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Three Able Addresses Delivered Before the State Board of Trade at Bangor, Maine, March 25, 1902

B. M. Fernald

Leroy T. Carleton

J. W. Penney

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Three Able Addresses.

Maine Canning Industry,

*By Hon. B. M. Fernald,
of West Poland.*

Maine as a Vacation State,

*By Hon. Leroy T. Carleton,
of Winthrop.*

**Maine Primitive and Modern
Industry,**

*By Hon. J. W. Penney,
of Mechanic Falls.*

*Delivered before the State Board
of Trade, at Bangor, Maine . . .*

March 25th, 1902.

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BY HON. B. M. FERNALD, OF WEST POLAND.

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BY HON. J. W. PENNEY, OF MECHANIC FALLS.

THREE ABLE ADDRESSES

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

STATE BOARD OF TRADE

AT BANGOR, MAINE,

MARCH 25th, 1902.

PRINTED AND DISTRIBUTED BY ORDER OF THE EXECUTIVE COUNCIL.

HENRY LORD, BANGOR, *President*,

GORHAM N. WEYMOUTH, BIDDEFORD, *Treasurer*,

MARSHALL N. RICH, PORTLAND, *Secretary*.

PORTLAND, ME. :

MARKS PRINTING HOUSE.

1902.

MAINE CANNING INDUSTRY.

BY HON. B. M. FERNALD, OF WEST POLAND.

Mr. President, Gentlemen of the State Board of Trade :

I am not ignorant of the great honor you confer upon me at this time, in asking me to be present and speak to you on "The Canning Industry" of our great State.

The subject may seem to be cold and uninteresting, but when we consider its origin, its enormity, its growth and development, and the fact that in every civilized country of the world our products are sold and consumed, we gain a slight conception of a business which brings many million dollars to our people, which is distributed among the agriculturists in the smaller towns of our State.

Permit me to say at this time, that I believe the papers prepared and delivered before this body of our citizens are, as a rule, the most authentic and valuable of any which are presented to our people, from the fact that they are prepared by our business men, who know their subjects and present them exactly as they exist. They are not theories, oftentimes brilliant and alluring, but cold figures and facts, always practicable, sensible, reasonable, reliable.

I once listened to a very distinguished member of Congress, whose home was eight hundred miles from the coast, speak on "Our Merchant Marine and Coast Trade." It was evident from the start that he knew as little of his subject as the average politician of the Kingdom of Heaven.

But I know full well that the business of the State Board of Trade is to advance the interests of our citizens and develop every industry for our common good. When we consider that

half of the people of the United States are occupied in producing from the soil directly, that three-fourths of our exports to foreign countries come from the soil, and that six hundred million dollars average balance of trade coming to the United States yearly the past four years have been, to a great extent, the price of farm products, it is not remarkable that we turn our attention to the questions under discussion.

It has been well said that the "brotherhood of man would never be complete until all human feet were under the same breakfast table," and I am inclined to believe that do homage as we may to all the triumphs of literature and art, and all the higher interest of the human mind, the mighty artillery of the cook fiend, with all his pagan incense, assisted, as he is, by the many luxuries of the canned goods' packer, will often win the battle. And in the thousands upon thousands of homes throughout the land, a vast army of epicures will rise up and call us blessed. Maine is the pioneer State in the packing of corn. The first attempt was made by Isaac Winslow, in the year 1839, at, or near, Portland. He had very little success at first, but, as he was persistent and of a venturesome nature, he prosecuted the work year after year, until 1844, when he had proven by many experiments that it was possible, by subjecting green corn to a certain degree of heat for a certain length of time, to preserve the same in its natural flavor for any period.

Mr. Winslow, who had followed the sea up to this time, had visited France and probably learned something of the process of canning from one M. Appert, a Frenchman, who was the first to make practical use of canning on a large scale. However, the first record of anything along this line appears in a paper submitted to the "English Society of Arts," in the year 1807, by a Mr. Saddington, who had experimented somewhat in preserving food in glass bottles. Nothing, however, of much importance appeared until 1823, when a patent was granted Pierre Antonio Angilbut, for method of preserving food in its present form, although it is said that tin cans were first used in 1820. But the business was practically established in 1844,

yet it was in a very experimental stage until 1852, when Mr. Nathan Winslow, brother of Isaac, began to make a business of canning, and the next season, 1853, took his nephew, J. Winslow Jones, into partnership with him. And J. Winslow Jones is generally regarded as the "pioneer packer," for he speedily developed the business at a factory that he opened at Riverton, just outside of Portland.

Jones was for many years the chief canner in Maine, and saw his business grow from the experimental stage to a lucrative traffic. There were many difficulties to overcome in those early days aside from the cooking or processing to preserve the goods. First, the corn must be cut from the cob, and for this purpose an old fashioned case knife was used, and a girl would cut about two hundred pounds of corn in ten hours. The first improvement in this method was a sickle shaped knife, which would cut about one-third of an ear at once, and increased the capacity for cutting about fifty per cent. Other inventions followed, until today we have machines that will cut easily 15,000 pounds per day, and do the work of seventy-five girls.

The same changes have taken place in all the several processes, and each change is always a step in advance, not only labor saving, but of cleanliness, until to-day the canned corn and other canned vegetables are the acme of purity and neatness.

I should do great injustice to those early engaged in the business, and those who have done so much to develop it to its present splendid proportions, did I not mention Messrs. Burnham & Morrill, and Messrs. Davis, Baxter & Co.

The Burnham & Morrill company are still doing an exceedingly large business, and both Mr. Baxter and Mr. Davis are succeeded by their sons, who are the enterprising members of the Portland Packing Co. The first sale of corn of which I have been able to find any record, was made by Nathan Winslow to Samuel S. Pierce, of Boston, Mass., the invoice being dated Feb. 19th, 1848, and was for "one dozen canisters preserved corn at \$4.00." And from this beginning, which was undoubtedly the first purchase made by Mr. Pierce, the business has de-

veloped, and the last purchase of the same house, which is still doing business in Boston, Mass., under the firm name of S. S. Pierce Co., was for more than 5,000 cases. Then, and even as late as 1878, canned corn was considered a great luxury, to be indulged in by the few. Now it is almost a necessity, and appears on the table of rich and poor alike. Then few farmers were engaged in raising sweet corn, and that in a small way, planting it more as a garden crop, and it was a rare case that any one planted more than one-half acre. Now it is the staple crop of several of our largest counties, and last season more than 12,000 acres were planted to sweet corn, producing 950,000 cases, or 22,800,000 cans, which sold for something more than \$1,600,000, and gave employment not only to thousands of our most prosperous farmers, but to thousands of laborers in the process of canning: to the miner in some of our western states and territories, for it has been found that from the miserly cleft of our western hills, bright and shining tin has been brought forth; to the lumbermen in our grand old State of Maine, for it must be remembered that it takes 100,000,000 feet of lumber for boxes to carry our products to market; to the iron and steel manufactures of Pennsylvania, for nails; to the mechanic, the farmer, the machinist, the engraver, the printer, the artist; to the railroads—thousands of cars of it are shipped to all parts of our great country,—and it is doubtful if there is any industry in our State which furnishes employment to so many as that of canning.

I have confined myself, in this paper, largely to the canning of corn, but I desire to say that Maine packers are not confined to corn alone. We have several other vegetables and fruits which are fast coming to be recognized as superior; our string beans, Lima beans, blueberries, apples, and even tomatoes, are the finest that can be produced, and our sea products, lobsters, clams, sardines, etc., are recognized as edibles of high order. The canning industry, like every other, has passed through many evolutions. Its growth is a marvelous one. But twelve years since, or in 1890, the total pack of corn of the United

States was but 1,588,860 cases, while in 1900 the output was more than 6,000,000 cases, or the business had quadrupled in the short period of ten years. But when we consider the stupendous growth of our country, its wonderful strides and evolutions in every industry, it is not strange that the canning business has kept apace, and increased so rapidly. When we consider that the natural growth of New York City alone has averaged to be more than 76,000 people yearly the past ten years, we gain a small conception of the real growth of our country.

The western States are increasing their pack yearly, and it is only the superior quality and flavor of Maine sweet corn that enables the packers here to maintain themselves against the powerful competition of the corn growing States.

Our farmers are intelligent, ambitious, progressive, and assist, as they should, the packers to maintain the superior quality of our Maine corn. It is true we have no land in our State which, if tickled with a hoe, will laugh with a harvest, but it will respond bountifully and splendidly to hard work and earnest endeavor. Our farmers, as well as canned corn packers, have suffered untold wrongs and lost thousands of dollars by unscrupulous packers in the West, who have packed inferior goods there, and sold them under a "State of Maine" label, and it is the opinion of those best informed that many more goods were packed outside the State and sold for Maine corn than was packed in the State, thus bringing reproach on our products, and forcing the price to an almost profitless business, for both farmer and packer.

But the matter has been taken up by our packers of late, and there is a bill now before Congress to remedy this contemptible evil, and we hope in the near future to see a stop put to this nefarious practice, and again see Maine corn take the colossal position it deserves, and a higher price paid to the farmers who are the lifeblood and force of our republic, for there can be no real prosperity until the tillers of the soil receive fair remuneration for labor performed and service rendered.

In summing up the many canning industries of Maine, I find that there are about 200 canning factories of all kinds in the State, that the value of these factories is \$1,300,000, that the number of operatives actively engaged in the factories is 16,000,—and probably as many more are employed to supply the factories,—that the amount paid in wages is about \$1,500,000, the amount paid the farmers for corn nearly \$400,000, and that the value of the entire pack of all the factories in Maine last season was about \$6,000,000. In the packing of corn, Maine stands third in quantity and first in quality, New York ranking first in quantity and Illinois second.

In the packing of sardines, Maine stands alone, as no other State is engaged in this industry. In the packing of squash, pumpkin, small fruits, beans, peas, etc., we are on the increase, and there is certainly no business in the State which has more ramification than the canning industry. In its every branch men, women and children are employed at remunerative wages. I do not wish to infer that it is the only business in the State of Maine, by any means, but is one of the many which is doing much to aid the farmer in pursuing his work, to add to our commerce, to strengthen the character and increase the happiness of all our people. It is one of the offspring of civilization, as you can find no tin cans in an uncivilized land. Barbarians have no use for canned goods. It adds to the pleasure of humanity, and safely carries the delicacies of summer for the luxuries of winter.

In closing, permit me to say I am fully in sympathy with the splendid work of the State Board of Trade, and, as we learn more of the diversified industries demanding the care and attention of our co-workers and citizens, let us aid in every way possible in the establishing of new factories, and encourage enterprise in every direction, until our State shall blossom with an era of prosperity heretofore unknown.

MAINE AS A VACATION STATE.

BY HON. LEROY T. CARLETON, OF WINTHROP.

Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Board of Trade of the State of Maine :

For your kindly courtesies in extending to me an invitation to be present with you on this occasion, I sincerely thank you.

I am impressed with the importance of the subject that has been given me, upon which I am expected to speak, to wit, "The State of Maine as a Vacation State."

There is no mistaking the fact that we possess within our borders, in an exceptional degree, all the necessary requirements for a popular and desirable place to spend a vacation, and perhaps, in the beginning of this address, I can do no better than to quote the words of Dr. Wm. B. Lapham, long a resident of our State, and one exceptionally well informed upon all subjects that he wrote about.

Said Dr. Lapham, more than thirty years ago: "The State of Maine, from its northern situation, its bracing air, its pure water, its varied scenery, and its exemption from those contagious diseases of a fatal character, so frequently the scourge of southern latitudes, has become deservedly popular as a summer resort, and the number of those who spend the summer months with us is steadily increasing, and embraces persons from all parts of the country.

"So varied are the conditions and surroundings in different parts of the State, now easily accessible by rail or steamer, that even the most fastidious cannot fail of being suited, if he only finds the right spot.

"We have seacoast, river scenery, hilly and mountainous districts, broad plains and tablelands, populous cities and rural

villages, and every gradation of rustic beauty, from the clean-shaven lawn, the neatly-trimmed park, the broad, cultivated meadow and upland, to the deep tangled wildwood, the sombre, unbroken wilderness.

“Our extended line of seacoast, indented by bays, inlets, estuaries and coves, with the outlying islands, affords almost unlimited accommodations for seaside resorts, and these are now nearly all easily accessible either by rail or steamer, or both.”

MAINE AS A VACATION RESORT.

Now I wish to call attention to the fact that this was written before Bar Harbor and the multitude of our other noted vacationist resorts had been discovered and utilized as such.

There were those long ago, in our State, who saw our possibilities in this direction. Men like Dr. Lapham years ago did much to call attention to our unparalleled resources as a desirable State in which to pass a vacation. Nor should we forget the debt we owe the railroads and steamship lines of the State. They have done a vast work in this direction—expended large sums of money in advertising our resources, and, while they have been benefitted greatly, the people of the State have been reaping for years a golden harvest as a result of their efforts. Of course they have been well repaid, also, but the State as a whole has been greatly benefitted.

Dr. Lapham, and many others, saw clearly the tendency of the times.

He wrote further that, “What the people desire is change—change of scenery and surroundings—and this desire can be easily gratified without going out of the State. The people from the interior can come down to the seashore, the inhabitants of our coast cities and villages can go back to the hills and mountains of the interior, while those from without the State can look the country over and take their choice.”

In my day, and in your time, my friends, this vacation business has developed into very large proportions.

At the close of the Civil War, in 1865, the country at large had no outdoor sports recognized by refined and cultivated people as becoming and proper, and vacations, as we now understand that term, were an unknown quantity.

Angling was practically unknown to the adult population; it was the pastime of the small boy and the dietetic reliance of the vagabond. The educated, the wealthy, the fashionable gave it no consideration, much less patronage. Hunting was looked upon even more obliquely. We had no outdoor sports, such as yachting, college athletics, archery, croquet and golf.

GAME AND SWEET VARIETIES OF SCENERY.

The gospel of rest had not been preached. Our national indifference to our outdoor life and sport seems all the more strange and inexplicable when we recall the nature of our environment. Rivers, lakes and streams everywhere filled with fish, gamey and delicious; woods and mighty forests on all sides full of moose and deer; nature inviting and wooing us to come and see her monstrous mountain ranges, her magnificent forests, and such sweet varieties of scenery as no other State ever held within its boundaries—how could our people thus bred and placed ever have become so indifferent to the habits of recreation and those noble outdoor sports which add so much to the health and loveliness of our women and the vigor and vitality of our men.

Nervous prostration began to occur. It was a new name and a new thing. The fathers never heard of it. Deaths became sudden, horribly sudden. Softening of the brain and troubles caused by over stress and strain multiplied.

Clergymen, lawyers, merchants, doctors—all began to feel that the pace was too hot and too risky to keep up. In short, the individual began to think, and when the individual begins to think the beginning of revolution has come. And no greater revolution ever occurred than that which brought about the entire change in the thought and habits of the American people touching outdoor life.

Now, my friends, there was a cause for all this.

Dr. Beard, one of the greatest authorities in the world, says: "There is a large family of functional nervous disorders that are increasingly frequent among the indoor classes of civilized countries, and that are especially frequent in the northern and eastern parts of the United States. The sufferers from these maladies are counted in this country by thousands and hundreds of thousands. In all of the northern and eastern States they are found in nearly every brain-working household. It is a disease of modern civilization, and mainly of the nineteenth century and of the United States.

"Neurasthenia," (which is the name he gives to nervous exhaustion) "is," he says, "comparatively a modern disease, and is an American disease, in this, that it is very much more common here than in any other part of the civilized world."

"When we consider," says Strong, "that the increased activity of modern civilization is attended by new and increasing nervous disorders, that the belt of prevalent nervous diseases coincides exactly with that of the world's greatest activity, and, further, that in this belt, where the activity is by far the most intense, nervous affections are by far the most common, it is evident that the intensity of modern life has already worked, and continues to work important changes in man's nervous organization. The American people are rapidly becoming the most nervous, the most highly organized in the world, if, indeed, they are not already such, and the causes, climatic and other which had produced this result, continue operative."

As a people grows more nervous, its desire for a change, a change of scene, increases. Its use of intoxicating liquor increases, as it is the nearest and most convenient artificial support that is capable of temporarily propping up the enfeebled frame, but they are rapidly finding that that is no panacea.

They are coming more and more rapidly to learn that the pure ozone of the woods and mountains is the only real, practical, sure relief. Physicians recognize this, and wherever practical or possible send these people to the woods and mountains.

OUR WOODS AND MOUNTAINS THE GREAT SANITARY RESORT.

The absolute necessity for rest, change, recreation, brought about by this tremendous business pace of the last quarter of a century, is sending millions of people annually in all directions in search of relaxation, rest and recreation, and it is said, by those who have made a study of the situation, that from seven to ten millions of the population of the United States take some sort of an extended vacation each year.

This vast throng is constantly looking for a favorable place to go to, and, this being true, it would seem to be the part of wisdom on our part, as a business proposition, to have our natural advantages clearly placed before this class.

They expend large sums of money in Maine, build cottages, buy abandoned farms, are the life of whole villages, like Rangeley. Great hotels, like the Poland Spring House, Kineo, The Belgrade, and others, are filled to overflowing and add very materially to our volume of business and wealth.

A good many come to Maine now, how many I do not know—there are various estimates and guesses—but enough so that we perceptibly see and feel the greater volume of business thereby created.

We have vastly better railroad facilities, better hotels, cheaper fares, cheaper railroad freight rates, and a better State to live in in consequence.

Hon. Geo. M. Houghton, whom you all know as an energetic, wide-awake business man, the Vice President of the Bangor and Aroostook Railroad, wrote me, among other things, as follows: "I do not think it an exaggeration to say that one-half of the passenger train mileage, a good part of each year, in the State of Maine, is made possible only by the patronage of visiting sportsmen or pleasure-seekers. In other words, out of the State patrons are supporting many of the trains which are of such benefit to the citizens, notably the freight shippers of the State. This one feature alone, fully analyzed, will convince any reasonable man, whatever his occupation, that any and all good means for protection, propagating and heralding the natural

attractions of the State is of value to him, and I cannot conceive of anything which would hurt our State more than the curtailing of our most excellent passenger service.

“While very largely supported by visitors to the State, it is a most wonderful factor in serving our manufacturers and our farmers. It conveniently takes out into the larger markets those who canvass for sales of our lumber and produce; it conveniently brings in the thousands of buyers. Maine is a rugged State. In the broad, its grocery, clothing, etc., consumption must be paid for from the forests, the soil or the granite in its hills. It is in competition at all times with the West, the Northwest and with Canada, in an effort to hold and enlarge its markets. The transportation problem is the vital one, and the maintenance of an efficient, prompt and comfortable passenger train service is the greatest factor in the whole problem. He who seeks to lessen the efforts to continue the attractions of our lakes, streams and forests, must, if he investigates, discover that he is working against himself and his own interests.

“To double, if possible, the attractions and to doubly herald them can only result in immensely increased benefit to every farmer, every laborer, every manufacturer within the State. The growing tendency to protect our forests, to guard against fire, prevent wanton destruction of things animate and inanimate; the general education that is in progress, gradual but sure, which is bringing all classes within and those from without our borders into a realization of what Maine’s natural attractions are doing for Maine, must be worth several times its cost to everyone who lives here.”

I propose to gather the data, the statistics, this year and place them before the people of the State, so that it shall be known definitely how large a volume of business we do in consequence of our summer visitors, fishermen and hunters who come to us, and I ask the aid, assistance and co-operation of this Body and all the local Boards of Trade in the State.

A good deal of estimating and guessing has been indulged in, in this connection, and it would seem that it is of sufficient

importance to warrant the gathering of reliable data and placing it before the people of the State.

This volume of business is sufficiently large already, so that it has attracted the attention of our thoughtful business men, of our Senators and Representatives in Congress, as well as that of our business men generally.

FISHERMEN, SUMMER TOURISTS AND THE FALL HUNTERS.

Senator Frye said: "In all the times of business depressions and distress, financial panics and consequent unemployment of labor, so seriously affecting the country, the State of Maine has suffered much less than any other State in the American Union, mostly, if not entirely, due to the large amount of money left with us by the fisherman, the summer tourist and the fall hunter, the seeker after change, rest and recreation."

The Senator himself, of whom we are all so proud, who has so long occupied such a commanding position in the councils of the nation, is an ardent devotee of the rod, and annually hies himself away to his cosy retreat among the mountains of Maine, on the shore of one of our grand lakes, there to rest, recuperate and prepare himself for the better performance of those great duties with which he is charged by the State of Maine, and which he has always performed so well and so acceptably.

Mr. President, it is the province of your organization, it is your aim to constantly seek to improve business conditions in our State. To this end the State itself expends large sums of money in advertising our resources in one way and another. It appoints commissioners to attend, and makes small appropriations for, exhibits of our productions at the various expositions held from time to time throughout the country.

Agriculture, next to raising men for other States, is our greatest, most important and principal business, and must necessarily continue to be so, but it has seemed to me that you gentlemen of the Board of Trade, as well as others, have overlooked this great and growing industry in our State, this vacationist business, and I am glad to note that the commissioners

appointed by the Governor to the St. Louis Exposition, instead of erecting an insignificant building, or having a small room in some other building, propose to devote their energies to advertising Maine as a summer resort State.

I want to briefly call your attention to some of the conditions existing in our State. I call your attention to a census bulletin, issued by the Census Bureau of 1900. It is "Census Bulletin No. 139," and deals with the subject of agriculture in Maine. To be sure, these statistics were gathered in 1900, and are now nearly two years old, but they are the latest to be had.

MAINE'S GREAT AREA OF FARMS AND FORESTS.

In this bulletin, Maine's area is given at 29,895 square miles, of which 9,844—just about one-third—are included in farms. These numbered 59,299, and had a value of \$96,502,150. Very nearly one-half of this, or 48 9-10 per cent., represented the value of buildings.

The products derived from domestic animals, poultry and bees, including animals slaughtered or sold on farms, are referred to in the bulletin as "Animal products." The total value of all such products, together with the value of all crops, is termed "Total value of farm products." This value for 1899 was \$37,113,469, of which \$15,159,415 represents "Animal products," and \$21,954,054 the value of crops.

Since 1880 the number of farms has been decreasing, the loss for the past decade being 2,714, and a loss in improved acreage of 557,777 acres, the percentage of farm land improved being smaller than ever before reported. There are 398 farms owned by non-residents of Maine, purchased mostly by them for a summer outing place.

Now, it is said that comparisons are odious, but I want to read you, in this connection, from a letter I received from Col. F. E. Boothby, Mayor of Portland and General Passenger and Ticket Agent of Maine Central Railroad, as to the number of vacationists we have yearly, and then ask you to figure as to

how much, on an average, each one spends while here, and see what a surprising result you will obtain.

Said Mr. Boothby: "While of course we cannot give you a definite statement as to the number of summer visitors, fishermen and hunters who passed over this road from out of the State the past season, yet from figures which we have previously made, I should say that 250,000 would not be very far out of the way, certainly as many as that number."

If Col. Boothby was approximately correct in his estimate, we already have an industry in our vacationist business of very great proportions, and one that should be carefully fostered and enlarged.

I quote from an editorial of a late issue of the *Daily Kennebec Journal*, as follows:

"The steady growth of population in Maine, and the increasing popularity of its summer resorts, have largely increased the demand for dairy produce in the State. The number of dairy cows has steadily increased, and in 1900 there were 173,592. The present importance of this industry is shown by the fact that in 1899 the proprietors of 17,740 farms, or 29.9 per cent. of the farms of the State, derived their principal income from dairy produce."

Nearly every non-resident of the 398 farms owned by them, bought an abandoned farm, around some lake or pond, for a summer outing home.

Now, I have said enough in this connection to show that our vacation business is of great importance to the State. As I have shown, the conditions existing must, of necessity, supply ever increasing numbers who are seeking anxiously for just what we have in Maine in scenery, climate and health-giving enjoyment.

FISH, RIVERS, LAKES, PONDS AND FARM HOMES.

Now a great factor in developing the State of Maine in this direction as a great summer resort has undoubtedly been our fish and our game, and, so long as we can keep moose and deer

in our forests in any considerable numbers, and our many large lakes and ponds and innumerable brooks fairly supplied with trout, salmon, perch, black bass and other gamey and desirable fish, this will continue to be the greatest drawing card, taken in connection with our climate and scenery, possible. No other State can compete successfully with us in this direction. Nature has been lavish in her gifts and has given us, in bounteous profusion, that which all men desire—scenery unexcelled in the world, and a climate as healthy and desirable for the vacationist as can be found anywhere.

Now it will be idle for me to multiply proofs of what we all know to be the fact, and I will only call your attention to what a thoughtful editorial writer in the *Boston Globe* said, last summer:

“The summer tourist represents at once a diversification and an industry, which has been created wholly within the present century, largely within the past fifty years, and mostly since the Civil War. In our day he is so familiar a figure that it is difficult for us to appreciate either his novelty or his importance. But if, in the processes of atavism, he should suddenly revert from his nomadic habit to the settled, stay-at-home ways of his fathers, we should not only miss him grievously in our landscape, but scores of trades would be paralyzed by his disappearance from his accustomed haunts.

“Millions and millions of dollars’ worth of summer resort property would go utterly to waste, many a town would lose its principal sources of support, railroad schedules would be revolutionized and steamship sailings sadly deranged. All the complicated economies of our little day are involved in his vacation idlings. He has become an integral and vital part of our social and commercial organization. ‘One man’s meat is another man’s poison;’ one man’s vagrancy is another man’s harvest.”

This question or proposition of developing and calling the attention of the country to our natural resources and advan-

tages as a recreation State is much misrepresented and misunderstood. There are those who persist in misunderstanding this question, and a great deal of misinformation is disseminated through various channels. It is practically impossible to distinguish between the game interests, the inland fishing interests and the recreation or vacationist's interest.

There are those who seek to array the farmer or Grange influence against our inland fish and game interests, and this disposition has been, and is, quite determined. It is represented to the farmer that he is being taxed for something that he derives no benefit from; that it is all for sport; that deer are protected that they may destroy his crops; that restrictions are placed on brooks flowing through his land so that he cannot fish in them, for the benefit of the city chap, etc., etc., and it cannot be denied that this talk has had, and still has, its effect in arraying against these interests a very considerable influence, so much so that talk is not infrequently heard of the entire abolition of this important department of our State government, and the sweeping off the statute book of all fish and game legislation.

There are those who profess to be alarmed at this condition of affairs and prophesy disaster. It does not count that the \$25,000 appropriated by the State for the artificial propagation of fish and game protection, entails but a very slight tax, it is a tax, and therefore gives those so disposed a golden opportunity to undertake to make the people believe that they are being taxed for something that does them no good.

Now, my friends, shall I attempt to present some of the perils which threaten our future, and to point out the magnitude of the issues which hang on the present.

More than fifty years ago our watchful fathers discerned in our State great resources for the outdoor life, and, in a small way, laid the foundation for our present system of artificial propagation of fish to replenish our waters, and to preserve our game.

FISH HATCHERIES. FOREST PRESERVES AND PRECAUTIONARY
RESERVATIONS.

The wisest among them, however, little thought of the magnitude of the results to be obtained. The conviction was then often expressed that the case was hopeless. Good men, however, were hopeful. Those now living, who were then in their boyhood, remember well the man to whom we are indebted more than to any other for the initiation and the carrying forward of the great work under adverse circumstances, Mr. Stillwell, of Bangor, and how he and others used to return from their conflicts with legislative committees with a very pitiable appropriation.

The ideas which these veterans set on fire and left to burn in our souls were sound, logical and destined to be of immense value to the State. The magnitude of the West in geographical area, the rapidity with which it was filling up, the great drain of our young men attracted great attention, and the certainty that Maine would be badly left unless something was done quickly. They reasoned rightly that one man then was worth a hundred fifty years hence. One dollar then expended in the cause was worth many in the future. The fate of our fish and game was then what Edmund Burke describes as a "perilous and dancing balance."

Thirty years of eventful history have been piling up the proofs of the wisdom of our fathers in instituting fish and game legislation.

In studying the history of the movement to make Maine a great vacation State, one is reminded by it of the judgment which has been expressed by almost all the great generals of the world, from Julius Cæsar to General Grant, that in every decisive battle there is a moment of crisis on which the fortunes of the day turn. The commander who seizes and holds that ridge of destiny wins the victory.

So the early pioneers who started out to make our State the great vacation State of the Union, the playground of the country,

seized upon the key to the situation, viz., our fish and game, and provided for their protection and propagation.

Our salvation as a State demands the exercise of certain military virtues—vigilance in watching opportunities, tact in seizing upon opportunities, force and persistence in crowding opportunity to its utmost possible achievement—these are the martial virtues which must command success. Enterprise for the upbuilding of this State needs to be conducted with determination. What the campaign in Pennsylvania was to the Civil War, what the battle of Gettysburg was to that campaign, what the fight on Cemetery Hill was to that battle, such is the present opportunity to develop and preserve the vast resources of our State as a vacation State.

Turn whichever way we will, south, west, north or east, we see the same conditions, men and women everywhere seeking a place for rest and recreation.

WHATEVER WE CAN DO SHOULD BE DONE WITH SPEED.

The building of great States depends on one decade. The elements we work upon and the elements we must work with are fast precipitating themselves in fixed institutions and consolidated character. Nothing will wait our convenience, nothing is indulgent to a dilatory policy, nothing is tolerant of a somnolent enterprise.

Several years ago, Prof. Austin Phelps said: "Five hundred years of time in the process of the world's salvation may depend on the next twenty years of United States history," and the whole future of our State as a vacation State may depend upon the action you shall take towards retaining our present fish and game laws, and adding thereto what is necessary at this coming session of the legislature.

To attribute such importance to the coming session may strike one who has given little or no study to the subject as quite extravagant. It is easy to see how a great battle may, in a day, prove decisive of a nation's future.

Dewey, sailing into Manila harbor and destroying the Spanish fleet in one short forenoon before dinner, changed the entire aspect of our country. The boom of his cannon revealed to the world our great strength as a world power to be reckoned with for all time.

More discussion, more interest, more propositions are now heard than ever before in regard to our policy toward our fish and game, and the next session of our Legislature will settle our policy for a decade at least, and I appeal to you not to be found wanting when the critical hour shall come.

The pulse and the pace of the world have marvelously quickened. Conditions are more and more favorable.

Buxton says: "Intercourse is the soul of progress."

The fathers on Massachusetts Bay once decided that population was never likely to be very dense west of Newton (a suburb of Boston), and the founders of Lynn, after exploring for ten or fifteen miles, doubted whether the country was good for anything farther west than that.

A YEAR-ROUND RESORT STATE.

We have some "doubting Thomases" in our State, but energy well directed energy, will surely secure to us the playground of the nation, the great vacation State of the Union.

I do not know that I can better close these somewhat rambling remarks than by using the language from an editorial in a *Kennebec Journal* of last week, as follows:

"The coming summer promises a good deal for the State of Maine. On every hand, along the coast, by the lakes and in the mountains, there is a prospect of a very large summer tourist business. The fishing season, soon to open, will bring in thousands, and before this is over the advance guard of the 'summer boarder' will have arrived. The 'boarder' stays longer than formerly, and before he is out of the way along comes the mighty hunter to kill our game, and possibly himself or his companion. Our season begins as soon as the snow is off the ground and does not end until the ground is white again. No

other State has a season for tourists, fishermen and hunters approaching ours in length. During the past winter great sums of money have been expended improving hotel properties in the State, and they were never in better condition to take care of the vast army which will soon invade our borders. Maine is rapidly becoming a year-round State for the seeker after health and sport, and to many it is as interesting in winter as in summer."

Primitive Industry and Modern in the State of Maine.

BY J. W. PENNEY, OF MECHANIC FALLS, ME.

“But I doubt not the Province of Maine will prove a very flourishing place and be replenished with many faire Towns and Cities, it being a province both fruitful and pleasant.”

Thus wrote Sir Ferdinando Gorges of Maine, his fair and ideal possession, perhaps before the intrepid Pilgrim had made his world-renowned landing at Plymouth Rock, in sixteen hundred and twenty. The most beatific vision of the grand old cavalier of the ideal possibilities of his beloved Gorgeana could never have reached such a consummation of beneficent law and government, of commerce, of science, art, industry and intelligence as we behold to-day.

Sir Ferdinando Gorges may justly be called the Father of Maine. Beginning his scheme of colonization in 1607, at the mouth of Sagadahock, he never, amid the vicissitudes of an eventful life, relinquished the fond hope of colonization and settlement of the Province, upon purely English ideals of government, of which his city of Gorgeana—the first city of Maine, was a type.

When abandoned by others as too cold and dreary for human habitation, his faith continued steadfast, and to prove that men could live in Maine through the winter he actually hired men to winter here. He spent his fortune on Maine and died without reaping any substantial return.

It would seem that the time was ripe for justice to be done to the memory of Maine's most beneficent and illustrious founder, who led the way to make a howling wilderness blossom as the rose. And surely is it not eminently within the sphere of

action of the Maine Board of Trade to move for a never-fading immortelle to the memory of him who planted the seeds from which have sprung so much beauty and fragrance.

The Cabots, in 1497-8, as they wistfully scanned the Atlantic coast from Florida to Labrador for the mythical city of Prester John, looked upon the illimitable forests of Maine, but saw no city with gilded domes and pinnacles. But their discovery of the continent was primal, and by right of discovery England based her title to the continent. A century and a half of conflict between England and France for the coveted prize was consummated on the plains of Abraham, in 1759, by the arbitration of the sword, and England's title was confirmed.

Twenty-two years later, at the surrender of Yorktown, Great Britain lost her title forever, and the stars and stripes float over the grandest nation on the face of the earth.

Gaspar Cortereal, in 1500, sailed along our coast, admired our rivers and bays well stocked with fish, and forests studded with majestic pines, "fit for the masts of some great admiral," looked upon scenes of prehistoric industry, and with an eye to business, kidnapped fifty-seven Americans for the slave market.

Verranzano, an Italian, followed the Spaniards along our coast in 1523, and the now cautious natives lowered their merchandise of furs by ropes from the precipitous cliffs in exchange for the glittering trinkets of the traders.

Spain sent another adventurer, Estavan Gomez, in 1525 in search of the far Cathay. He found the coast of New England, "captured some idolators at Norembega," says Hakluyt the historian, and named the whole country for himself. "The Country of Gomez."

The next, Andre Thevit, a Frenchman, "a gentleman and scholar," more modest, gave to the Penobscot the name "Norembega" in 1556.

John Rutt, the Englishman, looked upon the grand and beautiful shores of Maine in 1557, and is supposed to be the first Englishman that stepped foot upon the soil of Maine.

Bartholomew Gosnold, another Englishman, in 1602 landed

on and named Cape Cod, touched at Mount Desert and named Maine Mavoshen. He went home loaded with sassafras, delighted with the beauties of the country, its "gallant bays, islands and great coddies." The next year, 1603, Martin Pring, of England, had a delightful experience among the islands of Penobscot and Casco Bays, and spoke and wrote in the warmest praise of the future possibilities of Maine.

France, eager to make her claim to the new world solid, sent patriotic De Monts in 1604, who planted his colony on an island in the St. Croix river, an exotic soon to perish.

George Weymouth came to Maine in 1605, to take possession in the name of England's king. This he did by setting up a cross at Monhegan and other points in Maine. He was the first explorer of Maine rivers and her first white agriculturist. He captured five natives on the score of philanthropy—to Christianize them.

In 1607 we see the hand of Sir Ferdinando Gorges in the unsuccessful attempt to plant an English Colony in Maine at the mouth of the Sagadahock. But for its failure, Maine would have enjoyed the high distinction of being the first New England settlement.

This roll of the grand and intrepid navigators and explorers who early visited our coast might be continued, but we will only mention Capt. John Smith, of Pocahontas fame, that indefatigable and intrepid explorer of our coast in 1614, who first mapped it out and gave it its name, New England, and that other lovable and artless man, Christopher Levett, whose landfall was the Isles of Shoals in 1623. He explored the coast of Maine from the Piscataqua to the Penobscot, won the esteem of the natives, built a fortified house on House Island, in the harbor of Portland, and sailed away never to return.

These illustrious names are high on the roll of enduring fame, more imperishable than brass or marble. They, in admiring wonder, gazed upon Maine's three thousand miles of indented coast, her more than five hundred "gallant" islands, her illimitable forests of "goodly trees," reaching down to the shore, her

noble rivers, whose tide waters flowed far inland, through banks of beautiful and impressive scenery and luxuriant vegetation, teeming with the choicest fish.

The red-skinned American, agile and fleet of foot, untutored, untamed, an "infidel and idolator," a representative primitive man, was the sole human possessor of the continent.

It was a vision of virgin nature in her rugged and unclothed beauty, and from the forest primeval came no sound of civilized life. No cities or villages adorned the landscape, no church spires pierced the skies, no hum and whirr of manufactory and mill greeted the ear, nor was there any visible sign of commerce and industrial enterprise.

If the inquisitive explorer could have, unobserved, gotten within earshot of the birch lodge, he perhaps could have heard the monotonous peck, peck, of the savage within, as he, with one stone pecked into form a celt or gouge, another oblong stone, as his ancestors had done for unnumbered centuries.

Thus the early explorers came in contact with prehistoric and primitive life in Maine, as it had existed probably long anterior to the Christian era, without any manifest development and elevation from savagery to a higher plane of civilization. The Indian seems to have been incapable, without assistance, to have ever attained to a civilization worthy the name, or to a higher elevation of humanity than his remote ancestors. His memorials in stone and unglazed earthenware are in evidence of no progressive upward stages, for the learned archæologist is unable to determine whether a specimen of stone axe is a product of the paleolithic or the neolithic period. The stone implement reveals no advance in skill, and the unglazed pot in its make-up and embellishment shows no advance in the motive of its maker. The birch canoe is the same as when evolved by the mythical "Hiawatha." Of the origin of the bow and its flint-pointed arrow, who can tell. To the savage it was not susceptible of improvement, and the wigwam as a residence is primitive to the last degree.

In the midst of Nature the Indian knew nothing of her laws.

In the waterfalls of the Androscoggin and Penobscot, he never dreamed that there inhered a beneficent power to bring great cities into existence, centers of civilization's highest attainments, and all their implied sequences of human felicity and happiness. But his highest conception and chief concern of these mighty conservators of wealth and prosperity was to propitiate the spirit of the waterfall with a fetich, that the fish in its rapids might be easily taken with his flint-pointed spear.

So low down was the American aborigine in the scale of humanity in tropical America,—and here was the highest development on the western hemisphere,—that the Spanish discoverers seriously questioned whether they were possessed of a soul, it requiring ecclesiastical wisdom to settle the question in the affirmative.

It becomes, then, almost a misnomer to apply the word industry to a people so primitive, so stagnant and non-progressive as was the great Algonquin linguistic family, whose domain extended from Labrador to the Rocky Mountains, and from Hudson Bay to North Carolina, of which the Abnaki of Maine were representatives.

The stomach of our Maine prehistoric inhabitant was the stern monitor that forced upon him an erratic industry, primitive in its broadest sense. Food abounded and it bade him "arise, kill and eat." At his feet lay the pebble that, by industry, would arm him with a weapon of offense and defense, give him power over the game of the forest and the fish in the rivers, and withal a domestic implement.

The birch tree said:—

"Take my cloak, O Hiawatha
That shall float upon the river,
Like a yellow leaf in Autumn.
Like a yellow Water Lily."

The prehistoric woman also found at her feet, strange as it may seem, material of which to fabricate a culinary vessel, in substance as enduring as the stone tomahawk of her husband. Her crude earthenware she lovingly embellished with a notched

stick in lines in which may faintly be detected initial conceptions of the chevron, stipple, hatching, meander, etc., but she never rose to the dignity of a glaze for her pottery. Her interesting conceptions of primitive housekeeping lie in fragments beneath the soil all over our state wherever the lodge was erected, and with accompanying stone implements attest to human manipulation, crude and most primitive, yet industrial examples of the age of stone.

Maine had a primitive commerce also, an export and import trade. She had in those primeval days abundance of beaver, but no pure flint, a material of such remarkable conchoidal fracture that it was to primitive man of far greater value than gold. Ohio had flint en masse, enough in her "Flint Ridge" to supply aboriginal America for all time. Somehow this flint got to Maine and is found here and there in the shape of the flint knife, spear and arrow-head.

Occasionally the *cache*, which the plowshare opens to view, discloses the blocked-out-in-the-rough deposit of the thrifty arrow-head maker, his carefully hidden stock in trade which he intended to sometime finish, but the strenuous era in which he lived forbade, and his treasure, concealed and preserved for centuries untouched, reveals to us a brief paragraph of his history.

Red ochre, found in prehistoric burial places, suggests a foreign commerce. The occasional obsidian arrow point of volcanic origin, Mexican exchange, and the curiously embellished calumet of Campbell's Island, may have traveled thousands of miles, and in Maine still be in the custody of the Algonquin family.

But the query arises, did our predecessors in Maine industries have any workshops or manufactories? I answer there is evidence that they did, though in a limited sense. The refuse chippings of the village sites adjacent to our lakes and rivers, and of the shell heaps on our coast, point to concentration of prehistoric implement making. But the great industrial center of Maine for chipped-stone implements was undoubtedly at

Mount Kineo, in Piscataquis County. Here Nature had provided a quarry of inexhaustable porphyritic felsite, which, by the action of the elements, was disintegrated from the cyclopean brow of Mount Kineo, and fell in splintered fragments ready for the hand of the primitive artisan. This mineral, though far inferior to flint in flaking qualities, was the great resource of the Maine Indian for material of which to manufacture chipped goods, and these memorials of his industry are found everywhere in the state where he sojourned, pitched his lodge, pursued the game and buried the dead—silent witness of a coast-wise trade. They are easily recognizable from their color and unsymmetrical form, as compared with flint or agate specimens.

Mr. C. C. Willoughby, a Maine man, assistant curator Peabody Museum of Archæology and Ethnology, Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass., writes interestingly and from the standpoint of a professed archæologist of the prehistoric workshops of Mount Kineo. He says: "At points at the lower edge of the talus slope, and in several places on the low peninsula south of the mountain, were indications of former occupancy by the Indians. Chips and rejectage occurred in many places, but the principal workshops were located at points near the eastern and western ends of the cliff and were evidently the principal block-ing-out shops. These being near the water, had unfortunately been disturbed and partially destroyed by the waters raised by damming. * * * *

The first civilized industry of Maine was fishing. Years before the exporchal landing at Plymouth Rock, there could be seen in the Gulf of Maine numerous English fishing fleets who annually secured their lucrative fares. Pemaquid and the Isles of Shoals were particularly places of active industry in this line, and such was the acknowledged superior quality of the Maine fish that when Labrador cod sold for \$2.40 per quintal the Maine article brought \$8.00 per quintal.

The earliest navigators to our coast were exuberant in statement as to the size of the fish they took—a weakness of the angler of to-day! Capt. John Smith goes into raptures when

writing of Maine fishing. "And what sport" says he, "doth yield a more pleasing content and less hurt or charge than angling with a hook, and crossing the sweete Ayre from Isle to Isle over the silent stream of a calm sea." King James when approached by a representative of the Pilgrims for a monopoly, otherwise called a grant or patent, inquired what the profits of the enterprise would be. "Fishing," replied sturdy John Carver. "An honest trade, and the Apostles' own calling," remarked the king.

The Maine lobster and clam are national in importance, as well as the "Maine sardine," being in active demand all over the United States, the combined output for 1900 being valued at \$1,399,147.00.

These unsurpassed esculent products of our coast, preserved by the genius of the nineteenth century in all their inherent luxuriousness, may be found on the table of kings and in the hut of the Hottentot on the Cape of Good Hope.

Lesser in importance, but of no inconsequential value, is the salmon, shad, smelt and alewife fisheries, the combined value of which is for 1900, \$123,499.00

Maine's inland fisheries naturally come under the sportsman's department of industry, and they appeal to that esthetic faculty of humanity susceptible of emotion the most exquisite, of a pleasure that knows no fatigue, of patience heroic, of skill phenomenal, of story unmatched in the annals of rhetoric. Conservative opinion wisely shields this rich heritage of our State so attractive to sportsmen at home and abroad. Its ethical value cannot be estimated in dollars and cents.

Savagery bequeathed to civilization "Indian corn," the most nutritious cereal gift of the Creator. Indigenous to the western hemisphere only, it was the chief grain food of the primitive American and the main reliance of the first settlers of Maine. Maine is within the "Corn belt," and her soil and climate produces this world's cereal in its greatest perfection. That variety known as sugar or sweet corn, by the aid of science, has become a great and permanent industry of the State, her hermetically

sealed corn in all its saccharine deliciousness reaching every part of the habitable globe.

In this connection may be mentioned other canned agricultural products, blueberries, beans, squash, pumpkin, apples, tomatoes, all permanent industries that only a few years ago had no existence. The canning industry has attained such proportions that Maine has become one of the leading States in the Union in the packing industry, standing third on the list in the canning of sweet corn, and first in the canning of sardines. Collectively the canning industry exceeds in value that of the slate, granite and ice industries combined, the value of the entire output being annually about \$5,000,000.00.

Milk and its products! How could we exist without it, as did our prehistoric predecessors, who knew it not as an animal product, or any substitute for it?

“Our increasing summer resort business is bringing metropolitan prices to our very doors, and the dairymen of Maine have only to rise to the situation in order to make the Pine Tree State one of the most successful dairy States in the country.”

The possibilities of the varied branches of agriculture in Maine are almost limitless in development, and the man with hayseed in his hair is an autocrat and doesn't know it. Let him read more, and be often found at the shrine of Ceres, Pomona and Flora.

The crude manufactories of savagery—if the term be allowable—although surrounded by the same forces of Nature, bear practically no comparison to the manufacturing industries of to-day. The forests which we now draw upon for homes of comfort and luxury, and paper for the millions, were only a refuge for wild beasts, and the fragrant birch, now in such demand, was useful only for its bark. The forest, directly and indirectly, yields an annual manufactured product whose market value is more than \$30,000,000.00, nearly \$14,000,000.00 going into the awful maw of the paper mill, which, with increasing capacity, cries give, give.

Skins of wild beasts furnished a garment ready-made for savagery. Our textile manufactories of to-day, cotton and woolen,

turn out a product valued at \$28,043,870. Ten of the principal industries of Maine are estimated to yield a product worth \$73,368,312, and the combined manufacturing industries of the 694,466 people of the State, employing capital to the amount of \$123,000,000, produce a product valued at \$100,000,000.

The runner of primitive times conveyed the parcel and the message. When Maine became a State we had no railroads. It will be yet nearly two decades before we can celebrate our centennial, and we now have 1,918.98 miles of steam railroads and 286.01 miles of street or trolley roads. Upon both streets and steam railroads there were 8,514 persons employed in 1901, receiving \$4,531,897.10 in wages. Dependent upon such employees there were not far from 35,000 persons.

Maine as a summer resort is the acknowledged "Playground of the nation," rivalling in her beauty of landscape, noble rivers, grand lakes, game preserves, hotels, seaside resorts and delightful summers, all other States in the Union. If the summer visitor does not go home a better man or woman physically, mentally and morally it is not because of any fault of the State.

The State of Maine is great in area, almost as large as all the other New England States combined; great in natural resources, unique in continental position—"The first-born dry land lifted out of the waters, the first shore washed by the ocean that enveloped all the earth beside," says Agassiz; great in the 1,620 lakes, whose combined area is 2,300 square miles, which, added to the 500 rivers and streams, make in the aggregate an inland water surface of 3,200 square miles. This mighty mass of water, kept practically constant by peculiar atmospheric conditions, and falling a mean distance of 600 feet as it flows down the State's majestic slope to the Atlantic, yields the enormous aggregate of 2,656,200 horse power. To this may be added the vast unestimated tidal power that may be utilized from our 3,000 miles of indented coast, having a mean fall of eleven and one-half feet, which if anywhere in the world is of practical utility it is here on the coast of Maine. When the accessibility of power and the juxtaposition of manufacturing and shipping is

considered, it is apparent that no people on earth are more highly favored with natural industrial advantages.

Maine's motto, "Dirigo" (I Lead), is no misnomer. First in the New England States to proclaim the gospel message was Maine, in 1607, and hers was the first meeting-house, and the first free school-house opened. On her soil was chartered the first city. She built the first vessel, the Virginia of thirty tons, on the Kennebec, in 1608, a river noted for this industry to-day. The first conveyance of American soil by deed was done at Pemaquid in 1625, and the first British vessel captured in the Revolutionary War was by the intrepid sons of Maine at Machias.

Says Macaulay, the historian, "A people which takes no pride in the noble achievements of remote ancestors, will never achieve anything worthy to be remembered by remote descendants." We have a noble ancestry in whose fearful struggle with savagery, and whose patriotism we take pride. We are making history to be remembered. With pardonable pride we point to the sons of Maine who, in legislative halls, have brought her to the front in national affairs; to her jurists filling the highest seats of honor; to her men of genius in invention, art, science and literature, and where in the realm of poetic genius do we find another that has charmed us like our own immortal Longfellow?

The Maine man is found in the high places of honor in other States. In the far West, and the sunny South, his energy, pluck, and brains are seen in the great industries that give employment to thousands. And in the front of every progressive and honorable employment in the wide world the men and women from Maine can be found, a chief factor in humanity's upward progress.

