The Tame Trout
AND OTHER
Backwoods Fairy Tales

As narrated by that Veracious Chronicler
Edward Grant, Esq. of Beaver Pond, Me
PRICE 10 CENTS.
THE TAME TROUT
And Other Fairy Tales

NARRATED BY
ED GRANT of Beaver Pond, Maine

CHRONICLED BY
FRANCIS I. MAULE of Philadelphia

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The Monarch of the Woods

A sonnet to the most powerful of the game of the Seven Ponds region.

F ten-prong buck and sleek fat doe they often speak to you,
Or by the hour spin yarns of moose and wandering caribou:
With 'scapes from bear they'll raise your hair and make your eyes stand out,
But the real "boss" of this forest-land they never brag about.

No branching antlers grace its head, no tusks its jaws adorn,
But it hath might to put to flight the bravest guide yet born.
It hath no paw with cruel claw to rend you limb from limb,
But prayer and praise we seldom raise when we run onto him,
For molten lead, or pepper red, or e'en "Gehenna's" hinges,
Are cool—beside the fiery strings of those Infernal ! ! Minges ! !

—Francis I. Maule.
The Beaver Terror

Ed Grant's great secret of how to catch big trout is given to the world in the following:

D G***t lay dying on his bed, a faithful son stood by
To cheer this Washington of Guides who could not tell a lie.
All his long life he'd roamed the woods and fished the waters round,
Shot deer that weighed a ton when dressed,
cought trout all just ten pound

"Oh, father dear," the lad exclaimed, "before you breathe your last,
Make known to me the bait you used or sort of fly you cast,
Such as you tell about in camp when visitors are by,
For pulling out those monstrous fish that ne'er meet sportsman's eye,
That sends them off to dream of whales and dolphins playing round,
And sends them out to catch next day—say twenty to the pound."

"Come hither, son," the father said, and whispered in his ear,
"I charge you guard the secret well when I am gone from here;
Fetch hither now yon time worn pack and you will find within
The secret of my great success wrapped in a beaver's skin."
The package opened by the boy with eager, trembling hand,
Contained the richest, rarest fly of this or any land.
"Use this," he murmured, "every time, you'll never make an error.
You ask its name? I call this gnat for short 'The Beaver Terror.'"
And then the good man passed away and with the truthful slept,
And many years the 'Terror-Flv' was as a secret kept.
But by degrees as such things do the mystery leaked out,
Till now no guide would stoop to take less than a ten-pound trout.
He simply takes this little gnat and trails it o'er the ice,
Having first cut a good sized hole and trimming the edges nice.
Up from the depths in eager haste there rolls the monster trout,
But soon he passes in his checks with the "Terror" in his snout.
Now gentle reader take a hint, forswear all other flies,
Use "Beaver Terror" every day and scorn to tell fish lies.

—Francis I. Maule.
Lay of the Buckboard Shay

Written by Mrs. H. S. Noble and Miss Daisy N. Ives.

HAVE you heard of the wonderful Buckboard Shay
That brought us from Rangeley here in a day,
To the edge of the pond where the beaver stamp,
And where we finally found our camp?
Have you really heard of that vehicle? say!
If not, we can tell you one or two
Little events which may happen to you
If ever you try to take the trip
In that stout and marvelous mountain ship—
The clattering, shattering Buckboard Shay.

Starting was easy; we rode away
With a song and a laugh for a mile or two
On a level road, and we said we knew
That Buckboard riding was "lovely fun,"
And for locomotion, this was the one
And only method that seemed worth while,
But the driver smiled with a knowing smile,
And on we went for another mile.

Then all of a sudden came a lurch
Like a bucking horse, and from our perch
We shot in the air, like corks that are tied
To little popguns, and then our ride
Began to assume proportions true,
Three on a seat, (and the seats were two,) We clutched each other, and clutched the side,
Clutched the straps where our things were tied
To keep them from bouncing to "Kingdom come"—
Clutched the air—and the bushes—some;
Clutched at anything on that ride:
Struck out blindly with hand and foot,
As we jolted along over rock and root,
Down in a mud hole's oozy grime
Drowning menaced us from the slime.
But over the hubs we waded in
Where the depths were blacker than blackest sin,
And the driver went on grinning his grin,
The horses pulled us out of the slump
And jerked us over the next old stump,
Not like the chariots of old
Driven by Romans free and bold,
Where the wheels swept smooth 'twixt the stepping stones
But crashing over them till our bones
Wrenched and creaked and uttered groans;
And, oh, the terrible sighs we sighed!
And the swears we swore on that terrible ride!
And oh! the terrible gum we chewed,
To keep the key of our spirits screwed!
Into a slough now driving deep,
While blood would curdle and flesh would creep,
Then with a gurgle, and drip, drip, drip,
Up we rose like a heaving ship!
With a sidelong bump, on a dizzy height
Of stone or corduroy we would light,
Till we landed at last with a final shake
On the shores of Kennebago lake.

Oh! then came heaven—that blissful ride
Over the hill-rimmed sparkling tide.
The blue lake dimpled as blue lakes will
And lapped at the base of the fir-crowned hill,
And we quite forgot as we drank our fill
Of the breeze, that another and worse ride still
Was waiting for us on the farther shore.
Well, we anchored the steeds to the shay once more;
Anchored our feet to the Buckboard floor;
Anchored our hands to the dear old straps;
Anchored with ropes our various traps,
And again jounced on in the same old way
In another remarkable Buckboard Shay.

Twelve long miles thus runs my tale,
Of rocky height and miry vale,
Till the dark dropped down and the day turned pale
And a final lurch shot us into the trail
To Ed Grant's camps, where a friendly guide
Pried us out of the Buckboard tracks
Straightened the curvatures out of our backs
And led with a lantern and manly stride
To the shore of the welcome Beaver Pond
And paddled us into the camp beyond.

The moon laughed out of a cloud like snow,
Another laughed from the pond below,
And the trim, tall fir trees they laughed, too,
And the bull frogs laughed; and so would you
If you could have seen our ludicrous crew
As we climbed the bank on the further shore
And entered our low, log-cabin door,
And dropped our packs on the puncheon floor.
Then we clustered around the open fire
And the mud on our clothes kept getting drier,
And our spirits rose up high and higher,
Till after a little change of dress
And a glorious meal, I will confess,
We voted the trip a great success.

And now for the fun we've had since then,
It can never be told by stroke of pen
We have trailed the trails and we've fished for fish,
And we've caught as many as heart could wish.
We've cast about over pond and stream
With rod and fly for the darting gleam
And the whirling rush of the hungry trout,
By tens and dozens we've pulled them out
We've eaten them—chowder and stew and fry,
We've eaten them wet and we've eaten them dry,
But best of all is the roasted trout,
Dressed and salted inside and out,
Wrapped in a paper wet and stout,
And buried in ashes till the heat
Makes them fit for the gods to eat.
One of our party, the artist, bent
On reaching fame in a new way, went
Out to fish in the big Pond Hole.
With a happy thought she dropped her pole;
Off from a tree some bark she stole,
And traced the form of a big, big fish—
He would have satisfied the wish
Of any angler, in weight or size;
But alas! he was only a pack of lies
And thus did the artist false and bold
Foist the sketch on those fishermen old,
And they grimly smiled as the truth leaked out—
For the fins of a perch don't grow on a trout.

So day after day glides softly by
On the tranquil pond 'neath the bending sky;
The clouds slide ever the mountain tops
And into the forest the sweet rain drops;
Then the sun shines out, and dries the rain
And the next day does it over again,
And we fish and loaf, and fish and tramp
From pond to pond and from camp to camp,
And our hearts go up and our purses down
But there's never a grumble, never a frown,
For our food is good, and our beds like down,
And our limbs grow strong and our faces brown,
And all of us dread to face the day
When we have to pack, and go our way
From the heart of the woods to the hateful town.
But we'll carry with us memories fond
Of the jolliest camp and the pleasantest pond
That ever hid in the forest green,
And the kindest host that ever was seen.
And we'll never forget to our dying day
Our thrilling ride in the Buckboard Shay.

And this is the tale of our trip to Maine
And to prove that our journey was not in vain
We're ready to take it over again.
Grant's Tame Trout

The sage of Beaver Camp sat sunning himself on the bench beside the cook camp, the bench so widely known as the scene of countless weary hours of that perpetual toiler. He seemed to be smoking an old black pipe, whereas he was only dropping matches into its empty bowl at intervals of three minutes, agreeable to the terms of his contract with the American Match trust.

As he so sat and pondered, the writer at that time a recent arrival, approached and said: "Mr. Grant, I wish you would give me the true history of your wonderful success in taming a trout. I have heard of it in all parts of the world but I have always longed to hear the story direct from headquarters."

"Well, it really ain't so much of a story," replied the famous chronicler. "It was this way. Nine year ago the eleventh day of last June, I was fishin' out there in the pads, and right under that third yaller leaf to the right of the channel—yes, that one with the rip in it—I ketched a trout 'bout six inches long. I never see a more intelligent lookin.
little feller—high forehead, smooth face round, dimpled chin, and a most uncommon bright, sparklin', knowin' eye.

"I always' allowed that with patience and cunning a real young trout (when they gets to a heft of 10 or 15 pounds there ain't no teachin' them nothin') could be tamed jest like a dog or cat.

"There was a little water in the boat and he swims around in it all right till I goes ashore and then I gets a tub we had, made of the half of a pork barrel, fills it with water and bores a little small hole through the side close down to the bottom and stops the hole with a peg.

"I sets this tub away back in a dark corner of the camp and every night after the little fellow gets asleep I slip in, in my stockin' feet, and pulls out the peg softly and lets out jest a little mite of the water. I does this night after night so mighty sly that the little chap never suspected nothin' and he was a-livin' hale and hearty for three weeks on the bottom of that tub as dry as a cook stove, and then I knowed he was fit for trainin'.

"So I took him out o' doors and let him wiggle awhile on the path and soon got to feedin' him out of my hand. Pretty soon after that, when I walked somewhat slow (I'm
naturally quite a slow walker, some folks think) he could follow me right good all around the clearin', but sometimes his fins did get ketched up in the brush jest a mite and I had to go back and swamp out a little trail for him; bein' a trout, of course he could easy follow a spotted line.

"Well, as time went on, he got to follerin' me most everywhere and hardly ever lost sight of me, and me and him was great friends, sure enough.

"Near about sundown one evening, I went out to the spring back of the camp, same one as you cross goin' to Little Island, to get some butter out of a pail, and, of course, he comes trottin' along behind. There was no wind that night, I remember, and I could hear his poor little fins a-raspin' on the chips where we'd been gettin' out splits in the cedar swamp. Well, sir, he follered me close up and came out onto the logs across the brook and jest as I was a-stoopin' down over the pail I heard a kee-plunk! behind me and Gorry! if he hadn't slipped through a chink between them logs and was drownded before my very eyes before I could reach him, so he was." Here a tear started from the good old man's eye on a very dusty trip down his time stained cheek.
“Of course I was terrible cut up at first—I couldn’t do a stroke of work for three weeks—but I got to thinkin’ that as it was comin’ on cold (it was late in November then) and snow would soon be here and he, poor little cuss, wasn’t rugged enough for snowshoein’ and he couldn’t folle r me afoot all winter no how, and as he couldn’t live without me, mebby it was just as well after all he was took off that way. Do you know, Mister, some folks around here don’t believe a word of this, but if you’ll come down to the spring with me, right now, I’ll show you the very identical chink he dropped through that night, so I will. I’ve never allowed anyone to move it. No, sir! nor I never will.”

Here the old man dropped match number thirty-seven* into his pipe and sucked at it hard in silence, while I crept softly away on tiptoes. I never could bring myself to speak of it again, after seeing him so deeply moved—I never could.

*Ed Grant’s regular allowance is one pound of tobacco to each gross of matches used.

FRANCIS I. MAULE.
LOT of us were standing behind the camps up at Beaver Pond one afternoon, when a partridge flew across the clearing just as Ed strolled up and joined us. As he saw the bird vanish in the woods, he said:

"I never see a partridge that I don't think of a mighty curious experience I had with one 'bout twenty years ago over there on the side of Boil mountain. My brother, same one as you've often heard me speak of, an awful good fellow but just the least mite shy of work, was a corporal in the third Maine Volunteers and when he came home after the war he brought his gun with him. It was a Springfield rifle and he had it bored out to shoot shot and used it quite a lot, and he sometimes made round bullets for it that were about as big as pigeon eggs. When he went to sea as captain of a schooner trading between Halifax and New York, he sent that gun and the bullet mold for it up to me and I used to shoot it considerable and took a great fancy to it.

"One afternoon I went over to Boil mountain to hunt an ax one of the boys had lost
over there, and took along the old gun that had one of those big balls in it to shoot a big hawk that roosted in a big birch. Well, as I was crossing the trail, up jumps a fine, big cock partridge, wheels around to the left and sails off. I throws up the gun mighty quick and let drive at him, but he kept straight on through the bushes and I never saw him again and soon forgot all about him.

"About a month after that I went out to Portland and met my brother, who had called there for some freight, and after talking about various matters he said:

"'Ed, didn't you shoot that old gun of mine at a cock partridge about 2 o'clock on Tuesday, October 18th?'

"I thought a minute and then remembered the day perfectly, and said 'Yes: I did. What of it?'

"'Well, Ed,' says he, 'I was just outside of Portland harbor that day when I sees about 4 o'clock what looked like a bird away off in the distance come straight for the Ananias Junior, that's my schooner, you know. I was at the wheel when he came up and passed close by and a more miserable lookin' bird I never see. The feathers was all wore off his neck and breast and the bones all but burstin' through the skin, his wings
was wore and blunted like a turkey wing used to sweep the hearth with and his tail all gone but jest two pointed feathers, and the sweat in big drops was a-drippin' steady from the pint of his beak. He did look awful, to be sure, and I couldn't imagine what ailed him till I took another look and then I see. Right behind him in a straight line and jest about a foot away, was a bullet that I easily recognized as mine, though it was all wore down as flat as a penny, and its edges was like saw teeth with buckin' agin the sharp east wind for two hours. The bird was doing all the flying it could and the bullet workin' powerful hard to cut down that lead of twelve inches, but neither of 'em could gain a bit. It really was the most exciting race I ever see.'

"'Well,' says I, 'how did it end?'"

"'End! how did it end? What would I not give to know? One minute after they passed me, the bird flew into a thick fog and that poor old bullet chased in after it and I never saw either of 'em again.'"

Here there was a dead silence for at least a minute, when Grant says: "Boys, don't never use round bullets; they're too blamed lazy for any wing shootin'." And then the meeting broke up.

Francis I. Maule.
A Remarkable Bear Skin

R. GRANT, that's a very fine skin on my camp floor," remarked L. one day to the Beaver Pond sachem. "Did you kill the bear?"

"Yes, that's a mighty purty hide, sure enough, and I guess it's the only bear's pelt in these United States that ain't got any bullet hole or knife stab in it. Billy and me got him about five years ago in a cedar swamp near the pond hole between here and Big Island, and we had a whole heap of fun with him, to be sure.

"John J. Wilbur had left one of his biggest bear traps at the camp that fall, and we had it set jest off the trail near the pond hole. We'd been seein' fresh tracks and gnawings around there for a month or more, and we knew there must be a real old big one livin' around near by.

"Well, one day as we were coming back home from choppin', we hears a tremendous growlin' coming out of a blow down, and when we crep' softly up, there he was, sure enough. Jest how he managed to get ketched the way he was is more than I ever could tell you, but there he was, with jest his
tail hard and fast in John’s big trap (John J.’s the greatest bear trapper in these parts) and the trap and clog was wedged solid and fast in the strong crotch of a limb of a big fallen spruce. We had no gun along, and so we left him where he was and went on along home, as it was coming on dark.

"After supper that night I got to thinkin’ what a pity it would be to shoot holes in such a splendid pelt as his’n, and I made up a plan that I knew, if we could only work it out, would save marking his hide, but it certainly was considerable risky. The more I thought it over the more I felt that we could work it out, and so I made up my mind to chance it.

"I waited for ten days and then went over to the swamp to see what was doin’, and there was Mr. Bear safe enough. He hadn’t moved an inch from where the trap first caught up, but he was that poor, jest nothing but skin and bones, but he was mighty lively all the same.

"After I’d looked him over well, I saw he was all right to try my plan on, so I goes home and gets Billy, with his gun and a long, slim, cedar pole and fastens to the end of it a whole deer’s liver that I’d buried for a week to season it up like.
“When we got back to the bear I stood Billy off to one side in a handy place, sort of quarterin’, and then I creeps out along the spruce trunk, behind Mr. Bear of course, till I could easy reach on ahead of him with the pole, which was fifteen foot long or thereabouts. Well, sir, I rests the pole on a little limb so that the chunk of liver was jest about a foot in front of his nose and then I sat still and waited for results.

“Well, sir, the fun began mighty sudden, it certainly did. Mr. Bear could not stand the smell of that high flavored liver, and him without a bit to eat for ten days, ’ceptin’ the bark he’d clawed off all around him as far as he could reach out for it, and he gave a big lunge at it. Of course after starvin’ ten days and nights he was everlastin’ loose in his hide (don’t forget that, Mister,) and when I shoved the pole ahead jest a mite he gave another wicked lunge to get it, and at that second lunge, would you believe it? his nose and whole head had slipped clean out past his ears and showed up bright red and bleedin’ considerable, which certainly was very encouragin.’

“Well, sir, I kept on pushin’ the pole ahead, and him a-follerin’ it up, till all his fore parts was skun out as clean and purty as
anything you ever see; and then I began to feel mighty nervous and no mistake, for fear the trap might let go of his tail—a bear's tail never has much bigness anyway. Yes, I was considerable anxious over that question, but it held to him like a poor relation. So I kep' on movin' the liver up purty lively, and him follerin' up faster and faster. He'd got real mad by now, as the cold air on his fresh skun body made it tingle a bit and I could see that mighty soon he'd be terrible short of clothes and so I sings out to Billy: 'Shoot jest as soon as his knees come out and show up plain.'

"Well, sir, it wasn't more than ten minutes after that before bang! goes Billy's Winchester and Mr. Bear, 'most naked now, lay over stone dead.

"Of course we skins his feet out in no time and took off the trap and starts in to dress the carcass; but, bless you, it was so everlastin' poor (it wouldn't weigh a hundred) that we jest buried it and takes the whole hide home to show it was in one piece.

"Of course I had to split the pelt to make it lay out flat on the floor, but there's no bullet hole nor knife stab in it for a fact and I rather guess it's about the only skin in America, or anywhere else, of that kind."
“Well, yes, it certainly was a mighty risky, foolish bit of doing and if anything had chanced to make the trap let go, I’d most likely not be tellin’ you about it now, most probably not; and now, sir, you know the true story of that fine hide in your camp.”

At this junction Ed spat softly upon his upturned palm, picked up his ax and started for the woodpile, while the lot of us followed him with our eyes and all feel profoundly thankful that the trap held.

Francis I. Maule.
LOT of us were standing outside of the cook camp after dinner one day, when someone in the party said: "Mr. Grant, who is reckoned the best boatman around Rangeley?"

After a long pause and a few puffs at the "match tank," Ed looked up and delivered himself as follows:

"That's a purty hard question for me to answer now as I don't pretend to keep track of all the guides these days. Time was when I guess Corneil Richardson was as good as any, and they used to say of me (of course behind my back) that I was no slouch with either pole, oar or paddle. A good many summers back—no matter just how many—I had a lot of fun with a couple of young fellers from Harvard college, who were stopping down to the Mountain View.

"They had brought in with them a mighty purty little cedar boat. They called it a pair oar, I remember, and they used to row around in it considerable and seemed to have an idee that they were 'it.' One day quite a party of us were down on the slip and we all got to talking about boats and the like, when
one of these fellers—a big, blue-eyed chap, seems to me his name was Hardy or Harvey, I disremember which, but that don't matter— says to me: 'Mr. Grant, I'll bet you $10 me and my partner can beat you to Rangeley wharf if you'll give us five minutes' start.'

"Well, I didn't have $10 by me then, but two or three of the guides insisted that I should give the boys a sample of Rangeley rowing and they put up the cash. The boys soon had their little boat in the water ready to start, while I looked around to see what sort of a boat I could pick up, but the only thing I could get was a heavy, square end scow that leaked quite a little, but I found I had to take that or nothing.

"After the boys started, and they did row off very purty, sure enough, I jumps into the scow and starts after them, while all hands waved their hands and cheered. Well, sir, I was young and tough in those days and it didn't take me long to slide past those boys as if they was anchored, and then I settled down to make a Rangeley lake record, and I put my back and arms into it after a fashion that made the boat fairly fly through the water. Purty soon the water that was sloshin' up and down in the scow began to smoke considerable, and I felt the oars gettin' hotter
and hotter in my hands. Then I soon found that I could not bear my feet on the bottom of the boat and could smell the soles of my shoes as they charred when I touched it. After a bit smoke began to curl up from under the boat, and hundreds of queer little white dots was a-bobbin' up and down in the wake as far back as I could see.

"Still I stuck to it, but the heat was something dreadful—get ashore I must, and the blades of both oars was now all wore off and the stumps was charred black. Well, sir, that boat fairly flew through the water in a thick cloud of steam and I could see that it was either beach her soon or perish. Still I stuck to it and at last ran her up on the beach and not one minute too soon, sir, for, would you believe it? jest as I jumped out of her the old scow burst into flames and was a heap of ashes in less than ten minutes. I didn't even have time to snatch my coat and hat and they was burned up, too.

"What became of the boys, did you say? Oh! I never saw them again and I believe that they was so disgusted that they sold their boat and went off home next day."

"Mr. Grant, did you ever find out what all of those white dots in the wake were?"

"Oh, yes! I forgot to mention them."
Well, sir, that was a mighty curious thing, to be sure. Al Sprague came along in his boat a little later and saw thousands of what looked like bits of tallow, so he took a landing net and scooped up enough to fill a ten quart pail. Well, sir, you'd hardly guess what they really were. They were little chubs and minnows, all of 'em boiled white!

Of course no one in that crowd said anything as Ed finished his story—who could think of anything to say? No! we all quietly strolled off in different directions and left Ed sitting on the bench, possibly rejoicing over his narrow escape as just related.

FRANCIS I. MAULE.
The New Camp Stove

On one of my earlier visits to Beaver Pond I was given what was then known as the "New Camp," in which, unlike most of the others, a small stove replaced the usual open fireplace. This stove, although of limited size, had an astonishing appetite for wood, and in a very few moments thoroughly heated the camp during the cold nights of late summer.

After dinner one day, according to the custom of Beaver Ponders, we gathered on the bench outside of the cook camp for a talk with the "Old Man," when someone chanced to mention this stove and how quickly it got its work in. Ed eyed the speaker in silence for a few seconds and then broke in with:

"That stove's got the best draft, I calculate, of any stove in the state of Maine, and I found that out one cold November day about five years ago. There was a party of fellers from Bangor in here hunting (Rufe Crosby and Elmer Snowman was guiden' them) and they all stopped in that camp. One sharp morning before they came over to breakfast
they fills that stove chock full of dry birch, opens the damper wide and gives her all the draft there was to her and then shuts the camp door and comes along over to breakfast.

“Pretty soon I hears a rattlin’ and roarin’ coming from their camp and I knowed what was up instanter, and I runs to the door and across to the camp and there sure enough there was great goings on. All around the stove pipe the splits on the roof stood up in a great hump two foot high and was a-smokin’, terrible, jest ready to burst into flames. I rushed into the camp and there was Mister Stove chock up against the rafters and v-shovin’ on ’em fit to lift the whole roof off. He was white hot down to his very feet and was a-roarin’ like a cyclone. I yelled for help and a lot of the boys rushed in and seen what was going on, when one of them Bangor chaps, short, fat feller, named Jackson (snored bad, had a wart on his nose, and could play hearts quite a little) sung out: ‘Let’s try snow!’ We all rushed out and got pails full of snow and then we dragged the table under the stove, which was a shovin’ on the roof harder’n ever. Then we climbed onto the table and reached up and stuck our pails of
snow agin them white hot stove feet, and maybe they didn't sizzle some!

"Well, we kept on bringing in fresh snow and dosin' them feet and after two hours the old stove commenced to climb down so that we could reach up and shut the draft off and by noon she had lit on her old place on the floor and was cool and quiet.

"There was a heavy fall of snow that night that covered the roof and took all the swellin' out of that hump the stove riz in the splits, and when I took down the pipe next spring to clean it, I found what was left of the poker, shovel and lid-lifter. Yes, I jest hate to see any stranger foolin' around that stove—and it a-lookin' jest as innocent as any ordinary one—no one could have any idee of what it kin do with a real favorin' draft."

At this point the crowd broke up and wandered off leaving the old man trying to improve the draft of that old black pipe, as he sat in the sun and pondered.

Francis I. Maule.
In its very title, the *Maine Woods* tells in brief its own delightful story for the reason that once each week throughout the year it brings that great Northland playground for grown ups to the camps, cottage or mansion. In the summer season it has long been the oracle of that ever growing multitude that seeks and never fails to find its keenest pleasure in the woods and waters of the Pine Tree state, and it keeps its patrons constantly in touch with "what's doing" at the various camps, hotels and resorts, and fully and faithfully chronicles the fishing, hunting and general sporting gossip, with all the fascinating details of that out-of-door life that so strongly appeals to the class, happily called by *Outing*, "red blooded men."

All through the long winter it faithfully follows the summer visitor to his home in the busy city, town or hamlet all over this broad continent, and when the unstrung Leonard sleeps in its case in the library closet, and the well-oiled rifle and long-dry paddle cross swords on the antlers above the ingle nook, one day in every seven it picks up the jaded
merchant, the brain fagged doctor and the weary toiler of any sort and whirls him back once more to the lap of wavelets on the shingle, to the resinous breath of the great black forest, to the glow and crackle of the camp fire and the sputtering of spiders with their promise of good things close at hand.

For fifty-two weeks out of each year and for the nominal sum of One Dollar, the Maine Woods does all of this, besides furnishing a vast deal of interesting general news and of those attractive and entertaining odds and ends that go to make up a thoroughly live down to date journal. To feed and foster in the breast of any so far nonsubscribers the suspicion that the Maine Woods might give him a full round Dollar’s worth of pleasure in a twelfth-month, its publisher will gladly mail him a sample copy for the mere asking for it.
Other Irons In the Fire

At the publication office of the Maine Woods various other irons are constantly in the fire, being "het up" by the proprietors of that journal.

We conduct a well equipped general Job Printing Office, where we undertake anything in the line of printed matter from a simple card or tag to handsome Booklets, Catalogs and Circulark, with all that fills in that very considerable gap. For some years Camps and Summer Resorts Printing has received especial attention, for which work a very large and constantly growing stock of fine hunting, fishing and general cuts furnishes appropriate illustrations in an endless variety.

The general policy of this branch of the Maine Woods plant may be stated as follows: Into every bit of work ordered goes a little of whatever-you-may-choose-to-call-it-ness that makes the customer feel that he is getting the full worth of his money. This feeling has a strong tendency to fix upon our once patrons the "Brackett habit" that brings them back with future orders.
We take genuine pleasure in showing samples of what we have done and in telling you what we can do for you and at what price.

Any work entrusted to this office will be thoroughly well done, will be ready when promised and its price will be uniformly just.

Yours very truly,

J. W. Brackett Co.

Phillips, Maine.
A Page of Pure Egotism

And by the way, all actual advertising is just that—of course, more or less cleverly masked.

MAKE Catalogs, Booklets, Price Lists, Folders, Circulars, Mailing Cards and Slips, Circular Letters (of the latter often a series), Newspaper, Magazine and Trade Journal Advertising—in short, Commercial Literature in all of its many possibilities.

I make all of these things without one atom of reverence for ruts, stereotyped methods, or even for the way other people usually make them and I have, moreover, a strong aversion to so-called funny (?) advertising.

My work includes the writing-up of the subject matter from such data as may be furnished me and I am constantly called upon to evolve well-grown Oaks from exceedingly small Acorns of Inspiration.

I do not know all about anything and do not even vaguely suspect myself of it, but do know a little about several things, including how to set about hunting up the great variety of matters that I am so constantly called upon to seem to know considerable about.

I believe that a crisp and at times somewhat unusual treatment of subjects is entirely compatible with a close adherence to purely business details and I never wilfully publish the bans of marriage between Downright Dullness and Perfect Decorum, as they never need be wedded.

The fact that most of my regular clients have been so gained will explain my gladly mailing, without charge, collections of samples of my work to those who desire to compare for themselves promise with performance, and in whose requests I seem to scent possible business, but I am not seeking opportunities (plenty of which reach me unsought) to prescribe for the aroused curiosity of idle clerks and ditto office boys.

The mere act of sending for samples of my work will cost you nothing and commit you to nothing—but candor compels me to admit that considerable future outlay has occasionally resulted from such a procedure.

How are you telling your advertising story? Are you talking about whatever you make or sell in such a clear-cut, interesting, confidence-compelling manner that people unavoidably suspect you of having something really first-class? Are you doing this right along?

1 To be really effective your announcements must seem precisely like the face-to-face statements of a first-class salesman. I work for quite a lot of people who believe this implicitly.

Francis I. Maule
402 Sanson Street, - - PHILADELPHIA

*A postal card sent me is simply one cent astray.