

man said he would have to consult the board and would let Mr. Thompson know the next week. The next week came around and we went for the reply.

"Mr. Thompson," said the speaker, "we have had a meeting and discussed this matter in all its phases, and we have decided that we cannot allow the dead languages taught in our schools."

It was laughable, but we had to go off before we could laugh.

At the end of the school year, at the yearly town meeting, the people decided they had had enough of that committee. They elected three new men who were amply qualified, and who served for a long time. The town also raised the school appropriation and decided to have the High School again. What was my surprise, after having gone home, to be notified that I had been appointed teacher therein. I came back in the spring of 1857 and spent two very happy years as principal of the High School.

Belaying Pin Money

Hours of labor and rates of pay were unknown terms to the hardy old Cape Codders who sailed on trips of two, three, four and even more years in search of whale "ile". At the end of a gruelling voyage they might find themselves well fixed with their share of the take or they might be owin' the "slopchest" for to bacco and clothes. But wages were unknown.

However, a West Coast stranger to these ways shipped on the A. L. Putnam, whaler out of Provincetown and the schooner that brought back the figurehead which adorns a Commercial Street house. He had the temerity in the midst of a voyage to ask for his pay. A notation in the log of the A. L. Putnam deals with his fate briefly:—

"4 Nov. (1873) At 5 PM J. Bemis one of the grean hands shipped at Frisco come aft to asck when hee was agoin to be pade wages. Commenced talking sar-sy and hirling abuse to me. Cap-tin come on deck to see what the trubble is and I taold him wee have a Lunatick on board & J. Bemis repeated before the Cap-tin that he wanted his wages and wud do no work without wages. Cap-tin ordered him placed in single irons to wate & see if he is sane. So ends this day with no whale and sweat feelings of home."

Fifty Years Ago February 9, 1899

The Misses Putnam in Boston

A little mention of the Vesper Service on Sunday, Feb. 5, at the Every Day Church, will no doubt be of interest to Provincetown people. As one of its gifted daughters, Miss Abbie Cook Putnam, gave in her most interesting style, a short reading. Her selection, "The Story of a Short Life," a pathetic little incident in the life of a little crippled boy, was given by Miss Putnam with indescribable pathos. One charm in her reading is her thorough appreciation of her subject. . . . The quiet grace of manner and unassuming style of dress, impresses one with her superiority over those who for vanity and fashion appear before the public. . . .

Some families seem to be gifted more than others. If one genius arises in a family it is a matter for congratulation but in the Putnam family the artistic and progressive spirit is omnipotent. Miss Nellie Putnam is not only a fine landscape and flower painter but the photographs recently taken for the Boston Journal are perfection. . . .

Certainly Provincetown air is conducive to brain growth and the fresh breezes and pure air of their native place has given the Misses Putnam a charm over our city born dilettante, who take up from fancy of high life and publicity what these true and earnest young ladies have taken up seriously, with a love and appreciation which will bring success.

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Research Club

One of the most enjoyable evenings of the Research Club for the winter was held at the home of Miss Nellie Putnam on Wednesday evening of last week. Following is the paper on Old Quilts and Coverlets written by the hostess and read that evening. This was illustrated by a large number of beautiful old quilts and coverlets, many of the wonderful Chintz material referred to.

Old Quilts and Coverlets.

By Miss Nellie Putnam.

A patchwork quilt! What memories the name recalls!

We look back over the years, and see a gay party of women and young girls, descendants of the Pilgrims, wending their way over the hills of old Cape Cod, to a quaint old farmhouse, for a quilting party is underway.

Soon the needles fly and we judge tongues as well! All are eagerly awaiting the arrival of one who is a master hand at "scribing". The

word is possibly an abbreviation of inscribing. The process was to hold a string tightly across the quilt, the string had been chalked, and as it was held tight and snapped the chalk mark was left on the quilt and marked the places to be sewed.

Sometimes the patterns were in circles and lines drawn around edges of plates, saucers or goblets with colored chalk, or in other cases a more difficult pattern such as palm leaves was used, cut out of card board and the outline drawn in colored chalk. Another way was to mark the quilt with a pattern made of a block of wood in grooves; this was chalked and laid on the quilt, stamping it for the lines to sew by.

Soon the frames were rolled over, so one could shake hands across with her neighbor, and this meant the work was nearly done. How eager the young girls were to be the one to take the last stitch, for this was said to indicate the first one to be married.

Soon appetizing odors came from the kitchen, the men and boys began to gather and all sat down to a real New England supper as only Cape Codders know how to cook. Many a young swain was soon eager to see "Nellie home from Aunt Dinah's quilting party."

The names of the old patterns are numerous. Among them were eight pointed star, either made up diagonally or straight, dice, fisherman's reel, hour glass, wheel of fortune, crossed canoes, basket, Odd Fellows march, spider web, Irish chain, church steps, rising sun, orange peel, sunflower, Virginia fence, rose in the wilderness, saw teeth, maltese cross, log cabin.

The colors of the old calico were beautiful, many lovely shades of green, yellows, soft browns, vivid pinks, brilliant blue and buff. The linings were usually coarse unbleached cloth, heavy and strong.

One of the favorite materials was that termed, chintz, a very shiny surface in beautiful colorings and patterns of roses, all kinds of flowers, fluted columns of temples, and even landscapes. And in all the years of wear the quilt of which it was made still retains the glossy surface.

Probably the rarest and most highly valuable, were the old blue and white coverlets and if found now command a big price. They were of woven yarn, usually dark blue and white, but some were brown with a touch of red in the pattern.

Another old style was called tufted work. The process was similar to a hooked rug, and the surface to be worked on, strong white cloth.

Then we have the crocheted and knitted coverlets.

A very old style was the applique quilt. These were made of white cloth, with roses and leaves, baskets of flowers, cut of colored calico and sewed over and over stitch.

We read of one very old, one made by a woman who had lost a pair of twin girls, named Rose and Roselle. To keep their memory fresh she had made one of these quilts, the design a vase with two roses in it, and named it Twin Roses. It was never used, and no one was allowed to touch it. Another pattern was "Robbing Peter to pay Paul" and was always used when the minister came to visit. One old lady was never known to use any other pattern but dice. When asked how she would piece the next quilt, she replied "oh! in dice."

Sometimes one finds a patchwork quilt of rare old silk of the most dainty colors. Then we are all familiar with the autograph quilts, each square having a white center, in which the worker wrote her name in indelible ink. These quilts were often made by the church sewing societies and presented to the pastor's wife.

Many and varied were the styles and colors, which are hard to find now, in the busy rush of the present time. All honor to our worthy ancestors, whose minds were so contented and happy, and whose hands were so busy, no time for the nervous breakdowns of modern society had a chance to creep in.