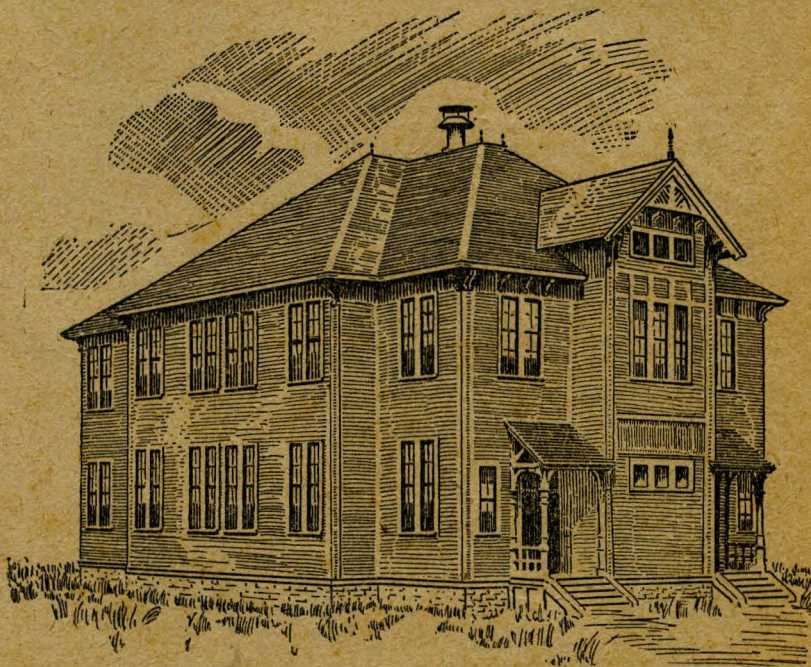

P. H. S.

A R G O S Y



Provincetown, Massachusetts

February, 1907.

'Register' Press, Yarmouthport, Mass.

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VOL. I. PROVINCETOWN, MASS., FEBRUARY 15, 1907. No. 4.

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Any information regarding the Alumni will be gladly received.*

Editorial

Looking back on the events of the past year we find them far in advance of those of preceding years. The principal things which will make 1906 memorable are the eruption of Vesuvius, the earthquakes of California and Chile and the monsoon in Hongkong.

For the United States it has been a year of great prosperity. Our total foreign trade has for the first time risen above three billion dollars. Our farms, factories and mines have produced more wealth than ever before. More than one million immigrants arrived, the largest in any preceding year. Many important laws concerning railroad rates and pure food were passed. Our government, at the request of President Palma and other Cuban leaders, took possession of Cuba with the promise to restore the government to the Cubans when peace and quiet is restored.

Great Britain had a political revolution in which the Tory party, which had held power for many years, was defeated by the Liberal party.

In Russia the year has been one of terror. The Duma or Parliament met but was dissolved by the czar.

In Germany the Reichstag was dissolved by the emperor

for having refused to vote him any more money to carry on his war in Africa.

In France there has been great trouble between the church and state.

The shah of Persia has given his people a liberal constitution and parliament.

China gives promise of a representative government.

The Pan-American congress served to promote the friendly relations between the United States and South America.

At a world's conference at Algeciras, Spain, Morocco was put under the joint guardianship of Spain and France.

Taking it all together, 1906 has been a very prosperous year. Let us hope 1907 will be more so.

School spirit is something much needed in the Provincetown high school. When any plan or project is formed, the scholars of this school always seem to try and down it before it has hardly started. Why can't we all work together and, when there is anything to do for the good of the school, work as one man?

Let us do all in our power to make the old school well known in athletic circles, and in everything that will reflect honor upon it. Let us make the memories of our school life pleasant and profitable, and, when we get out into life, we can look back and say we helped make the school what it is.

School spirit is well expressed in the song, "Five Hundred Faces," in our singing book. If we come here from one day to another for our own interest and care nothing for our school and her standing, our hearts will never thrill at the thought of the "hill," as it reads in the song.

School spirit makes a school a kind of society, like the Odd Fellows, binding each scholar into a kind of brotherhood, and making him think as much of the school and scholars as he does of his own family circle.

When the old school is defeated in a contest, don't fall away from her like a dead leaf from a tree, but stand by and vow to do better next time.

In unity there is strength, and the old adage, "United we stand, divided we fall," holds good in school life better than anywhere else.

A privilege that many of our young people have, and that

is not found in most other towns of similar size, is the opportunity to secure a sound training in the practical subjects of bookkeeping, shorthand and typewriting, while at the same time they are obtaining a good general education. Penmanship is also specialized, so much depending now-a-days on the ability of young people seeking employment in offices to execute a legible, freely written hand.

A simple, practical method of accounting is given, showing not only how certain items and transactions are entered, but why, thus causing the pupil to exercise his power of judgment as related to business affairs in general.

Actual work in shorthand is taken up, dictation being given in the form of business correspondence, which is then transcribed on the typewriter, thus giving the pupil real experience in office work as well as calling into play quick and accurate thought as applied to spelling, punctuation and expression of English.

This course has increased in popularity since it was included in the curriculum in 1903.

At present there are ten girls and four boys specializing on this course. Next year's class promises to be still larger.



Not what I have, but what I do, is my kingdom.—Carlyle.

Reasons of things are rather to be taken by weight than tale.—Jeremy Collier.

Knowledge is no part of an education.—Prof. Standish.

Noblest minds are easiest bent.—Homer.

He that is giddy thinks the world turns round.—Shakespeare.

"Integrity is to be preferred to eloquence."

The generous mind adds dignity to every act, and nothing misbecomes it.—Plutarch.

Genius may, at times, want the spur, but it stands as often in need of the curb.—Longinus.

Her Valentine

He was a little chap, with square shoulders and a frank little face. His snub nose was pressed tight against the window pane and his eager eyes were fastened on a gorgeous creation of lace paper and gilt within. For it was Valentine's day and he knew just what he wanted for the nicest girl in his school.

Mr. Clark had lovely valentines, great lacy ones with hearts and doves and cupids on them and beautiful verses that told a girl just how one felt. And she had told him in secret, if he'd never, never tell, that the one she wanted was the one on the third row, left-hand side. His little chest proudly filled as he thought that *he* was going to get it for her.

He left the window and walked into the store, his head erect and chubby cheeks rosy with excitement. Very big he felt, as he passed towards the back of the store, for he was just about to transact the most important business of his life. Straight up to Mr. Clark he walked, past a crowd of boys, picking out comic pictures, and, in a rather loud voice, asked for the one in the window, third row, left-hand side.

At the window the old gentleman hesitated a moment. "Which did you say, sonny?" he said rather doubtfully.

With a little note of impatience the boy repeated in a slightly prouder tone, "Third row, left-hand side."

The other boys looked up, as with a crisp crackling of paper Mr. Clark took out the square of loveliness and laid it on the counter. A half-unconscious "Oh!" ran through the group as they drank in its splendor, and they looked at the boy a trifle awed.

"I'll take it," he said, and to save his soul he could not look quite unconscious of the admiring glances at him.

"All right, sonny; one dollar."

Then for one awful second the floor and ceiling swam dizzily about the boy; he gripped the counter and gasped, and then, through the dead silence, came from the group a laugh, distinct, taunting, jeering, full of elfish delight, for on the counter before him, still moist from his chubby hand, lay a dime. The crimson blood surged to his cheeks; in spite of himself the

tears rose to his eyes, tears of sorrow and mortification, and he tried to speak.

"I—I—guess I won't take it today, Mr. Clark. P'rhaps—p'rhaps next year I might want one. I—did n't know they was so high." And, with a choking sob, he turned away.

A roar of exultant laughter suddenly burst from the group—merriment far removed from any thought of pity for the little chap. He walked a step towards the door, and then, as the shouts increased, he swung suddenly around, squared his shoulders and fiercely advanced on his tormentors. His face, red with shame, was knit with a most belligerent scowl, and his eyes sparkled with anger. He was prepared to annihilate the whole crowd, for in some way he dimly felt the affair reflected shame on the girl.

"You fellers better—" he began, when Mr. Clark's voice rose distinctly above the tumult, compelling instant silence.

"Boys, be quiet at once. You were altogether too eager for fun-making and have behaved in no way like gentlemen. Now you have the tables turned on you." And turning to the lad, "You're mistaken, sonny. This valentine belongs to you. Don't you remember the errands you did for me Christmas week? I quite forgot to settle with you, but I remember now that with your dime here it makes just a dollar. Will you have the valentine in a box or envelope?"

With a sudden sense of relief, of overwhelming joy, the boy stood in the center of the floor watching his crushed tormentors slink out, and then he turned sparkling eyes to the old gentleman and said, "Oh, thank you ever so much! Envelope, please." And a proud, happy little chap it was who ran out, carefully hiding under his jacket a big, square parcel.

G. L. BAKER, '07.

The Ways of Keeokuskh

It was snowing hard, but in spite of the snow and the cold, Keeokuskh's stomach told him he must have something to eat; so he started in search of it. When I saw him he had just come out on to the ice at the edge of a spring hole and commenced eating a large root, which he had brought up from the bottom in his teeth. After finishing each mouthful he

would sit up, look all around and wipe his whiskers. It soon grew dark, however, and I started home, but he still sat on the ice, greatly enjoying his cold supper.

Like all animals he has a good many enemies, without doubt, more than his share. During the summer or warm weather, hawks and owls are always on the watch for him, but in the winter comes his greatest enemy, which is man, with those peculiar things called traps. Of these Keeokuskh has but little understanding, and apparently no fear, until he has lost a foot or two, when he becomes extremely shy. Among his animal enemies perhaps the little bloodthirsty weasel is the worst. During the heavy snows of winter and early spring, when all the wild animals of the woods have their hardest struggles for food, the weasel goes to a muskrat house, digs a hole down through the roof and waits. The end comes sooner or later, and the weasel comes out, his hunger satisfied with nothing but blood, and Keeokuskh is left murdered in his very house.

Soon after the ice has cleared from the ponds and the blackbird's note is heard from the nearby willow tree, he begins to think of family troubles, and by the first or middle of May a hole is hollowed out in the bank, a nest is made of dry grass, and the first family appears. After these have grown to the age when they can shift for themselves, another family usually appears, which attain the size of a common rat by the first of September; and it is these that generally fall to the prey of hunters and traps. This is probably owing to the fact that at the approach of winter the older rats have to start on the winter house, and the young ones are left with their animal education half completed.

Still Keeokuskh has plenty of time for recreation. The whole summer is like a holiday and he is out day and night playing and feeding, getting as fat as he can for the long, hard winter. During the first part of the summer he appears to have very little fear for man. Once, while out rowing, I saw one sitting on a large hump of grass. I, at once, pushed my boat over toward him, but he only sat up on his haunches and looked at me. I still approached him with as little noise as possible, and it was not till the bow of my boat had almost touched him that he moved. Then he dove into the water with a great plunge and swam away with an air of unconcern.

But as soon as the evenings grow cool with a feeling of

frost in them, he at once knows that he must be preparing for winter, and when it begins to grow dark, he sets to work on his winter house. This is built on some convenient tuft of grass, and the material consists mostly of rank grasses and mud, which he gets at the bottom of the pond. It is built in size according to the number that are to inhabit it, which may be from one to four, or sometimes more. He works hard throughout the night and returns to his hole in the bank, which has served him for a summer home, as soon as the day breaks.

Keeokuskh is not wholly a child of the wilderness. Once while crossing a bridge which spanned a small river used for water power for a number of mills, I also found him. He had dug himself a hole in the bank and was enjoying life with a few others of his kind that lived in the same river. But the best chance I ever had for watching him was when I happened to be shown a large cage containing about twenty. In spite of the large number of spectators, they had no fear, nor did they seem to mind being watched. The keeper had just dumped a quantity of roots and vegetables into the cage, which at that time seemed to be mostly a mixture of fur and flying water. One had got possession of a large piece of carrot, but, although there were three who seemed to want that particular morsel, they all lost it and a larger one made an end to the trouble.

Yet notwithstanding his many hardships and the great demand of fur dealers for his pelt, it will be a great while before he will become as scarce as his cousin, the beaver.

ALVAN R. LEWIS, JR., '09.

High School Lyceum

The debate before the Lyceum on Jan. 4 was, "Resolved: That Co-education is for the Best Interest of the Youths of America." Great interest was manifested by many of the members, as the debate seemed to have something in common with all. The following are extracts from debates written by two of the pupils.

"When boys and girls are educated at the same school,

they have equal intellectual advantages, equal opportunities for learning all the school can teach them. In these days men and women struggle on much the same ground for their livelihood, and they must be equally well prepared, if in after years they are to mingle together in the business world on equal terms. * * * *

The most convincing reason is, it is the most natural way. It gives an atmosphere more like the home, where brothers and sisters mingle together. In later years the boys and girls will have to mingle together in business and social affairs, and what will be the result if they are n't perfectly at home with each other? The boys taught in a school by themselves have merely a contemptuous scorn for girls, and yet are clumsy and awkward in their presence. The girls, just from a girls' school, are self-conscious, or else bored with men. This condition is utterly to be deplored and the only known remedy is co-education for the youth of this country. Then we will have men and women equally prepared for bread-winning, gentler boys, and more sensible girls."

"I imagine the greater part of the Lyceum believes in co-education. My opponents will give beautiful reasons for it. But are they giving you their real, true, sincere, honest convictions? No! Let me tell you a few of their real reasons.

Mr. A. has a poor Latin lesson today. Why? Because of co-education. When he tried to conjugate 'amo' he could not keep the word from associating itself with the girl in front of him. Would this have happened if there were no girls in the school? I think not.

Mr. C. has a poor geometry lesson. Why? Because the girls so confuse him that in study period he invariably reads the word 'angles,' 'angels.'

In all our lessons why are the boys so backward about coming forward? Because they feel uncertain of themselves before those bright students—the girls. And what can one expect? Do you think education can retain its charms when presented to you in the presence of a beautiful maiden?"

The committee on debate and the Lyceum decided that co-education is for the best interest of the youths of America.

Locals

Baker's lesson in economy to beginners: Rub one gill of cream on your face and call the cat."

At a meeting of the sophomore class the following officers were chosen:

President—A. Richard Lewis.

Vice President—Josephine DeWolf.

Secretary—Annie N. Welsh.

Treasurer—E. Murray Burch.

Mr. Jenkins to Handy, '10—"Handy, you're quite handy with your hands."

Misses Paine, DeWolfe and Ellis welcome front seats as old friends.

Hannum, '08, reading Macbeth—"Each new morn new widows howl." Class also howls.

We are glad to see that the P. H. S. boys are so adept in the gentle art of sewing.

Miss Coffin, '10, on being asked what kind of chocolate she liked best, promptly responded, "Peters for mine."

Miss M——, translating "*Dei goldene Last dort drei Fuss hoch lag*"—"The golden load stood on three legs."

We noticed how easily B——, '07, translated "Good morning, Miss Baker," in German the other day.

We think it would be appropriate for Master A——, '07, to change "The Campbells are Coming" to "The Lovells are Here."

Miss Ellis, '09, seems very fond of bakery confections, especially at dancing school.

We noticed that Peters wore a bow of red ribbon on one of his curly locks the other day. It was very becoming, Peters; try it again.

Master Lewis translated into Latin "The boy and his mother, "*Puer et eius mulier.*"

Misses Small, Baker and Paine are very graceful skaters. We think that they have profited greatly by the lessons of Prof. Brown.

Dates to be remembered:—

Jan. 10. The sun shone ten minutes.

Jan. 14. Miss Crawley and Miss Rodgers were not tardy.

Jan. 16. The geometry class had a good lesson.

Jan. 23. Peters did not laugh.

Jan. 28. Hannum returned his rank card.

Miss Paine, '09, reading in Cæsar: *L. Cassium O-kiss-um*
(*occisum*).

CONSOLATION.

I cannot told which joyfulness
Have came and was already got.
But all my fond heart has went less
And that which was is almost not.

My broken heart already be
And has been was and is reset.
But now she have came back to me
It has been is already yet.

Have you all joined the N. S. A.?

Have you heard Paine's version of Lancelot and Elaine?

Bickers was greatly missed from school one week last month.

The boot gang were on time Jan. 24. We wonder how it happened.

Umbrella stands are handy.

Corea says his favorite perfume is violet. We wonder if the reason is because it sounds so much like Viola.

Corea has worked lately for one of our local ice dealers. He says he is cutting some ice now.

If Miss S. carried out her threats, Coffin would have to wear bandages on his face.

We have been informed that the local paper boy will stop at the schoolhouse, when making his rounds, for the benefit of the senior class. It is also reported that he will bring several copies of the Delineator or McCall's Magazine for Bickers to read during his numerous spare periods.

It has been reported that Adams has received a letter from the president of the Pilgrim Memorial association, asking him to deliver the oration at the laying of the corner stone of the Pilgrim monument.

Isn't it about time for Brown to break his glasses again? He averages two or three pairs weekly.

Why is there such a lack of interest in the Lyceum work this year? Last year the scholars took a great interest, but this year it seems to have died out. If we could discover the cause for this lack of interest we would do our best to find a remedy, for we all know that the Lyceum is a great benefit to us and that we cannot afford to give it up.

We would warn the janitor to be careful in his choice of language if he should at any time chop off one of his fingers, or drop a hot coal down the leg of his rubber boot. He does not realize what an excellent telephone system the hot air shafts are.

Athletics

The foot ball eleven spent a very pleasant evening at Capt. Coffin's home last month. Burch's singing was the feature of the evening, while Nickerson kept the piano busy. At 10.30, an oyster supper was served, which went right to the spot.

After the supper a number of games were played, but, as dancing was preferred, the room was soon cleared and all enjoyed an hour of dancing.

Before the party ended Coffin was unanimously elected captain for next year.

Where were the girls when the party broke up?

The first game of basket ball played by the boys was a great success. Corea's team won by a score of 10-0, scoring 6 in the first half and 4 in the second. Time, 2-15 minute halves. Referee, Burch.

The girls seem to be leaders in the sport. They are found playing every pleasant afternoon. Miss DeWolfe has been made captain of one team, and she is an expert at throwing baskets.

A new basket ball has been purchased for use in the gymnasium.

The gymnasium fund is getting low. All members are cordially invited to deposit their small change with the treasurer. Most of the members are backward about coming forward with their admission fees.

My First Shipwreck

The wind was blowing freshly from the northeast and the driving snow shut everything from sight. For five days we had been tossed about in our little lumber-laden schooner, until we had no knowledge of where we were. The short winter day passed and the long night came on. I stood forward, leaning against the forerigging. The captain and the other two men stood at the wheel. Suddenly a low, rumbling sound greeted my ears. In an instant I recognized it, and shouted, "Breakers on the lee bow!" The wheel was put hard to starboard, but it was too late. There was a grinding noise, a crash and the schooner stopped, the mainmast breaking close to the deck. The captain and the two men were washed overboard by a great wave that came over the stern as we struck. I sprang quickly into the forerigging and mounted to the top. The spray dashed over me, freezing as it struck, and soon I was covered with ice. At daybreak the snow ceased to fall, but the wind increased, and the great seas continued to break over the little schooner, which was fast breaking up.

As soon as it was light enough, I saw, about a mile away, on a sandy beach, something that filled me with hope. It was a lifeboat, manned and trying to leave the shore. Twice I saw it capsized, but the third time it succeeded and then began a hard pull to windward, over waves many feet high. Many times my heart sank as the little boat disappeared in the trough of the seas, but she was handled by skilled men, and, after two hours, she was near the schooner. The men held the boat within a few yards of the vessel, where it was comparatively smooth. I missed the line thrown to me three times, I was so stiffened by the cold, but the fourth time, after having come down the rigging a short distance, I caught the rope and fastened it around my waist. I then jumped into the water and was quickly pulled aboard. It did not take long to reach the shore with a fair wind; and I was hurried to the lifesaving station, which was half a mile away. There I was given dry clothes and something to warm me up. Before noon the schooner was broken up, and the beach was

strewn with lumber. The bodies of my three companions were never recovered. While clinging to the swaying mast the night before, I swore never to go to sea again and I have kept my oath.

EMERY, '07.

Alumni Department

DREAM AND DO.

Looking backward through the years I recall with pleasure my high school days. A quarter of a century has elapsed since then and there has been ample time for the development of the dreams that play such an important part in the life of every pupil.

There is the desire to be first in the class—to graduate with honor. To get anywhere near the top one must always do his best. Then if defeat comes, it does not leave the sting. The broken round of the ladder may be mended. The goal is worth striving for again and again.

"We build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to the summit round by round."

"Wings are for angels, but feet for men!
We may borrow the wings to find the way."

Dream on pupils, throw your ladders from earth to the "sapphire walls." Have lofty thoughts and noble aspirations. Do every task that is required with zeal and earnestness.

Fair Alumni, men and women from all ranks of life, dream on still. Let the mental storehouse be filled to the brim for the betterment of self and for the unconscious influence that the daily life radiates.

When one ceases to dream life becomes humdrum and toil is drudgery. There is no ladder to climb—only a flat waste of territory to live on.

Not, for a moment, would I encourage idle dreaming. Dream with a purpose. It does not harm us to travel the length and breadth of this continent in imagination. Thus, we may go every winter to the sunny Southland. Thus, when summer comes, we, who are anchored by the sea, may

gaze upon mountain scenery and "lift our eyes unto the hills from whence cometh our help."

We may visit Rome and spend an "impressive hour" driving on the Via Affia. What a train of thoughts must follow! "The solemn and unrivalled memories of the place suggest repose and peace and sad, poetic dreams of days that are no more."

Does Paris appeal to us? Thither we will go, and while there think long of Heloise; of Joan of Arc, who gave her life for France; of Marie Antoinette, who suffered as few have been called to suffer. Truly, we should be thankful that we live and breathe the free air of this twentieth century.

Since childhood, has there been a desire to go to Palestine and to walk in the footsteps of the Master? As the years pass by let not the longing cease. Go *now* to Palestine; look upon Calvary and behold there the suffering Saviour. Let the countenance of the forgiving Saviour be fixed upon the heart, if in the run of years, there have been deeds done that we would blot out.

Dream of the possibilities. Dare to grasp the opportunities and "make life one grand sweet song."

M. E. S., Class of '81.

Exchanges

Since the last publication we have received several new exchanges,—“The Clarion” from the Arlington high school, “Crimson and White” from Gloucester, “A. H. S. Tidings” from Amesbury, and the “Oracle” from Bangor, Me.

The Arlington high school paper is excellent; but why mix the advertisements with the reading material?

Why does n't your business manager get to work, “Crimson and White?” Get more ads and don't depend altogether on the pupils to support your paper.

Where is the exchange column of the November number of “The Students' Review?”

The cuts in the B. H. S. Sagamore are interesting, especially “Slams.” “His Father's Son” in this paper is exceedingly good.

The Oracle is certainly one of the best exchanges which we receive. The arrangement is fine, and the stories very well written.

Advance thinks we are small. Kindly compare the population of Salem with Provincetown, also the size of the high schools. We have but 86 pupils; Salem has over 500.

Clippings

LOVER'S ARITHMETIC.

She was one and I was one
 Strolling o'er the heather,
 Yet before the year was done
 We were one together.
 Love's a queer arithmetician—
 In the rule of his addition,
 He lays down the proposition:
 One and one make one.

She and I, alas, are two,
 Since unwisely mated,
 Having nothing else to do,
 We were separated.
 Now, 'twould seem that by this action
 Each was made a simple fraction,
 Yet 'tis held in love's subtraction,
 One from one leaves two.

“What did Cæsar say when asked to go to the Capitol?”
 “My wife wont let me.”

German lady, calling for central.
 Central: Well, what is it?
 German lady: Iss dis der middle?

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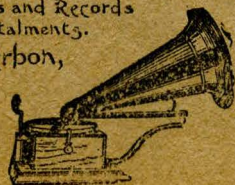
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