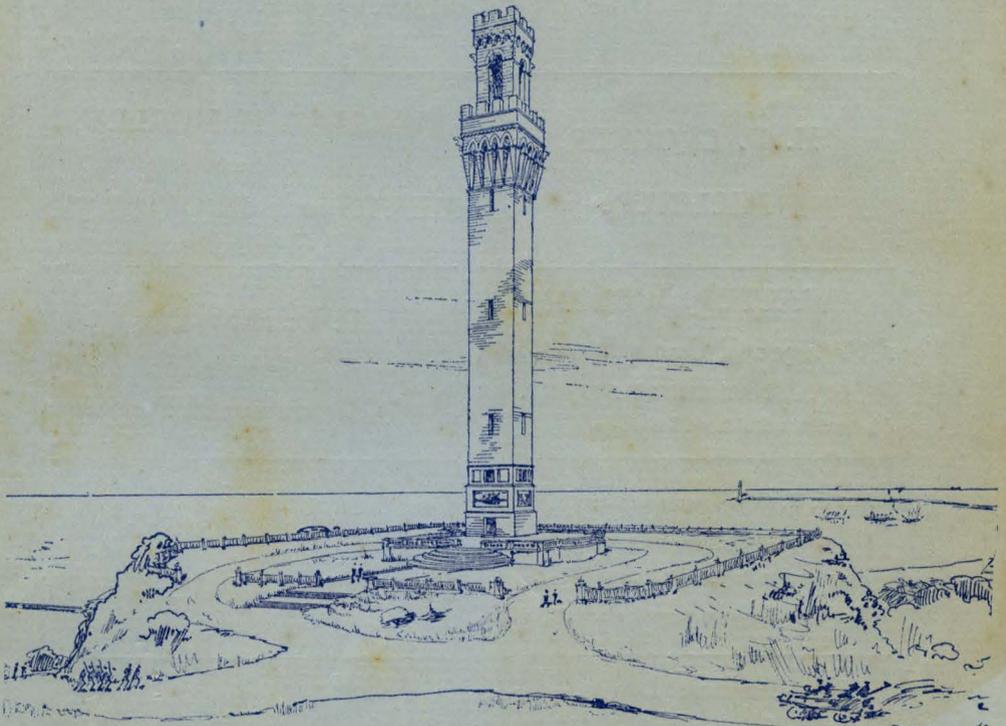


The Mayflower.

1620-1907.



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Christmas Number

1852

1907

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THE MAYFLOWER

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

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

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Editorial



YULETIDE is here again. What joy it brings with it. Do we realize the true meaning of Christmas day? Hundreds of years ago the first Christmas was celebrated, and the joyous singing of the angels rang out on the clear night air, "Peace on earth, good will to men."

To us Christmas should have a holy meaning. We should remember that "to give is better than to receive." A kind word, a cheery smile, right from the heart, cannot fail to make someone happy.

Let each and all resolve to make at least one heart glad; for, by so doing, we increase our own store of joy. If the picture of the first Christmas, the holy calm of the bright starlit night and the faithful shepherds watching their flocks, is kept in our hearts, from thence will radiate beams of love and kindness, which will be felt by all with whom we come in contact.

A merry Xmas to all!

At this season it is scarcely to be expected that anyone exists whose thoughts are not centred on Christmas and its observance.

With deft fingers mother, sister and daughter are stitching loving thoughts into some dainty useful object for household members, while father, brother and son are planning to expend their earnings for pleasing gifts in exchange. In all, the thought of giving is uppermost. Blessed is he whose heart is in the giving, since

"The gift without the giver is bare."

It is said that the Puritans objected to the Christmas celebration. Were they alive today they would yield to the influence of the present Christmas spirit beyond the shadow of a doubt, since through it so many opportunities for doing good are offered.

It is the public high school which prepares boys and girls to become good citizens. One of the first and highest qualifications for a good citizen is a good character. Add to this intelligence and faithfulness and we may be able to accomplish something as we go out into the world. If we lose sight of the true aim in our high school work, we are doing a great deal of harm to ourselves and to the community at large. This matter of following right principles and thus securing and maintaining a good name for our high school should be of moment to each of us. We can secure a good name if we try for it, and surely it is worth trying for. We cannot afford to have the Provincetown high school take any lower standing than it has heretofore; rather let it take a higher standing.

It is a disgrace to our school that some of the pupils do not have pride enough to conduct themselves so that there might be a higher average in department marks.

A few years ago the master of a village school not far from this town was able to absent himself from the room for an indefinite length of time and upon his return find everything had gone on as well as if he had been there. On one occasion he took a trip to Boston, leaving his school for a whole day in charge of one of the older boys. To the credit of both master and pupils not a single incident of disorderly conduct was reported. We wonder if the same thing could be said of our school when the principal leaves the room for a few minutes.

There's too great lack of interest shown in the meetings of our Lyceum. A certain few pupils are depended upon to debate on each subject in every meeting and all arguments are left to them. It may be that interesting subjects are not chosen for debate, but it does not seem that all members of the Lyceum would dislike every subject. Some scholars prefer to go home rather than to listen to that "dry stuff." This is why we are not successful in the meetings. In the coming debate between the Barnstable high school and the Provincetown high school we must take more interest and leave a good impression upon the minds of our visitors.

Athletics

P. H. S. VS. B. H. S.

The Provincetown high school football team met and was defeated by the Barnstable high school team by a score of 15 to 0, on Evans' Field, Nov. 16, '07. The game was called at 3 o'clock. Provincetown won the toss and chose to receive.

Both teams showed better form than in the previous game. Barnstable's gains were made on end runs, while Provincetown made her gains by bucking centre, having the heavier team. Barnstable scored two touch-downs in the first half and tried for goals but missed. In the last half Barnstable made one touch-down and missed a kick for goal.

A dance was given in Odd Fellows hall by the P. H. S. team to the visitors, which was enjoyed by all.

Scudder, right half of the Barnstable team, rendered many fine selections on the cornet, showing us that he could play cornet as well as football.

The visitors went home Sunday, Nov. 17, and were given a great send-off by the home team.

Line-up of game Nov. 16:

B. H. S.		P. H. S.	
J. Sherman	l.e.		Coffin
Hallet	l.t.		Leroy Cook
Bassett	l.g.		R. Lewis
Terry	c.		Watson
F. Tinkham	r.g.		R. G. Nickerson
Johnson	r.t.		Whorf
Stark	r.e.		Peters
Howland	q.b.		Corea
L. Lewis	l.h.b.		Burch
F. Sherman	f.b.		M. Silva
Scudder	r.h.b.		Souza and Hannum

Touch-downs—B. H. S., 3; P. H. S., 0.

Referee—Mr. Giles.

Umpire—Dr. Smith.

Time-Keepers—M. Goulart, Mr. Lewis.

Linesman—Cashman.

Score—15, B. H. S.—P. H. S. 0.

Attendance—600.

Locals

The Sophomore Trouble Club has for charter members Miss Silva, Mr. Cook and Miss Coffin.

Mr. Cook—Aimez-vous des fils?

Miss F.—Aimez-vous des filles?

Mr. Cook—Oui, Oui!

We hear that Lewis, '00, has had a letter asking him to run at Athens.

Miss Doane, '10, when asked what kind of mining stock she was interested in, answered "Silver."

The freshmen of '11 are fresh freshies from Freshville.

The football team's training diet: Cigarettes, pie and more cigarettes. A change is recommended.

Mr. Jason, '10, when asked what the perch's organs of reprehension are, answered, "His feet."

W. Silva, '10,—An ostrich layed on a few pieces of chalk and hatched some little ducks.

Ask Chase and Matheson, '11, and Jason, '10, about the duck they shot and also ask the latter about the plover.

Miss Silver, '10, in French—Avec le plus grand plaisir" repondit Frere Juin. "With the greatest pleasure," replied brother Jim.

Teacher, to Mr. N., '08—"Don't display your ignorance."

Did you notice how everyone looked at Mr. G., when the school sang about getting someone to stand a treat?

Cabral, '11, would be a valuable accession to the town police force for juvenile work. His aptitude for bringing refractory boys and girls to terms and maintaining peace is remarkable. A firm grasp and moral suasion with overwhelming seriousness secures his purpose. No partiality to either sex.

Nickerson, '08, in German—Ihr Herr Onkel hat mir sehr viel Gutes von Ihnen gesagt: Your uncle has told me very much good things of you.

Miss Hudson has remarked that it would be a good idea to have a Morris chair placed near the book-case.

Football season's over now.

And Corea's won renown;

He stubbed his toe, fell 'cross the line

And it was called a touch-down.

Many of the star pupils are receiving front seats as a recompense for their frequent misdemeanors.

Our school-room proves rather attractive to dogs and cats.

We wonder if Miss Paine, '09, wasn't just a little bit jealous at the foot-ball game.

SOME ADVERTISEMENTS.

Shampooing, Shaving, Hair Cutting, Trimming, and Massage.
I solicit customers on commission. Sumner Coffin.

Watches and Jewelry Repaired. Harold Watson, Blacksmith.

Does Miss G——k like to bake, eh?

We noticed that Nickerson, '08, appeared more at ease walking around with the B. H. S. mascot at the recent foot ball game than in the scrimmage.

Would you like to join the fancy work club? If so, inquire for particulars of Miss Coffin, '10, and Miss Hudson, '09, as they seem to be the most enthusiastic members.

Miss Hudson, on being told that her hair didn't look as well one way as another, answered, "I can't please everybody." Possibly C——n, '09, likes it best as she wears it at present.

The freshmen at one of their meetings elected the following officers: President, Katherine Avellar; vice president, Merle Higgins; secretary and treasurer, Angus Matheson.

We have been informed that the high school dramatic club intend giving "Triss" over again. It was very successful last year, and although some of the characters will be changed, we expect it will be as successful as the last time.

Mr. Giles entertained a number of freshmen at his home on Friday evening, Nov. 22. According to reports all enjoyed the evening very much.

It was with great pleasure that we learned that Herbert Adams, one of last year's graduates, intends to come back for a post-graduate course.

Cheer up, freshmen, you'll be sophomores some day.

Mendelssohn

Mendelssohn was the first composer to be studied this year, and Nov. 20 was appointed as the day. The program arranged by Miss Helen Daggett, '08, was as follows:

Piano solo, "Songs Without Words," Miss H. L. Rogers, '08
Singing, School, "Hark, The Herald Angels Sing."

Biography of Mendelssohn, Miss Lucy B. Small, '08.

Piano solo, Melody from Concerto in G Minor, by Miss Gertrude Dyer, '10.

Singing by School, "Auf Wiedersehn."

Essay, "Mendelssohn as a Musician," Miss Josephine DeWolf.

Singing, "Farewell to the Forest," School.

Piano solo, Nocturne to the music to "Midsummer Night's Dream," Miss Natalie Ellis, '09.

Singing, "I Would That My Love," School.

Such exercises make a pleasant and profitable diversion from the regular school routine.

Alumni

"TO HEIGHTS BEYOND."

Standing on a little eminence

Peering forth "to heights beyond,"

Never filled, and ever longing,

There's the scholar with his wand.

Nature answers to his pleadings

Truths that fill his soul with awe;

Further yet he plies his questions,

Till he understands her law.

His ambition knows no limits;
On he goes and waves his wand,
Scattering clouds that dim his vision,
Then alights on "heights beyond."

There he rests but for a moment,
More he asks to quench his thirst;
Onward still and ever upward,
Till his soul its bonds doth burst.

"ALUMNA," for Class of '07.

THE SPIRIT OF LIBERTY.

This subject, "The Spirit of Liberty," seems especially appropriate when we consider that next August the cornerstone of the Pilgrim monument is to be laid in this very town in honor of the Pilgrims. Unable to secure freedom of worship in England, the Pilgrims emigrated to Holland; but Holland did not satisfy them and they decided to set sail for the new world. Why did they leave their native country to seek other homes? Because their great characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon race, the spirit of liberty, ran through their veins. They did not intend to be traitors, but they did want that liberty that should be granted every man. Infused with this spirit, they dared to cross the stormy Atlantic and, after many anxious days and nights, finally came to anchor in our harbor. Here, on board of the Mayflower, they drew up the first compact ever signed in the new world. This town, therefore, is the birthplace of American liberty, for here was the humble beginning of one of the greatest nations in the world, our own United States.

The spirit of liberty that characterized the Pilgrims also characterized their descendants. This spirit was stronger in the thirteen colonies at the beginning of the revolutionary war than in any other existing country. The colonists being descendants of the English were devoted to liberty accord-

ing to the English principles. The spirit of liberty grew with the growth of the people, increased with their wealth. But England persisted in taxing the colonies unlawfully until they decided to throw off the yoke and battle for their rights.

England could not quench this spirit, not even with her magnificent navies, trained officers and large armies. The spirit of liberty spread as quickly as a forest fire. It was beyond the control of England and yet it was just kindled.

War followed, which brought as a result the establishment of the spirit of liberty as embodied in the Declaration of Independence, "that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." And this spirit was wide awake, too, when the Constitution was framed. You all remember how it reads—"To secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity." Thus it is that liberty has been secured in our country and increased.

So we should respect the spirit of liberty even in a child, for the child is destined some day to become a free person. Do you recall the story of the little boy in 1776 in Philadelphia, who shouted up to the old bellman, "Ring! Grandpa, Ring! Oh, Ring for Liberty!"

True liberty consists in, not what we will do, but what we have a right to do. Liberty is preceded by power, liberty is dependent on power, therefore it is only under the protection of a powerful, well-organized and intelligent government that true liberty can exist at all, because obligation to some form of government implies liberty.

Where can we find any more beautiful lines on this subject than these selected from Bryant's *Antiquity of Freedom*:

"My thoughts go up the long dim path of years,
Back to the earliest days of liberty.
O Freedom! thou art not, as poets dream,
A fair young girl,—A bearded man,
Armed to the teeth, art thou; thy massive limbs

Are strong with struggling. . . Power at thee has launched
his bolts,
And with his lightnings smitten thee;
They could not quench the life thou hast from heaven;
. . . yet, while he deems thee bound,
The links are shivered, and the prison walls fall outward;
Terribly, thou springest forth,
And shoutest to the nations who return thy shoutings.
Thy birthright was not given by human hands:
Thou wert twin-born with man."

At the beginning of the Revolutionary war the United States consisted of thirteen states. But how quickly it grew to be a powerful nation. Such freedom as we enjoy in America had never been enjoyed in any country previously. Immigrants came into this country by thousands. Why? Because there were great opportunities for business. But the main reason was the fact that here was the land of liberty, real liberty—for our country is the best representative of the spirit of liberty. From a narrow strip of country it has grown to be a powerful nation, one that will not take back-water from any nation or nations in the world. Our flag is respected by all nations and it floats unmolested on every sea.

If the Pilgrims could awaken from their long sleep, what a change the present America would offer to their eyes! How startled they would be to see an immense battleship lying quietly at anchor, perhaps in the very spot where they anchored the tiny *Mayflower* on that cold November morning in the year 1620! How changed everything is, and yet it sprang from their humble effort! And the same spirit that they exhibited is exhibited in the present generation. Not only does this spirit predominate in the United States, but in Switzerland, France and in many other nations of the world. It has broken out now in Russia, and it is only a matter of time when all nations will be following our example.

This spirit is the keystone of the American republic. When Rome was led by the weak influences of the East, she lost her

liberty, and eventually came the decay of the Roman empire. Thus if the United States should lose her spirit of liberty, she, too, would follow Rome's example and cease to exist. What a blow that would be to the civilized world! But, citizens, this must not happen, this shall not happen! And in the near future the United States will lead the world in wealth, population, area, power, no less than in the spirit of liberty. And our flag, the "Star Spangled Banner," shall float triumphantly in every land, on every sea.

In concluding, I use the words of Patrick Henry, familiar to every schoolboy and citizen, "As for me, give me liberty, or give me death!"

H. E. ADAMS, June, '07.

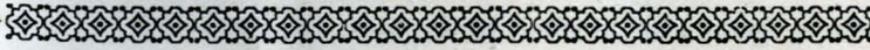
We are pleased to note that former pupils of our P. H. S. don't relax their interest for this "elevated" seat of learning, but revisit the school occasionally during their short vacations. Among recent visitors we remember Alice Ellis, Corinne Gifford and Virginia Bragg of the Bridgewater normal school.

There were several others at home to enjoy Thanksgiving with their parents. Helen Allen, Gladys Baker, Roy Brown, John Ventura, Mary Silva, Jessie DeWolff, Sadie Hatch, Cora Tarvis, Marion Fisher, Earle Emery, Hollis Mayo, Sadie Matheson, Mary Matheson and Faustina Freeman were names called to our attention of those who came home at that time.

Miss Jennie Y. Freeman, ex-pupil and ex-teacher of the P. H. S., now at Middletown, Ohio, finds her work enjoyable, though the pupils of her school are not furnished with free text books as in Massachusetts. She is in a tobacco district, not far from the Kentucky line. Middletown claims the second largest paper mill in our country.



Exchange Column



The October number of *The Advance*, Salem, Mass., ought to be congratulated on the size of its Class Notes. Such a large school necessarily has a large paper.

The *Crimson and Blue*, Everett, Mass., is much improved by the cuts used. The quality of paper is fine and adds to the looks; but why not have a few more locals? The pleasure of the readers should be mixed with the literary value of the paper.

The *T. H. S. Styles*, Taunton, Mass., sadly needs more stories to help out. Nevertheless the poems and notes should be a be a source of pleasure to the school members.

The story, "The Death Music," in the November number of *The Oracle*, Bangor, Me., is very good indeed. The whole paper is worthy of praise, and if the chance ever comes to you to obtain a few cuts take up with it by all means.

The *Elgin High School Mirror*, Elgin, Ill., is a well-planned, though small, paper and certainly shows the work put in it.

The *Artisan, Mechanic Arts* high school, Boston, Mass., is a paper of very good size, being also planned well, and is interesting to all of its many admirers.

The *Students' Review*, Northampton, Mass., makes a bold stand for "Athletics" in their school, and all of its readers hope that the piece written in the last issue had its desired effect.

The *Nautilus*, Jacksonville, Ill., is a model paper, everything being excellent, except the Exchange Column, which needs working up, and we trust it will done in the future.

The *Saugus High School Advocate* has several fine stories; but wouldn't it be better to have an Exchange Column somewhere among your pages? The cut is fine and a great addition.

The Crimson and White, Gloucester, Mass., has a reputation for interesting stories. Keep it up.

The Head Light, Middletown, Indiana, illustrates the old adage, "good stuff in small packages."

The Cambridge Review, Cambridge, Mass., contains both quality and quantity. The story, "Old Cape Cod Fences," especially pleases us.

The School Review, Germantown, Penn., has an interesting account of "The Stevens School History," and also some good poems, but lacks an exchange column. Get busy, girls.

High School Clarion, Arlington, Mass., taken all in all, is excellent.

All papers will be gratefully received and also will be exchanged.

Stories

HOW SHE FOUND HER CHRISTMAS.

It was the night before Christmas and great snow-flakes were rapidly covering the pavements of a little town where lived little Margaret Pierce.

It was a very tiny cottage in which she and her mother dwelt. It was old and tumbled on the outside, but inside everything was scrupulously clean.

Margaret, aged ten, had not known a Christmas since her poor papa died, four years before. To be sure she had had little presents from her mamma, such as a nice warm bonnet, mittens, etc., but what Margaret most wished for was a Christmas tree. She had almost forgotten what they looked like and oh, how she longed and prayed for one!

The only way Margaret knew of getting her heart's desire was to write to dear old Santa Claus. He would certainly come and see her this year, if he knew where to find her, so

she certainly must write. Of course she couldn't blame Santa, because it was not his fault that she had moved from her lovely home, where she had lived before her papa died, therefore she mustn't blame him.

Margaret's mamma had told her little girl that she was all alone in the world, but for her handsome big brother, who was Margaret's only uncle. He had gone to the gold mines in the hope of obtaining wealth. He had written steadily to his sister up to the time of her departure with her little girl from her beautiful home, and then Uncle Jack was left uncertain where to find them.

The first thing that Margaret thought of doing was to write to Santa Claus, pleading for a visit from him. As soon as the letter was written, away ran Margaret to post it, but that letter never got posted as Margaret wished, for when Margaret put her little hand in her pocket to get her letter it was gone.

A gentleman was walking leisurely along, murmuring to himself, when suddenly his eyes were attracted by a little something on the ground.

"Hello, what's this?"

Here is what he read when he picked up the tiny envelope:

"Mr. Santa Claus." "Some poor child," says he, and tears it open and then reads:

"Dear Mr. Santa Claus:

Wont you please come and see me this year? I miss you so very much. You used to come and see me once, but now you don't come any more. I wish you would come, I want a Christmas tree so very much. I live at No. 45 C— street.

MARGARET PIERCE."

"Poor dear," murmurs the kind-hearted man, "she shall have her Christmas or my name is not Jack Smith."

So saying he put the little note in his pocket and hurried into a nearby toy shop.

He bought everything to make a child's happiness complete, and ordered them to be sent to the child's address. He then left and crossed the street to a candy and fruit store, where he

bought enough candy for half a dozen children. This he also ordered to be sent to Margaret's home.

"The next thing," said he, "is to find out for myself where the poor child lives."

He then turned down some narrow and dirty alleys and at last came to C— street.

"Yes, here it is, No. 45, and who is that little figure sitting forlornly at the window? It is Margaret."

She turns; he sees her face and for an instant stands still, then rushes to the door, murmuring the while to himself, "It is her child; I knew the name was the same."

He walks straight to the room where the child is sitting and tells her he is a messenger from Santa Claus. This satisfies the child, and soon she is chatting to him as familiarly as to a life-long friend. Soon the child jumps up and rushing to the door, opens it to a very slight woman completely enveloped in black. Mr. Jack Smith looks at Margaret's mother for one moment.

"Yes, it is she," he says.

Mrs. Pierce recognizes him also, and with one glad cry of "Jack, Jack!" she rushed into his open arms.

And such was the return of Margaret's Uncle Jack, for Uncle Jack he was and Margaret's Santa Claus, too. I know she couldn't have wished for a visit from a better Santa. Thus Margaret found her Christmas. MILDRED TARVIS, '09.

THE WAYS OF THE WOODMOUSE.

The pretty woodmouse, with his dainty feet, large, sharp eyes and white front, is a very interesting little animal. Notwithstanding the fact that he forms food for a score of animals and birds, he is very plentiful, often being seen in broad daylight, skipping around over the dead leaves with a quickness that is marvelous.

His nesting habits are one of his great peculiarities. He digs himself a hole in the ground, just as the weasel does, but also makes his nest in the trees like the squirrels, and is about

as good a climber as he is a digger. In fact he makes his home almost anywhere that gives concealment and shelter, if it is nowhere else than under an old board. The question of food also gives him little care, for his range of diet seems to be unlimited. Seeds of all descriptions are eaten, and also acorns, beechnuts, cranberries, and once in a while he will eat raw meat. He is very fond of the water and sometimes may be found there as readily as in the fields and woods.

In the winter when the snow is deep you may often find in the fields and meadows the stories of his moonlight rambles all written out in little tracks, which are almost too small to be noticeable. Close to a tuft of grass will be a small tunnel where he came out; then after running on top for a little way, he takes a dive, and after tunneling for a foot or two, he comes on top again, but only for a short time. He never stays on top of the snow long, for he well knows that any stray owl will be sure to see him.

In the summer time, when disturbed or routed from his hole, he never runs in a straight line, but stops under a log or leaf, where he sits perfectly still and watches you with a half-curious, half-frightened look in his great black eyes. Then in a short time he will dart for another leaf with such rapidity that all you can see of him is a brown streak.

I once found a swallow's nest plastered securely to the beam of an old shed. There was a large tuft of dry grass sticking out of the top, and knowing that this was not included in the make-up of the nest, I went to pull it out, when out jumped a woodmouse. I then pulled off the top of the hay and there were five young mice but a few days old and resembling young bull pups, excepting that one would have easily fitted inside a thimble. The next day I visited the nest again, but the mother had evidently been too much alarmed and had moved her young ones to a safer place.

Of all animals, the woodmouse, though one of the smallest, seems to have the most enemies. Once on finding the nest of a big owl, I climbed to it, only to have my presence hotly dis-

puted by a pair of rather young but cross owls. There was some rabbit and squirrel fur, but the amount of mouse fur and dead mice was surprising. Like the owls, most of the hawks, especially the marsh hawk, and even the little sparrow hawk get considerable, if not the greater part of their living from woodmice. Foxes and weasels dig them out of their holes, if they get the chance, and I have seen even the domestic cat hunting them in the swamps.

One cold winter day a shrike sat on a dead willow tree, looking all about him with a very wicked and half-starved appearance. Down below him I heard a rustling in the leaves, which he heard also. After looking and listening for a moment he dove down from his perch and soon went sailing off over the bushes with a mouse in his claws and disappeared in a clump of pines, where he might eat his victim unnoticed and undisturbed.

A. R. LEWIS, '09.

A DEPOT SCENE.

I was going on a visit, and so while waiting for my train, which I was told was not to arrive for two hours, I walked through the waiting room of the railroad station.

The station was almost filled with people coming and going, and I walked to a distant side to make room for them. There I saw, sitting by a window in the sunlight, a man and a woman, both of whom were foreigners.

The gentleman's face was thin and his skin was very dark yellow. He apparently was dying of consumption. The woman was tired and weary from the strain of taking care of her husband. I spoke to the woman and after awhile she told me her life story.

They had been wine growers in Italy, and when quite young, hearing so much of America, especially the United States, they thought it must be beautiful, so came across the ocean.

They had a farm in the United States and prospered; but their three children died and they lost their interest in America, because they had thought of living their last days here with their children.

Then her husband was taken ill and failed gradually. Every season she had hopes that he would be better, but all in vain. At last he had a longing to go back to Italy, as he almost knew that the bright sunshine, fragrant flowers and everything beautiful there would bring him happiness and restore him to health.

They were now on their way back to Italy. Seeing that there was considerable time yet for them to wait, we placed him comfortably with his head on a shawl in the sun, which was shining brightly in at the window. It was not long after this that the man died. His wife neither spoke nor wept, but sat motionless, watching him.

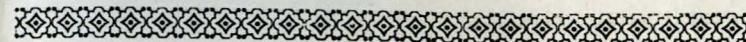
Trains came and went, and at last her train arrived, the one that was going to take her to her destination. Still she never moved. Shortly after it went she turned pale and in a few minutes she, too, was dead.

M. P. F., '09.

SOUND.

We stood on the crest of the hill, gazing at the prairie with its brown grass rolling like the waves of the sea. Suddenly, just as the sun had sunk below the western hills, a strange light illuminated the scene. The prairie was on fire! Soon we heard a great rumbling and could discern an immense herd of cattle, fleeing madly from the fire. Pressing after them came a drove of wild horses, neighing wildly. They rushed along like a whirlwind, their hoofs resounding like thunder. Scarcely had they gone by when, with a great crackling and roaring, as of one baffled in pursuit of a victim, came the fire. It soon passed and we saw a dark waste with here and there a glowing ember.

R. G. NICKERSON, '08.



"You look weary," commented the Arctic explorer. "No wonder," replied the heavy-eyed Eskimo; "the baby has been crying all night."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, and that's exactly five months and six days so far."

Little Miss Lovell
 Took a shovel
 On last Thanksgiving day;
 She smashed Cook so
 He could not crow,—
 At least, that's what they say.

—Shakespeare.



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