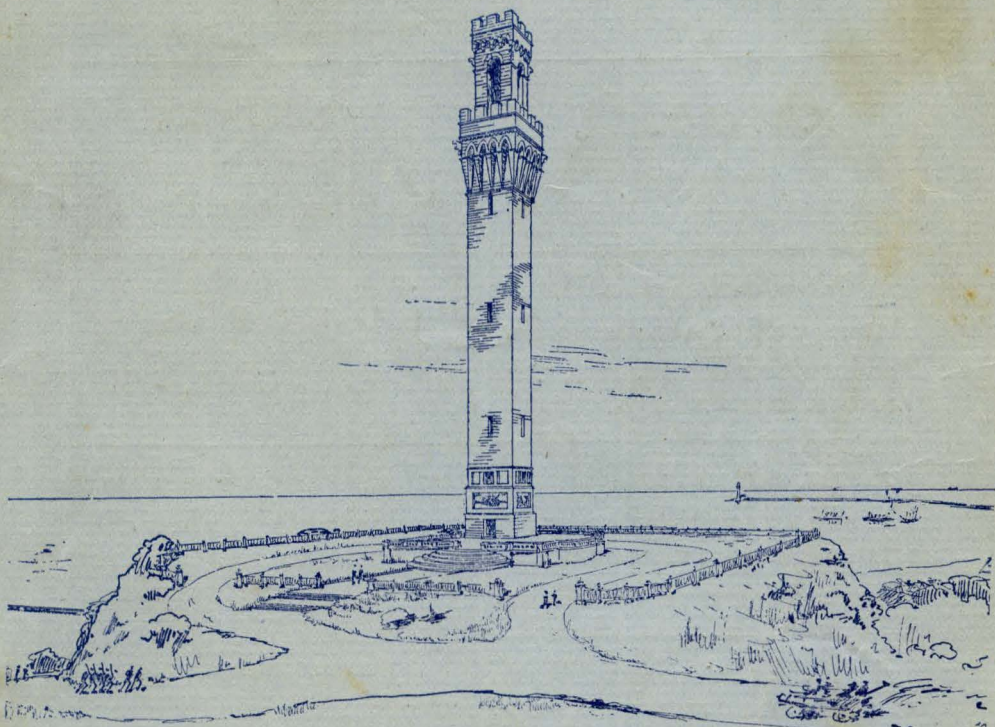


# The Mayflower.

1620-1908.



• CAPE COD • PILGRIM • MEMORIAL MONUMENT • PROVINCETOWN

## May Number

1852

1908

# TUFTS COLLEGE

(Accepted by the Carnegie Foundation.)

Frederick W. Hamilton, D. D. LL. D., President.

Degrees are given in Letters, Science, Theology, Medicine and Dentistry.

For Catalogues or other information address

HARRY G. CHASE, Secretary,  
Tufts College Sta., Boston, Mass.

H. P. CROCKER,

MILLINER.

P. R. HOWES,

Dealer in  
Meats, Groceries and Provisions

WALTER WELSH,

Attorney and Counsellor-at-law,

OFFICE AT COURT STREET.

At Harwich Friday Mornings.

Lewis & Brown,

LUMBER, - COAL, - HAY

NEW CENTRAL HOUSE,

Provincetown, Mass.

Most up-to-date hotel on lower Cape Cod, Modern Sanitary Conveniences, Steam Heat, Electric Lights, Telephone. All Outside Rooms, Spacious Piazzas directly over the water. Boating, Bathing and Fishing unexcelled on the Atlantic coast.

Daily rate, \$2.50.

W. H. POTTER, Proprietor.

Jessie Taylor Matheson,

Millinery, Souvenirs, Floral De-

signs, Circulating Library,

Etc.



# THE MAYFLOWER

Published by the Students of the Provincetown High School.

Vol. II. PROVINCETOWN, MASS., MAY, 1908. No. 5.

Editor-in-Chief:

KATHERINE K. KEMP, '08.

Editors:

Arthur H. Bickers, '08, Exchanges. Helen L. Rogers, '08, Locals.  
Helen M. Daggett, '08, Clippings. Lucy B. Small, '08, Literary.  
Josephine DeWolf, '09, Locals. Jessie L. Paine, '09, Alumni.  
Blanche Cahoon, '10, Literary. Alvan R. Lewis, '09, Athletics.

George L. Whorf, '10, Athletics.

Business Manager: Earle F. Baker, '08.

Assistant Business Manager: George T. Corea, '08.

Reporters:

Thomas Peters, '09, Lyceum. Annie Welsh, '09, Lyceum.  
Carrie O. Matheson, '10. Manuel Silva, '10.  
Zilpha M. Lovell, '11. George Snow, '11.

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

Price, Per Copy, 15 cents. 75 cents Per Year.

Entered at the Provincetown Postoffice as third class mail matter

## Editorial

### CLAIMING THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF CAPE COD.

We claim the championship of Cape Cod, because we feel as though we have the right to. We have played all the high schools from Middleboro down, except Sandwich, and they refused to play us.

We have played Hyannis, Tabor Academy and Middleboro, and won all the games. We have also played the Alumni and Town Locals twice and won these games, making six games played, we winning them all.

We have also played Brockton high school and Fall River high and were defeated by them, but we don't consider them on the Cape.

So considering all points and facts, I think we have the right to "CLAIM THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF CAPE COD."

## Athletics

In the Town hall, Feb. 15, Provincetown High defeated Barnstable High, 19 to 8.

#### The summary:

Provincetown H. S.	Barnstable H. S.
Corea, r. f.,	Lewis, l. b.,
Silva, l. f.,	Sherman, r. b.,
Hannum, c.,	Bassett, c.,
Coffin, r. b.,	J. Sherman, l. f.,
Nickerson, l. b.,	Scudder, r. f.
Adams, l. b.,	
Peters, l. b.	

Score: Provincetown H. S., 19; Barnstable H. S., 8. Goals

from floor: Silva, 5; Hannum, Corea, Bassett, 2. Goals from fouls: Silva, 5; Sherman, 4. Referee, Giles. Umpire, Moriarty. Time: Twenty minute halves.

On Feb. 21, Provincetown High defeated Tabor Academy, 10 to 7, in the Town Hall.

#### The summary:

Provincetown H. S.	Tabor Academy.
Adams, r. f.,	Keith, l. b.,
Silva, l. f.,	Ellis, r. b.,
Hannum, c.,	Wing, c.,
Corea, r. b.,	Hathaway, l. f.,
Coffin, l. b.,	Metcalf, r. f.,
	Patten.

Score: Provincetown H. S., 10; Tabor Academy, 7. Goals from floor: Ellis, Wing, Hathaway, Adams, Silva, 1. Goals from fouls: Hathaway, 1; Silva, 6. Referee, Williams. Umpire, Hamlin. Time: Twenty minute halves.

On Feb. 27, Provincetown High defeated Middleboro High, 15 to 9.

#### The summary:

Provincetown H. S.	Middleboro H. S.
Adams, r. f.,	Cushing, l. b.,
Silva, l. f.,	Swift, r. b.,
Hannum, c.,	Williams, c.,
Corea, r. b.,	Besse, l. f.,
Coffin, l. b.,	Jones, r. f.,

Score: Provincetown H. S., 15; Middleboro H. S., 9. Goals from floor: Silva, 3; Cushing, Adams, 2; Hannum 1. Goals from fouls: Silva, Cushing, 1. Referee, Williams. Umpire, Moriarty. Time: 20 minute halves.

On March 13, Brockton High defeated Provincetown High, 34 to 21, in the Town hall.

The summary:

Provincetown H. S.	Brockton H. S.
Adams, r. f.,	Reilly, l. b.,
Silva, l. f.,	Washburn, r. b.,
Hannum, c.,	Rapp, c.,
Corea, r. b.,	Eagan, l. f.
Coffin, l. f.,	Wardwell, r. f.,

Score: Brockton, 34; Provincetown, 21. Goals from floor: Rapp, 7; Silva, 6; Reilly, 4; Washburn, 3; Eagan, Corea, Wardwell, 1; Adams, 3. Goals from fouls: Silva, 7; Reilly 2. Referee, Williams. Umpire, Moriarty. Time: 20 minute halves.

On March 27, Fall River High defeated Provincetown High, 51 to 7.

The summary:

Provincetown H. S.	Fall River H. S.
Adams, r. f.,	Shay, l. b.,
Corea, l. f.,	Dunn, r. b.,
Hannum, c.,	Johnston, c.,
Coffin, r. b.,	Goss, l. f.,
Silva, l. b.,	Nichols, r. f.,
Peters.	Blaisdell.

Score: Fall River H. S., 51; Provincetown H. S., 7. Goals from floor: Johnston, 12; Shay, 7; Dunn, 4; Adams, 2; Nichols, Blaisdell, Silva, 1. Goals from fouls: Silva, 1; Johnston, 1. Referee, Moriarty. Time: 20 minute halves.

#### A LETTER TO THE MANAGER.

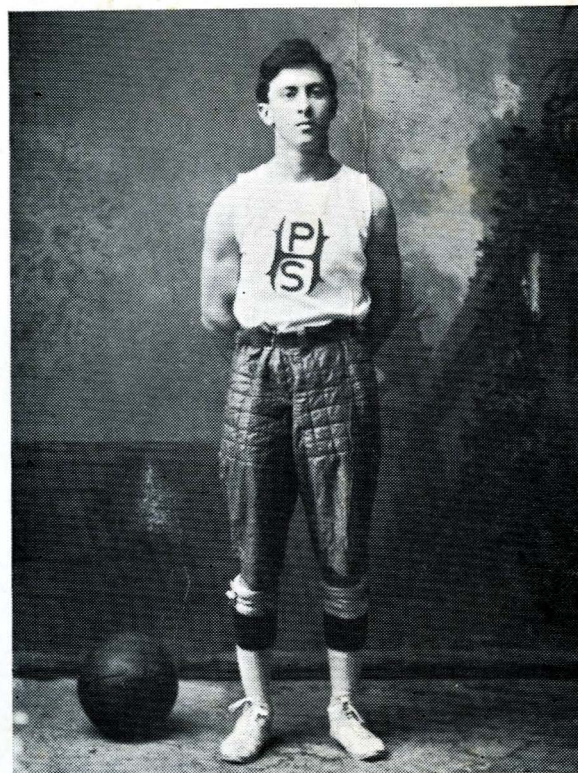
Falmouth, Mass., March 7, 1908.

DEAR EARLE:—

I send you in this my subscription to the "Mayflower." I congratulate you and the editors on the success of the paper. Extend my congratulations to the basket ball team. They are all right.

Yours truly,

IRA A. JENKINS.



GEORGE T. COREA,


*Captain of Basket Ball Team.*

BASEBALL SCHEDULE.


Chatham and Provincetown at Harwich, April 11, Harwich at Orleans.  
 Orleans at Chatham, April 13, Provincetown and Hyannis.  
 Chatham at Harwich, April 25, Orleans at Provincetown.  
 Chatham and Provincetown at Orleans, May 2, Orleans at Harwich.  
 Chatham at Orleans, May 9, Harwich at Provincetown.  
 Harwich at Chatham, May 16, Provincetown at Tabor Academy.  
 Chatham and Provincetown at Harwich, May 23, Harwich at Orleans.  
 May 30, Orleans at Provincetown.  
 Harwich at Chatham, June 6, Middleboro at Provincetown.  
 Provincetown at Harwich, June 13, Orleans at Chatham.  
 Dowle Header.

June 20, open.

3 at Provincetown,	5 at Orleans,
6 at Harwich,	4 at Chatham.



## L o c a l s



On Wednesday, April 8, during our music period, we had our long anticipated "Sea Day." Mrs. Mary Sparrow of Hull, Mass., a graduate of our school, was the speaker of the morning. The program was as follows:

Song by the School—"Sing We a Song of the Sea."

Address—Mrs. Sparrow.

Song by the School—"We Rock Away on the Billows Gay."

Address concluded—Mrs. Sparrow.

Song by the School—"Sailing."

Remarks by Miss Freeman and Mrs. Taylor.

The period was ended by a rising vote of thanks to Mrs. Sparrow from the whole school, whose previous close attention had given high tribute to the speaker.

Mr. Haynes, Professor of Economics in the Worcester Polytechnic Institute, visited our school on Thursday, April 9, in order to investigate conditions relative to placing our school on the list of schools accredited by the Institute for entrance without examination. He passed nearly the whole session with us. Whatever the decision, we are pleased to have had the visitor.

Miss Gillpatrick visited Washington during vacation. We hope she enjoyed herself very much and should like to hear something about her trip some day.

The debate at the meeting of the Lyceum, Friday, April 10, was very interesting. The question discussed was "Should the Lifesavers be pensioned?"

Arrangements are being made with Harwich High school for a debate, which will probably take place some time in May.

Not long ago, William Paine and Hollis Mayo, of '07, passed some hours with us.

Arthur Silva, '11—Three of a kind make a pair." That's philosophy.

Miss F. to Peters, '09, "Look out for your hair, you're getting it all chalk."

Watson, '10, in French—"You'll wear yourself out continually clinging to my skirts."

The following program was arranged for Wednesday, April 15:

Song by the School—Silent Night.

Life of Haydn—Josephine DeWolff.

Piano Duett—Norine Doane and Emma Smith.

Quotations.

Piano Solo—"A Lowly Cottage," Helen Daggett.

Piano Duett—Theme with variations, from Symphony, No. 20, Blanche Cahoon and Natalie Ellis.

The quotations read were—

"I was industrious when my companions were at play."

"Art and composition tolerate no conventional fetters; mind and soul soar above them."

"Melody is the charm of music and it is that which is most difficult to produce."

"The invention of a fine melody is a work of genius."

#### LIFE OF HAYDN.

Joseph Haydn, one of the most celebrated composers of the 18th century, was born at Rohrau, a small village in Austria, March 31, 1732, the second of twelve children.

At an early age he evinced such a decided musical talent that a distant relative took him to Hamburg in 1738. Here he studied and having a fine soprano voice, he became a choir boy at St. Stephen's cathedral in Vienna from 1740 to 1750. Then he lost his voice and consequently his position and was forced to give music lessons.

He made the acquaintance of the composer Porpora, became his accompanist and studied his method.

His first important compositions were a mass in F and a farce, both published in 1752.

He married, but he soon was separated from his wife.

He became first conductor in the orchestra of an Austrian prince and held the position for twenty-eight years.

His works met with great success in Paris and England, and when he went to London, he was received at court and in the highest London society. He became Doctor of Music at Oxford University.

The "Salomon Set" composed some of Haydn's finest instrumental works. He also composed the oratorio, "The Creation," and the cantata, "The Seasons," the "Austrian National Hymn," and "Surprise," a celebrated symphony.

He died March 19, 1809.

## A l u m n i

### AS OTHERS DO.

Mary was going to the city! All her life she had yearned for a glimpse of the world outside the narrow bounds of Ingle, where everything was so sleepy and still. Day after day she had fed the cows and the chickens and laid the table for the hungry farm hands. Now the farm and the dingy, squatly house, and even the little white church with its bell that had called her to service for eighteen years were put behind her, forever, she hoped.

She was a girl like other girls. Why had she been deprived of all the pleasures that belong to young life? Drudgery, nothing but drudgery, and for those who did not care. Would she be missed? She smiled bitterly. Her step-mother would find it not so easy to cook and wash and mend for three strong men, and her father—well, he had the farm and the hired men to keep.

A whistle shrieked, and the train steamed round the corner to the dingy station. Mary rose from the express truck and grasped her bag tightly. All her earthly possessions were in it. She had grimly resolved to leave at home the ugly gowns she had been wearing. She would take only her best one. In a few days she would find work in the city. She had left a note in her room, dedicating her cast-off clothes to her step-mother's niece.

Mary shivered. It was colder than she had thought. She had discarded her old winter coat and wore a flimsy little cashmere shawl which had belonged to her own mother. Her blue fingers were drawn through silk mitts. It would be warmer in the city, she thought—besides, these were her best.

It was still too early for sunrise. The moon and a stray star looked coldly down from a clear sky.

A stir at the end of the platform drew her attention. From

the car was slowly and carefully drawn a long, light box, which was placed alone upon the truck. The station agent stood with gaping mouth, as the men put down their burden and climbed once more back into the car. Two or three early teamsters drew near and talked in grating tones. What did it mean—at Ingle? A wagon drove up to the platform, and a tall, lank figure dropped the reins and sprang to the ground. "Late," he said, briefly—"Come, boys, help me lift it—What, hadn't you heard?" They crowded round him. He tapped the box significantly with his finger.

"Only day before yesterday," he said, "she wrote to me and told me she was dying, and asked me to meet the body at the train and carry it to the cemetery." That is the body of Jane Cadson, old Dan Cadson's daughter. You know, she ran away from home—broke her father's heart, they say—he died soon after. She wanted to be an actress. She wrote letters at first, so Dan told me, fine ones, too, told all about her spangled gowns and dinner parties, but after a while there weren't any more letters. Poor girl, maybe she was starving when she wrote, she was that proud. "Boys, a stranger in a city tene-ment nailed her coffin in that box and wheeled it to the depot to meet the train. Look yonder at the old place, gone like her to ruin."

There was silence on the platform. "What caused her death some one whispered hoarsely." "There she lies," answered the undertaker—"You know as much as I do. Come, boys."

The train had gone. As the first streaks of the morning came up over the hills, a black-covered wagon with one strange occupant was seen driving slowly from the station. Across the fields, through the wet grass, stumbled a shivering girl with a carpet bag. Her knees shook under her; great sobs swelled in her throat as the old farmhouse came to view, with its battered fence and gray well-sweep and scraggly willow trees. Through the back gate she entered noiselessly and climbed the stairs to her own small room. With a stifled cry

she grasped her farewell letter to her father, and sank on her knees, crushing it in her hand.

At the stroke of the clock, she rose, bathed her face, drew on her apron, and went down to lay the table for the farm-hands.

ALUMNA.

### TURKEY THOUGHTS.

Edna had had a splendid time all Thanksgiving day, playing with her little cousins and eating turkey, so when bedtime came, she was quite ready to have mother "tuck her in."

She was singing a lullaby to her doll, when suddenly she saw a great turkey gobbler coming rapidly towards her. She tried to run, but her legs refused to go. The turkey reached out his claw, and caught the shrinking little girl in his embrace. He carried her off to the poultry yard so that she could see what confusion was caused there by Thanksgiving dinners.

Edna saw that all the turkeys were sobbing and wiping their eyes. She thought they must be mourning their brother, which had been sacrificed to the Thanksgiving cause. But her turkey explained that each one was grieving because he had not been the fortunate turkey chosen.

It seems that one member of the family had heard the cook and the housekeeper discussing whether it would be better to stuff the Thanksgiving turkey with oysters or with chestnuts, and when he reported this conversation in the poultry yard, each turkey cherished the hope in his foolish little heart that he would be the fortunate bird chosen to be stuffed with such delicacies, for hitherto plain dry corn had been their only stuffing.

Edna was so surprised at this queer idea of the turkeys, that she tumbled off the roost, where she had been perched, right into her own little bed, and she woke up, clutching her rag doll in terror.

H. G. A.—B. U., '10.

## Exchanges

"The Raven," Denison, Texas, although the smallest paper on our desk, does very well and answers the purpose satisfactorily.

"The Academy Echo," Freedom, Me., is a fine paper. We hope the story, "How I Study," doesn't apply to all your students.

"The Argus," Gardner, Mass., is a new but welcome exchange.

"The Nautilus," Jacksonville, Ill., is as good as ever and the stories must be a great source of pleasure to its readers.

"The Artisan," Boston, Mass., is all good this issue, except the stories, which are rather poor.

"The Argus," Harrisburg, Pa., is to be complimented on its cuts.

"The Record," Boston English High School, Boston, Mass., should have a more extensive exchange column.

"The Saugus High School Advocate," Saugus, Mass., succeeds in arousing one's curiosity by its ending.

"Crimson and Blue," Everett, Mass., comes up to its usual standard.



"The School Life," Melrose, Mass., is a new exchange, but come again; you're welcome.

"Among Ourselves," Huntley, Ill., has a new idea in having a "Boys' Issue." Very original.

"The Ægis," Beverly, Mass., is among the best of our exchanges. We hope to see another issue of it.

#### AS OTHERS SEE US.

"The Mayflower," Provincetown, Mass., is one of our new exchanges. It is certainly a breezy paper and we would be pleased to have it visit us again."—[The Crimson and White, Gloucester, Mass.

"A few cuts would improve your paper, Mayflower, Provincetown."—[Crimson and Blue, Everett, Mass.

"The Mayflower, Provincetown, begins its second year with a new wave, better contents and a new and better cover."—[Arlington High School Clarion, Arlington, Mass.

## Stories

### AND A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM.

The drawing room at the Noble's home was brilliantly lighted and here it was that "Petite Mae," as she was called by her many friends, first met Jack Gordon. She was introduced to him by the hostess and fell desperately in love with him. It was a case of love at first sight, which we so often read about in love stories.

Mae lived with an elderly aunt, who was very wealthy. She

was very highly educated and an accomplished musician, having studied in Germany.

Jack was a very happy-go-lucky fellow, who never looked on the dark side of life. He was the only son and had never been crossed in any of his wishes. He had graduated from Yale in 1904, and had worked in his father's office whenever he felt like it. Unfortunately, he thought little of the future and cared only about the present.

Their intimacy ripened and after a few months' close friendship, their engagement was announced. It did not come as a surprise to their friends, for they had been seen together nearly every day, either walking or driving. They were married in the month of June, and after a pleasant honeymoon through the West, they returned to take up their new life.

All went well for a year or more, but after that time, Mae noticed that a decided change had come over Jack. He seemed discouraged and acted as though something were worrying him. His evenings were seldom spent at home and his dear little wife on questioning him of his whereabouts received no satisfactory reply.

Poor Jack was being led astray and was so far gone into the depths of the evils of the world that the only thing for him to do would be to leave home and go far away into some distant country, where he would be unknown to all. It pained him to think of leaving his faithful wife whom he loved, but he convinced himself that 'twould be best in the end.

Accordingly, that night upon leaving his home, he fondly kissed his wife, as was his custom, and going direct to the station took a train and departed from his native city.

Shortly after, Mae had a lovely baby girl born to her, who greatly resembled her husband.

Five years had passed since that terrible night, and little Phillis had grown to be a beautiful child.

Jack had endured many hardships, but had been successful. He was now a changed man, in whom it would have been impossible for any one to recognize the Jack Gordon of the past.

Mae and Phillis were sitting on the veranda, when a tall, bearded man approached them. He glanced first at Phillis, then at Mae. Then rushing to her side, clasped her in his arms.

They will all be happy once more, for Jack has turned over a new leaf and will start life anew. And in the distance they heard some one singing, "And a Little Child Shall Lead Them." '08.

### SUNSHINE.

Seating himself upon a bench in the park, Robert Leighton let his head fall wearily into his hands and gave rein to his thoughts. Six years ago this very day, he had wedded the pretty Miss Gordon. How happy they had been for a few years, and his mother, cold, haughty, proud of her son and her fortune, came and reproached Mabel bitterly for ensnaring her husband, who, (she said) loved another, wealthier girl, and who only married her (Mabel) on account of her pretty face, but his heart really belonged to this richer girl.

Mabel Gordon was young and impulsive and without waiting to hear more, she packed her few belongings and left him.

Suddenly Leighton felt a little cold hand touch his and heard a childish voice say, "Have you got a headache?" Looking up, he beheld the sweetest little fairy of a child, clad in a soft, white dress, with blue ribbons fluttering in the morning breeze, who stood inspecting him with serious, brown eyes.

"Yes, I have a little one," he said. In a trice, she had climbed upon the settee and softly, gently drew her tiny hands across his brow. The touch of those baby fingers sent a thrill through him.

"Better?" she asked, looking at him with those wonderful eyes of hers. Lawyer Leighton assured her that he was quite cured, and then asked, where her mamma was.

"Mamma?" asked the child, in surprise. "Why, mamma is writing, of course. Nurse brought me out," with a mischievous twinkle in her eye and a quaint shrug of her little shoul-

ders. "I lost her." "You lost her?" asked the lawyer. "Why, yes," continued the child.

"You know, nurse met a policeman and she had so much to say to him, and I got tired playing right there, so," with another shrug, "I runned away."

"What is your name, little one?" he asked. "Sunshine," came the answer, and Lawyer Leighton thought it quite appropriate for this golden-haired sprite.

"Where do you live, Sunshine?" he asked. But the child only said, "A big house."

"If you got lost did not mamma teach you something to say?"

"Oh, if I got lost," answered the child, "I must find a policeman and show him this." "This," proved to be a little tag, sewn on the inside of her dress. Leighton read, "Mrs. Dorsh, Acushnet Avenue."

Together they started for Acushnet Avenue, but Sunshine soon lagged behind, and after a hasty glance around, Leighton took Sunshine in his arms and bore her home. There was a rustle of silken skirts, as the door opened, and before his astonished eyes, stood Mabel, his wife. Leighton's arms dropped helplessly to his sides, as Mabel caught the child to her breast.

"How can I thank you?" she began, when she recognized the man before her. "Mabel," exclaimed the man going to her, "How could you believe that wicked story! There never was but one girl in this world, whom I love or could love, and that was you." "Oh, Mabel," pleaded he, with the child in his arms, "Will you not come back to me and let me make up to Sunshine, at least, for the wrong my mother did you? My mother is dead, and I will devote my life to you and Sunshine, to make up for the injustice to you. Will you come, darling?" "Yes, do come with nice Mr. Leighton, mamma, I love him so. Don't you? And he brought me back to you."

And Mabel Leighton came down the stairs and was drawn to her husband's loving heart, while she whispered with a

light of a great unquenched love in her eyes. "Yes, I will come."

K. R. A., '11.

### THE MISCHIEVOUS MONKEY.

The crew had two mascots, a monkey, which was much petted by all, though somewhat of a nuisance; and a dog, which was the especial pet of the captain. The captain had also an errand boy, whose name was Seth; and the dog, Friskie, often used to go with him, when he went on errands for his master.

One day boy and dog had been ashore for a few things, which the captain wanted. Returning, Seth set his basket down on the deck, while he stopped to speak with one of the men. The monkey, ready for fun, and evidently desiring to know what the basket contained, was prying among the things. In the first bag, which he opened he found some eggs. He took two, one in each hand. Immediately when Friskie saw that the monkey had been meddling with his master's things, he started to chase him. But Monk had the advantage, for he climbed out of reach. The dog could do nothing but stand below and bark, which he did with great vigor. The monkey didn't care to hear any more of Friskie's barking, so threw one of the eggs, which he had in his hand. It hit the poor dog squarely in the mouth. Friskie then retreated and left Monk to work his will.

As the monkey still had one egg left and desired more fun, he threw it at the errand boy, who had picked up his basket and was going below. Monk again proved himself a straight shot by hitting Seth on the back of the head.

This settled the fate of the mischievous monkey. He had become such a troublesome mascot that the crew had to dispose of him.

A. W. SMALL, '10.

### THE COLD STORAGES IN PROVINCETOWN.

The method of preserving fish by freezing or cold storage was first introduced into Provincetown by a certain Poulson

in the year 1893. The first cold storage, situated in about the center of the town, was called the Provincetown Cold Storage. That was followed by the erection of the Consolidated Weir company's plant in the eastern part of the town and more recently by the Fisherman's Cold Storage in the western part of the town, (the latter not as yet being completed).

The method of producing the low temperature required to preserve the fish is the forcing of compressed ammonia through a system of pipes, arranged in a specially constructed room.

The pipes are arranged in horizontal layers, about eighteen inches apart from floor to ceiling. The ammonia gas is forced through these pipes from the compressor and, after completing the circuit of the pipes, passes into the condenser, which is situated under the floor of the engine room.

The walls of the freezing room are about four feet thick and are insulated with paper, shavings and sawdust. Cork is also used in some cases, and it is considered superior to either shavings or sawdust. The door is nicely fitted to its opening and when shut is perfectly air tight.

The shelves or flakes, on which the fish are placed to be frozen, are placed over each layer of pipes. In some cases the fish are placed in pans before being put on to the flakes.

This room is kept at a temperature of four to ten degrees above zero. Frost is formed on all the pipes and large icicles hang from the ceiling of the room.

The water from which the ice is formed is taken from the exhaust steam from the engine, which first passes into a condenser. The water thus formed is then strained, which removes much of the oil and impurities; it is then reboiled and passes into a tank, where it is still further purified and then is in a condition to be placed in the ice moulds.

The moulds or iron boxes, which are of a size to hold a cake of ice weighing about three hundred pounds, are then placed in a tank of brine and rest upon a layer of pipes, through which the ammonia is circulated.

The boxes are then covered and the brine is kept in motion

by a steam pump, which maintains an even temperature in all parts of the tank.

The capacity of the plant is about one hundred forty-one cakes or over twenty tons every twenty-four hours.

When the freezing process is completed, the cans are taken from the tank by a crane, sprinkled with water to loosen the block of ice from the side. The ice is then ready for a storage or otherwise.

A dynamo in the engine room furnishes ample light throughout the plant.

---

### MASONIC HALL,

High Class Moving Pictures. Illustrated  
Songs and Refined Vaudeville. Every  
Evening except Sundays. Matinee Satur-  
day Afternoon, 4.30.

Pictures change Monday & Thursday.

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

---

"Register" Press, Yarmouthport, Mass.

---

---

SLADE'S EXTRACTS—PUREST AND BEST.

---

S. C. Smith,

GROCER,

East End.

Compliments of

SMITH'S BAKERY,

Near Public Library

---

Compliments of

ADAMS' MARKET.

LOUIS A. LAW,

Notary Public and

Fire Insurance Agent

---

S. O'HARE,

Wholesale and Retail Fruit  
Dealer, Cigars and Tobacco.

---

TAKE A BATH.

Bathing Suits, Row and Sall Boats to  
Let, also Bowling and Pool Playing.

G. A. Brown, Prop'r, East End

---

ALL FOR 5 AND 10 CENTS.

Crockery, Glassware and Toys,  
at

Costa's 5 and 10 Cent Store,

MANUEL COSTA, Prop'r,

Cor. Commercial and Pleasant Sts.

---

FRANK SILVA,

Dealer in

Fresh, Salt and Smoked Fish

---

PILGRIM THEATRE,

CHAS. KENNEY, Manager.

Devoted to High-class Vaudeville, Best  
Moving Pictures, Illustrated Songs.

Every Evening except Sunday.

Doors open, 7.30. Curtain at 8 o'clock  
Admission, 10c. Reserved Seats, 15c.

Manuel Silver & Co.,

Finest Values in Provisions

---

WEST END MARKET,

A. T. WILLIAMS, Agt.,

Meats, Provisions and Fine  
Groceries.

Notary Public and Justice of the Peace

---

GO TO

Tarvis's Grocery Store,

for

FINE - GROCERIES,  
West End.

---

INSURE IN THE

Metropolitan - Life - Insurance  
Company,

JOHN R. MANTA, Agt., Provincetown

---

CORTHELL, the SHOEMAN

has none but  
the best in

School - Shoes - and - Rubbers

---

COMPLIMENTS OF DR. MACLEOD.

---

PERSISTENCY.

A careful study of the results  
of PERSISTENT saving is  
enough to convince any one of its  
value.

Seamen's - Savings - Bank,

Provincetown, Mass.

INCORPORATED 1851.

---

20 PER CENT. DISCOUNT

I am giving 20 per cent. discount on  
Men's, Boys' and Children's Overcoats,  
Suits and Pants, and Ladies', Misses'  
and Children's Coats, Furs, Suits and  
Skirts until further notice.

D. A. MATHESON.

---

A  
T  
H  
L  
E  
T  
I  
C



Our Blue Trade Mark

O  
U  
T  
F  
I  
T  
T  
E  
R  
S

Stands for guaranteed goods; at rea-  
sonable prices; liberal discount to  
schools; express charges prepaid.

Football, Basketball, Baseball.

Do not place your order for sweaters  
before seeing our line.

Estab. 1826.

W. READ & SONS.

IF YOU WANT

Toilet Articles, Patent Medi-  
cines and Choice Confectionery,

Call at the store of

CLARA A. BAKER.

---

J. E. ATKINS,

Fine Line of

Furniture, Rugs, Carpets, Etc.

---

J. D. ADAMS,

Registered - Pharmacist,

Fine Line of

Confectionery - and - Cigars

---

M. BARNETT,

Dealer in

Meats, Groceries and Provisions

---

The Provincetown Beacon,

The Leading Weekly Paper in the Largest  
Town in Barnstable County.

C. G. W. FULLER,

Editor and Publisher.

---

Provincetown Advocate,

H. F. Hopkins, - Publisher

---

NEW YORK STORE,

Cheapest Place to Buy

UP-TO-DATE CLOTHING

and Haberdashery.

A. MCKAY, - - PROPRIETOR