

Cranberry Picking, Provincetown, Mass.



1908 card. There are wild cranberry bogs in the middle of the dunes (see photo preced. page

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#### FELONIUS ASSAULT

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On Monday night last, between 9 and 10 o'clock, Mr. Eben Smith of this place, took a notion, as it was a pleasant moonlight evening, to visit a cranberry bog in which he and others were interested.

Passing out back and not far distant from the patch, he distinguished sounds from which he concluded there were trespassers among the cranberries. Getting flat upon the ground he crawled for some distance, until nearly upon the spot where he discovered four pickers busily engaged in stealing the berries, one of whom appeared to be a woman. Now Mr. S. suffered an allergy to dust and suddenly sneezed, alerting the culprits, and two escaped including the woman. The third ran, dropping his bag of berries, and S. found himself with the fourth who in turn grabbed a club which he seemed to have reserved for such a purpose and clouted Mr. S. on the side of the head, rendering him senseless. . . . Much later, upon regaining consciousness, he discovered the bags of cranberries were gone, also his false teeth which had fallen out of his mouth when the blow was struck. . . . Mr. S. wishes the berry pickers well but would be pleased

to know if his teeth are in good service, and we think it quite possible that S. Keeps a vigilant eye on every face who chances to bestow him a "toothy smile."