

THE SEASIDE ECHO

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Kennebunkport, Maine, September 7, 1907

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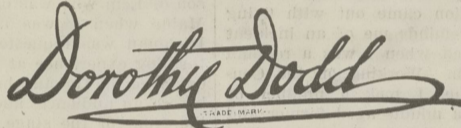


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KENNEBUNK BEACH
Mr. and Mrs. Crane and chauffeur are still at Mrs. B. U. Huff's. Now for many days of beautiful fall weather—the best part of the year.
Friday afternoon was beautiful and called out the sojourners in full force.
The Sunday services at Ramanascho Hall closed last Sunday for the season.
Rev. A. M. Lord and family are at the R. W. Lord cottage on Lord's Point.

The cottage owned by Miss Margaret Thompson has been vacated for the season.

The Eagle Rock now has eleven guests. This house will close for the season September 15.

The Atlantis Hotel, after one of the most successful seasons in its history, closed the 1st of September.

The Sagamore is still accommodating nineteen guests. This house will not close until September 28.

The Narragansett still has quite a few people and will keep open as long as the guests wish to remain.

There now eight people at the Bass Rock four arrivals coming Thursday. They will close September 16th.

Roy Wells, the young merchant of the beach, has closed his store near the Bass Rock after a very successful season.

A papoose, born at the Indian camp last week, has been quite a novelty among the summer guests who have visited the camp.

Clyde Littlefield, one of the young men at the Dipsy, is spending a few days at the Rice cottage on Great Hill with his parents.

The Dipsy has had a splendid season but the place in beginning to look deserted and from now on there will be but very little doing.

The Wentworth House will close Tuesday of next week. There are twenty-five guests there this week. This house has had a record breaking season.

The Seaview has some forty guests and it is the intention of the Landlord Hubbard to keep open until October 1st to accommodate those who wish to remain through the beautiful autumn wealth.

The wet weather of the past few days has had a tendency to drive a large number of the people from the beaches who were fully intending to stay well into September but their courage failed them.

The La Fleur family, who have a cottage near the Sagamore, and who have been spending the summer in Europe sailed this week and expect to arrive at the beach Sept. 14. They will stop at the Sagamore for two weeks.

There are now fourteen people at the Granite State House and several wish to stay during the month of September, but landlord Stuart and his good wife think that the proper thing to do is to close Sept. 20th, after a splendid season.

Praise be to the wave of cool weather which has prevailed recently, for although discouraging to summer visitors it saved the potato crop of Aroostook county 1907. At one time it was feared that the crop would be ruined by drought and hot weather, but within a few days it has become apparent that a banner crop was assured.—Exchange.

Freeman A. Wentworth entertained a large number of his friends last Saturday evening it being his 61st birthday. A most delightful time was enjoyed by all present. Mr. Wentworth received a fine Morris chair and a large purse of money. A number of summer guests called during the evening and wished Mr. Wentworth many happy returns of the day. Refreshments were served during the evening.

The sea serpent has again been seen a York Beach. Labor Day forenoon John Walker of Dover says that he saw the sea serpent a short distance off York Beach. The sea monster, he says, was about 20 feet long and when on the surface of the water swam like a dog. Several men who were in an automobile rode back and forth on the beach and fired several shots at the serpent but without effect. The sea serpent was only a short distance out from the beach and could be plainly seen from the shore. Mr. Walker says that the monster was seen by hundreds of people on the beach who watched him for some time.—Portsmouth Times.

We wonder if any of the people in this section have seen the monster or can tell a like story.

Our summer guests will be sorry to read the following in regard to the beautiful white pine trees of this section: Dispatches have been sent out from Washington telling of a new disease which is said to be affecting the white pine trees of New England and particularly those of Maine and New Hampshire, and which is known by the name of the pine blight. On the trees which are affected by the disease the tips of the needles first turn brown, which color finally extends the entire length of the needles, after which they fall to the ground, leaving the tree denuded. These symptoms are said to be the same in every case. The blight usually kills the tree in two years, although it may die in a single season. Not only the young and thrifty trees are attacked by the disease but the older and middle-aged trees are equally susceptible.

KENNEBUNKPORT

The street sprinkler has been off duty for the past few days.

Mr. Joseph Jeffery is now able to sit up a few hours each day.

The streets in the village are already wearing a deserted look much to the regret of all.

Miss Elizabeth Titcomb gave a tea last Thursday afternoon to a number of her young friends.

Miss Amelia Perkins is entertaining Mr. and Mrs. Everett Maling and son of Washington, D. C.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Goodwin entertained Mrs. Anna Pierce of Arlington with her daughter, Mrs. Getchell and son.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel G. Metcalf are enjoying their 26th season at the Oceanic having been there since 1880 with the exception of last year when they were abroad.

Mr. and Mrs. Prosper L. Senat who are intending to stay at their cottage late this season have let their cook go and will take their meals at the Oceanic for the rest of the season.

Mr. Meredith Nickerson and family of Indianapolis, Ind., who are summering in a cottage at the point, is the author of the well known books, "The House of a Thousand Candles," and "Port of Missing Men."

Miss Mary Twambley, who has been clerking in Bonser's this season, finishes her duties tonight.

A few of the summer guests attended "The Old Homestead" played in Biddeford Friday evening.

Two of the clerks employed by Frank Goodwin will leave this Saturday evening. They have had a very busy season.

The old Mitchell house on the Rogers estate has been torn down and a large stable and garage will be erected on the site.

The 8.10 p. m. branch train from the Port and Beach was taken off last Monday. The other trains will run until about the 15th.

Mr. Horace Murchie and family who have been at the Cliff during the summer have returned to their home in South Orange, N. J.

An unusually large number of fine turnouts, have been noted along the beaches this summer the autos have also been much in evidence.

The cottagers are planning to stay unusually late this season and as they came early the season will be prolonged for the summer colonists much longer than usual.

The Oceanic has now forty-five guests. Last Tuesday morning the hotel was entirely filled but the stormy weather of the past few days caused them to leave in large numbers. This house will close October 1.

The Old Fort Inn now has some sixty guests, today, Saturday. There are a few new arrivals but the number who are taking their departure far out numbers the newcomers. The hotel will close September 15th after the most prosperous season in its history.

A large number of our summer guests are planning to take in "The Time, The Place and The Girl," which will be produced at the City Opera House on Tuesday evening, September 10. Seats are now on sale for this engagement at 50c, 75c, \$1.00 and \$1.50.

Mr. George Bayes, who added a new departure to his hotel and garage business this season in the way of the Oceanic Stables, has been more than satisfied with the result of his venture and will build a large new stable before another season. Mr. Walter Pitman of Intervale, N. H., will be in company with Mr. Bayes.

Mrs. A. W. Parsons of Rye, N. Y., gave a dinner to a party of four friends at the Tea-Cup Inn last Saturday night. Besides Mrs. Parsons there were present Miss Anna M. Parsons, A. G. Agnew of New York City and Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Donnell of Boston. This is third time this party has enjoyed dinner at the Inn this season.

Mr. and Mrs. Toothaker will close the Forest Hill House Sept. 21st, after having enjoyed one of the best seasons since opening the same. The house has been filled to overflowing and also the cottage annex, and beside these accommodations Mrs. Toothaker has rented every available room in the immediate vicinity. There are now sixteen guests at this hotel.

With the departure of dog days and the advent of September many who have been visiting shore and lake resorts are hastening to the mountains to spend the whole or a portion of the autumn. A large number are this season making their tours in automobiles and especially in the White Mountains are these in evidence. The mountain hotels are filled and it is not only for the present month but well into October.

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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.

WITH this issue we close the seventh season of the SEASIDE ECHO. We thank our subscribers and advertisers for their generous help in every way and in closing the summer season of 1907 we feel that never in the history of the beaches has there been such general satisfaction among the merchants and hotel people as at the present time. Everyone is more than satisfied with the results obtained. We hope that the season of 1908 may be as prosperous in every way as the one just closed and we hope to meet our friends again at that time.

Danger From Automobiles

Editor Manley A. Brigham of the Rumford Citizen, in a well considered article on the dangers that come to those traveling in teams from automobiles, gives some excellent suggestions, some of which are especially applicable to Kennebunk. We quote the following:

The makers of roads have something to do in this matter as there are many dangerous places which could be very much remedied, in most all towns. If the expense would not allow the straightening of many sharp blind curves along the roads of all towns, at least the bushes in and adjacent to those curves, could be cut. Towns do well when they put "Automobiles Go Slow" along blind pieces of road but if they are looking toward the safety of the public as well as not to oblige the automobilists to get out and walk, they will cut down their bushes. We recall many pieces of road in the state of Maine, crooked, as the saying goes as a ram's horn, with bushes almost in the wheel tracks on either side and with now and then an "Automobile Go Slow" appearing from out of the bushes. This is ridiculousness personified. Automobiles should go slow on such pieces of road and all sensible drivers will run them slow there but the first thing, if the safety of the public is to be considered, is to cut out the bushes within the road limits so that drivers of teams and automobiles can see where they are at.

Use of Tide Power

The subject of using tide power is one to which the people of Maine could turn their attention with good effect. Once the secret of harnessing the tides so as to get continual power is discovered, the future of many Maine coast towns will be made. It only remains for someone of great inventive genius to learn the trick and the general public will do the rest. York River would furnish an unexcelled opportunity for utilizing tide power, being one of the deepest and swiftest flowing rivers on the coast in proportion to its size.—Old York Transcript.

And we might also add that the Kennebunk river and also the Mousam if the course was changed would have an untold influence in this section.

Dr. A. C. Merriman

Dentist

ODD FELLOWS BUILDING

KENNEBUNK MAINE

Enterprise Press

Good Work Low Prices

At the River's Brink.

By BRADFORD K. DANIELS.

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A SLEIGH dashed up to the little country station, and a gaunt, disheveled prisoner, heavily handcuffed and bespattered with the slushy snow of a thawing March day, stepped upon the platform, closely followed by Sheriff Peterson. He dropped down upon the baggage truck in the stooping posture necessitated by the iron and looked dully out across the whitened pastures to the river, whose wet ice glistened in the sun. The officer stood a few feet behind him, watching his slightest movement.

"Gee! They've caught Al Brock!" A score of collarless loafers came pouring out of the waiting room from about the leoprous stove and stared in open mouthed wonder at the man on the truck. Had the scoundrel sheriff appeared with a chained lion they could not have been more fascinated, more awed.

"It was them bloodhounds that done it. They tracked him forty mile through the woods."

"They ventured a little nearer."

"He was in our barn for more 'an a week and lived on milk and pulped turnips, but we didn't know nothing about it till afterward. Gee!"

The figure on the truck stirred, and the crowd fell back.

"Come on up nearer. He's handcuffed. He can't hurt you."

"Not much! He smashed Joe Porter to a jelly with the handcuffs on the last time they took him."

A whistle screamed somewhere behind an orchard, the escaping steam shot up above the trees, and as the station master hurried out with a mail sack and a red flag the prisoner rose stiffly and the sheriff led him down the platform.

The train wheezed and clanked to a standstill, and the two men climbed on at the rear. Then, like a flash, Al Brock jerked his narrowed left hand (two fingers and a strip of the hand had been blown away by the explosion of a gun) from its manacle and dealt the sheriff a terrific blow upon the head with the dangling iron, felling him to the floor, and before the rear platform moved up in sight of the loafers leaped with the senseless man down the embankment at the farther side of the track.

As the train moved away Al looked cautiously about him. The station master had removed the flag from the edge of the platform and was entering the waiting room. The loafers were hurrying away toward the corner grocery to spread the news. Half way up the bank the sheriff lay sprawling upon his face. At the sliding three

men were loading lumber upon a flat car. He crept cautiously along until screened by intervening box cars, then vaulted the fence and ran toward the river. On the other side lay the United States and freedom—unless his confederate smugglers failed him.

Reaching the river he sprang out upon the ice, splashing straight on with head down, through the puddles that the sun had melted upon its surface. Suddenly he stopped short, arrested by the rhythmic crunch of ice under the feet of a sharp creaked horse, and looking up, he saw a sleigh heading straight toward him. At first he thought it was a revenue officer and stood ready to fight till he died rather than be captured. Then he saw a black plume past the horse's head and a moment later recognized Sheriff Peterson's wife. For a moment he stared, dumfounded, then looked desperately about him for a hiding place. Why, of all the women in the world, must he meet her and have her look upon his shame? Suddenly he laughed an ugly laugh, and moved with head down straight toward the approaching horse, and as the animal came opposite sprang and caught the bride.

"Al Brock!" For a long moment the sheriff's wife sat motionless, paralyzed with astonishment and fear. Then she snatched the whip and struck the horse across the flank. It leaped forward, with a snort, but with one hand

gripping the reins Al threw it back upon the ground.

"Gee!" She snatched at his face and then stepped upon the ice without a word.

He leaped into the sleigh and, whirling the horse about, started at a gallop toward the American side. "You'd better trot along home and patch up Bob's head. It needs it!" he called over his shoulder. Then as escape became almost certain he laughed his old devil may care laugh and began to soothe the fine black roaster that under happier circumstances had once been his. Fifty rods more and he would be on American soil and within a half hour's drive of Ned Fletcher's. Then Bob Peterson and the extradition treaty be hanged!

"Pop, pop, pop, pop!" Al gave one look upward at the long white ridge that was moving swiftly down upon him, then seized the whip and lashed the horse into a furious run. The freshet from the melting snow in the hills was sweeping down the river, heaving up the rotten ice in a jagged ridge as it came.

"Help! Help!"

The fleeing outlaw looked back at the woman and then as the commotion drew nearer stood up in the sleigh and drove the horse to the utmost limit of its speed.

"All! Oh, Al!" came over the ice in piteous appeal.

Al started and the hard lines about his mouth softened as they had not softened for years. She had called him just like that when they were children playing together and the boat in which she had hidden had gone adrift above the falls.

"All! All!"

He looked hungrily at his "promised land," not ten rods away now, then swung the horse about and galloped back toward the woman. The ridge of heaving, splitting ice drew nearer, passed under him and left the horse floundering in the swift current among crunching ice cakes. He leaped from the sleigh and dashed on, leaving the brute to its fate. Out there where the ice was pounding, grinding, writhing, she was crouching upon a rocking cake, and he sped straight on over the heaving mass toward her with a nimbleness and sureness that had saved him a score of times from pursuing revenue officers.

"Quick, Al!" And as he snatched her from her perilous position she clung to him as though he were Al Brock of five years before instead of the most dangerous outlaw in the province.

The ice was now thoroughly broken up. It was as though the river were full of wallowing white monsters fighting each other to the death. Even with nothing to impede his flight his chances of reaching land would be remote. He knew that. He had seen three different men of his gang try to make the American side at such a time, and all three had gone over the falls.

As he leaped upon it a cake sank under him till the water reached his knees, and she gripped him convulsively. He looked at her as he had not looked at any human being for years and bounded on to the next cake. It turned over under his feet, and he sank to his armpits in water, scrambling out only a moment before the ice closed together with a grinding crunch. The jagged ice cut through his rotten boots, and he left blood at every step. He slipped to his knees again and again, clinging to his battered elbows over the edge of some tilted block, straining to keep his charge out of immediate danger. At last he stumbled and fell with a crash across a blue black slab whose adhering gravel cut like the teeth of a saw.

"Let me help myself, Al. You're killing yourself." And, scrambling to his feet, she started away, but soon slipped and fell with a dull thud, lying still by a strip of swirling water into which she had nearly plunged.

Al snatched her up and leaped across the widening channel, looking at the falls and then at the shore, still a quarter of a mile away. Could he make it? Reason and his battered body said no, but the white, still face at his shoulder with the ugly cut across the forehead cried out above reason, and he reeled on.

He was upon hands and knees now, dragging her painfully from cake to tilting cake. The one across which he was squirming collided with another, plucking fast the handcuff dangling at his wrist. He wrenched at the iron until it cut into his flesh, but could not free himself. He started to his knees and circled round and round in sudden panic, still clinging to the unconscious woman. Then the mass on which they floated struck something with a force that threw him over his fetter and nearly wrenched the plumed arm from its socket. A glance about him revealed the truth. They were stranded upon a submerged ledge, and the ice was rapidly piling up about them.

A cake of ice as large as a half barrel crashed down within a yard of his companion's head, and he tugged at his manacle until his wrist bled in another desperate attempt to free himself. Then he crouched and waited. Behind him the jagged white wall rose steadily higher, now ominously still, now growling loudly as the whole mass slipped forward a few feet upon the ledge. They might lie there in this sheltering half circle which screened them from view and perish from the cold that would set in with the night. The mass might topple over and crush them at any moment.

He put his free arm under her head and raised it from the wet ice. The low sun illumined the tumbled mass of reddish brown hair and revealed with startling clearness the premature lines about her eyes and mouth. He knew that he had helped to put them there; that if he had gone straight and married her five years ago she would have been a different woman. And yet he had begun smuzzling in order to

raise money enough to start a home as good as Bob could give her.

A prolonged growl came from the wall of ice, something snapped, and then the entire mass moved shudderingly forward. The cake on which they lay began to settle. The water crept steadily up the sides, ran into the crevices about the edge and reached his shackled hand. He drew her closer to him and with infinite difficulty placed her upon his back. One daintily arched lip like the petals of a rose was within a few inches of his mouth, and he remembered as from another world the first time he had kissed it.

The chilly water was covering his chest now, and he rose upon his elbow. It reached his shoulder, his neck, his ear; then a falling cake splashed the water into his face. For a few moments he struggled blindly, frantically, like a trapped animal, nearly losing his hold upon her wrist. When his death struggle came, would he abandon her then like a selfish coward? His fingers tightened upon her wrist with a grip of steel, and as a wave broke over his head he closed his eyes in anticipation of the end.

Pop! He instinctively clutched at the edge of the leaping cake with his manacled hand. They were out of water

now, moving swiftly away on a detached piece of ice. The cakes had thinned until the black water showed everywhere between them, and the danger was greater than ever before, but he gathered her into his arms and staggered on.

A lane of water ten rods wide opened before him, and he could go no farther unless he swam. Drawing her arm about his neck, he took her sleeve between his teeth and plunged in. The sleeve gave way, and he closed his teeth upon her wrist. The ice they at last reached proved rotten, breaking under his weight again and again. Finally he rolled out like a log and, hooking his manacled wrist about a hub, drew her after him.

Shaking from his icy bath like one in an ague fit, he was stooping to pick up his burden for the final dash, when suddenly he paused and looked across the clashing, grinding blocks to the shore. Yes, it was Bob Peterson running along the headland to meet him. He looked about him like a hunted animal brought to bay. Bob Peterson would have no mercy on him, even if he had saved his wife's life. To go on meant ball and chain and that horrible stone trap, Yonder was the precipice. All he had to do was to sit still and let the swift current have its way. To allow her to drift over with him before her husband's very eyes would be a crowning revenge upon the man who had hunted him so mercilessly. Ah, it was just past that headland there where she had cried to him in her childish voice from the drifting boat. For a moment he listened again to that cry as it rang in his ears across the years. Then, with set face, he snatched her up and hurried on, at length sinking, exhausted, with his burden upon the bank not ten rods above the brink of the falls.

"Thank God!" exclaimed the sheriff fervently as he bent above his still unconscious wife. Then his eyes encountered those of the man who had rescued her.

"Well, put on the irons. There's no more fight left in me," gasped the prostrate man defiantly, holding out his lacerated hands.

For answer the sheriff produced a long blue envelope. "Pity I didn't get it yesterday. It would 'a' saved me an ugly bat over the head," with a dry smile, handing the envelope to his companion.

Al, with ever increasing amazement written upon his haggard face, examined the document till he comprehended that it was his pardon, duly signed by the lieutenant governor of the province, then slowly folded it like a man in a dream. "Whose work is this, Bob?" at length with shaky voice.

"Hers," replied the sheriff, nodding toward his wife. "She wouldn't rest night or day till she got it."

For a time Al sat quiet still, the muscles of his face working painfully. Then he rose slowly to his battered knees and, bending over the sheriff's wife, sobbed as can only a strong man broken upon the wheel of remorse.

Snakes.

There is nowhere a snake with a sting in its tail, nor are there any snakes whose breath can poison even a fly, nor does a snake, fatally hurt, live until sunset.

Economy.

He—You're getting your hat ruined. She—Well, it's an old hat, and I do hate to wet my new umbrella.

The Scrap Book

What Puzzled Him.

A bishop in full robes of office, with his gown reaching to his feet, was teaching a Sunday school class. At the close he said he would be glad to answer any questions.

"Can I ask?" said a little boy, raising his hand.

"Certainly," said the bishop; "what is it?"

"Is dem all you've got on, or do you wear pants under dem?"

LOVE OF COUNTRY.
Breathes there the man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said:
"This is my own, my native land—
Whose heart hath never within him burned
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand?
If such there breathe, go, mark him well;
For him no minstrel raptures swell!"

High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
Despite those titles, power and pelf,
The wretch, concentred all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored and unsung.

The Vain Actor and the Little Bill.
Lillian Russell tells the following story about a handsome and vain actor:

"A letter of his was put in another man's box at a club one evening by mistake. The other man opened the letter, saw that it was a note from a tailor demanding instant payment of a bill long overdue, and in dismay sealed it up again neatly and put it in the box of its rightful owner. The rightful owner entered the smoking room that night with the letter in his hand. He ran it through, glanced around complacently, gave his mustache a twirl and murmured:

"Silly little girl!"

His Turn to Be Annoyed.
President McCrea of the Pennsylvania railroad said, apropos of a false charge against a financial institution:

This charge was more than refuted. The institution came out with flying colors. It reminds me of an incident that happened when I was a roddman in my youth. Working on the Conneville line, I took a number of meals with a middle aged farmer and his wife. One day at dinner I noticed that the farmer's wife seemed rather out of sorts, and after dinner I wasn't surprised to hear her say:

"Josiah Simmons, to think that you have forgotten that this is the anniversary of our wedding!"

Old Josh flushed guiltily, looking up from his paper with a start. Then he said in a surprised voice:

"Why, mother, you must be mistaken. We were married on the 8th."

The wife bit her lip.

"Oh, excuse me," she said. "I was thinking of my first marriage anniversary."

His Garbage.
The wife of a millionaire recently expressed her preference for fancy dress parties as follows: "It was at one that I first met my husband. He appeared in the garbage of a monk."

What to Do With Surplus Milk.
A teacher was trying to impress on the young minds the various uses of milk. She wanted some bright genius to tell her the farmer fed the surplus milk to the pigs. Leading up to this, she asked this question, "Now, children, after the farmer has made all the butter and cheese he needs and uses what milk he wants for his family, what does he do with the milk that still remains?" One little hand waved frantically. The teacher smiled and said, "Well, James?"

"He pours it back into the cow," piped James.—Woman's Home Companion.

At the Circus.
Zeke and Keturah had been keeping company for nearly a year, but up to date Zeke had not had the courage to propose. The opportunity came, though, one summer afternoon when they were at the circus. After seeing the sights they rested on a bale of hay in an obscure corner of the menagerie tent.

"What do you reckon is the most strange thing we see?" said Keturah.

"It's hard ter say, but I know what I'd like ter be now," replied Zeke in a tender voice.

"The flying trapeze man?" she ventured.

"No, not him."

"Mebbe the ringmaster?"

"Nor him. You recollect the octopus in the glass tank? Well, I'd like ter be he."

"Why?"

"'Cos he'd nigh unto a hundred arms, an' I'd like ter use 'em all a-huggin' you a hundred times at once and protect you from all sides for the rest of yer life."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Two of a Kind.
A private in the regulars went to the colonel of his regiment and asked for a two weeks' leave of absence. The colonel was a severe disciplinarian and did not hesitate to use a subterfuge in evading the granting of privileges to his men.

"Well," said the colonel, "what do you want a two weeks' furlough for?"

"Me wofe is very sick, and the children are not well, and if ye didn't mind, she would like to have me home for a few weeks to give her a bit of assistance."

The colonel eyed him for a few minutes and said:

"Patrick, I might grant your request, but I got a letter from your wife this morning saying she didn't want you home; that you were a nuisance whenever you were there. She hopes I

won't let you have any more furloughs."

"That settles it! OI suppose OI can't get the furlough then?"

"No, I'm afraid not, Patrick."

It was Patrick's turn now to eye the colonel as he started for the door. Stopping suddenly, he said:

"Colonel, can OI say something?"

"Certainly, Patrick. What is it?"

"You won't get mad, colonel, if OI say it?"

"Certainly not, Patrick. What is it?"

"OI want to say there are two splendid liars in this room. OI was never married in me loife."

A Regard For Appearance.
A milliner endeavored to sell to a colored woman one of the last season's hats at a very moderate price. It was a big white picture hat.

"Law, no, honey!" exclaimed the woman. "I could neva wear that. I'd look jes' like a blueberry in a pan of milk."

The Widows Objected.
The editor of a little western paper was in the habit of cheering up his subscribers daily with a column of short pertinent comments on their town, their habits and themselves. The department on account of its intimate personal flavor was the most popular thing in the paper.

On a hot day, when a simoom whistled gayly up the streets of the town, depositing everywhere its burden of sand, the editor brought forth this gem of thought:

"All the widows along Main street need washing badly."

The next morning he was waited on by a platoon of indignant citizens, who confronted him with the paragraph in question fresh from the hands of the compositor and informed him fiercely that he had gone too far. After a hasty and horrified glance he admitted that he had.

It now read:

"All the widows along Main street need washing badly."—Everybody's.

"A Hill ov a N'ise."
Isaac N. Dolph, who saw service in 1898 under the command of Captain Sigbee, relates a story as told by a son of Erin who was on the battleship Maine when it was blown up. The Irishman was requested to relate his thrilling experience at the time of the explosion in Havana harbor. He was before an audience, and, advancing to the front of the stage, he bowed low and in a faltering voice said:

"Frinds, it were thus way: I were asleep below in me bunk, little dreamin' what were goin' ter happen. There were a hill ov a n'ise, an' when I waked up the nurse said, 'Sit up, Pat, an' take this,' holdin' a spoon forinst me face."—Washington Star.

Due For a Cussing.
General Wheeler's body was brought to Washington draped in the Confederate flag as well as the stars and stripes, under both of which he had served. While the body lay in state an old Confederate soldier who had fought under General Wheeler in General Early's division heard of the Confederate flag and desired to see his dear old leader in the light of long ago. But on reaching Washington the stars and bars had been removed by order of the president. The veteran looked at the body clad in the blue uniform and, solemnly shaking his head, muttered:

"Waal, by gee, gen'ul, when you git on t'other side and Jubal Early catches you in them togs I'm bettin' you'll git the puttiest cussin' that ever cum your way!"—Lippincott's.

The Poor Squirrel.
An Irishman stood in front of an electric fan which was going at full speed, with no end of a buzz. After a minute or two he scratched his head and said, "Bedad, I wadn't want to be that squirrel!"

At the Station.
A. J. Cassatt, the late president of the Pennsylvania railroad, once told the following railroad story:

A western broker moved from the city into the country. He moved far out, and since the railroad was small and the train service poor, he traveled to and from town by carriage or automobile exclusively.

Deciding, after a time, to keep chickens, he ordered a patent chicken coop and on the day it was expected set out in a dray to fetch it home from the freight office.

He reached the railroad station, which he had never seen before, after an hour's drive. No one was in sight, but there was his chicken coop, and, with his man's help, he soon had it on the dray and set off homeward again.

A hundred yards or so down the road he met a chap in a blue uniform with the title of "station master" in gold letters on his blue cap.

"Hey, there!" exclaimed this chap excitedly. "What the dickens have you got on that dray?"

"My new chicken coop," the broker calmly answered.

"Chicken coop be hanged!" shouted the station master. "That's Muddy Junction."

Beecher In a Letter to His Son.
When working for others, sink yourself out of sight. Seek their interest. Make yourself necessary to those who employ you by industry, fidelity and scrupulous integrity. Selfishness is fatal. Hold yourself responsible for a higher standard than anybody else expects of you. Demand more of yourself than anybody expects of you. Keep your own standard high. Never excuse yourself to yourself. Never pity yourself. Be a hard master to yourself, but lenient to everybody else. Concentrate your force on your own business; do not turn off. Be constant, steadfast, persevering.

THE GOOD ROAD IDEA

Encouragement Received In Pennsylvania and Elsewhere.

APPROPRIATION OF \$3,000,000.

Keystone State Highways to Be Improved During Next Two Years—Why French Method of Building Roads Should Be Followed.

Agitated on all sides, the good roads movement is spreading throughout the United States and it is hoped that in a short space of time will have reached such proportions that congress will take a hand in the betterment of the road conditions in this country. Already many of the state legislatures in the United States have appropriated millions of dollars for the improvement of the highways, the legislature of Pennsylvania recently setting apart \$3,000,000 for work along these lines during the next two years.

While this amount is not as large as many of the good roads advocates had hoped to see appropriated for this purpose, most of those interested are well satisfied and feel that the work of bettering the highways of the Keystone State has at last fairly started. Just what disposition will be made of the \$3,000,000 for the next two years has



SAMPLE OF FINE FRENCH ROAD.

not been settled, but it is thought that it will be spent in bettering the roads in counties which are at the present time most backward in respect to improved highways and which have not had the money to compete with their richer neighbors.

With the work started in this direction, it will not be long before the highway from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh will become a reality, and with its completion the touring facilities in Pennsylvania will be second to none in the United States.

Americans who have toured in France return to the United States with an entirely different idea of road conditions, for nowhere in the world are the highways kept in better condition nor the question of roads given so much consideration as they are in the European republic. Road builders throughout the world can take lessons from the French. In that country there are 27,000 miles of national roads, which are built by the government and maintained at the expense of the government, and in the words of Mark Twain, "They look as if they were jack planed and sandpapered every day."

Many of the most important highways are lined with trees in order that the rains may not damage the roads. The national roads in France are the main roads connecting large centers. In addition to the national roads, they have the roads built and maintained by the commune, which is tantamount to our subdivision called a county.

At all seasons of the year the roads present the same appearance, and the infinite care taken to keep them in first class condition is the cause of the desire of all visitors to Europe to spin over the level stretches, which abound in France, in their big motor cars.

Unlike the method in the United States, the roads are maintained by having a man take charge of a small section. A workman of this class is called a cantonnier. He has a length of from two to seven or eight kilometers given to him, and he takes entire charge of it, the length varying according to its character. If the road is flat, he has a long piece; if mountainous and hard to maintain, he may have only two kilometers. He keeps the ditches clear, the grass cut, the trees trimmed, and wherever he finds a depression or little hole in the road he evens the ground with a pick. He has a supply of fine stones dumped at the side of the road and fills up the rut with this and tramples it down, and when he has finished with the defect you cannot tell that there was ever a hole there.

By the use of this system it can readily be seen that the road conditions of a country will improve and are bound to, for much more attention is shown than under that used in this country.

There are many states in this country that do not give the road question much consideration, and it is with great difficulty that the highways can be negotiated with the automobile, but with the national movement for good roads daily gaining in strength it will be only a short time when these states will act with the state automobile associations in the improvement of the highways.

By keeping the highways in high class condition it is an incentive for touring, and the revenues derived from the tourists amount to thousands and thousands of dollars in the course of a year. With the great increase in the use of the motor car in the United States during the last year it is necessary that the highways be kept up to the standard set by many of the states and in this way facilitate interstate travel.

EVIL OF POLITICS.

How It Shows Itself In the Conduct of City Waterworks.

Paper Read by John M. Diven, Secretary of the American Waterworks Association, at the Meeting of the Organization Held in June of the Present Year.

That politics does in many cases—probably a large majority of cases—enter into the management of waterworks owned and operated by cities and towns will not be denied. And that this is not right, is absolutely a menace to the health and welfare of the citizens in many cases, as well as a great financial loss, will not, I think, be denied. Too much depends upon the proper management of a public water supply to make it safe or right to allow politics to control or affect it.

To be a good waterworks superintendent or manager requires, in addition to ability and adaptability, long study and practice. If these managers are to be changed every time the city administration changes, it is evident that they can never have the experience that they should have to perform their duties properly. No matter how good men they may be they will still lack the proper training and experience.

This follows throughout the entire staff—office force, inspector, street foreman, meter readers and repairers, engineers and firemen—in fact, the entire force.

Again, will men who only expect to hold the "job" for two or three years give it the study and attention that it should have? It is not natural that they should; there is little incentive for them to do so; they know that the next election is likely to go the other way, so that they will have to go at some other work.

Then they have other duties to perform, other masters to serve—the men or party that put them in the position. Party allegiance must be observed at no matter what cost to the citizens. The men are employed for their politics, not for their worth or fitness for the particular position.

Under these circumstances, are the best men always or even usually chosen—the men fitted for the work?

The public water supply is a matter too all important to be made subservient to politics or any consideration except that of the very best possible supply of the purest water obtainable. All must use water. If it is pure and good, the health of the people will be good and the community will be prosperous. Because it is a healthy city with a low typhoid death rate home seekers will be attracted to it. But without proper supervision and management the purity of the water will in most cases always be in danger.

These political changes are often brought to the writer's attention in his capacity as secretary of this association, one of his duties being to try and keep track of the waterworks people of America. How frequently he finds these changes—for purely political reasons—going on! How many changes have to be made in our list of members for this reason! In looking back over the years of his connection with the association the number of such changes that come to mind is almost as long as the present list of members.

A man drops out, is not heard from. One of our associate members calls and in the course of conversation tells of a visit in "Grafton." Asked about Smith, the old superintendent, he says: "Why, hadn't you heard? At the last election there was a complete change in the political complexion of the city. Smith and all the old commissioners are out. Jones is the superintendent now." The commission is new, the superintendent is new, just because there has been a change in the political control. Smith was a good man for the position, had had long experience, thoroughly understood the work in every detail, was familiar with the works, knew all their weak points. In his long years of service he had gathered about him a corps of able and trained assistants. The works were well managed, the quality of the water above suspicion, the quantity ample. The management was economical; waste was kept at the lowest possible point. The plant was in first class condition.

But Smith didn't belong to the right political party. He was not an active politician, but he hadn't helped the party now "in." Had, in fact, voted against them; hence he must go. No matter if the quality of the water is not kept up, if the quantity is lacking when a big fire occurs because waste had not been watched; no matter if typhoid fever breaks out because the water supply has not been properly guarded and sickness, suffering and death follow, the active politician, the men who helped the party, must be rewarded.

Jones is an "active politician." He can—in fact, did—carry the Seventeenth ward for the party in power. He is a good man, sober, industrious and intelligent. There is nothing against him; no fault can be found with his appointment so far as character goes. He was a clockmaker and a good one, but had absolutely no knowledge or experience with waterworks management.

Then O'Sullivan had a strong pull in the Seventh and controlled many votes, which he pulled for the dominant party. He had run an engine in Alderman Riley's wood yard—he knew the difference between the throttle and the exhaust; hence he was put in charge of the expensive machinery at the pumping station.

Stoppelbein was a clerk in Meisner's drug store; hence knew all about chemistry, water analysis, etc., and he

controlled a large German vote. He was put in charge of the filter plant, though he had no experience in managing either filters or men.

So down through the line the entire force is new and inexperienced, holding the positions because of the political work they had done, not because of their fitness or training.

To start with everything is in the best of condition in all departments, and things run on smoothly enough for a time. The pumping engines respond to the throttle, and the exhaust is clear. So they run smooth and pump water with no increased expense; no difference is perceptible. But in time the boilers through neglect become badly incrustated and require more coal to keep up steam. The packing of the engines becomes worn, the plungers worn, the pump valves broken. There is a loss of steam and vacuum, a big "pump slippage," and more coal is required.

Water is being freely wasted, and more has to be pumped and filtered. The filters are overworked, and with unskilled management soon fail to properly perform their work. Impure water is delivered to consumers, and a typhoid epidemic breaks out. Then there is trouble, inquiry and investigation. Maybe the state board of health is called in. Anyhow, the trouble is remedied for the present; but, the city and state being controlled by the same party, the matter is smoothed over.

Stoppelbein has had a lesson, has had experience and would probably give efficient management as long as the party "kept in," after which more inexperience would follow.

AGAINST CONFISCATION.

Sound Arguments Put Forward In the Famous Hughes Veto.

Referring to the two cent fare bill which he recently vetoed, Governor Hughes of New York gave utterance to his views on the subject of confiscatory legislation as follows:

"It is of the greatest importance not only that railroad corporations should be compelled to respect their public obligations, but also that they should be permitted to operate under conditions which will give a fair return for their service. Upon this depends not simply the security of investors, but the security of their employees and the protection of every form of industry and commerce through the maintenance and extension of necessary transportation facilities. Nothing could be more opposed to the interests of the community as a whole than to cripple transportation corporations by arbitrary reductions of earnings.

"I fully appreciate the fact that those who have promoted this bill believe that such a rate would be fair. But I deem it most important that the policy of dealing with matters of this sort arbitrarily, by legislative rule of general application without reference to the demands of justice in particular cases, should be condemned.

"Every workman, every tradesman and every citizen believing himself to have aught at stake in the prosperity of the country should determinedly oppose it, for it not only threatens the stability of business enterprise which makes our prosperity possible, but it substitutes unreason for sound judgment, the ill considered demands of resentment for the spirit of fair play and makes impossible patient and honorable effort to correct abuses."

Great M. O. Graft Scheme.

The officials of a Kansas city have discovered a new way of working the graft scheme. Ignoring the fact that a private company had a franchise and contract for lighting the streets at a very low rate, they formed themselves into a company, voted themselves a franchise and made a contract with themselves for lighting the city. Under the terms of this contract the taxpayers furnish the building, labor, steam, oil, waste, etc., and the city agrees to take over the plant at any time within two years at the original cost plus 8 per cent per annum. The scheme has not been patented, and other city councils which find ordinary methods of grafting too slow are at liberty to make use of this process.

The White Man's Burden In Decatur.

The Journal of Decatur, Ind., recently printed a list of persons in that city who pay taxes of more than \$100 with the caption, "The White Man's Burden—Is Your Name on the List? Municipal Ownership and \$4.74—How Do You Like It?" Appealed to for elucidation of this cryptic utterance, the editor writes:

"The tax in this city is \$4.74 on every \$100. The city of Decatur owns both her waterworks plant and electric light. There can be no question that municipal ownership is to a great extent responsible."

General English Revolt.

The London Morning Advertiser gives an account of the organization on June 5 of a federation of ratepayers and kindred associations to take steps "to prevent reckless enterprises of the municipal trades from being carried on as they are at the present time." Representatives from organizations all over the country were present. This movement is a pretty good indication of the revolt of the English people against municipal ownership.

A Strain on the Taxpayers.

Some time ago Georgetown, O., undertook to build an electric light plant. They voted bonds in accordance with the "estimates" and started construction, but soon found that in order to complete the plant \$12,500 in excess of the "estimates" would be needed. The additional bonds have been voted, but the extra expense is quite a strain on a town of 1,800 inhabitants.

"SOMETHING MUST BE DONE"

The Municipal Plants of Knightstown, Ind., Are In a Bad Way.

The Star of Muncie, Ind., recently described the condition of the municipal plants of Knightstown, Ind., in the following way:

"The municipal electric light and waterworks plant is threatened with financial disaster unless relief measures are taken at once. In order to settle the question satisfactorily the city council has decided to adopt the referendum in the matter and let the taxpayers vote on the proposition of issuing bonds to enlarge and perfect the plant.

"The report of the superintendent shows that the electric light plant has been running behind during the fiscal year and that something must be done to keep it in operation. The business has increased so that there is not now adequate power for the dynamo, and a new engine will have to be put in. The city council also claims that the rates are entirely too low and that prices must be increased to keep the plant on a self sustaining basis.

"An ordinance is now pending providing for the enlargement and improvement of the plant and providing for a special election to determine if the city shall issue bonds calling for \$10,000. The present council has had much trouble in keeping the plant going, and loans from the general fund to the electric lighting fund have been frequent for several months."

In response to a request for confirmation of the report the city clerk of Knightstown writes:

"I would say that there has been no issue of bonds nor change in the electric or water rates, but there is apparent need of something to decrease the cost or increase the income from those sources."

NOT UP TO EXPECTATIONS.

Mason, Mich., by No Means Satisfied with M. O.

A recent issue of the Electrical World contained the following item in regard to Mason, Mich.:

"The common council is considering the abandonment and disposal of the municipal lighting plant now in use and securing electricity for lighting and power from the Commonwealth Power company of Jackson. The municipal plant is fast deteriorating in value and utility and becoming a constant bill of expense to the city for repairs and new equipment. The pumps at the waterworks will also be operated by electricity if the proposed plan is carried out."

A letter to the mayor for confirmation of these facts elicited the following response:

"In answer to your letter of recent date would say that there has been no vote on the question of granting a franchise as yet. Mason owns and operates its electric light and waterworks systems. We are contemplating purchasing power from the Commonwealth Power company. Municipal lighting has not been the success anticipated. When depreciation of plant is considered, we are not obtaining our street lighting at any less sum than we formerly paid a private corporation."

AFTER TWELVE YEARS.

Millford Center, O., Sells Its Light and Water Plant to Be Rid of a White Elephant.

In a recent issue the Municipal Journal and Engineer announced that the municipal light and water plant of Millford Center, O., was to be sold at auction. The following was received in response to a request for further information from the president of the village:

"I beg to say that the reason for the sale of the municipal light and water plant is the failure of municipal ownership to operate the plant as economically as private interests could."

J. L. Boylan of the board of trustees of public affairs writes more fully:

"On account of a fast increasing deficiency it is deemed best to dispose of the plant. We have had twelve years of municipal ownership and have been fortunate in getting good business men at the head, yet the plant has never been on a self supporting basis and is now in need of a great amount of repair, without any better outlook for sufficient income to warrant expense. We therefore wish to get rid of a 'white elephant.'"

A Sample of Public Ownership.

The Russian newspaper Svet is responsible for the following story: "When a band of terrorists recently rushed a somewhat remote postal telegraph suboffice with the command, 'Hands up!' a cool headed female operator managed to rattle off to the central office: 'Robbers are here. Help!' The message was sent before the robbers had noticed the presence of the woman. The terrorists calmly proceeded to loot the office safe, and after they had departed the following reply to the operator's message was leisurely ticked off, 'Send a proper service message, and assistance will be dispatched.'"

Another Case of "Estimate."

Fairfield, Ia., is a city of about 5,000 population, which owns its own light and water plants. A recent report of the period from April 1, 1903, to Dec. 31, 1906, shows that the cost of operation exceeded the appropriation by \$2,049 for the lighting plant and \$4,314 for the waterworks. In other words, the plants are costing nearly \$2,000 a year more than was expected, with no allowance for the depreciation, which is adding another \$1,000 annually to the cost.

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" "	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.
August 24th.	St. Bartholomew, 9.00 a. m.	Holy Communion 5.00 p. m. Evensong

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 Katherine M. Lowell Cambridge
 Anna B. Lowell " "
 Annie L. Hamilton Boston
 Isabel Thacher " "
 Arthur E. Gudwin Roxbury
 Mrs. L. W. Tutter Littleton, N. H.

SAGAMORE
 Harold E. Ring and wife Arlington Heights, Mass.
 Miss Ring " "
 Mrs. Beddome London, Ct.
 Miss Beddome " "
 W. F. Gay Hoosick Falls, N. Y.

WENTWORTH HOUSE
 Dr. E. H. Sparrow Cambridge
 E. R. Sparrow " "
 Mrs. H. A. Sparrow " "
 H. C. Ameer " "
 Bertha E. Sawyer " "
 Mrs. Edgar J. Bliss " "
 S. H. Bliss " "
 Ada M. Mosely Brooklyn, N. Y.
 Jane B. Hyde Binghamton, N. Y.
 Ethel M. Mathews Malden

THE NARRAGANSETT
 Dr. M. McCombe Montreal
 Augustus R. Ballert and wife Providence, R. I.

Guests at Tea-Cup Inn

Mrs. J. Day Otis South Orange, N. J.
 Mrs. S. E. Peek New York
 Mrs. F. H. Baird Newton Center, Mass.
 Mrs. D. P. Cummings Newton Center
 Mrs. Charles Dodd South Orange
 Mrs. Chas. A. Wells Newark, N. J.
 Mrs. Nancy Ward Madison, N. Y.
 Miss S. E. Littlefield Boston
 Frank Eldridge Somerville, Mass.
 Mrs. Frank Eldridge " "
 Natalie Eldridge " "
 Pierpoint Gilmore " "
 J. H. L. Dinsmore Hallowell, Maine
 Edgar Nourse Malden, Mass.
 Jonathan W. Force Rochester, N. Y.
 Mrs. Jonathan Force " "
 J. Edwin M. Gilmore New York
 Mrs. J. C. Holmes Saratoga, N. Y.
 Stanley M. Holmes " "
 Sargent Force U. S. Navy
 John Stuart Springfield, Mass.
 Jean C. McCurdy Rochester, N. Y.
 John D. Carey " "
 Florence C. McCurdy " "
 Joseph Cook Buffalo, N. Y.
 Mrs. Joseph Cook " "
 Miss A. M. Hoxsey " "
 C. L. Goodridge Boston
 A. M. Todd " "
 Mrs. Todd " "
 Mrs. G. L. Howard New York
 Madeline Howard " "
 Lucien Phillips Philadelphia
 Mrs. Day Otis " "
 Mrs. Frank H. Otis " "
 Eugene I. Forest and wife New Haven
 Elsie Newton Albany, N. Y.
 Miles M. Shand Washington, D. C.
 Fletcher S. Brockman and wife " "
 John B. Sleman Jr., Shanghai, China
 M. L. Whitcomb and wife Washington, D. C.
 Haverhill, Mass.
 Miss M. L. Wiggin " "
 Mrs. Gordon M. Pray Little Rock, Ark.
 Mrs. T. H. Bunch " "
 Laura Annie Bunch " "
 Lue I. Terris " "
 Mrs. A. W. Parsons Rye, N. Y.
 Anna M. Parsons " "
 A. G. Agnew New York
 G. W. Donnell and wife Boston
 I. B. Spofford Jr., Brookline
 F. O. Garvin Boston
 David P. Cummings and wife " "
 Leslie Perry Newton Centre
 Amelia Ladd South Orange, N. J.
 Clara Perry Boston
 F. H. Baird California
 Leslie Ward Newton Center
 Leopold Fischel Madison, N. J.
 J. Howard Stewart St. Louis
 Miss H. Stewart Montreal
 Miss A. Stewart " "
 Miss U. Cook " "
 Mary C. Clark Brookline
 R. M. Lane St. Louis, Mo.
 Miss Mollie Harden New York
 Dorothy Napier Holmes Orange, N. J.
 James Taussig Jr., St. Louis, Mo.
 Edward M. Bery Boston

Sudden Death

Dr. Bernard Zweighaft, a prominent physician of New York, died suddenly at the cottage of Miss Margaret Thompson which he has been occupying this season at Kennebunk Beach, Sunday afternoon. Death was caused by endocarditis. His age was 41 years. He is survived by his wife and one son, nine years of age. The body was shipped to New York, Tuesday morning in a special car over the Boston and Main railroad.

Seining Fleet Arrives

The regular autumn seining fleet, composed of the finest schooners sailing out of Gloucester and Boston, arriving off this section of the coast on Monday and have been cruising in the vicinity of Boon Island. Monday's storm drove the fleet to shelter, the vessels, numbering about 40, making Portsmouth and Portland harbors. Those at Kittery Point were the Alert, Avalon, Arthur Binney, Albert Geiger, Colonial, Constellation, Dixie, Elva L. Spurling, Esperanto, Grayling, Lucania, Marguerite Haskins, Mary A. Osier, Mary E. Hart, Mary F. Curtis, Mary T. Fallon, Ralph L. Hall, Saladin and Shenandoah.—Old York Transcript.

Kennebunkport

The Arlington closes next Saturday.

The Leach restaurants have had a splendid season.

There has been several new arrivals at the Cliff House this week.

The Indian basket maker will break camp next week.

The Rhode Island House has had a very prosperous season.

The Columbia closes next Saturday. They now have thirty guests.

The Seaside House is to close September 15th. There are a few guests there now.

O. L. Wells & Son has been more than busy for the past few days with baggage.

Why not subscribe for the ENTERPRISE for the year and so have the Kennebunkport news all winter.

There are still a few guests at the Parker House. This house will shortly close its doors for the season.

Mr. R. C. Horne, who is a guest at the Old Fort Inn made the Echo a pleasant call this Saturday morning.

Two of the Indian guides, who have been at the Indian Canoe Landing for the season, left this week for their homes.

The lady clerk in the Gift Shop, who has been assisting Mr. Campbell this season, left for her home in Massachusetts today.

The Nonautam Hotel still has a number of guests, several of whom will stay just as long as Landlord Heckman will keep them.

Mrs. H. M. Forest, who has been at Crow's Nest for the season, left the first of the week for her home in Philadelphia.

The young lady who has been assisting Mrs. A. H. Holmes in manicuring parlors for the summer returned home this week.

The Gift Shop has had a splendid season and Mr. Campbell made no mistake when he moved his business into the present store.

A number of the guests at the Columbia Hotel with invited friends enjoyed a dance in the hall last evening. An orchestra of three pieces furnished music.

Hall & Littlefield, who have been at the Ocean Bluff stables for years, report an unusually good season notwithstanding the fact that some say autos are taking the place of horses. They have had more business this season than ever.

Mrs. Henry D. Washburn has a well written article in the Pine Tree magazine, published in Portland, on Kennebunkport. The article is most interesting and is finely illustrated.

The Ocean Bluff bowling alley has received liberal patronage during the showery days that have just passed. Mr. Harmon certainly looks after the interests of his patrons in every way possible.

The Hewett House still has a few summer guests but this house was open and did a large business last winter accommodating a number of the contractors and workmen on the Rogers estate, and Mr. Hewett will have quite a number remain with him for some time yet.

Mr. Bourne expects to close the Cliff House, Sept. 14th, but a number of guests are anxious to remain another Sunday so he may be persuaded to remain open until then. There are now some sixty guests. This house has enjoyed one of the best seasons in its history.

Eighty-one guests sipped tea at Ye Olde McCulloch House, Tea-Cup Inn, last Friday.

James Taussig Jr., of St. Louis, Mo., acted as host and gave a dinner to Mary C. Clark of Brookline, L. M. Lane, St. Louis, Miss Mollie Harden, New York City, Dorothy N. Holmes, Orange, N. J., and Edward M. Bevy of Boston last Monday night at the Tea Cup Inn. They were a jolly crowd and report a good time in spite of the rain.

With Mrs. S. E. Peek of New York City as hostess, a party of seven composed of Mrs. F. H. Baird and Mrs. D. P. Cummings of Newton Center, Mass., Mrs. Charles Dodd of South Orange, N. J., Mrs. Charles A. Wells of Newark, N. J., Mrs. Nancy C. Ward of Madison, N. J., and Miss S. E. Littlefield of Boston, enjoyed one of the popular dinners served at Ye Olde McCulloch House, Tea-Cup Inn, last Thursday evening.

Cape Porpoise

Miss Emma Emmons of Portland is visiting Mrs. Frank Nunan.

Charles Dearborn, head bookkeeper for the firm of D. W. True & Co., of Portland, and wife have been visiting Capt. R. J. Nunan. During their stay Mr. Dearborn took his friends to York and other places of interest in his auto.

Miss Angela Chaffin of Portland spent a part of this week with Miss Kate Nunan.

Miss Lillian Huff has returned to Boston after a month's vacation.

Edward Nunan of Boston is spending a few days vacation at his home here.

Frank Hutchins is visiting his sister, Mrs. Leonard Wood of Hyde Park, Mass.

The Danger of Soap.

When a man goes to some thermal springs to "boil out" all the old Satan that is in him he quickly learns one of the more important lessons of life and civilization—that is, he acquires a supreme contempt for soap. When he takes his first tub, at 99 to 102 degrees, the attendant gives him a terrible scrubbing, using a sharp soap and a loofa. After that first bath no more soap is used. The man continues to soak daily in water of the same temperature for twenty minutes and is rubbed with the loofa, but no soap. "Soap," the expert attendant will tell you, "clogs up the pores of the skin. Our object is to keep 'em open. We cure all diseases by giving the pores a chance to breathe and excrete." Your hands chap? Wherefore? Because when you last washed them you neglected to rinse them thoroughly. You left the pores clogged with soap. Your complexion is muddy. Wherefore? You forgot to wash the soap off your cheeks. Hereafter rinse, rinse, rinse. Keep on rinsing. Continually rinse.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Grotesque Spanish Honor.

There is a story about the Duke of Wellington that illustrates the fantastic idea of honor held by many Spaniards, contrasted with the practical common sense of Englishmen. When the duke was co-operating with the Spanish army in the peninsula against Napoleon he was desirous on one occasion during a general engagement that the general commanding the Spanish contingent should execute a certain movement on the field. He communicated the wish to the Spaniard personally and was somewhat taken aback to be told that the honor of the king of Spain and his army would compel him to refuse the request unless Wellington, as a foreign officer graciously permitted to exist and fight on Spanish soil, should present the petition on his knees. The old duke often used to tell the story afterward, and he would say, "Now, I was extremely anxious to have the movement executed, and I didn't care a twopenny damn about getting on my knees, so down I jumped!"

Brevities

THE HALL OF FAME.

It is reported that C. B. Jefferson of the theatrical family has retired and will devote his time to growing fruits in Florida.

High Constable William Jaby of Shamokin, Pa., who has only one leg, thrashed, unaided, two thugs who attacked him and landed both in prison.

At eighty-one Gorton Anderson of Newport, R. I., still wields the razor. He is the oldest active barber in the United States and perhaps in the world.

Thomas F. Ryan has offered to pay a pension of \$5 a month to the 200 Confederate veterans who now live in Nelson county, Va., where Mr. Ryan has his home.

William H. Baldwin, who had been for thirty-nine years president of the Boston Young Men's Christian union, has resigned after reaching his eightieth birthday anniversary.

Dr. Warre, late head master of Eton college, has been presented with an album containing the signed photographs of nearly every master and boy who was at Eton at the time of his resignation.

Thomas W. Lawson, the famous Boston operator in copper, is a grandfather. The little girl is the child of Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Lawson. Mrs. Lawson was formerly Mrs. Herbert Barnum Seeley of New York.

George H. Ware, seventy-three years old, an expert accountant of Providence, R. I., figures that in the last forty years he has smoked nearly three tons of tobacco in his meerschaum pipe, from which he is inseparable.

William Livesay of Preston, the son of Joseph Livesay, the famous founder of teetotalism in England, has just celebrated his ninety-second birthday. Mr. Livesay is in good health and as staunch a temperance champion as was his celebrated father.

Captain Speltenin, the Swiss aeronaut, has just finished a wonderful achievement, the crossing of the Alps in a balloon. This was his five hundred and thirty-ninth ascent, and his notebook does not record a single accident in any of them.

One of the most remarkable personalities in Russia is Prince Khilkoff. He is called in Russian society "the American" because when young he shipped to America as a stoker and there set himself to learn all he could about railways by working as conductor, stoker, driver, brakeman and mechanic in the engine shops without allowing his princely rank to be suspected.

PLAYS AND PLAYERS.

Richard Sterling, an American actor, has been engaged for the London production of "The Earl of Pawtucket."

It is said that Mrs. Langtry will be a Belasco star next season and that the manager believes her strength lies in tragic roles.

Madge Lessing has been engaged for a new production, called "The Belle of Hong Kong," which is to be seen in Philadelphia in October.

A new vaudeville amusement company has been organized in New York with a capital of \$500,000. William Morris is the president of the organization.

Thomas Thorne and Harry Burkhardt, both well known to Baltimore theater goers, will be in the company supporting Miss Maude Fealey when she goes on her starring tour.

Octavia Broske, a San Francisco girl, who had the prima donna role in "The Sultan of Sulu" last season, has been engaged for a prominent role in "The Prince of Pilsen."

FACTS FROM FRANCE.

The president of the senate was recently petitioned in the shape of a flood of 400,000 post cards.

France has no old age insurance measure, but a large amount is annually spent in relief to aged natives.

There are to be no ceremonies when Paul W. Bartlett's equestrian statue of Lafayette in Paris is placed on its pedestal next October.

In all France there are only 1,100 persons who are millionaires in our sense of the word (in dollars). Of millionaires in francs there are about 15,000, apart from the 1,100 already counted.

A philanthropist at Bordeaux has accepted \$400,000 from M. Iffia with which to found a day refuge for aged workmen and indigent of both sexes. The refuge is to be a vessel moored in the middle of the Garonne, where soups are to be dispensed apparently in midstream.

GERMAN GLEANINGS.

Of the 51,000 breweries estimated to be in the world 26,000 are in Germany.

Germany employs some hundreds of women in its secret service. Several of them draw salaries of \$10,000 a year.

In Germany glass baths are taking the place of the enameled metal variety. They are both cheap and artistic.

A woman dentist recently stopped with gold a hole in the tusk of a circus elephant at Innsbruck, but a few nights later the filling, worth \$70, was stolen.

A monument has been erected to Anna Holzel in the Schlossgarten at Mannheim. She was the wife of a carpenter who in 1784 saved the poet Schiller from a debtors' prison.

SHORT STORIES.

At the Pittsburg morgue the body of a man who was killed trying to hold up a collector was viewed by 7,000 people.

Henry Price, an aged musician of Mount Vernon, N. Y., applied to New York hospitals for permission to photograph the soul in transit, but his request was refused.

In Fayetteville, N. Y., lives a fat hen that has no fear of the ax. In the will of Charles Brown, who died not long ago, was a provision that his residuary legatee, Mrs. Lucinda Brown, must take the hen and care for it until it died.

A young Bath (Me.) couple presented themselves before a minister recently and asked to be married. After the knot was tied the groom coolly informed the preacher that he expected to get a job soon and would then pay his fee.

A Cleveland skyscraper twenty stories high will be topped by a Goddess of Liberty holding a torch, from which a leaping flame of gas will be burning at all times. The exact hour of the day and night will be indicated by causing the flame to shoot high into the air during the minute preceding each hour.

SPORTING NOTES.

Sonoma May, 2-29/4, the full sister to Sonoma Girl, 2-06/4, is the property of Arthur Brown, Napa, Cal.

Alice Pointer, 2-05/4, cost David Shaw of Pittsburg \$110 a little more than a year ago. He bought her for a brood mare.

Fred Tenney and Roy Thomas have thrown their scruples aside and are now playing Sunday ball with the rest of the National league.

England has 2,000 golf clubs with 300,000 members who use 500,000 golf balls per week and walk over the links about 250,000,000 miles per year.

One of the candidates for the Cornell football team will be a real prince. His name is Victor Marayaha and he hails from the province of Cooh Behar, India, of which his father is the maharajah.

The smallest golf links in the world are at Hoylake, England. They are in close proximity to the railway station and consist of three holes. The players are the cabbies who wait therabouts for their fares.

MODES OF THE MOMENT.

In silk and lace gowns there is a disposition to favor white and cream. Automobile coats with sleeves of Japanese cut are conspicuous in the new designs.

The empire and the princess will have the greatest vogue in cloth gowns for the coming season.

Very pretty little silk coats are being worn of all colors with thin dresses. They are eminently French and require to be most daintily made.

Sashes figure on nearly all silk gowns either of plain color or chine, and one hardly sees a dress without a faint glimmer of gold or silver embroidery.

A shoemaker has introduced a novelty in the form of seamless shoes of antelope skin, which is, like suede, the color of golden brown. The toes are pointed, and there is a narrow binding of tan kid which ties in a small bow in front. These shoes are of French manufacture.—Brooklyn Eagle.

EDITORIAL FLINGS.

For 5 cents you can ride all day in the New York subway—if you are that big a fool.—Baltimore Sun.

You can quote almost anything as from the Bible these days and not get caught at it.—Detroit Free Press.

Now they say that "laughing is a lost art in England." Does everybody read Punch over there?—New York Herald.

However foolish kissing may seem, the effort to regulate it on scientific principles is still more so.—Washington Star.

It has become impossible to eat or drink without colliding with a Harvey W. Wiley warning.—Charleston News and Courier.

While the national bureau of fisheries is trying most laudably to solve the future of the lobster, the whole question does not come within its jurisdiction.—Philadelphia Ledger.

NEW YORK CITY.

There is an average of 102 immigrants from Russia landing in New York city each day.

It is estimated that New York city will require the expenditure of \$4,000,000 for police and fire engine houses during the next three years.

Though it may seem strange, there is hardly to be found in New York city a trunk store that is not perpetually advertising a "special sale."

There are now fewer household goods in storage in New York city than in five years because there are more New Yorkers than ever going into suburban homes.—New York Herald.

ENGLISH ETCHINGS.

Less than 8,000 people own all the land of Great Britain.

Some of the London theaters send motor busses into the suburbs to gather up patrons.

In Queen Anne's reign a tax was put upon advertisements. For many years it was 3s. 6d. per advertisement in England and 2s. 6d. in Ireland.

The Ladies' Park club of London, one of the exclusive organizations of that city, has decided that members may neither smoke cigarettes nor play bridge.

TABLE OF HIGH TIDES AT KENNEBUNKPORT, MAINE

SEPTEMBER		A. M.	P. M.
1	S	6.15	6.30
2	M	7.15	7.30
3	Tu	8.15	8.15
4	W	9	9.15
5	Th	9.45	9.45
6	Fr	10.15	10.30
7	Sa	11	11.15
8	S	11.30	11.45
9	M	0.30	0.15
10	Tu	1.15	1.00
11	W	1.30	1.30
12	Th	2.00	2.15
13	Fr	2.45	3.15
14	Sa	3.45	4.00
15	S	4.30	5.00
16	M	5.30	6.15
17	Tu	6.45	7.15
18	W	7.45	8.15
19	Th	8.45	9.15
20	Fr	9.45	10.15
21	Sa	10.45	11.00
22	S	11.30	
23	M	0.15	
24	Tu	0.45	1.00
25	W	1.30	1.45
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

Maine Central R. R., DAY TRIPS.

Congo River and Bay of Naples Inn
 Leave Kennebunk 7.00 a. m., or 10.56 a. m. Arrive on return 7.00 or 8.55 p. m. The early trip gives three hours for dinner at Naples. The trip includes sail across Sebago Lake and up the Congo river, across the Bay of Naples and Lake Wygonetic returning by rail or same route. \$3.00 from Portland and Return.

The White Mountains.
 Leave Kennebunk 7.00 a. m. Arrive on return 8.35 p. m. Five hours at Crawford, Mt. Pleasant House, The Mt. Washington or Fabyans. \$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 7.20 p. m.

Golfers will have time to play the Courses.
A Through Sleeper to Montreal.
 Leave Portland, daily and Sunday included, 9.00 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
 Leave Portland 9.10 a. m., arriving Montreal 9.15 p. m., connecting with through train to Chicago, St. Paul and Minneapolis.

Parlor Cars to Fabyans 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. BOOTHBY
 G. P. & T. M. C. R. R., Portland.

Harpwell Steamboat Co.

The 365 Island Route
 Beginning July 1st steamers will leave Portland and Pier for Long Island, Little and Great, Chebeague, Cliff Island, South Harpswell, Bailey's and Orr's Island at 7.00, 10.00 a. m. 1.30 and 5.10 p. m.
 Returning, leave Orr's Island 5.40, 9.25 a. m. 1.30 and 3.40 p. m.

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 Harpswell 50c. Bailey's and Orr's Island, Round Trip Only 60c

Daily excursions to Bailey's, Orr's Island, Malt Point, Birch Island and Harpswell Center, 50 miles sail, only 60 cents.
 To South Harpswell or South Freeport, Casco Castle, 40 mile sail, only 50 cents.
 To Gunnet Bridge, Cundy's Harbor, Sebago and New Meadow River Points, 75 mile sail only 75 cents; from South Harpswell and Bailey Island to Gunnet Bridge only 50 cents. Sunday excursion to South Harpswell only 35 cents.
 E. L. JORDAN, Genl Mgr.

Atlantic Shore Line R. R.

Effective Monday, Sept. 9th, hourly service between York Beach and Kennebunk will go into effect. Until further notice cars will operate as follows:

Cars leave York Beach for Ogunquit, Wells, Kennebunk and Cape Porpoise, connecting with the Eastern Division—5.40, 6.45, 7.45 a. m., and hourly until 7.45 p. m.

8.45 p. m. to Town House only.
 9.45 p. m. to Kennebunk only.
 10.45 p. m. to Ogunquit only.