

# THE SEASIDE ECHO

Vol. VI, No 5.

Kennebunkport, Maine. August 17, 1907

Price 5 Cents



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and  
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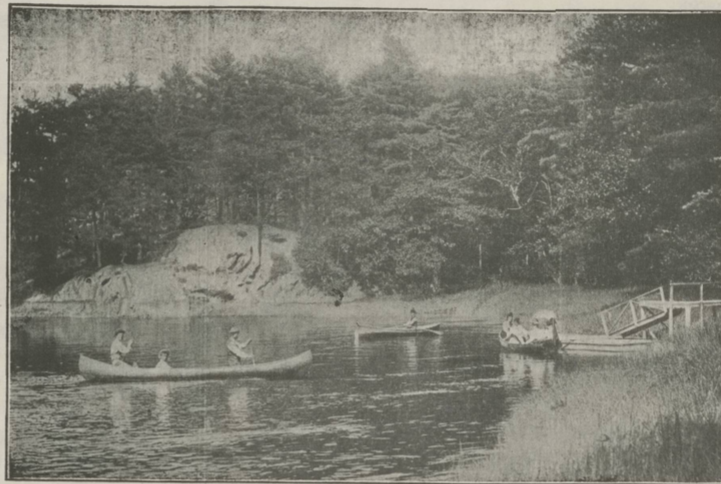
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## CANOE RACES

Took Place on Kennebunk River Near Picnic Rocks On Friday Afternoon

Large Attendance of Interested Spectators Were Early at the Scene



PICNIC ROCKS, WHERE THE RACES WERE HELD

The annual canoe races under the auspices of the Kennebunk River club took place Friday afternoon and there was a large attendance. The boats, canoes and launches glided one after another up the river and assembled at Picnic Rocks, where the races took place.

On the banks were hundreds of people in picturesque groups upon which numerous cameras were leveled. The day was an ideal one and this lent an additional

charm to the scene. The event was in every way a great success. Vice Commodore Deland was the starter and Mr. Towne the judge.

The results were as follows:  
Men's doubles—Clough and Towne were first with Jackson and McKenney second.

Boys' doubles—Blakely and Towne first; McMaster and McKenney second.

Boys' War Canoe—Churchward, McMaster, Wells and Holmes first with Blakely, Towne and Eldridge

second. Boys' Four Oar—Lane and Very first with McMaster and Sterratt second.

The Men's War Canoe race was not decided upon on account of foul.

The applause had hardly become an echo ere the gay procession started down river under the shadows of the overhanging trees, and one of the most successful races ever held was at an end.

### KENNEBUNKPORT

Will E. Gould of New York is spending his vacation here.

The Misses Betts of Boston, artists and illustrators, are here.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Fairfield of Newtonville, Mass., have been in town.

The telegraph strike bothered a number of the business men at the beaches here who wished to communicate with their places of business.

Mr. Henry Gould and family of Watertown, Mass., have arrived at their summer home. Mr. Gould recovered from his recent illness sufficiently to make the journey.

The Seaside House with its attractive parlor and pleasant open fireplace and the hall for the use of the guests make it one of the most desirable places in this section.

This is the height of the most prosperous season Kennebunkport has seen for many years. Every hotel is filled, and hundreds of applicants have been turned away.

Mrs. Burleigh Thompson has presented the town through Mr. Abbott Graves with a plot of ground on her estate in the village on which to erect the Soldiers and Sailors' Memorial.

The reception on Wednesday afternoon given by Mrs. George Little and her daughter, Mrs.

Ralph Andrews, at the Maples was one of the social events of the season. The rooms were decorated with sweet peas in great profusion. Mrs. Geo. Walker of Springfield, Mrs., and Mrs. Edward Robertson served.

The burning of the casino at Underwood Springs, Portland, Wednesday, caused much regret among the summer people in this section who have visited the place. It was a fine casino and was located in a beautiful spot on the Maine coast. It is hoped that it will be rebuilt although it is considered doubtful if it is.

A large and fashionable audience gathered at the Casino last Monday evening to witness the play "The Ruse of Molly Trefusis" written by Mrs. Julian Talbot and presented with Miss Louise Talbot in the title role, who more than sustained the reputation she won last season as an actress. The production was a great success and showed much careful training as the different parts were all admirably sustained. More than \$200 will be added to the Soldier's Monument fund from this entertainment.

Last Thursday evening through the efforts of Mr. F. E. Jones and Dr. McGregor of Montreal the office and reception room of the Narragansett were profusely decorated with red and green streamers while green boughs and American flags were not lacking making a very beautiful picture. The electric globes were shrouded in red so that the effect in the room was charming. An Italian orchestra

furnished music and there were several visitors to participate in the dance. Ice cream, cake and punch were served during the evening and it was a late hour before the party broke up.

### Tennis Tournament

A tournament for men in both doubles and singles, and also ladies' singles and doubles, and mixed doubles began on the Arundel Casino courts at 10.00 a. m., Thursday, August 15. The Casino will give cups to winners.

A numbers of persons not members or subscribers of the Casino are allowed upon the daily payment of 25 cents each and this is being taken advantage of.

Mr. G. H. Walker and Mr. H. I. Wilson are the committee on tournament this year.

### Band Concert

There is to be a band concert at the Dipsy pavillion this, Saturday, evening and to predict it will be a success will only be doing the proper thing. Electric lights have been placed around the pavillion making it one mass of light. Colored lights will be burned and fireworks sent up. It will be a pleasant evening for all at the beach.

Since the above was in type we understand that should this evening prove stormy the concert will be given tomorrow afternoon. This concert is given through the courtesy of the Old Home Week committee and will be paid for from the surplus of the Old Home Week fund.

Positively the Lowest Prices ever Known on Glasses. Until Sept. 15th only.

**\$3 Gold Filled Rimless Eyeglasses \$1 per pair.**  
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**\$3 Rimless Eyeglasses \$1 (Warranted 10 Years)**

Gold Filled Frames	\$ .75
Solid Gold Mountings,	1.50
\$1 Eyeglass Chains,	.50
Aluminum Frames,	.35
Special Lenses	50c and up

Opticists' Prescriptions filled at 33 per cent discount from usual prices.

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Tea served from 3.30 to 6.

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Main Street, Kennebunk, Maine

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Terms for the season, by mail, 50 cents. Single copies, 5 cents.

Advertising rates made known on application. For sale at all news stands, and by newsboys. Correspondence is desired from all interested parties, relative to matters of the different resorts covered.

All copy must be in hand not later than Wednesday afternoon.

A first-class printing plant in connection. Orders promptly filled.

THE SEASIDE ECHO is devoted to the interests of Kennebunkport, Kennebunk Beach and Cape Porpoise. Its best efforts are always bent to advance the prosperity of those growing summer resorts by utilizing all means within its scope to place before the thousands who visit this section each summer all the advantages of a local business directory and all local news matters of interest to the general public, and to increase the number of summer visitors to these points, by proclaiming their natural and artificial attractions to the world.

ANNIE J. CREDIFORD, Editor and Publisher.

AT THE HOTELS

Kennebunkport

PARKER HOUSE

Mary B. Downey Worcester, Mass.  
C. J. Quinlan Brooklyn, N. Y.  
Miss Quinlan " "  
W. Van Briskill Winnepeg  
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W. L. Fernald Portsmouth, N. H.  
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J. O. Lyford Kingston, N. H.  
W. A. Bakin " "  
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Oswald Smith and chauffeur " "  
J. M. Watson and wife South Berwick  
W. H. Downs and wife " "  
G. Sperra New York  
R. G. Morrison " "  
Douglas Halstead " "  
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Miss Elizabeth Avery " "  
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KENNEBUNKPORT

The hops at the Oceanic are very much enjoyed.

The guests at the Cliff House have card parties almost every evening.

A charming pink tea was given Tuesday by Mrs. Stinson, a guest at the Oceanic.

Mrs. A. H. Holmes and her assistant is doing a splendid business this season.

The guests at the Forest Hill House are to have a whist party this Saturday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Butterfield of Detroit are the guests of B. J. Whitcomb and wife for a week.

The many friends of Mr. Joseph Jeffery will be pleased to learn that he is duly improving.

There was a small attendance at the dance given in Myrtle Hall Tuesday evening of this week.

A party from the Columbia took a trip Monday and fished from the briny deep with excellent success.

A party from the Forest Hill House visited the Shakers this week and had a delightful and novel time.

There was a successful progressive Bridge whist party at the Arlington Hotel Friday evening of this week.

After this week there will be dancing at the Cliff House two evenings each week instead of one as heretofore.

The Golf barge, which is run solely for the benefit of the players is found to be just the thing and is much appreciated.

A number of Salvationists from Saco drew quite a crowd in the square Wednesday evening when they held services.

The Indian basket makers seem to come in for their share of patronage this season and they have dainty ware displayed.

The beautiful Italian hand-made laces which were exhibited at the Old Fort Inn last Monday evening met with a ready sale.

The bowling alley run by Mr. Harmon is better equipped this year than ever before and is receiving liberal patronage.

Mrs. Cox, one of the guests at the Oceanic, gave a card party last Tuesday which was voted a great success in every way.

The guests at the Parker House are enjoying the quiet of this delightful old house and do very little in the way of entertainment of any kind.

B. J. Whitcomb has a very attractive canoe landing at his studio and is doing a good business renting canoes in addition to his artistic work.

A party of eighteen took a trip to Portland harbor Thursday of this week and report a delightful time. They are stopping at the Forest Hill House.

The beautiful window boxes on the veranda and windows of the cottage occupied by Dr. Guy Hinsdale and family attract much attention from the passers.

Twenty-five of the guests from the Forest Hill House visited the Portsmouth navy yard Thursday of this week and were much pleased with the day's outing.

Miss Featherstone, one of the popular young ladies stopping at the Oceanic this summer gave a pleasant card party last Wednesday evening.

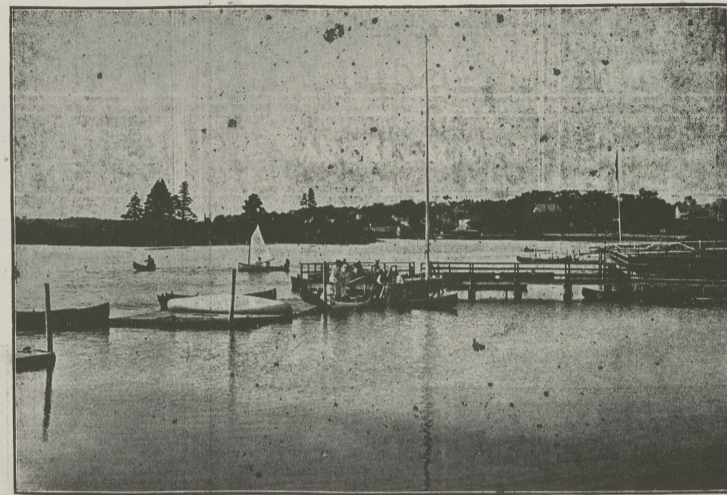
A beautiful American flag draped over the door at the entrance of the dining room in the Arlington office causes much favorable comment and is artistic as well.

Last Tuesday evening there was a Progressive Card party at the Columbia which was greatly enjoyed by all. The ladies' prize was won by Mrs. Bruckman and the gents' by Mr. Lechtenstein.

RIVER CARNIVAL

Grand Event to Take Place Next Tuesday Evening, August 20

Promises to Be One of the Best Held For Many Years. Great Interest Manifested



WHERE THE CARNIVAL IS TO BE HELD

That the carnival which is to be held next Tuesday evening will be a grand success goes without saying. A large sum of money has been raised, a lot of new people and all of the old club members are interested and are determined that the carnival night of '07 shall go down in history as one of the best.

This, Saturday, evening the guests at the Columbia will have a Masquerade ball in the dance hall connected with that hotel. The affair promises to be one of the most enjoyable of the season.

A. B. Houdlette, the photographer, was rather late in arriving at his place of business this summer and will close the first of the month. Mr. Houdlette is one of the oldest photographers doing business in the state.

The Periwinkle Tea Room run by two young college ladies is proving to be just the thing needed. The interior of the rooms are charming and the whole place presents a very attractive appearance.

Many of the summer people are taking advantage of Mr. Prosper Senat's Tuesday morning exhibits at the Barnacle and enjoy viewing the beautiful water colors displayed. They are scenes from the Island of Jamaica and Bermuda and also recent works from Mexico, Venice and Southern Italy.

Business at the Indian Canoe Landing was never better than it has been this season. From twenty-five to fifty more canoes could be used by the proprietor to good advantage. One of the things that attracts a lot of attention is the daily bulletin picture drawn by an Indian and announcing the high water mark.

There was a Masquerade ball and cake walk at the Forest Hill House last week and it was a great time. A handsome cake was given as a prize to Mr. Irving Memrath and Clarence Hirsch who did the cake walk in splendid shape. Refreshments of ice cream cake and punch was served and the evening was one of the most enjoyable this season which is saying a good deal.

Sommerlyst restaurant, located near F. Goodwin's ferry, is filling a long felt want among the summer guests. Mrs. A. E. Beck is an excellent manager and the Shore dinners served at this charming spot are all and even more than advertised. The private dining room receives liberal patronage. The ice cream parlor

is well patronized as in fact, is every part of the establishment.

Mr. A. J. Smith of Jenkintown, Pa., B. F. Proctor of Bowling Green, Kentucky, and Branch Kerfoot of New York, guests of the Arlington House, have made the season's record for fishing. In five hours they caught a boat load of fish, making the aggregate about 400 pounds. This catch was made last week about six mile out at sea off Kennebunkport. The fish varied in size from five to fifteen pounds.

The Bass Rock guests have enjoyed two fine bon fires recently.

The billiard table at the Dipsy has been recovered and looks fine.

The Dipsy is enjoying one of the most prosperous seasons in its history.

The Damon store has been rented this season for house-keeping purposes.

Thursday several guests from the Bass Rock went deep sea fishing and caught some over two hundred pounds.

Rev. A. M. Lord of Providence, R. I., preached at Ramanascho Hall last Sunday and Rev. M. Ross Fishburn of Washington, D. C., will preach tomorrow.

The Eagle Rock is having a big season. There are lots of fishing parties that go out from this house and are invariably successful. Card playing is also more popular than ever this season.

The Ships bell on the Dipsy is a novelty in itself. It is rung during the different hours of the day but at 11 a.m. when it peals forth its notes everything is at a standstill and people flock from every direction to the Dipsy for their morning dip. One afternoon this week when the bell was rung at 3 p.m., rather an elderly woman was in bathing and hearing the bell she decided that Mr. Dipsy wanted her to come out of the water and give up her bathing suit, which she did with a promptness that surprised the proprietor. This is only a little instance of the strange things that happen when people do not know the Ship bell.

Have You Been to the White Mountains?

GRAND SCENERY EXCELLENT HOTELS

Fast Train Service

VIA Boston & Maine RAILROAD

New England Seashore Resorts

Send 2 cents for booklet, "White Mountains of New Hampshire." Address General Passenger Department, Boston.

Parlor, Sleeping, Dining and Buffet Car Service

D. J. FLANDERS, Pass. Traf. Mgr.

O. M. BURT, Gen. Pass. Agt.

# MORTON'S HOMECOMING.

By Lester Comstock.

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The cabman regarded Morton with amazement as he gave his direction. "That hotel was torn down five years ago," he said. "There's a twelve story office building there now."

Morton named another hotel, only to be met with fresh disappointment, and with an impatient gesture he sank back in the cab.

"I want to go to a good hotel," he said. "You know better than I where I want to go."

The burly figure climbed on the box, and presently the cab was rattling up Broadway. Listlessly Morton looked out of the cab window and marked the changes. It was like a new land, with only here and there a familiar land-



THE VISION SEEMED SO REAL.

mark. Six years had wrought changes as great as those that had been effected within his heart.

Six years before the world had seemed bright and pleasant. Lucy Desmond had loved him, and his prospects had begun to materialize. Then had come the crash. Howard Desmond had sacrificed his daughter to save his fortune. Half a million was needed to support his tottering ventures. Metcalf would lend the money, but not until Lucy had become Mrs. Metcalf had the loan been made. Ten days later the vein had been struck in the mine which Morton owned, and he was a millionaire almost overnight. For weeks he had railed against the fate that brought him fortune too late to give him the only thing worth while, the companionship of the woman he loved.

He had tried to meet her in their social encounters with the indifference that convention demanded, but there had come a night when the intoxication of the music, the heavy scent of flowers, had been upon them. It had been in the conservatory at the Olivers' dance, and for one mad moment he had held her in his arms, begging her to elope with him.

But even as he pleaded there had come the sense of right. He had gently released her and had fled the place. The dawn had found him still in his evening clothes pacing the floor of his apartment, and as the fresh morning air fanned his flushed face he made his resolution.

Before the end of the week he had disposed of all his American interests and had gone abroad. He left no kin behind, and none knew where he had gone. For six years he had roamed three continents, but always off the path of the tourist. Then had come the fierce longing for home, and he had come back.

Now that he was here he was not certain that he did not regret his decision. All had changed. Everything reminded him that he had lost his place in the life of the city. The stopping of the carriage roused him, and he paid his driver and followed the bellboy into the hotel.

He found the stillness of his room intolerable, and after vainly trying to interest himself in the papers he threw them aside and went for a walk. Perhaps in the busy throng he could shake off his memories.

Unconsciously he turned his steps in the direction of the park and was well into the shady recesses before he realized where he was. Then he roused himself with a start. It had been Lucy's favorite walk. It led to a little summer house just around the curve in the path, the little summer house where they had spent such happy afternoons before Cupid had fled in utter rout before the onslaughts of Mammon.

It seemed perfectly natural that when he had turned the curve he should see her sitting there in the same place where she had sat that afternoon when she told him of Metcalf's ultimatum. He smiled at himself for his belief, but the vision seemed so real that he kept on and presently sank into the seat beside her.

The girl raised her head and smiled. "Lucy," he said wonderingly as he took the firm soft hand she offered. "Is it really you, dear? Of course I know it isn't, but you seem so real. You have come to me hundreds of times before, both waking and dreaming, but never so plainly, dear."

"But suppose that I am not a vision,

Jim?" she asked with smiling lips. "Suppose that it really should be I?"

"Then I should have to go," he said firmly. "I cannot trust myself with you."

"Then let us pretend that I am a vision," she urged. "I really ought to scold you for keeping yourself hidden all these years."

"It was a coward's retreat," he admitted, "but I could not see you the wife of that man."

"And so you left me alone in my misery," she said reproachfully.

Morton shook his head. "It was not that," he said soberly. "It was that I cared too much for your fair name to stay on."

"I know," she said tenderly; "but Jim, you might have left some word whereby we could have found you."

"To bring me back to misery?"

"To happiness," she said. "You seem to have found misery where you went."

She looked at the face of the man. Every line was touched by the hand of sorrow. Six years before he had been a laughing faced boy. She could remember his every expression. Now his face had gained a seriousness that became it well. He had not sought forgetfulness in dissipation, and the girl was glad.

"I suppose that I do show it," he said, noting her glance. "But you, being only a vision, have not changed. Your eyes have gained a sweet seriousness, but otherwise it is the face that has been before me all these years. You have come to me in many lands, Lucy, but there seems a reality to the vision here that I have never known before. I wish that I might always hold you so, dear."

"Wedded to a vision?" she asked mockingly. "Would that content you?"

"It had to content me all these years," he said simply. "It is better so than that I should seek the reality to rob her of her fair name."

"And yet that night," she whispered, "I was almost ready to say 'yes,' Jim. Had you persevered I should have yielded."

"I knew it," he agreed, "and for that reason I went away so far that no word might reach me and tempt me back to your side. Since I left New York I have spoken to no one whom I used to know. I did see Teddy Farrington in London once, but he did not see me, and I escaped him, but lately something seemed to call me back. I have been fighting it off for two years, but I grew hungry for the sight of home, to hear the sound of your voice and to look upon your dear face again. I never dreamed that I should find you here; that we should have our brief hour alone."

"And are you content with the hour?"

"It is better so. Should I stay on it would all come back. I think I shall return on the steamer Saturday. I-I am not as strong as I thought."

"May I go with you?" she asked softly as her hand slipped into his.

"Lucy!" The agony of his tones thrilled her.

"You silly boy," she whispered as the regal head bent toward him. "Don't you know that it was I who called you home? I could not find you save with my spirit and my love, and I have not called you in vain."

"But your husband," he stammered.

"He died two years ago," she said simply. "That was why I called you, dear. You answered to the voice of love."

**Funny Toothache Cures.**

Before the days of dentists and when people generally believed in the value of charms there were ever so many mysterious ways of preventing toothache. One of these was to dress the right side of the body first—right stocking, right shoe, right sleeve, right glove. A favorite plan in Scotland was to draw a tooth, salt it well and burn it in full view on glowing coals. In Cornwall many save their teeth by biting the first young ferns that appear.

The custom of catching a common ground mole, cutting off the paws while the little creature still lives and wearing them is traced to Staffordshire, England. Some people who are fond of exercise believe that walking twelve miles—no more, no less—to get a splinter of the toothache tree will drive away the worst ache and pain that ever tortured a poor tooth. The belief that toothache is caused by a worm at the roots is prevalent in many parts of the world; hence this cure: Reduce several different kinds of herbs—the greater variety the better—to a powder. Put a glowing cinder into this powder and inhale the incense. Afterward breathe into a cup of water and the worm will be gone forever.

**Not His Province.**

The New England ministers of early days were expected to preserve an aspect grave to the verge of solemnity on all occasions, not only on Sundays, but week days as well. If they possessed a sense of humor it sometimes made itself evident even in the midst of devotional exercises.

One New Hampshire parish was guarded and guided by a quaint speaking elderly man who had a slight lisp. He was fond of outdoor work of almost every sort and was an able farmer as well as preacher, but all domestic matters he relegated to his wife.

One day the old traveling baker, seeing the minister at work in the field, drew rein, and when the jingling of his horse's bells had subsided he called out, "Any crackers wanted today, parson?"

The minister raised his head and surveyed the baker from under his shaggy eyebrows. No smile of greeting crossed his solemn face.

"Abraham in the field," he responded gravely. "Tharah (Sarah) in the tent," and without another word he resumed his hoeing and left the baker to digest his Biblical reproof and drive on to the house to find out if "Sarah" would buy any of his wares.

# ON THE FLORIDA SPECIAL.

By Philip Kean.

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Miss Carstairs was not so old or so sophisticated that she was dead to the delights of having three bunches of violets, two boxes of candy and a bundle of magazines piled up on the seat next to her. Seemingly unconscious of the glances that had followed her as she came in, she nevertheless seated herself in her chair with the feeling that she was a person of importance and one whose popularity was evidenced by the number and value of her going away gifts.

As if the gods had not been good enough, however, just as the train pulled out and Richard Marston held her hand in a last farewell, the porter staggered in bearing a huge hamper, fruit filled and flower decorated, such a hamper as one sees only in the tropical paradise of millionaires.

Marston eyed it jealously.

"Such a display of money," he criticized.

"It's beautiful," Miss Carstairs assured him.

"Oh, well, my violets won't have a chance now," but it was a question rather than an assertion, and Miss Carstairs said, "How do you know?" And that was encouragement, or would have been from anybody but Miss Carstairs.

"We half a mind to go on with you to Daytona," Marston hesitated, and Miss Carstairs said, "Oh, do!" and that settled it. Marston went to find the conductor and get a chair, and as there wasn't any but the one next to Helen the porter lifted the bunches of violets and the two boxes of candy and the hamper of fruit and the bundle of magazines and carried them to



"DON'T JOKE," HE SAID HOARSELY. "I AM PUNISHED ENOUGH."

the end of the car and piled them where the passengers eyed them and then screwed their necks to get a better view of Miss Carstairs, all of which she enjoyed to the distinction of having Richard Marston for a traveling companion.

"Think of my hobnobbing with a celebrity," she said.

"Of the making of books there is no end," Marston quoted sentimentally. "Think rather of my traveling with a beauty."

"And both of us as poor as poor," Helen sighed.

Marston looked at her. "I wonder why you say that?" he asked. "What difference does it make?"

Helen stared at him. "I thought"—she gasped.

"That I wanted to marry you," he finished for her. "But I don't!" and he settled back in his chair and looked out toward the line of the tropical shore, where a few cocoanut palms were silhouetted against a purple sea.

"Oh!" Helen's sense of importance had departed. Suddenly she felt immeasurably insignificant, but this feeling was succeeded by one of intense indignation.

"Of all things" she ejaculated.

"Well, I know it's unusual for a man to withdraw a proposition of that kind in ten minutes, and I know I said some pretty insistent things just before the train left, but I've changed my mind. It's usually a woman's prerogative," was his easy way of getting out of it, "but this time it's a man's, and I've changed my mind."

For the first time in her life Miss Carstairs could not meet the situation. She simply sat there with her cheeks burning and hated him.

Curiosity getting the better of her, however, she asked:

"But why?"

"That thing," Marston said succinctly and nodded toward the hamper. "To think you could take a thing like that from—Deering?"

Miss Carstairs felt better. She could meet jealousy.

"But I couldn't help it, could I?" was her innocent query. "I couldn't tell the porter to drop the basket on the platform."

"But I was so sure you had turned him down," Marston complained, "positively, you know—over at the Breakers last night, after the dance."

"I tried to—"

"And couldn't?"

She nodded.

"Too many inducements? Country

house, town house, trips to Europe, diamonds—O Lord?" Marston groaned as he finished the catalogue.

"No." She turned from him to a contemplation of the scenery, and for a time they rose in silence, passing beyond the long line of palms to the orange groves—brilliant stretches of yellow and green that filled the car with the fragrance of wedding bouquets.

Suddenly Marston flung out, "What was it that kept you from turning him down positively, Helen?"

She leaned forward and spoke with conviction.

"I might do worse than marry Deering."

"A pork packer."

"It's better to marry a pork packer than to have nothing to pack," she informed him.

Marston fixed her with a stern eye. "I tell you right now, Helen," he said, "that I won't run this race in competition with Deering. I don't trot in the same class. You can give him up or give me up."

Helen reached over and touched the electric bell. "Will you bring me some telegraph blanks?" she said to the porter when he came.

"And now will you lend me a pencil?" she asked Marston as she fluttered the leaves of the yellow pad.

"What are you going to do?" Marston questioned as he handed it to her.

"I am going to telegraph to Deering," she said. "I told him that I would say 'yes' or 'no' by telegraph."

Marston went white.

"Don't do anything rash, Helen," he warned.

"I shall do as I please," said Miss Carstairs, and he leaned back and snapped out, "Oh, of course."

She sat with the pencil poised. "I wish you'd toss a penny for me," she said at last. "Heads I do it—tails I don't."

"I will do nothing of the kind," "Oh, well, don't!" She scribbled a hasty word and reached for the bell. But Marston stopped her. "What have you written?" he demanded sternly.

The other passengers were growing speculative as to the actions of the handsome young couple. Helen, suddenly conscious of their observation, commanded:

"Go up there and get me one of my boxes of candy and some fruit. People will think you are proposing to me."

"I am. Will you marry me, Helen?"

"Not until you get my candy."

He came back, staggering under Deering's hamper, and passed the porter going out, with a telegraph blank in his hand.

Marston dropped the hamper on the seat in front of Miss Carstairs and hurried after the porter.

And then Helen waited. A half hour passed—three-quarters. She grew worried. Did he care enough to hurt himself in any way? It wasn't like Richard to kill himself for disappointed love.

She rose and went through the train. The eyes of the other passengers followed her. She walked with ease and lightness, and from the topmost wave of her brown hair to the tip of her tan boots she was absolutely correct, modish, beautiful.

She found Marston on the observation platform, with his moody eyes fixed on the shining rails that seemed to slip from beneath the train to end in the sunset.

As she came up behind him she saw something in his face that touched her with tenderness. She dropped her hands on his shoulders. "Oh, little bad boy," she said, "you read the telegram!"

"Don't joke," he said hoarsely. "I am punished enough."

"If you had not been so—so impertinent," Miss Carstairs informed him, "I should have told you before that I promised Deering to wire whether I had decided to—to marry you, not whether I was going to marry him."

Marston gazed at her in a dazed way. "Then your 'yes' meant—"

"That I am going to marry you, little bad boy," said Miss Carstairs coolly.

**A Horological Curiosity.**

Japan possesses a remarkable timepiece. It is contained in a frame three feet wide and five feet long, representing a noontday landscape of great beauty. In the foreground plum and cherry trees and rich plants appear in full bloom. In the rear is seen a hill, gradual in ascent, from which apparently flows a cascade, admirably imitated in crystal. From this point a threadlike stream meanders, encircling rocks and islands in its windings, and finally losing itself in a faroff stretch of woodland. In a miniature sky a golden sun turns on a silver globe as it passes. Each hour is marked on the frame by a creeping tortoise, which serves the place of a hand. A bird of exquisite plumage warbles at the close of each hour, and as the song ceases a mouse sallies forth from a neighboring grove to, and scampering over the hill to the garden, is soon lost to view.

**Missed the Point.**

"Professor," said an acquaintance, "you understand Latin, do you not?"

"Well," replied the professor, "I may be said to have a fair knowledge of Latin, yes."

"I know everybody says you have. I wish you would tell me what 'volix' means. Nobody that I have asked seems to have heard the word."

"If there is any such word as volix, madam, of which I have serious doubts, I certainly do not know what it means."

"You surprise me, professor. A man of your attainments ought to know that volix means Vol IX."

The professor devoted a moment to calling up his reserves and bringing his light artillery into action.

"It is no wonder, madam," he said, "that I did not see the point of your joke. You left the point out of it."

**London Tit-Bits.**

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B. & M. TIME TABLE	
BOSTON TRAINS	
Leave Kennebunkport	7:25 a. m.
" "	9:15 " "
" "	12:40 p. m.
" "	3:55 " "
" "	6:15 " "
" "	8:10 " "

B. & M. TIME TABLE	
PORTLAND TRAINS	
Leave Kennebunkport	8:47 a. m.
" "	10:35 " "
" "	12:40 " "
" "	3:55 p. m.
" "	6:15 " "
" "	8:10 " "

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10:00 a. m. Matins and Litany.  
11:00 a. m. Matins and Sermon.  
(Holy Communion on first Sunday in month)  
5:00 p. m. Evensong, with Address

Fridays. 9:00 a. m. Matins and Litany.  
Saturdays. 5:00 p. m. Choir Practice.

July 25th, St. James, Apostle, 8:00 a. m. Holy Communion 5:00 p. m. Evensong  
August 6th, Transfiguration, 9:00 a. m. Holy Communion 5:00 p. m. Evensong  
August 11th, Eleventh Sunday after Trinity. Annual Visitation by the Bishop of the Diocese. Offering for Diocesan Missions. Special Service for Children at 5:00 p. m.  
August 24th, St. Bartholomew, 9:00 a. m. Holy Communion 5:00 p. m. Evensong

# COTTAGE DIRECTORY

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Clark, Rev and Mrs E L, Miss May Brookline, Mass; Moorings, Ocean Avenue.

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Heilner, Mr and Mrs Manuel, New York; Greenhelge Cottage.

Wellington, Mr and Mrs A J, Arlington, Mass; Reed Cottage.  
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## FATAL ACCIDENT

Philip Partridge, a Summer Guest At Kennebunk Beach, Died at Trull Hospital Three Hours Later.

Miss Alice Minard, Also a Visitor At the Beach, Badly Hurt. It is Expected She Will Recover.

When news of the Old Orchard fire reached Kennebunk beach Thursday evening Philip Partridge of Pittsburg, Pa., and Miss Alice Minard of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., who were summering here, decided to procure a team and drive to the scene of disaster. They were on their way when the accident which proved fatal to one member of the party took place.

The accident occurred on what is known as Wormwoods crossing which is about three miles out of Kennebunk toward Biddeford.

It was reported that they were run into on the crossing by the special train which was made up at Kennebunk and run through to Old Orchard. But the parties themselves stated that they were backed into by a freight train. It was somewhere around 9 o'clock in the evening.

As soon as the seriousness of the collision was realized, no time was lost in rushing the injured parties to the Trull hospital in Biddeford.

The physicians found that Partridge had sustained a fracture of his right leg and this was set at once.

He was conscious until death came and his father and mother was with him. He was 24 years of age and had made many friends at Kennebunk Beach.

Miss Minard is also about 24 years of age. She has been stopping with her parents at the Cove cottage. Unless some serious complication sets in which could not be discovered after the accident, she will recover.

As soon as the accident was reported, word was sent to the station at Kennebunk Beach on the branch road and the parents of both parties notified. They secured a buckboard from here to Biddeford in wonderfully quick time.

They were at the bedside of the young man when he passed away.

The young man was the oldest son of Rev. Warren G. Partridge, pastor of the Fourth avenue Baptist church in Pittsburg.

The funeral will be held at Hamilton, N. Y., Monday.

The sad affair has cast a gloom over the entire beach colony as both the young people and their parents are well known and greatly beloved by all.

## BEACHES DESERTED

Large Crowds From Kennebunkport and Kennebunk Beach Visit Scene of Ruins at Old Orchard on Friday

Many From Doomed Place Try to Find Accommodation in This Section—Help Secured By Local People

Although Friday was a beautiful day and one that would necessarily take people out of doors the beaches were practically deserted and the reason of this was that nearly the entire colony at Kennebunk Beach, Kennebunkport and Cape Porpoise had gone to Old Orchard Beach to visit the scene of disaster. Automobiles, teams, trolley and steam trains were crowded all day with people eager to get a look at the beach which only a few hours before had been crowded with people and the hotels and amusement places were enjoying one of the most prosperous seasons for years.

Seventy-five acres were laid to waste in the very heart of this famous resort, every big hotel but one and scores of cottages were reduced to ashes. The property loss is estimated at nearly one million and hundreds are rendered homeless.

less. The fire raged some six hours and nearly the entire business section and summer hotel section was wiped out of existence. One man was killed and three injured.

Friday a number of people who had been stopping at Old Orchard tried to secure accommodations at the Beach and Port but the hotels were already taxed to their utmost capacity. A number of help were secured by the local hotel managers who were running short handed and those turned out of employment were only too glad to get the positions offered them. It is to be hoped that no such disaster will ever occur in this section as has been experienced at Old Orchard Beach the past few days.

## Arundel Golf Club

Open Handicap tournament, Thursday morning, August 22nd, will be played as follows:

Thursday, 10 a. m.—18 holes qualification round. 8 to qualify for Presidents Cup. 8 to qualify for Arundel Cup. Cup for lowest net qualifying score.

Friday, 10 a. m.—First round match play in both eights.

Friday afternoon—Second round match play in both eights.

Saturday morning—Finals.

Entries must close Tuesday evening, August 20th.

## Old Time Hops

The season is now at its height and there is something doing nearly all the time but one of the most enjoyable events is the dancing parties that are held at Ramanascho Hall Wednesday and Saturday evenings. There are many of the young people in attendance and a goodly number of others as well, and those who do not care for dancing to any great extent enjoy the music and watching the others trip the light fantastic toe.

"Maine is one great epic poem. These hills, valleys, rocks, mountains, rivers and streams are wonderful in their grandeur and beauty, I am so greatly impressed by their beauty that I should love to linger among them. Why, it almost seems to me that crime should be impossible amidst such environments. It is a poem and symphony combined.

"Maine gives me a loftier reverence for nature and a higher respect for her people.

"The fact is the scenery of Maine has broadened out the minds of her people. It cannot be otherwise. The story of Aaron and the speckled rods in connection with Rachel has a foundation in philosophy as well as fact. Environment is pre-natal, and its effects can be seen in the superior men and women that are produced among Maine's beautiful hills and streams.—Elbert Hubbard.

## Royally Entertained

The Atlantic Shore Line railway, through courtesy of J. W. W. Tobin, of A. H. Bickmore & Co. of New York, entertained very handsomely last Thursday. Guests to the number of about fifty, comprising chiefly summer residents of York Harbor, were invited to inspect the company's trolley system, and incidentally to accept of its hospitality in Sanford, where a splendid dinner was provided for the occasion.

The party left York Harbor at 9.30 in a special car. Brief stops were made at various points along the line, where the guests were given an opportunity to inspect the company's property. The journey proved a most interesting one, and the day was thoroughly enjoyed by every participant.

## New Waiting Station

The Atlantic Shore Line is erecting at Bald Head Cliff, for the use of the general public and for the use of St. Peter's Episcopal church in that locality, a very fine waiting station which is a credit to all concerned in its construction. Besides being of very pretty and attractive design the approaches have been so carefully and nicely graded that the entire appearance of the place is very pleasing.

The new waiting room will be of especial convenience to those attending St. Peter's by the Sea. Services here are conducted every Sunday at 10.30 a. m. and 4.30 p. m. Miss Ethel Whiton Thompson is the organist.

## Mousam River Park

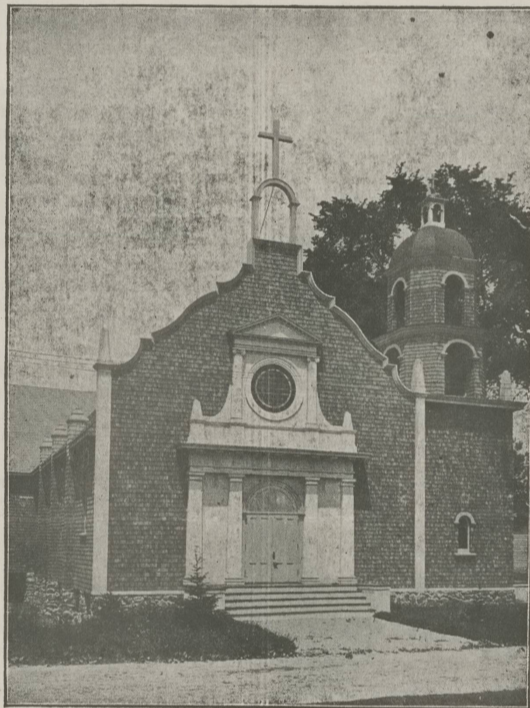
Have You Secured a Cottage Lot There? If Not Do So at Once



SCENE NEAR THE PARK

Within five minutes walk of the electric at West Kennebunk is a large tract of land known as Mousam River park. This park contains a large number of lots many of which are sold, but some of the most desirable still remain to be disposed of. There are many on the bank of the beautiful Mousam river, some a little distance up and many on the direct trolley line. If you are at all interested you will find the proprietor, Mr. W. P. Huges, located in a farmhouse on the place and he will be delighted to show you about the place whether you care to purchase or not. If you cannot call send him a card and he will call and see you.

## For Benefit of St. Martha's



On Monday evening, August 19th, at Myrtle Hall, there will be an entertainment and dance for the benefit of St. Martha's Catholic church, the little summer church in this village, and there has already been a large number

## Matchmaking

By FRANK H. SWEET

Copyrighted, 1907, by Homer Sprague.

Ensnared behind his flower boxes on the veranda, Tom Errett could look into the neighboring garden and watch her; for she, too, sought the cool and sweetness of her garden. On Tuesday evening she espied him. What man could resist that smile? There was a silent, perhaps unconscious, invitation in it that brought Tom to his feet and to the wall.

"Good evening, Mr. Errett," said the girl in white.

"Good evening, Miss Smith," answered the man on the wall.

"You look altogether too comfortable. I think we shall have to follow suit and build a veranda.

"Don't. Use mine," was on his tongue's end, but he only responded, "It is comfortable." Then the informality of the situation was too much for him. "Won't you come over and try it?" he pleaded.

"I'm afraid the wall is too much for me," she said, smiling demurely.

Tom was a man who never turned back, his hand once on the plow. He dropped quickly to the ground, on her side of the fence.

"I'm dreadfully lonely," was his apology.

On Wednesday she was not visible, and there was a void upon the earth. On Thursday and Friday things resumed the new glamour. On Saturday the moon was a shadowy crescent above the tree tops. The stars were still veiled in sunset mists; the air was odorous with the scent of mignonette and sweet peas. Tom, expectancy written in every feature, waited for the flutter of white amid the flowers, the sound of a voice which was like no

other voice he had ever heard. At the first signal of her approach, he stepped boldly on to the wall.

"Special delivery, sir," said a servant's voice behind him. He opened the letter, conscious that her eyes were upon him. It was from the wife of a college friend inviting him to spend Sunday at their country place. He glanced at his watch. There was barely time to catch the last train. Then his eyes fell upon her.

"Answer, sir?"

"No—yes—wait a moment."

His eyes still sought hers.

"Can I help you?" she asked sweetly.

"Will you?" he flashed eagerly. "May I go to church with you tomorrow?"

The corners of her mouth drew together in a wise little smile, for Tom had not impressed her as being a churchman.

"Yes, but it's early mass."

Tom did not flinch.

"Thanks," he said quietly, and scribbling a few words, he handed them to the man:

To Mrs. Herndon Roberts, Holly House, Columbia Heights, N. J.:

Another engagement. Impossible to go. Awfully sorry. THOMAS ERRETT.

To Mrs. Herndon Roberts, Holly House, Columbia Heights, N. J.:

Your letter miscarried and came too late. Greatly disappointed. Will run up next Saturday if convenient to you. AUGUSTA SMITH.

Herndon Roberts, returning from the Columbia links, found his wife staring at the two telegrams with disappointed eyes.

"Fate is against us," she groaned.

"Tom has another engagement—here's his wire, and another from Augusta says that my letter miscarried and reached her too late. I shall write them both special delivery now."

Going to her desk, Mrs. Roberts penned the following notes:

Dear Tom—Don't make any engagement for next Saturday or Sunday. If you have one, break it, do, Tom, dear. We are going to try the new links. I can't think of any stronger inducement. Take the 3:10 by way of the Cortlandt street ferry. Hastily, but cordially yours,

AGNES ROBERTS.

My Dear Augusta—Can't understand my letter miscarrying, but I won't cry over

spilled milk, although I was tempted to. Delighted at the prospect of having you with us this coming Saturday. Take the 3:10 train by way of the Cortlandt street ferry. Always affectionately yours,

AGNES ROBERTS.

The gatekeeper at the ferry shut Tom from joining the hurrying crowd a dozen yards in advance.

"Sorry, sir, but you're too late," he said. "There'll be another boat in a few minutes."

Tom, suit case in hand, gazed helplessly at the closed gate.

"Too late to connect with the 3:10," he said. "This boat would have made it." But his tone was listless.

The official eye still regarded him coldly. "Sorry, sir," he repeated.

"Where were you bound for?"

"Columbia Heights."

"No more trains for the Heights today, sir."

"Where's the nearest telegraph office?" asked Tom, striving to hide the grin of delight which spread over his face as the man spoke.

He sent his telegram to the Roberts, jumped into a cab and drove home—elated. Disappointment awaited him, however. The house next door was suspiciously quiet.

"Cook says they've gone away," ventured his man as Tom sat down to his solitary dinner. "Claret, sir?"

"For how long?" asked Tom faintly.

"All summer, sir. Miss Smith has gone to the Hot Springs. Rheumatism, terrible, sir."

"Hot Springs—rheumatism?" repeated Tom, regardless of his English in his excitement.

"I suppose, sir, that when folks gets old they feel a bit shaky, sir," the man explained.

"Old?" roared Tom. "What do you mean?"

"The cook said Miss Smith would be sixty-four come next September, sir."

"Of whom are you speaking, Jones?"

"My reference is to the maiden party, sir, Miss Smith, Mrs. Smith's sister-in-law."

Tom felt his face go white. He stared stonily at his plate.

"And she let me call her Miss Smith?" he murmured, a remark which, if his man heard, he gravely ignored.

For a week Tom lingered about his veranda and garden, desolate and discontented, and when a summons came from Holly House on Friday morning he blessed the fates. Holly House, at least, would have no haunting memories of her presence. Mrs. Roberts' message ran:

Third call to Holly House. Will you come Saturday?

His reply was brief and expressive: I will if I have to walk. TOM.

Having secured his seat half an hour before the train left, Tom was deep in his paper when the train boys began to cry their wares:

"Popular books of the day! Papers, magazines!"

"Give me Harper's," said a quiet voice from the seat behind.

Tom whirled.

"Mrs. Smith!" he cried.

"I thought you looked familiar," smilingly, "but backs are often deceiving. Won't you join me?"

She made room at her side.

"How much of a ride do we have together?" asked Tom, having migrated.

"My stop is Columbia Heights."

"How nice," was her answer. "You can help me with my luggage."

"This is providential," he cried.

"Where do you stay?"

"Holly House."

"What?"

"Mrs. Herndon Roberts' place. I'm to be there over Sunday. I met her in Europe three years ago, soon after my husband's death."

Tom had opened his mouth to speak, but the transfiguration of his face at her last word was too great for speech. The mouth closed without a sound. It was she who broke the silence.

"It is strange that they have never said anything to either of us about the other," she mused.

"Where were you last Saturday, Sunday, Monday?" demanded Tom.

"At Holly House. Were you asked?"

"I was. I missed my train."

"It was to have gone a week before, but my invitation miscarried," she said.

"Do you remember the special delivery I received three weeks ago? I was standing on the wall talking to you when it came."

"She nodded.

"It was an invitation from Mrs. Roberts," he said simply.

Then they looked at each other unsmilingly, for the situation had suddenly assumed prophetic significance.

"Do you know, I think they have been trying to bring us together," Tom announced presently. Her hand lay on the cushion beside him. He put his own over it firmly. "Shall we let them?" he whispered.

"It is too good a joke to spoil," she murmured, blushing exquisitely. "Do you think you can keep a straight face when we are introduced?"

"Columbia Heights!" yelled the conductor.

How to Cleanse Things With Potato.

Raw potato juice is a first rate cleanser. It will remove stains from the hands, from woolen materials and dirt from oil paintings. For the last the right method is to cut a raw potato and to gently rub its cut side over the painting, cutting a slice off whenever the portion used has become dirty. The potato juice and dirt are finally removed with a soft sponge and cold water, but care must be taken not to wet the back of the canvas.

How to Insure Rest For a Child.

In order to insure rest for children moderate exercise is good before going to bed, but violent exercise should not be taken. To put a child to bed immediately after violent exercise or a very exciting game or a very severe paroxysm of crying is sure to render its sleep less refreshing and quiet.

AUGUST	A. M.	P. M.
17	Sa	5 00 5 30
18	S	5 00 5 19
19	M	7 00 7 30
20	Th	8 00 8 30
21	W	9 00 9 30
22	Th	10 00 10 30
23	Fr	11 00 11 15
24	Sa	11 45 11 45
25	S	9 15 9 30
26	M	1 00 1 30
27	Tu	1 45 2 15
28	W	2 45 3 00
29	Th	3 30 3 45
30	Fr	4 15 4 45
31	Sa	5 15 5 45

SEPTEMBER	A. M.	P. M.
1	S	6 15 6 30
2	M	7 15 7 30
3	Th	8 15 8 15
4	W	9 15 9 15
5	Th	9 45 9 45
6	Fr	10 15 10 30
7	Sa	11 45 11 45
8	S	11 30 11 45
9	M	0 30 0 15
10	Tu	0 30 1 00
11	W	1 15 1 30
12	Th	2 00 2 15
13	Fr	2 45 3 00
14	Sa	3 45 4 00
15	S	4 30 5 00
16	M	5 30 5 15
17	Tu	6 45 7 15
18	Th	7 45 8 15
19	Th	8 45 8 15
20	Fr	9 45 10 15
21	Sa	10 45 11 00
22	S	11 30 11 30
23	M	0 15 0 15
24	Tu	0 45 1 00
25	W	1 30 1 30
26	Th	2 15 2 30
27	Fr	3 00 3 15
28	Sa	3 45 4 15
29	S	4 45 5 00
30	M	5 30 6 00

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The White Mountains. Leave Kennebunk 7.00 a. m. Arrive on return 8.55 p. m. Five hours at Crawford's Pleasant House, The Mt. Washington or Fabryans. \$4.70 from Portland and Return.

Poland Spring and Summit Spring. Leave Kennebunk 7.00 a. m. Arrive at either of the above houses about 10.30 a. m. Remain five hours and arrive at Kennebunk 7.00 p. m., Kennebunkport 7.30 p. m.

Golfers will have time to play the Courses. A Through Sleeper to Montreal. Leave Portland, daily and Sunday included, 8.00 p. m., arriving at Montreal 8.15 a. m., connecting with through train to Chicago and the Pacific Coast.

A Through Parlor Car to Montreal. Leaves Portland 9.10 a. m., arriving Montreal 9.15 p. m., connecting with through train to Chicago, St. Paul and Minneapolis.

Parlor Cars to Fabryans leaves Portland at 9.10 a. m., 1.25 p. m., daily except Sundays. Through Parlor Car to Quebec leaves Portland at 9.10 a. m., daily except Sunday, arriving at Quebec 9.30 p. m.

For Further particulars, folders, guide books, and other literature, call on F. E. BOUTHBY G. P. & T. A. M. C. R. R., Portland.

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The 365 Island Route. Beginning July last steamers will leave Port and Pier for Long Island, Little and Great, Chebeague, Cliff Island, South Harpwell, Bailey's and Orr's Island at 7.00, 10.00 a. m. 1.30 and 5.10 p. m.

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SUNDAYS. Leave Portland, 9.15, 10.15 a. m., 2.00 and 5.45 p. m. Return, 6.05, 11.10 a. m., 12.10 and 3.30 p. m.

South Freeport Division leave Portland, 9.15 a. m., and 4.30 p. m. Sundays, 10.00 a. m., and 5.00 p. m.

Returning, 6.00 a. m. Sundays, 2.00 p. m.

E. L. JORDAN, Agent. Daily excursions from Portland to Harpwell 50c. Bailey's and Orr's Island, Round Trip Only 60c.

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