

CAPE COD'S SUMMER JOYS

Continued from Eighth Page.

Beveridge. It has two large cottages adjoining, and the hotel and cottages have a large list of regular patrons from Chicago, Omaha, Denver and other Western cities.

From the bluff at North Dennis one may see Provincetown, twenty miles across the bay, while on the coast of Provincetown is visible. Inland a short distance is Scargo Hill, the highest point of land on Cape Cod, where an observatory has been built from which Martha's Vineyard is visible across the sound on a clear day.

Dennis and North Dennis are reached by stages and automobiles from Yarmouth, as the New England coast road runs due east from Yarmouth toward Chatham, on the elbow of Cape Cod, the main line running northward from Harwich to Provincetown, with a branch to Chatham.

Brewster, the next town on the northern shore, forms the bend of the Cape. It was named after William Brewster, a member of the Mayflower party and has been a town of seamen. In 1813 it was said that more masters and mates of vessels came from Brewster than from any other place of its size in the State.

Inside the Brewster homes of to-day are stores of old china, quaint armor, Canton shawls, India silk and foreign curios brought back by the sailormen of Brewster. The summer visitors are made welcome in these homes.

In the town of Brewster are Brewster Port, East Brewster, West Brewster and Astorville. The town owns a herring brook and appoints a committee at the annual town meeting to catch the fish and dispose of them. In some former years the town boasted of 300 barrels of herring.

At East Brewster the New Haven Road to Provincetown approaches the north coast, and then continues through the towns of Orleans, Eastham, Wellfleet and Truro to its terminus at Provincetown. It is a town of beautiful landscapes and is distinguished by having not a pauper within its limits. After the almshouse had been emptied, when the time it was leased as a summer house. There are three old windmills in Orleans, each dating back 150 years. In 1865 the timbers of an ancient ship were disclosed by the action of the sea in the town of Orleans, which fact went to verify the early charts of the New England coast showing a passage from the Atlantic Ocean to Cape Cod Bay through Orleans.

Eastham was famous in the old days for its oar, and the Pilgrim Fathers used to take their sacks to Eastham to be filled. Samuel Eliot, the famous Indian missionary, settled there in 1672 and served as pastor forty-five years.

Not far away are the Nauset Lights, built among the sand dunes with a life saving station close by. Summer visitors will be interested in both.

Across the plain from Eastham is Wellfleet, peopled largely by farmers who have become prosperous from the culture of asparagus. The famous Highland Light is close by, while an important Marconi wireless station is also situated there. The inland town of Wellfleet was the originators of whale fishing to the Falkland Islands.

Over the sandy plain from Wellfleet is Truro, with sandy dunes on both sides that are ideal locations for summer colonies. The place was called Dangerfield by the old inhabitants because its shores frequently caused the undoing of vessels driven aground by the frequent northeast winds.

At the very tip of Cape Cod, with a steep projecting hill of sand at its back, is Provincetown. It is famous for its fishing, approaching Boston this beckoning finger of Cape Cod. It is the first bit of land that greets his eye. It is a quaint old place, full of historic interest, but its reputation as a summer resort place is of recent development.

The harbor is almost circular in form and affords a safe anchorage for vessels of almost any size. The town is a fishing merely has to drop a line overboard and cod, haddock, bluefish, mackerel and sea bass will bite until the fisherman is tired pulling them in.

Nearly the whole town is interested in the shipping of fish, although the rotting wharves tell the story of the great fishing industry of former years that has long since passed. It is said that for every fish that Mayflower first dropped anchor, and there the women folks washed the clothing while their husbands explored the coast.

The lighthouse is a fine station. Upon Long Point, at the very tip end of the Cape, is the light guarding the entrance to the harbor. Two miles westward is Wood End station, the first of a long series of life saving stations that extend along the coast.

The journey along the south coast of Cape Cod begins at Chatham, the elbow of Cape Cod, where the Atlantic Ocean forms the eastern and southern boundary and the town of Harwich the western.

Its shore is broken up by bays, creeks, harbors and inlets, making a tortuous coast line of nearly twenty miles. Here the water is often 10 degrees warmer than on the northern coast, because the islands south of it modify both the winds and waves and serve as breakwaters. Champlain visited the place in 1606.

A tramp along the shore at Chatham is a delightful experience with every footstep opening up a new vista of delight. The depth of the water is constantly changing, and the sea, with its irresistible force of a 7 or 8 foot wave, is constantly changing the contour of the coast line. No mosquito has visited the place in the memory of the oldest inhabitant.

The shores of Chatham are trod by new summer visitors every season, and fine hotels have been recently erected there. Among these is the Mattaquan, which has an incomparable site at the edge of the coast.

The town of Harwich, adjoining Chatham on the west, is covered with many acres of dense woods, which are a delight to the visitor. Unlike the other Cape towns, which have frontages on both the bay and the ocean, Harwich touches only the ocean. In the town of Harwich are Harwichport, West Harwich, Harwich Village, Harwich Centre and Pleasant Lake. At Harwichport and West Harwich is splendid bathing close by. Harwich boasts the largest bathing park of the Cape, as well as the finest village park.

Harwich is also one of the towns noted for its fine macadam roads. In West Harwich is the Wayside Inn, open the year around and catering to the automobilists who pass the door at all seasons. Herring River, running through the centre of the town, furnishes fine cooling and boating as well as good pickerel and perch fishing.

Ewan Lake, with two islands in the centre and beach on the very all around, is only half a mile from the centre of the town.

West Harwich makes a suitable headquarters for automobile tourists. It is on a stretch of forty miles of macadam road from Chatham to Cotuit, has a run of eight miles across the Cape to Barnstable on the north, then twenty-five miles east to Orleans, eight miles back to

Dennis, and then along the south coast to Harwich again, making a run of about 109 miles through the most delightful scenery imaginable.

The healthfulness of the neighborhood of Harwich is indicated by the following advertisement in last week's issue of the Harwich Independent:

"Closing out coffins and caskets, mostly for children. I shall sell, regardless of cost. Give me a call and save money. 'LEVI LONG, Harwich.'"

Westward along the coast are Dennisport, West Dennis, South Yarmouth and West Yarmouth. Summer cottagers are coming to all these places in great numbers. At West Yarmouth the woods run almost down to the edge of the long sandy beach, and many fine bungalows and magnificent estates may be seen along the shore. The open sea fishing on Nantucket Sound is one of the attractions.

A superb macadam road runs westward along the shore from West Yarmouth to Hyannis, South Hyannis and Hyannisport. There is no more progressive town on Cape Cod than Hyannis, and the village of that name is second in size only to Provincetown. Special stage coaches connect the various summer colonies near by with the railroad station at Hyannis, which has a spur of the New Haven road all to itself.

Hyannis is the railroad station for the Aberdeen Hall, a summer hotel that has no superior on Cape Cod. It was built in 1902 at a cost of \$100,000 for the exclusive use of the Great Island Club, at that time the smallest and was the property of Henry and John S. Phipps of New York, and in 1905 they came into possession of the property, and it had since been converted into a high class resort hotel under the management of A. W. MacDougall.

The 1,000 acres of superb cottage sites upon which the Aberdeen Hall stands are soon to be cut up into lots and put on the market. Accordingly here is an opportunity to select a cottage site that does not come often. The location is to be kept the most exclusive and highly restricted on the south shore.

The vacation seeker at Aberdeen Hall may bathe in the mild waters on Nantucket Sound at an average temperature of 78 degrees, may sail a stanch catboat with an old salt as captain, and make trips to Nantucket, Woods Hole, Chatham and Oak Bluffs; may fish for tautog, scup, sea trout, bluefish and sea bass and go on shark fishing trips to the sand bars ten miles away; may walk through the fifty acres of pine and oak groves and play golf on one of the best courses in Massachusetts.

Many well known New Yorkers are regular visitors there, among them Darwin P. Kingsley, Thomas A. Buckner, Amos Tuck French and John S. and Henry Phipps.

Yachting is the popular pastime at Hyannis, and a large number of racing craft are owned along the colonial days are found throughout the town of Hyannis.

West of Hyannisport are Centerville and Osterville. There is a rural atmosphere about the latter that is indescribably pleasing. It is reached by stage from West Barnstable and Hyannis. Osterville owes its delightful surroundings to the fact that it is situated on a narrow neck of land, which gives it two landlocked harbors, East and West bays, one on either side of the mile wide point of land on which it is situated.

The Cape yacht clubs, the Wianno. Here also are the Seapuit golf links. The place is surrounded by balsamic pines, whose odor is built largely through the use of the sea, gladdens the lungs accustomed to the dusty, smokeladen atmosphere of the city.

The roads are so good here and elsewhere that one wonders if roadmaking has not been the business of Cape Codders since the earliest times. Osterville has a public library built largely through the generosity of William Lloyd Garrison, who summered there.

Then comes Cotuit, prettily situated on an inlet of the sea. It is famous for oysters, which are of the quality from the stream of fresh water that flows over the beach. Cotuit folks live on and in the water and the bay is dotted with sailboats, motor boats, and rowboats, with now and then a fine steam yacht.

Three miles to the northwest, through the finest stretch of woods on the Cape, is the Indian reservation of Mashpee, the only Indian reservation in Massachusetts. Six hundred of the tribe, with a sprinkling of negroes, still live there and do little for a living except to make baskets.

In this town is the only stretch of poor road on the Cape, due to the fact that the town is just as poor as its shiftless inhabitants and has no money to spare for roadmaking. Even through the Mashpee woods, however, automobilists find the roads much better than in many places. In this town is Wakely Lake, and along its shores is a camp where the finest shore dinners in that section can be had.

The traveller now reaches Waquoit, that part of the town of Falmouth that borders on Vineyard Sound. It was here that Daniel Webster devoted much of his time to hunting and fishing. Waquoit Bay is noted for its oysters and other shell fish and is a feeding ground for sea bass, sea trout and weakfish.

Manahant is a colony of comfortable cottages, and the residents there lead a careful life that is not disturbed by the restrictions of society.

Falmouth is really the starting point for the South Shore country if the traveller has not previously covered the north coast and made the circuit by way of Chatham. Much of the journey has to be made by stages, as the resorts are distant from the railroad and the trolley car is unknown.

The town of Falmouth is one of the most progressive in Massachusetts, and few persons can go there without feeling a desire to settle there for life. It is famous throughout New England for its strawberries. Many choice sites for cottage building may be bought now in the vicinity of Falmouth at exceedingly low rates.

In the town of Falmouth is the village of Teaticket, where King Philip held the council of war and the woods echoed with cries of the Teaticket warriors.

To the eastward and skirting the northern shore of Vineyard Sound is Falmouth Heights, and upon the natural crest that gives title to the location stands Terrace Gables, one of the fine hotels of the Cape country. The shipping passing this point constantly makes a marine panorama as excellent as no other place.

Delightfully situated on the east coast of Buzzards Bay are West Falmouth, North Falmouth, Cataumet, Pocasset and Monument Beach, and a short distance away is Buzzards Bay, where the trip over the Cape Cod country by rail will appreciate the dining room, parlor and sleeping car service of the New Haven railroad, which is under the supervision of Floyd H. Crane.

TERRAPIN AND FROG FARM.

A Plan to Raise These Delicacies on Long Island for the New York Market.

There is an industry out on Long Island which is as yet in the very earliest stages of infancy and about which its sponsors are exceedingly reticent. It is the rearing and marketing of terrapin and frogs, strictly according to the rules and regulations laid down by the Secretary of Agriculture.

So far the names of only three men interested in the prospective terrapin and frog farm have reached the public, but there is reason to believe that a number of others are considering the why and wherefore of lending something more material than merely their moral backing. Cuthbert M. Leveridge of Boston, who is reputed to be expert in matters appertaining to the domesticating and nurturing of terrapin in the South, has succeeded in enlisting the interest of two Brooklyn dentists. They are Dr. F. C. Royce of 65 Greene avenue, who yesterday was not at all sure that he was willing to be mentioned in connection with this undertaking, and Dr. David S. Skinner, whose home is at 75 on the same street.

Dr. Skinner would have been willing to divulge the details of the scheme, it seemed, had it not been for two circumstances. The first was that his coworkers were anxious to keep the matter to themselves for the present, as Dr. Skinner indicated by putting an index finger to his lips as a token that he was a certain backwardness on his own account.

"I don't want to say a whole lot about this thing," he said, "until some definite has been accomplished. Then if it falls through we won't have people laughing at us."

He said, however, that there was a foundation for the reports and that the details would be forthcoming when the parties interested were sure of themselves.

According to the authoritative references the diamond back terrapin grows to the best advantage in sunnier climes, and transplanting him to the more hostile latitude of Long Island will be a task in which care and forethought will have to be exercised.

The spot selected is a four acre stretch of land at Great River, L. I., through which runs a mild and advantageous brook of the correct proportions. Up and down this stream it is proposed to allow the terrapin to scamper, making their flesh assume that peculiar firmness which is the ultimate requisite of a turtle of the better class. This romping to and fro can be overdone, it is said, and to keep the animals from exercising beyond what is the limit of discretion, their muscles taut and stringy, it is planned to erect pens here and there in the stream by which their liberty will be limited.

What provision has been made for the exercise of the frogs, whether they are to be allowed to hop in any direction at will or are to be coerced into bobbing along in the straight line, in straight lines, could not be learned.

They are to be no mean specimens of frog flesh which are to delight the palates of New York's most select eaters. The parent frogs have been imported from no less famous a frog centre than the farms of Florida.

There was one other venture of this sort on Long Island it is said, some years ago, but a great storm came along and wrecked the plant.

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USES OF TAILS.

They Serve as Propellers, Boas, Trowels and Various Other Things.

"There is no definition of a tail," declares a writer in the Strand. "It is not, in its nature, anything at all. When an animal's fore legs are fitted onto its backbone at the proper distance from the hind legs, if any backbone remains over we call it a tail."

"But it has no purpose. It is a mere surplus, which a tailor (the pun is unavoidable) would have trimmed off long ago. Eyes, nose and mouth, hands and feet all have their duties, but the tail is unemphatic. And if we allow that life has had any hand in the shaping of its own destiny, then the ingenuity of the devices for turning the useless member to account affords one of the most exhilarating subjects of contemplation in the whole panorama of nature."

"The fishes fitted it up at once as a twin propeller, with results so satisfactory that the whale and the porpoise, coming long after, adopted the invention. And it is noted that these last and their kin are now the only ocean-going mammals in the world. The whole tribe of paddlers and dugouts, the seals and walrus and among those beasts that would live on the dry land the primitive kangaroo could think of nothing better to do with his tail than to make a stool of it. It was a simple thought but a happy one."

"Sitting up like a gentleman, he has his hands free to scratch his ribs or twitch his mustache. And when he goes he needs no tail to pull them in. The ground for his great tail so nearly equals the weight of his body that one pair of legs keeps the balance even."

"And so the kangaroo, almost the lowest of beasts, comes closer to man in his postures than any other animal. The squirrel also sits up and uses his fore paws for hands, but the squirrel is a creature who lies abed in cold weather and it is every way characteristic of him that he has sent his tail to the furrier and had it done up into a box, or commforter, at once warm and becoming. See too how daintily he lifts it over his back to keep it clean."

"Then there is the beaver, whose tail I am content to call a trowel. I know of no naturalist who has mentioned this, but such negative evidence is of little weight."

"The beaver, as every one knows, is a builder who cuts down trees and piles log upon log until he has raised a solid domed cabin from seven to twenty feet in diameter, which he then partitions over with clay and straw. If he does not turn round and beat the work smooth with his tail, then I require to know for what purpose he carries that broad, heavy and hard tool behind him."

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BROOKLYN ADVERTISEMENTS.

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\$1.50 Wilton Velvets, \$1.19 Yd. \$1.60 Ex. Axminsters, \$1.19 Yd.

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\$40.00 and \$47.50 Values, Royal Wilton Rugs, Size 9x12 Feet (90 New Patterns From Bigelow Mills), for \$22.75 and \$28.98

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Like a captured rainbow these reflect its glory.

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Where the cutting is the same, our price is the lowest. Where the price is the same, our cutting is better. Verify this here. We invite comparison as to cutting, brilliancy and price. We carry only the highest grade and finest quality Cut Glass that is made.

\$2.00 Handed Bonbon or Olive Dishes, Beautiful Cutting... 98c

\$4.00 Footed Whipped Cream Bowl, Deep Rich Cutting... \$1.98

\$3.50 8-inch Fruit or Berry Bowls, \$1.98.

\$10.00 Fruit or Berry Bowls, \$5.98

\$5.00 Claret, Lemonade and Water Pitchers, \$2.98.

\$10.00 Claret, Lemonade and Water Pitchers, \$5.98

\$15.00 Claret, Lemonade and Water Pitchers, \$7.98

\$4.00 Sugar and Cream Sets, \$1.98.

\$3.00 Sugar and Cream Sets, \$1.98

\$4.00 Fern Dishes, With Silver Plated Lining, \$2.49

\$7.00 Fern Dishes with silver plated lining, \$4.98

\$7.50 Footed Punch Bowls, Beautiful Cutting, \$50.00.

\$40.00 footed Punch Bowls, beautiful cutting, \$25.00

\$15.00 footed Punch Bowls, beautiful lining, \$10.98

\$4.00 tall footed Comports, \$3.98