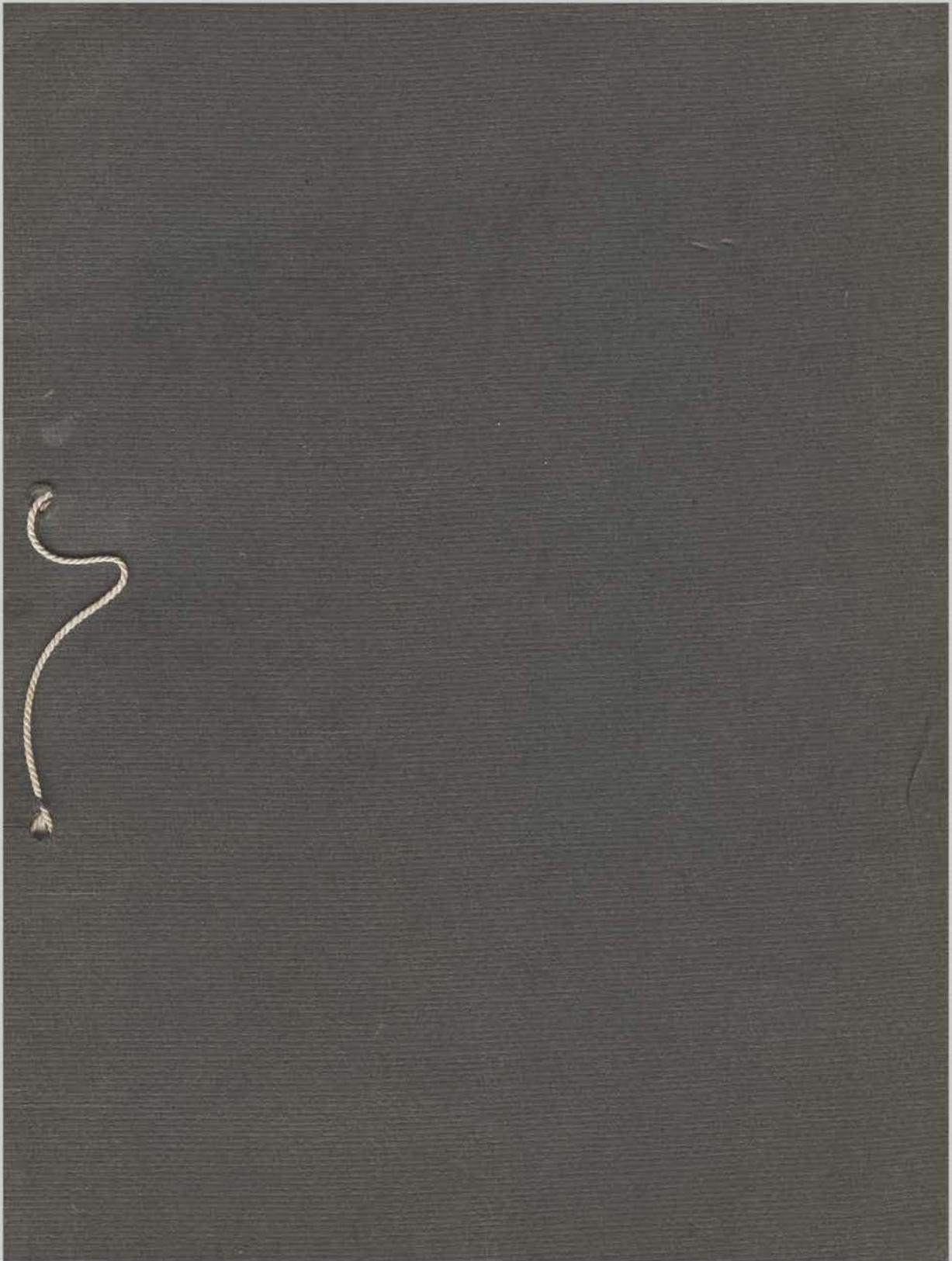


The
Dowglas
Howl



1907



THE MOWGLIS HOWL

Published by THE MOWGLIS

To keep fresh in their memory the
comradeship and the doings
of the Pack

1907

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The Mowgli's Howl

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No. 1

Editorials

Every new paper or magazine that enters life must have some good reason for its existence or it dies at the outset. So The Howl lifts up its voice not only for the "Pack" alone, whose doings it chronicles, but also for the mothers and fathers who find it no easy matter to pick out of the fragmentary Sunday letters through the summer any satisfactory idea of what is really being done in the camp, or benefit that their own particular Mowgli may be gaining from this life in the woods. Moreover, events follow each other too rapidly for these young minds to render anything like a satisfactory and connected account when camp is over of doings which at the time stirred the pulses with keen delight, but shifted into a new combination with every turn of the Kaleidoscope which the advance of the season called for and so our little magazine gathers to itself the thoughts which older heads in counsel have put into life in the camp and doings which younger heads have carried out, and thus The Howl gives voice to what else might be forgotten, and enters Mow-

gli's homes to keep fresh in the memory the comradeship and the doings of the Pack.

A camp for younger boys is far more of a problem than for older boys, and the responsibilities are graver. Every mother realizes this. To give vent to restless active energy in natural ways where danger is eliminated, to adjust different temperaments into comradeship that can give and take in friendly spirit, to infuse into each of these units something of the law and order underlying community life, means serious thought and judgment in the organization and the standard is high when the youngest boy grows to recognize that a good time means something more than fun for himself alone. The Eternal Law—the rights of others—is here in this little camp world even as it is in the larger world for his father and mother. All this and more for a Mowgli during the weeks that stand to him for something higher than a holiday of pleasure under careful protection. It is growth for body and soul. Counsel-

lors recognize this even as they recognize that their own responsibilities mean growth and development for them as men. To shield and encourage the timid boy who dreads his companions' ridicule more than his Counsellor's reproof, to condemn the bully, to stimulate rivalry, without jealousy, to insist upon the courtesies the "please" and "thank you" of table etiquette, the cleanliness that is self respect, the neatness and order of personal belongings, all this goes to the making of the man, even as it does to the making of the boy for whom these problems are being worked out.

The Mowglis have just passed their fifth season and each year has seen some new building added to their camp. This year shows larger improvement than any of the preceding. First there is the new Lantern house at the entrance to the camp grounds, where all the Safety Lanterns used in the buildings and warranted to go out when dropped, are daily filled and polished and put in condition to emit their modest light for the benefit of Counsellors, who have papers to read and letters to write on the piazza of their dormitory after each Mowgli is safely tucked between the blankets. On the road to the East and West Cave dormitory is the Club House, facetiously known as the "Cub House," but which might better be connected with the name of Kipling—for here will be gathered whatever may serve to keep fresh in the minds of our Mowglis, familiar incidents in the life of Kipling's

Mowgli, the little man cub of the Jungle Books, and to kindle in them as in him a kindly human interest in our neighbors, the woodfolk. Already we have had the gift of a wolf, a plaster cast which stands above the big open fire place looking down upon our Mowglis, even as Akela the lone wolf from the Council Rock kept watch and ward of the Pack. The piano at the other end of the room makes glad the heart of every boy in camp, especially on stormy days when the bright fire light lends its cheer to the rag-time and rollicking chorus of many voices, and the broad piazzas of the building give ample room for rainy day games outside.

Following along the path beyond the Lantern house, past Camp-fire rocks and the site of the new running track is a most artistic, rustic building known as Head Quarters and used by Mrs. Holt as an office, also for Counsel meetings. Beyond this the path leads across the foot bridge, past the tent and the Den, through the twilight of the woods to the new workshop on the lake shore, the most popular building in camp, with work benches and separate lockers for every boy to keep his tools. Not only was this workshop filled during the lesson time but there was hardly an hour of the day when you might not find some boy taking extra time for planning or sawing or whittling into shape the little sail boats they were making for the camp fleet—indeed so fascinated were the boys with this work in wood, that they had little time to spend in collecting

specimens for the new museum with its modest array of bugs and beetles of last season, and its bare shelves awaiting more active energy in the present season. A strong feeling seems to pervade the camp that specimens will collect themselves.

And now we come to the last building on the shore which is just beyond the "Chute the Chutes," the boat house, not a new one, and which must in some future season be remodelled to give room for the better accommodation of the boys' canoes and the row boats and canoes of the camp which tax the present building to its utmost capacity when they are stored in it for the winter months.

Last but not least is the beautiful new chapel of which we may be justly proud. It is fitting that it should have separate mention for it is something apart from the noisy, merry life of the Camp and yet its influence is strongly felt there. The old chapel built almost entirely by the Rev. Mr. George McClean, the first chaplain of the camp, was not favorably situated. The location of this new chapel is ideal—in the heart of the forest where tall solemn pines fleck their brown carpet of needles with patches of sunlight and shade and the silent congregation of rocks on the little hill above, carved effigies of ages of dead-and-gone life in the forest, add a touch of mystery to this out-door chapel where reverence for the highest tinges our thoughts. Where the boys and men of the camp lose something of the things temporal as they file across the bridge

and up through the path between the pines for the simple service that counts to them for the things Eternal.

That the Mowglis season of 1907 has been such a success is due in a great measure to those Counsellors, who have faithfully worked with this end in view. These men have been a potent force in the Camp life of the Mowglis, and the standard of exactness, of honesty, of loyalty and of faithfulness they have set before the boys will not be lost upon them after the Camp life is in the past.

It was with deep regret that every member of the Mowglis said good-bye to Mr. Elwell the latter part of July, when he was obliged to leave the Camp because of illness at home. His influence was a strong force in the working out of Camp ideals, and as such was felt even after he had gone.

So many friends have shown their personal interest in the welfare of the Mowglis this season through their gifts to the Camp, it seems fitting that we express our appreciation of their generosity in our little magazine, and it is with hearty thanks that every member of the Mowglis camp of 1907 here express a grateful acknowledgment to Mr. Alexander Brough, Mr. William Thurber, Dr. Joel H. Goldthwaite, Mrs. F. Edwin Elwell, Mr. Stanley Bruce Elwell, Mrs. William Saville, Dr. Charles Walker, Mrs. E. J. Elliott, and Mr. Alfred T. Foster for the eighteen cups presented to the Camp this season for Water Sports, Track Events, Crew Race,

Canoe Race, and for General Excellence.

We thank Mr. Alexander Brough for his addition to our Camp library, and for the two knives given for the 1st and 2d Junior Swim. Mrs. George J. Putman for the U. S. flag. Mr. Alcott F. Elwell for the plaster cast of a wolf, and for the first, second and third prizes in Photography.

Mr. Charles W. Olds, Jr., for the Loyalty Banner, and Mr. W. Eugene Wilde for books for the Mowglis Library.

Also we thank ourselves, the Mowglis, for having added to our Camp plant a pair of Fairbanks scales for weighing us, with a measuring rod for recording our height.

Camp Song of 1903

There is a Camp that's known to boys
And parents round about ;
A Camp whose name is known to all
Of Kipling's friends no doubt.
You've seen the boys perhaps on tramps,
They're corkers everyone.
And if you ask them who they are
They'll say, each mother's son—

CHORUS

We are the Mowglis,
We are the Mowglis,
The finest Camp this country'll ever know,
We are the Mowglis,
The jolly Mowglis
The Mowglis-owglis-owglis-owgli-oh's.
They are the boys who've burned their backs
Until the skin is tough,
Because their clothing isn't much
To speak of, sure enough,
But if you want to rile them up
Just whisper them this rhyme—
Reception Day! Best suit this way!
'Twill do it every time

for

All those Mowglis,
Those nimble Mowglis,
Whose feet are never still the whole day long,
Those prancing Mowglis,
Those wrestling Mowglis,
Oh! how they hate their Sunday clothes to don.

A Camping Trip to Mt. Prospect.

Beyond a turn in the road where it dipped away toward the mountains, across a fence into the open field, and the day's march is over. The steady line has broken, and the bare-legged, dusty boys tumble joyfully on the grass or scatter idly.

A team follows in the dust, and turns in at a gate, tottering and rolling over the uneven field. Before it has come to a stop, the cook and the boys have built a fire-place from the rocks on the wall. Everyone helps collect the wood, the fire is lighted, and preparations for filling hungry mouths have commenced.

Six of the boys are detailed to prepare potatoes, while the cook draws with precision a "dead-line" about the fire and food, over which none but the chosen may step.

Frequent sneezes follow, for the onions are being peeled. Then slowly the pots begin to sizzle, the twilight deepens, the fire brightens and the smell of cooking becomes delicious.

A hungry circle gathers where it is strongest, standing with lifted nose and bated breath to catch the whiffs.

"I smell beans," sniffs a figure.

"Me too, but it's potatoes and onion," from a comrade.

"Ghee! I'm hungry."

Suddenly the line, tempted by the enticing odors, pushes forward, a foot across the "dead line."

"Get a pail of water, quick!" shouts the cook to the owner of the foot, and a boy slinks out of sight with an empty pail. Nothing escapes the eagle eye of that cook.

One by one the whole Camp gathers about the fire. Scatter them as often as you can, yet there will always be a line of hungry noses lifted to the pots within the next minute.

How slowly the food cooks. The whisper grows that dinner is almost ready. Then comes a rush for the dinner line, and as it forms, it wriggles away into darkness.

Night has shut down and now lanterns blink. First course is announced, the line of boys moves steadily forward. Each plate is taken by the cook, filled, and the boys move away to circle about one of the lanterns that shine out in the field. Small camp-fires begin to blaze, and happiness sweeps over every mother's son of them. Then drowsiness comes stealing up and one by one the lanterns go out as the bugle sounds for "taps." Night is upon us. The red embers and the stars are all that remain awake.

A. F. E.

Baseball

The Hebron Game

Baseball games with neighboring teams are always exciting events in Camp. The afternoon of July 13 was an ideal day for the game with Hebron. At two o'clock the Mowglis started across the lake in the row boats and canoes, shortly arriving on the opposite shore, near "Best Hat," and making their way to the road, where they walked the remainder of the way to Hebron.

The game was called at three o'clock. After the first inning the score was 7 to 3 and looking pretty dark for the Mowglis. But our boys warmed up a bit and scored 6 by the end of the game, while the Hebrons scored three, which evened things up a bit. As the Hebron team was older and larger than ours, some of the Mowglis Counsellors had to take places to help along. The Redcroft girls came by in the midst of the game, and the cheering between Redcroft and the Mowglis was lively. After the game refreshments were in order, and the little store at Hebron did a good business in bottled soda and fancy crackers.

C. R. W.

The Game with Wachusetts

Directly after the morning dip on July 19 preparations were made for a camping trip to Plymouth, where a game was to be played with Wachusetts camp.

Those of us who walked started at ten o'clock, and the ball team, with the younger boys followed in a hay-cart with the luggage. Dinner was eaten on the road, and the Camp arrived at Plymouth about two o'clock, where the team proceeded to get into practise for the ball game.

The game was called at 2.30 and it looked fairly promising for the Mowglis at the first, notwithstanding the fact that the Wachusetts boys were larger and older—a difficulty that the Mowglis usually labor under. At the end of the first inning the score stood 3 to 2, but as the

game went on, the Wachusetts boys braced up, and although our team put up a good fight the Wachusetts were too much for us, and won the game. Score 13 to 10. Karl Jackson was the star on our side, and Allan Wilde pitched a good game. He gives promise of becoming a strong and swift pitcher before the season is out. We were a hungry crowd when the game was over, and did good work with the supper which our Commissary had all ready for us, for which we all cheered him lustily.

G. R. W.

The Sherwood Forest Game

Sherwood Forest had extended to the Mowglis a most cordial invitation to visit them at Squam lake and have a baseball game on their camp grounds. July 30 was the day set and preparations were made in the morning for lunches and packs, the former to be eaten on our way to Plymouth, the latter to be carried in the team.

The camp was reached about half past two, and preparations were made immediately for the ball game. Mowglis went to the bat first and scored first. Then Sherwood tied the score, but it did not remain a tie long for our boys braced up, and try as Sherwood could and did, they could only gain three more runs, while we raised the score to seven before the end of the game. After a fine soak and relax we were ready for a good supper which we had, and in the evening both camps

gathered about a huge fire in the Club house and listened to some delightful singing which came near rivalling our own productions at the Mowglis. We slept that night in the Club house.

The next morning a part of the Sherwood campers and the entire Mowglis ball team took a dip as is customary at our own camp, and after breakfast the boys got ready for the second ball game, which, much to our regret, was not as successful as the first one, the score standing 8 to 7 in favor of Sherwood Forest. It was a most exciting game though from start to finish, and both sides played well. During the last few minutes the cheering was incessant.

The Mowglis had their packs all ready, and after a good lunch courteously provided by Sherwood Forest, the good-by cheers were given and we began our homeward journey by taking a trip across the lake in the Camp launch. Having reached the farther side we waited until the team came along with our baggage and picked us up then we started for the home Camp, reaching there about five o'clock, where we found to our delight that there was a Birthday supper in progress. Charles Walker, otherwise known as "Sally," was celebrating his fourteenth birthday, and the usual ice cream, cake, decorations, and speeches were on hand. Lucky "Sally" to have a birthday in Camp.

c. r. w.

Waiting at the Camp

After the baseball team left us for their game with Sherwood Forest, followed by our loudest and most encouraging cheers, we who were left behind began to feel that we were losing considerable fun, and so commenced to plan for our share of it. A trip to the Cockermouth always appeals to every Mowgli, so that was our first point. It took all the boats to get us there, and we paddled up the river to a good swimming hole and had a fine soak. Then we dressed and walked over to Bingville, where we partook of godly quantities of liquid and solid refreshments. There is a reason for the Cockermouth being such a favorite trip. At the Camp-fire that night there were some good stories told.

The next morning we made an early start with lunches, sweaters and tin cups, in a fleet of three boats, with a Counsellor as coxswain of each. They steered the course down the lake to a beach just north of Sugar Loaf mountain, and had a good soak there. Then we started up the mountain, as we thought, by an old wood road. After a long and hard climb through woodsmen's choppings we at last arrived on a spur of Bear Mt., and found that what we had supposed was Bear Mt., as we saw it through the trees, was really Sugar Loaf itself. So we had lunch there and a short relax, and then struck down through the forest and up the side of Sugar Loaf, and after a stiff climb we reached its summit and had a good view of the lake, but had to climb a tall

pine tree to see the other side. We took some pictures and then started down, and reached our boats without adventure, and upon reaching our own landing float, not without many growls from the oarsmen, we had a dip, and went up to Master Walker's birthday supper where we were met by the baseball team, who had won-

derful stories of adventure to relate.

An incident of our climb up Bear Mt. was the finding of the old post road, which has since been replaced by the lakeside road along the west shore of the lake. Our party proved that the younger boys are as hardy climbers as the older Campers.

C. I. O. JR.

Doings of the Pack

- July 1—Camp opens with fair weather. Boys chosen for East and West Cave Dormitory, The Tent, and the Den. New buildings hailed with delight by old boys. New and old buildings calmly surveyed by new boys. First soak. First camp-fire.
- 2—Cloudy. Duties commence, also inspection. Evening rain. Camp-fire, and stories in the "Club House."
- 3—First walk to Haunted house and the Cheese farm. First baseball practice. Ideas about who will get on first team circulate freely.
- 4—The day we celebrate and make life merry for the Counsellors. Fire crackers galore till soak time. Other explosions with balloon ascensions in the afternoon. Some baseball cranks tear themselves away for hasty practice on the diamond. Trip on the lake steamer in the evening for fireworks at Pasquauey. Great day.
- 5—Fishing excursion. Several lake trout. Endicott P. and Gilly caught the largest. Trip to Crescent beach with soak there. Explored Wellington island. Evening, Mowglis fireworks, fountains, roman candles, pin wheels rockets and fire balloons. Another great day!
- 6—Charles Walker, Allan Wilde, and Perry Thurber passed their swimming test. Baseball game

in afternoon, Counsellors defeated. Whoop!

- 7—Service in the new out-door chapel at 12 o'clock conducted by Mr. Holt. Letter writing and soap soak. First number of The Mowglis Howl read at camp-fire.
- 8—Schuyer Thurber passed his swimming test. Baseball practice. Tent and Den won. General inspection. Charades at the camp-fire.
- 9—Mr. Holt and Bobby Blodgett went to look for a good place for camping trip. Dr. Hersey tells a good story at camp-fire.
- 10—Tennis practice. Baseball practice. Mr. Hodgins told a ghost story at camp-fire.
- 11—Rain. Reading by Counsellors in Dormitories. Boxing matches in Club house. Open fire. Dominoes and Parchesi.
- 12—Rain again and camping trip postponed. More games, more reading. Mr. Olds told a very interesting story before the open fire after supper.
- 13—Good weather once more. Baseball game at Hebron. Score 10 to 9 in favor of Hebron. Redcroft girls watched the game from a hay cart.
- 14—Sunday service in the Chapel. Walk in the afternoon. Second number of the Mowglis Howl at the camp-fire.

- 15—Crew practice. Baseball practice. Charades at the camp-fire.
- 16—Crew practice. Baseball. Tennis.
- 17—Cave and Den go out for crew practice. Baseball. Tennis, with a second dip in the afternoon. Charades at camp-fire.
- 18—Carpentry class are making boats. Tennis getting very popular. Too warm for baseball.
- 19—Baseball game with Camp Wachusett on the Holderness school grounds. Wachusett won. Score 13 to 10. Pretty comfortable night camping out.
- 20—Fourteen of the boys with four Counsellors climbed Mount Prospect. Boys divided into squads to search for Devil's Den. Mr. Holt's party found it and all explored it. Mr. Elwell found the devil's hoof which was brought home and put in the museum. Ice cream sodas and other good things on the way home at Plymouth.
- 21—Cold weather. Soap soak not popular. Water temperature 59 degrees. Service in the chapel. Mowglis Howl in the evening.
- 22—Fancy diving at soak. Crew practice. Mr. Holt is training the tennis players who are trying to make the double team. A walk in the rain. Bingville Bugle read by Mr. Olds before open fire in Club house.
- 23—Trip on Lake Steamer Stella Marion given the Camp by Mrs. Foster. Soak at Crescent beach. Lemon from the flag pole of the Den mysteriously removed by adventurous climber. Baseball practice by first team, Walk for the rest of the camp.
- 24—First and second team practice. Game of "Camps" at camp-fire.
- 25—Practice by first team. Second team took a walk. Very warm. Second soak in afternoon with three dives. Songs and stories at camp-fire.
- 26—Mr. Elwell took out three boys in the launch. Entire camp in boats and canoes went to Sanborn's beach for the soak. Races on the beach, return in time for supper.
- 27—The boys climbed Plymouth mountain. A camp-fire on the top, around which all the boys gathered for relax. Birthday supper for Bobbie Blodgett who is fourteen today. He made lengthy speech. Cheered by the Mowglis.
- 28—Rain. Service in the Club house. Another birthday to celebrate. Jimmy Macfarlane is eleven years old. The cake was all right and so was Jimmy. He made a speech.
- 29—Mr. Elwell left Camp this morning to be with his brother who is ill. Everybody sorry to say good-by. Rousing cheers for him. The rivalry between Tent, Den and Cave for winning the "best appearance" is growing hot. Huntington Smith swam his test like a fish.
- 30—Baseball team left for Holderness to play the Sherwood Forest team. Game called at 3 o'clock and won by the Mowglis; score 7-3. Both camps gather about a huge fire in the Sherwood Forest Club House and joined in songs.
- 31—Ball team took morning dip in Squam lake. Second ball game after breakfast won by Sherwood Forest; score 8 to 7. Birthday supper. Charles Walker celebrated his fourteenth birthday. Mr. Olds read the Bingville Bugle at the camp-fire.
- Aug. 1—Showers. Bacon, R. Thurber, Crowell and P. Elliott swam the test successfully. Canoe practice by Tent for first time. Dancing in Club House in the evening.
- 2—Showers. Some of the track preliminaries were run off this morning. Crew practice.

- 3—Fair. Diving contest was run off this morning; result announced on Sports day. Preliminaries in High Jump and 40-yards dash also run off. Water Sports at Pasquaney in the afternoon and play in the evening.
- 4—Services in the Chapel. Letter writing. Walk and Mowglis Howl at camp-fire.
- 5—A day of preparation for Mowglis Sports to-morrow.
- 6—Mowglis Sports Day. Cloudy in the morning. Clear by two o'clock. Important events for the Mowglis. Birthday party for Huntington Smith who celebrated his eleventh birthday. Big camp-fire seen for miles around the lake. Songs and cheers for guests.
- 7—A day of rest and recovery. Guests taken out in the launch.
- 8—Long walk preparatory for long trip. Redcroft reception in the evening, also selections from Merchant of Venice.
- 9—Dip, duties, studies, soak. Climbed Tenney Hill in the afternoon.
- 10—Tennis. Crew practice. Carpentry. Camp-fire, with songs and cheers.
- 11—Service in the Chapel. Walk in the afternoon. Mowglis Howl read at camp-fire.
- 12—Packs and bundles made up. Early start for Plymouth at 6.30. Took 8.15 train for Campton Village. Hay cart from there to Waterville.
- 13—Pushed on to Elliot's. Took possession of the camp of the International Paper Co. which had been offered for our use. Pitched three tents here and made a permanent camp, cut balsam for our beds. Dip in the river, luncheon and relax. Started out for main trail to Greely Ponds. Walked three miles and didn't find them.
- 14—Mr. Williams and Dr. Hersey each took a party of boys on a fishing trip. Remainder of party took a walk. Went up Mt. Osceola in the afternoon and spent the night there.
- 15—Watched sunrise on Mt. Osceola. Fine view of Mt. Washington. Fishing party returned at noon with 101 brook trout and tremendous appetites. A spirited game of hide and seek at the camp-fire.
- 16—A number of campers with Mr. Holt, Mr. Williams and Mr. Hodgins climbed Mt. Black. Others with Mr. Olds and Dr. Hersey went off on a fishing excursion for trout. Supper at Elliott's hotel. A concert by the Mowglis much enjoyed by the guests of the hotel.
- 17—A watery dip at 6 a. m. Packs were made and we started for the home camp. Hay cart to Campton Village, train to Plymouth. Home at 8 o'clock. Supper and bed at 9.30.
- 18—Service in the chapel, conducted by Mr. Thurber of the Mission House at Danbury, N. H. Camp Redcroft and other guests were there. The only collection of the summer was taken. The Weekly Howl read at camp-fire.
- 19—The usual camp duties commenced again, also lessons. Carpentry shop open all day. A letter from Sherwood camp postponing their visit until next season. Tennis handicaps decided.
- 20—Tennis Tournament commenced, surprises before the day was over. Carpentry shop open all day. Painting of the small sail boats commenced. Sail cloth expected to-morrow.
- 21—Tournament continued. Dancing in the Club house in the evening.
- 22—Mowglis Tennis Champions chal-

lenged by Redcroft Tennis Champions to singles, match play this afternoon between Gilson Terri- berry and Catherine Farrar, won by Terri berry. Also between Robert Blodgett and Marian Toul- min, won by Blodgett.

23—Expedition to Sculptured Rocks. Soak among the fishes, and a meeting of the Browning Club.

24—Presentation of United States flag to the Mowglis by Endicott Put- nam. Flag run up while camp

and guests sang "My Country 'tis of thee." Cheers for Mrs. Put- nam and Endicott. Cup night. Presentation of cups.

25—Last service in the chapel. Last reading of the Mowglis Howl at the camp-fire.

26—Trunks packed. Last camp-fire, last songs. Mowglis cheer the buildings, Mrs. Holt, Mr. Holt, and the Counsellors.

27—Good-by to the Mowglis.

C. R. W.

The Long Hunt

The Reveille call of August 12, '07, tumbled sleepy Mowgli heads out of bed at an early hour—for breakfast must be eaten, the roll call finished, packs in readiness and every Mowgli in good marching order by half past six o'clock for Ply- mouth, where we were to take the train for Campton, and trains have an unaccommodating way of not wait- ing for the slow squad.

Close to the Campton station was a little grove, where those who wanted to make up their morning nap could do so, and those who were wide awake could fish and eat blueberries. All were glad enough to climb into the Campton hay-cart for Waterville, where we had to wait for our packs before we could go to bed. This was hard on the cooks because waiting always makes our boys hungry. The packs came at last and we were glad enough to turn in early and get a long night's sleep in the open. That was what we had been anticipating for days,

but unfortunately it wasn't to be a long undisturbed night of sleep.

August 13. About three o'clock the next morning we were awakened by Mr. Hodgins who told us to put ourselves under our rubber blankets to prepare for a shower. Then we slept more or less till the reveille at 6.45. Prayers, exercises and a dip in the cool mountain stream pre- ceded breakfast. Then we broke camp and proceeded to Elliots to overtake Mr. Holt and Mr. Hodgins and were then sent on to the Depot camp of the International Paper Co., which we had been invited to occupy.

Arrived there we pitched our three tents and Messrs. Holt and Hodgins took a party of seven boys on a three days' fishing trip over towards Tri- Pyramid. The rest of us proceeded to make a permanent camp in the yard of the lumber camp. Balsam beds were our chief couches. After eleven o'clock we had a dip in Mad river and then ate our lunches and took our relax. In the afternoon we

started out to walk to the flume and got up to what seemed to be it, had a dip and then went back to the main trail to Greely Ponds and walked about three miles without finding them, and so turned about and came back at a sharp gait. After supper we were remarkably quiet and retired in good order. There was much talk and laughter from the culinary tent.

Wednesday, Aug. 14, '07. Reveille, prayers, dip in the brook as usual. Messrs. Williams and Hersey each took out a party of five boys on fishing trips, and Mr. Olds had an assorted party of five stay-at-homes who cut balsam and then had a short walk over to Elliott's. After dinner we made packs and started up Osceola at about 3 o'clock to spend the night. After a hard climb of four and a half miles we reached the summit at 5.40. We all took a look at the view and then went back to get supper at the huts. The Counsellors were assisted by D. Foster and K. Jackson and one or two others in cooking a supper of bacon, fried potatoes, bread, and hot chocolate, with coffee for the men. The fireplace smoked most awfully. At last all were fed and the eighteen of us began to try to find a warm spot under the seven double blankets. The night was cold and windy.

Tuesday, Aug. 15, '07. A good breakfast of malt breakfast food, maple syrup, bread, bacon, hot chocolate, and coffee for the Counsellors. After that we took a long view of the surrounding mountains,

and especially, Mt. Washington, and then reluctantly said good-by to Osceola and started down the mountain, reaching the permanent camp about 11.45. We had been in camp only about half an hour when the fishing party returned with 101 trout, and furious appetites. All had dinner, and we spent the afternoon very quietly about camp, chiefly employed in making our beds more comfortable with balsam boughs. A spirited game of hide and seek occupied the boys about the evening camp-fire. All retired in good spirits.

Friday, Aug. 16, '07. Reveille, prayers, exercises, and ice cold dip as usual in the morning. The day gave fair promise. Dr. Hersey created some excitement by the frenzied way he got into the dip. How he does love cold water! The larger part of Camp under the guidance of Messrs. Holt, Williams, and Hodgins started shortly after breakfast to climb Black Mt. Dr. Hersey and Mr. Olds took parties of four and five respectively, on trout fishing excursions. They caught about 60 fish between them. The whole Camp went to Elliott's hotel for supper, and entertained the ladies with our Camp songs while waiting for supper. Then we all went into the dining room and had a splendid supper, of which we ate perhaps a trifle more than wisdom would dictate. We got back and to bed about 9.30, and went to sleep to dream of ice cream and electric lights.

Saturday, Aug. 17, '07. We got up first this morning at one a. m., to put the Camp under shelter

against a determined rain. The reveille blew at 6 a. m. and we all went to a very watery dip. Then packs were made, and we started for the home Camp. We stopped at Elliott's until twenty minutes of ten, when our man from Campton Village appeared with his team and four to take us to the train for Plymouth. Here we all refreshed ourselves with college ices and various little tid-bits that are not allowed in the Camp proper, then started off on this last lap of the journey, and arrived at the Jungle about eight p. m. to greet Endicott Putnam who was waiting for us. We went to bed in more or less confusion, "taps" having blown at 9.30 p. m. The long hunt was over.

C. L. O. JR.

"As Seen by Me"

With "five loaves of bread" I went seeking a "few small fishes" only the five loaves were done up in a twenty pound pack on my back and the fish were a good eleven miles over the Livermore trail. At ten o'clock on Tuesday morning nine of us left the depot camp at Waterville. Mr. Holt, Gillie, Bobbie, Sallie, Roger, Bill Saville, Hunt Smith, Schuyler Thurber and I. Frank carried our packs till the road grew impassible and then we started on. At this moment it was discovered that there were no matches in the party so Sally and I started on a relay race to camp. After matches were added to our supply we ate our lunch by the wayside and started out again.

"The way was long," the wind

anything but cold and it was four o'clock before Mount Washington loomed before our eyes. Another hour's toil brought us to the Swift River and old Camp V. The last half mile was over an old logging road. The bridges were almost in chips and Bobby was so thin that when he slipped through a crack he did not stop until his head caught. At present he wears the scar upon his neck. When Camp VI was reached Mr. Holt and I went in search of trout for supper. Half an hour at the brook brought sixteen speckled fish which soon decorated the frying pan. Then we went to bed and listened to something that Mr. Holt thought might be the cry of travellers in distress but at length was convinced that the sound came from Bobbie.

The following morning the camp separated — four fishing meadow brook and five going to Swift river. At one o'clock we returned to camp with a catch of one hundred and one brook trout. After lunch the fish were cleaned. Then we had a grand soak in the cascades and watched Bill Saville act the maid of the mist in the waterfall. After that we made our beds in a small cabin. Spruce boughs lined the place till it felt underfoot like an Ostermoor mattress. Bobbie for special reasons slept outside, Gillie and Roger were too lazy to come in. The others occupied the cabin. After tossing for an hour the following conversation disturbed our slumbers.

Hunt speaking,—"Mr. Holt."

Mr. H—wearily—"Yes Huntie."

Hunt—"Mr. Holt—I've just had such a funny dream. Guess what it was."

Mr. H—"I'm sure I don't know."

Hunt—"Well I'll tell you. It was about that trout today. I thought it was after me and I was so scared," drowsily — "I-was-awful-scared." Then we slept the sleep of the tired. When morning broke Hunt was at it again.

"Mr. Holt: Guess what else I dreamed?"

"Huntington," said Mr. Holt severely "this guessing contest is closed."

Then we rose and packed our blankets. Breakfast was soon over, and a number of photographs taken. Then we took the home trail up the

mountain side. Behind us lay old Camp VI and away on the horizon Mt. Washington with its cloud cap. The berries were plentiful, blueberries a drug in the market and the miles slipped by. On reaching the bridge near the camp our party halted and creeping behind some bushes we were hidden from sight. At that moment Peanut sauntered down the road ahead and Mr. Holt fired his revolver from behind the bushes into the air. Peanut jumped two feet straight up and started for camp touching only the highest points on the way. Then the doctor came to investigate. We were discovered and with a "three times three for the Mowglis" we came into camp again.

LLOYD C. HODGINS.

Camp Song 1904

TUNE—Road to Mandelay.

Take me far in old New Hampshire,
Where fair lake Pasquaney lies,
Where the mountains rise about you
And deep azure are the skies,
Where the whispering pine-trees murmur
And the summer breezes say,
Come ye back—ye little campers,
Back to Mowgli camp some day,
Back to Mowgli camp some day,
Where the happy youngsters play
And sad thoughts of parting seize us,
As we take our homeward way.

There the days fly fast and fleeting,
Passed in games and manly sport,
And we scale the mountains round us
Sleeping out, as campers ought,

And we swim and row and paddle
'Till the evening shadows fall.
Then we gather round our camp-fire
At the clanging bugle's call—
At the clanging bugle's call—
Thither come the campers all.
And we sing and laugh and chatter
As the nights' long shadows fall.

ALBERT E. RAND.

The Mowglis owe more than they realize to Mr. Hodgins' ever willing readiness to accommodate himself to whatever the boys desire of him at the piano. There is a fascination for them in his touch on the keys that can change their mood from the rollicking excitement of a camp chorus, to hushed attention when the fingers speak to more serious thought. It is a gift of the Gods, that we all appreciate and enjoy.

The Tennis Tournament

On the morning following the Long Trip the Mowglis Tennis Tournament was begun. It was thought that there would be three Tournaments, Senior, Intermediate and Junior, but after a meeting of the counsellors it was decided that there should be one handicap Tournament with the three cups for first, second and third. At the start there were seven couples that played until there were only three boys left, Roger Morse being the winner, Dwight Foster second and Thomas Crowell third.

Thursday afternoon Redcroft challenged the Mowglis Tennis champions, Gilson, Terriberly and Bobbie Blodgett, to play a match. It was an exciting event. Gilson Terriberly played against Catherine Farrar the Redcroft champion and Gilson came

out the winner, the first set being 6-0, the second 8-6.

It was then Bobbie's turn to play against Marion Toulmin. After watching a more exciting set even than Gilson's first set, the score was 6-4 in favor of Bob. The second set was won by his opponent. It was then time for the Mowglis to return home. Bob and I were fortunate enough to be asked to supper at Redcroft, and the other set was played after supper. Bob came out victor.

KARL JACKSON.

To Sculptured Rocks

The Tennis Tournament was almost over and those of us who had watched it until pretty certain of the winners started out on a little side trip to the Sculptured Rocks. Across the lake in our row boats and

a tramp through Hebron and Groton brought us there at last.

To our great astonishment and delight we found the pool just swarming with trout and (forgetting even our dinner which is something to be greatly wondered at), we cast in our lines baited with grasshoppers, and commenced to fish. Two hundred trout of no small size could easily have been hooked that afternoon had not the appearance of two old farmers brought the fishing abruptly to a close; for they soon informed the campers that the brook was closed under the law. However, the lunch which was promptly eaten after this disclosure had been made did something to calm the indignant feelings of our young sportsmen. After a delightful soak among the fishes and an important meeting of the Browning Club we started on our homeward tramp and reached camp about four o'clock.

CHARLES R. WALKER.

A Rainy Sunday

A steady downpour and a drip-drip from every tree made the usual out-door service in the chapel an impossibility, so a chosen few took charge of the Club house, which was transformed into a temporary chapel, and was beautifully decorated with ground pine. Mr. Holt gave the best talk of the season, and was followed with the keenest attention on the part of those present. After the address Mr. Olds sang "I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say." It is a rare and much to be desired treat when we have such a solo from one of the Camp. The addition of the piano was most inspiring for the Camp choir, who sung their best. And the service this morning emphasized the fact that our singing sounds twice as well when accompanied by a musical instrument. We hope that the day may come when we shall have a small organ added to our already beautiful chapel.

L. C. H.

The Camp Alphabet

- A** for the winner of our noble team.
Allan's his name—You know whom I mean.
- B** the Brownie who's called Jackie Brough.
Also for Bacon who never gets rough.
- C** stands for Crowell also for 'cow.'
The connection I needn't explain to you now.
- D** for D. Foster who's generally sane.
His tendency now is his heart strings "to strain."
- E** for the Elliott's Philip and Paul.
Two little saints ever ready to maul.
- F** for Spud Foster whose broad happy smile
If measured would average the width of a mile.
- G** for our Goldthwait, poetic though sane.

Also for Gillie of kindergarten fame.
H for the Doctor—Hersey's his name.
 His baseball at Hebron established his fame.
I for the innings which Bingville played first.
 Hard luck for Mowglis who found it the worst.
J for the teeny wee hop-toard—a sport.
 Of widest experience in games of each sort.
K for the courteous, good hearted yonng Knott.
 The nickname of kidney already he's got.
M for Macfarlane, also for Morse.
 The latter is a name that rhymes well with horse.
O for the counsellor down in the Den.
 In neatness and order he's a pattern for men.
P for our loyal Endicott P.
 His vote is for Mowglis—Just ask him and see.
S for Hunt Smith whose voice loud and clear
 On some occasions is heard in your ear.
T for the Thurbers—You'll easily see
 "United they stand" that family of three.
W for Walker—our young editor gay.
 Whose log of the Camp you have just read to-day.
X, Y and Z for the rest of the crowd
 Who should have been in this if time had allowed.

H.

Our Social Column

On a Thursday evening a most enjoyable dance was given in the Club House. About seven o'clock the guests began to arrive and were received at the door by Dr. Hersey and Mr. Williams. The dance began with the Haymakers and was followed by a Virginia Reel, Barn Dance and the Lancers. The costumes were varied and unique. Mr. Williams wore a beautiful low necked creation as the evening was warm. Miss Sallie Walker was undoubtedly the belle of the evening.

Miss Ellie Thayer and Miss Julia Goldthwait looked unusually charm-

ing. Julia danced every dance and a little between dances. Miss Putnam and her cousin, Miss Smith from Nebraska, were both much in demand. Aunt Gillan Terriberry and Aunt Dwight Foster acted as chaperones. At an early hour the dancers left. The Flip society had a private car, loaned by the President. The Cavite Improvement Society had to walk in order to enjoy their well swept path.

On a Saturday afternoon the first meeting of the Flip society was held in the cave and the President was elected to the chair while one of its most active members was appointed

Secretary. Although the Flip society is by no means of a secret order, it is perhaps advisable that the names of its members are withheld from the public. Six charter members were present. The society moved a vote of censure against one of the Mowglis who had started an opposition Flip society at the very door of the Society Club house. The President declared the objects of the Society 1st, to be flip on all occasions; 2nd, to remain flip as long as possible.

It was also moved by one member and seconded by another that licenses be granted to charter members, and that one of their number be appointed to examine these licenses every Saturday night, reversal of licenses to be granted only by unanimous vote of the society. This was carried. After a stirring initiation the "Flippers" adjourned. Opposition is expected from similar societies in the Den—but the cave has a very strong body of members licensed to be flip and the President is daily adding to its numbers.

A small and select gathering took place at the Jungle on Saturday evening in spite of the weather. Mr. Olds the host gave a most unique entertainment. The principal event of the evening was the display of a very fine collection of old china. After this was duly admired and handled by the visitors the host led the way through the dining room where a much appreciated luncheon was served.

The host was attired in a tired smile and a pineapple clip. Miss

Spud Foster wore a very becoming rubber apron. Miss Knott, better known to her friends as "Kidney," looked fetching with white linen bands on her hands and feet. Miss Morse of the Roger Morse family looked unusually striking. Miss Ellie Thayer had her hair arranged in her usual attractive manner. The whole affair was delightful. Many guests were invited but failed to come on account of the weather.

WILLIAM SAVILLE.

Cup Night

This is the night when the boys who have won cups receive them at the Camp-fire. This year they were given out in the Club house with a camp-fire in the fire-place. There were the usual number of guests with us, also Redcroft. The first event was the raising of a very large and handsome new flag, presented to the Camp by Endicott Putnam. At a signal from the bugle, the flag was raised and guests joined the boys in singing "My Country 'tis of Thee," cheers were given for Mrs. Putnam and for Endicott Putnam. The flag was then lowered and the lantern sent up.

Then came the exercises in the Club house, and the cups were awarded as follows:

Crew Cups	Brough, Crowell, S. Thurber, P. Thurber
Canoe Cups	Foster, R. Morse, Walker, Terribery
Obstacle Cup	R. Blodgett
Pocket Knife for Junior Swim	S. Knott

Pocket Knife for Second place	F. Foster
First in Tennis	R. Morse
Second in Tennis	D. Foster
Third in Tennis	T. I. Crowell
Water Sports Cup	R. E. Morse
Land Sports Cup	C. R. Walker, Jr.
General Excellence Cup	C. R. Walker, Jr.
Banner for Camp Loyalty	C. R. Walker, Jr.

As each one of these gifts were presented the boy made a short speech, and some of the speeches were exceedingly good.

After this the Camp songs were sung, and "Peanut" sang a solo which was highly applauded by the Redcroft girls. The Camp cheers were then given with such a vim that the rafters rung. Last of all came the "Wolf cheer" and Cup Night was over.

Camp Night

The last night of camp. The Mowglis have gathered before every one of the builings cheering each as they filed by. It is home and mother to-morrow but to-night it is "our camp" with a bit of a lump in the throat of some of us as the voices ring out the good-by cheers into the twilight—and now back to the camp-fire which we sit around for the last time in 1907.

It is a bigger, brighter fire than that first one two months back and its light shines on the comrades whom we have weathered through the rain and sunshine of the summer. Men and boys.

Mr. Hodgins is in charge and as he reads one by one from the list to be voted upon, the boyish faces are puckered in thought as to who has really been "the most loyal boy," "The most courteous boy," down through the list to "the most improved boy." The last vote has been cast and the papers collected; a thrill of expetancy stirs through the boys as to whose names are on that list, suppressed almost as soon as it starts because of the announcement that the votes will not be counted until the camp has closed and that the names will be published in the Howl.

It is the last announcement that the birch bark megaphone will make. "It has done its work." Mr. Hodgins says, as he holds it for an instant over the fire—"and it must go out with the camp." There is a chorus of "Oh's!" and "give it to me," but the hand drops it into the blaze and the red light leaps from it over the faces that are watching, as it crackles its good-by to the Mowglis.

- The most loyal boy, Walker.
- The most courteous boy, Crowell.
- The all-round boy, Terriberry.
- The best athlete, Blodgett.
- The best natured boy, Crowell.
- The coolest headed boy, R. Morse.
- The most popular boy, Jackson.
- The most generous boy, Brough.
- The most learned boy, Walker.
- The best friend to the boys, D. Foster.
- The boy who kicks least, Paul Elliott.

The most faithful in duties, Terri-
berry.

The boy who will make the best
counsellor, Terri berry.

The most improved boy, Bacon.

Our howl is ended and we must
say farewell to all the Pack who

have helped to make our little maga-
zine a success during its first year.

We shall all be scattered this winter,
and some of us many miles from our
Summer Hunting Grounds.

Good luck to you! and may we
all hunt again as Mowglis brothers
next season in the Jungle.

Council of 1907

MRS. OSCAR HOLT,

The Jungle, Bridgewater, N. H.

MR. FORD HOLT, A.B., LL.B., Harvard, '99.

Master Mackenzie School, Dobbs Ferry, New York.

MR. ALCOTE FARRAR ELWELL, Harvard University Special.

Cambridge, Mass.

MR. LLOYD CLIFFORD HODGINS, A.M., Harvard, '07.

Master St. Paul's School, Concord, New Hampshire.

MR. CHARLES L. OLDS, JR., A.B., '05.

Master St. Paul's School, Concord, New Hampshire.

HAROLD WATERS HERSEY, Harvard Medical School, '08.

RALPH WALDO WILLIAMS, Harvard, '09.

Cambridge, Mass.

Boys of 1907

Bartlett Bacon, 104 Buckminster
Road, Brookline, Mass. 10 years
old. '07.

Robert Fuller Blodgett, 12 Mason
Terrace, Corey Hill, Brookline,
Mass. 13 years old. '05, '06,
'07.

Jack Brough, Providence, Rhode
Island. 10 years old. '07.

Thomas Irving Crowell, Jr., 181
Union St., Montclair, N. J. 13
years old. '07.

Paul Blodgett Elliott, 41 Glendale
St., Dorchester, Mass. 10 years
old. '07.

Philip Haskell Elliott, 41 Glendale
St., Dorchester, Mass. 12 years
old. '06, '07.

Dwight Foster, Brush Hill, Milton,
Mass. 12 years old. '04, '05,
'06, '07.

Frances B. Foster, Brush Hill, Mil-
ton, Mass. 11 years old. '04,
'05, '06, '07.

Joel A. Goldthwait, Brush Hill, Mil-

- ton, Mass. 12 years old. '06, '07.
- Karl Frederic Jackson, 6 Seaborn St., Dorchester, Mass. 11 years old. '03, '05, '06, '07.
- Sydney Tucker Knott, 47 Eliot St., Jamaica Plain, Mass. 12 years old. '06, '07.
- James W. Macfarlane, Woodland Road, Pittsburgh, Penn. 11 years old. '07.
- Roger E. Morse, 168 Seaver St., Roxbury, Mass. 13 years old. '03, '04, '05, '06, '07.
- Sydney Newton Morse, 43 Kenwood St., Dorchester, Mass. 11 years old. '06, '07.
- George Endicott Putnam, Boylston St., Brookline, Mass. 12 years old. '05, '06, '07.
- William Saville, Jr., Waban, Mass. 11 years old. '06, '07.
- George Gilson Terribery, 201 Stewart Avenue, Ithaca, N. Y. 14 years old. '04, '05, '06, '07.
- Joseph Huntington White Smith, 1303 Park Avenue, Omaha, Neb. 11 years old. '05, '06, '07.
- Lucius Ellsworth Thayer, 122 State St., Portsmouth, N. H. 11 years old. '07.
- James Perry Thurber, Milton, Mass. 12 years old. '07.
- Russell Thurber, Milton, Mass. 8 years old. '07.
- William Schuyler Thurber, Milton, Mass. 10 years old. '07.
- Charles Rumford Walker, Jr., 18 Park St., Concord, N. H. 14 years old. '07.
- Roger Conant Wilde, 9 Stratford Road, Winchester, Mass. 8 years old. '07.
- William Allan Wilde, 9 Stratford Road, Winchester, Mass. 12 years old. '07.



Camp Records

GENERAL EXCELLENCE

- 1903 Cabot Holbrook, '03.
 1904 John Davis, '04.
 1905 Gilson Terribery, '05.
 1906 Gilson Terribery, '06.
 1907 Charles Walker, '07.
- General Excellence Cup must be won two years to be kept. Awarded to Gilson Terribery in '06.

HIGH JUMP

- 1903 Evans Stearns
 1904 John Davis, 3 feet, 11 inches
 1905 G. Terribery, 3 feet, 9 inches
 1906 G. Terribery, 4 feet, 2 inches
 1907 D. Foster, 4 feet, 3 inches
- Dwight Foster holds the camp record at 4 feet, 3 inches.

RUNNING BROAD JUMP

- 1904 John Davis
1905 Legh Garrett, 12 feet, 5 inches
1906 Legh Garrett, 13 feet, 6 inches
1907 Charles Walker, 15 feet, 4 inches

Charles Walker holds the Camp record at 15 feet, 4 inches.

PLAIN DIVING

- 1904 John Davis
1905 Marland Hobbs
1906 Marland Hobbs
1907 Roger Morse

SHOT PUT

- 1904 John Davis, 8 lb. shot, 27 ft. 8 inches
1905 Gilson Terribery, 12 lb. shot, 17 ft. 6 inches
1906 Gilson Terribery, 8 lb. shot, 28 ft.
1907 Gilson Terribery, 8 lb. shot, 29 ft. 6 inches.

Gilson Terribery holds the record at 29 ft. 6 inches.

40 YARDS DASH

- 1904 John Davis
1905 Legh Garrett
1906 Gilson Terribery
1907 Charles Walker

CREW RACE 1904

Won by

John Davis, stern
Bartlett Harwood, stern
Henry Lawrence, bow
Bradley Caldwell, bow
Roger Morse, cox.

CREW RACE 1905

Won by

Gilson Terribery, stern
Alexander Davidson, stern

Alison Edwards, bow
Legh Garrett, bow
Karl Jackson, cox.

CREW RACE 1906

Gilson Terribery, stern
Alexander Davidson, stern
Legh Garrett, bow
Prescott Townsend, bow
Karl Jackson, cox.

CREW RACE 1907

Won by

Perry Thurber, stern
Irving Crowell, stern
Joel Goldthwait, bow
Schuyler Thurber, bow
Jack Brough, cox.

CANOE RACE 1904

Won by

Bartlett Harwood
Roger Morse
William Hobbs
Gilson Terribery

CANOE RACE 1905

Won by

Gilson Terribery
Roger Morse
Alexander Davidson
Alison Edwards

CANOE RACE 1906

Won by

William Hobbs
Marland Hobbs
Wendell Townsend
Roger Morse

CANOE RACE 1907

Won by

Dwight Foster
Roger Morse
Charles Walker
Gilson Terribery

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