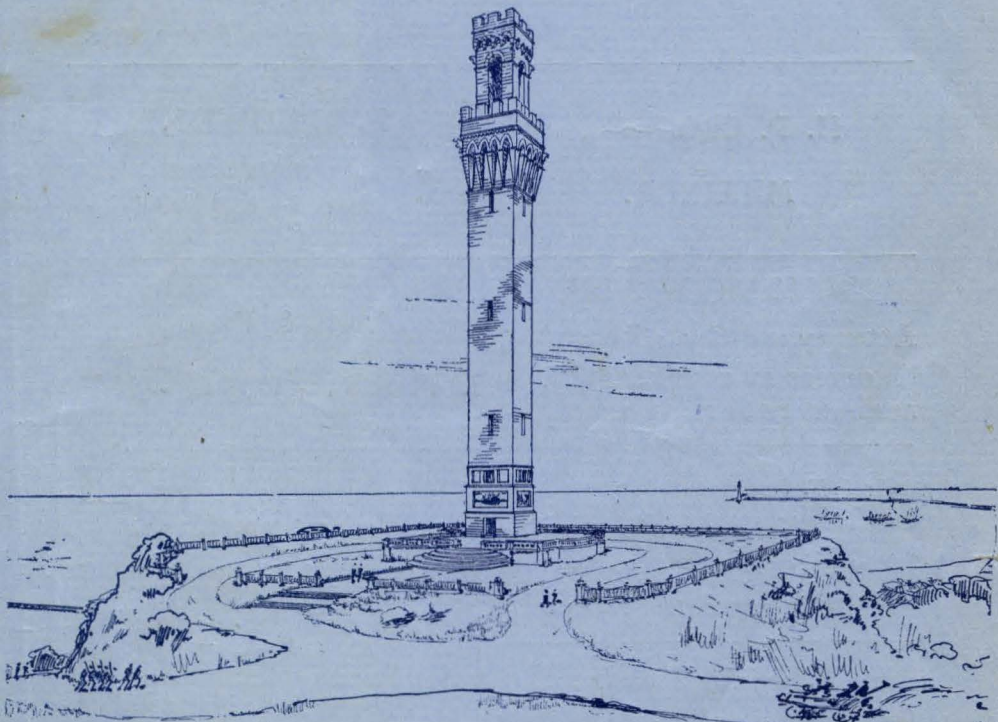


The Mayflower.

1620-1907.



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THE MAYFLOWER

Published by the Students of the Provincetown High School.

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Zilpha M. Lovell, '11. George Snow, '11.

All pupils, whether members of the Board or not, are earnestly requested to contribute.

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Editorial

FINANCIAL CONDITION OF THE HIGH SCHOOL MAYFLOWER.

The financial condition of the school Mayflower being a matter of great interest to all the pupils of the school, we feel it our duty to write a sort of report. We will not go into details about incidental expenses, but will give a few figures from which you may draw your conclusion.

Each edition of the Mayflower costs approximately \$23. This would make the cost for the printing for the year \$136. We will call the other incidental expenses for the year, about \$15, making the total cost of the paper for six editions about \$150.

We get \$84 from advertisements for the year. We have about 90 subscriptions at 75 cents, making a total of \$67.50. This would bring the total receipts for the year to \$151.50, a profit of \$1.50; but we get 15 cents a copy for those sold. This makes the present balance about \$20 and of course you are able to see that each paper sold between now and June is clear profit.

In conclusion we will state that we wish to thank the subscribers and all those whose interest and energy have helped the Mayflower to prosper, especially the townspeople, who have taken such an interest in the enterprise, and we sincerely hope that the present financial standing of this paper will inspire the pupils to continue the paper in after years.

EARLE F. BAKER, Business Mgr.

GEORGE T. COREA, Asst. Business Mgr.

For lack of space the Alumni column had to be omitted this month.

The custom of making, on New Year's day, a list of resolutions to live by during the year is an old custom, and also a good one. It would be even better if every one might live up to his resolutions, but since we are all human, and human nature seems to be somewhat forgetful, we do not get very far down the path of time before we find we have broken some resolution.

It would seem from the general conduct of our students on the first day of this year, that they had resolved to make as much trouble as possible. Perhaps, however, the resolutions were not made until after school, for there has been a slight improvement in deportment since then. We think that the following would be a good resolution for us all to be guided by this year:

Resolved, to make this year as pleasant as we can for our teachers and fellow students, and as profitable as may be for ourselves. It isn't too late to begin now.

What we need in our school is school spirit. The lack of school spirit is the corroborated reason why so many of our enterprises have failed. It was by almost superhuman efforts on the part of some that the drama, "Triss, or Beyond the Rockies" was produced last year. You all know what difficulties were undergone in order to secure enough characters to fill the roles. This year we are attempting to reproduce this play, but with even more difficulties than before. Some who took prominent parts last year, on being requested to take those parts this year, went so far as to ask a considerable compensation for their services. Do you call that a proper school spirit?

Athletics

The schedule of the basket ball team is very slim at present—only two games in sight, one with the Barnstable high at Provincetown, Feb. 15, and one with Tabor academy, Feb. 3. This is the first year a team has been organized in the P. H. S. and, therefore, there has been a very small number of games scheduled.

The high school wish to thank the alumni teams for their kindness and generosity in presenting to the school a sum of money, with which to buy a basket and ball.

A basket and ball have been purchased by the high school from Mr. Paine, a member of the class of '07. Both basket and ball are in fine condition, and the school is very fortunate in being able to get them at such a low figure as they did.

BASKET BALL.

On Christmas afternoon, at three o'clock, a game was called in Town hall, between the second team of the high school and alumni '07. A twenty minute half was played, both teams making a number of fouls, and taken as a whole the half was not very swift.

While the teams were taking a twenty minute rest, the first team of the P. H. S. played a half with the alumni '06 team. Both teams played a fine game and many fine plays were made by both teams. After this half was (of) over, the second team and the '07 five played another half; the score at the end of twenty minutes being 15 to 7, in favor of the '07 team.

The final half between the first team and '06 was fast and furious; both teams were out for blood and kept the spectators

yelling and cheering nearly all the time. After the half was over the score was 15 to 11, in favor of the high school. The line-ups were as follows:

P. H. S. 2d team.	Alumni '07.
Chase,	J. Ventura,
Ventura,	Winslow,
Cook,	Paine,
Bangs,	Mayo,
Joseph,	Jennings,
P. H. S., 1st team.	Alumni '06.
Silva,	Atkins,
Hannum,	Goulart,
Adams,	Hurlburt,
Corea,	Lucas,
Coffin,	Berry.

Referee—Mr. Giles.

Umpires—Lucas, Adams, Cook, Ventura.

Timekeeper—Mr. Burke.

Scorer—Whorfe.

Locals

The quartette by four young men, during Von Weber hour on Wednesday, January 8, was the prize selection of the year. The program was as follows:

Reading of the life of Von Weber.

Singing by the school, "Huntsmen's Chorus."

Quotation—Miss Zilpha Lovell.

Quotation—Miss Florence Avellar.

Piano solo, "The Storm"—Miss Daggett.

Quotation—Miss Florence Hudson.

Quotation—Miss Ida Smith.

Quartette, "Boat Song"—Messrs. Burch, Bickers, Peters and Coffin.

Quotation—Miss Annie Herd.

Song by school, "Lutzow's Wild Hunt."

Remarks by Mrs. Taylor.

Song by the school, "Sword Song."

The above program was arranged by Sumner Coffin, '09, who read about Von Weber as follows:

CARL MARIA VON WEBER.

Carl Maria Von Weber was born in Eutin in Holstein, 1786. He was a musical composer of high eminence. At the age of 13 he composed an opera called *Die Macht der Liebe und des Weins*. The next year his second opera, *Peter Schmol*, was brought out, and *Das Waldmadchen*.

In 1804 he became the conductor of the opera at Breslan, and while a resident there, composed the opera of *Rubezhal*. In 1807 he went to Stuttgart, and while there composed the opera of *Silvana*, and a cantata called *Der erste Ton*, besides overtures, choral pieces and pianoforte works.

In 1817 he was invited to form a German opera at Dresden, and there during the remainder of his life held the post of kapelmeister to the king of Saxony. In 1818 he was married to Carolina Branelt, a singer of some note.

Von Weber died in 1826. Some of his famous works are *Preciosa*, *Der Freischutz*, *Euryanthe* and *Oberon*. "Agatha, a character in *Der Freischutz*, is one of the finest characters in the operas of the 19th century."

We heard Miss Ellis, '09, asking, if the tenth commandment was, "Thou shalt not steal?" We think Miss Ellis is reforming; there is still some hope.

Miss DeWolf, '09, seeing Baker chewing in physics says, "Give me something good."

Baker—"Yes, I'm tired chewing. Want to take my gum awhile?"

Corea, '08, translating Cicero, "Oh nos featos," "Oh me, oh my."

Mr. Giles asked the Juniors in English to write about a prairie fire. The following is the story written by one: "I was walking out on a prairie, when I saw smoke in the distance. I tried to get there, but before I could, it was out, therefore I don't know anything about the fire.

A good many of the P. H. S. girls attended the boys' basket ball game and cheered so that they were hoarse when they got home. Some were so excited that they were in danger of taking a "header" over the balcony rail.

We noticed Miss Paine, '09, carried a teddy bear. Was that the only escort she could get, and Christmas at that?

Mr. Giles entertained the Sophomores and Seniors at his home a short time ago. Every one reports a good time.

Can you draw circles yet, Miss Dyer?

At the last Lyceum meeting the following officers were elected:

President—William Hannum.

Vice president—Lucinda Anthony.

Secretary—Helen M. Daggett.

Treasurer—Francis Small.

The girls have formed two basket ball teams with Miss Josephine DeWolfe and Miss Grace Silva for captains. It is hoped that with sufficient practice they will be able to have a public game in Town hall.

WARNING!!!

Beware of our pugilistic assistant! Have your heads, arms, and shoulders securely fastened on, or you will be in danger of losing them. R. G. N., '08, One of the Victims.

A common expression of a pupil to his neighbor, who owns a paper, "Let me see your paper?"

Paine and Mayo were in town for their Christmas vacation. Some of the editors did not have time to interview them

regarding their business, but Miss Rogers, '08, and Miss Silva, '10, will furnish particulars.


Miss Welsh, '09, is again taking up her interest in the fishing industry.

What is the attraction around Miss Crawley's seat during recess? Ask Cabral, '11.


Why are so many of Miss Kemp's notes addressed to Snow, '11?

Paul cried out in tender tones,
 "I never loved but thee."
 "Then run away," Ethel M. replied,
 "No amateur for me."

W. B. Bangs, Prop. See me at once. I sell stoves that will heat and stoves that will not. Tinware, crockery, bean pots, etc. Don't forget to bring your money.



The Song of "Hia"ruben



I.

Should you ask me, brother scholars,
 'Bout the hero of the story,
 With his clear and bright complexion,
 Light blue eyes, and golden tresses
 With their odor of hair tonic
 And peroxide, strong and powerful,
 I should answer and should tell you:
 Lo, a noble senior is he,
 Lo, a senior, tall and handsome;
 Yes, a senior, strong and mighty.
 Sits he in deliberation
 In the back seat of the third row,
 Meditating how he on that morning

Saved a life, one well worth saving.
Trouble him not I say, dear scholars;
Let him sit and dream of Sarah.
What cares he for French or Virgil,
Cicero, chemistry or civics?
Far away his mind is roaming,
Far away to dear Hyannis,
To the land of love and sunshine,
To the birthplace of his wooing.

II.

Read you in the school Mayflower
How he stood with her on Gull Hill,
Gazing o'er the fire-lit meadows,
Listening to the deafening thunder
Of sea-horses, wild and mighty,
Rushing 'fore their flamed pursuer
Over to Wood End and back?
But, dear scholars, said he nothing
Of his act of heroism.
Too modest, yes, too bashful was he
To relate to you the story
How he saved the life of Sarah
On that cold November morning.
Sat he with her on the back steps
Of the cottage long since burned down,
Talking of the golden future,
Of the days far, far away,
When this hero, strong and mighty,
When this noble, handsome hero
Performed this act of heroism
Of which I am about to tell you.
In his homestead, warm and cosy,
Sat Elmont Abbott with his foxhound,
Thinking, wondering, meditating
Whether he would take his clam-hoe

THE MAYFLOWER.

And go out upon the clam flats,
 Or take his gun from off the antlers
 And visit the primeval forest.
 Suddenly and with step quite steady
 Strode he to the oaken door;
 Lifted he his trusty rifle
 From the antlers near the fireplace;
 And with low voice full of music
 Spoke he to the foxhound near him;
 Then departing left behind him
 Nothing but his mighty footsteps.
 Approached he to the summer cottage,
 Where sat Ruben and his fair friend,
 When suddenly loomed up before him
 The tail feather of an ostrich.
 Lifting up his trusty weapon,
 Took deliberate aim and fired,
 And when the odorous fumes of powder
 Had blown away from the tragic scene,
 Lo, the hunter, strong and mighty,
 Lo, this good and expert marksman
 Saw stretched out on the ground before him
 The aforesaid handsome senior,
 Clutching in his hand the feather
 That was first noticed by the hunter;
 While near at hand, also unconscious,
 Lay the body of this fair maid.
 Abbott took them to his homestead,
 Where he quickly brought them to,
 And then listened with admiration
 To the tale so very thrilling.

III.

Planning for the future were they,
 Talking of the days far distant
 When they two would be as one,

THE MAYFLOWER.

When the quick eye of the maiden
 Saw protruding from the bushes
 The muzzle of the huntsman's rifle.
 Quickly did her face change color
 From vermilion to white marble;
 She pointed to the fateful bushes,
 Fainted and fell down unconscious.
 Then uprose this mighty senior,
 Thinking not of style or manners,
 Threw himself in front of Sarah
 To protect her with his body.
 Piercing then the silence of the morning
 Came the crash of huntsman's rifle,
 And, throwing up his brawny "mud hooks,"
 Fell he to the ground beside her,
 Clutching in his hand the feather
 That was plucked from off her bonnet.
 It so happened that that morning
 He had with him lots of money—
 Money he himself had worked for—
 Money earned by true, hard labor.
 Many gold certificates had he,
 Those you've all seen him exhibit;
 Also dollar bills and silver
 Had he in his spacious pocket.
 Thus when from the hunter's rifle
 Came the ball of death or danger,
 Lodged it in the pile of banknotes
 That were placed in his breast pocket
 When he fell, my patient readers.
 Was he dead? No, senseless, merely.
 Then departed darling Sarah—
 Darling Sarah, his beloved,
 Well and good, except the bonnet,
 Which had lost its style and beauty
 When he plucked that ostrich feather.

IV.

So, I say, do not disturb him;
 Let him sit and dream of Sarah—
 Dream of Sarah, fair and winning—
 Dream of Sarah, his beloved,
 Who lives in the land of sunshine,
 In the birthplace of his wooing,
 In the dear old town Hyannis;
 While at home on his piano
 Lies the pretty ostrich feather
 That adorned the hat of Sarah,
 Mascot of the foot ball 'leven.

Exchanges

The covers of the exchanges were decorated this month suitably for Xmas. Among those received were:

- "The Cambridge Review," Cambridge, Mass.
- "The Artisan," Mechanic Arts H. S., Boston, Mass.
- "The Saugus High School Advocate," Saugus, Mass.
- "The Nautilus," Jacksonville, Ill.
- "The Academy Echo," Freedom Academy, Freedom, Me.
- "The Senior," Westerly, R. I.
- "The Crimson and White," Gloucester, Mass.
- "The Pennant," Meriden, Conn.
- "The Stoneham High School Authentic," Stoneham, Mass.
- "Crimson and Blue," Everett, Mass.
- "The Skirmisher," Bordentown Military Academy, Bordentown, N. J.
- "The Elgin High School Mirror," Elgin, Ill.
- "The Philomath," Framingham, Mass.
- "The Oracle," Bangor, Me.
- "The Argus," Harrisburg, Pa.
- "The Polaris," Freeport, Ill.

"The Ingot," Hancock, Mich.

All the old exchanges were up to their usual mark and even showed more work than ever in their Xmas numbers.

"The Ingot," a new paper to us, has only one fault and that is the absence of an exchange column.

"The Polaris" has the best local column or "stung again," as they appropriately call it, of all our exchanges.

"The Philomath," although a small paper, is very well constructed.

"The Argus" is indeed a paper to be proud of. The cuts add greatly to the looks.

Stories

TEACHER'S SECRET.

Slender and graceful, an abundance of brown, wavy hair, beautiful brown eyes, and the sweetest of smiles, this was teacher, loved by all her pupils.

Tuesday morning, before Christmas vacation, Louis Crawford hurried to school earlier than usual, and found "teacher" with her elbows on her desk, her chin in her hands, and in her beautiful eyes a far away look.

To his cheerful "Good morning, Miss Wadsworth," there came no response. "Teacher" always had answered with such a bright smile, that her silence seemed a strange thing to Louis. He walked up to the desk, touched her arm, and repeated his morning greeting. She sighed, and then with one of her rarest smiles said, "Why, good morning, Louis. How does it happen that you are here so early?"

"Oh, I had something to tell you; but I guess I wont, because (in a grieved tone) you didn't answer me when I first spoke to you."

"Did you speak before? Oh, forgive me, Louis. I must have been day dreaming."

By this time other pupils had arrived, and as usual there was fun and laughter, until it was time to begin lessons. For teacher always expected everyone to be quiet, after the gong sounded, and all tried to do as "teacher" wished.

As the morning wore on, others beside Louis felt uneasy. For two or three days there had been a mystery in the air, and when Louis told some of his playmates that teacher was either sick or displeased, they were troubled. "Teacher" was the same during all the lessons, but still something was wrong. Once Charlotte Bruce was sure that she saw "teacher" smile to herself, and when they were all writing, Louis saw again the far away look in her eyes.

At recess, they talked about it, and Ray Putnam said with a wise shake of his little curly head, "I know, it's a secret," and that was all he would tell, although the children pleaded again and again.

The next two days they continued their pleading with Ray in vain. They were even more excited because Ray had brought a note to "teacher." This note they felt sure was connected with the secret. They grew jealous of Ray, because he knew and they didn't.

Finally, Friday morning, they decided to ask "teacher." To be very businesslike about it, they chose a committee. This committee was Louis Crawford, Eleanor Ward and Philip Birge. Louis proudly walked up to "teacher's" desk, and in a few words, told her what they wanted. She laughed out in clear ringing tones, and then said, "O, you little dears, yes, before school is dismissed today, you shall know what my secret is.

All through the Christmas exercises, and the distributing of gifts, the children waited with a longing for all to be over. Something was going to happen. How could they wait? But for "teacher's" sake they spoke and sang their best.

After the exercises were over, and the last guest had departed, "teacher" called them to her desk.

"First," she said, "I want to tell you how proud I am of you, and now, dears, the next thing is "the secret." The children fairly gasped.

"Ray," she continued, "please tell them what the secret is." Ray elbowed his way to Miss Wadsworth's side, and then said, "Teacher is going to marry my big brother Jack," and then he added triumphantly, "I didn't have to be told, I found out myself."

K. K. K. '08.

THE LITTLE WAIF.

Her clothes were certainly ragged, no one could deny that. Her toes objected to staying in her ragged little boots and kept showing themselves, even after her effort to keep them in. "Oh dear," said little Nancy, "if I were cold and had somewhere to stay, I would," and with that she gave her toes a final push to keep them under cover, but they were rebellious and she had to give in, and so started on her journey.

All day long she had wandered up and down Washington street, not knowing where she was going, for Nancy had no home. Her mother had died a few days before our story opens, leaving the poor little waif at the mercy of neighbors. They soon forgot Nancy with their own troubles, and so she had started out into the world, not knowing where to go. Poor little nine-year-old Nanty! She had not had anything to eat all day, except a crust of bread, which a kind old lady had given her.

Suddenly she made up her mind, she would go where the rich people lived, and see if they did not want a little girl. "Surely with so much money, somebody will take me," thought she. She turned her steps toward Commonwealth avenue and paused before one of the mansions, saying a prayer her mother had taught her. The child climbed the stone steps and timidly rang the bell. How pleasant and warm it looked inside! "I guess I'll like to live here," she decided. Just then a servant

came to the door and Nancy glanced up. The girl looked at the ragged child in surprise. "What do you want here?" she asked. "Please, miss, a home." The girl laughed and said, "I guess you wont get any here," and closed the door with a bang. Poor little innocent Nancy sank on the steps sobbing. Oh, why were people so cruel? She had so wanted to live here, but this was no place for her.

The door behind her opened softly, and this time an elegantly dressed lady with such a sad, sweet face peered out. She had heard the servant's description of the child and had come to see for herself. "What is the matter, little one?" asked the lady.

"I'm so hungry," sobbed Nancy, "and so cold."

"Hush, dear," said the lady, "you shall have something to eat," and taking the child by the arm led her into the house.

After the child had eaten, she told her simple story, and the lady, who had recently lost a little girl about the age of Nancy, became very much touched, and resolved to adopt this little waif who had come unexpectedly upon her.

Nancy is no longer a wandering, ragged mite, but a beautiful, golden-haired fairy, who brings sunshine and happiness to the home and heart of a once sorrowful mother.

A MIDNIGHT FEAST.

A passerby might have seen had he looked closely at the large brick dormitory, a slender girlish figure, with a broad hat shading her brow, and a large basket on her arm, slowly descending a ladder made of coils of rope, also three other girls standing at the window. These were the "Four Graces," and indeed, each one was blessed with the grace of mischievousness.

As Grace, number one, reaches the bottom of the ladder, she springs over the low gate with a lightness that might be envied by many an athlete. On reaching the end of the street, she turns to the left, and enters a small grocery store, where

she purchases chocolate and everything necessary for a midnight feast.

She stoops to pat the cats, which were running around on the floor, then picks up her basket, hastens home, climbs the ladder, enters the room, and is greeted by a smothered laugh from her companions, who have been awaiting her return with delighted expectation.

To their great surprise, however, as they eagerly opened their basket out jumps a large rooster. The girls between groans and laughter make frantic efforts to recapture it; but, before they had succeeded, the rooster's loud crowing had awakened the matron and other inmates of the building.

The reader may imagine what followed. Suffice it to say, the girls were pardoned by the principal, after promising to be good.

J. L. P. '09.

MY FIRST HILTON GAME.

It was during my first year at Hilton, that the call for football candidates was posted on the bulletin board. As I stood gazing at the list of names, that had already reported, I felt a tap on my shoulder.

Turning, I found myself face to face with Jackson, the captain of the team, who asked if I was going to try out. I answered in the affirmative and said, "I would try for fullback, as that was the position I played on the school team." He looked me over and said, "quite light for the position, but I hope you will make good." He left me standing there, thinking that I had perhaps made a mistake.

The next afternoon was perfect for football and as I came onto the field my eyes rested on a fellow, who weighed about a hundred and ninety-five pounds, who, I was told, was my opponent for fullback.

As the day for the first game drew near, the team was picked and I found myself substitute fullback. The first game was played and to my surprise I was not used during any stage of the game. Our schedule called for fifteen games

and all were played, but the game, with our deadliest rival, Seaton. The day for the great game arrived, and I was to sit on the bench until Newton, the fullback, was exhausted or injured. The game started and Seaton received the kick on her five-yard line, and rushed it back for thirty yards. It was nip and tuck until nearly the end of the first half, when the Seaton quarterback carried the ball for twenty-five yards and was downed on our five-yard line. Their fullback then carried the ball over for a touchdown. They failed to kick a goal and the first half ended with the score five to nothing in favor of Seaton.

During the ten minute rest, our coach gave them all a good talking and turning to me said, "Be prepared to enter the game at any time."

It was after the first scrimmage of the second half that Newton was led from the field with a twisted knee. My heart beat fast, as the captain called, "Tait, come here." Throwing aside my robe, I ran out on the field and took the vacant position. The call came for an end run, but the runner was downed in his tracks. The next was a signal for a punt, and I booted the ball for 40 yards.

Seaton fumbled on her ten yard line and seeing the ball lying outside of the scrimmage, their fullback and I dove for it at the same time. I got the ball and dodged their quarterback and crossed their goal line for a touchdown. A goal was kicked and Hilton was the victor with a score of six to five.

M. SILVA. '10.

SPENCER.

Several years ago I spent part of the summer on a large farm in the country, situated on the shore of a beautiful lake. I was there during the haymaking season, when the odor of new mown hay and the hum of insect life filled the air, and I greatly enjoyed the freedom of outdoors.

There being no girls or boys of my own age on the place, I

cultivated the acquaintance of a friend, who soon became my constant companion, and whose name was Spencer.

We had many pleasant romps and rambles through the fields and down to the shores of the lake. We also explored many interesting nooks and corners together, and he seemed to consider me his special charge.

Spencer was a dog, a fine large specimen of the Newfoundland breed. His short black hair was shiny as a crow's wing. He was thought very highly of by his master, who received him when a puppy from a favorite friend, Captain Spencer, after whom the dog was named, and he grew up in the confidence and esteem of the family circle.

One day his master told me that Spencer was under a black cloud of suspicion and seemed very much disturbed about it, as were the other members of the family.

In that section of the country every farmer has a large flock of sheep, mostly white, with a few black ones, that are highly prized. It seems that some of the neighboring farmers had lately found some of their black lambs dead in the pasture, evidently killed by a dog. No one seemed to have seen the guilty canine, but Spencer was suspected, probably because he was the only large dog in the neighborhood.

A sheep-killing dog is shown little mercy among farmers, and Spencer's master would be the last to shield such a monster. He found it hard to believe him guilty, but said, "The best of dogs—and men—will sometimes go wrong." Of course, I could not believe it was true, but somehow the sun seemed less bright, and my little world not so attractive with such a cloud hanging over my particular pet.

The following day a neighbor came in for help to find his horses, which had broken from their pasture. Spencer and his master immediately joined in the search. They went away "beyond the road," toward the woods—territory forbidden to me for fear of my getting lost. It seems they had proceeded but a short time, when they noticed a flock of sheep huddled in a corner of the pasture in a frightened condition. Spencer

immediatly bolted in their direction and his master's spirits fell. The men concealed themselves behind some bushes and awaited the outcome.

Spencer did not go among the sheep, however, but was lost from sight behind a large boulder near where the sheep were gathered, and soon the snarls of a dog fight reached the men in their place of concealment. They decided not to interfere, and in a short time they saw a strange dog limping across the field as fast as his crippled condition would permit, and Spencer loudly barking and circling around some object on the ground. Investigation showed it to be a dead lamb, still warm; but Spencer had not touched it, and was declared innocent. Then he became a greater favorite than ever, not only with the family, but the entire neighborhood, yet he had a narrow escape.

It was afterwards discovered that the guilty dog lived four or five miles from the scene of his latest killing, which proved his last, for he was shown no mercy. Spencer lived to the allotted old age of dogs, and died without a blemish on his character, which shows that groundless suspicion is both unjust and unkind, and may lead to injury.

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