

CHAPTER THREE

A certain witty person once said that electric cars were not needed in the town in which he lived, because "every person lived just where he wanted to go. It was only a short walk to all the stores, and as everybody's relations lived in the town they did not need to travel a mile even to visit all their friends."

The town of Bartlett was in many respects a fair example of the place above described. Situated on a neck of land beyond the limits of railroads and only visited once a week in the summer by a small steamboat, very few of the inhabitants ever saw the necessity of going beyond "the village," as the centre of the town was called, except the few young men who went "coasting" on the small schooners which took kiln wood to Rockland or brought flour, corn