00 stock. No movement of recent years means more to the entire section or is a more significant prophecy as to the future of Moosehead Lake as a resort for lovers

of power boats. As a natural consequence of growth and progress the club house comes, for no sheet of water in the wide world is better adapted for this, one of the most modern of sports.

The list of officers was printed in last week's issue Magazine, and below will be found the full list of subscribers:

Kineo Company,	\$5,000 00
Howard A. Colby, New York,	500 00
Arthur B. Waring, New York,	250 00
Stanton J. Hanson, New York,	250 00
C. M. Clark, New York,	250 00
Henry Feuchtwanger, New York,	250 00
Ernest F. Eidlitz, New York,	250 00
W. H. Dougherty, New York,	250 00
Jay Cooke, Jr., Philadelphia,	250 00
J. Henry Hentz, Jr., Philadelphia,	250 00
W. L. Sheaffer, Pottsville, Pa.,	250 00
Henry Sheaffer, Pottsville, Pa.,	250 00
Walter H. Wesson, Springfield, Mass.,	250 00
Dr. T. U. Coe, Bangor,	250 00
James K. Clarke, Ardmoor, Pa.,	100 00
Dr. Rowland Cox, Jr., New York	100 00
Dr. L. F. Donohoe, Bayonne, N. J.	100 00
H. C. Warren, New Haven,	100 00
W. O. Rowland, Philadelphia,	100 00
S. B. Hawley, Yonkers, N. Y.,	100 00
Dan B. Hull, Savannah, Ga.,	100 00
E. H. Outerbridge, New York,	100 00
Cornelius Doremus, New York,	50 00
Richard Mitton, Boston,	50 00
Fred Nesbit, Easton, Pa.,	50 00
George J. Loveley, Boston,	50 00
James A. Brodie, Brooklyn,	50 00
Frederick Estabrook, Boston,	50 00
W. E. Truesdall, Brooklyn,	50 00
J. C. Havemeyer, Yonkers	50 00
Total,	\$9700 00

The entire Lake colony will assemble for the annual handicap regatta of the Club, booked for this afternoon, a record entry list assured.

Saves Letter Writing

Make a point of sending NORTHWARD-Ho! to your friends—"It Saves Letter Writing!" Better still, it will bring with it the odor of spruce and pine; the cool, crisp air of Northern Maine.

All the newstands in the territory sell the Magazine and there are attractive two-color mailing envelopes which ensure delivery in perfect condition.

"Get the habit!"

KINEO CLUB AND LIBRARY

They Give Character to the Resort and are Enjoyed by
all who Appreciate Their Quiet Charm



THE STORY of the Kineo Library Association is the story of the interest, effort and perseverance of Mrs. James A. Brodie of Brooklyn, plus the encouragement of friends; few at first, many as the movement grew in importance and popularity.

The fact, however, remains, that Mrs. Brodie's belief in the idea is responsible for the Library's existence to-day, for as an innovation, it did not meet with the enthusiastic support which one would at first assume would come as a natural consequence.

There were even some who opposed the idea, very few, but the bulk of the house was negative. "The books will be carried away," said one; "Nobody will read them *here*," said another; "It will not pay," said a third, and so on down the line, but Mrs. Brodie *knew*, just as earnest, devoted women before her have known, a few friends came forward with support and the plan was carried through to a culmination successful even beyond the expectations of the most sanguine.



Here, in the woods, with no books at one's disposal, time must drag a little occasionally, for those to whom camping and fishing offer no attractions, and the Library has, naturally, been a great success from the first. There has never been a year when the receipts have not been sufficient to pay its way easily; more than one hundred new books being added every season. It is very seldom that a book is lost, possibly once in three years this may happen.

From the start the Library has been managed with a definite end in view and with a clear idea as to how this end should be attained. The desire is to

provide the guests with the kind of reading they wish for during the summer. In this it differs from the city library whose object is to instruct rather than amuse. Hence the body of the Library is made up of fiction, the *season's* fiction; not books two or three years old which every guest has read and which may be bought at a discount.



A partial list of the books added this season illustrate their character: The Chaperone, The Avenger, Nicolette, Shepherd of the Stars, The Ancient Law, The Weavers, William Jordan, Junior, Mr. Crewe's Career, Rose Macleod, Exton Manor, The Man Who Was Thursday, The Black Boy, The Angels of Messer Ercole, The Shuttle, Somehow Good, Sheaves, The Prima Donna, Janet of the Dunes, The Broken Road, Days in Cornwall, Through the Gates of the Netherlands, Memories of the Tennysons, Scotland of To-Day, A Spring Fortnight in France.

The ideal location of the room set apart by the management, in reality built for the purpose, its restful furnishings, and the always present "woman's touch," make it a favorite retreat for all, giving the entire hotel character.

From time to time friends have contributed furnishings—a choice print or picture, a piece of statuary, a bit of bric-a-brac—the whole combining to create a room which is in perfect harmony with its purpose; a room which bespeaks the continued interest of devoted workers.

Here one may always find quiet, here one may always be a bit apart from the hotel itself; in the home atmosphere as it were and among friends—for what friends are like one's favorite books!

THE KINEO CLUB

No feature of Kineo is more unique than its log cabin Club house, a retreat enjoyed by all within its somewhat exclusive circle. Little there is of the true "club" spirit to be sure, but herein lies the charm, charming because it is unlike other clubs; charming because it is just suited to its special needs.

Here one may meet or escape friends, chat a bit, read or write, gaze into the blazing fire upon a cool evening, look off upon the moonlit lake when the night is warm. Here one may rest in the refreshing shade of the wide porches upon a hot day, or find warmth and cheer if the day is stormy. In a way the Kineo Club is "home" to most of its members and because of this it stands out clear and sharp as one of the most treasured recollections of the place.

Always its welcome is the welcome of a friend, always one feels that one may escape to it and leave the world behind for a day, an hour, or a week. Little to do there is, but every moment is occupied, pleasantly occupied because of the environment which is that of peace and quiet. Blessings indeed upon those who first realized the need and later made it possible; peace and fond memories to those who have met life's reward since their work was accomplished!

Originally, no doubt, the movement arose from the desire of a few to escape from the hotel from time to time. Not that they disliked the life, but rather because an occasional hour outside made it more appreciated, and so it was that several of the older guests conceived the idea and built the house, its architecture, naturally, of a character suited to the community. Just two rooms there are with a monster fireplace of native rocks between, a long centre table, with easy chairs, and writing tables at the windows, the walls of rich brown, a refreshing note of color to the eye and an effective background for trophies of the chase, a few pictures and woods' relics. One soon yields to the spell, one soon joins in with the spirit of the place which, to the outsider, seems to possess few attractions.

Most interesting of all in connection with the Club's early history, was the movement of the women to prevent their exclusion, resulting in a resolution of length which is reproduced in connection with this article. Through it all is dainty wit and more or less of chaff, nevertheless, this sly reminder was the result of a change of plan and the admission of the wives of members upon equal terms with the men and the setting aside of a room especially for them.

Time has, happily, made little change in the Club and its methods, but progress has been made, last season witnessing the permission of entertaining where previously it has been against rules, and a gradual maintenance of its membership through the interest and effort of those who have long been connected with it. Always prosperous has been its financial status and in the twenty-second year of its existence it stands upon an absolutely independent basis.

The present membership includes many of those who were charter members, one of them, Dr. Thomas U. Coe of Bangor, the president. Other stockholders include the following: J. Edward Addicks, New York; F. W. Ayer, Bangor, Me.; J. A. Brodie, Brooklyn; John K. Beach, New Haven, Conn.; Wilder M. Bush, West Newton, Mass.; C. M. Clark, New York; Henry G. Campbell, Paterson, N. J.; Amasa Clark, Brookline, Mass.; Hazen Clement, Boston, Mass.; Howard A. Colby, New York; Charles A. Conklin, Atlanta, Ga.; T. U. Coe, Bangor, Me.; Jay Cooke, Jr., Philadelphia; Dr. Rowland Cox, New York; Cornelius Doremus, New York; E. H. Dickinson, Boston, Mass.; W. H. Dougherty, Brooklyn; John H. Dwight, Lake Forest, Ill.; J. Sloat Fassett, New York; Walton Ferguson, Jr., New York; Henry Feuchtwanger, New York; L. B. Goff, Pawtucket, R. I.; J. Henry Hentz, Philadelphia; C. A. Hopkins, Providence, R. I.; E. C. Hoyt, New York; Stanton I. Hanson, New York; H. L. Jillson, Worcester, Mass.; C. A. Judkins, Kineo, Me.; C. A. Lane, Philadelphia;

(Concluded on page 9)

LADIES MEETING

September 5, 1885

To discuss their interests as involved in the project of a Gentlemen's Club House.

Mrs. Ferris was elected President with a stick of kindling wood, significant of the feeling of the meeting, to preserve order.

The following Resolutions were offered as the result of much alter(c)ation and passed unanimously:

Whereas, There are alarming reports in circulation which would convey the impression that the aforesaid Club House contemplates a blow at our privileges, and threatens a division in families by furnishing a resort for our husbands, sons, brothers, and Other Admirers, excluding US.

1st. Therefore be it

Resolved, That we respectfully ask to be informed what our rights and privileges are to be in the case, and whether it is designed to restrict us to times and seasons, or to allow Us Equal Privileges with the Men.

2d. Resolved,

That as such privileges are Denied us, we mutually pledge ourselves Strenuously to Oppose all efforts towards the formation of said club and that furthermore WE will not allow

OUR HUSBANDS to

PAY THEIR Subscriptions

Elizabeth J. Ferris, Pres.

Rebecca G. Beach, Sec.

Sarah A. Heaton

Emily B. Rowland

Fanny S. Clarke

Elvira H. Jerome

Adeline Sturtevant

Emma C. Payson

Mary H. Rogers

Nellie S. Steese

Mary Treadwell

Rosalie B. Addicks

THE ORIGINAL RESOLUTION

MERRYMAKING RUNS RIOT

Plantation Hop at Poland Spring is Easily the Season's
Most Novel and Enjoyable Affair



NEVER has Poland Spring known a merrier week, never has the enjoyment been more general, riding, golf and tennis combining happily with affairs which the entire colony has enjoyed. Filled to their capacity are the hotels and filled they will be until late September, old and new friends flocking in for the enjoyment of the most delightful month of the season.

MERRYMAKING RUNS RIOT

Easily the season's most novel and enjoyable affair was Saturday evening's "Plantation Hop," arranged for the younger set by Mrs. S. M. Inman of Atlanta, Mrs. W. H. Lord of Boston and others, replete with rollicking fun and ludicrous features, enjoyed not alone by the dark-faced participants who, for the time being, played a part and played it well, but a company of onlookers which taxed the capacity of the Music hall. Complete in every detail, merrymaking running riot, each feature of the program an amusing surprise, the affair kept anticipation keen from the opening number until midnight, and will be the subject of conversation for many a day to come.

Mystery shrouded the arrangements and so it was with the idea of witnessing a black face minstrel show that the household assembled, the curtained stage further strengthening the belief. What really developed, however, was a series of tableaux ending in cake walks and dancing, the entire group in plantation negro garb, ranging all the way from Topsy and Sambo, to old mammy and grizzled daddy, with youths and maidens in dazzling array; black and yellow, blue and green, red and purple, monster shoes, giddy headgear and wonderful jewelry transforming the floor into a

kaleidoscope of startling color as inharmonious as a German band.

And, last of all, was the evening's most amazing surprise, known only to but few of the company, a plantation supper in the great kitchen, with the dim skylight high overhead and pots and kettles gleaming brightly on their hooks. Supper was spread on the "help's" tables with the plainest of service, but everything was clean, spotlessly clean, and the entire menu delicious; a true plantation feast, with everything but the "possum," as a Southerner aptly expressed it.

Fried chicken, brown and tender; sweet potatoes, bursting in their skins; green corn, sweet and juicy; pone bread, golden yellow; hoe cake, dry and appetizing; and pie, pie, pie—all kinds of pie—with coffee, cheese and doughnuts, and watermillion! Great, big, luscious watermillion; watermillion darkeys eat seeds and all, regretfully laying the rind aside because it can be used for pickles!

THE TABLEAUX

Three tableaux opened the program, the first a realistic reproduction of a negro cabin resting beneath the shade of overhanging branches and backgrounded by a waving corn field, the door open and a colored mammy (Mrs. G. W. Elkins, Jr.) stirring a monster kettle which hung above a glowing fire; emblematic of the preparation of the wedding feast.

The next scene was the wedding with Mr. Harris Wharltman as the groom, garbed in a black cutaway of monstrous proportions, expansive trousers, military front white vest, wonderful tie and a derby hat—the very first one made, at-test!

Fair indeed to look upon was the bride (Mr. G. W. Elkins, Jr.), an *ompècc* gown of yellow and green, pink stockings with monstrous black dots,



THE MERRYMAKERS

bridal veil a *la mosquite*, set off by a ten thousand dollar pearl necklace (borrowed of Mrs. Astorbilt), two diamond *salutes* upon his slender fingers and a monster turquoise (the gift of the groom), upon his bosom; the entire *twilight* brought into fitting relation with the whole by a bouquet of golden glow.

Attendant upon this rare vision of Southern loveliness was the bridesmaid (Miss Ruth Flint) radiant in Topsy garb of red skirt, white waist, plaid turban, kerchief and stockings.

At first glance the best man (Mr. S. B. Sutphin) was taken for Lew Dockstader, a tall gray plug hat with black band, a check tie, plaid suit so loud that it drowned the music, and shoes that lapped over the edge of the stage, completing the costume. In striking contrast was the bridesmaid (Mr. C. S. Inman) immaculate in white a decoration day hat a bit incongruous.

Last of all was the somewhat quiet parson (Mr. Richard Elliott), garbed in black frock coat, check trousers and silk hat, carrying a demijohn, emblematic of prohibition Maine!

The third and last tableaux depicted the happy couple, in fond embrace, receiving mammy's blessing, while Miss Anna Taylor softly strummed "Way Down Upon the Suane River" on a guitar. As the music ceased the orchestra struck up Mendelssohn's wedding march which brought the company to the floor in couples, seats being taken after circling it.

A cake walk was next announced, Mr. G. W. Elkins, Mr. S. P. Stinson and Mr. B. P. Moulton, being selected as judges with due ceremony; a triple tie resulting and the cake being cut and divided. Mr. Wharthman and Miss Stinson, Mr. Sutphin and Miss Flint, Mr. Elliott and Mrs. Warthman won the special honors, but "honorary mentions" were numerous; Mr. Wharthman being awarded a special token in appreciation of his skill. A plantation dance by Mr. Wyeth and Miss Flint was cleverly done, reels, jigs and other plantation

dances, rounding out the time until midnight and the kitchen supper.

A special feature of the spread was the presentation of the wedding fee to the parson by the grateful groom, the decidedly unexpected appearance of a live chicken being a surprise which had been carefully concealed from all.

The patronesses of the evening were Mrs. W. H. Lord, Mrs. S. M. Inman, Mrs. G. W. Elkins, Mrs. James G. Lindsay, Mrs. I. B. Johnson and Mrs. E. P. Ricker.

The list of dancers included: Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Elkins, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Sutphin, Mr. and Mrs. Harris Wharthman, Mrs. C. G. Dixon, Miss Helen B. Stinson, Miss Eleanor Lindsay, Miss Mary Childs, Miss Ruth H. Flint, Miss Helen B. Johnson, Miss Anna Taylor, Miss Margaret Taylor, the Misses Campbell, Miss Margaret, Miss Mary and Miss Jeannette Ricker.

Mr. Rumsey Green, Mr. W. J. Flather, Jr., Mr. Franklin Wyeth, Mr. Richard Elliott, Mr. J. G. McNeil, Mr. Harry Ginnell, Mr. Davis Pearson, Mr. Hiram Ricker, Jr., Mr. E. P. Ricker, Jr., and Master James Ricker.

WOMEN'S CHAMPIONSHIP

Miss Bessie Fenn, the young daughter of Professional Arthur H. Fenn, was the winner of the final round of the annual Women's Championship for the "Samuel Ivers" cup, defeating Miss Georgianna Bishop of Brooklawn, women's champion in 1904, and the present Metropolitan title holder, by three up and one to play. A large gallery followed play, Miss Fenn's acquaintance and Miss Bishop's prominence, making the contest one of exceptional attraction.

In the semi-finals Miss Fenn beat Mrs. W. H. Lord of the Oakley Country Club, seven and six, and Miss Bishop, Mrs. G. W. Elkins, Jr., of the Huntingdon Valley Country Club, seven and five.

In the first round Miss Fenn beat Mrs. J. R. Wickwire of Ardsley, one up; Mrs. Lord beat Mrs. Clayton G. Dixon of the Springhaven Country Club, one up (19 holes); Mrs. Elkins beat Miss Helen B.

Stinson of the Philadelphia Country Club, eight and six, and Miss Bishop beat Miss Marguerite Pettit of the Philadelphia Country Club, seven and five.

In qualification Miss Fenn led with a card of ninety-six, Miss Bishop finishing second with ninety-nine

HERE AND THERE

Late arrivals who will remain some time include: Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Nelson, Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Ulmer, Jr., Mr. Kenneth Lord, Philadelphia; Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Ginnell, Mr. W. S. Ginnell, Jr., Mr. H. Ginnell, Mr. and Mrs. H. J.

FOR SWEET CHARITY

The annual Children's Fair, always anticipated, always enjoyable, Wednesday afternoon, drew the entire colony to the Music room, some three hundred dollars being netted for sweet charity as a result.

Nearly every child in both hotels had some part in the affair and, assisted by the young women, they were in charge of the various tables, dainty with their simple decorations of golden glow backgrounded by greens; a variety of articles, useful and decorative, being sold.



THE KITCHEN SUPPER

Chisholm, Mr. H. J. Chisholm, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Turner, Mr. W. R. Hooper, Mrs. DeWitt West, New York; Mr. and Mrs. W. Burns Trundle, Baltimore; Mr. and Mrs. N. W. Rice, Miss Rice, Mr. E. G. Farrar, Miss R. H. Flint, Boston; Mr. Julian A. Rice, Mr. E. E. Belding, Springfield; Mr. and Mrs. Robert F. Maddox and child, Atlanta; Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Paul, Lowell; Mr. and Mrs. Samuel W. Trost, Cincinnati; Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Burr, Englewood; Mr. and Mrs. Adnah Neyhart, and the Misses Neyhart, Framingham; Mr. and Mrs. Benj. Neilds, Wilmington, N. C.; Mrs. Ellen E. Hills and Miss Hills, Hartford; Miss Alice M. Hallock, East Orange,

At the fancy work table were Miss Helen Johnson, Miss Mildred Lindsay, Miss Eleanor Lindsay, Miss Alice Maynard, Miss Hilda Greenleaf, Miss Margaret Watson, and Miss Alice Hallock.

Popped corn was dispensed by Miss Stewart, flowers by Miss Lewis, and confections by Miss Campbell, Miss Ricker and Master Ricker, and always there was a crowd around the grab bag table over which Master Edward Ricker presided, with a steady demand for lemonade served by "Annie."

Miss Ethel M. Frank and Mr. Carl O. Deis were heard with pleasure in a musical program Thursday evening, the music hall being filled.

IN BUCOLIC COSTUME

Rustic Dance is Feature of Busy Week of Golf and Social Pleasures at Rangeley Lake House



SELDOM has a single week furnished more of pleasure for Rangeley Lake house guests, sports and social pleasures filling in, one might almost say, every hour of day and evening. Record house counts continue, with early September promising little change and many planning to remain until October.

BUCOLIC MERRYMAKERS

Enjoyed by the entire household was the Saturday's "Barn Yard Frolic" or dance, the Casino being transformed for the occasion by picturesque and effective bucolic decorations: the walls covered with soft green cornstalks and hung with everything a farm can claim ownership to—harness, milk pails, rakes, hoes, pitchforks, scythes, whips and what not—the effect heightened by the introduction of a monster hay stack and a pen of the liveliest and most musical of young pigs which never for a moment ceased to protest against their strange surroundings.

As for costumes they covered the limit of possibility, ranging all the way from the pretty milkmaid of fiction to the hired girl of stern reality, and the chore boy to the summer boarder, with enough typical Uncle Cys, Aunt Sallys, hayseeds and farm hands to make one feel that a County Fair had got misplaced.

Easily the most interesting of the young women and the best caricature on the floor, was Miss Susan Dill as a giddy young spinster, while the Shields brothers as "Hiram" and "Mandy" provoked no end of laughter. On every hand was heard praise for all, but none more genuine and hearty than that bestowed on the volunteer decorators of the hall, Miss Marie Chatillon and Miss Elsa Shaffer of New York, Mr. H. A. Free-

man and Mr. C. P. Freeman of Philadelphia, and Mr. Fred Marsh of East Orange.

Among the merry-makers in costume were Miss Mary King, Miss Mary Lattin, Miss Ruth Lattin, Miss Emma Dill, Miss Susan Dill, Miss Anna Schaefer, Miss Elsa Schaefer, Miss Marguerite Schaefer, Miss May Wharples, Miss Roberta Rue, Miss Marie Chatillon, Miss Rachael Marble, Miss Margaret Adriance, Miss May Conrad, Miss Wealthy Lewis, Miss Mildred Sears, Miss Edith Napier, Miss Gladys Gilman, Miss Nellie Brown, Miss Elizabeth Shields.

Mr. Nelson Shields, Mr. Arthur Maris, Mr. Leonard Frisbie, Mr. "Jack" Gilman, Mr. "Harry" Bauchle, Mr. Harold Napier, Mr. Edward Morris, Mr. Durando Lines, Mr. Stewart King, Mr. Carol Marble, Mr. J. S. Wooster, Mr. Clarence Freeman, Mr. J. S. West.

INFORMAL PLEASURES

Among the delightful affairs of the week was a novel afternoon provided by Mrs. E. M. Brown of New York, Mrs. W. H. Wharples and Miss May Wharples of Hartford, in a trip by a special train of observation cars over the narrow gauge railroad to Phillips and return. The invitation list numbered sixty-five, and the afternoon was one long to be remembered because of the agreeable companions, the beauty of the day and the grandeur of the scenery.

Dr. and Mrs. B. F. Stahl of Philadelphia, entertained the boys of the hotel, Monday, at Driftwood Lodge, a sail down the lake, camp dinner and afternoon of games filling in never-to-be-forgotten hours.

Bridge claims many devotees, Miss Marzolf of New York, entertaining a party of sixty in the Casino, Wednesday, and Mrs. George Schaefer and Miss

Chatillon of New York, a similar party Thursday.

GOLF! GOLF! GOLF!

Golf events, varied in character, have rounded out a full week, interest centred in the annual RangeleyLakes Championship tourney for a trophy presented by Mr. Thomas H. Bauchle of New York, president of the Oquossoc Golf Club, keen play ruling.

In the final round for the chief cup C. B. Waterman of Boston, defeated F. B. Marsh of East Orange, five up and four to go, thirty-six holes being played. In the semi-finals Mr. Waterman beat J. E. Adriance, three and two, and Mr. Marsh, J. S. Wooster, by the same score.

G. S. Dunham was the winner of the consolation, defeating C. E. Synott, three and one; the very special or third flight trophy, going to H. M. Maris who defeated F. C. Bunn, one up. In the semi-finals Mr. Dunham beat G. R. Souder and Mr. Synott, T. M. Marsh; Mr. Maris winning from E. Roberts, and Mr. Bunn from F. Neher.

Saturday's medal play handicap attracted a big field, C. E. Synott of East Orange, whose allowance was an "unlucky" thirteen, leading with a card of seventy, W. C. Bowers (25) and H. E. Napier (23) next in line with seventy-two and seventy-three, respectively.

Other scores were: W. H. Morrow, 94—18—76; H. G. Duffield, 97—21—76; J. E. Adriance, 93—15—78; A. M. Maris, 94—16—78; F. Neher, 100—20—80; E. B. Morris, 92—12—80; C. B. Waterman, 91—10—81; E. Napier, 102—20—82; G. R. Souder, 94—10—84; H. M. Maris, 94—10—84; J. S. Wooster, 100—15—85; W. H. Castle, 101—16—85; L. W. Frisbie, 103—18—85; T. Otis, 104—17—87; C. Marble, 111—24—87; E. Roberts, 98—9—89; T. A. Benner, 110—20—90; R. J. Lewis, 115—25—90.

C. E. Synott led in Wednesday's handicap with an eighty-one, his handicap being another "thirteen," E. Roberts (9), next in line with eighty-four. A. M. Maris (16), made eighty-eight; H. M. Maris (10), eighty-nine; S. B.

Shields (16), ninety-one, and G. R. Souder (10) ninety-seven.

PUTTING AND APPROACHING

Miss Marie Chatillon of New York, and Mr. T. McCurdy Marsh of East Orange, divided honors in two special events, a match play putting competition for a cup offered by Mrs. Thomas H. Bauchle, and a putting and approaching contest for a cup and ball prizes.

Special interest was given to Miss Chatillon's win owing to the fact that it breaks Miss Helen Dill's phenomenal series of golf victories which have extended over a period of three years, the final round being won by three up and two. Other participants were Miss Napier, Miss E. Castle, Mrs. Wriggins, Miss A. Castle, Miss Scheafer, Mrs. Trainer, Miss Parlett, Miss Brown, Miss Stearns, Mrs. Adams, Mrs. Roberts, Miss Dill, Mrs. Hall, Mrs. Adriance, Miss Rue, Miss Susan Dill, Miss King, Miss Wharples, Miss Seyms, Mrs. Hall, Mrs. Riker, Mrs. Adams, Miss A. Scheafer, Miss Adriance.

Miss Emma Dill's brilliant win of two ties on her way to the final match with Mr. Marsh, was the feature of the putting and approaching contest, taking second in a quadruple tie with E. B. Morris, H. M. Maris and L. W. Frisbie; Mr. Maris and Mr. Morris winning the golf ball prizes in the play-off.

Saturday evening's presentation of prizes by Dr. B. Franklin Stahl, was especially interesting, the doctor in a happy vein with some quip ready for each of the fourteen prize winners gathered, kept the assembled company in gales of appreciative laughter. In closing Dr. Stahl made reference to the highly successful golf season and in the name of the Club thanked the Board of Governors for their untiring efforts in behalf of golf at Rangeley.

A. M. Maris leads in the race among the point winners, with twenty-seven to his credit, E. Roberts and C. E. Synott tied at twenty-three, S. B. Shields fourth with twenty-two.

THE TYPICAL MAINE GUIDE

Just as Much a Product of the Soil as the Forests
and His Like is Not to be Found Elsewhere



THE GUIDE, in the mind of every sportsman who has "done" Maine properly, is closely associated with memories of pleasant and successful days with the rod on lake and stream, or long tramps through the woods with the rifle. It is his guide, not the sporting camp proprietor or the people he meets, that the sportsman, after return to civilization, remembers most of all. This recollection is almost always tinged with tenderness, for "Charlie" is to the minds of a certain number of sportsmen, not only the best guide in the State, but the staunchest friend in the world; while, on the other hand, Charlie thinks no sportsmen come to Maine except Mr. So-and-So and a few others of his select coterie. All others lack much or little of being up to Charlie's ideal, and he loves to relate, with glowing eyes, in the presence of other guides, the achievements with rod and gun of the mighty Nimrods whom he guides. To the sportsman, on the other hand, all other guides than their own particular are just a bit "off." They talk too much or too little, paddle or walk too slow or too fast, or, possibly, the cooking is uncertain; but their Charlie hasn't a fault. It is a pleasure to converse with him or be in his company, his paddling and gait are just right, and the coffee never fails to be good, the trout cooked to a turn, the bread light, or the flap jacks brown and tender.

Some sportsmen are, indeed, wont to carry their enthusiasm so far as to quarrel about their guides much as children do about their papas, and while Mr. Gun admires Mr. Rod, personally, he cannot for the life of him understand how he can go into the woods with "that block-head Tommy." Both seem to forget

that a guide is much like a wife; what suits one man has no attractions for another. It is the old, old story where people fail to comprehend what there is in the mysterious word—companionship.

The typical Maine guide is just as much a product of the soil as are the mighty forests, and his replica is not to be found elsewhere. They are, of course, all human and differ in temperament. One may be nervous and excitable, another reserved and deliberate; a third, patient and forbearing, and a fourth, quick tempered and unreasonable; but, as a class, good guides are to a man, strong, willing, friendly and ever on the lookout to see that their "sporter" has the best there is to be got. They are good friends and, sometimes, bitter enemies, for their sense of justice is keen and they are ready to retaliate for a just and, sometimes, a fancied grievance. The majority are sober and honest, if one accepts the latter qualification by making allowances for the fairy tales which they are wont to spin for the entertainment of their city guests, and, often, they have told these over and over until they really believe them. Profanity is not a rule among them, although a moderate amount adds zest to their conversation on fitting occasions. With scarcely an exception they know their place and keep it, seldom mistaking kindness for familiarity or imagining that they are the sportsman and the sportsman the guide. They do not expect to be put on a basis of familiarity. They realize that the men they guide come from a world of which they know little, yet they are seldom envious. They only ask to be treated like men, nothing more.

Guiding is a business with them, devoid of all the frills the uninitiated enthusiast might attach, and taken season

in and season out, it is about as hard work as one would wish to undertake. To tramp long miles carrying a heavy pack or an eighty-pound canoe over a rough trail, to paddle from morning until night, to be ever at the call of some one who is in the woods for enjoyment, and then to end the day by getting supper, chopping wood for the night, building a lean-to and boughing down the beds is no easy or unimportant

hard rain, drenched to the skin? Who else would pack a canoe half a dozen miles without grumbling, simply for the sake of a few hours' fishing? Who else would give up a blanket and sit by the fire that you might be warm, or go without food that you might not go hungry? No one but the guide is the answer of all who have been fortunate enough to be under the care of a good one while in the woods.



“CHARLIE HASN'T A FAULT”

“The coffee never fails to be good or the flapjacks brown and tender”

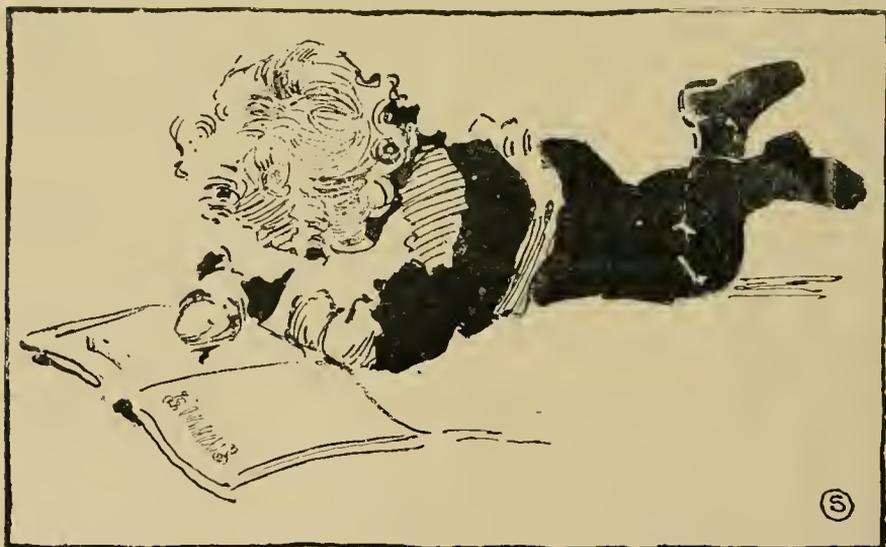
task. If ever a class of men earned their money fairly and squarely it is the guides who are working for \$2.50 and \$3 a day. A good guide gives his employer the benefit of knowledge gained from years of experience in the woods—the art of woodcraft, the habits of fish and game. He does not hesitate, if need be, to risk his life for his employer, and the greatest personal discomfort is a pleasure to him if it only adds to the enjoyment of his party. Who else would sit in a canoe and paddle for hours in a

The guide does his best work for the man he likes. It adds pleasure to his occupation to have a man who is appreciative, kindly, and patient. The guide likes to be told that the cooking is good, that the day's sport has been satisfactory, and he appreciates any demonstration of personal interest. Above all things he hates a “kicker,” and such a man has a hard time in the woods as soon as his failing becomes known. He admires a man who is a good shot or expert with the rod, and will do any-

thing to assist such a one to obtain what he desires, for he feels, and justly, that half the glory of his employer's achievements falls upon him. After taking a man up close to a mammoth moose or big deer and seeing a whole magazine of cartridges fired without effect, or after paddling cautiously up to a fine trout pool and having the water pounded until the fish flee in terror, he gets discouraged, and it is not to be wondered at. He has done his best in every way, and to have grumbling is not pleasant. The guide admires the straightforward man. He can tolerate anything if he believes one is sincere in it. If a man can neither shoot nor fish he likes to know it, if things are wrong he would feel better to receive a friendly suggestion than to be told something he knew was not true.

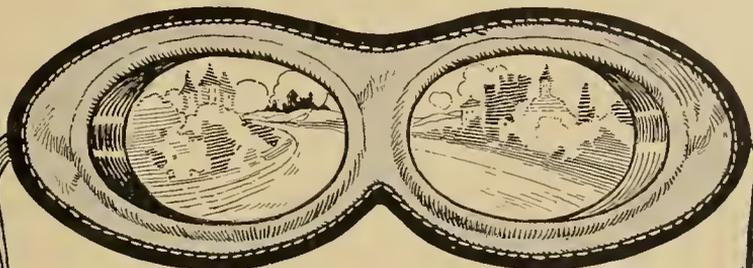
First of all the sportsman who wants to enjoy Maine and see the State properly should secure a good guide, for the best fishing is not to be found on the brooks and lakes close to sporting camps, and the finest hunting is miles distant, even at the wildest and most remote of them. This can be best done by securing information from some old time Maine sportsman who knows such men. A registered guide is not necessarily all right, for there is little oppor-

tunity for the fish and game commissioners to investigate and mediocre men get certificates. After securing his guide, the sportsman must treat that guide "white," and there will be no trouble. The guide does not expect you to help paddle the canoe unless you so desire, for the "help" would probably flavor more of hindrance. If you care to "sack" part of the pack over the trail he will be grateful, but he does not expect it. He wants you to get all the pleasure you can and first, last, and always to be reasonable, not to expect more of him than flesh is capable of, to appreciate the good things he brings your way and to make the best of unavoidable discomforts. If you have money and choose to give him \$5 or \$25 at the end of your stay, as a tip, or a nest egg for the "little 'un," it will further cement his regard for you, for money is scarce in Maine, and people live plainly. If you cannot afford to do this, friendly acts and kindly interest will do just as well. Do whatever the heart prompts and the purse permits, and your guide will ever be your staunchest friend and most ardent admirer. Above all, make no promise of gifts when you "get home," if you are not in earnest. Keep faith with your guide if you seek his faithful service and respect.



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GREENVILLE TO KINEO, KINEO STATION AND HEAD OF LAKE

	Ex. Sun.	Ex. Sun.	Ex. Sun.	Ex. Sun.	Ex. Sat.	Sun. only	Sun. only	Beginning July 26
Greenville, lv.	6.15 A.							8.00 A.
Greenville Jct.	6.45 "		10.00 A.	2.30 P.				8.30 "
Deer Island	*7.40 "		10.55 "	*3.25 "				*9.25 "
Kineo, arr.	8.35 "		11.50 "	4.20 "				10.20 "
Kineo, lv.	8.45 "	10.15 A.	12.15 "	4.40 "	8.20 P.	1.15 P.		10.30 "
Kineo Station	9.00 "	10.30 "	12.45 "	5.00 "	8.40 "	1.30 "		10.45 "
Rockwood	*9.15 "		*1.00 P.	*5.10 "				11.05 "
Northwest Carry ...	10.45 "			7.20 "				
Northeast Carry ...	11.30 "		2.30 "	6.40 "				12.35 "

HEAD OF LAKE TO KINEO, KINEO STATION AND GREENVILLE

	Ex. Sun.	Ex. Sun.	Daily.	Ex. Sun.	Ex. Sun.	Ex. Sun.	Sun. only	Sun. only	Beginning July 26
Northwest C'ry. lv.	7.00 A.			10.45 A.					
Northeast Carry.	7.45 "			12.30 P.		2.30 P.	2.00 P.		
Rockwood	*9.15 "			*2.00 "		*4.00 "	*3.25 "		
Kineo Station...	8.30 A.	10.00 "	12.45 P.	2.20 "	5.15 P.	5.00 "	3.40 "	6.30 P.	
Kineo, arr.	9.00 "	10.10 "	1.00 "	2.35 "		5.15 "	3.50 "	6.45 "	
Kineo, lv.	10.15 "			2.45 "	5.00 "		4.00 "		
Deer Island	*11.05 "			*3.40 "	6.00 "		*5.00 "		
Greenville Jct. ...	12.00 Noon.			4.30 "	6.55 "		5.55 "		
Greenville				5.30 "			6.15 "		

GREENVILLE TO LILY BAY AND WEST OUTLET VIA KINEO [Daily except Sunday]

Greenville, lv.	9.15 A.	West Outlet, lv.	1.00 P.
Greenville Jct.	9.55 A.	Kineo	2.00 P.
Sugar Island	10.40 A.	Lily Bay, arr.	3.30 P.
Lily Bay, arr.	11.00 A.	Lily Bay, lv.	5.15 P.
Lily Bay, lv.	11.05 A.	Sugar Island	5.35 P.
Kineo	12.30 P.	Greenville Jct.	6.30 P.
Kineo Station	12.45 P.	Greenville	7.00 P.
West Outlet ...	1.00 P.		

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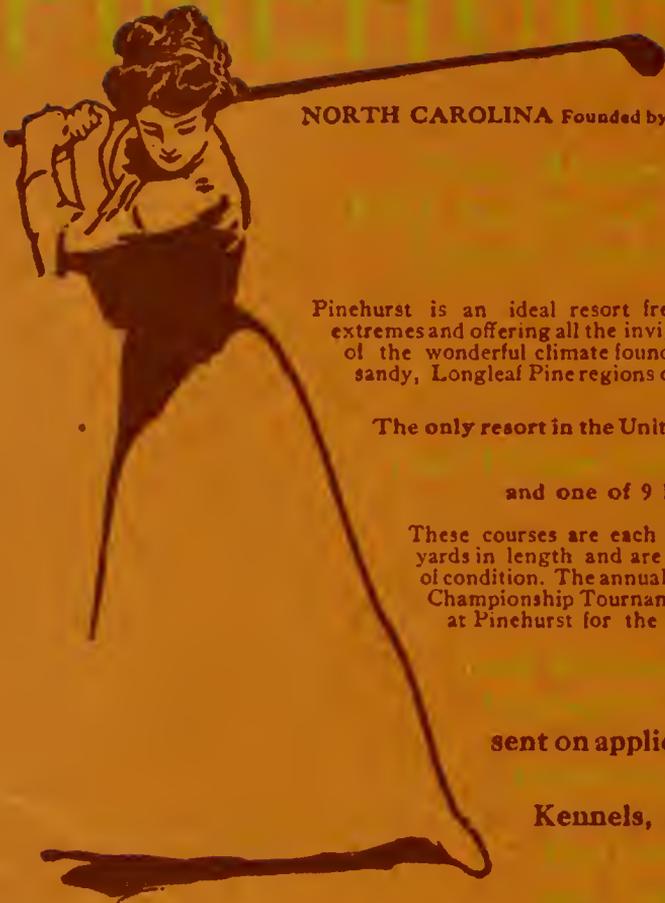
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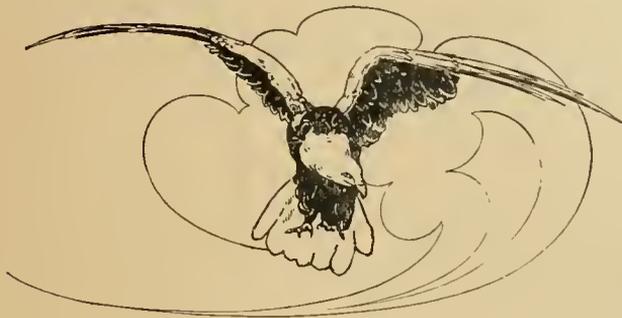
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HERBERT L JILLSON

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SEPT 5 1908

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The Northern Land with air like wine;
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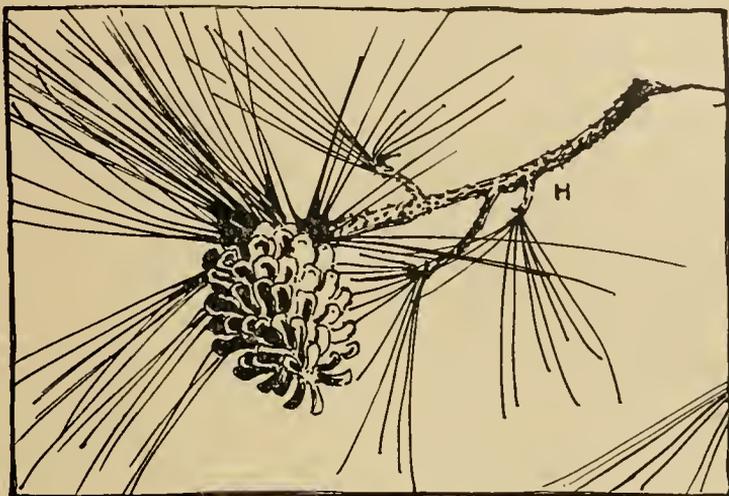
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A SEPTEMBER AFTERNOON

U.S. GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE
CLASS. 1908
DOPY B.



NORTHWARD-HO!



A WEEKLY MAGAZINE OF NEWS

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1908

VOL. IV

No. 8

THAT REMARKABLE FLY

One of Joe's Yarns



JOE WAS in a communicative mood and, as a natural consequence, the little group about the cabin's blazing fireplace was silent, for none of us equal him when it comes to story telling. Not alone is his imagination keen, but an education far above the average Maine guide, and much reading, have given him a vocabulary of some range, and when he begins to lapse into the subconscious state we know that something unusually choice is coming.



"I understand," he queried with great deliberation, "that this little group of ours is privileged to vary slightly from the truth if it serves to make a story more interesting, and that short flights of the imagination are permitted?" Joe looked up and we all nodded, wondering just what was coming. "Let me, then, emphasize, in opening," he continued with much gravity, "that upon this particular occasion it will be entirely unnecessary for me to make use of either privilege, contenting myself only with the plain, unadorned facts and omitting the frills with which I might adorn it and minus the additional interest which variation might give. What I desire to impress upon you most of all is the strangeness of the wonderful phenomena which I was fortunate enough to witness and to do this I must, at least, have your confidence.

"You will remember that winter came very suddenly at Moosehead Lake last fall. We had much cold weather early, to be sure; but heavy winds kept the Lake from freezing until well along in December. Then, suddenly, it grew calm and cold one evening and the next morning the Lake was covered with a coating of thin, clear, firm ice, about an inch or an inch and a half in thickness.

"Finding the ice sufficiently strong to hold me, I determined to cross the Lake to my camp at the West Outlet. As I sped along I suddenly became aware of its exceptional purity—as clear and transparent as ever plate glass was made—and I could look down through it as easily as one would through the skylight of a house, the bright sun seeming to be reflected down through the mysterious depths as if by a prism. Lying down and covering my eyes with my hands, I found that I could see the bottom of the Lake, five hundred feet away, as plainly as I could the distant shore. The sight made me dizzy. I never could stand upon a mountain and look off, to say nothing of looking down, and the sensation of vast depth below me and cold water between, with only a thin crust of ice as a separation, sent uncanny chills shooting down my back.

"Rising, I hurried on with the desperation of a man pursued and not until over shallower water did my self-control return. Then from time to time, I gratified my curiosity, studying the bottom of the Lake, as one explores an

unknown and forbidden territory. At the Outlet the water was sufficiently shallow to permit my looking straight down to the bottom without lying down and I enjoyed the sensation, moving about curiously. After a time I found a point, directly opposite my cabin, at which a great school of monster speckled trout were congregated. I approached cautiously until nearly over them, but such steps were not necessary as I afterward learned, for if these fish had ever entertained fear of man it had long since disappeared, so secure had they become in this stronghold, a point long closed to fishermen.

"The sight was too much for me, in spite of the fact that they were doubly protected; the law making the location one which could not be fished and the season being, of course, a close one, but I argued that there could be no harm in my taking one or two little ones for dinner.

"Naturally, I had neither hook nor line with me. Hunting through my pockets I found a bit of stout linen twine, and I made a rough hook from a safety pin. In lieu of bait I made a crude representation of a Parmachenee Belle, from bits of white and red underflannel, and laying the whole upon the ice, took my axe preparatory to cutting a hole through it.



"Then and there a peculiar thing took place which had I given it more thought, would have warned me of the consequences of the act which I was about to commit. It was, of course, as easy for the fish to see through the ice as it was for me, and the very moment that fly touched the fish below began to jump at it. The whole monster school seemed to have but one desire and that to get the dainty morsel in their mouths and they pounded away, relentless and determined. Every now and then a big fellow would pull off some thirty feet, get a purchase and come thundering up against it like a catapult, making the ice crack ominously for rods about.

"At the time, strange as it may seem, the incident did not strike me as being unusual. I took it only as positive assurance that I would have no trouble in getting the one or two little ones I desired, but out of pure humanity I did pick up the fly and put it out of sight until I had chopped the hole, for the sight of the bleeding snouts and blackened eyes got the best of me. I never saw a more disappointed lot of fish in my life. It did seem that they would not be consoled; a few of them actually shed tears.



"In a short time I had cut a good sized hole through the ice, the trout all the while regarding me curiously some ten feet away, the very inquisitive ones coming quite close every now and then, only to dart back to the main school at the slightest movement. Clearing out the fine ice and winding the line about my hand, I dropped in the fly, not without a little flutter of excitement for a vague presentment possessed me.

"No sooner had it touched the water than the school started for it as one fish. I had not expected this and, instinctively, I jumped back, pulling the fly with me, but that made no difference, the fish came straight on and through the hole, the big ones in the lead and the little ones at the end. As the capacious mouths of the leaders opened a chill of fear swept over me and, turning, I ran for the shore, the whole school following as rapidly as it could.

"I sought the protection of my cabin, and was just able to unbolt the door and get inside when the fleetest of the lot were at my heels. Then my fear disappeared. What was there in a school of trout to be afraid of, I argued, and going outside, killed a few little ones for dinner and then put the rest to flight, an easy task for many were already gasping for breath and they readily sought the water. But in fifteen minutes the whole bunch, with many additions, was back at the cabin

door again, and that thing kept up during the entire day!

"And finally, gentlemen, I had to carry out boards and cover up that hole, taking advantage of a time when the trout were in the water recuperating for another rush, it was such a nuisance having them under foot!



"I have always kept that remarkable fly and here it is," concluded Joe, producing it from his pocketbook.

Good September Trout Flies

The September fly fisherman finds conditions which exist at no other season of the year, particularly during the latter part of the month when the fish are gathering at the spawning beds. Briefly an abnormal condition exists and the fish are "fussy;" often extremely so.

The September fly book should, in consequence, contain something more than the usual assortment to meet the special requirements. At times, to be sure, all the old favorites will prove effective: the Montreal, silk bodied gray and brown hackles and Parmachenee belle in particular; but, in addition, there should be lures seldom used.

Among the best of these will be found the yellow May and the St. Patrick, two flies which the average angler regards as "curios." The Jenny Lind and scarlet ibis should also be included in the list, as well as the white miller.

When the angler finds trout rising

freely, but indifferent to the fly, he should try these lures; one at a time, two or three casts, *singly*. If he has never experimented the chances are that an experience awaits him, for if the right fly is used, under prime conditions, there is no limit to the possible catch.

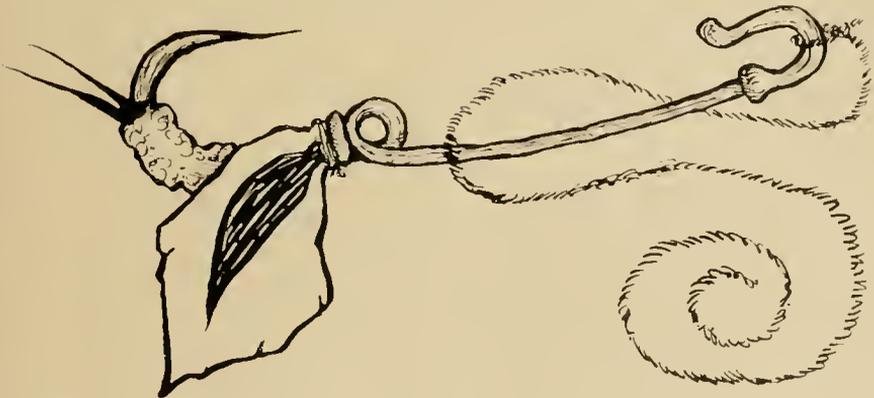
If in doubt try the experiment this fall and, if you meet with success, change back to "every day" flies for a few casts; just to satisfy yourself!

In many ways September is the best fly fishing month of the year, and at no period of the season is the weather more delightful.

Bill Jones of the Grocery

Bill Jones he owns the grocery store
Where all the fellers go
An' set each night an' spin their yarns,
A most impressive row,
Bill seldom spins a yarn himself,
Jest uses of his ears,
An' says, in confidence, he don't
Believe quite all he hears.
Bill Jones he sets all by himself
Behind the counter there,
An' listens to the things they say
With sad an' patient air.
An' ef he ketches trade enough
From them who nightly dwell
To pay him fur his light an' heat,
He thinks he's doin' well.
Bill Jones he figures ev'ry night,
On paper broad an' brown,
The age of ev'ry setter there
From Uncle Ezra down.
Bill says: "Ef they hev done ez much
Ez they make out, hy swish,
They've lived two hundred years apiece
An' ketched a million fish!"

—N. Y. Sun.



CHUG-CHUG POP-POP UFF-UFF!

Annual Power Boat Handicap of Moosehead Lake Yacht Club Feature of Kineo's Busy Week



THE WEEK witnesses the gradual transposition of Kineo from the "summer" to the "sporting" resort and outdoor recreations and social diversions gradually giving way to fishing and wilderness pleasures, with the shooting season, not far distant, eagerly anticipated. Still, however, the big hotel remains well filled, many coming to take the places of those who are turning homeward with new zest for life's duties and responsibilities.

September fly fishing is excellent, both in the immediate vicinity and at nearby and distant points, and the wilderness is claiming devotees from all sections, hundreds working in weekly for some one of the numerous trips which open up from here through the West Branch and its tributaries.

ANNUAL YACHT CLUB REGATTA

If there was anybody in the section who didn't attend the second annual handicap for power boats, of the Moosehead Lake Yacht Club, held Saturday, their absence wasn't noticeable in the big crowd which flocked in here from all parts of the Lake. Regular boats, private boats, excursion steamers, canoes, rowboats and what not brought the crowd and it made the most of a glorious day, tinged with excitement. The triangular course brought the start and finish directly opposite the point, and handicap allowances gave added interest to the start and finish. Eleven boats lined up, ranging all the way in speed from the flyer owned by Walton Ferguson, donor of the trophy, and the handsome cruiser of C. M. Clark, who gave the permanent cup, to the slower craft of the dory and canoe type, closely matched because of time allowance handicaps and the owners of all with high hopes as to the final result.

Promptly at two o'clock the "Asp," owned by Judge Wilfred Bolster of Boston, got under way and precisely one hour and thirty-eight minutes, forty five seconds later the "Silver Fox," the Ferguson flyer, crossed the line. Francis West of Boston, in the "Onaway" was four minutes and twenty-four seconds after the "Asp." Mrs. E. H. Unterbridge of New York, in the "Hunky Dory," four minutes and fifty-seven seconds; C. A. Judkins of Kineo, in the "Eleanor," thirty-four minutes and fifty-four seconds; Walton Ferguson's "Francis," thirty-nine minutes; C. M. Clark in the "Unome" (last year's winner), fifty-nine minutes; W. H. Dougherty of Brooklyn, in the "White Arrow," fifty-two minutes and twenty-seven seconds; Mr. Ferguson's "Batteau," fifty-three minutes and forty-two seconds; W. L. Sheaffer of Pottsville, in the "Clematis," forty-four minutes and thirty-three seconds; Stanton I. Hanson of New York, in the "Gracious," fifty-nine minutes and three seconds, and it was "let 'er go" to the finish line; "chug-chug," "pop-pop," "uff-uff!"

Cleverest of all was the race of the "Gracious," starting next to the last, with the fleet scattered along the course ahead of her, one boat seven miles distant, all of which were passed, one by one, and the finish line nipped in the lead.

Chugging after her, throwing the water far out on either side in great white billows, came the "Silver Fox," fairly burning the wind as she went and the zest of conquest in her engines, gradually cleaning up the field, and on the home stretch when trouble with the engines lost forty-five seconds and, undoubtedly, the race.

The motor canoe "Onaway" made second, the "White Arrow" third and the "Clematis" fourth, the balance of the

group close up and tearing homeward as if a life depended on it.

Then the judges got their heads together and juggled the figures as judges are wont to do, James A. Brodie of Brooklyn, representing the Yacht Club, being assisted by the experts, Ernest F. Kelly of the Kennebec Yacht Club, Bath, and H. M. Frichtman of New York. Saddest of all was the announcement that the "Gracious" has exceeded her trial speed beyond the limit and was disqualified, the trophy going to the little "Onaway," the remaining honorable mentions in the order given.

Then went up a mighty cheer on land and water which the forests caught up and echoed back, while whistles shrieked and hats waved, and the "second annual" race passed into history as an unqualified success and a brilliant prophecy for the future!

TWO WINS FROM TACONNET

Stinging with the defeat by Megantic in last week's ball games, the local team went in for two clean cut wins in the games played Tuesday and Wednesday, with their old rivals, the Taconnets of Waterville, rounding out the season, 11—4 and 6—5.

Tuesday's contest was interesting in spite of its one sidedness, the locals using the willow as if it was a tennis racquet, with Fellows as chief slugger. Errors were few and never for once did the visitors give up hope, with three runs in the 4th and six in the 5th against them, making a try at their last turn at the bat, leading one man across the plate.

The scores:

	KINEO						
	AB	R	BI	PO	A	E	
J. Seales, ss.	5	0	1	2	1	0	
Doran, c.	1	0	11	2	0		
Chaffee, 1b.	5	1	2	1	1	0	
Fitzgerald, c.f.	5	1	2	0	0		
Nordeen, p.	1	2	2	3	12	0	
N. Seales, r.f.	1	2	2	2	0	0	
Smith, 3b.	1	1	0	2	0	0	
Fellows, 2b.	1	2	3	2	3	1	
Monroe, l.f.	1	1	1	1	1	1	
	39	11	13	27	20	2	

TACONNET

	TACONNET						
	AB	R	BI	PO	A	E	
Kane, 2b.	5	0	0	1	2	3	
Allen, r.f.	1	1	2	0	0	0	
Stodie, c.f.	1	0	1	0	0	0	
Violette, 1b.	4	1	1	10	2	0	
Loon, c.	4	0	0	9	2	0	
Tibbells, 3b.	4	1	0	2	2	0	
Perry, l.f.	4	1	1	0	0	0	
LaPrack, ss.	4	0	2	2	0	1	
Herd, p.	3	0	0	0	11	0	
	36	4	7	24	19	4	

Earned runs, Kineo 1. First base on balls, Nordeen 1. Struck out, by Nordeen, 11; Herd, 7. Wild pitches, Nordeen, 2. Hit by pitcher, Doran.

KINEO 1 1 0 3 6 0 0 0 *—11
TACONNET 0 1 0 0 0 2 0 0 1—4

RED HOT TO FINISH

Wednesday's game was a fitting ending of a splendid season with the final outcome uncertain until the last man was retired, the visitors gaining the lead in the first three innings, losing it in the sixth and coming within one of tying in the ninth. In their first four appearances at the bat it looked very much as if the Taconnet pitcher had the home players hypnotized, but the Kineos "clunged bats" in the fifth and sixth innings and the crowd began to sit up. Nordeen, of the home team, was in good form, holding the visitors down to a few scattered hits and striking out five men, some of them good hitters.

Base running was spectacular throughout and coaching waxed warm on both sides as it has never waxed warm here before, when the Taconnets scored two runs in the ninth with a show for a tie score.

The scores:

	KINEO						
	AB	R	BI	PO	A	E	
J. Seales, ss.	1	0	0	3	1	3	
Doran, c.	1	0	0	2	0	6	
Chaffee, 1b.	1	1	1	1	0	11	
Fitzgerald, c.f.	1	1	1	0	0	0	
Nordeen, l.f.	1	0	2	5	0	1	
N. Seales, r.f.	1	2	1	0	0	0	
Smith, 3b.	1	1	2	0	1	0	
Fellows, 2b.	1	2	3	2	3	1	
Monroe, p.	3	0	0	2	0	0	
	31	6	7	21	3	27	

TACONNET

	AB	R	RI	PO	A	E
Kane, 2b.	4	2	2	3	1	3
Allen, c.f.	4	0	0	0	0	0
Stobie, 3b.	5	0	0	0	0	0
Violette, 1b.	1	1	2	2	0	14
Loon, c.	1	0	1	3	0	2
Perry, r.f.	4	0	0	3	1	1
Tibbetts, p.	4	1	2	7	1	1
Beedy, l.f.	4	1	0	0	0	1
LaBrack, ss.	1	0	0	0	0	2
Herd, r.f.	1	0	0	0	0	0
	37	5	7	18	3	24

First base on balls, Nordeen 1; Monroe 1. Struck out, by Monroe, 1; Nordeen, 5; Tibbetts, 3. Passed balls, Loon 1.

KINEO	0	0	0	0	3	2	0	1	*—6
TACONNET	1	0	1	0	0	1	0	0	2—5

NINE WON—THREE LOST

Of the twelve games played during the season the locals have lost but three, the Newports and the Megantics doing the trick. The table:

July 15	Kineo	11	Jackman	8
July 16	Kineo	6	Jackman	3
July 22	Kineo	7	Dover & F's't	2
July 23	Kineo	2	Dover & F's't	0
July 30	Kineo	5	Taconnet	0
August 8	Kineo	6	Camp Caribou	0
August 12	Kineo	5	Newport	7
August 12	Kineo	9	Newport	4
August 26	Kineo	6	Megantic	7
August 27	Kineo	8	Megantic	9
August 31	Kineo	11	Taconnet	1
September 1	Kineo	6	Taconnet	5
Totals		Won 9		Lost 3

JUNIORS VICTORIOUS

The "Junior" ball team continues a strong attraction here, with a clean record on the slate. Saturday they trimmed a similar team from Greenville Junction, twelve to seven, previously scoring a tie with the "guests" nine, and a victory over the Camp Wildwood boys. As an indication of his appreciation Manager C. A. Judkins has shown special interest in the group, entertaining them Thursday with a ride to Kineo farm which was much enjoyed.

PRIZE WINNERS

General interest was aroused by the prize competition benefit for the ball team, six prizes in all being offered.

John Skelton of Boston, took a sixty-five dollar bearskin; Lloyd Williams of New York, a twenty-five dollar lynx skin; R. Danforth of Bangor, a fox skin; Harlan Page of Philadelphia, a deer head; L. Lloyd of New Haven, a rifle, and H. C. Warren of New Haven, a mounted trout.

TENNIS, GOLF AND SHOOTING

Wednesday witnessed the final rounds of a men's doubles tennis tournament, the culmination of a long and interesting series of contests. E. S. Gillespie of Stamford and K. E. Dodge of Paterson, winning from E. N. Dodge of Paterson, and F. Walter Hentz of Philadelphia. The winning pair beat J. Henry Hentz, 3d, and E. S. Kinley of Philadelphia, and the losers defeated Henry Fechtwanger of New York, and J. Hurd Hutchins, Jr., of Boston.

Other participants were: Judge A. W. Seeligson of San Antonio, and George Cooley of New York; W. O. Rowland, Jr., of Philadelphia, and J. W. Carnwick of New York; J. H. Billman of Philadelphia, and John Reilly of Salem, N. J.; George K. Crozier of Philadelphia, and Nelson Dougherty of Brooklyn.

The final match for the James K. Clarke rifle trophies was shot Monday. Manager C. A. Judkins winning first with a total of one hundred and sixty, three strings of 52—60—51, and Dr. Rowland Cox, Jr., of New York, second with one hundred and twenty-four, strings 54—30—40.

Mrs. C. A. Judkins took the women's trophy with one hundred and seventy-two, strings of 54—52—66, and Mrs. M. D. Paterson of New York, second with a total of one hundred and forty-four, strings of 50—53—41.

All scores at twenty yards, standard American targets, a possible three hundred, total.

HERE AND THERE

Mr. Henry Sheaffer and Miss Sheaffer of Pottsville, entertained delightfully at bridge at the Kineo Club, Wednesday evening; Mr. Henry Fechtwanger and Dr. Rowland Cox, Jr., both of New

York, and Mrs. B. Frank Clapp and Mrs. J. B. Kinley, both of Philadelphia, winning the exquisite prizes offered. A collation was served at the close of play. Other guests included Mr. and Mrs. Jas. A. Brodie, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Dougherty, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Adams, Mr. and Mrs. W. O. Rowland, Mr. and Mrs. Sheaffer, Mr. and Mrs. Leslie C. Weed, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Sheaffer, Mrs. Henry Feuchtwanger, Mrs. H. C. Warren, Mrs. T. S. Steele, Mr. J. B. Kinley, Mr. W. L. Sheaffer, Dr. Rowland Cox, Jr.

A novel frolic enjoyed by the younger set was Tuesday evening's sheet and pillow case party, nearly fifty participating. In "sheath gown" garb young men and young women danced, a weird effect being given by keeping the lights low. The music hall was tastefully decorated with greens and sunflowers, the list of participants including nearly all of the young people in the hotel and cottages.

The annual masquerade ball of the employees was an entertainment feature much enjoyed, over one hundred appearing in costumes of varied interest. Buster Brown, the Grass Widow and the Poland Water Girl easily being the leaders.

Subscriptions to the Yacht Club are climbing merrily upward, recent additions to the list at fifty dollars each, coming from John Reills, Jr., of Salem, N. J.; J. H. Hillman, Jr., of Pittsburg; A. H. Shaw of Bath; William M. Shaw of Greenville; and Manager C. A. Judkins.

Charles C. Billings of Magnolia, and Ellert E. Clapp of Duxbury, created a mild sensation last week Friday, by calling for help from the mountain side, where for the time being, they believed themselves to be lost. While out canoeing they put ashore and attempted to walk back, losing their bearings in the darkness.

The engagement of Miss Gladys Butler, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Butler of Washington, to Mr. Chapin Marcus of New York, is announced, the acquaintance formed here during the summer.

CAMPERS MANY

Among the campers are Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Havemeyer, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Havemeyer, Mrs. J. C. Havemeyer, the Misses Havemeyer, Miss Anna Hyde, Mr. Lewis Havemeyer of Yonkers, who are on West Branch waters for a fifteen day trip.

Judge and Mrs. Austen G. Fox, Mr. Austen H. Fox and Miss Fox of New York, return for their annual sojourn at their private camp.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank C. Payson of Portland, are camping on Brassau Lake for their usual visit. Mr. Payson is an enthusiastic salmon fisherman, and holds the record of this region with a ten and one-half pounder taken last fall.

Others in the woods are: Mr. and Mrs. John W. Masury, New York; Geo. D. Porter, Paul J. Porter, and Andrew K. Wight, of Philadelphia; Judge Joseph Coult of Newark; Engene Treadwell, Mrs. F. C. Treadwell, New York; S. D. Warfield, Baltimore; W. and Howard Rowland, Philadelphia; Kenneth F. Wood, Pawtucket, who joins Mr. L. B. Goff and party at Brassau Lake.

W. T. Harrison of Bangor, returns from a trip through to Webber Lake, over a little frequented path, journeying for four days without seeing a human being.

Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Withers and family of Philadelphia, are back from a two weeks camping trip.

LATE ARRIVALS

Prominent among late arrivals are: Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Moore, Miss Katherine C. McDevitt, Mrs. M. C. Smyth, Mr. R. D. Benson, Mr. W. L. McLean, Philadelphia; Mr. and Mrs. J. Leroy Sneekner, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Fritchman, Mr. C. E. Bemis, Miss Alice Bemis, Mrs. W. S. Crane, Miss Christine Crane, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Masury, New York; Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Stiles, East Orange; Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Loder, Jersey City; Dr. and Mrs. W. E. Beardsley, Miss Constance Beardsley, Brooklyn; Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Miles, Princeton.

GLORIOUS SEPTEMBER

Its Coming Backgrounds Social Affairs and Brings
Outdoor Sports Into Prominence at Poland



WITH the coming of glorious September at Poland Spring, the usual departures are taking place, making room for the many who have been waiting to come and keeping the hotel well filled. Socially affairs are becoming more informal, golf, tennis, riding and other outdoor recreations claiming increasing attention, the great influx of motor tourists continuing unabated.

HUGH HALSELL THE WINNER

Indicative of the continued interest in golf was the special match play handicap which ended with final rounds Saturday, Hugh Halsell from far-off Texas, pulling through a winner in the final round with Clayton G. Dixon of the Springhaven Country Club, Pennsylvania, by four up and two to play. Mr. Halsell's semi-final match was with S. P. Holton of the Philadelphia Country Club, whom he defeated, three and one; Mr. Dixon beating Percy H. Stewart of the Plainfield Country Club, by three and two.

SUMMARY

The story of play is told in the following qualification scores and match play summary:

QUALIFICATION SCORES

C. G. Dixon,	12	39	81	2	79
Frank Pearson,	48	46	91	15	79
Percy H. Stewart,	46	45	91	12	79
F. A. Quail,	48	44	92	12	80
G. W. Kerwin,	49	50	99	18	81
R. H. Rines,	49	50	99	18	81
Dr. W. S. Harbau,	41	49	81	0	81
Benj. Neilds,	49	52	101	18	83
S. W. Ehrlich,	45	47	92	9	83
S. P. Holton,	49	45	94	10	84
Capt. J. P. Crane,	48	54	102	18	84
E. Dorval,	48	52	100	15	85
G. W. Elkins, Jr.,	45	48	93	8	85
J. G. McNeil,	44	51	95	10	85
W. J. Flather, Jr.,	46	49	95	10	85
Hugh Halsell,	45	45	90	5	85
Frank H. Wyeth,	50	47	97	12	85

THE PLAY-OFF

McNeil,	43	45	88	10	78
Flather,	49	45	94	10	84
Halsell,	45	44	89	5	84
Elkins,	47	48	95	8	87
Dorval,	50	54	104	15	89
Wyeth,	50	47	103	12	91

*Lost in tie play-off.

FAILED TO QUALIFY

Hugh Mitchell,	50	50	100	14	86
W. W. Linsley,	47	48	95	9	86
D. Lamson,	52	45	97	10	87
G. A. Hobart,	45	46	91	4	87
Ramsay Green,	48	52	100	12	88
H. P. Dixon,	48	48	96	8	88
D. B. Hutton,	48	48	90	7	89
A. H. Thurston,	50	52	108	18	90
H. W. Bragg,	52	53	105	15	90
Dr. W. K. Oakes,	55	50	105	15	90
N. Allan Pettit,	50	45	95	4	91
C. C. Lindsay,	50	50	106	14	92
W. J. Flather,	52	58	110	18	92
G. A. Vose,	53	55	108	15	93
G. H. Flint,	53	56	109	15	94
H. Watson,	54	59	113	18	95
Davis Pearson,	59	53	112	15	97

NO CARDS

F. J. Brown, George L. White, H. H. Lamson, J. R. Neilson.

MATCH PLAY SUMMARY

FIRST ROUND—Clayton G. Dixon, Springhaven Country, beat Capt. J. P. Crane, Winchester Country, 4 and 3; G. W. Elkins, Jr., Huntingdon Valley Country, beat G. W. Kerwin, 1 up; R. H. Rines, Woodland, beat W. J. Flather, Jr., Columbia, 7 and 5; Percy H. Stewart, Plainfield, beat S. W. Ehrlich, Holly wood, 5 and 4; S. P. Holton, Philadelphia Country, beat F. A. Quail, Euclid, 1 up; Benj. Neilds, Wilmington, beat E. Dorval, 2 and 1; Hugh Halsell, Dallas, Texas, beat Dr. W. S. Harbau, Columbia, 2 and 1; Frank Pearson, Merion Cricket, beat J. G. McNeil, Blue Bell, 1 up.

SECOND ROUND—Dixon beat Elkins, by default; Stewart beat Rines, 1 up; Holton beat Neilds, 4 and 3; Halsell beat Pearson, 4 and 3.

SEMI FINALS—Dixon beat Stewart, 3 and 2; Halsell beat Holton, 3 and 1.

FINALS—Halsell beat Dixon, 4 and 2.

WATERLOO AND GETTYSBURG

Of special interest were matches between the local and Portland golf teams,

the hilltop crowd winning easily, both on the visitors' and their own grounds. The first contest was a Waterloo for Poland 19—1, and the second meeting a Gettysburg, 17—1.

The scores:

POLAND		PORTLAND	
C. Dixon	+ 3	Karl Mosser	0
W. S. Harbau	+ 3	C. S. Erswell	0
E. E. Mitchell	+ 2	L. J. Malone	0
G. A. Hobart	+ 3	H. L. Jordan	0
H. Hadsell	0	H. B. Turner	1
H. Ricker, Jr.	+ 1	E. A. Randal	0
Dr. Taylor	+ 0	H. A. Rands	0
H. P. Dixon	0	G. F. Noyes	0
D. N. Bates	+ 1	G. S. Cole	0
I. W. Chick	+ 1	F. V. Chase	0
S. P. Holton	+ 1	L. S. Walker	0
W. J. Flather, Jr.	+ 2	C. H. Payson	0
	—		—
	17		1

A putting competition is under way and the men's match play handicap for trophies contributed by Mr. and Mrs. I. B. Johnson of Ardsley, booked for the week to come, is anticipated.

IN MRS. INMAN'S HONOR

Socially, interest of the week centred in a surprise dinner and the presentation of a beautiful loving cup to Mrs. S. M. Inman of Atlanta, by the younger set, in appreciation of her untiring effort and interest in their behalf, for it is Mrs. Inman who is largely responsible for the numerous social novelties which add so much to the enjoyment of life for the younger set here.

Covers were laid with dainty decorations of greens and cut flowers, following the feast of good things Mr. George W. Elkins, Jr., of Philadelphia, presenting Mrs. Inman, in behalf of the company assembled, with a beautiful silver loving cup of appropriate design and fittingly inscribed, as a slight token of appreciation from those who have been Mrs. Inman's guests upon so many enjoyable occasions.

Mr. Inman responded graciously for Mrs. Inman, and as she left the room a wave of applause swept over the entire dining hall, a fitting acknowledgment of the general popularity of one whose first and natural thought is for others.

Guests at the dinner included Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Inman, Atlanta; Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Elkins, Jr., Philadelphia; Mr. and Mrs. Clayton G. Dixon, Wallingford, Pa.; Mrs. E. P. Ricker, Poland Spring; Mrs. J. C. Dexter, Mrs. A. Von Goutard, Miss Helen B. Johnson, New York; Mrs. W. H. Lord, Miss Mabel Chick, Miss Ruth Flint, Boston; the Misses Lindsay, Miss Marguerite Pettit, Miss Helen B. Stinson, Philadelphia; Miss Mary Childs, Brooklyn; Miss Florence Vose, Brookline; Miss Anna Taylor, Worcester.

Mr. C. C. Lindsay, Mr. Philip Lindsay, Mr. John Holton, Mr. Davis Pearson, Mr. N. Allan Pettit, Mr. Frank Wyeth, Philadelphia; Mr. Henry Ginnell, Mr. Runsey Green, New York; Mr. Richard A. Elliott, Greenwich; Mr. J. G. McNeil, Newton; Mr. L. Watson, Mr. H. Watson, Brookline; Master E. P. Ricker, Jr., Master James Ricker, Poland Spring; Mr. W. J. Flather, Jr., Washington; Mr. George A. Vose, Brookline.

Friday evening the young people enjoyed a ride to Summit Spring for a supper and dance, the group including nearly all of those present at the dinner to Mrs. Inman. Events planned for the near future include a corn roast.

MR. ELKINS' GUESTS

Mr. George W. Elkins of Philadelphia, entertained a party of men friends very pleasantly during the week, autos conveying the group to Portland where Mr. Elkins' yacht was boarded for a sail about Portland harbor, lunch being served on board, and return to Poland Spring being made in time for evening dinner.

In the company were Mr. James G. Lindsay, Mr. S. B. Stinson, Mr. B. P. Moulton, Mr. W. A. Vose, Mr. I. W. Chick, Dr. W. S. Harbau, Mr. J. L. Porter, Mr. S. Mason, Mr. C. A. Browning, Mr. W. J. Flather, Gen. W. S. Johnson, Maj. J. L. Johnson, Mr. S. P. Holton, Mr. Robert Dornan, Mr. F. M. Wyeth, Mr. S. M. Inman, Mr. Edward P. Ricker.

MAKING A HUNTING DOG

Practical Suggestions for Amateurs in the Training and Handling of Pointers and Setters



THE POPULAR idea that a dog must be taught to hunt is all wrong. He must be trained, taught to mind, or he will be useless in the field; but if he does not know what a bird is and how to look for it by right of inheritance, it can never be drilled into him.

The first essential, therefore, is to get the dog under control and nowhere can this be better accomplished than about the house and yard. The dog should be thoroughly broken before he is allowed to hunt. More dogs are ruined because they are taken into the field before they are under thorough discipline than from any other reason. Unless a dog has been thoroughly "yard broken," he can never be expected to be gotten under control in the field, where excitement will, sometimes, make the best of them forget years of training.

First, last and always be patient and be kind, but be master in every sense of the word. Keep at the dog until he understands what you mean, and when you once find out that he understands, insist upon obedience. This is the basis of all successful training.

Begin by teaching him to do little things and complete each detail, one at a time; never try two things at once. Use judgment and tact, just as you would use them in handling human beings. Don't lose your temper, or, if you do, don't let the dog know it. He realizes instantly by the look of your eye and the expression of your face whether you are pleased or displeased, and if he is of the right disposition, he is just as anxious to please as you are to have him.

Amateurs will succeed best by beginning work with puppies. Gradually win their affection and confidence, and at six

or eight months of age begin systematic training.

First of all, teach the dog enough of the English language so that he can understand you, for you cannot expect obedience until you are able to make yourself understood. Adopt certain words and phrases and always use them.

Begin by teaching him the meaning of "come in," "whoa," "steady," "careful," and the like, and teach him to understand when you reprove or commend. If he fails to understand readily what "whoa" means, attach a long rope to his collar and let him run ahead of you. When you say "whoa" step on the rope and keep the dog standing for some time, saying "whoa" every time he starts and commending his obedience when he begins to comprehend.

If he is reluctant to come in, have a dainty morsel in your pocket which you may give him occasionally when he is prompt. If this does not do, have a long rope attached to him and use forceful persuasion.

When you feed him always say "supper." When that word is mentioned the dog will understand. If he is hungry he will look pleased; if not, he will not seem to hear.

Use the word "water" when watering him, and after a short time you can tell instantly whether the dog is thirsty by asking the simple question.

Put down a dish of hot food, and as the dog rushes for it say "careful." A moment later, when he is suffering from a burned mouth, make the most of the word, saying, "careful, sir, careful." In a very short time the dog will know that something is up when he hears that word.

When you caress him use a word which conveys your approval. "It's all right, sir, it's all right," for instance,

and after a while this will tend to soothe him when nervous or perplexed.

If he does wrong say, "No, sir, no!" sharply, and this phrase will be useful later.

Have a rug for the dog and teach him to get upon it when you say "Your rug, sir." Teach him to stay in a certain room and to leave you when you say "good-by."

In all this way the dog can be taught all the English he need know, much the same as a child is taught. Get your dog so that you can talk to him and your task will not be hard if he has the right disposition.

After he begins to understand and to mind, take long walks with him, making him cover the ground on both sides of you as you go, teach him to come closer when he ranges too far, and to go to a given point by a wave of the hand. When he chases a cat or a dog on the street, put a stop to it, mildly and firmly at first, and if the offense is repeated, punish; but punishment must always be inflicted with judgment, all owing to the disposition of the dog. Some dogs must literally be "sat on" all the time; others need only mild reproof; but obedience, instant obedience, must be drilled in first, last and always, and at the same time the dog must not be made a slave. Some things he does you must not see if there is no remedy. Make the dog your companion as much as possible and study to win his affection and confidence.

After he is broken take him to the woods. This season of the year when the birds are young, is the best time. The young birds will lie hard and close and will afford the dog excellent practice. Quail and woodcock are better for breaking puppies than partridges, because they lie firmer. Young partridges act well, but veterans will baffle the oldest dogs, and a puppy is naturally confused by them.

The dog's love for hunt will be shown on the first trip to the woods. The various scents will send him into ecstasies of delight, and he will bound hither and

thither working them out. He doesn't know just what he is looking for, but he is trying hard to find out, and it's only a question of time. When at last he finds a bird and comes to a point, let him hold it. Walk to his neck and say "Steady." If he has been properly trained he knows what the word means, as well as you do. If he starts say "whoa," and insist on obedience, no matter what happens. Be close enough to grasp his collar and use force if he continues to disobey.

Great care should be taken at this time. Dogs point birds naturally, but the majority have to be broken to be staunch, and staunchness is a quality without which a dog is of little value. Flush the bird yourself, see that the dog does not stir or even express a desire to chase it. For this reason it is best to have a dog "point dead" for the first season. If you allow him to retrieve too soon, it will not be long before he will be breaking at the shot, and if the bird is not killed, he will be apt to keep on after it.

Show the dog that you are looking for game birds and nothing else. Discourage excursions which end at the foot of a tree, or rabbit and woodchuck burrows. Put a stop to feints at ground sparrows and robins, and last, but not least, teach the dog that you are not looking for farmers' chickens and turkeys. Learn him what the words "birds, sir, birds" means and after you have killed a few over him there will be no further trouble in this direction.

See that the dog covers the ground and hunts for you, not for his own amusement. When you begin to shoot over him, kill the birds you find or do not shoot. If you cannot kill, take some one with you who can, and devote your time to the dog. Lots of dogs are ruined because the first birds shot at are not killed, and the poor fellow does not discover what his part of the program is. Never under any circumstances shoot anything but birds over your dog. It would probably ruin him.

Killing birds over a dog is the making

of him, just as winning races builds up the mettle of a thoroughbred. Both soon understand what they are on earth for. For this reason try and hunt a bird country the first season, at least. Devote the first season more to him than to hunting and the following year he will be in shape to afford you all the sport you want.

It is not child's play to break a dog, but the man who persists can accomplish the feat and find much pleasant entertainment and satisfaction in it. The first attempt may fail, but it will make the second possible, for experience is in reality, the only teacher.

A Pointer for Bird Hunters

Bird hunters can get an excellent idea as to whether grouse, quail or woodcock are "moving" by watching barnyard fowls. If these domestic birds are roaming about and feeding freely it is next to certain that game birds are doing the same, and it will be noted the hours for feeding of domestic fowls and wild birds are much the same; early morning and late afternoon.

Generally speaking the bright, clear, still days are the best but after a clearing shower, a long rain and upon some gray days a study of the barnyard fowls will show that there is opportunity for a few hours' unexpected shooting.

The Southern guides study domestic fowls very carefully and the predictions based on this observance are invariably correct. Often they will predict failure upon what appears to be a perfect day because the fowls for some unaccountable reason, are not feeding, and it is a frequent occurrence to hear them use this expression on starting out:

"See them chic'ens, sah; movin' 'bout and feedin', happy-laiké? Birds'll be out to-day suah, sah. Never saw that sign fail."

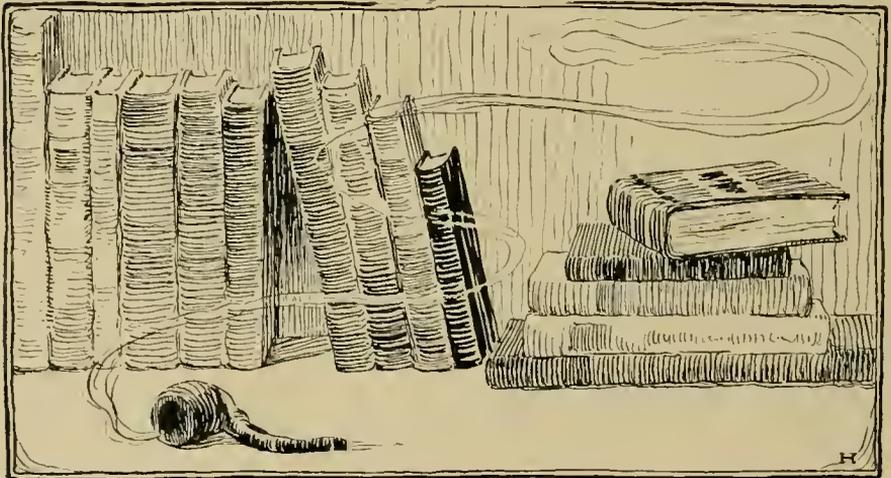
The advantage of freely moving birds is great, because in ranging about they leave trails which the dog can easily pick up and work out, where if they are not moving he must get very close to them before he can detect their presence. A good dog rarely flushes a bird when he comes to it over a trail, but will frequently put them up when the bird is come upon suddenly without this warning. The body scent of the bird is not as great as that it leaves in walking.

Plan to Go a Fishing

Ever been a fishing
Upon an Autumn day?
Ever sat a dreaming
And watched the trout at play?

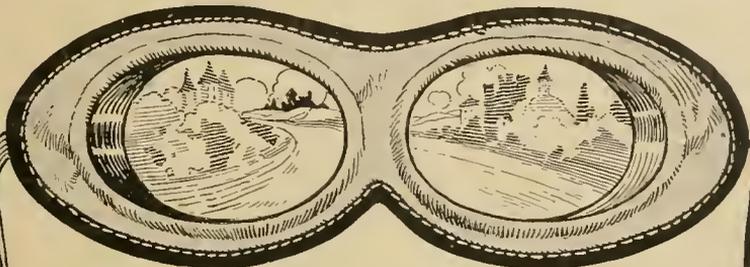
If not you are missing
An experience that's dear—
Plan to go a fishing
Upon a day quite near!

—The Dreamer.



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GREENVILLE TO KINEO, KINEO STATION AND HEAD OF LAKE

	Ex. Sun.	Ex. Sun.	Ex. Sun.	Ex. Sun.	Ex. Sat.	Sun. only	Sun. only
Greenville, lv.	6.15 A.						8.00 A.
Greenville Jct.	6.45 "		10.00 A.	2.30 P.			8.30 "
Deer Island	*7.40 "		10.55 "	*3.25 "			*9.25 "
Kineo, arr.	8.35 "		11.50 "	4.20 "			10.20 "
Kineo, lv.	8.45 "	10.15 A.	12.15 "	4.40 "	8.20 P.	1.15 P.	10.30 "
Kineo Station	9.00 "	10.30 "	12.45 "	5.00 "	8.40 "	1.30 "	10.45 "
Rockwood	*9.15 "		*1.00 P.	*5.10 "			11.05 "
Northwest Carry ...	10.45 "			7.20 "			
Northeast Carry ...	11.30 "		2.30 "	6.40 "			12.35 "

HEAD OF LAKE TO KINEO, KINEO STATION AND GREENVILLE

	Ex. Sun.	Ex. Sun.	Daily.	Ex. Sun.	Ex. Sun.	Ex. Sun.	Sun. only	Sun. only
Northwest C'ry. lv.		7.00 A.		10.45 A.				
Northwest Carry,		7.45 "		12.30 P.				
Rockwood		*9.15 "		*2.00 "		2.30 P.	2.00 P.	
Kineo Station...	8.30 A.	10.00 "	12.45 P.	2.20 "	5.15 P.	5.00 "	3.40 "	6.30 P.
Kineo, arr.	9.00 "	10.10 "	1.00 "	2.35 "		5.15 "	3.50 "	6.45 "
Kineo, lv.		10.15 "		2.45 "	5.00 "		4.00 "	
Deer Island.....		*11.05 "		*3.40 "	6.00 "		*5.00 "	
Greenville Jct....		12.00 Noon.		4.30 "	6.55 "		5.55 "	
Greenville				5.30 "			6.15 "	

GREENVILLE TO LILY BAY AND WEST OUTLET VIA KINEO [Daily except Sunday]

Greenville, lv.	9.15 A.	West Outlet, lv.	1.00 P.
Greenville Jct.	9.55 A.	Kineo	2.00 P.
Sugar Island	10.40 A.	Lily Bay, arr.	3.30 P.
Lily Bay, arr.	11.00 A.	Lily Bay, lv.	5.15 P.
Lily Bay, lv.	11.05 A.	Sugar Island	5.35 P.
Kineo	12.30 P.	Greenville Jct.	6.30 P.
Kineo Station	12.45 P.	Greenville	7.00 P.
West Outlet	1.00 P.		

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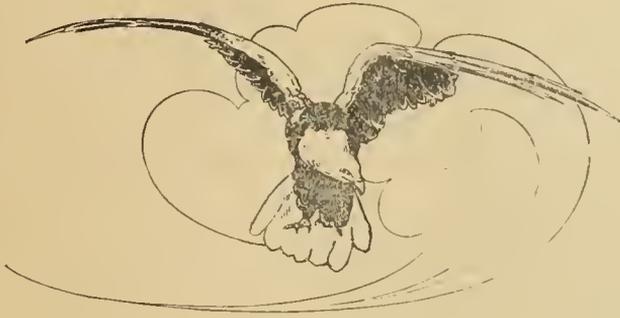
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HERBERT L JILLSON

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SEPT 12 1908

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The Northern Land with air like wine;
Where bright lakes nestle 'mid em'erald hills
And woodlands sparkle with silver rills;
Where grim mountain peaks of purple hue,
Sink into skies of clearest blue;
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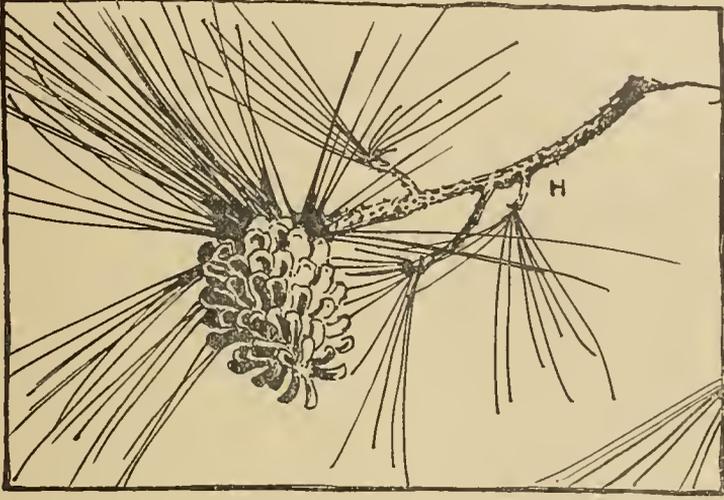
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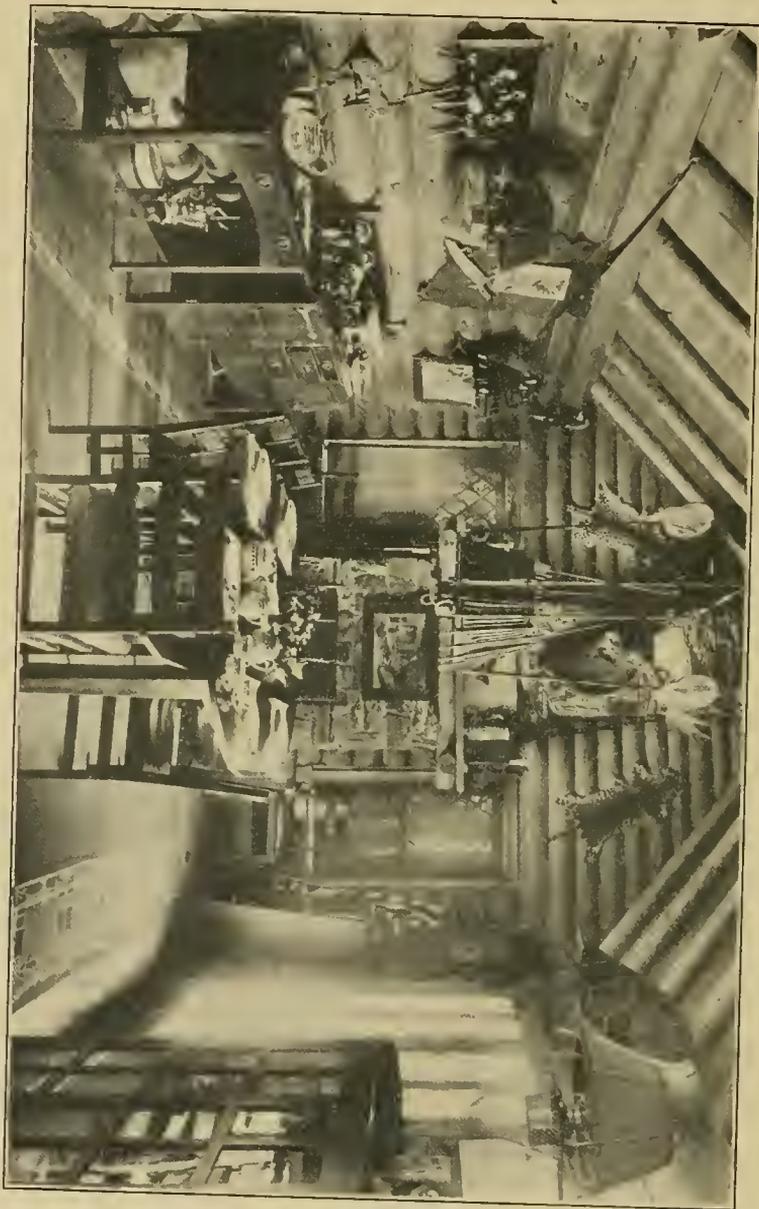
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NORTHWARD-HO!



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THE BRAVERY OF MABEL

A Backwoods Story

MABEL was a demure, sweet-faced country maiden, who lived in a little town far from railroads, in northern Maine. There had been a time when the gay summer boarders who annually found their way to the place in which she lived, awakened discontent in her heart and a longing to see the great city. For a while, the old farmhouse had seemed lonely and the people dull, so that when an invitation came one spring to visit in the city, she had accepted. The noise and confusion, the endless excitement, the strange people, the dirt and dust, the damp air and the muddy streets, made her brain whirl and her heart sick, and there was inexpressible joy when the old stage coach brought her back to the little white house which stood at the crossroads, guarded by veteran maples.

How restful and homelike the sitting room seemed, with its ancient fireplace, rough floor and old-fashioned chairs! How delightful it was to look out of the back window down across the meadow, where the cattle were grazing, and then on to the blue mountains, which rose majestically into the sky! What a welcome sound was the loud cackle of the happy hens, or the painful quack of the startled ducks! Mabel was a happier and wiser girl. She was like a ray of sunshine in the house, and as she moved about "helpin' mother," her song rivalled the thrush in the lilac bush outside the window. The neighbors all seemed so

kind and interested. It was such a comfort to meet plain, honest, unaffected people. Even Sam Jones, who had called regularly Sunday evenings for more than two years, seemed different to her, and she saw something in the kindly, bashful eyes that she had not noticed in the young men she had met in the city. Her plain, simple life and Sam's companionship grew dearer to her each day as time wore on.



But in spite of all Mabel's happiness and her determination to live and die in Greenwich, one great burden rested on her heart, which she could not lift; a horrible fear of firearms. To begin with, Mabel's father had some fondness for guns, but his affection for the implements of death was as nothing when compared with the passion her brother, Clif, had for guns of all sorts. As a result, the house was a veritable armory. Hardly a corner in any room was without its dreadful occupant. There were guns of all sorts and all ages. Over the fireplace hung a well made muzzle-loading rifle, with an octagon barrel, German silver trimmings, and a handsome stock, with a cheekrest cut upon it. Above the door leading out from the kitchen, was a 12-gauge, double-barreled, muzzle-loading, shot gun, and in the corner near at hand, stood an old army musket, that had been bored out smooth for shot. Scattered here and there were other guns. There was an

ancient single-barreled queen's arm, with a funny hammer underneath the barrel; a 20-gauge fowling piece, old and rusty; a long small-bore squirrel rifle, which had come from South Carolina; not to mention the gun with the splintered stock; the heavy target rifle with a clumsy telescope sight; a brace of horse pistols; a pepper box revolver, and numerous other relics.

And to make Mabel's fear more terrible, the weapons were nearly all loaded, and she was continually coming upon them unexpectedly. She begged her brother to keep the guns empty, but he stoutly refused, saying that there was no telling when a deer would bolt into the field near by, a hawk pounce down upon the hens, or a fox attempt to make off with a fat duck. He explained that the rifle above the fireplace was for deer; the shotgun over the kitchen door for hawks, and the old musket in the corner for foxes. There was no special reason why the other guns should be loaded, but Clif protested against unloading them, explaining:

"Yer know they're luded. What yer afraid uv? It's ther guns that ain't luded as kills people."

But this information, instead of quieting Mabel's fear, only aggravated it. She was so thankful that Sam didn't like guns. As time wore on, the supply of arms gradually increased. Each fall brought parties of hunters to the house who displayed their modern breech-loaders before Clif's envious eyes, until the temptation became too great, and before long a German machine-made, breech-loading shotgun was added to the lot. Then deer got to running around the place. Clif pegged away at three or four with the old rifle which hung over the fireplace, but had failed to stop any of them. He came to the conclusion that one bullet wasn't enough to stop a deer and that he must have a repeater.

A little later, a civil war carbine arrived on the scene. It shot a bullet as big as a man's thumb, and Mabel looked with horror at the big hole it had made through a hemlock plank at one hundred

yards, while Clif told her exultantly, that it would kill a mile off. And the cartridges! They were lying all over the house, Clif kindly reminding Mabel that they wanted to be handled "mighty keerful," as they were liable to explode. It wasn't easy to load and unload the carbine, so the magazine was kept full all the time. When Mabel learned this, her heart sank. She had a vague idea it would shoot half a dozen times on the slightest provocation. The old rifle was taken from its pegs over the fireplace, placed back of the door leading into the kitchen, and the carbine put in its place. What a villainous looking thing it was!

But Mabel's troubles were not ended. Clif had come face to face with a handsome buck one night while returning from work. At another time, a doe had, apparently, out of curiosity, come up within twenty-five yards of him while he was chopping wood. He decided that he must have a revolver and be prepared at all times. A little later, a heavy Colt came and with it a cartridge belt and holster. Clif wore the weapon constantly, looking like a desperado with it hanging on his hip. It struck the door as he passed in and out of the house, or from one room to another, and it caught on the chairs when he sat down or got up. At night, the new owner seemed to delight in sitting at the table while others tried to read, taking the weapon apart, cleaning it, inserting and ejecting the great 44 cartridges, and trying the self-cocking arrangement when the chambers were empty. Mabel could hardly control herself and she began to think that even the city life would be preferable to such surroundings.

The days wore on. A party of hunters had come for a few weeks' stay. It was a beautiful afternoon and Mabel's father and Clif had gone off with the guests for an afternoon's shooting, taking the carbine and the new breech-loader. Clif had removed his big revolver and laid it on the fireplace mantle in the sitting room. Mabel was alone.

She shuddered as she looked up from her seat at the window and caught sight of the dreaded "pistol." She picked up a paper and tried to read, but she could not wholly forget the weapon, try as she would.

As she sat nervously rocking to and fro, she heard the faint baying of a hound. The sound grew in volume rapidly, and she was soon conscious that the dog was much excited. A moment later, the wild cries floated down from the hillside. She looked out indifferently and then started to her feet, for, half a mile away, a big buck was bounding straight towards the house with a frantic hound close upon his heels. Mabel's heart beat like a trip hammer as she rushed to the open door. On came the deer like a thunderbolt, taking the rail fence in the pasture at one magnificent leap, but the dog gained rapidly and a few moments later was snapping at the heels of the frightened animal, or jumping for his throat. A few moments later the deer had jumped the six-foot fence surrounding the cattle pen, adjoining the barn opposite the house, and was standing in one corner of it facing the hound threateningly, his dark eyes glowing like fire, froth dripping from his mouth, and the hot breath shooting from his dilated nostrils in little white jets of steam, his keen horns lowered, ready to toss his pursuer into the air.

Mabel had stood like a statue, her mild eyes wild with excitement, and her ruddy face pale. Then she thought of Cliff and her father, suddenly remembering how good venison was and that some one had said that a buck was worth thirty dollars. In her perplexity she glanced up the road. As she did so, she caught sight of Mr. Skinflint hurrying towards her, carrying a long gun. She knew in an instant what it meant. Mr. Skinflint was a miserly man, whom her father detested. He would kill the buck and carry it away. Quick as a flash, she realized that she must kill the deer. The very suggestion staggered her, but the sight of the approaching man gave her strength. There was no time to lose.

Instinctively she turned and glanced about the room. Her eyes fell upon the pistol. She grew faint, and hesitated, but only for a moment.

Stepping to the mantle, she pulled the weapon from its holster and glanced timidly at the chambers. The blue, greasy bullets looked out at her wickedly. She hurried out of the house, across the road to the fence, close up to the deer, which, occupied with the hound, neither saw nor heard her approach. She vaguely remembered hearing Cliff explain that to discharge the revolver, it was only necessary to pull on the trigger and recalled how he had illustrated the statement when the chambers were empty. Then suddenly her courage failed. She turned and was about to dash back into the house, but in doing so again caught sight of Mr. Skinflint not far off, coming on the run and shouting, "Wait! Wait!"

Turning quickly, she grasped the pistol tightly with both hands, pointed it at the deer as best she could, closed her eyes and pulled the trigger with all her might. A terrific report followed, and there was a spiteful tug at her hands. Without opening her eyes, she dropped the smoking weapon and ran like a frightened rabbit across the road and into the house, slamming and bolting the door in nervous haste, and sinking into a chair, weak and trembling.

Presently she summoned enough courage to peep out of the window. There lay the motionless buck with the hound at its throat. She looked up the road. Mr. Skinflint with his gun across his shoulder, was walking slowly homeward. A tinge of exultation swept over Mabel. Her color came back. Her hand ceased trembling.



A handsome pair of antlers hang over the fireplace in the cozy little Maine home of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Jones. From one prong dangles a heavy revolver and cartridge belt. The dust upon them leads one to believe they are seldom used. If you ask, you may hear the story the trophies ever keep in mind.

VOLAPUK AND ESPERANTO!

Obstacle Putting Competition at Poland Spring Spells Trouble in Many Languages



DAYS of wondrous beauty, with just a suggestion of Fall in the foliage, are keeping Poland Spring visitors much in the open air, informal affairs claiming an equal share of attention with golf, riding, and other recreations. Old and new friends one finds among those who come to enjoy the early Autumn weeks, many to remain until the middle of October; while others who have been here since June, remain.

GUESTS OF MR. COOPER AND MR. STINSON

Socially Poland Spring is debtor to Mr. Joseph W. Cooper and Mr. Samuel B. Stinson for Tuesday afternoon's laughable surprise, the "obstacle" medal play putting contest, arranged by and for exquisite prizes offered by the hosts of the occasion.

Nothing of a similar character quite as unique and entertaining, has ever been seen here and the entire colony enjoyed it. As for the "obstacles," they embraced a goodly share of the most amusing "hazards" two clever men could think up and secure "properties" for, in a short space of time, and they spelled "trouble" from start to finish, not alone in English and Scotch, but Greek, Latin, Bulgarian, Afghanistan, Volapuk and Esperanto!

Throughout it was the old "rub of the green"—"if a sheep swallows the ball, play the sheep"—with variations ranging from B-flat to high C, with laughter obligato and side line accompaniment. Golf, bridge, chess, tennis, pool and politics were combined in one game, with the forty-yard dash feature discouraged and the endurance element emphasized; the only drawback being the ethical rule, observed the world over, which makes it necessary to say

one thing and *think* another when in polite society. How the poor men must have suffered! What a trial for the women, knowing as they did, what might happen almost any moment should the strain prove too great!

About the course and on the course the crowd gathered, and there was little "right of way" in spite of numerous "fores." If one could think of something to say it was said, and nobody minded, for who could think of being disturbed with a nightmare to play for?

Interest centered round the eighth and ninth holes, a piece of curved stand pipe resting at the former and a monster dish pan over the latter, and while a two was possible on either, and some made it, tens and twenties were more general. Not far behind was the eleventh, where the hole was guarded by an inverted cog wheel, the shot being to loft the ball through the hole in the centre. Similar difficulty was also experienced on the fourth and twelfth holes where it was necessary to shoot the gutta through a bit of inclined stand pipe and a section of stove pipe.

An inclined tin chute guarded the seventh, so fixed that exactly the right shot would land the ball in the hole, and inclined planes hid the third, fifth and thirteenth holes. On the tenth and sixteenth there were single and double hurdles, six inches high, and on the fifteenth a square opening in a baggage truck, some eight or ten inches above the ground, to be made. On the eighteenth a similar mark was formed by the opening in an oil street lamp with the glass chimney shade removed; number two, putting under an inclined rocking chair, being an easy one. The balance of the holes were clear, just to show, by way of comparison, how easy ordinary putting is!

About the score cards the crowd began to gather early, one of the first and lowest cards turned in being a seventy-eight for Mrs. S. M. Inman of Atlanta, followed, not long after, by an eighty-one for Miss Bessie Fenn, of Poland; which scores led to the end. Eighty looked "good" for the men until Mr. Hugh Halsell of Dallas, made a sixty-five, and Mr. F. H. Raywood, Jr., of New York, a seventy-five. The prizes were a jewel case of ornate Oriental design, and a silver mounted tea urn stand, for the women; a French traveling clock, and a quart Thermos bottle, for men.

The cards of the winners:

MRS. INMAN
4 3 3 4 3 2 6 3 6
5 4 5 6 4 4 6 2 8—78

MISS FENN
2 3 10 6 5 2 3 6 6
4 1 10 4 2 4 6 4 3—81

MR. HALSELL
2 4 4 4 4 3 3 4 3
6 4 3 5 2 4 4 2 4—65

MR. RAYWOOD
2 4 3 5 4 2 6 4 7
7 4 4 4 3 4 4 2 6—75

THE SCORES

Mrs. S. M. Inman	78	A. W. Wattenberg	78
Miss Bessie Fenn	81	H. P. Dixon	78
Miss Dexter	82	J. L. Porter	78
Miss Brown	86	Maxwell Wyeth	79
Mrs. H. P. Dixon	88	R. H. Rines	80
Mrs. P. H. Stewart	92	S. P. Holton	83
Mrs. Lounsbury	94	C. H. Olmstead	85
Miss Hallock	96	James Ricker	86
Mrs. I. B. Johnson	98	John Fowler	86
Mrs. H. L. Kehel	98	W. L. Flather, Jr.	86
Mrs. Barroll	100	H. Bailey	80
Miss Goessling	103	J. D. Voorhees	90
Mrs. John Fowler	100	F. H. Warner	90
Mrs. J. L. Porter	108	C. C. Lindsay	90
Mrs. C. G. Dixon	112	G. W. Elkins	92
Miss Cooper	112	J. Lounsbury	92
Mrs. Schultz	115	W. D. Thompson	93
Mrs. Lindsay	115	A. H. Bradshaw	93
Mrs. Raywod, Jr.	119	E. P. Ricker, Jr.	95
Mrs. von Goutard	101	F. Pearson	98
Miss Stinson	N.C.	E. A. Everit	98
Hugh Halsell	65	Dr. W. K. Oakes	98
T. H. Raywood, Jr.	75	H. B. Humphrey	99
H. W. Murray	76	D. Pearson	100
I. B. Johnson	77	D. N. Bates	102
P. S. Page	77	J. L. Prendergast	119

Following play tea was served upon the hotel veranda and congratulations showered upon the winners; none more hearty than those accorded Mrs. Inman whose "mascots" were legion.

MATCH PLAY PUTTING

Mrs. H. P. Dixon of Wallingford, Pa., was the winner of a match play putting competition, defeating Mrs. A. B. Lounsbury of Boston, in the final round. The men's trophy went to Mr. Clayton G. Dixon who defeated Mr. Horace Ingalls of Boston.

SUPPER AND DANCE AT DRY MILLS

A ride to and supper and dance at Dry Mills, was a feature much enjoyed by the younger set under the chaperonage of Mrs. S. M. Inman, the group including the Misses Humphrey, the Misses Lindsay, Miss Helen B. Johnson, Miss Bradley, Miss Allyn, Miss Jeneatte Ricker, Mrs. Clayton G. Dixon, Mr. Franklin Wyeth, Mr. Rumsey Green, Mr. John Holton, Mr. C. C. Lindsay, Mr. Horace B. Ingalls, Mr. J. Ingalls, Mr. Davis Pearson, Mr. W. J. Flather, Jr., Mr. J. Dayton Voorhees, Mr. Richard Elliott.

Mr. C. C. Lindsay of Philadelphia, gave a stag party for a party of friends, running over to Lewiston in his speedy Winton to witness "A Knight for a Day" at the Empire, the guests including Philip Lindsay, Franklin Wyeth, John Holton, Rumsey Green, Hathaway Watson, Lester Watson and W. B. Day.

A breakfast ride under Mrs. Inman's leadership, was also a pleasing feature, the company including the Misses Lindsay, the Misses Humphrey, Miss Johnson, Messrs. Voorhees, Wyeth, Green and Lindsay.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Ross Campbell of Philadelphia, entertained recently with a corn roast on the shore of the lake near their private cottage, the guests including many from both hotels.

A number of the guests visited the Maine State Fair at Lewiston, driving over in autos and carriages.

The golf tournament for Mr. Johnson's trophies is now in progress.

ADVERTISEMENT RIDDLES

Young People at Kineo Make Week a Merry One September Fly Fishing at its Best



SEPTEMBER fly fishing promises rare sport and many are enjoying it, C. E. Bemis of New York, carrying off the week's honors with a 5³/₄ pound trout, one of the largest ever taken in the Lake. Another big fish came to the net of W. H. Chapin, and numerous fine strings have been taken by H. W. Fritchman and others, both at nearby and distant points.

Socially the young people are making much of the closing days of the season, the week being one of varied pleasures; golf, tennis, rifle shooting and other sports keeping a company of guests numbering over two hundred, pleasantly occupied.

COTILLION MOST ENJOYABLE

Socially the week has been a merry one, numerous informal affairs claiming attention, Saturday evening's cotillion given by Mr. W. L. Sheafer in honor of Mrs. James K. Clarke of Ardmoor, and Miss Anita Warren of New Haven, being the most enjoyable of the season's more formal functions, a wealth of attractive favors and novelty in figures, adding to its interest. Mr. Kenneth E. Dodge of Paterson, N. J., led, and Mrs. M. D. Paterson of New York, and Mrs. W. O. Rowland of Philadelphia, presided at the favor tables, the list of participants including:

Mrs. Clarke, Miss Warren, Judge and Mrs. A. W. Seeligson, Mrs. W. A. McGibbon, Miss Nanno Dougherty, Miss Betty Collamor, Miss Lily Carstairs, Pa.; Miss Clarice Paterson, Miss Francesco Butler, Miss Aline Feuchtwanger, Mrs. C. A. Judkins, Mr. F. Walter Hentz, Mr. J. Harry Hentz, 3d, Mr. W. W. Annett, Jr., Mr. John H. Annett, Mr. James K. Clarke, Mr. W. O. Rowland, Jr., Mr. Nelson Dougherty,

Dr. Rowland Cox, Mr. R. H. Cox, Mr. E. N. Dodge, Mr. W. T. Harrison.

PUZZLES IN PICTURES

Among the novelties of the week was a "Puzzle Party" at which sixty-six pictures representing familiar advertisements, presented riddles hard to solve. A large company participated young and old joining in the race for the possession of the attractive prizes offered.

Miss Frances Fitch and Miss Clarice Paterson, both of New York, tied for first honors, the competition being continued and Miss Fitch winning, Miss Aline Feuchtwanger of Madison, finishing third. Mr. Nelson Dougherty of Brooklyn, and Mr. James K. Clarke of Ardmoor divided the honors among the men; Mrs. R. M. Stiles and Mr. G. C. Wolworth taking the consolations.

GUESTS OF MR. AND MRS. WARREN

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Warren and Miss Warren of New Haven, entertained at the Kineo Club, Monday evening, with bridge, Mr. Frederick Wead of Boston, Mr. W. H. Dougherty of Brooklyn, Mrs. James K. Clarke of Ardmoor and Miss Mabel Randall of Brooklyn, winning the dainty prizes offered.

Others present included: Mr. and Mrs. Henry Feuchtwanger, Mr. and Mrs. James A. Brodie, Judge and Mrs. A. W. Seeligson, Mrs. W. H. Dougherty, Mrs. W. S. Crane, Mrs. C. A. Martin, Mrs. J. R. Gordon, Mrs. T. U. Coe, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert M. Adams, Mrs. James K. Clarke, Mrs. Arthur Sheafer, Miss Mabel Randall, Miss Elizabeth Carstairs, Mr. W. L. Sheafer, Mr. Henry Sheafer, Dr. Rowland Cox, Mr. Robert H. Cox, Mr. J. Henry Hentz, 3d.

AT THE RIFLE BUTTS

Rifle shooting, golf and tennis have occupied attention out of doors, with the

former sport claiming the larger share of attention.

Among the features of the week was a special contest for women for a trophy offered by Mrs. John Reilly, Jr., of Salem, N. J., Mrs. M. D. Paterson of New York, shooting with an allowance of 6, winning first with a total of 110, two strings of ten shots each. Mrs. W. A. McGibbon (6), was a single point away in 109, Miss Clarice Paterson (20) making 96; Mrs. C. A. Judkins (6), 95; Mrs. James K. Clarke (6), 92; Mrs. J. H. Hillman, Jr. (20), 91, and Miss Lily Carstairs (20), 90.

Mrs. W. A. McGibbon led in the special sweepstake shoot, scoring 98 and shooting with an allowance of 24; Mrs. Paterson (20), second in 88, and Mrs. Leslie Wead (32), third in 84. W. O. Rowland, Jr., made 52—29—81; Mrs. C. A. Judkins, 60—20—80; John Reilly, Jr., 62—18—80; F. C. Batty, 74—4—78; Mrs. John Reilly, 49—25—74; Mrs. J. L. Clarke, 56—17—73; Dr. Rowland Cox, 47—23—70; W. T. Harrison, 61—9—70; Miss Clarice Paterson, 35—34—69; J. K. Clarke, 59—9—68; J. H. Hillman, Jr., 38—30—68; Mrs. Hillman, 36—32—68; Miss Warren, 37—30—67.

FOR MISS WARREN'S TROPHIES

Forty participated in Saturday's match play tourney on the miniature golf course, sixteen qualifying by medal play and going down through the bracket for trophies contributed by Miss Anita Warren of New Haven. Mrs. M. D. Paterson of New York, and Miss Elizabeth Olney of Providence, met in the finals, the former winning on the last hole. In the semi-finals Mrs. Paterson defeated Mrs. C. A. Judkins of Kinco, and Miss Olney, Miss Maria de Kosenko of Philadelphia.

Other participants were: Miss Marion Williams, Mrs. Lindsley Smyth, J. W. Carnrick, Howell Van Nostrand, New York; Howard Rowland, Mrs. James K. Clarke, Mrs. G. K. Crozier, J. Henry Hentz, 3d, Philadelphia; Mrs. John Reilly, Jr., Salem, N. J.; Mrs. J. H. Hillman, Pittsburg; Frank Magie,

Chicago; Miss Gertrude Flannagan, Boston.

Professional Watson lowered the record for the golf course Monday with a fast seventy-two, which is two strokes better than his best previous record and five strokes below the record made by A. H. Findlay and which held against all comers for several years. Going out in thirty-eight Watson got a good start, doing the trick with a thirty-four home which is the best score for the nine holes ever made here.

The card:

OUT—6 5 3 3 4 4 5 1 4—38

IN— 5 2 1 2 4 4 4 4 5—34—72

ENTHUSIASM UNLIMITED

In the matter of enthusiasm a singles tennis tournament for lads under fifteen was the season's mostly keenly contested event, the final round going to Master Edward Flannagan of Boston, who defeated Master Howard Rowland of Philadelphia. Other contestants were Paul Fenchtwanger, Arthur Seeligson, Lamar Seeligson, Robert Dahn, Algeron Clapp, Frank Magie and Howell Van Nostrand.

Trap shooting sweepstakes are claiming attention, James K. Clarke of Ardmoor, and E. W. Heller of Ellberron, N. J., ranking high among the best shots.

HERE AND THERE

The ten thousand dollar mark was passed on the yacht club subscription during the week, late additions to the list at fifty dollars each, including Edgar W. Helar, Frank B. Hurd, Y. Murai and G. E. Cooley, New York; Henry M. Shaw, Hugh Shaw, Greenville.

Mrs. A. Marshall, Junior Marshall, Pendleton Marshall, Mrs. C. A. Pendleton and Dr. William H. Haskin of New York, are occupying the Huteliins cottage during September.

Mr. and Mrs. William K. Grove of East Orange, and party, are quartered at the Vandergrift bungalow.

Mrs. Richard Coe of Ramsey, Nevada, and Miss Anna H. Coe of Durham, N. H., are the guests of Dr. and Mrs. T. U. Coe.

Miss Betty Collamore of New York, is the guest of Miss Nanno Dougherty at the Dougherty cottage.

Mr. Herbert H. Cox of New York, joins his brother, Dr. Rowland Cox, Jr.

Mr. Charles S. Allen of Greenfield, joins Judge Allen.

Mr. E. L. Mitton of Boston, returns from a woods trip.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Warren, Miss Warren and Mr. W. L. Sheaffer are back from a short camping trip at Lobster Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Hurd Hutchins and family of Boston, are in for their annual woods trip which completes their summer's sojourn.

LATE ARRIVALS

Late arrivals include Mr. and Mrs. Charles Berg, Mrs. M. H. Neal, Miss Mary S. Viele, Miss Katherine Viele, Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Viele, Mr. Chapin Marcus, Mr. B. E. Crawford, Mr. A. H. Garcelon, Miss Frances Fitch, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Shepard, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon W. Colton, Mr. and Mrs. James Quinlan, Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Fuller, Mr. and Mrs. Fred McDonald, Albany; Mr. J. S. Reardon, Miss E. A. Punnett, Mr. and Mrs. Francis M. Crafts, Mr. W. S. Baldwin, Mr. George H. Montrose, Mr. B. E. Crawford, Mr. A. H. Carleton, Mr. Charles I. Berg, Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Nith, Mr. and Mrs. I. G. Meyers, New York; Mr. and Mrs. William K. Grove, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Aborn, East Orange; Mr. and Mrs. Ralph H. Potter, Paterson, N. J.

Mr. and Mrs. Clement Studebaker, Jr., Clement Studebaker, 3d, Miss Esther Studebaker, South Bend, Ind; Mr. F. S. Arnold, Miss Arnold, Miss Gladys Arnold, Malden; Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Leland; Mr. C. N. Wilson, Mr. Donald B. Wilson, Mr. N. G. Durham, West Medford; Mr. W. P. Downs, Mr. R. Frothingham, Mr. L. E. MacKay, Boston; Mrs. John M. Merwin, Miss Mary Thompson, Bridgeport; Mr. J. W. Harper and mother; Mr. and Mrs. Daniel R. Howe, Miss Howe, Hartford; Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Metcalf, H. F. Metcalf,

Miss Metcalf, Holyoke; Mr. and Mrs. Mrs. W. H. Chapin, Miss Leonard, Springfield; Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Thatcher, Hilda Thatcher, Barbara Thatcher, Bangor.

Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Curtiss, New Haven; Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Taintor, Manchester, Mass.; Mr. G. L. Church, Jr., Mr. Henry D. Sharpe, Providence; Mr. and Mrs. Garrett Schenck, Hilbert Schenck, Weston, Mass.; Miss Bradley, Edward R. Coggswell, Miss M. E. Coggswell, Cambridge; Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Fon Dersmith, Lancaster, Pa.; Mr. I. A. Stanwood, Miss Virginia Hale, Miss Alice M. Tower, Brookline.

Golf balderdash

'Twas Sna Andrews, and the bockered oaves
Did slipe and bunk as they oftfeet;
All grinsy were the caddiecooves
And the plusfours outfeet.

Beware the Potterhunt, my son,
The jaws that cite the laws that catch;
Beware the Gofferhack, and shun
The shemixed Foursomatch.

He took his bulger club in hand,
Longtime the glumsome foe he fought;
So rested he by the sixteenth tee,
And stood awhile in thought.

And as in goffish thought he stood,
The Potterhunt, with cheeks aflame,
Came slicing, and, in language crude,
Dun-dlashterisked his game.

One up! One up! Though in a cup—
The mashie blade went flicker-flack—
He holed it out, and with a shout,
He came two-upping back.

And hast thou flogged the Potterhunt?
Come to the bar, my beerish boy!
O, pargolf day! Hu(c)roo! Hu(c)ray!
He hicoughed in his joy!

'Twas Sna Andrews, and the bockered oaves
Did slipe and bunk as they oftfeet;
All grinsy were the caddiecooves
And the plusfours outfeet.

—Glasgow Herald.

Any Old Time for Bryan

Gold Democrat—"Goin' ter vote fer Bryan?"

Silver Democrat—"Nope. I can vote for *him* any old time."

GOLF FROLIC AT BELGRADE

Men Fantastically Garbed in Women's Costumes and
the Women—Did Not Participate!



THE USUAL influx of anglers who come for fall fly fishing, are maintaining the record house count which has prevailed since late June, rounding out a season which is nearly double previous years. Delightful weather is contributing to the pleasure of all, and golf, tennis and other out-door recreations are dividing attention with angling.

BURLESQUE GOLF

A novel frolic was a burlesque golf tournament for a trophy contributed by Mr. Henry Zuckerman of New York, the men fantastically garbed in women's costumes and the women—did not participate! Master W. P. Simpson led the field, playing a game which promises much for the years to come.

Golf interest centred in a match play handicap tournament for a trophy contributed by W. S. Carrigan of Philadelphia, H. G. McKeever winning the final round from G. H. Buzby.

MR. MCKEEVER'S GUESTS

Socially there were several pleasant informal affairs, among them a cup christening supper given by Mr. McKeever in the grill room, for a party of friends. Mr. McKeever has spent the entire season here with his family, forming many delightful acquaintances.

The marriage of Miss Gertrude M. Hill, daughter of Manager Charles A. Hill, to Dr. Nathan P. Thayer of Brooklyn, is announced for September sixteenth and eagerly anticipated as the most brilliant social event in the history of the place. A house party of one hundred and seventy-five guests will precede the event, beginning to-day, and from all points of the compass the guests will come for the friends of the young couple are legion.

SEPTEMBER FLY FISHING

General G. F. Elliot of Washington, is high line among the fishermen with a splendid string of forty-two bass, taken with the fly, and including several fish weighing over three pounds. Dr. C. B. Glover of Brooklyn, took a number of fine trout before his departure early in the week, and J. F. Burkel of Brookline, is credited with a 4 $\frac{3}{4}$ pounder.

LATE ARRIVALS

Mrs. Ralph Lane, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Durand, Mr. Harry S. Durand, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Gennell, Mr. W. S. Gennell, Jr., Mr. W. Frazier Gibson, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Raymond, Mr. and Mrs. John J. Gilroy, New York; Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Aitken, Brooklyn; Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Burr, Miss E. T. Burr, East Orange.

Mr. G. L. S. Jameson and family, Mr. H. F. Weeks, Mr. W. S. Carrigan, Philadelphia; Mr. Lloyd E. Allen, Boston; Miss M. Dumphy, Miss Julia Dumphy, Mr. J. F. Burkel, Mr. B. H. Davidson, Mr. W. A. Oakes, Waban.

Fine Salmon Fishing at Rangeley

Golf, fishing and social pleasures have rounded out a pleasant week for Rangeley Lake house guests, many coming for September and others who have spent the summer here lingering, reluctant to depart.

Among the early September angling records Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Napier of East Orange, occupy an enviable place, taking in a week's fishing, fourteen salmon weighing from 3 $\frac{3}{4}$ to 8 pounds in weight; rather a satisfactory starter for the weeks to come.

Mr. and Mrs. George Schaefer, Miss Schaefer and Miss Marie Chatillon of New York, are at Kennebago.

SPORT UNCLE DEN LOVED

Veteran New Hampshire Grey Squirrel Hunter Waxes
Reminiscent in Presence of Bird Hunters



SUPPER was over and we had gathered around the blazing fireplace in the quaint sitting room. Uncle Den had finished filling his black briar-wood pipe and seated himself in the old rocker with his feet firmly planted in the little hollows which had been worn in the rough floor. Just back of us stood the supper table, its red cover strewn with papers and magazines, over which the shaded oil lamp shed a warm glow. From the kitchen adjoining, the clatter of dishes came to our ears and we heard Aunt Abby asking John why he was so late about the milking. An October wind whistled around the sturdy farmhouse and down the great chimney making the fire flutter, and occasionally sending gusts of smoke into the room.

Jack rose and moved out into the kitchen, stopping at the cistern a moment for a glass of its clear water, and then passed out into the woodshed, closing the door with a rattle. Shortly he appeared, bearing two well-filled game bags, the contents of which he dumped on the hearthstone. My pointers, Don and Dick, raised their heads and wagged their tails knowingly as Jack laid the birds out in a row.

"That's what I call a good day's sport," he remarked, when his task was completed. "By George, what's more like life than a day afield, with a brace of good dogs and a gun? What makes a man's blood thrill more than to stop one of those thunderbolts? I say, Uncle Den, beauties, aren't they?"

A moment of silence followed during which Jack and I caressed the dogs.

"That's all right, boys," broke in Uncle Den, "but it's gray squirrel hunting for me just the same, for there's no handsomer game in New Hampshire woods

than those sly rascals. How sleek their glossy coats are! How beautiful their bushy tails! That bark of theirs is music to my ears, and I'd go miles to hear them cutting down nuts, or to see them scamper from tree to tree, jumping from limb to limb. It takes a man with a keen eye and steady nerve to down them every time, and do it right. It isn't like shooting at a mark. The chap who can put a rifle-ball through the bright eye of one of those chaps right along at fifty yards has a right to own a gun, now, I tell you. And that isn't all; a dog don't show you where they are, tell you when to shoot. You've got to be wide awake; you've got to know where to look, or squirrels will appear to be mighty scarce, and you won't run out of caps."

"How do yer hunt 'em? Well, with the faintest sign of dawn, you make for the woods, stealing in and selecting a stand, commanding several good trees. No sound breaks the stillness save the cracking twigs under foot; the tree trunks are indistinct in the gloom about you; the air is cool and crisp; the minutes speed on; the sky above grows lighter; the tree trunks near at hand assume definite shape; a little bird twitters in the hemlock close by, and then, all is still.

A chickadee makes its way out on a limb above your head, and with a frightened cry, darts away. A little chorus of chirps ring out on every side. There is a rustle in the leaves in front of you, and a saucy chipmunk perches on a rock and pants and puffs frantically.

Daylight is coming fast; the birds sing timidly; a slender ray of golden sunlight strikes the top of the highest pine; a pandemonium of joyful song rings out on every side. The chipmunk ceases his prattle, turns about, whisks his tail and

is gone. The leaves of an oak in the distance move suspiciously. Something whisks past a patch of distant sky and vanishes. A moment later a big gray leaps out on a limb, pauses for a moment, and looks cautiously about.

You slowly raise the rifle, and gently draw it down. Its sharp crack echoes and re-echoes through the woods. There is a dull thud, followed by a spasmodic rustling of dead leaves. The birds fly away with startled cries; you pick up your squirrel and hurry back. It is still again.

A robin carols, a chipmunk scampers. Instinctively you turn your head. Not far off a big gray crouches upon a limb, every muscle tense. As you raise the rifle he gives a frightened spit and darts away like the wind for another portion of the woods. Day advances, activity increases and you are kept busy.

Presently the sun comes streaming downward in slanting rays; the woods are strangely quiet, the birds have ceased to sing and only the shrill cry of a bluejay or a harsh caw of a crow is heard. You lay down the rifle and take out the squirrels, one by one. Nine, and beauties! Shot through the head and neck every one! Gathering them up, fondly, carefully, you start homeward, caressing the rifle as you go. Nature smiles on every side. By gracious, what an appetite you have!"

Uncle Den's blue eyes sparkled brightly. His pipe was cold. Rising he knocked the ashes from it, laid it on the mantel, moved over to the table and picked up a paper.

Jack and I began loading shells with "fours," and a short time later retired determined to try the oaks over in the pasture on the following morning.

Killing September Trout Bait

A good fall bait lure is the two central belly fins of the trout, resembling very closely the Parmachence; but this merely as a suggestion in case the camp larder is low, for this bait is too certain a killer to be sportsmanlike ordinarily.

SOME MYSTERIES MADE PLAIN

Game Warden Cleverness Explainable When Real Facts are Known

Not infrequently during the hunting season, one sees something after this fashion in Maine papers, and always the effect is significant:

Warden — made a seizure of partridges at the evening train. There were three of the birds in a 5-pound coffee can, nicely tied up and marked "glass." Warden — shook the package and remarked that it sounded like game. He opened the package and found the birds. The way the warden discovers these frauds is little short of marvelous. He will take the most innocent looking express package and by merely shaking it can, in nine cases out of ten, tell whether or not there is game in it. As one man remarked on Friday, "He must either use an X-ray, or have a sense of smell like a cat."

In addition a good many hunters who have attempted to smuggle something illegal in the way of game from the State, and who have fallen into the grasp of the law at Bangor, have been very much impressed with the Sherlock Holmes ability of the wardens, and as a result, a reputation for cleverness has been established which is more than National.

Nevertheless, a good many of these apparently marvelous discoveries would appear very easy if facts not generally understood and much less generally admitted, were known. The truth of the matter is that the wardens are assisted in their work more or less, by "spotters" who are located at various points "up the line," and occasional messages which precede hunters working out from the woods, are in many cases, responsible for the discovery of some clever ruse which would otherwise have escaped detection.

In most cases this tipping off is done through friendship for the wardens, in others through spite against the victims and, perhaps, there may be a remuneration connected in some others, but be that as it may, the result is very effective.

tive and the wardens play their part well.

Many of the attempts to get game through illegally are not due to a real desire to evade the law, but because there is no other way to accomplish the desired purpose. It is much the same motive that prompts one to steal a treasured piece of bric-a-brac which cannot be purchased, or to smuggle furs in from Canada because they are considered "personal property."

Take, for instance, the hunter who secures a nice bag of birds which bring visions of a game supper with "fixin's," in New York. The hunter takes the birds to the depot expecting to get them through on the payment of a fixed fee, and he finds no such license in the hands of the agent. The next station is tried with the same result, and the final conclusion is reached that no further chances will be taken and some clever device to make the securing of a license unnecessary, and which later proves to be successful, is adopted.

The next time this hunter comes out from Maine he decides to cut out the search for a shipping license, and he is, naturally, so pleased with the result of the first effort, that he confides to a friend how it can be done, or makes a quiet boast, thinking that the only danger is at Bangor. The information given out in this way, or carelessness in exposing game before starting or during the early stages of the journey, is often the cause of many an arrest.

It is probable that as much of this smuggling will be done this year as in the past, owing to the uncontrollable desire of mankind in general to "get

ahead of somebody," for no other purpose than the satisfaction it gives.

It is not difficult to smuggle a few birds or something of the sort, through Bangor, if one knows how, and keeps the information to himself; but one who does this and lets anyone else in on the "ground floor," is sooner or later very apt to come to grief.

Man cannot rejoice alone, and so the work of the game wardens still continues effective in the majority of cases.

The Wish of an Art Lover

"My wish is that my Drawings, my Prints, my Curiosities, my Books—in a word these things of art which have been the joy of my life—shall not be consigned to the cold tomb of a museum, and subjected to the stupid glance of the careless passer-by; but I require that they shall all be dispersed under the hammer of the Auctioneer, so that the pleasure which the acquiring of each one of them has given me shall be given again, in each case, to some inheritor of my own tastes."—*Extract from the Will of Edmond de Goncourt.*

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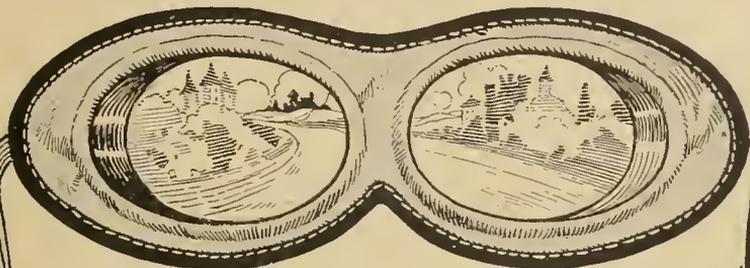
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GREENVILLE TO KINEO, KINEO STATION AND HEAD OF LAKE

	Ex. Sun.	Ex. Sun.	Ex. Sun.	Ex. Sun.	Ex. Sat.	Sun. only	Sun. only
Greenville, lv.	6.15 A.						8.00 A.
Greenville Jct.	6.45 "		10.00 A.	2.30 P.			8.30 "
Deer Island	*7.40 "			10.55 "	*3.25 "		*9.25 "
Kineo, arr.	8.35 "			11.50 "	4.20 "		10.20 "
Kineo, lv.	8.45 "	10.15 A.	12.15 "	4.40 "	8.20 P.	1.15 P.	10.30 "
Kineo Station	9.00 "	10.30 "	12.45 "	5.00 "	8.40 "	1.30 "	10.45 "
Rockwood	*9.15 "		*1.00 P.	*5.10 "			11.05 "
Northwest Carry ...	10.45 "			7.20 "			
Northeast Carry ...	11.30 "			2.30 "	6.40 "		12.35 "

HEAD OF LAKE TO KINEO, KINEO STATION AND GREENVILLE

	Ex. Sun.	Ex. Sun.	Daily.	Ex. Sun.	Ex. Sun.	Ex. Sun.	Sun. only	Sun. only
Northwest C'ry. lv.	7.00 A.			10.45 A.				
Northeast Carry,	7.45 "			12.30 P.		2.30 P.	2.00 P.	
Rockwood	*9.15 "			*2.00 "		*4.00 "	*3.25 "	
Kineo Station ...	8.30 A.	10.00 "	12.45 P.	2.20 "	5.15 P.	5.00 "	3.40 "	6.30 P.
Kineo, arr.	9.00 "	10.10 "	1.00 "	2.35 "		5.15 "	3.50 "	6.45 "
Kineo, lv.		10.15 "		2.45 "	5.00 "		4.00 "	
Deer Island	*11.05 "			*3.40 "	6.00 "		*5.00 "	
Greenville Jct. ...		12.00 Noon.		4.30 "	6.55 "		5.55 "	
Greenville				5.30 "			6.15 "	

GREENVILLE TO LILY BAY AND WEST OUTLET VIA KINEO [Daily except Sunday]

Greenville, lv.	9.15 A.	West Outlet, lv.	1.00 P.
Greenville Jct.	9.55 A.	Kineo	2.00 P.
Sugar Island	10.40 A.	Lily Bay, arr.	3.30 P.
Lily Bay, arr.	11.00 A.	Lily Bay, lv.	5.15 P.
Lily Bay, lv.	11.05 A.	Sugar Island	5.35 P.
Kineo	12.30 P.	Greenville Jct.	6.30 P.
Kineo Station	12.45 P.	Greenville	7.00 P.
West Outlet	1.00 P.		

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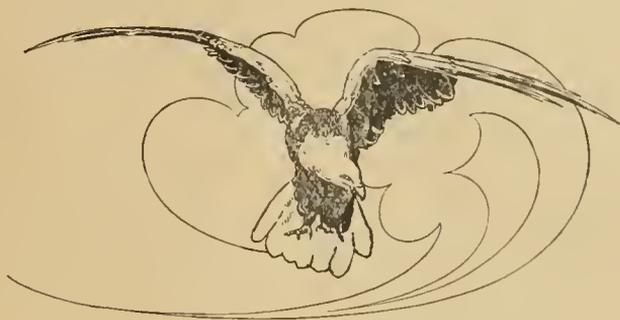
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HUNTER'S NUMBER

SEPT 19 1908

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The Northern Land with air like wine;
Where bright lakes nestle 'mid em'rald hills
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Where grim mountain peaks of purple hue,
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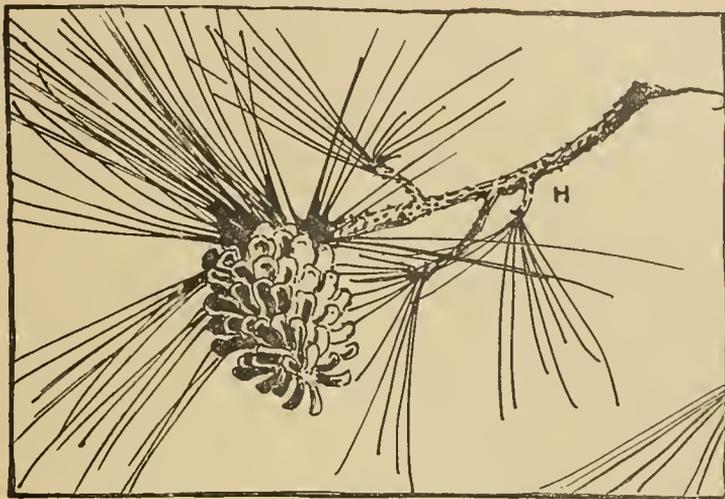
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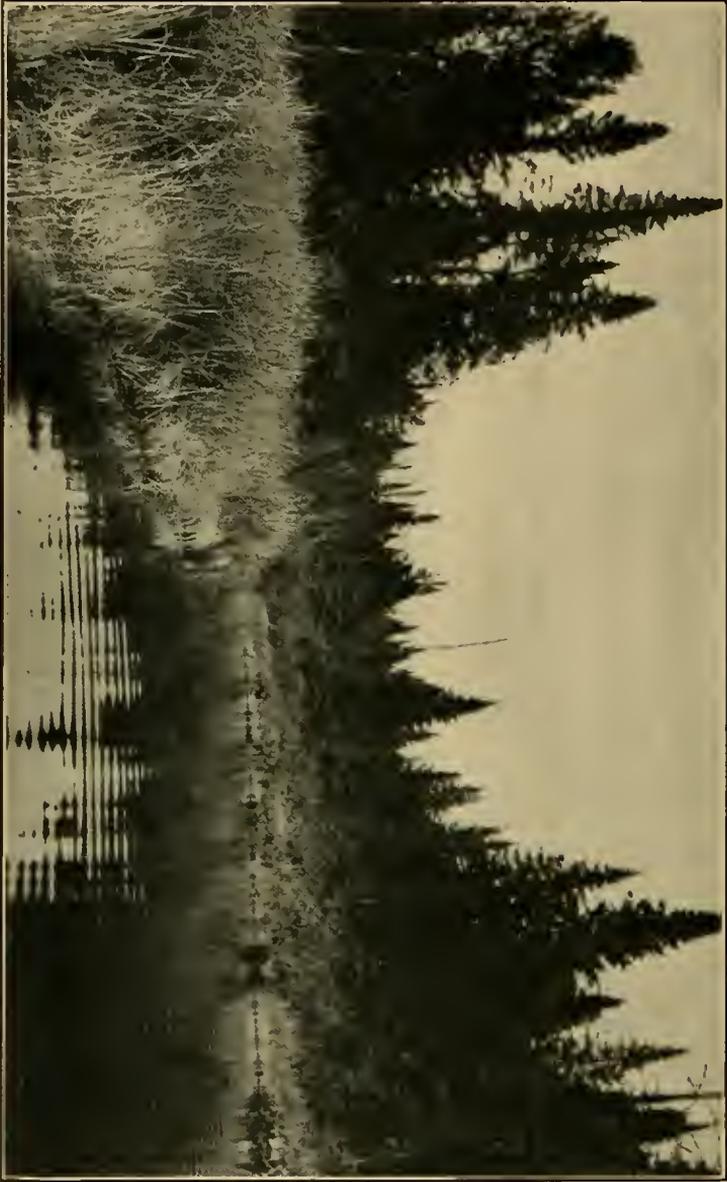
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"I LIKE MAINE IN OCTOBER"



NORTHWARD-HO!



A WEEKLY MAGAZINE OF NEWS

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1906

VOL. IV

No. 10

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ALICK'S SECRET REVEALED

A Sportsman's Confession



THERE are numerous ways of hunting deer in Maine. Some prefer to wait until the first snow and track the alert animals through the forest, while others find pleasure in gliding along the shores of a pond or sweeping gently down some secluded river in the silent canoe. Some lie in wait for hours along well trodden trails, which the deer frequent, and still another class depends on the jack light. But I have been brought up to understand that sportsmen prefer to still hunt, and leave the other methods for the man who cannot shoot, or the native who desires fresh meat.

I arrived in camp somewhat early, along the last of October, before the first snow, and when the woods were filled with dead leaves and dry twigs which made forest still hunting very unsatisfactory work. I like Maine in October, better than I do when the snow has come and cold winds sweep relentlessly through the forest and on across the lakes, dashing the water into foam on the rocky shores. I like the color and the air of Autumn, and besides, I'm getting old and do not find as much enjoyment in "frogging it" twenty or thirty miles a day as I used to.

Then I love the canoe. I've never quite got so I could enjoy a rowboat, even the most modern of them. There is something about the build of the little craft, which is modeled, as it is, after designs made by the Indians hundreds

of years ago, which appeals to me. I love its silence, and it carries me close to Nature. The rippling of the water against the prow is music to my ears, and the dip-dip of my guide's paddle lulls me to rest as nothing else can. I love to battle with the wind and waves on the lakes, or to drift along down some mild river, and to watch the ever-changing panorama open up; the forest here, a broad low bog there; gleaming, placid water or roaring rips and foaming falls with the blue mountains in the distance, and the glorious sunlight over all.

And so it happened that Alick and I left camp early one October morning in a canoe, for a trip up the river after a fine "bock." Alick said he knew *just* where to find one. Now Alick says lots of things which in due time, prove not to be so; but I do not distrust him. I believe he really means what he says, but he says things which depend upon many "ifs." We reached the place Alick had indicated and found no "bock." I was not surprised, not disappointed. I expected just such an outcome. In fact, I did not care much anyway, and we pushed on up the river cautiously.

Presently we rounded a bend and saw two spike horns (yearlings) feeding knee deep in the water close to the river bank. I did not want a spike horn when I started out, but these animals were such beauties that I thought I would kill one of them, for they are prime eating, and I figured I could get my head

of horns later. While I was thinking this all over in my mind I was cool enough, but when I got ready to shoot and waited for Alick to steady the canoe upon a rock near by, I began to get nervous.

I had hit the bulls-eye at camp time after time the day before, and I imagined just how I would plunk my deer. I knew just where to hit him and though I had never shot a deer and had never seen one in the woods, I anticipated no serious trouble; but, it seemed quite different.

Suddenly the canoe stopped with a little jolt. I glanced along the sights and found them in a different position than they had ever been before. I was quite sure I was not nervous, but I couldn't seem to draw a bead, and to save my soul, I couldn't tell whether those deer were *forty* or *two hundred* yards off! But I knew I must not let Alick know, so I did the best I could and blazed away.

The crack of my small bore did not make much noise and we were partially concealed by the rock, so the deer only started a bit and stood with heads erect, looking directly away from us. I was not prepared for this. Of course, I expected that the deer would run at the first shot; in fact, I knew they would and for that reason shot quickly. I was disgusted at their stupidity, but the consciousness that I was to shoot again made me nervous. I was sure of it.

I pumped in a shell as Alick whispered hoarsely, "Lower! Lower!" I fired again with the same result and then four shots followed in rapid succession and the magazine of my repeater was empty. I laid the rifle down with a bang and the deer stalked out of the water, and into the forest, whistling furiously.

"Damn that gun!" I muttered; "it ain't worth a cuss!" and I imagined I heard Alick chuckle as he pushed off into mid-stream. I was going to ask him what was the matter, but I made up my mind that I wouldn't, after that. I was sure the rifle was held right on the deer's shoulder and that the whole fault was with the gun or the ammunition. Then

I tried a snapshot at a stump in the river and hit it! Alick chuckled again, I thought, remarking pleasantly: "We'll find plenty more, sir; just keep your eyes open and be ready."

Before long we saw more deer and I tried to creep up close to them; but they were wary and left the water before we were within range. I began to feel more like myself and to have less distrust in the gun. In the course of half an hour we had seen half a dozen other deer, the majority of them too small to kill. By that time their presence did not disturb me. We were near the end of our journey when we spied a handsome buck swimming the river, some fifty yards off. Alick slid the canoe against the bank and steadied it with his paddle, while he cautioned me to wait until the animal left the water. A moment later he clambered out and stood on the high bank beside a great birch, with head erect and ears wide apart.

It was a beautiful sight and a beautiful shot, full broadside. I pulled the rifle down and to my surprise, found the sights in position, and the deer standing just as he was a moment before, not fifty yards away. I pressed the trigger and with its sharp crack the buck fell sidewise and rolled down the bank into the river.

I was a bit anxious to get him out of the river before he "sank," but on the whole, conducted myself creditably for a beginner and a man who had missed six times straight. We dressed him on the bank there, tumbled the carcass into the canoe and started home.



I promised Alick a box of cigars if he'd swear never to tell about my first try, and he swore. Alick got the cigars, and the deer's head hangs over the desk at which I am writing. I see Alick every fall, if business makes it possible, and sometimes I wonder if he ever broke his promise. In truth I believe he has, but I don't mind now, and so I am telling the story myself, just to comfort others who may have done likewise.

AT QUAIN T VILLAGE CHURCH

Miss Gertrude Mary Hill Becomes the Bride of Dr.
Nathan Pulsifer Thayer at Belgrade Lakes



AS COLOR FULL as a Venetian festival and as fascinating as a child's dream of Paradise was the wedding of Miss Gertrude M. Hill to Dr. Nathan P. Thayer, Wednesday evening; a brilliant climax to four days of merrymaking enjoyed by a company of over one hundred house party guests who assembled at the invitation of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Hill of The Belgrade. Every detail complete, each feature a delicious surprise—faultlessly planned, exquisitely arranged and perfectly executed—the event rounded out delightful days prophetic of what life holds in store for the young people; hours which will ever make the hearts of all who enjoyed them glow in treasured memory. As a fairyland story is the recollection and like a rare picture, Time will but mellow and beautify its color; a masterpiece among life's experiences.

Last Saturday's trains brought the guests from the north, south, east and west, and not until Thursday were good-byes said reluctantly; perfect weather, nature's presence, material comforts and agreeable companions bringing the company together as one great family with but a single thought—the joy of living. Sunday was devoted largely to exchange of greetings, with the groom's dinner and a concert in the evening. Monday to recreations in the open, the bride's luncheon and the hearts party in the evening; Tuesday to the informal diversions and the cotillion; Wednesday to anticipation of the wedding—not an unoccupied hour during the week, not a moment when the thoughts and efforts of Mr. and Mrs. Hill were not occupied with the comfort and pleasure of their guests.

AT THE VILLAGE CHURCH

The selection of the quaint little village church for the wedding ceremony was a singularly happy thought; its quiet in contrast to the hotel, its associations sacred in their character; its spire pointing upward to eternity, its wide doors a welcome to mankind—emphasizing life's reward and life's responsibilities.

Thither went the wedding guests just as the last rays of the setting sun shot up from behind purple hills; tinging fleecy clouds with crimson and bathing the earth in glory—Day's last kiss to Night. Inside the little edifice gleamed warmth and welcome, transformed with decorations of pink and green which predominated throughout the wedding. Arching the aisles and leading to the altar over which hung a floral bell, were garlands of pink asters and evergreen, among which gleamed tiny incandescents; the entrance to the seats marked with monster clusters of asters, tied with pink ribbons; a long pink ribbon being drawn just previous to the ceremony.

Promptly at six-thirty the strains of Lohengrin's wedding march announced the approach of the wedding party, and a moment later, the ushers, Dr. Roy H. Gilpatrick and Percy S. Percival of Boston, Mr. Alfred E. Fuller of New York, Mr. H. Fredk. Hill of Brooklyn, Dr. Sherman Perry of Worcester, and Mr. Robert Henderson of Helena, Mont., each wearing boutonnières of lilies of the valley, passed down the aisle followed by the groom and his best man, his brother, Mr. L. Eugene Thayer of Waterville. Following were the bridesmaids: Miss Bessie K. Boyd, Miss Helen R. Boyd, Miss Eleanor T. Burr, Miss Marion Simpson, all of New York; Miss Frances E. Weeks of Phil-

adelphia, and Miss Lois R. Page of Newton, bewitching in pink taffeta worn under lemon net, with empire sashes of pink silk messaline, and pink Alsacian bows in their hair, each carrying a large basket of pink bride's roses. Mrs. Herbert A. Morgan of New York, the matron of honor, mat-tended and immaculate in white chiffon cloth, trimmed with rose point lace, a white *méline* bow in her hair and carrying a shower bouquet of white roses, preceded the bride, who, upon the arm of her father, was radiant in a gown of white duchess satin, *en train*, trimmed with duchess lace, a tulle veil fastened with lilies of the valley, carrying a shower bouquet of pink bride's roses, with a pearl pendant, the gift of the groom, at her throat.

The ring service was eloquently and impressively performed by Rev. C. W. Collier of the Hammond Street Congregational Church, Bangor, the bridal party leaving the church to the strains of Mendelssohn's wedding march, followed by the family.

RECEPTION AND SUPPER

Immediately after the ceremony Dr. and Mrs. Thayer received in the social hall of The Belgrade assisted by the bride's parents, the groom's mother, Mrs. Nora P. Thayer, and his grandmother, Mrs. N. G. H. Pulsifer, both of Waterville, the matron of honor and bridesmaids. The decorations were strikingly effective and simple, a bank of maple leaves in early autumn color, backgrounding the receiving party, and sprays of them being used effectively about the hall in connection with bouquets of pink bride's roses.

Following the reception a collation was served in the dining hall, the central decorative feature being the tables arranged in the shape of a cross with a great mass of pink roses in the centre and bouquets of the same flowers at each of the four corners, greens and asters being used in connection with two elaborate pieces holding ices; one a monster swan and the other a colomnade inside

which hung a wedding bell, tiny candles gleamed brightly above it.

Following the repast the bride and groom led in a waltz in which many joined, retiring shortly after to prepare for the wedding journey, an automobile trip which will end at the groom's home in Brooklyn where Dr. and Mrs. Thayer will be at home at 1433 Avenue H, Fiske Terrace, after November 3.

THE BRIDE'S DEPARTURE

Dancing, however, was of short duration, for there was, of course, the automobile to be decorated, and the terrible possibility that the couple might leave by flying machine! The very suggestion of such a thing set hearts in a flutter and scents were immediately dispatched to guard every point of egress. Not long after the ushers brought in long tables, containing several hundred tiny pink slippers filled with silvered cardboard horseshoes, which the bridesmaids distributed among the throng grouped on either side of the stairway; anxiously awaiting, darting hither and thither as some startling rumor was circulated or some new decoration was added to the overloaded automobile which puffed, panted and whistled in its eagerness to vanish into the night.

A commotion at the head of the staircase hushed the crowd, and a graceful figure in a grey broadcloth travelling suit, with cerise hat, appeared in the semi-shadow, becoming Mrs. Thayer as it stepped into the light. A moment she stood there, smiling at friends, then casting her bouquet among the bridesmaids, made a swift dash for the door upon her husband's arm. Nothing short of old Eli's eleven man wedge would have budged the crowd, however, until slippers, horseshoes, rice and serpentine tape had been showered on the couple, and it was thus the entire length of the line, the ushers attempting to protect the retreat and advance. The journey, however, was a pleasant one with merry laughter for the war cry, and presently the couple were safely ensconced in the automobile which with

a parting and triumphant "honk-honk," darted into the night, dangling stove pipe, old shoes and tin cans, clanking away merrily in the rear, and white draperies gleaming brightly in the darkness.

SWEET DREAMS—GOOD-NIGHT

Suddenly it was strangely quiet and many a stern eye softened with happiness; the strains of the orchestra sending the younger set scurrying to the dance hall, while the older gathered in little groups here and there. Until long after midnight the merrymaking continued, the hotel sinking slowly into quiet with the last waltz, just a few lingering among the crushed roses, tiny horseshoes, windrows of rice and tangles of serpentine.

"Sweet dreams," whispers a maiden on the staircase; "good night," is the low response, and the wedding, its merrymaking and its feasting, is at an end.

THE GUESTS

The guests included: Mr. and Mrs. J. Frank Hale, Mr. and Mrs. Charles L. Sleeper, Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Goode-nough, Miss Lois R. Page, Miss Edith F. Gaffield, Dr. R. H. Gilpatrick, Mr. Charles F. P. Severance, Mr. P. S. Percival, of Boston; Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Hubbard, Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. Coleman, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Bailey, Mrs. F. P. Ackerman, Mrs. F. W. Masters, Mrs. Chase Langmaid, Mrs. Walter H. Stearns, Miss Lydia Masters, Miss Mabel Masters, Hon. J. C. Kennedy, Mr. Waldo A. Learned, of Newton; Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Goodrich, Miss Julia Dumphy, Miss Margaret Dumphy, Miss Ina G. Handy, Miss Olive Dunn, Dr. Francis L. Hayes, of Brookline; Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Dudley, Mr. Hazen B. Goodrich, of Haverhill; Dr. Sherman Perry, of Worcester, Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Zuckerman, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Peterson, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Durand, Mr. and Mrs. Warren S. Crane, Mr. and Mrs. E. de Chisholm, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Fairchild, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Dudensing, Mr.

and Mrs. Augustus Pitou, Mrs. H. A. Morgan, Mr. L. B. Adams, Mr. Allen Ritchie, of New York; Mr. and Mrs. John Reis, Mr. H. F. Hill, Mr. J. W. Davis, of Brooklyn; Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Simpson, Miss Marion Simpson, of Mt. Vernon; Mrs. W. B. Inlach, Mrs. F. B. Ware, of Albany; Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Burr, Miss Emile T. Burr, of East Orange; Mr. J. H. Eggers, of Summit, N. J.; Mr. and Mrs. George H. Buzby, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Carrigan, Mrs. H. F. Weeks, Miss F. G. Weeks, Mr. Harry Buzby, Mr. Charles N. Crawford of Philadelphia; Major General and Mrs. George F. Elliott, Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Reeside, and Miss Elizabeth Reeside, of Washington, D. C.

Hon. and Mrs. Cyrus W. Davis, Hon. and Mrs. Charles F. Johnson, Dr. and Mrs. J. F. Hill, Dr. and Mrs. F. C. Thayer, Mr. and Mrs. Hascall Hall, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert L. Kelley, Mr. and Mrs. G. Fred Terry, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Thayer, Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Thayer, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Hawkes, Mrs. Emiline Hill, Mrs. Redington, Mrs. Nora Thayer, Miss Mary Cannon, Miss Cornelia Kelley, Miss Alice B. Nelson, Miss Celia Merrill, Dr. D. B. Cragin, Col. W. A. R. Boothby, Mr. Frederick Hill, Mr. Howard Hill, Mr. Frank Redington, Mr. Harold Davis, Mr. Frank Thayer, of Waterville; Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Brooks, Mr. John Gould, of Augusta; Mr. Robert Henderson, of Helena, Mont.; Mrs. William Henry Whitecomb, of Oxford, O.; Mr. C. F. T. Seaverns, of Norfolk, Ct.

THE WEEK'S PLEASURES

Among the most enjoyable of the week's pleasures was Tuesday evening's cotillion, delightful in its informality, several sets of novel favors and a variety in figures and dances adding to its interest, enjoyed alike by both participants and onlookers.

The entire company participated in Monday night's hearts party, the effect being heightened by the use of score

(Concluded on Page 15)

FOUR DELIGHTFUL WEEKS

Not Until October Fifteenth Will the Last Goodbyes
Be Said at Poland Spring



FOUR weeks lie before Poland Spring visitors and many are coming to enjoy this, the most delightful period of the year. Socially affairs are becoming more and more informal and the open claiming increasing attention; golf, riding, driving and motoring keeping many pleasantly occupied, while others enjoy a shady corner or sunny nook on the broad piazza or in the great grove. Not until the fifteenth of October will the last goodbyes be said at the Poland Spring house and even then, many will go to the Mansion house to complete sojourns which will extend throughout the month.

GUESTS OF MRS. NEILDS AND MISS CRAVEN

Socially interest of the week centred in an invitation putting contest given by Mrs. J. P. Neilds of Wilmington, Del., and her sister, Miss Jane Craven of Salem, N. J., for Miss Marion Mellarg of Stamford, sixteen women participating, the event being played four sets of fours, the combined best medal scores winning. At the close of play afternoon tea was served. The prize winners were Mrs. Thomas J. Craven of Salem, N. J., Mrs. Davis of St. Louis, Miss Greble of New York, Mrs. S. M. Inman of Atlanta, Miss Mellarg, Miss Helen Rogers of Rochester, Miss N. L. Palmer of Middleton, and Miss Simmickson of Salem, N. J.

LAST OF CORN ROASTS

The last of the corn roasts was participated in by a large company, an evening of rare moonlight making the occasion doubly enjoyable. Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Peck, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Daniel E. Conklin, Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Stinson, Mr. and Mrs. James G. Lindsay, Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Wilkinson,

Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Holton, Mrs. S. M. Inman, Mrs. A. B. Lounsbury, Mrs. W. L. Thompson, Mrs. R. Humphrey, Mrs. John Fowler, Mrs. E. P. Ricker, Mrs. M. H. Johnson, Mrs. H. P. Dixon, Mrs. C. G. Dixon, Miss Greble, Miss Johnson, Miss Lindsay, Miss Humphrey, Miss Craven, Miss Dexter, Miss Brown, were among the participants.

FOR JOHNSON TROPHIES

The match play handicap golf tournament for trophies offered by Mr. and Mrs. Isaac B. Johnson of Ardsley, provided an interesting contest, keen play and some surprises, Dr. Wallace K. Oakes of Auburn, winning the final round from Hugh Halsell of Dallas, Texas, who has captured two previous events. In the semi-finals Dr. Oakes beat Hiram Ricker, Jr., one up in a close match, and Mr. Halsell defeated H. P. Dixon of Wallingford, two up. Daniel N. Bates of Worcester, led in qualification with a net card of seventy-seven; Frank Pearson and S. P. Holton, both of Philadelphia, tying for second with seventy-eight each.

THE SUMMARY

The full story of play is told in the following qualification scores and match play summary:

D. N. Bates,	44	43	87	10	77
Frank Pearson,	48	42	90	12	78
S. P. Holton,	44	44	88	10	78
R. H. Rines,	48	46	94	15	79
H. P. Dixon,	43	48	91	10	81
H. Ricker, Jr.,	47	39	86	3	83
Hugh Halsell,	49	43	83	0	83
Dr. W. K. Oakes,	43	48	101	18	83
W. W. Linsley,	45	45	90	6	84
John Fowler,	47	49	96	12	84
F. H. Warner,	47	45	92	8	84
Judson Lounsbury,	53	48	101	15	86
S. R. Vickers,	48	50	98	12	86
H. W. Murray,	49	43	92	4	88
Henry Bailey,	46	48	94	4	90
Dr. G. L. Walton,	55	51	106	15	91
C. C. Lindsay,	53	53	106	15	91

FIRST ROUND—D. N. Bates, Worcester, beat John Fowler, St. Louis, 3 and 2; Hugh Halsell, Dallas, Texas, beat Henry Bailey, Newton, 1 up (24 holes); H. P. Dixon, Springhaven, beat S. R. Vickers, Baltimore, 2 up; Frank Pearson, Philadelphia, beat W. W. Linsley, Boston, 6 and 5; R. H. Rines, Auburndale, beat F. H. Warner, Boston, 2 up; Dr. Wallace K. Oakes, Auburn, Me., beat Dr. G. L. Walton, Boston, 7 and 6; Hiram Ricker, Jr., South Poland, beat H. W. Murray, Lynn, 3 and 2; Judson Lounsbury, Boston, beat S. P. Holton, Philadelphia, 3 up.

SECOND ROUND—Halsall beat Bates 4 and 3; Dixon beat Pearson, 3 and 2; Oakes beat Rines 1 up; Ricker beat Lounsbury 2 up.

SEMI-FINALS—Halsall beat Dixon 2 up; Oakes beat Ricker, 1 up.

FINALS—Oakes beat Halsall, 6 and 4.

N. B.—Match play handicaps two-thirds of medal.

*Lost in tie play off.

JONES OF POLAND

If you said "Jones of Poland" anywhere from Boston to San Francisco or Paris to Peking, the chances are that half a dozen people would smile in pleasant recognition, for Jones is the very first and the very last man you meet at Poland Spring, and in consequence, is the first to remember and the last to forget.

Not only this but Jones is as distinctly Jones of Poland as Barnes was Barnes of New York, a part and parcel of the place, a landmark which gives character to the whole; a basis by which comparison is made with other Chesterfields in a similar but not the same walk in life.

His "Stop, Stop! You haven't got a bottle of Poland water!" or his "Mr. —, your car is waiting," are just plain every day words, but when Jones says them gladsome ripples of sunshine break through the clouds and life takes on a rosy hue. His handshake warms the heart, his greeting is the welcome of a friend and his good bye a sorrow, simply because he is an artist and art is but "the expression of man's joy in his work."

LATE ARRIVALS

Mrs. Henry Winsor, Miss Elizabeth D. Mulrey, Miss Katherine T. Mulrey, Mrs. Willmar P. Rice, Miss Lillian M. Rice, Boston; Mr. and Mrs. George H. Weightman, Miss Clara Weightman,

Brookline; Mrs. S. B. Goddard, Miss Bertha Frost, Mrs. A. A. Dow, Mrs. W. M. Bickford, Mrs. W. L. Clewley, Woburn; Mr. and Mrs. A. K. Briggs, Holyoke.

Mrs. J. B. Sawyer, Miss Priscilla Cotton, Dover, N. H.; Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Faxon, Chattanooga; Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Wilkinson, Hartford; Mrs. H. B. Sanford, Bridgeport; Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Trowbridge, East Orange; Mr. and Mrs. Thomas J. Craven, Miss Jane Craven, Miss Summickson, Salem, N. J.; Mrs. J. P. Neilds, Wilmington, Del.

Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Martin, Miss Kate Wheelock, Mr. and Mrs. E. N. Morris, Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Lawrence, Mr. and Mrs. Frank S. Layng, New York; Mr. and Mrs. C. Howard Colket, Master Colket, Miss Patterson, Philadelphia; Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Fon Duersmith, Lancaster.

Mr. Henry McHarg and Miss Marion of Stamford, Conn., are here for the month, coming by private car.

Mrs. Charles O. Skeer, South Bethlehem, Pa.; Mr. and Mrs. Archibald H. Bradshaw, Philadelphia; Mr. and Mrs. George A. Follansbee, Miss Follansbee, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Blackwell, Mr. and Mrs. John Fowler, St. Louis; Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Valentine, London.

Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Morrell, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Bailey, Miss Bailey, Boston; Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Twombly, Miss Phyllis Twombly, Mrs. J. Scott Parish, Miss Eleanor W. Parish, Mrs. George F. Winch, Brookline; Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Harvey, Providence.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Potter, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Surlburg, Mrs. H. H. Slate, New York; Mr. and Mrs. Robert S. Bright, Mr. Douglas S. Bright, Miss Irene Camp, Miss Mezlar, Philadelphia.

MRS. FOWLER'S GUESTS

Mrs. John Fowler of St. Louis, entertained at cards, Tuesday evening, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Markham, and Mr. and Mrs. Davis, also of St. Louis, the invitation list numbering twenty, lunch being served after play.

NOW FOR THE SPORTSMEN

Skirmishers of the Advance Army of Invading Hunters
Thus Early Assembling at Kineo



ONE hears much of hunting these crisp September days, for thus early, the skirmishers of the army of sportsmen which will flock here during the next two months, are on hand, and anticipation of the opening of the hunting season is keen. From all sections of the country the invaders will come, recruits and regulars, and rare sport awaits all, for big game has never been more abundant.

WILDERNESS CLAIMS MANY

While tennis, golf, riding and other outdoor recreations claim the attention of many, and fishing is at its best, it is the wilderness which claims the crowd, scores passing to and fro weekly.

Mr. and Mrs. Austen G. Fox, Mr. Austen H. Fox, and Miss Fox, are among the first to work in for shooting, leaving early in the week for a six weeks' trip on West Branch waters.

Dr. Robert C. Marsh, Miss Elizabeth C. Marsh and Miss Sarah C. Marsh of Paterson, N. J., are at Caucomogoc for a three weeks' trip.

Mrs. G. B. Blake of Brookline, Miss H. W. Williams of Brookline, Miss J. O. Hummenwell and Miss C. S. Hummenwell of Wellesley, are on Allegash waters.

Miss Margaret Hall of Boston, and Miss Helen Robinson of New York, return for their annual visit and will spend part of their time in the woods.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Wheatland and Mr. John Robinson of Salem, Mass., are spending a month at Lobster Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Bissell of Newark, are spending two weeks at Round Pond.

Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Brown of Paris, are enjoying the Allegash trip.

KINEO CLUB ELECTS

At its annual meeting the Kineo Club elected officers including: Dr. T. U. Coe, president; Eugene Treadwell, vice-president; R. M. Van Arsdale, secretary; C. A. Judkins, treasurer; Newton M. Shaffer, James A. Brodie, John R. Leeson, C. A. Judkins and Dr. Rowland Cox, Jr., members executive committee; Henry Sheaffer, J. M. Lasell, Rush Rowland, Prof. H. M. Reynolds, R. M. Van Arsdale, admission and new members committee.

ELECTION DAY GUESTS

Manager C. A. Judkins gave a small party of guests a glimpse of a real backwoods Maine election Monday, taking them to Greenville on the "Kineo." The company included: James K. Clarke, Ardmoor, N. Y.; Mr. John C. Reilly, Jr., Salem, N. J.; H. W. Fritchman and Dr. Rowland Cox, Jr., New York City; J. H. Hillman, Jr., Pittsburg; and F. C. Batty, Savannah, Ga.

WITH THE ANGLERS

R. M. Van Arsdale of New York, James A. Brodie of Brooklyn, and E. J. Mitton of Boston, enjoyed a rare day's sport at Socatean recently, returning with one of the best strings of trout seen here this season. Dr. J. W. Harper of Hartford, Dr. E. W. Beardsley of Brooklyn, and J. Leroy Sneekner of New York, are high up in the records.

PLUMP PARTRIDGES

Plump partridges are being enjoyed by the bird hunters who finds the game abundant but hard to locate owing to the extreme dryness of the season. George Lippincott of Philadelphia, brought five back with him from his camping trip at Brassna, and George Graham secured a couple of braces near Ferguson camp, Tuesday morning.

LATE ARRIVALS

Mr. C. D. Mosscrop, Mr. George H. Montrose, Mr. William J. Parslow, Mr. Livingstone Wetmore, Mrs. C. Moffett Glassbon, Dr. and Mrs. H. S. Patterson, of New York; Mr. R. C. Foy, West Point, N. Y.; Mr. and C. M. Bissell, of Newark, N. J.; Mr. L. Have-meyer, of Hartford, Conn.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred E. Nason, of Boston; Miss H. W. Williams, of Brookline; Mr. C. A. Dean, Mr. J. Philip Lane, of Weston; Mr. Dan A. Donohue, Mr. W. V. McDermott, Mr. and Mrs. R. Wheatland, Mr. John Robinson, of Salem; Mr. Merrill Griswold, of Cambridge; Miss J. O. Hummenwell, Miss C. S. Hummenwell, of Wellesley; Mrs. G. B. Blake, of Lenox.

Mrs. H. W. Kinney, and Miss Kinney, of Cincinnati; Mr. F. A. Gilbert, Mr. I. G. Stetson, of Bangor; Mr. S. W. Philbrick, Mr. Roy L. Marston, Skowhegan, Maine; Mr. Walter Tracey Davis of Aguas Buenas, and Mr. Lewis J. Proctor of San Juan, Porto Rico.

Dr. and Mrs. J. C. Stirk, Miss Butterworth, Mr. George W. Henry, Jr., Dr. J. H. Musser, Mrs. John Gilbert, Master Rowland Gilbert, Miss Beirsto, of Philadelphia.

President Garret Schenck of the Great Northern Paper Company, is completing a week's visit here with Mrs. Schenck and Master Schenck.

Sterling S. Larrabee of U. S. Military Academy is a late arrival.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Wells of South-bridge, and Miss Alice M. Tower of Brookline, are at Chamberlin lake for an extended stay.

Mr. and Mrs. M. S. Nedfeller of New York, are back from a three days' trip at Spencer pond.

RIFLE CHAMPIONS.

Mrs. James K. Clarke of Ardmore, Pa., and F. C. Batty of Savannah, Ga., were the winners of the N. C. Nash championship rifle trophies in the final match; the three best scores made during the season's extended series of events.

"At Quaint Village Church" Conclusion

cards of appropriate design, tied with pink ribbon; the prizes going to Mrs. L. Eugene Thayer, who won a silver card case, Mrs. Chase Langmaid, picture; Mr. H. B. Lyons, a silver match box; and Mr. H. S. Buzby, a box of cigars.

The groom's dinner to his best man and ushers, took place in the Grill room, Sunday evening, the favors being scarf pins; the bride entertaining the matron of honor and the bridesmaids at luncheon, Monday, the gifts silver monogram belt buckles, and the table decorations, pink sweet peas.

Sunday evening's concert was generally enjoyed as was the music furnished by The Belgrade orchestra during the week. The floral decorations were in the hands of Mitchell, Waterville, and the catering arrangements looked after by Miss Edith Gaffield, Boston.

Rarely have a more beautiful collection of presents been seen, including about everything conceivable and appropriate, one large room being completely filled with them.

Miss Bessie K. Boyd captured the ring in the bride's bouquet and is thus early receiving congratulations (!)

MANY VISITORS STILL LINGER

Many visitors still linger at The Belgrade, golf and fishing dividing attention, the closing of the hotel for the season, some two weeks distant. Remarkable has been the season, making necessary a large addition to the hotel, work on which has already been begun and which will be ready for occupancy with the opening of the hotel in 1909.

Visitors Linger at Rangeley

September's charm is keeping many visitors at the Rangeley Lake house beyond their accustomed time, while others are coming to enjoy the month and there will be little indication of a waning season until after the first of October.

SOUTHERN QUAIL SHOOTING

Practical Suggestions for Northern Sportsmen Who Contemplate Enjoying This Sport



THE NEXT few months will find many sportsmen making their way southward for quail shooting. Old hands will be prepared, but the new men, the "tenderfeet," as it were, will be very apt to go with improper equipment and suffer in consequence. It is difficult for the beginner, unless he has some friend to consult, to find out what the needs are. The guide books tell where the covers are, the hospitality of the people, and warn sportsmen against southern dogs; but they say nothing about what the hunter's trunk should contain. A few words cannot be other than appropos, for they may save many an inconvenience and disappointment, and make the trip, not only pleasant, but successful.

First of all, the sportsman who owns a dog of worth wishes to take him. He has heard disagreeable things about southern dogs—that they are poorly broken and will run hares and tree squirrels, as well as stand birds. There is a good deal of truth in this statement, and the particular sportsman will not find his aesthetic tastes generally gratified in southern dogs. From the bench and field standpoint, he will be disappointed and for the first few hunts he will be disgusted, in all probability; but, before long, he will discover that, in spite of all his faults, the southern dog *finds the birds*. He is usually staunch and always tireless, thundering over the country day in and day out, with the relentless energy which characterizes the guide.

The hunter, who comes south from the north for the first time, has no idea, whatever, of the area of the territory, the vast amount of ground, which must be covered. It is as wholly unlike cover

hunting as it is possible to conceive. The northern dog, unless he is a natural ranger, is about as useless as it is possible for a dog to be. He hunts for a while and then throws up the sponge, discouraged. The briars tear, he loses flesh, his owner is ashamed of him and wonders what the trouble is.

Each year, scores of hunters take their dogs down south and it is a very rare exception when they are hunted for more than two or three days. The moral is, save expense and leave your dog, unless he is accustomed to the work for which he is to be used, or you are to stay long enough to accustom him to new conditions, for a dog, to find birds, must know the country and be familiar with the tricks and haunts of the quail.

The sportsman should know that a guide and a dog are necessary to insure success and pleasure in southern hunting, and on many days, a saddle horse or team should be used. This is an expense of from \$3.00 to \$5.00. The ideal way to hunt is on horseback, but if one enjoys long walks, it is not necessary. Many sportsmen come south bringing their dogs, thinking they can hunt alone, wholly unconscious that they will have, to insure success, to hire a guide, dog, or horse; often necessary because land is preserved.

As to equipment. For general shooting, the leather-faced corduroy is the only thing which will stand the wear and tear of briars. Nothing else will go through and hold together for any length of time. One who is unfamiliar with the country, can have no idea of the terrific manner in which it abuses clothing. Early in the season, canvas is cooler, and wears very well. A sweater on cold days, is very comfortable, particularly on the way home at night.

Footwear is of prime consideration, and the stumbling block on which many fall. For all-round tramping, the proper thing is the cavalry style hunting boot, with heavy soles and hob-nails, made as near waterproof as it is possible to have leather. It protects the feet and legs against abuse. If one wears shoes, leggins are necessary and it is much better to have the boot, combining both.

For short trips on dry, hot days, stout canvas shoes with leggins of the same material, are very comfortable. There will be many times when the hunter would like to be out—snowy, rainy days. Nothing but rubber boots will give dry feet, but the rubber will not stand the covers and the hunter who wears the boots will have to pick his path. The gum boots are invaluable, however, for woodcock shooting in the low grounds.

For all-round shooting, a 20-gauge gun is best. The right barrel should be cylinder and the left a modified choke. Early in the season much of the shooting is in the open, but later, the coveys seek cover after being flushed and much snap shooting will be necessary on single birds. Early, No. 10 shot answers for the right barrel and No. 8 for the left; but later and until the season closes, 8's and 6's are generally used.

The sportsman will need plenty of ammunition. It is astonishing how many shells can be used in a day's hunt—fifty and even a hundred shots being a very common occurrence. It is impossible to get satisfactory ammunition in many places, being, as they are, miles from anywhere. It is much better to have too many shells than too few. And, besides, your guide can use some ammunition to advantage, if you wish to take a good string of birds home with you, for he is usually a "dead shot."

Lastly, the reports concerning birds have not been exaggerated. They are everywhere, as "thick as bees," and a good shot can get all the birds he wants, provided he goes to a place where hunt-

ers are not too thick and shooting privileges can be secured.

Gradually the territory is becoming more restricted and one should be careful in this particular, for many sections are preserved and closed to the public.

"DUDE SPORTSMAN!"

Glimpse at Sporting Camp "Society" and its Customs

"Dude sportsman!" was the comment of guests and guides alike, when the new arrival in camp, a young man of 35, made his way out of his cabin, rigged in corduroys. It was apparent that considerable money had been spent on that suit. The knickerbockers of light dove tint were stylish in cut, and the shooting coat of chestnut brown helped to make altogether too stunning a color scheme. Then there were brown stockings to match the coat, and a broad-brimmed campaign hat of gray which further set off the costume, not to mention the double-breasted blue flannel shirt and the flowing green tie.

"He's rigged for the Kinco piazza or the Rangeleys," remarked Mr. Record Fisherman to his wife, but the missus, who was somewhat artistic in her tastes, couldn't help but admire the sturdy young fellow, and she could see nothing in his manner which betokened the fop.

But the new arrival, unconscious of the attention he was attracting, made his way over to the quarters, hunted up his guide, sat down in the midst of the company, lit a cigar and chatted pleasantly. The guides improved every opportunity to smile knowingly at each other and when some minutes later, the young man left, telling his guide that he would not go out until near sunset, the unfortunate chap who was to show the young man the wonders of the preserve, was guyed unmercifully.

There was quite a flutter that evening as the new guest made his way to the wharf. Hardly had the canoe turned the point on its way to the inlet, when the

whole tribe was following, everybody chuckling quietly, anticipating the sport in store for them. As they drew nearer they were not so much interested in fishing at the inlet as they anticipated. There was the new arrival surely, but instead of presenting the sight they expected he was handling sixty feet of line just as a youngster would a sling shot, and every now and then Jim used the net to land a good trout. Everybody was sorely disappointed. The next day Jim and his man left for a branch pond, nine miles away, and everybody expected to see both back by noon, the new man played out; but on the contrary they stayed longer than was planned and the camp began to worry.

When they returned Jim was bubbling over with enthusiasm. He told of record fish, splendid rifle shots, wonderful tramps and "as how that city chap would cook, chop wood and was a right down good feller" and then he smilingly showed a brand new ten-dollar bill.

Everybody marvelled and the young man left camp, unpopular, simply because he had neglected to explain on arrival, that the week before he had lost his outfit in a canoe upset and had decided that his old togs which had served so many years, were not fit to wear.

American Revolver Shots Abroad

The United States Revolver Association has issued the following report on the work of Americans participating in the recent Olympic revolver matches, an abstract from the official report of the captain of the American pistol and revolver team.

OLYMPIC INDIVIDUAL CONTEST

First, Von Asbruch 490, Storms 487, Gorman 485, Axtell 480, Calkins 457, Dietz 455, Le Boutillier 436. But five shot holes appeared on one of Gorman's targets. "The target was examined by all the team who were present and a claim for a double was made on a three o'clock nine, this being the only shot which presented the appearance of a double." The question of the disputed shot was referred to the captains of all the competing teams except those of the United States and Belgium and they decided against Gorman.

THE OLYMPIC TEAM MATCH

Was won by Americans: Gorman 501, Calkins 473, Dietz 472, Axtell 468 with only five shot holes showing on one of his targets. American total 1914, Belgium 1863, England 1817, France 1750, Sweden 1732, Holland 1637, Greece 1576.

Regarding our treatment there, the report says "The officials did all that was possible to aid the contestants and the match was conducted in a scrupulously fair manner."

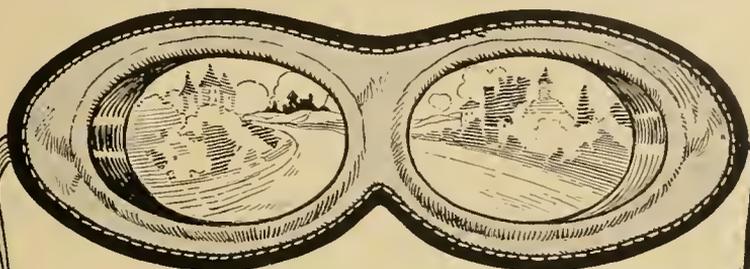
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GREENVILLE TO KINEO, KINEO STATION AND HEAD OF LAKE

Beginning July 26

	Ex. Sun.	Ex. Sun.	Ex. Sun.	Ex. Sun.	Ex. Sat.	Sun. only	Sun. only
Greenville, lv.	6.15 A.						8.00 A.
Greenville Jct.	6.45 "		10.00 A.	2.30 P.			8.30 "
Deer Island	*7.40 "		10.55 "	*3.25 "			*9.25 "
Kineo, arr.	8.35 "		11.50 "	4.20 "			10.20 "
Kineo, lv.	8.45 "	10.15 A.	12.15 "	4.40 "	8.20 P.	1.15 P.	10.30 "
Kineo Station	9.00 "	10.30 "	12.45 "	5.00 "	8.40 "	1.30 "	10.45 "
Rockwood	*9.15 "		*1.00 P.	*5.10 "			11.05 "
Northwest Carry ...	10.45 "			7.20 "			
Northeast Carry ...	11.30 "		2.30 "	6.40 "			12.35 "

HEAD OF LAKE TO KINEO, KINEO STATION AND GREENVILLE

Beginning July 26

	Ex. Sun.	Ex. Sun.	Daily.	Ex. Sun.	Ex. Sun.	Ex. Sun.	Sun. only	Sun. only
Northwest C'ry. lv.	7.00 A.			10.45 A.				
Northeast Carry.	7.45 "			12.30 P.		2.30 P.	2.00 P.	
Rockwood	*9.15 "			*2.00 "		*4.00 "	*3.25 "	
Kineo Station...	8.30 A.	10.00 "	12.45 P.	2.20 "	5.15 P.	5.00 "	3.40 "	6.30 P.
Kineo, arr.	9.00 "	10.10 "	1.00 "	2.35 "		5.15 "	3.50 "	6.45 "
Kineo, lv.		10.15 "		2.45 "	5.00 "		4.00 "	
Deer Island.....	*11.05 "			*3.40 "	6.00 "		*5.00 "	
Greenville Jct....		12.00 Noon.		4.30 "	6.55 "		5.55 "	
Greenville				5.30 "			6.15 "	

GREENVILLE TO LILY BAY AND WEST OUTLET VIA KINEO [Daily except Sunday]

Greenville, lv.	9.15 A.	West Outlet, lv.	1.00 P.
Greenville Jct.	9.55 A.	Kineo	2.00 P.
Sugar Island	10.40 A.	Lily Bay, arr.	3.30 P.
Lily Bay, arr.	11.00 A.	Lily Bay, lv.	5.15 P.
Lily Bay, lv.	11.05 A.	Sugar Island	5.35 P.
Kineo	12.30 P.	Greenville Jct.	6.30 P.
Kineo Station	12.45 P.	Greenville	7.00 P.
West Outlet	1.00 P.		

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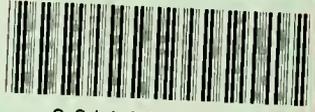
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