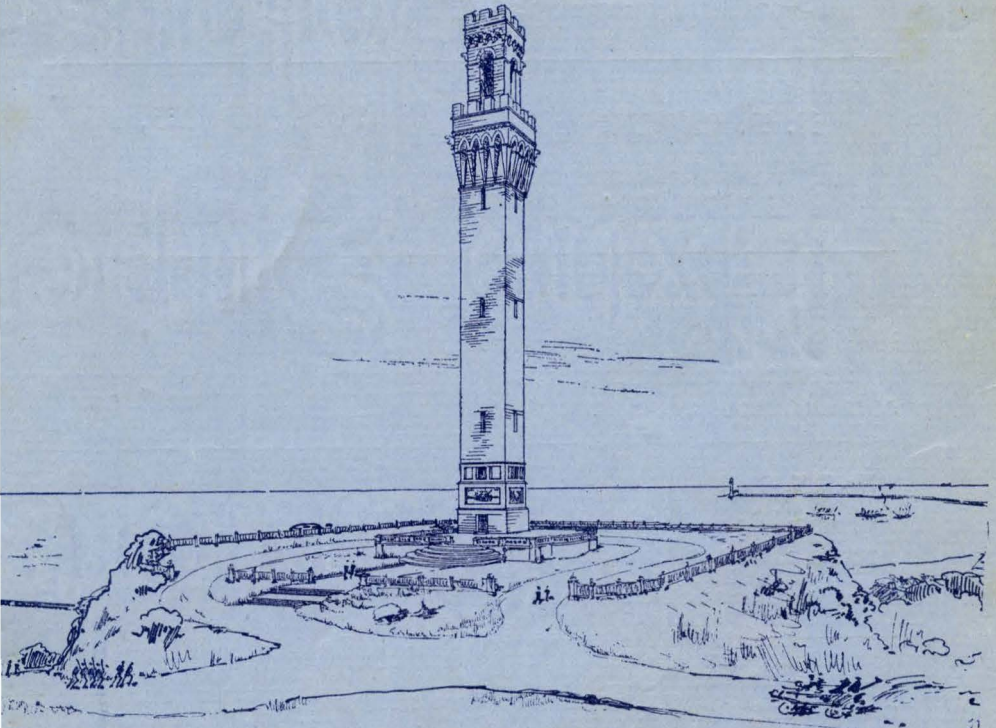


The Mayflower.

1620-1908.



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February Number

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THE MAYFLOWER

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

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Editorial

February is rich in its birthday anniversaries. First on the list comes that of Lincoln, "Martyred President," Feb. 12. It is becoming customary to celebrate his birthday in the school by appropriate exercises. Next, we celebrate the twenty-second, the anniversary of Washington's birth; then February twenty-seventh is memorable, because on that day our Cambridge poet, Longfellow, rightly called "The Children's Poet," was born. St. Valentine's on February fourteenth is also worthy of notice, and it would be well, while we are sending tokens, to keep in mind the spirit which St. Valentine had when he sent them to the poor and needy. James Russell Lowell, another great poet, has a birthday anniversary on February twenty-second. It was on the evening of February fifteenth that the battleship Maine was blown up and helped along the war with Spain.

It will be timely to mention in this connection that Mr. Earle Reed, a former pupil of the P. H. S., finds himself four years older at the end of this month than on his last birthday. It must be quite an event to Mr. Reed to have a birthday anniversary. We offer him congratulations.

This term there seems to be a great deal more interest shown in our lyceum than last. Perhaps it is due to our president. Perfect order is maintained by him when necessary, and we all think it would be very difficult to find a better and more fitting president. The meetings are carried on very satisfactorily by him and we all look forward to them. The arguments and spirit on both sides of the question are very good, and it is to be hoped that they will be even better in the time to come.

We may say that thus far the lyceum has been a success. Let us hope it will continue to be so, so that in the future

when we look back on our school days and remember the Lyceum, it will be with real pleasure.

Recently interest in the commercial and scientific studies of the high school work has been steadily on the increase. What have we done along these lines? Let us take our work in science for instance. As school year is half over it may be interesting to some to pause and consider what has been accomplished thus far.

There is some work in science offered for each of the four years of the high school course. The entering class have just finished their study of physical geography. This has served as a review of many facts with which they were already familiar from their work in the grades. This study also points forward to the work they are now to take up in geology, and thus forms a connecting link between their grammar and high school work.

The second year class has also completed a subject, namely, zoology. In this study the actual specimens have been used, as far as practicable. When this was impossible, printed diagrams have been studied with care. From the consideration of simple animal life, it is natural to pass to the lower forms of plant life in the botany work that the class are now commencing.

The two upper classes are fortunate in having more apparatus than in former years for the physics and chemistry. This enables them to do individual laboratory work, a record of which is kept in suitable notebooks. The physics class have been studying mechanics so far, but are now ready to take up heat, light, and electricity. The chemistry class work under certain difficulties. One section is reciting while the other does laboratory work in the same room. Then, too, it is rather unpleasant to carry on chemical experiments, when there is no way of airing the room. Nevertheless, with one period a week for recitations and one for experiments, they have covered

enough ground to begin now a detailed study of the metals and non metals.

We hope that as interest in this branch of school work increases we shall have more facilities with which to carry it on.

Athletics

BASKET BALL.

In a fast and furious game the P. H. S. regulars defeated the local team by a score of 15-12. The game was a hot one all through, and each player worked as if his life depended on the outcome.

The high school colors were much in evidence and the "Breka co-ax" of the rooters could be heard above all other noises. Burch, as leader of the cheering, certainly did his duty, and the girls, led by Miss Coffin, were right on deck.

In the first half the high school held the locals down to one goal, but in the second half the locals took a spurt and brought it up to six goals, and when the gong rang the game ended with a score of 15-12.

Line up:

P. H. S.	Locals.
Silva, lf,	Goulart, lf,
Corea, rf,	Enos, rf,
Hannum, c,	Moriaty, c,
Coffin, rg,	Winslow, lg,
Lewis, lg,	Stearns, rg,
	Francis, rg.

Score—15-12.

Referee—Mr. Giles.

Umpire—Adams.

Timekeeper—Mr. Burke.

Scorer—Whorfe.

Assistant scorer—Burch.

In Town hall on Tuesday evening, January 21, '08, the P. H. S. second team defeated the third team in a very one-sided game, the score being 22-5. Both teams did a great deal of fouling and bad shooting, and there was also a lack of team work.

Captain Cook of the second team was the star of the game, and Souza of the third team a close second.

The line up was as follows:

2d Team.	3d Team.
Chase,	Jason,
Ventura,	Souza,
Cook (Capt.),	Matheson (Capt.),
W. Silva,	Watson,
Bangs,	Hughes.

Score—22-5.

Referee—Mr. Giles.

Umpire—Adams.

Time-keeper—Mr. Burke.

Scorer—Whorfe.

Locals

Some scholars are singing:

C. O. M., '10—"Meet me in St. Louis, Louis."

I. F. S., '09—"Have you seen my lovin' Henry?"

E. O. C., '10—"Not Because Your Hair is Curly."

J. L. P., '09—"Won't You Be My Teddy Bear?"

H. M. D., '08—"I'd Rather Two-step than Waltz, Bill."

S. C., '09—"Florence."

A. H. B., '08—"Ida from Idaho."

L. R. C., '11—"My Carolina Lady."

E. F. B., '08—"Tilley Ann."

G. W. D., '10—Is heard playing, "Souza's Marches."

"NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS."

Resolved, That Hannum look before he sits.

- " " Corea, '08, learn the millinery trade.
 " " Coffin, '09, adopt the New Walk.
 " " Baker, '08, keep out of Miss G—p—'s room.
 " " Peters, '09, wear a hair ribbon on his front lock.
 " " Bickers, '08, take his trouser legs down a peg.
 " " Lewis, '09, pay rent for the back seats that he
 uses at recess.
 " " Nickerson, '08, pay rent for the room his feet
 occupy.
 " " Snow, '11 put away his blocks and attend to
 work.
 " " all of those keep the above resolutions.

The following program was given in the Lyceum, Jan. 30:

A Piano Trio—Misses Doane, Cahoon and Smith.

A debate on the Question, Resolved, That the World owes more to Navigation than to Railroads.

One musical number had to be omitted, owing to the inability of the performer to harmonize his cornet with the piano.

Freshman questioning Miss Hudson, '09, "Is your name Coffin?" It would have been very appropriate if Miss H. had said, "Not yet, but soon."

Miss G—p—k to Cook, '10—Miss Master Cook.

A girl would like to know where the long hair came from that was on Corea's coat, "Can he tell her?"

There is a young fellow named Baker,

Who to the dances does take her.

When the dancing is done

And he's had lots of fun,

He works all he knows how to shake her.

What a great amount of money the Fisherman Cold Storage Co. could have saved by installing a heating, or rather freezing apparatus, like that of our school building!

H—m said he has small feet, because all his flesh and bones are in his nose.

When Miss M—n, '10, was told something about "Billy Burke," she replied innocently, "Yes, I've heard of him."

Mr. Coffin looks so sad,

With a tear in each eye.

Miss H., '09, has treated him bad,

And the poor boy is going to die.

Is it true that in French Miss P—e, '09, likes to pronounce "roi" and in German "nicht"?

Miss A—y, '08, translating in French, "Alors je m'veille, je pleure a chaudes larmes et je mords furieusement mon oreiller." "When I awoke I cried hot tears and I bit my ear furiously."

Miss Agnes Small, '10, has recently returned from a trip to New York.

The basket ball games are well patronized by scholars and townspeople, and hearty school spirit is shown in the way in which the school yells are given. Just keep up your attendance. The games are certainly very interesting and the high school always wins.

We had two small visitors the other day. Come again, boys; you aren't much younger in your actions than most of our pupils.

Nickerson, '08, translating in French, "La lame n'est plus bonne a rien." "Lamb is not good to eat."

Warning to Miss Small, '10:

"Change your name and not your letter,

Change for worse and not for better."

A DISAPPOINTMENT.

Horace W., a well-known boy in the P. H. S., thought there would be great money in raising ducks, so at last he bought a

dozen of ducks' eggs to set under a hen to hatch. In one month's time he had eight little ducks. Well, these little ducks grew to be very large, but they did not lay any eggs.

Finally he went to see Dr. G——e S——w to learn if he could tell why they did not lay. One day when the doctor was passing by, he stopped to see those ducks, and in a very low tone the doctor said, "Those ducks are all drakes."

A l u m n i

Helen Allen, '05, Faustina Freeman, '05, of B. U., and Gladys Baker, '07, of Tufts college were at home for mid-winter term vacation.

Mr. Charles Hannum, '01, and Miss Ethel Hamilton of Lynn were married on January 8.

Mr. Hersey Taylor, '00, and Miss Emma Osborne of Boston were married on February 5.

THE CLASS OF 1907.

Once upon a time, long, long ago, people tell you there were fairies. And, dear people, do you not know that fairies still are with us? Because you tell the children they must not believe fairy tales are really so, do you think that you have done away with fairies? I know the little folk still exist, although not as they did in the olden times. Perhaps the things men call success, opportunity, luck, genius are merely the kindly gifts of good fairies to them. I am not sure; but this I do know, I once saw a fairy.

I had been rambling in the woods all day and had thrown myself down to rest on a soft mossy bank. At once a little wrinkled figure appeared before me and begged me to leave. "Oh go! Go quickly!" she pleaded. "I can have no rest, while a mortal stands on this bank, my home." The spirit of mischief set me to bargaining. "What will you give me for leaving at

once?" I jestingly asked. But in all earnestness she replied, "If you will go I will give you the gift of seeing through leagues and leagues of space," and she waved a slender wand. At once a great mirror stood before me. "Whom will you see?" came the question. And in a half-fearful voice I stammered, "My classmates."

A wave of the wand, and before me stood a naval officer, whose straight form appeared strangely familiar to me. As the sun glanced on the gold lace and on the medals on his breast, a paragraph from a recent paper flashed through my mind: "Herbert E. Adams has just been promoted to the rank of captain for especial and conspicuous bravery in the late insurrections. He is the youngest captain in the service and his naval career has been one of extraordinary brilliancy." As we greeted each other with eagerness, the wand moved and Captain Adams faded from my sight.

But a second figure was approaching—that of a tall, well-formed young woman, whose brown eyes held a world of sympathy. I confess I was hopelessly confused until I heard her speak, and then I recognized Margaret Matheson. "Oh yes," she said; "I trained for a nurse, you know." And as she saw my eyes straying to a bit of gold on her dress, "Oh, that is only a little memento of a journey." But the Carnegie medal had recalled to my mind how she had aided the sufferers in that theatre fire shortly before.

Just behind Margaret stood a small lady, whose slight figure was clothed in the most stylish manner. As I saw her Parisian hat, modish shoes, and gown from Worth's, I cried out in delight, for Thelma Small was easily recognized. She confided to me that she would not teach, but that she was undecided what she would do for a time after her graduation, so she occupied herself in designing her own dresses. These were envied so much by all the girls she knew, that she decided to study for a modiste. After several years in Paris she was employed as head designer in Worth's, and it is her pen that sets the fashion for society.

And then, before I had recovered from my admiration of Thelma's dress, a short, alert man, with laughing eyes, nodded to me in the best of spirits. With a start I cried, "J. V." But he shook his head, and with a mock frown said, "Mr. John Joseph Ventura, if you please, superintendent of schools in Kansas City." Except for a dignified bearing, which certainly was new to me, and the air of the man of the world which was about him, he was the same as ever. We began a lively chat over old times, and he was telling me that now as never before he could sympathize with his old teachers over his conduct in school. He was just asking me if I "knew where Adams was," when he bowed and was gone.

As I looked for the cause of his hasty departure, I saw drawing near a young woman in whose dignified carriage I recognized Corinne Gifford. She told me how she had been to normal school, taken honors in five studies, and obtained a position as teacher in a woman's college. Now she was preceptress, and when I remembered her stern discipline when she occasionally taught our class in school, I tremble for the girls in her charge.

Just after Miss Gifford came a lady with dark eyes and hair. "Virginia Bragg, can that be you!" I exclaimed. She had changed in many ways. She was prettier than ever and her voice was very musical. She told me that came from the constant use she gave it. "Singing in the high school where I led the alto made me long to sing more," Jennie said, "and I now combine business and pleasure and teach singing in the schools." She had just started to sing to me in her beautiful way, when the impatient fairy waved the wand and the mirror was empty.

At once with a quick stride a tall gentleman came before me. His silk hat and black coat confused me for an instant, and then I recognized Roy Brown. But now, after years of college and law grinding, he had earned the right to place an "Honorable" before his name, and he moved and spoke with dignity befitting that honor. Soon he had forgotten all his responsi-

bilities in telling me some of the humorous happenings in the life of a supreme court justice. We were laughing heartily together as if we were children again, when the judge hastily assumed his official bearing, bowed to some one behind him, lifted his hat and walked quickly away.

As he left a young woman came forward and I had no doubt whatever as to her identity, for the figure of Edna Jenkins was very familiar to me. But if I had not been interested in current events I might have been in ignorance of her life-work, for she would not tell of her great success. However, only the day before I had picked up a magazine and thought, "So this is the tribute Edna has made to art! Her work on the P. H. S. Argosy must have foretold this." For in big type I read, "The latest story from the pen of the renowned short-story writer, Miss Edna Jenkins! This work by one of the foremost writers of fiction well repays reading."

And after a moment's pause a lady who had lost none of the comeliness of her girlhood stood before me. "Annie!" I cried in joy, and how odd it seemed not to add "Perry," as I always had done. She laughed and told me shyly that the only perfectly happy existence was to be married to such a nice man as she was,—if only I could find one.

Then a tall, broad young man came forward. His steady eyes and smooth hair betrayed him, and I cried, "Is it really you, Earle Emery, the great inventor? Do tell me all about it." At my earnest request Prof. Emery told me how he had learned the automobile business from the beginning, and was now amassing a fortune over his latest invention. It was a clever device to be attached to the front of an auto, and was guaranteed to catch any person in the path of the car and gently deposit him in the machine. When I thought of this great lifesaving device, the blessing of the world and yet the product of the skill of my old classmate, I inquired if he had spent "Days" over it, but for some reason he failed to answer.

With a wave of the magic stick he disappeared, only to have his place taken by two young women. To my great surprise

there stood Mary Silva and Marion Fisher. Marion, of course, was known over all the country for the remarkable way in which she had risen from obscurity to fame. After leaving the conservatory, she told me, she had kept on with music and now played in Christ Church, New York.

Her companion I had great difficulty in recognizing, for Mary's face was less familiar to me. "You see," she said, "I kept myself in strict attention to my work, and now I can boast that I am the understudy of Geraldine Farrar. I have no doubt that the practice I obtained in the P. H. S. had much to do with my success in life."

And then together came Hollis Mayo and William Paine. They still stood by each other as in the old schooldays, when they shared their fun. Mr. Mayo was now called by all the papers a captain of industry. I had found it hard to believe that, but when I saw how much like a rich business man he was beginning to look, I was converted. He was becoming slightly rotund, and his laugh was jollier than ever. It was William who told me how Mayo had mastered the fish-freezing business at home, was promoted step by step, and at last found himself head of the big company of New York, which sends 100 vessels to the Banks each year.

Eloquent enough for his friend, Paine blushed when I asked after him. But his comrade came to his aid and told how William had begun life in the meat business; how he had made money when only 25 by his industry, and yet how all that time he was not quite content. The speech he had made in the old high school had turned his ambitions towards oratory. He entered politics and found the natural field for the play of his unsuspected talents. Now this modest young man was the senator from Mississippi. "Why," cried Hollis, enthusiastically, "I owe him everything. If it had not been for him, where would I be now? He cleared my reputation in court in high school, you well remember. I might still be branded a criminal if it were not for him." And then we

laughed over the recollections pouring in upon us, the magistrate, the senator and I, until—the magic wand and silence.

Nearly overcome by my feelings I lay motionless, sobbing and laughing in turn. Oh, how I longed for the happy school-days fast shut in the past! And yet not for all that happiness would I give up all the present was bringing me. And as I rose at the fairy's pleading gesture, I murmured, "Oh Provincetown high school, how near to my heart you lie! And the class of 1907, how much a part of my joy! May the power above grant that we classmates may never be entirely lost to each other, that we may always have a keen interest in each other's welfare, and that, come fair or foul, the key to unlock our hearts may be the words, "nineteen hundred seven!"

G. L. B., '07.

E x c h a n g e C o l u m n

The Arlington high school "Clarion" is among the best of our exchanges as usual.

We welcome "The Aegis," Beverly, Mass., to our exchange column and hope it never drops out as others have done, as long as our paper is edited. You certainly have some fine stories and should be proud of your exchanges editor for her successful work.

"The Students' Review," Northampton, Mass., hasn't as many stories as usual in the last issue, but it makes it up in jokes.

"The Elgin High School Mirror," Elgin, Ill., has presented a new idea to us in the form of a "Football Number." There's nothing like being original.

"The Nautilus," Jacksonville, Ill., has the very prettiest cover and best illustrations of any paper on our table. Good luck!

The Danville, Illinois, "The Maroon and White," is a new exchange to us and we sincerely hope it will keep coming. "The Declension of Kiss" is also something new to us.

"The Crimson and Blue," Everett, Mass., is just as perfect as usual. May our own paper reach that height some day.

The Gloucester "Crimson and White," has certainly a variety of subjects for stories. It makes it interesting for others to read.

Last but not least we have another exchange, "The Wild Cat," Los Gates, Cal. It is very well arranged, but smooth paper would add to the appearance of your paper. Welcome to our list.

Stories

"ALL'S FAIR IN LOVE AND WAR."

"All is fair in Love and War" is a maxim written on little King Cupid's darts, and surely when he shot them at the beautiful Caroline Sherman and Jack Carson as they sat on a large grassy plot, the maxim was to be proved. Jack was visiting his college chum, young Sherman, and had immediately fallen in love with the beautiful Miss Sherman. Shortly after the engagement was announced, and then Jack and Carter went back to their college. But hardly had they recommenced studies, when the first omens of the Civil war broke out—then later in the year, war broke out.

The two boys, so lately friends, became enemies, joined the opposite armies. Sherman donned a suit of gray, Carson a blue. The engagement was annulled. Three months later, Jack in disguise of a farmer, was sent to spy out the plans of the Confederates—he wandered from town to town, here and there, learning a little each day; he finally reached Caroline's home; a whole regiment was stationed there. He remembered perfectly the plan of the house, the garden. Climbing one of the stout trellises that covered the house, he swung himself in at a window, which luckily was opened. As he peered through the door he caught a glimpse of two uniformed men coming towards the room. He hastily glanced around the room, saw nothing in which to hide but an empty closet and the bed. The steps drew nearer, he must hasten, he crawled under the bed, thinking to hear the conversation. The two gentlemen entered, seated themselves, a colored servant followed with wine and glasses, the glasses were filled and the two gentlemen drank to the success of the Confederate army. "Army be d—," muttered Jack, under his breath. "What was that, Colonel?" "Calm yourself, my dear boy, it was nothing but the wind, and to proceed, you say that Colonel Branton will give us six horses?" "Yes." "Well and did you get any news concerning the blue jackets?" "Practically nothing, sir, except that they are sending spies throughout the country." Here Jack, unable to control himself longer, sneezed—the men jumped to their feet and began to look around. Jack made himself as small as possible; the younger fellow knelt, looked under the bed. Poor Jack was mercilessly hauled out. The two men pounced upon him and loudly calling for help—carried Jack downstairs; there he was surrounded by the whole regiment, who began to question him. Jack, you remember, was still in disguise. "What is your name?" "Jake." "Jake, what?" "Nothing, sah." "Where do you live?" "Over yonder." "Who's your father?" "Big Jake." "What were you doing here?" "Just come over to borrow some medicine from Miss Carline, sah." "How did you get under

the bed?" "I saw the men coming and thought they wouldn't give me the medicine so I hid."

"Come, Jack Carson, the game is up. Recognize me, Arthur Gates, a school chum? and then drawing nearer so that no one but Jack could hear, he whispered, "Ah, Jack Carson, 'Revenge is sweet.'"

Poor Jack was summoned to court martial, then he was sentenced to die—at sunset—doomed to be shot. He was carefully guarded in camp as he sat there, his hands folded, he bowed his head and was almost weeping, as he thought of his mother, his father, who were no doubt thinking of him. Yet he smiled, directly after, as he thought he was dying for his country. At that instant the door opened and Arthur Gates entered. Seating himself on one of the two stools—he glanced at Jack, whose head was still bowed. "Remember the good old schooldays, Jack? Remember when you won the scholarship, I tried so hard for? Remember the day when you horsewhipped me, for as you said, insulting a girl? Well as I have said before, 'Revenge is sweet.' I've won the game and your bride." During all this time Jack had sat silent, but now springing to his feet he said in a loud, angry voice—"I can only repeat the words of Nathan Hale—"I only regret that I have but one life to give to my country,'" and then turning around said, "Leave me, Arthur Gates, leave me, or God only knows what I will do, you shall not fool with me"—then lower, seeing Gates turn pale with fear, "You have nothing to fear, see (holding out his hands) I am handcuffed, but I can curse you—know that tomorrow 'ere the sun rises that you shall have a dying man's curse on you." Gates turned paler and then red, instantly turned around and hurriedly left—he had not succeeded in his mission.

Again the door opened, but this time Miss Caroline entered. Jack was standing with his back to the door and didn't hear her, as she stole softly to him and put her arms around his neck, she burst out crying. He turned around quickly and seeing her, comforted her. Finally she whispered some-

thing to him; and when the time was up, it was not Caroline who left the room, but Jack in her clothes, with a precious package of letters in his pocket.

Jack hastened to his camp and there received command of a regiment, who willingly followed their young officer. They came to the hill on which Jack had been doomed to stand at sunset, saw the line of soldiers drawn up and the girl before them; rushing upon them, the blue coats dispersed the gray, and Caroline was led away in triumph—the whole regiment shortly after witnessed a happy wedding. J. L. P. '09.

A HOLDUP.

The clock in the Town Hall tower was just striking eight, when Charlie Stark and his roommate, Ted Brooks, came down the dormitory steps and stepped into the cab that was to take them to the home of Miss Williams, where a body of students and young ladies were to meet and spend the evening.

After riding about twenty minutes, they drew up before the gate; and, after paying and discharging the driver, they walked up the broad stone walk to the door and were admitted by a servant, who took their wraps and conducted them to the large reception room, where they found many of their classmates and young ladies.

Among the students gathered were Ned Black and Fred Hughes, tackles on the '10 class team; Ralph White and Jim Woods, guards, and Lynch and Burch, backs.

"Well, Charlie," said Ted, "it looks as if we were going to have a foot ball meeting by the number of the boys here tonight."

They were met at the door by the hostess and introduced to a number of young ladies, and they managed to spend a very pleasant evening. Refreshments were served at eleven, and after an hour's more chatting and walking on the balconies in the moonlight, the young and merry company turned their steps homeward.

After taking the girls home, the boys were to meet at Ham-

lin's and go home together. Charlie and Ted were first to arrive and waited for the rest. In about half an hour all had shown up, and the journey home was begun.

Down the street they went, yelling and singing and having a fine time, when suddenly from behind one of the big warehouses near them, there jumped a half a dozen thugs.

The boys were unarmed, and, therefore, no match for the highwaymen. But into the fertile brain of Charlie Stark there leaped a plan of escape.

"Twenty-eight, thirty-four, three, ten, five, Q, F, C," he shouted. It was the tandem right formation to buck center.

The boys tumbled in an instant, and the way they went at those thugs was great. After the first scrimmage the thugs had enough and took to their heels.

They arrived at the dormitory without further adventure and were soon in for the night.

The next day the hold-up was the talk of the school, and Stark was the lion of the hour.

G. W., '10.

THE LOVERS' ALARM CLOCK.

"Well, well, so that's a lovers' alarm clock, eh?" said old farmer Blink, inspecting an old timepiece. I've read in newspapers about it, but I s'posed it was a joke. Well how does it work anyhow?"

"I'll explain," cheerfully responded the dealer. "If you've got a daughter that keeps company with a young man, kind a slow about bidding her good night, this alarm clock is just what you want. You are probably aware that when a couple of lovers are sitting alone, discussing the future, they take no notice of the time.

This clock plays several tunes, for instance: If you want this young gentleman to start at 10 p. m., set the clock to play, 'Good-bye, Sweetheart!' at that hour and place it on the parlor mantel. But probably he will be so absorbed in holding the girl from falling off the chair that he will not hear the ten o'clock tune. Then, of course, you will have to arrange the

timepiece to play a second tune, 'It's Bedtime, Darling,' an hour later. Do yer see?"

"Er-yes," said old Farmer Blink. "Say, but haven't yer gut a clock that will send out a good boot to the tune of 'yer git?' My gal's young man is a sticker and no such clock will budge him. Well, give me one of your clocks anyhow and if it works alright, I'll recommend it to some of my neighbors."

Bill Blink took his lovers' alarm clock home and set it to play 'Good-bye, Sweetheart' at ten o'clock.

"I guess that'll move him," he said, as he placed it on the mantel.

Now it happened that Farmer Blink's daughter, Polly, had gained information regarding these clocks and exchanged it for one that played different airs.

"There," she said, as she placed clock No. 2 on the mantel. "When Tom comes tonight and hears those tunes, I guess he'll take the hint." And surely he did.

Tom called about eight o'clock that night and assured Polly that it seemed an age since he had seen her, although it had been but a few hours.

Just before ten o'clock Polly's father crept softly into the room next to the parlor and fixed his ear to the door-crack. Presently the clock struck ten and Farmer Blink waited to hear the last stroke, but in vain.

"I must ha' made a mistake in setting the blamed thing," he said.

When the lovers' alarm clock began to strike eleven, Farmer Blink said, "Now for 'Good-bye, Sweetheart,'" but instead the clock began to play "Don't Go, Dear Tommy."

"You silly goose," said Tom. "Did you think that I'd leave at such early hour?"

"Seems to me," said Farmer Blink in the next room, "that ere tune don't sound much like 'Good-bye, Sweetheart,' and it's not going to, either."

As the last stroke of twelve rang out, the clock began to play "Stay Longer, Love."

"You bet I will, said Tom delightedly. "I appreciate the way you have shown me that my company is agreeable."

"Darn it!" softly ejaculated old Farmer Blink. "Tomorrow I'll kick that lovers' alarm clock inside out." With this thought he went to bed.

An hour later Tom kissed Polly "Good-night" without having learned that she had played such a trick on her dear old father.

M. D. C., '08.

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