





**500 CHILDREN TO WAIT ON YOU**

Much That You Wear and Eat Passes Through Their Hands.

EXHIBIT VISITOR IS AMAZED.

"Why should I be interested in the working child?" asked a self-complacent lady who called at the child labor exhibit in San Francisco the other day.

"Because it touches you at so many points," replied the National Child Labor Committee's exhibit director, Lewis W. Hine. "To begin with, the flowers on your hat were undoubtedly made in a New York tenement, no matter what you paid for them. I have found four-year-old children working on such flowers.

"The real imported Irish point lace you have on your collar was probably made by Italians on the east side of



Photo by National Child Labor Committee. A SEVEN-YEAR-OLD OYSTER SHUCKER WHO CAN NEITHER READ NOR WRITE.

New York. Your gloves and the buttons on your dress probably passed through the hands of children. The scalloped edge around your underwear was made by children in New England village homes, and your stockings represent the labor of children from eight years of age up.

"The cotton that goes into the cloth you use may have been picked by children of five or six and was handled by innumerable children in the course of manufacture. A spool of cotton thread represents the work of from five to twenty-five children.

"As you pass on to the market to buy your food a small boy waits on you. He represents not only your local child labor problem, but indirectly the problem of the little girl who picked your cranberries and your strawberries. Even the baskets that the berries come in represent the work of children. The oysters that you have sent home from the shop were very likely dredged by boys from eight to ten up to young manhood. Some were snatched by little ones of seven or eight. The sardines you eat may have been imported or they may have come from the coast of Maine, where children do much of the cutting and canning. Canned peas represent child labor in sorting, picking and canning.

"The coal you burn at home and the glassware you use probably passed through the hands of children. The drugs delivered to you are often brought by a boy who may have come to your house direct from the red light district. The little newsboy, the 'shines' boys, the boy who sets up pins in the bowling alley and the young usher at the movie all need your protection.

The lady gasped and begged Mr. Hine to stop. "Well," he said, "if I went into it EXHAUSTIVELY I think I could find that about 500 children had contributed to your comfort in one way or another."

**A CHILD'S CREED**

I BELIEVE IN BEING HAPPY  
I BELIEVE IN BEING BUSY  
I BELIEVE IN BEING A BOY

BYE-N-BYE - I'LL BE A MAN

**GIVE US A CHANCE!**  
**WE ARE CITIZENS TO-MORROW!**

**SHORTENS THE HAUL.**

By establishing good roads the highway becomes an inducement to the farmer to transport farm produce in motor trucks, which make possible more trips to market each day when the distance is not too great. It also has the economic effect of expanding the farming area from which a city may draw its produce. By thus drawing more lands into its garden area it increases the value of those lands and enlarges the supply of produce in the market. This exerts a twofold influence—first, by increasing the supply of produce in the market, and, second, by reducing the transportation cost. The logic may be explained as follows: To make a rough and soft road smooth and hard is the equivalent to reducing a railroad curve to a straight line—it shortens the haul—for distance may be shortened as well by hours and minutes as by miles.—E. A. Jones, Pennsylvania.

**AVOID GRADES IN ROADS.**

By Relocating Many Old Highways Cost of Hauling Can Be Reduced.

According to a government report, the average life of horses and automobiles may be increased and the cost of hauling reduced by relocating many old roads and the more scientific laying out of new ones. The natural tendency is to build a straight road, whether it goes over steep grades or hills or not. Pulling over these grades naturally adds to the wear and tear on horses and vehicles.

The doctrine of the government is that the longest way around may often be the shortest and most economical



way home and that frequently by building a highway around a hill or grade but little appreciable distance is added, and this is more than offset by the reduced strain of hauling.

The chief drawback from the farm owner's point of view is that the laying out of roads on this principle of avoiding grades necessitates in some cases running the road through good farm land or orchards or pastures instead of going around the farm line and building the road through old, worn-out fields and over rocky knolls. The individual landowner will naturally raise a question as to whether the cutting up of his property by a road will yield individual advantages and so benefit his community as to offset the use of such land for a road.

In this connection the government points out that the rounding of a road and the resulting traffic through a good farm, where there are good sheep, cattle, horses, grain, fruit or vegetables, has a certain advertising value and in many instances makes the land more valuable. In other cases the importance of such a level road to the community is so great it might well repay those using the road to give the farmer the equivalent in land equally good in place of what he has sacrificed to the common welfare.

At any rate, the government is now taking special pains to make clear the economic advantage of avoiding steep grades in roads, even at some sacrifice of better land. Investigation shows that the laying out of such roads over hills has resulted more from attention to the preservation of farm lines than from scientific attention to the problem of road building.

According to the testimony of farmers consulted, where a horse might be able to pull 4,000 pounds on a level road it would have difficulty in pulling 3,000 pounds up a steep hill. The size of the load, therefore, tends to be measured by the grade of the largest hill on the road to market. In many cases actual experiment shows that the relocating of roads around hills has been accomplished either with no addition in road length in some instances or with the adding of only a few feet to the highway in others.

**Maine Prisoners Work on Roads.**  
For the first time in the history of New England prisoners have been put to work on the roads. Maine has taken the initiative in the movement, and recently twenty prisoners from the Cumberland county jail were put to work on the highways. So far the experiment appears to be a success.

**DAFFY DANIEL**

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Mrs. Tweedy peeped from the window.

Abner, her husband, had also heard the creak of wagon wheels.

"Who be it, Marthy?" he asked.

"Nobody but Daffey Daniel," she replied, resuming her mending.

"Humph!" muttered Abner. "Wish he'd sell me that south lot."

"He ought to be made to," agreed his wife. "Any one as simple as Daffey ought to have a guardian. I should think you'd speak to the selectmen about it, Abner."

"I've a mind to," grumbled Abner. "The lot don't do him any good," argued Mrs. Tweedy. "I've said for a long time that Daffey ain't got common sense."

Miss Blake, the new schoolteacher, who boarded at the Tweedys', looked up from her book.

"Why do they call him that?" she asked.

"Call who—what?" demanded Mrs. Tweedy, startled by the sudden question.

"Daffey Daniel."

"Oh! Because he is daffey."

"In what way especially?" insisted Frances Blake. She was a small, clear eyed woman, intrepid of speech and action. "Is he insane?"

"Land, no!" protested Mrs. Tweedy. "Daniel ain't really crazy, but he's simple minded. Folks have called him 'Daffey Daniel' ever since the fire at the Ford place. Daniel was only seventeen, and his pa and ma and his sister was burned to death. Daniel had been spending the night with his cousin at Overbrook. In the night he saw the flames and came running five miles. And when he reached home it was too late. There wasn't any home or any folks left."

"He was sick for weeks afterward and since then he's always been queer. Some say he blames himself because he wasn't home that night. He said, 'If I'd been there I might have saved them.'"

"Poor fellow," murmured Miss Blake. "And where does he live now?"

"Built himself a cottage on the old cellar. He loves the farm like a leech, won't part with an inch of land, tho' Abner'd like that south lot. It joins our property," she knew.

"And so he is queer," went on Frances Blake. "Is he married?"

"Law, no! Wouldn't look at a girl. Awful queer!"

"Is he disagreeable?"

"No-o-o, not exactly," admitted Mrs. Tweedy. "He's very short in his manner, don't stop to talk with neighbors and reads most all the time. He's queer. He's downright daffey, Miss Blake. It all happened twenty years ago."

Miss Blake made no comment. She returned to her book, but for nearly an hour she did not turn a leaf.

Presently Mrs. Tweedy arose to prepare the evening meal. Abner got up and lighted the big reading lamp.

But Frances Blake had lost interest in her book. She got up and went bareheaded into the April sunset.

The garden was fragrant with the smell of growing things. The odor of earth was pleasant.

From the woods at the north came a vagrant breeze. It bore a whiff of sassafras and violets and new leaves and springing grass.

"Oh!" cried Frances Blake, throwing her arms to the rosy clouds. "I must breathe this before it goes away."

So she wandered down the back path, through the orchard where robins were calling in low thrilling tones, where insects chirruped in the grasses.

Out of the orchard she wandered into the rolling pastures. Once or twice she crossed a fence.

She heard the distant clamor of the Tweedys' supper bell and scorned it.

It was a magic world, bathed in a rosy light. Bird songs, flower life and smell of springtime. Frances closed her eyes and leaned against the fence.

"Are you sick?" asked a man's quiet voice.

Frances looked up, startled. She saw a tall, broad shouldered man in a rough gray suit. His cleanly cut features were bronzed with sun and weather. There was a boyish look about him in spite of his gravity. He had good brown eyes and white, even teeth.

"Thank you, I am quite well," said Frances. "I was only enjoying the evening. It is so beautiful."

"You like it too?" he asked eagerly.

"I love it, but I don't dare mention those things. My neighbors believe one should take the beauties of nature as a matter of course."

"Like daffey bread, and water, and turnips, I suppose," laughed Frances.

He nodded.

"But one is supposed to enjoy bread and turnips and be thankful for them. God made sunshine and flowers and birds, and why not be grateful for those too?"

"I am," said Miss Blake quietly.

"And so should you."

"I am doubly so, since I have discovered another one who thinks as I do. Listen!"

From the orchard came the throbbing, haunting song of the first whip-poorwill.

"I am Frances Blake, the new school-

teacher," she said impulsively. "Who are you?"

He took her hand in his and clasped it in a friendly way.

"It?" he repeated in an altered tone. "Why, they call me 'Daffey Daniel.'" "Daffey Daniel!" Frances was startled. "How absurd of them! I meant your real name," she added.

"Daniel Ford," he said dazedly.

"Good night, Mr. Ford," said Frances. "Mrs. Tweedy is ringing the bell so desperately I must go."

He watched her cross the fields until she disappeared in the shadowy orchard.

That night Daffey Daniel startled Pond village folks by coming to prayer meeting, a place he had avoided for twenty years.

Perhaps he hoped the schoolteacher would be there. Perhaps it was a sudden whim. Anyway, old friends nodded at him, and women smiled, and the minister shook hands and called him "Mr. Ford."

Miss Blake did not go to prayer meeting. She sat alone in the sitting room and corrected exercises until the Tweedys came home from the church.

Mrs. Tweedy was filled with mild excitement.

"Daffey Daniel was at meeting!" she announced as she sank into a chair.

"Is that an unusual event?" smiled Miss Blake.

"Once in twenty years. Kinder unusual," remarked Abner dryly.

"It's queer!" ejaculated Mrs. Tweedy, and then she went on to tell about the forthcoming fair and carnival which was to be held in Firemen's hall.

"And the decorations are all crumpled paper and pink cheesecloth," ended Mrs. Tweedy. "Suppose it got afire?"

"That would be dreadful," shuddered Miss Blake as she went up to her room.

That night the schoolteacher dreamed that she attended the carnival in Firemen's hall and that suddenly the whole place was ablaze. Some one picked her up and bore her through fire and smoke to cool safety.

And she opened her eyes and saw that her heroic rescuer was Daffey Daniel.

"Why," she had said to him in wild surprise, "you are a man!"

And he had answered:

"A man asleep. You have awakened me."

She continued to think of Daniel Ford far more often than was necessary or required by mere pity for his lonely condition.

She knew now that many of his eccentricities were due to his habit of living alone with his grief. She knew that through systematic reading he had educated himself above his neighbors. Daffey Daniel was a gentleman and a scholar, and the attitude of his neighbors was incomprehensible.

The night of the carnival!

Firemen's hall was a bower of beauty, according to the Pondpoint Bugle. "Flowers, festoons and fair femininity crowded the floors," it said enthusiastically before it went on to describe the tragedy that followed.

In the middle of the festivities some one cried "Fire!"

There was a stampede for the single exit, but a man impeded the way, a big man with arms stretched across the doorway, who cried authoritatively:

"One at a time, one at a time! Women and children first!"

The man was Daffey Daniel, who had not attended a festival in twenty years.

While the firemen threw a feeble stream on the flimsy wooden structure Daniel Ford kept the crowd from panic until there remained a mere handful of people, who, frightened at the volumes of smoke pouring up the stairs, declined to go and huddled near the windows.

Among these Frances Blake lingered, encouraging, soothing and helping one and another.

Then Daniel Ford suddenly broke loose upon them, grasped a woman in his arms and rushed down the burning stairs to safety.

Again and again he made the perilous journey, until the room was in flames and there remained only the schoolteacher, pale and calm.

"You?" he groaned. "I must save you!"

"You have saved twenty lives or more, Daniel Ford," she smiled at him.

"Thank God!" he said reverently, "those will atone for the lives I could not save twenty years ago."

As he spoke the burning stairs fell with a crash.

A cry of horror went up from the waiting crowd.

Daniel Ford caught Frances in his arms even as she had dreamed.

"There is one chance. Will you trust me?"

"Yes," she said.

A large window opened on the roof of the square entrance porch. The corner of the porch jutted against the trunk of a huge tree.

Daniel stepped from the window to the roof and swung himself among the branches of the tree, Frances held in one strong arm.

The crowd cheered wildly, and a hundred hands leaped up to help him as he slid down to the ground.

But he gave the girl to no other hands. He stood there, dazed. A scorched, blackened figure, with the fire of manhood in his eyes.

"Three cheers for Daniel Ford!" yelled his neighbors, and as they gave it he knew that with the acclaim were the love and admiration of his friends. Never again would they call him "Daffey Daniel."

Then the roof fell in, and as the crowd ran toward the building Frances looked up into Daniel's face.

"Ah!" she breathed. "You are a man and a hero!"

His face glowed.

"I am glad for your sake," he said, and their eyes met and understood.

**Ask Any Sickie Smoker Why**

he sticks to Sickie plug and slices off each pipeful as he needs it.

Real tobacco flavor depends upon the leaf being preserved in its natural state, possible only by pressing the leaves into plug form and keeping it in by covering it with a natural leaf wrapper. The natural flavor and strength of tobacco escape when cut or granulated.

Take a Plug of Sickie that is even thoroughly dried out so that when you whittle it off it crumbles into dust, but it will burn and smoke smooth and cool as it has all of its original tobacco flavor preserved, unevaporated in Plug Form.

Whittling a pipeful is little trouble, amply repaid in both quality and quantity. Try this experiment and judge for yourself.

**3 Ounces 10c**

**Slice It as you use it**

**SICKIE**

**Remington UMC**

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WITH the rise of .22 rifle-shooting to the level of a sport, Remington-UMC became the fastest selling .22 ammunition in the world.

Whatever make of .22 rifle you shoot, Remington-UMC Cartridges will give you better, surer results than any other in the world.

Go to the leading dealer—the one who displays the Red Ball Mark of Remington-UMC.

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**William Tell Flour**

**Makes Cakes Like This!**

Light, tender, mouth-melting cake, the kind that you are proud to serve, whether it is just a cake you stirred up for the family or a splendid big rich one for the birthday party.

Wonderful for pastry, too, and just as good for biscuits, hot rolls and bread.

Goes farther—a help in household economy—because it is milled by a special process from Ohio Red Winter Wheat.

Your grocer will have it. Good grocers like to sell **William Tell Flour**

WHITCOMB, HAYNES & CO. C. W. GRINDAL.

**SUBSCRIBE FOR THE AMERICAN**

**WE LOAN A BANK**  
for home "money-catching", to all patrons who desire same. Better get yours to-day.  
**Nan., Co. Savings BANK, Ellsworth**

The local merchant who does not advertise is throwing open the door to the mail-order house, which does advertise, and which is looking for just such openings.

The Ellsworth American

A LOCAL AND POLITICAL JOURNAL PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON AT ELLSWORTH, MAINE. BY THE HANCOCK COUNTY PUBLISHING CO.

This week's edition of The American is 2,400 copies. Average per week for 1914, 2,500.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1915.

Developments of the week in this country's relations with the warring powers in Europe are the request by this country for the recall of the Austro-Hungarian ambassador at Washington, and the reopening of the submarine warfare discussion by a note from Germany claiming justification for the sinking of the steamship Arabic, the commander of the German submarine that sank the Arabic reporting that he believed the steamship was attempting to run him down.

Urges Ship Purchase Bill. The President has ordered the interstate commerce commission to investigate the transportation facilities and rates between this country and foreign nations.

Yet the President persists; and he intends to employ the power and influence and activities of any governmental agency in his attempt to force this obnoxious measure through Congress.

County Gossip. L. S. Cummings, of Ellsworth, is not the only Hancock county man who is growing the ever-bearing strawberries. Our East Bluehill correspondent writes that John Young, of South Surry, is supplying the market there with berries.

A Northeast Harbor correspondent of the Waterville Sentinel says that Representative Joseph W. Small is on the state, without opposition, to succeed Everett Ober as postmaster at Northeast Harbor next winter.

A Hancock county man, W. E. Cousins, of Stonington, has the distinction of being the first person to make application for a lobster license under the new law.

"Aunt Maria" of the M. B. column, claims the handsomest flower-garden in two towns, writes our North Orland correspondent.

HUMPBACK SALMON.

Supt. DeRoche, of Craig Brook Hatchery, Says They Have Returned. Supt. James D. DeRoche, of the United States fish hatchery at East Orland, says there is no doubt that the fish taken recently at the Bangor dam were humpback salmon, from fry planted last year.

The size of the fish, the largest being six and one-fourth pounds, led many to the conclusion that the fish were not of the humpback species, as it did not seem possible they could have reached that size from the fry planted in the early spring of last year.

William Drummey, of the Green Lake hatchery, spent several days last week in Ellsworth, trying to locate the humpback salmon in Union river, but could not secure positive proof that the fish have returned to this river.

In reply to your letter of inquiry relating to humpback salmon, I wish to say that in 1908 there were planted in Maine waters 578-135 fry and fingerlings, and in 1909 there were planted 428,988 fry.

There are five Pacific salmon, namely, quinnat, blueback, silver, humpback and dog. They all die at maturity, which is from two to five years, the humpback being the shortest-lived of any of the others.

Regarding the fish recently taken at Harrington, I am unable to give you any information, but if, as you say the description is identical with those captured at Bangor, then they are without doubt humpbacks.

Mrs. Dora Conant, who has spent some time here with her mother, Mrs. Mary Betts, has returned to Dedham, Mass. Mrs. Eva A. C. Wells and little daughter Pearl have returned home, after a visit with her parents, D. F. Closson and wife.

Mrs. Annie Silsby is visiting in Canada. School began Monday; Miss Julia Estey, teacher. E. A. Carter has gone a trip fishing with Capt. D. F. Closson.

DEMONSTRATION FARMS.

Remarkable Results Achieved in Vicinity of Ellsworth. The extension service of the University of Maine, in its farm demonstration work in Hancock county, is meeting with remarkable success.

Last Friday a small party of Ellsworth business men accompanied Mr. Worden on a visit to a few of the demonstration farms in the vicinity of Ellsworth, and saw for themselves the remarkable results of farming by scientific methods.

The first farm visited was that of S. L. Burns, at Nicolin, and this perhaps furnished the most remarkable object lesson of the day.

Mr. Burns accepted condolences and ridicule with equal good nature, and called in the farm demonstrator. It was decided to raise potatoes and oats in rotation.

Mr. Burns has not only adopted modern methods of farming, but modern methods of farm accounting. He knows what each piece of land costs him to operate.

The party then drove through Surry and up to the farm of Ralph Cushman, in Ellsworth, where material evidence is given of what can be done with an old orchard.

This orchard furnished a striking comparison with the young orchard of S. S. Estey, which was then visited, and which under the demonstration methods is coming forward rapidly.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity.

OBITUARY.

Mrs. Charles H. Hayes. The death of Mrs. Charles H. Hayes occurred on Thursday afternoon at her home here, at the age of seventy-six years and ten months.

Mrs. Hayes was the daughter of Robert and Ann McFarland, and was born and had always lived in Ellsworth. She was married to Mr. Hayes fifty-seven years ago.

Mrs. Irving Scammons. Agnes, wife of Irving Scammons, died Thursday, at the age of fifty-four years. She had been an invalid for years, the result of rheumatic fever, but the immediate cause of death was a paralytic shock which she suffered a few days before.

Mrs. Elizabeth George. Elizabeth, widow of William George, died Thursday at her home on Sterling street, aged sixty-eight years.

Workers For Our Welfare. Both the horse and the dog have been called "man's best friend," and good reasons can be given for this characterization.

The Biological Survey reports that a tree swallow's stomach was found to contain forty whole chinch bugs and fragments of many others.

Thirty-five cliff swallows had devoured an average of eighteen cotton boll weevils each. Two stomachs of pine siskins from California held 900 black olive scales and 3,000 plant lice.

A night hawk had eaten at one meal 340 grasshoppers, forty-two bugs, three beetles, two wasps and a spider. In the crop of a ring-necked pheasant from Washington 8,000 seeds of chickweed and dandelion heads were discovered.

Advertisements.

Old Reliable MUSIC STORE ESTABLISHED 1886. Sheet Music and Music Books, Motorcycles, Bicycles, Sewing Machines, Victor and Edison Talking Machines, Typewriters, Vacuum Cleaners, Post Cards of local views.

For Sale. Legal Notices. The Wm. Oke-or John Messer place, so-called on the east side of Bangor, Ellsworth, Maine, consisting of about fifteen acres of land and good dwelling house and outbuildings.

JIGGERS. ONE HORSE, crank-axle and cutter dusters, both light and heavy; \$35 to \$100. Several single team harness; also one horse. BAR HARBOR TRAMWAY CO., Bar Harbor, Me. Telephone 516.

Desirable Tenement. FIRST class, desirable tenement. All modern conveniences and stable. Formerly Dr. Greely house on south side of Main street, nearly opposite Hancock hall.

Wanted. The address of every woman who would like to earn (and easily can) a beautiful pair of bonnets \$4.00 shoes. For particular address HAY STATE Hosiery Co., Lynn, Mass.

Regal Notices. STATE OF MAINE. Hancock ss.-At a probate court held at Ellsworth, in and for said county of Hancock, on the seventh day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and fifteen.

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Wm. O. EMERY TITLES ELLSWORTH, MAINE. Estimates made and abstracts and copies furnished on short notice, and at reasonable price.

Small text at the bottom of the page, possibly a continuation of advertisements or notices.



COUNTY NEWS

WEST FRANKLIN.

Frank Bradbury has been ill several days. Charles Coombs was a visitor in Bangor this week. Walter Coombs and Lester Clark are home from the Island. Miss Lela Smith is the guest of Mrs. Harry Clark at Beechland. Mrs. Bunker, of Gouldsboro, is employed at Clarence Morse's. Miss Edith Butler, who has been at Islesford, has returned home. Harry Wooster, of Old Town, spent Sunday with his family here. Jesse Rollins is at home from Seal Harbor, where he has been employed. Mrs. George F. Springer is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Stanley, in Brewer. George Bradbury, John Williams and Howard Springer left Tuesday for Aroostook county. Alice and Lorene Ryder are home from Hancock Point. Miss Lorene will teach the Georges Pond district. The Pulitzer brothers, of Bar Harbor, have been in town on a duck hunting trip, with A. C. Williams as guide. Friday night at large number of friends surprised Mrs. C. T. Goodwin by assembling in honor of her birthday. Mr. and Mrs. Clous, of Lamoine, and Madame Clous, of Revere, Mass., who is visiting them, are guests of Maynard Hodgkins and wife. Mrs. W. E. Savage, who has made an extended visit with her sister, Mrs. King, in Billerica, Mass., and her son Newman, in New York, is at home. Gerald McKenzie, who has been employed at Seal Harbor, is with his grandparents, R. H. Williams and wife. He will enter U. of M. this year. Gertie Shuman, accompanied by her sister-in-law, Mrs. Bickford, of Milo, who has been visiting her brother Lewis, left Saturday for a visit at Great Pond. Mrs. Pearl B. Day of Calais, is visiting relatives here. Mr. Day, the popular mail clerk on the Washington county run, will join her here to-day for a short visit. Mrs. Eugene Orcutt went to Bar Harbor Sunday to accompany her son Hollis home from the hospital, where he has been for several weeks, ill of typhoid fever. High school begins to-day. There will be a large entering class. Among those from this part of the town to enter this term are Lela Smith, Maurice Somes, Rena Coombs, Langdon Smith, Ruth Sawyer, Percy Goodwin, Alice Ryder, Lester Orcutt, Leslie Clark, Irvin Urran. Two annual events were held at Hardison's grove last week, with clear skies and an attendance larger than usual. Monday was the gathering of the G. A. R. veterans and their friends, and as this is always held on Labor day, is a popular outing. Addresses and recitations appropriate to the day, added much to the interest of the occasion. Friday the reunion of the Butler family was held. Mrs. Henry French gave several readings in her inimitable manner. A picnic dinner, business meeting and games for the younger ones made a happy day. Sept. 13. ECHO.

WEST SULLIVAN.

Mrs. D. A. Hooper has returned from Hancock Point. Peter Milne has moved into the G. W. Pettigill house. E. F. Clapham and wife have returned from Etna camp-meeting. Morton Bunker, of Brighton, Mass., recently visited relatives here. Mrs. G. F. Hooper and daughter Doris are at home from Bar Harbor. Miss Alma Cook has gone to West Somerville, Mass., for the winter. Armand Joy, who has been employed at the Rangeley Lake house, is home. Capt. G. D. Blake, who is in the employ of the Lehigh Valley R. R. Co., is at home on a short visit. Miss Jessie G. Colby has gone to Woolwich to teach. She has been a guest of Mrs. H. H. Havey. Miss C. Belle Lawrence is at home from Alliston, Mass., where she has been with her aunt, Mrs. Harriet C. Hill. Miss Maud Shaw, who has been a guest of Mrs. George Rinaldo, has gone to Steuben. Mrs. Maggie Smith, of Steuben, has also been a guest of Mrs. Rinaldo. Miss Jane Jones, of Milo, who is to be teacher of music in the schools, and Walter Havey, of Tunk Pond, Pauline Kingsley, of West Gouldsboro, and Wilton Hanna, of East Sullivan, are at D. A. Patchen's for the fall term of school. Sept. 13. M.

EAST LAMOINE.

Miss Delia McGown, of Ellsworth, recently visited Miss Jane Smith. School begins this morning; Mrs. Susie Bishop, of Hancock, teacher. Mrs. Guy Blackmer and little daughter Jane, of St. Louis, Mo., are at L. Gilpatrick's. Andrew, youngest son of Dyer Young, is seriously ill after an operation for appendicitis. Arthur Abbott, wife and three children are visiting Mr. Abbott's mother, Mrs. Clara Abbott. Miss Mary Stevens, who has spent a week with Mrs. E. D. H. Moody, left for her home in Springfield, Mass., Sunday. Mrs. A. L. Kinella, Miss Annie Kinella and Miss Helen Cloud, who have spent the summer at L. Gilpatrick's, have returned to their homes in Cincinnati, O. Miss Louise Leighton, of Everett, Mass., Miss Grace Perkins, of Salem, Mass., and Miss Lucia Spooner, of Superior, Wis., who have been at L. Gilpatrick's, have returned to their homes. Sept. 13. G.

NORTH SULLIVAN.

S. Ellen Hall has gone to Old Town to teach. Weston Robertson is having his house painted. Mrs. Ada Williams was in Bar Harbor last week. Mrs. Della Jellison, who has been ill, is improving. Miss Beatrice Gordon has gone to Castine normal school. Mrs. Ella Reid, of North Joy, visited friends here last week. Harvard Blaisdell and Dorothy Taylor left for the U. of M. Monday. Mrs. Nellie Robertson, who has been employed at Hancock Point, is home. Agnes Hall, who spent the summer in Sorrento, has returned to her home here. Mrs. Blanche Baker and Miss Mattie Jellison, of Bar Harbor, were here Sunday. Mrs. William Bunker is in poor health. Her sister, Mrs. Fannie Dunbar, is with her. Rosa Bowden, who has been employed at Northeast Harbor, after a short visit at home has gone to Franklin to teach. The Golden Rule society was pleasantly entertained Wednesday by Mrs. Inez Newman. A picnic dinner was enjoyed. Mr. and Mrs. Kimball, of Bethel, Vt., who have been visiting their daughter, Mrs. W. O. Newman, have returned home. All the town schools commenced Sept. 13, with the same teachers as last year, with the exception of the grammar school. All the quarries are closed down, and the men are leaving town in search of employment. Twenty-six left Tuesday and Wednesday of last week, most of them going to Aroostook county. Sept. 13. H.

FRANKLIN.

Burleigh Swan and little son Leslie have returned to Lawrence, Mass. The fall term of high school which opened Monday is well attended. Advertisement for Scott's Emulsion is at the bottom of the page.

Additional news items from West Franklin, West Sullivan, East Lamoine, and North Sullivan.

NORTH LAMOINE.

Mrs. Fred Davis is home from Waterville for a few weeks. Mrs. Wellington Barbour, of Foxcroft, is visiting her old home here. James Tweedie and family returned to their home in Cambridge, Mass., to-day. Mrs. William Tower, of Southwest Harbor, is spending a few weeks at Mrs. E. F. Young's. Alvia Walls, who has been employed at Somerville, came home on Monday. He will enter Higgins classical institute at the beginning of the school year.

OBITUARY.

George W. Graves, a respected citizen, died at his home August 31, after a lingering illness. Mr. Graves was born in Lamoine, May 29, 1848. At the age of seventeen years he went to Portland to learn the mason's trade, remaining there three years, then going to Boston for a while, and later coming to Waterville, where he did contract work. He also, while there, united with the order of Masonry, and later married Julia A. Bioridan, of that city. After his marriage he returned to his native town, where he had since resided, working at his trade at Bar Harbor for twenty years. Owing to failing health he was obliged to settle down quietly at home, where for twenty years he suffered with a complaint that slowly undermined his system until last winter, when it took on a more violent form, but he bore his suffering manfully and patiently, looking forward to the time when his suffering would end, and died trusting in the Lord. Mr. Graves was a charter member of Lamoine grange, and was interested in all that pertained to the good of the town. He was a genial, kind-hearted neighbor and a devoted husband. Funeral services were held at the Baptist church Thursday, the pastor, Rev. W. H. Rice, officiating. The Bar Harbor Odd Fellows were present, and held services at the grave, he being a member of that order. He leaves a widow and two brothers—Warren, of this town, and Alvah, of Ellsworth. Sept. 9. Y.

TRENTON.

Mrs. George Moore spent last week in Boston. School began this morning; Mrs. K. L. Moore, Jr., teacher. Mrs. Nathalie C. Young has gone to Kenduskeag to teach. Arthur Jordan is visiting his sister, Mrs. Woodworth, in Bar Harbor. Thompson T. Leland has gone to live with his daughter, Mrs. Leroy Davis. Benjamin F. Jordan left Saturday to visit his son Edward in New York and his daughter, Mrs. Thomas McDonald, in New Jersey. Sept. 13. MAY.

HANCOCK POINT.

Merton Hodgkins, of Indiana, is home. Ernest Hopkins, of Trenton, is visiting here. Minnie Ball has gone to Presque Isle to teach. Eleanor Ball has gone to Charleston to attend school. Hollis Reed has gone to Sullivan to attend high school. Dr. Purnell and Mrs. H. W. Dunne, who have been guests of Miss Brownell, have returned to Connecticut. Sept. 12. A.

EGYPT.

Miss Marion West has gone to Bar Harbor to teach. Mrs. James W. Clark has returned from a visit in Massachusetts. Miss Edith West, of Bar Harbor, spent Sunday with relatives here. Percy Clarke and wife returned Wednesday to their home in Stonington, after a visit to Mr. Clarke's parents, J. W. Clark and wife. Sept. 12. H. C.

COUNTY NEWS

Advertisement for Prince Albert tobacco featuring a picture of a man smoking.

Advertisements for Prince Albert tobacco, including a testimonial from John E. Bach.



Advertisement text for Prince Albert tobacco: 'P. A. is sold everywhere in tippy red bags...'

COUNTY NEWS

Advertisements for Prince Albert tobacco, including a testimonial from Mrs. Dorcas Allen.

Advertisements for Prince Albert tobacco, including a testimonial from Mrs. John T. Main.

Advertisements for Prince Albert tobacco, including a testimonial from Mrs. Louis P. Cole.

Advertisements for Prince Albert tobacco, including a testimonial from W. F. Bruce.

REACH.

Advertisements for Prince Albert tobacco, including a testimonial from Lester Gray.

REAL COVE.

Advertisements for Prince Albert tobacco, including a testimonial from J. T. Knowlton.

MCKINLEY.

Advertisements for Prince Albert tobacco, including a testimonial from Dr. Holden.

PARTRIDGE COVE.

Advertisements for Prince Albert tobacco, including a testimonial from Mrs. John Freble.

COUNTY NEWS

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PARTRIDGE COVE.

Advertisements for Prince Albert tobacco, including a testimonial from Mrs. John Freble.

Large advertisement for Prince Albert tobacco with the headline 'P. A. spells tobacco all over the world'.

Text for Prince Albert advertisement: 'Men of all tastes take to Prince Albert pipe and cigarette tobacco like it just about answers all questions!'

PRINCE ALBERT the national joy smoke

Text for Prince Albert advertisement: 'is the one brand of tobacco you can take liberties with, firing away 24-hours straight without a tongue-kick!'

Text for Prince Albert advertisement: 'Cut out lamenting for that old jimmy pipe stored away in the rafters; stop fretting about how you'd like to roll 'em, but you dassn't. Men, you can lay your last cent that you'll be top-notch-tickled if you catch the spirit of this testimony and get some P. A. and go to it!'

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., Winston-Salem, N. C.

Advertisement for Scott's Emulsion with the headline 'HAVE YOU WEAK LUNGS?' and a picture of a man.



