

Cape Cod and All the Pilgrim Land, June 1922, Volume 6, Number 4 eBook

Cape Cod and All the Pilgrim Land, June 1922, Volume 6, Number 4

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BOSTON TO BUZZARDS BAY VIA BROCKTON

0.0 Park Square, westerly on Boylston Street, bearing left on Huntington Avenue at Copley Square.

1.1 Turn right on Massachusetts Avenue and bear left on Westland Avenue.

1.4 Pass through entrance to Fenway, curving left and bearing right at Y.

1.6 Y, after crossing stone bridge, keep left.

1.9 Y, bear left across stone bridge; turning right and crossing Brookline Avenue.

2.9 Y, bear slightly left, crossing Brookline Avenue.

3.3 Cross Huntington Avenue and enter Jamaica Way.

4.4 Jamaica Pond on right; bear right on Pond Street, but at Y keep left on Jamaica Way.

5.9 After passing Arnold Arboretum on right, jog right and left into Morton Street, passing under railroad and continuing on Morton Street, to

6.3 Y, keep right on Morton Street.

7.9 Turn right on Blue Hill Avenue and follow trolley to

9.1 Mattapan Square. Straight ahead over bridge, bearing left on Blue Hills Parkway.

9.5 Y, turn left and follow trolley on Brook Road.

10.2 Junction of five roads, turn right on White Street.

10.5 Through five corners, running into Reedsdale Road.

11.1 Four corners, turn right on Randolph Avenue, with trolleys.

17.4 Randolph, five corners, bear right with trolley.

19.5 Avon. Pass monument on left, follow trolley.

23.4 Brockton. Straight ahead on Main Street.

27.8 W. Bridgewater. Turn left at monument, following trolley.



30.5 Bridgewater. Straight through.

39.1 Middleboro. Turn left with trolley.

50.6 Tremont. Follow trolley.

54.4 Wareham. Straight ahead, turn left with trolley over bridge.

57.1 E. Wareham. Turn right at garage; cross railroad at Onset Junction; follow trolley.

58.4 Onset. Follow trolley.

61.1 Buzzards Bay.

BUZZARDS BAY TO PROVINCETOWN

0.0 Buzzards Bay station on right; straight ahead, avoiding left-hand roads.

5.4 Three corners, turn right over canal bridge.

5.7 Sagamore. Straight ahead, turning left at end of road.

8.0 Sandwich. Curve left.

19.4 Barnstable. Straight ahead.

22.9 Yarmouthport. Straight ahead.

27.4 Dennis. Straight ahead.

32.8 Brewster. Straight ahead.

39.7 Orleans. Straight ahead.

43.5 Eastham. Straight ahead.

52.7 Wellfleet. Straight ahead around curves.

57.6 Truro. Straight ahead.

67.5 Provincetown.

BUZZARDS BAY TO PROVINCETOWN VIA FALMOUTH

0.0 Buzzards Bay. Railroad station on right; go straight ahead.



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0.7 Turn right over bridge across canal; turn sharp right at store.

3.5 Monument Beach. Turn left, passing railroad station; straight ahead.

16.4 Falmouth. Turn left at park.

26.2 Mashpee. Straight through.

32.7 Marston Mills. Bear right up grade.

34.0 For Cotuit, bear right.

35.3 Osterville. Y, bear left through irregular four corners.

37.1 Centerville. Straight ahead, but at end of road, turn left.

42.0 Hyannis. Straight ahead.

47.1 S. Yarmouth. Turn sharp right and cross bridge.

48.5 W. Dennis. Straight ahead, bearing right at Y.

51.0 W. Harwich. Straight ahead.

53.8 Harwichport. Straight ahead.

60.4 Chatham. Just before reaching village, turn left at white church.

69.1 Orleans. Bear right at irregular four corners and follow macadam road to

96.9 Provincetown.

SAGAMORE TO PLYMOUTH

Keep straight ahead after crossing canal bridge. Good road all the way to Plymouth.

BOSTON TO PLYMOUTH

0.0 Boston. Park Square. Follow route given above to Mattapan Square.

9.1 Mattapan Square. Straight ahead over bridge, bearing left on Blue Hills Parkway. Y, turn left and follow trolley on Brook Road, cross Central Avenue and bear left on Brook Road. End of Brook Road, curve left to Adams Street.



12.4 E. Milton. Cross railroad and keep straight ahead.

14.7 Quincy. Washington Square, curve left with trolley.

21.1 Hingham. Railroad station on right; straight ahead with trolley to Y at top of grade, bear right on Summer Street, leaving trolley.

26.1 Cohasset. Railroad station on right; four corner, straight ahead.

27.9 N. Scituate. Cross railroad; straight on to

38.2 Marshfield. Turn right on Moraine Street.

46.8 Kingston. Cross railroad, follow trolley to

51.2 Plymouth.

“Y” means the fork of two roads.

* * * * *

Note—The map plainly shows the routes that can be taken by automobiles on the Cape. The red lines show state highways and macadam roads. Any road marked in red can be safely taken. Patronize the garages, hotels and stores on this sheet. *They are reliable and good.*

[Transcriber’s Note: Map missing from original text.]

* * * * *

FROM THE PUBLISHERS’ DESK

THE MAN WHO WANTS TO DO IT ALL

You’re to blame if your mind is wasting time. It does the work you select.

Fill your head with trifles and there’ll be no space for big things. Hack ideas occupy as much room as thoroughbred inspirations. Unimportant details frequently require as much attention as constructive plans.



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Proportion is the sixth sense and without it the other five are practically useless.

Apply your days discreetly—don't do anything which you can hire somebody else to execute for you. Concentrate on paying propositions. Aside from the arts and fine crafts, nobody ever got far single-handed.

Delegate the lesser duties to assistants. Let them make an occasional mistake. If you're saving your thoughts for the responsibility of management a few inaccuracies in the organization won't amount to much.

Differentiate between incidents and issues.

One can't lead and follow simultaneously.

Rely on subordinates. You can't be the whole works.

As the head of the concern, you're the highest priced employee. Figure your hour value and invest it accordingly. Triphammers may drive tacks, but not profitably. The operation is too expensive for the return.

Thoroughness is an admirable quality when intelligently exercised, but a folly when the game isn't worth the candle.

You're a good bargainer but you make bad deals despite the concessions secured if the final terms represent a reduction which does not cover the cost of your energy.

You can hire folk to handle most interviews and satisfy the demands of the average caller.

Correspondence clerks can read and answer the greater part of the mail.

One letter in twenty deserves your consideration—the nineteen are merely routine communications which should never come under your notice.

Study the future; observe the trend of events—weigh conditions. Success is the servant of forethought and you won't be able to measure possibilities except you have free moments to reflect and scheme.

Get the dimes out of our eyes and find where the thousands are located.

Engage experts to purchase supplies and run systems—reserve yourself for decisive matters; that's real economy.

Hold the throttle—watch the gauge and signals or there will be a wreck and you'll be in it.



Stick to your cab, keep the schedule. The engineer who tries to be fireman, conductor and brakeman as well, is headed for a smash.

"The Portal of the Cape"

L.C. HALL

The present town of Bourne can claim many interesting facts about its early history although not for 200 years after the coming of the Pilgrims did it become a separate town. It was included within the limits of the town of Sandwich until the comparatively recent date of 1884.

In 1622 Governor Bradford visited the Indian village of Manomet, so called in their language, but which became corrupted into Monument, a name by which the place was long known. It is probable that the reason of the visit was partly for the purpose of establishing a short cut between Buzzards Bay and Plymouth, via the Manomet (or Monument) River.

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[Illustration: *The Portal of the canal*]

This river, now obliterated by the Cape Cod canal, had its origin in Great Herring Pond in the Plymouth woods and flowed by a rather circuitous route into Buzzards Bay at a point near the present railroad bridge over the canal.

It was in 1627 that the colonists established a trading post on the banks of this river, the exact point being known and marked. It was on the south side of the river a short distance south of the Bourne bridge spanning the canal. This structure was built for the purpose of facilitating their intercourse with the Narragansett country, New Amsterdam (New York), and the shores of Long Island sound. By transporting their goods up the creek from Scusset harbor (Sandwich) and transferring them to what is now Bournedale by land, they reached the boatable waters of the Manomet (or Monument) river and the open waters of Buzzards Bay.

Governor Bradford says; "For our greater convenience of trade, to discharge our engagements, and to maintain ourselves, we built a small pinnacle at Manomet, a place on the sea, twenty miles to the south, to which by another creek on this side, we transport our goods by water within four or five miles and then carry them overland to the vessel; thereby avoiding the compassing of Cape Cod with those dangerous shoals, and make our voyage to the southward with far less time and hazzard. For the safety of our vessel and our goods we also there built a house and keep some servants, who plant corn, raise swine, and are always ready to go out with the bark—which takes good effect and turns to advantage."

The first communication between the Plymouth colony and the Dutch at Fort Amsterdam was through this post. With a ship load of sugar, linen and food stuffs, De Razier, the noted merchant, arrived at Manomet in September, 1627, and Governor Bradford sent a boat to Scusset harbor to convey him to Plymouth. There the trading was done and the first merchandising venture of New England consummated.

In 1635 a tidal wave swept over this part of the Cape on the 15th of August, destroying the trading post and partially filling the river with sand.

When the white men came Bourne contained other Indian hamlets beside Manomet. At the south was Pokesit (Pocasset) and still to the south was Kittaumut (Cataumet), while to the north of all these was Comasskumkanit, the home of the Herring pond Indians.

Bourne is the first town reached when driving Capeward. After passing through Wareham from the west and nearing Buzzards Bay, Cape Cod and the town of Bourne is entered after passing over the new concrete bridge over Cohasset Narrows, the most northerly arm of Buzzards Bay. This fine concrete structure, completed last year at an expense of about a quarter of a million dollars, is really the "Portal of the Cape,"

although there is another way to reach it from the direction of Plymouth, also passing through the town of Bourne.

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[Illustration: *Yacht race in Buzzard's bay*]

The village of Buzzards Bay is a railroad junction point and there the Cape Cod canal makes its exit into Buzzards Bay. Thence to Bourne proper is only about a mile. Bourne, the village, is intersected by the canal and is connected by the highway bridge over the canal. There are two main highways following the course of the canal. The one on the north side follows its course most of the way, passing the village of Bournedale, thence to Sagamore, by crossing over the easterly canal bridge. The other road is on the south side of the canal and the two join at Sagamore village, where a single main road runs to the Sandwich line and the central and lower Cape.

Southerly the town extends toward Falmouth and along the line of the Woods Hole branch railroad lie the summer resort villages of Monument Beach, Pocasset and Cataumet. These resorts are popular from their slightly location along the shores of Buzzards Bay. The views are entrancing, the waters of the bay are suitable for warm sea bathing and boating is here a sport that is at its best. Back of these villages lie woodlands extending easterly to Sandwich and Mashpee.

Among the pioneers of Bourne are recognized Ebenezer Nye, John Smith, Elisha Bourne, John Gibbs, Jr., Benjamin Gibbs and others who followed them. The land was purchased from the Indians and permanent homes were early established there.

In 1717 a unique proposal was made in the General Court for the assessment of the towns on the Cape for the building and maintenance of a fence from Peaked Hill cliffs on the Massachusetts bay side to the head waters of Buzzards bay on the other side, to keep the wolves of Plymouth county from invading Barnstable county where they destroyed sheep and caused other destruction. Had the project gone through it would have been a practical fencing off of the entire Cape from the rest of the continent.

Probably the thing of greatest interest to tourists today in the town of Bourne is the Cape Cod canal. It completely bisects the town along its eight mile course through the land and is of never failing interest to all strangers. Traffic passing through, consisting of tugs towing barges, colliers, of large and small tonnage, freight boats and occasional government craft can be seen at close view from the highways on either side and from the bridges that span the canal. The opening and closing of the two huge jack-knife bridges is seldom without interested spectators during daylight hours.

At night the canal is brilliantly lighted along its banks and the passage through of the big New York boat is a sight that attracts a great many people. The value of the canal to the system of national defense was demonstrated during the war and a bill is now before Congress for the purchase of it and for its operation by the war department. Probabilities point to much greater development under government ownership when it will probably be widened and deepened and there is a possibility that locks will be installed to regulate the rushing current that now more or less hampers navigation.

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The people of Bourne foresee advantages to their town through these contemplated developments and hope for the establishment of a landing place which will provide terminal facilities for steamers handling passengers and freight.

[Illustration: *Scene from "Pageant of Cape cod" Held at bourne*]

Aside from its extensive summer business along the shores of Buzzards bay and its popular colony at Sagamore Beach on Cape Cod bay, Bourne has comparatively little commercial activity. One large manufacturing plant exists at Sagamore where the Keith Car and Manufacturing Company is located and gives employment to a large number of men. There freight cars are built and repaired under the management of Eben S.S. Keith, a former member of the Governor's council and one of the leading citizens of the Cape.

Bourne enjoys the distinction of being a former summer capital of the country. When Grover Cleveland was president of the United States he established his summer home at Gray Gables, near Buzzards Bay village, and there was transacted the government's business during his stay there. Gray Gables is still owned by his widow although it is no longer occupied by her.

Another distinguished resident of Bourne was the late Joseph Jefferson, the veteran actor, whose palatial residence "Crows' Nest" on Buttermilk bay was one of the show places of the section. In a little cemetery, just over the town line in Sandwich his body now reposes, marked with a huge boulder which he picked out during his life time to mark his grave. Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Jefferson were close and intimate friends and companions upon fishing trips about Cape Cod territory.

Bourne, not "that bourne from whence no traveller returns," but Bourne, the "Portal to Cape Cod," is a large and interesting town. Within its limits abide many summer residents, occupying large and small cottages and estates of refinement and beauty. It has many drives of sylvan beauty, through shaded roads, by emerald ponds, and over hills and through vales, commanding views of placid and glimmering Buzzards bay and the broad reaches of Cape Cod bay on its northerly side. Like other Cape Cod towns, it has a history of maritime adventure behind it and a glorious future as a summer resting place before it. The possibilities of its shores have scarcely begun to be developed.

We need not admonish all who visit Cape Cod to "see Bourne" for those who visit the Cape cannot possibly escape it unless they come by boat or flying machine. In order to reach the Cape, Bourne must necessarily be encountered and those who tarry there will find the time well spent.

[Illustration]



WHERE SHALL I SPEND MY VACATION

Where shall I spend my vacation? This is the question that thousands of people are asking themselves today. Since half the fun of a vacation is the anticipation of it, the planning of it is something that needs to be given consideration.

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It might be asked, “why take a vacation?” and that question might be answered by asking, “Why sleep, and why eat?” for vacations are necessary parts of peoples’ lives and those who have never known the joys of them have never truly lived.

Vacations help to keep people young, they help to broaden their views and renew their bodily and mental vigor.

[Illustration: *Some typical Cape cod cottages*]

A vacation does not necessarily have to be expensive. Any change of environment will do, but it is much more pleasurable to meet new scenes and breathe new atmospheres. Whether one depends upon the trains for transportation, or the boats, or automobiles and whether one stops at the hotels, at the boarding houses or camps, depends largely upon one’s circumstances and inclination.

Ideas of vacations vary. Some delight in visiting the most sumptuous hotels, to indulge in social intercourse and to enjoy complete relaxation. Others like to live the strenuous life, to rough it in camp and woods and field.

No matter what the desires are all of them can be culminated upon Cape Cod.

So the answer to the question of our caption is, “spend it on Cape Cod.”

In a little more detail it may be said that Cape Cod has all the attributes of an ideal vacation spot. It can be reached over smooth highways which present no difficulties to the motorist. It can be reached by train or boat, or even by flying machine if one so desires. When reached a variety of entertainment may be found to suit all tastes. There is Old Ocean everywhere, surging restlessly upon the shores or lying placid in the bays and inlets. Those who enjoy boating and bathing can indulge in those pleasures to their heart’s content. If they enjoy beautiful scenery, green trees, blue waters, level spaces or hilly vistas, Cape Cod has them all.

If they wish to stop in modern hotels, to receive service of the most exuberant kind, to be entertained royally, the hotels of Cape Cod will answer their purpose.

If they like to fish, to camp, to live an out door life, indulge in golf, tennis, or other games, Cape Cod can furnish them with the opportunity.

If they search for the quaint and curious they can find it; if they want to visit a section rich in Colonial history, to visit spots where the Pilgrim Fathers trod, Cape Cod is the only place where such can be found.

To particularize as to the attractions of different parts of the Cape the following brief summary may serve to help solve the vacation problem.



Provincetown—At the tip end of the Cape, except for a narrow strip of land entirely surrounded by water. It has all the attractions of an island and none of its disadvantages. The town is quaint in its architecture, unique in its surroundings and especially attractive to artists who form a large part of the summer colony there. It is the summer rendezvous of the North Atlantic fleet of the U.S. Navy and the home port of a large fishing fleet. It has excellent hotels, and rooms and board may be obtained in many private families. It may be reached by boat from Boston, by train or by automobile.



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Truro and Highland Light—Highland Light is located upon a high bluff overlooking the broad Atlantic in the town of Truro. The topography of Truro is distinctive and picturesque with sand dunes, rolling hills and salty marshes. Golf links and good fishing.

Wellfleet—Wellfleet is a pretty village in which there are good hotels, a land locked harbor, and plenty of shell fish. Many summer residents have their homes there and it is a favorite camping place.

Eastham—A town on the lower part of the Cape, quiet and pastoral. An ideal place for campers and cottagers.

Orleans—By many considered one of the prettiest places on Cape Cod. Has hotels and can provide for many boarders in private families. A fine place for boating and picnics.

[Illustration: *Wharves at Provincetown*]

Brewster—A quiet and peaceful rural town bordering on the bay. Contains many beautiful ponds within its limits and provides excellent bathing and fishing.

Chatham—A summer resort town of growing popularity. Has several first class hotels and numerous cottages. It is located at the elbow of the Cape, fronts on the Atlantic ocean and has many safe bays and inlets for boating and bathing. It is noted for its golf links and is destined to become the summer center for golfing enthusiasts.

Harwich—Consists of numerous villages all of which are attractive for summer residence. It borders on Nantucket sound, has fine beaches, summer hotels and cottages. It has a community life in summer that is not surpassed anywhere.

Dennis—This town reaches entirely across the Cape and is split up into several villages. On the south side it is bordered by Nantucket sound and on the north by Massachusetts bay. Has excellent summer hotels and good bathing and fishing.

Yarmouth—A town with quiet and shady streets, sloping shores and many old residences. One of the historic towns of the regions and presents a variety of attractions.

Barnstable—The county seat and largest town on the Cape. Attractions exceedingly varied. Noted for the excellence of its clams.

Hyannis—Known as the Metropolis of the Cape. It is a center for summer business. Here are to be found excellent hotels, good stores and attractive tea rooms. Its main street is lined with summer stores which are branches of New York and Boston's exclusive shops. Adjacent to it are Hyannisport, a summer colony of fine residences. Centerville, Craigville, said to have the finest beach in New England, Osterville (called



the little Newport), and Cotuit, one of the prettiest spots along the shores of Vineyard Sound. This region is growing more and more popular every year as the summer home of people of wealth and refinement and presents all the attractions of resorts which cater to the diversion of vacationists.

Falmouth—Falmouth is one of the larger villages on the Cape that draws a fine class of summer residents who populate its fine hotels and summer homes. It has varied scenery as it lies between Buzzards Bay and Vineyard Sound. Its hotels are among the best and for attractiveness cannot be rivalled anywhere. At Woods Hole, a part of Falmouth, is found another settlement of exclusive character. Falmouth has several other villages, all with fine hotels, golf links and boat harbors.



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Sandwich—This town on the North side of the Cape is one of the old and original settlements and is on the banks of the Cape Cod canal. It has extensive woodlands dotted with well stocked ponds and is very attractive to campers.

Bourne—Sagamore Beach, within the confines of the town of Bourne, is on the north shore and is a pretentious cottage colony with two excellent hotels. Golf links are adjacent and it has its own water system, community house and tennis courts. Cataumet and Pocasset are parts of Bourne which border on Buzzards Bay as well as Monument Beach and the village of Buzzards Bay, itself. These are typical bayside resorts where boating, bathing, fishing and golf are extensively indulged in. The town is intersected by the Cape Cod canal and the traffic that flows through it passes in front of the summer colonies.

Martha's Vineyard—This is an off-shore island reached by a half-hour's boat ride from Woods Hole. A poet has said of it, "a little bit of Heaven dropped from out the sky one day" which aptly describes it. Oak Bluffs, Edgartown. Vineyard Haven, Tisbury, Chilmark and Gay Head are its principal villages. The island presents all the best features of an ideal summer vacation spot away from the mainland, yet possessing all the essential features which go to make life comfortable. Its hotels are many and excellent.

Nantucket—Further at sea, a two and a half hours' steamboat ride from Woods Hole. Unique is a word that inadequately describes it. All over the United States there are people who assert that there is no place like Nantucket on the face of the globe. It has a large summer population and tourists are adequately cared for. It has the most regular climate of any place along the New England coast, the temperature averaging 76 degrees during the summer months. It is cooled by the Atlantic breezes.

Onset—This is a busy and thriving summer resort located in a beautiful spot on upper Buzzards Bay. It attracts many thousands of people during the summer months, who come to spend a few weeks, days, or the season there. It is a cottage colony supplemented by hotels and boarding houses that fit the purses of all classes.

At some of these places, either on Cape Cod itself or the islands, every person can find conditions suited to his or her individual taste.

WELLFLEET

EDWARD L. SMITH

Cape Cod has many fine distinctions that make it stand out from a commonplace world and Wellfleet, as a town name, marks the Cape with a place-name known all over the globe, but in no other locality than on the coast of Barnstable Bay. It is true that a



misguided, homesick, and ill-advised denizen of the Cape, roaming the arid, inland sand wastes of Nebraska, foisted the name of "Wellfleet" on his townsite. But as it has to date remained "unwept, unhonored and unsung," so is it quite unknown to sailors or to the sea, being about fifteen hundred miles from salt water and an immeasurable distance from being appropriately named.



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The origin of the name "Wellfleet" has always been a source of lively interest to those who delight to delve to the roots of things historical. So many of our early towns in Massachusetts were named by the Englishmen who settled them for English towns familiar to them before they came oversea, that England is the natural source from whence such a Saxon-English name as Wellfleet might come.

After forty years of desultory search by the writer, the problem is yet unsolved, though a good Yankee guess may not come very far out of the way.

When that part of old Nawsett now Wellfleet was first settled it was noted for the abundance of shell fish in the harbor and creeks, or cricks as then called, and oysters were both especially plentiful and choice.

In England, on the coast of Essex, and not far from the Thames, was a stretch of oyster beds noted in the sixteenth century for their production of oyster different from all other locations and revered by epicures of those far-away times to be the luscious complement necessary to their royal as well as more common plebeian feasts. But we had best let old John Norden, who in 1594 published the results of his life-long investigations into the history of Essex, tell the story, which here is given verbatim as it appears in his work, "SPECTLI BRITTANNIE *pars*."

"Some part of the sea shore of Essex yealdeth the beste oysters in England, which are called Walflete oysters: so called of a place in the sea; but of which place in the sea it is, hath been some disputation. And by the circumstances that I have observed thereof in my travail, I take it to be the shore which lieth betwene St. Peter's chappell and Crouch the bredthe onlie of Denge hundred, through which upon the verie shore, was erected a wall for the preservation of the lande. And thereof St. Peter's on the wall. And all the sea shore which beateth on the wall is called Walfleet. And upon that shore on, and not elswher, but up in Crouche creeke, at the ende of the wall, wher also is an ilande called commonlie and corruptlie Walled (but I take it more trulie Walflete) Island, wher and about which ilande thys kinde of oyster abonndeth. Ther is greate difference betwene theis oysters and others which lie ypon other shores, for this oyster, that in London and els wher carieth the name of Walflete is a little full oyster with a verie greene finn. And like vnto theis in quantetie and qualitie are none in this lande, though farr bigger, and for some mens diettes better."

From the above we may understand that Wellfleet oysters, which have been celebrated in the English markets for between three and four hundred years, might easily have led the settlers of Nawsett to believe that at Billingsgate, they had a new Walfleet Oyster bed. The fact that Walfleet oysters were marketed at Billingsgate, always the big fish market of the Londoners, and that our Wellfleet was at first known as Billingsgate, seems more than a mere coincidence.



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The difference in spelling between the names “Wallfleet” and “Wellfleet” is not material. Barnstable; town, county and bay, take their name from Barnstaple on the coast of Devon. Norden, who was a highly educated man of University breeding, and a polished writer, varied the spelling of some words even in the same paragraph as witness “Crowch” and “Crouche,” also “Ilande” and “Island.” The diversified spellings of many of our common names is so marked as to be beyond comment except to note their wide variety, due to attempts to follow the peculiar phonetics of untaught individuals. In the one particular of “Well,” who of us has not heard that word pronounced “W-a-a-l.” when used as an interjection? All of which makes it seem inescapable from the theory that Wellfleet on the Cape is named after *Wallfleet* on the coast of Essex, England.

A SQUEAK FOR A LIFE

1850

P.T. CHAMBERLAIN

“Whither bound?” said his wife to the captain one morn
As he stood, oars and fish lines in his hands,
“Outside Sandy Neck, to try fisherman’s luck
For bluefish, or mackerel or clams.”

“Good luck and good-bye,” said his fond loving wife,
“The weather looks pleasant and fair,
You’ll be back at the landing on the full of the tide,
And the children and I’ll wait you there.”

But when rounding Beach Point, with his good catch of fish,
The captain was caught in a squall,
Black clouds, wind and thunder, lightning and hail,
While the rain in torrents did fall.

Quick he lowered his sail, but the wind snapped his mast,
Away they went over the side.
One gunwale under water, the other in air,
Lifted high by the surging tide.

Then the captain braced himself as with sinews of steel,
A hand on each gunwale places he,
So he balanced and steadied his frail little craft,
Rolling there in the trough of the sea.



His wife from the window saw his peril in the storm.
And away to the landing she sped.
Tied her white linen apron to a handy boat book,
And waved it high o'er her head.

"Home, home for a lantern," to the laddie she cried.
Home, home for the lantern ran he,
Returning, he swung it, back and forth, to and fro,
That his brave sailor father might see.

Soaked to the skin with the rain and the spray,
His face as white as the foam,
"Must I drown in sight of my wife," he said,
"Must I die within reach of my home."

"For the sake of my helpless little ones,
For the sake of my faithful wife.
I pray Thee, O Lord, to forgive all my sins,
Give me this one chance for my life."

Still darker grew the storm, black and green looked the waves,
The shore line to the captain grew dim,
But he knew by the lantern and the waving white flag,
Where his loved ones were watching for him.



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Three hours he struggled with the full flooding tide.
Now the Channel Rock danger is o'er.
One more stretch of water, some more dangerous rocks,
Then the gleaming surf, then the shore.

"A rope, bring a rope," the kind neighbors shout,
"A rope now the captain will save."
They coiled a stout rope and with powerful hand,
Flung it out o'er the turbulent wave.

Joy! Joy! he is saved! He clutches the rope,
With cold, bruised and stiffening hand,
A long pull, a strong' pull, and more dead than alive,
Through the surf they draw him to land.

"Home, home for hot coffee," to the lassie she cried,
Home, home for hot coffee, went she,
Returning, brought coffee, dry clothing, warm food,
A fleet-footed lassie was she.

But the kid, boylike, would investigate the boat,
And so he climbed over its side.
"Half full of water," he said, "not a bluefish or clam,
Must have all floated out on the tide."

With boat hook and lantern, the kids travelled home,
"Little sister, now what do you think,
Hadn't we said, 'Now I lay me,' to the Lord every night?
Would He let Pa and our dory sink?"

"No, no," said the lassie, "No, no, that ain't so,
Naughty children very often are we,
'Tis 'cause Ma puts a Bible in Pa's chest of clothes
Every time that he goes 'way to sea."

Gratitude profound, thanksgiving and joy
Filled the heart of the loving wife,
But the captain, a man of few words, only said,
"Yes, a pretty narrow squeak for a life."

RICHES



C.A. COTTRELL

If I can leave behind me, here and there
A friend or two to say when I am gone
That I have helped to make their pathways fair,
Had brought them smiles when they were bowed with care,
The riches of this world I'll carry on.
If only three or four shall pause to say
When I have passed beyond this earthly sphere,
That I brought gladness to them on a day
When bitterness was theirs, I'll take away
More riches than a billionaire leaves here.

CAPE TROUT STREAMS

The chronic trout fisherman is by nature secretive. He is loath to tell where he made his big catches and shrouds the location of the streams in mystery. If pinned down closely he will sometimes indicate a general locality but it is hard to get him to be more definite. The reason for this is obvious. He is zealous of his rights as a "discoverer" and feels that he is not obliged to share his knowledge with anybody. He won't take the risk of having the stream "fished out" by others than himself. The secrets of the location of gold strikes in the days of '49 were no more closely kept.



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When the 15th of April comes around each year there are certain wise men who proceed to load up their automobiles with their fishing tackle and in the early morning turn Capeward. They have experiences of previous years to guide them and know certain brooks and pools where the speckled beauties await them. The wise ones know just where to throw their lines and the kind of bait that is sure to lure the denizens of that particular spot. For fishing is a science, as well as a sport requiring skill and judgment. The born fisherman seems to have an uncanny sense of piscatorial thoughts and almost instinctively can determine just the right thing to do and the right time to do it, while the mere amateur fisherman who only wets a line occasionally guesses whether to use a fly or a worm.

Yes, the Cape is a noted Mecca for trout fishermen, at least certain parts of the Cape. Within the confines of Bourne, Mashpee, Falmouth and Barnstable are many likely trout brooks and from them are annually taken many catches that gladden the hearts of the sportsmen.

These brooks run into the ponds and the sea, they run through marshes and woods. They abound in trout, of the square-tail variety, and those who know them keep their secrets closely.

Sometimes a fisherman exhibits a basket of fish that astonishes all beholders. Big speckled beauties they are and in quantity sufficient to satisfy any one.

Some of the biggest of them may be "salters," fish caught near the mouths of the brooks that run into the sea and weighing all the way from a pound to two pounds or more. There is authentic information that trout weighing more than two and a half pounds have been taken from these Cape Cod streams.

Unfortunately for the general public many of the brooks are "posted," but there are a lot of fishermen that "don't believe in signs" and when they see a sign of "no fishing here" they are apt to challenge the statement and some of them aver that there is very good fishing there indeed.

It is a matter of history that the Pilgrims found trout in the Cape Cod streams. It is a matter of fact that many of the brooks have been stocked by private individuals and by the state. Every year the fish in these stocked brooks increase in size and the sophisticated fishermen keep track of them from year to year. The state keeps a record of the stocking of streams and that information can be obtained and made use of.

At Sandwich the state maintains a trout hatchery where millions of eggs are secured. These eggs develop into fry and fingerlings and they are distributed throughout the state, the Cape getting its full share.



A visit to this hatchery is interesting. It demonstrates how the state strives to increase sport for its residents. Science and experience are exercised and the result is that the fishing advantages of the state are steadily increasing.

One of the chief drawbacks of having well stocked streams is the unsportsmanlike conduct of many fishermen. To them a trout is a trout regardless of its size and hundreds of small fish are taken from the streams that should be put back and allowed to grow for another year. There may be satisfaction for some in catching a large quantity of seven-inch fish, but there is a greater satisfaction in catching fewer in number and larger in size.



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Many of the streams are suitable for fly-casting and experienced fishermen delight in that method of filling their creel. To cast a gossamer silk line with an alluring fly into the deeper pools and to feel the thrill of a strike as the fly flits over the surface is a joy that far outweighs the less spectacular method of fishing with worm or grub and dragging the trout from the water by main strength. There is a skill in fly-casting that comes from long practice and the fisherman who is expert in this method cares to use no other.

The trout is a shy fish and the blundering sportsman who goes stumbling through the underbrush, who allows his shadow to fall upon the pool, or who in other ways announces to the fish lurking under the bank that he is present with homicidal intent often wonders why it is that the results are so small for the amount of effort expended. He may aver that the stream is barren of fish when the fact is that his own clumsiness is responsible for his lack of success.

In other words there are all kinds of fishermen; to the victor belongs the spoils and the greater the skill the greater the spoil. We are not asserting that Cape Cod trout streams are as prolific as are some in more remote regions, they are fished too frequently for that, but any one wanting a day's sport will not find them entirely lacking and very often will proudly exhibit catches that will by no means be insignificant, even to the most experienced and enthusiastic fisherman.

* * * * *

"No sah, ah doan't neber ride on dem things," said an old coloured lady looking in on the merry-go-round.

"Why, de other day I seen dat Rastus Johnson git on an' ride as much as a dollah's worth an' git off at the very same place he got on at, an' I sez to him: 'Rastus,' I sez, 'yo' spent yo' money, but whar yo' been?'"

—Ladies Home Journal.

OCEAN TRAVELS

EMMA B. PRAY

Not very long ago, in one of the newspapers, I read of a lady who had traveled some thirty thousand odd miles in her life time, and the item set me to thinking of the many times I had traveled with my husband some years ago when he commanded a clipper ship on Eastern voyages. For Curiosity's sake I looked over my journals and found that in the few voyages I had made I had covered two hundred forty-nine thousand two hundred sixteen miles—but how it all came about is a long story.



When I was a young girl, if any one had told me that I should spend a certain number of years travelling about in Eastern countries, passing three or four months at a time on the ocean, I should have said, "What an idea! Here I am, born and brought up in a small New Hampshire town, in a family whose idea seems to be to keep as far away from the water as possible, and with no thought of ever crossing it, 'Unless,' as my father used to say, 'there should be a bridge built by which we could do so'."



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In fact my knowledge of a ship and its belongings was nearly equal to that of the young lady who was about to make her first trip across the ocean with her father. Seeing the sailors about to weigh anchor she inquired why they were working so hard. Her father replied, "They are weighing the anchor, my dear." "How absurd! If the Captain wants to know the weight of the anchor why doesn't he have it weighed beforehand and not wait until we get ready to start and then keep us waiting for the men to weigh it?"

However, it is the unexpected that always happens, and one day I married a young sea captain from a seaport town. He was soon to sail for Australia, and to me such a trip was literally going to the ends of the earth. I feel sure that my parents never expected me to return. What preparations we made for that voyage! What pickles, preserves, cakes, and everything that would keep, were packed for me and sent aboard our ship which was lying in New York harbor!

Our cabins were beautifully fitted up with every convenience and comfort that we could have on shore. The saloon, or after-cabin, was finished in bird's-eye maple and satin wood veneering. Wilton carpets and furnishings of raw silk made a homelike and attractive room. Our stateroom, with large double bed, and our own private bath opening from the stateroom, left us nothing to wish for in the line of comfort. The second cabin, or dining quarters for the Captain and First Officer, was finished like the after-cabin, while forward of the two was the mess room for the Second and petty officers.

At last the day came on which we were to sail, and, realizing that I was not a born sailor, I made up my mind that I must make myself over into one, though the making over process proved to be nearly the death of me. For the first ten days I can recall but little outside of a promiscuous tumbling about of movable objects and, though urged strongly to go on deck I refused to do so, caring little whether I lived or died. However, one day I was literally taken up, carried on deck, and placed in a steamer chair, and from that time I recovered rapidly.

So many people have asked me if the time at sea did not hang heavily on my hands. What did I do? Was I not lonesome, homesick, and innumerable other like questions to which I have honestly replied that I was not lonesome or homesick. We purchased books by the hundred before sailing, and with a piano and flute, passed many pleasant hours. So much fancy work was always on hand that I have cared but little for it since. Whenever the weather permitted I walked two or three miles up and down the quarter deck, so many times up and back making a mile. Occasionally we took with us as passenger some young man whom we knew very well and who wished to take such a voyage. At one time a brother of mine, also one of the Captain's were our companions; two other times, young men from our own state proved to be excellent company, and to this day we enjoy nothing more than talking over our odd experiences in the different countries to which we traveled. Though I was the only lady on board I did not feel the

lack of companionship of other women. A queer life it was! No one to come and no one to go, with nothing but the sky and water to be seen.



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In two weeks time we had the N.E. Trade Winds and fairly flew along. Each day brought its own particular work aboard the ship, for a sailor is never idle. There is always something for him to do. Chafing gear, of which there is a large amount, is always being worn out and has to be renewed, sails made and repaired, work on rigging, tarring, painting, *etc.*

Perhaps the most interesting part of each day was the marking off of the chart at noon. At that time the Captain would work out his latitude and longitude, mark our position for the last twenty-four hours, and shape our course for the next twenty-four. We often towed lines for dolphin, and it was curious to see their change of color as they were hauled in. We had them baked occasionally and found them very fair eating. On opening one, at one time, it was found to be packed with flying fish which had been swallowed whole and which some of the sailors took out and had cooked for themselves, though for my part I should have preferred having the first eating of them. The flying fish which came aboard were usually served to me as they were considered a great delicacy. We caught many jelly fish or Portuguese men of war as they are sometimes called, and they were very curious to look at. They are of a jelly-like substance, with apparently no eyes or mouth, and are bluish in color. They have a pink crest and when the wind strikes them, as they float on the water, they rock and sway like a boat. Dangling from the lower part are many small feelers, some of which are short and thick, and others of great length, which they turn and twist rapidly about.

A shade of homesickness came over me as I saw the North Star for the last time but I was soon interested in the Southern Cross of which I had heard so much. I wish I could describe some of the beautiful colorings shown in the tropical sunsets. I missed the twilight effects as seen at home, for as quickly as the sun goes down, darkness closes in. As I was enjoying my evening walk with the Captain at one time, a small boy who had been sent to sea apparently with the idea of getting him out of the way, came to me and said, "Wouldn't you like some Youth's Companions to read? I have lots of them." At that time I had more of a juvenile than a matronly air and I presume he thought they would furnish me with appreciative reading matter. He had not then learned that he should not speak unless spoken to. One day on being told to make a rope fast he replied, "I did hitch it." An order to let go a brace was answered by the question, "Which string do you mean?" At one time he was placed on duty to open and close shutters during squally weather and the officer told him to use a good application of soap and water before coming aft. When the novelty of his new duty had worn off and he had rather forgotten why he had been placed there the officer called to him and said, "What did I tell you to do?" "Wash myself, sir," was the reply. It was a long while before he could obey an order without replying and at the same time to remember his "Sir" when a reply was necessary.



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As we approached the equator it could be seen that some special interest in the voyage was being taken among the sailors and we learned that three of them had never crossed the line before and that an initiation of so doing was about to take place. The crew assembled at the bow of the ship and at the blowing of a trumpet by one of their number, Neptune appeared inquiring the name of the ship, where she was bound, *etc.*, and announced that he would like to pay her a visit. Before his apparent arrival a staysail had been fastened to the rigging and filled with water. A bucket had been filled with a mixture of lamp black and grease with a few other combinations, while a razor, a foot or more in length, had been made by the carpenter. As soon as Neptune and Amphitrite—two sailors fantastically dressed—appeared, the candidate for crossing the line was blindfolded and brought before them. A number of absurd questions were asked the candidate and he was finally ordered to be shaved, which was done by applying the mixture with an old paint brush and shaving it off with the razor. He was then thrown backwards into the sail of water and I was much surprised to see how good naturedly the men took so many surprises—for we had an excellent view from the quarter deck, of the whole entertainment. We heard afterwards that it was considered a great success, also that one of the men had been watching through a glass for the equator, seeming to think that a straight line passing through the center of the earth should certainly be seen. He thought he surely saw it when a hair was drawn tightly across a spy glass without his seeing it and the glass then given to him.

In one of his rambles about the decks, on a moonlight night, one of our passengers told me of some of the tattoos he had seen on the arms of different sailors. One had his mother's gravestone, with a weeping willow over it; another had the Goddess of Liberty remarkably well done. The large number of different sketches was really quite an entertainment. That reminds me of an engraved whale's tooth which I have in my possession and which was given to my grandfather in Nantucket many years ago. A full rigged ship with every rope, even to the smallest one, is carved upon it, with the engraver's name and the name of the ship. It is now nearly a hundred years old and among my most prized possessions.

We soon sighted the Island of Fernando Norouha which is a penal settlement for the convicts of Brazil. This island is about six miles in circumference and two thousand and twenty feet high. It had a rocky barren appearance with nothing to be seen but a few birds around it. About thirty miles from this island are the Martin Van Rocks, three hundred feet high. In the south Atlantic we sighted the group of Tristan Da Cunha Islands which had a very gloomy, foggy look. Tristan is inhabited by English people and I have been told that the women are particularly handsome there. In this region it is very chilly



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and damp and though the thermometer stood at fifty-five degrees it seemed much colder. At this time we began to prepare for the heavy weather of our Easting, as the run across the Indian Ocean is called. New sails were bent and everything battened down. The days were very short, the sun rising at about half past seven and setting at five o'clock. We usually made the run about forty degrees south in order to get better winds. What a dreary outlook it was! Nothing but sky and water with waves which were mountains high. The only bit of life outside of our ship's company was a number of birds of a different nature from any I had ever seen and they followed the ship day after day. Cape pigeons and albatross were in large numbers. We caught many of the latter and measured them. I remember one weighing thirty pounds and measuring fifteen feet from tip to tip of the wings. Cape hens about as large as good sized turkeys, ice birds, and many other small birds. I enjoyed feeding them and it was very funny to watch them tumble over each other in their efforts to get something to eat. Such a noise as they did make with their squabblings! Many sharks were caught and I never knew a sailor to have any compunctions about disposing of these man-eating creatures. A shark line was towed astern at different times and one day it took the combined efforts of five men to haul one in. Whales, all of ninety feet in length, stayed about the ship several days at a time. We saw many sun-fish which are a light gray in color. They have one large fin out of the water and are very hard to harpoon.

Once in a while another ship would come in view and if near enough we always spoke to one another by our flag code. This was always an interesting event. Certain sentences given in the code book would be represented by certain flags, each flag representing a letter of the alphabet. The questions usually asked were, "Where are you from?" "Where bound?" "How many days out?" and then a wish for a pleasant passage. My experience in running down the Easting has always been the same and I have made the trip a number of times. I have heard of ships running across the Indian Ocean with royals set but whenever I have been, we have had a succession of heavy gales. In thirty-six degrees fifty minutes south and Lon. twenty-nine degrees fifty-nine minutes east a heavy gale sprung up which gradually turned into a hurricane. The barometer was falling fast when I retired and at eleven o'clock it stood at 28.50. I have merely to close my eyes now and I can hear the wind as it shrieked and roared about us. We ran before those mountainous seas with but one thought and that to keep them from breaking over the ship. All hands were on deck all night, each one lashed, with the exception of those who were between decks passing out oil cases which were broken open and thrown overboard by those on deck. Fifteen hundred cases were used that night with good effect. The seas were as high but the oil prevented them from



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breaking over the ship. During the worst of the gale one man was washed overboard but his loss was not discovered for nearly twenty minutes, and even if it had been, nothing could have been done to save him in such tremendous seas. Clark Russell says that the grandeur and sublimity of the ocean can be best seen on a yard arm during a gale of wind, but somehow I have not been able to make those words applicable to the gales through which I have passed. Through our ninety degrees of Easting I had but little exercise. The lee side of the cabin usually found me with my books, work and numerous small articles for ready use. I think the most exercise I had during those days was when I tried to dress, as it was almost impossible to stand in one spot any length of time on account of the rolling and pitching of the ship. With a firm stand I would place myself in front of my mirror, only to gradually slide away across the room to a lounge where I would sit down, then I would climb back, and with as much speed as possible do what I could before disappearing again. In a length of time I was able to make my toilet, and when made it was not changed during the day in those latitudes.

They were certainly strenuous days, but we were well and had good appetites for the excellent meals which were served to us by our capable Chinese steward and cook. The doings and sayings of our cabin boy would fill a book, but he was trustworthy and attended faithfully to our wants. One night after I had retired, a heavy thunder storm came up which might have caused us considerable trouble had not our usual strict discipline been carried out. Having become so used to confused sounds on deck I did not realize that the ship had been struck by lightning, though I heard a sound which in my dozing condition I laid to something falling down in the bathroom. When the Captain came in to ask if I were all right I sleepily said, "Why not? I think something has fallen down." He did not tell me until morning that the ship had been struck and had caught fire aloft. By changing the course the sparks were made to fall overboard while men were sent aloft to cut away the blazing fragments. About ten minutes before the vessel was struck, a dozen men were aloft furling a sail just where the lightning struck us, and when the storm was over it seemed a special act of Providence that we still had these men with us.

I have so often been asked what could we possibly have to eat that would be appetizing for such lengthy voyages. We always carried fowl in large numbers and it was very seldom that we did not have fresh eggs enough for our table during the voyage. Potatoes, onions, and lemons we always had in abundance and they were very important items of our food. The following is one of the menus served to us on quite a stormy day as we were running across the Indian Ocean. For breakfast: baked beans, fish balls, brown bread, hot biscuits, tea and coffee. For dinner: soup, roast chicken, cold tongue, boiled potatoes, squash, and onions, English pudding, hard sauce, and coffee. For supper: warm biscuit, cold chicken, cold tongue, fried potatoes, cake and

tea. In fine weather our menus were more elaborate and I never knew any one to complain of being hungry aboard ship while I was going to sea.



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After eighty-seven days of such sea life I was aroused one morning to go on deck and see if I could see anything that looked like land and saw what at first seemed to me to be a small cloud in the distance about thirty miles away. As the morning wore on, the Australian coast gradually loomed up before us, the land first seen proving to be Cape Bridgewater. We sighted Cape Otway in the afternoon, the lighthouse being plainly seen in the evening, and such a beautiful evening as it was! Not a cloud in the sky! The stars shone like diamonds and the reflection on the water of the beautiful moon put a finish to the charm of a perfect night. The Southern Cross was almost directly over us, while in close proximity to the moon was the brilliant Venus. We remained on deck very late that night to enjoy our beautiful scene. During the evening a very pretty phenomenon took place when the sky became a brilliant red, like the reflection of a fire, forming an arc through which the stars could be plainly seen. It remained thus for some time, until it gradually changed into a white light, the Southern Lights or Aurora Australis as the change is called.

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[Illustration: *The old town Crier*]

EDITORIAL

PROSPERITY IS HERE

Whatever may be the situation throughout the country, Cape Cod shows evidences of prosperity that cannot be overlooked. In fact, dull times on the Cape are a thing of the past and each year sees a steady growth, increasing land values and larger summer population.

While the Cape has not increased very fast in permanent population it has shown a remarkable advancement in wealth and prosperity. Lands that a few years ago had little value have been developed, cottages and homes have been built, agricultural interests developed and all along the line the Cape has moved steadily forward.

This year there has been a great many real estate changes, shore colonies are being opened up and builders are busy everywhere supplying the demand for more summer homes.

All signs point to the fact that the Cape is at that stage in its development where it is becoming widely and favorably known as a summer resort region. Its business facilities are increasing, the quality of its stores improving and from a more or less provincial community it is developing into a region second to none in prosperity along the New England coast.

It has been widely and extensively advertised and although it has not boomed as have some of the southern resorts its growth has been more steady and sane and it is devoid of those inflated values which are apt to be followed by a depression in so many cases. The Cape's growth has been a conservative one and therefore a permanent one.

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Again we wish to warn prospective lot buyers upon the Cape not to have dealings with real estate agents of the type known as “land sharks.” The reputable agents are well known and can be depended upon to give a square deal, but there are get-rich-quick men who stand ready to take advantage of the unwary and sell them sand lots among the dunes and locations among the scrub oaks, remote from habitations and worthless for any purpose. Beautiful prospectus and misleading blue prints do not afford a sufficient basis for lot buying and personal investigation is as needful here as anywhere else. Cheap land is apt to be dear at any price and unless one personally investigates what is being offered it will be well to go slow.

There are plenty of real seaside bargains left on the Cape. In the vicinity of the popular resorts land values are apt to be high, but there are numberless localities that have not yet been developed that present good possibilities and the seeker after a summer home can find such localities without much trouble and a very little money will buy land suitable for their purposes amid surroundings that are congenial, scenic and healthful.

Among the hundreds of new cottages that are being built upon the Cape this season are those ranging from the simple cottage costing only a few hundred dollars and those which are destined to be pretentious summer homes, but whether hundreds of dollars are spent or thousands all are assured pleasant, healthful environments with opportunities for rest and recreation unsurpassed.

We predict a brilliant future for our region. It is just beginning to be understood and appreciated. Its advantages are becoming known and its attractiveness understood.

* * * * *

HABITS AND THE GAME

Your habits will determine largely whether you give or take orders.

Is it your habit to shirk responsibility—to “pass the buck”—whenever possible? If so, you will never be the “boss.” One man has no one to whom he can pass the buck. That person is the chief. Accept and welcome responsibility. Have the courage to face the consequences of your acts and decisions.

Develop self-confidence, not egotism. Let that confidence be founded on experience, study, common sense, and careful work.

Indulge in retrospection. Examine decisions that you have made, in an attempt to develop the faculty for reaching conclusions on tenable grounds quickly. Quick decisions expedite the processes of business and inspire confidence in one’s co-workers. The man who does not know his mind cannot guide efficiently the mental or physical energies of others.



Are you careless? Do you permit to pass unquestioned points about which you are uncertain? Do you take it for granted that these things will “get by” or that they never will be noticed? Again you are shifting the burden, expecting that someone will do the work you should have done. That carelessness will militate against you to prevent your elevation to an executive position. The boss cannot be careless and hold the respect of his associates or his position.



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Success comes to the one who plays the game. There is no royal road to it, or chance about it. It comes from eternally plugging at it, by study and concentration and an absence of the fear of making a mistake. A mistake is not such a frightful thing as many imagine. An honest mistake can be readily changed into a success many times. The fear of making mistakes frequently deters a weak man from going ahead where another will study well the situation, form a conclusion, and go ahead.

Your own character and habits determine whether you are a leader or a follower.

* * * * *

GET AFTER THE BILLBOARDS

If your town has not yet taken action against the billboard nuisance it is time that it did. Have a strong town by-law passed and see that it is enforced. There is no question that public sentiment is against the billboard. They should be made outlaws upon the highways. State legislation has been enacted against them, but its effectiveness has been tempered by the timidity of those charged with the enforcement of the laws to destroy the "property values" that is claimed for them. Public sentiment, rightly used, can do more than laws. Offending billboard advertisers can be shown that such advertising is injudicious and in time they will voluntarily give it up.

By law, billboards can be debarred from localities possessing unusual scenic beauty. The Mohawk Trail and Cape Ann are examples of the application of this principle. Cape Cod has just as great claims. Its scenic beauty is marred and destroyed by the glaring monstrosities that greet the traveler everywhere. Let them be removed and an irritating offense against the nerves and aesthetic senses will be removed.

The only way to get rid of the billboards is to act.

* * * * *

HELP THE CAUSE

In certain ways the whole community can be helped by concerted action. The interest of the whole is the interest of all. Anything that tends to help others will help you. Just now a question of importance is the further development of Cape Cod by the establishment of terminal facilities on the Cape Cod canal. This will cost money, but it will be money well expended. If we wait for someone to do the developing for us we will have to wait a long time. The state is ready to do its share, but it wants the locality itself to do a part. A canal terminal is the one thing needful to make the canal of local advantage. We have the opportunity and we should grasp it. It is a case where local

conservatism should be forgotten and every community should help bear the burden of an expense that will assist in the development of Cape Cod as a whole.

CONCLUSIVE EVIDENCE

E.M. Chase

“Willie.”



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“What.”

“Is that the way to answer your mother?”

“Yesum, I mean nomum.”

“I want you to stay out in the front yard where you can watch my flower garden this afternoon. I have planted some flower seeds out there and I want you to keep the neighbors’ hens way. Your father is going to put a wire netting around the garden as soon as he can get a chance.”

“Why not ask the neighbors to keep their hens at home?” mildly inquired Mr. Brown.

“I have told them time and time again, but the Bakers say it must be the Jones’ hens and the Joneses say it is the Bakers’ hens. As a matter of fact all their hens come over, but I don’t want to make a fuss, I can’t afford to lose the only two neighbors I have.”

“But ma, I promised Ned I’d go fishing with him.”

“You had no business to promise anything of the kind, now go out there and say no more about it.”

It was a warm spring day, just the right kind of weather to go fishing or rambling through the woods or playing marbles with the other boys or to do almost anything except stay in the front yard and watch neighbors’ hens. Willie thought himself much abused and cast about for a means of escape. He dared not run away; he had tried that before and the memory of the results was rather painful. A shrill whistle interrupted his bitter thought and a moment later Ned came in view carrying a fishing rod, basket, and can of bait.

“Hello, Bill, ain’t yer ready yet?”

“Can’t go.”

“Tough luck, what’s the trouble?”

“I gotta stay here and keep the hens out of ma’s garden.”

“Why don’t yer cut it, you can stay away from home until late then your ma will get worried and be so glad when you show up she won’t whip yer.”

“Not on your life, I did once. I never got home ’til long after dark. Mother licked me good for running away then pa whoppoped me for scaring ma, nope, I’ve learned my lesson.”



“Gee, Bill, it’s dirt mean, but I’ll tell you what I will do, I’ll come back and play marbles with yer if the fish don’t bite good.”

“I wish the old hens was in Tophet. Say, Ned, ain’t got a book yer could let a feller have, have yer?”

“Sure, one of the latest. I just finished it and it’s a corker. I promised Joe Hykes he could take it next but you will have time to read it this afternoon and Joe is off playin’ ball.”

Willie grabbed the book eagerly. It had an alluring cover, the design was worked out in bright red, brilliant yellow and poisonous green and it represented a man in the act of killing a young and presumably beautiful woman. It was of the dime novel variety entitled “Conclusive Evidence,” just the thing to appeal to the imaginative Willie. Soon all thought of hens slipped from Willie’s mind, his heart beat rapidly, he breathlessly followed the hero’s thrilling adventures, he almost shed tears when the girl who had helped the hero outwit the villain was



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found mysteriously murdered. With keen interest he watched the authorities carry the hero to jail. He was first in the audience at the trial, he drew a long breath when only circumstantial evidence could be brought out, his heart sank when the villain rushed into the court room and cried out that he had conclusive evidence, his hopes went down, a sharp pain assailed him in the shoulder, he thought the villain had grabbed him, he jumped up and—in place of the court room, prisoner, judge, jury, witnesses, interested onlookers, *etc.*, he saw his mother standing beside him and—horrors—a dozen or more hens blissfully digging in the loosened earth of the garden.

“Where did you get that book, Willie?”

“It was lent to me, ma, don’t tear it ma, don’t tear it, it ain’t mine, ma—”

“That will do, Willie, it is not fit for you or any other boy to read, now you come in the house and go to bed.”

“But ma, it is only four o’clock and I’m hungry and I won’t let ’em in the garden again, ma, please can’t I stay out here, ma?”

“You do as I told you without further delay.”

All alone in his room, confined to his bed by the stern mandates of his mother, with everything out of doors calling him, Willie could not sleep and then when darkness fell hunger gnawed at his vitals and sleep refused to put an end to his misery. He counted to a thousand then half drifted into the land of dreams. A wicked little green imp whispered in his ear. “Conclusive Evidence,” whispered it so loudly Willie awoke, then he thought, or tried to think of some plan of revenge on his heartless mother. He could think of none that would not return to himself fourfold, then he reasoned that after all it was not so much his mother’s fault as the neighbors for keeping hens that would not stay at home. Perhaps the little green imp came and whispered into his ear again, I don’t know, but how else account for Willie’s queer actions?

He slipped quietly out of bed, paused to listen at the door of his mother’s room but heard no sound. Reassured, he crept noiselessly down the back stairs into the kitchen, out through the rough room into the shed where the corn was kept. He filled the pockets with hen corn, the bright moonlight shining in through the window gave him all the light he needed, until his pajamas looked as though they had the bubonic plague. Still moving with extreme caution, he went into the kitchen again, secured a pan into which he put his corn; he then proceeded to fill the pan nearly full of water. He listened but all was quiet, so he ventured even into the pantry where his mother kept the cookie crock. He again filled his pockets, this time with cookies. His night work over he carried the pan containing the corn and water to his room, put the pan as far under the bed as



possible to avoid discovery, then seated himself by the open window to enjoy his lunch. His father, who never seemed to get around to things, had not mended the screen that belonged in Willie's window so Willie sat with his head as far out of doors as the size of his body would permit and ate his cookies. He was wise enough not to leave tell-tale crumbs.

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Willie slept well and soundly after his midnight adventures and in the morning appeared at the breakfast table promptly. He ate enough to make up for what he had missed the night before, then enough to last until noon time. When he finished his mother said:

“Now Willie, go out and watch the garden again, your father did not get around to putting up the netting yesterday, and mind, if I catch you reading another book you will not get off as easily as you did yesterday.”

“Yesum.”

Willie first made a trip to his room, then to the sewing room.

“What are you doing, Willie?” came the maternal voice.

“Nuthin’, just lookin’ for my cap, I’m going out now.”

Once more out where he could watch the hens, Willie proceeded to unload his pockets. He brought to light some sheets of paper, a pencil, a large needle, a spool of black linen thread and all of the soaked corn he had been able to put in his pockets.

He tore the paper in strips about an inch wide and three inches long. On each slip he wrote, “Please keep us home.” On the other side, “Conclusive Evidence.”

He cut pieces of string, linen thread, about six inches long, some longer. With the aid of the needle he threaded a piece of corn on one end of each string, on the other end he tied one of the slips of paper. When all were finished he scattered them broadcast over and about the garden.

“Willie, come to dinner.”

No Willie appeared on the scene.

“Willie, dinner is ready.”

Still no sign of the lad and his mother started after him with a queer look in her eye.

Strange was the sight her eyes beheld as she came around the corner into the front yard. Hens fled before her approach but such funny looking hens; they all had more or less tags flying from their bills. They had swallowed the corn but the strings and tags were beyond their ability to masticate and they blew out defiantly in the breeze. One tag had become loosened and Mrs. Brown picked it up and read the scribbled words. While she was thinking just what she ought to do to Willie, Mrs. Baker came across the yard, bristling like a frightened porcupine.

“What have you been doing to my hens?” she demanded.



Mrs. Brown, like the efficient woman she was, saw her opportunity and rose to the occasion.

“Your hens, Mrs. Baker, why nothing. I have been in the kitchen all the morning until I just came out to call Willie to dinner. Willie has been keeping the hens out of my garden, not your hens, you know you have assured me your hens never come over here.”

Thinking discretion the better part of valor Mrs. Baker suddenly remembered something that needed immediate attention and she hastened to attend to it.

Mrs. Brown watched her out of sight, smiling in appreciation of the genius she had raised, then she turned and confronted Mrs. Jones, coldly angry.



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“What do you mean, Mrs. Brown, by tagging my hens until they look like a mark down sale?”

“What are you talking about, Mrs. Jones? Your hens couldn’t have been over here could they? I am sure neither Willie nor I have been out of the yard.”

“I smell something burning.”

In spite of the fact that the Jones homestead was quite a distance and the wind in the direction to blow all odors in the opposite direction Mrs. Brown did not try to detain her. Neither did she punish Willie, in fact she gave him an extra piece of pie for dinner.

* * * * *

The Browns, Joneses and Bakers are still on the best of terms, but Mr. Brown never put the wire netting up and yet Mrs. Brown plants her garden with never a thought of neighbors’ hens.

Incidentally Willie and Ned have developed into first class fishermen.

BY HEART

LILLIAN E. ANDREWS

Captain Enoch Burgess went down Mapleville’s main street at a rate of speed that threatened to break all records. The tails of his linen coat stood out like the sails of a Gloucester fisherman homeward bound with a “full bin fare.” He stamped up Abner Crowell’s walk, and slammed the kitchen door.

Abner was weeding onions. He stared after the captain curiously. “Looks like squally weather,” he commented. “I wonder what’s sent Enoch on his beam ends like that.”

As Abner bent with a grunt to his task, his wife came hurrying toward him, her apron strings flying like distress signals.

“Abner,” she demanded excitedly, “did you ever hear of Captain Enoch’s havin’ fits?”

“No, I dunno’s I ever did,” replied Abner, twitching up an enterprising wild mustard.

“Well, he’s havin’ one now,” insisted Mrs. Crowell. “He come trampin’ in an’ says, ‘Git right out o’ my way, Mis’ Crowell,’ an’ now he’s a pacin’ up an’ down his room like a caged hyeny. You leave them onions, an’ go an see what under the canopy ails him. I’ll stand at the foot of the stairs ready to run for help, if he should be dangerous.”



Abner groaned. Reluctantly he brushed the dirt from his knees, and went into the house. Captain Enoch's heavy steps jarred the floor of his little room. Three times Abner knocked. Growing wrathful at being ignored, he applied his lips to the key-hole.

"Hey, there," he bellowed. "You gone clean crazy, Enoch? It's only me—Abner—open the door!"

Captain Enoch opened the door so suddenly Abner nearly fell over the threshold.

"I didn't hear you," apologized Captain Enoch. "I dunno's I'd heard a fog horn. I'm going loony, I guess."

Despondency suddenly overcame him. He sat down abruptly. "I'm afraid I'm love cracked," he groaned despairingly.

"Love cracked!" repeated Abner in blank astonishment. "Wall, I snum! Love cracked!"



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Captain Enoch glared at him ferociously. “Stop that parrotin’,” he commanded. “If you dare to grin, I’ll larnbast you good an’ plenty.”

As Abner appeared properly subdued, he went on explanatorily.

“I’ve be’n callin’ on M’lissy Macy reg’lar whenever I’ve be’n ashore for the last ten years. M’lissy makes the best doughnuts I ever e’t, an’ I calculated we’d be married sometime, though I ain’t never mentioned it special. But when I went to call on M’lissy this afternoon, there set Tom Peters in the big rockin’ chair holdin’ M’lissy’s yeller cat an’ lookin’ as cheerful as a rat in a shipload of cheese. It come over me all at once what a marryin’ critter he is. The old punkin’-head’s had two wives already, ain’t he?”

“Three,” corrected Abner. “He’s be’n a widower once an’ a grass widower twice. Mebbe he’s gittin’ lonesome again. You’ll have to git up your spunk and do some courtin’. Why don’t you pop the question? It hadn’t orter be so awful hard after you be’n goin’ to see M’lissy ten years.”

“You talk like a nincompoop,” snapped Captain Enoch. “I never asked a woman to marry me in my life. How be I goin’ to know what to say? S’pose you tell me how you asked Mis’ Crowell.”

Abner’s face turned as red as Captain Enoch’s. “Wall, I—er—er,” he stammered.

“That’s about what I expected,” said the captain sarcastically. “I s’pose Mis’ Crowell did the askin’ and you didn’t dare to say ‘No.’”

Abner glanced toward the door where a board had creaked faintly. “She—she didn’t really ask,” he remarked hastily, “but she was pretty good at understandin’ what I was thinkin’ about.”

“If M’lissy understands, she’s careful not to let me know it,” said Captain Enoch sadly. “Mebbe she’s afraid of being bold. Just to think of proposin’ makes me feel as if somebody was pourin’ cold water down the back of my neck.”

Abner had a sudden flash of memory. “Why don’t you learn a regular proposal that nobody can find any fault with an’ say it right off like sayin’ a piece?” he asked. “Pegleg Brierly used to have a book in his dunnage that had all kinds of proposals printed in it. ‘Guide to Courtship and Matrimony’ was the name of it. Pegleg said he didn’t have any notion of fallin’ in love, but if he should happen to, he didn’t cal’late to be caught nappin’. He’s livin’ down on the back road now, and he’s still an old bach. If he’s kept the book, mebbe he’d sell it, or lend it to you.”

The change from despair to hope brought the captain to his feet. “Abner, if you’ll git me that book, I’ll give you twenty-five dollars,” he promised earnestly. “But mind you don’t tell what you want it for.”



“I won’t tell anybody that don’t know about it already,” declared Abner with perfect truthfulness. “I’ll have to be awful di-plo-mat-ic,” he went on, “or Pegleg will be sure to suspect something. And I pity you an’ M’lissy if he got hold of the real reason why you wanted it. Pegleg can scatter news faster than a pea dropper can drop peas.”



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With his clam hoe and bucket under his arm, Abner appeared at the door of Pegleg's shanty the next afternoon.

"Thought I'd dig a mess o' clams for supper," he explained casually, "an' seein' s I was passin', I dropped in. Some time since you an' me crossed the line on the old Almeda, ain't it?"

"A matter of twenty year," agreed Pegleg.

"Them was great days," reminiscenced Abner. "Do you remember how we used to read your 'Guide to Courtship and Matrimony'? I was thinkin' about it only yesterday."

Pegleg grinned. "I paid fifty cents for that book," he remarked. "An' I ain't never had any real use for it. I've got it now in my old dunnage bag."

"I'd kind o' like to see it, if it's handy," suggested Abner. "The tide's risin', but I guess I've got a few minutes to spare."

Pegleg disappeared into the shanty and returned after some time with a dog-eared volume, minus a portion of its pages, and with the edges of the remainder strangely scalloped.

"Th' pesky rats has be'n chewin' it," he complained loudly. "They've clean e't up the first chapter."

Abner drew a secret breath of relief. The "How to Propose" chapter was not the first one. Eagerly he turned the battered volume over.

"If you 'll sell it, I'd like to have it," he remarked carelessly. "Half of the pages is e't up, so I s'pose you'll sell it for half price."

"Make it thirty-five cents an' you can have it," bargained Pegleg. "The rats ain't gnawed into the readin' so awful bad, only in the first chapter."

"Wall, thirty-five then, as you're an old shipmate," conceded Abner.

Pegleg looked at him shrewdly, as he laid down three dimes and a nickel.

"I didn't know but mebbe you was buyin' it for Captain Burgess," he hazarded. "He's boardin' to your house, an' folks say he's courtin' M'lissy Macy."

"Folks is always sayin' things," responded Abner. "Mebbe Enoch might know a 'Guide to Courtship and Matrimony' from a last year's pill almanac, if somebody showed him."



Once around the corner of the beach from Pegleg's shanty, Abner danced a hornpipe, shocking a flock of gulls.

"Thirty-five cents from twenty-five dollars leaves twenty-four dollars and sixty-five cents," he calculated swiftly. "And I'll get a mess of clams beside. The papers will be mentionin' me as a financier pretty soon."

"Did Pegleg suspect anything?" was Captain Enoch's first question when Abner returned in triumph.

"Oh, he suspected," replied Abner jubilantly. "He wouldn't be Pegleg if he didn't. But I didn't help him any, and he looked dreadful disappointed. You can eat your chowder in peace, if you ain't so love sick you've lost your appetite."

"It ain't hurt my appetite a mite," retorted the Captain. "And I ain't goin' to let it. Let's see that book. I want to find out how much I've be'n cheated."

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With trembling fingers Captain Enoch turned to the chapter of proposals. “How to Propose to a Fat Lady,” he read. “Humph! M’lissy ain’t fat. ’How to Propose to a Lady of Dignity and Refinement. ’That sounds more like it. But the big words are thicker than a school of mummychogs.”

“Read it out loud,” urged Abner.

Captain Enoch put a long forefinger on the first line and cleared his throat.

“Dear and esteemed lady,” he began, “it is with deep respect that I venture to introduce the subject of matrimony in your presence. You are my ideal of womanhood and your smile is more precious to me than the Kohinoor.’ What’s the Kohinoor?” he asked, pausing.

“Skip it,” suggested Abner. “I ain’t no ’cyclopedia. Go on.”

“It is with painful trep-trep-trepidation that I bring my suit before you.”

Captain Enoch paused again. “Suit?” he repeated. “I don’t see how that fits in. What’s a suit got to do with a proposal?”

“Mebbe it’s a hint that you might want your clo’s mended after you was married,” decided Abner. “Anyway, it sounds all right the way it’s wrote. Stop a stoppin’. You never’ll git it read, if you don’t keep goin’.”

Thus adjured the captain proceeded. “Oh, dear one, beloved lady of my dreams, my own—’ There’s a blank place. It says under it, ’name of lady.”

“Wall, say M’lissy,” interjected Abner.

Captain Enoch’s bronzed countenance was the color of a tomato on a tin can, but he went on valiantly, “My own M’lissy, come to my arms, and fill my measure of happiness to overflowing by promising to become my wife, and I will shield and protect you from all the storms of life.’ It ends like an advertisement for umbrellas,” he complained.

“It don’t do no such thing,” contended Abner vigorously. “It’s a real high-toned proposal and any woman ought to be satisfied with it. The man that wrote that must have known an awful lot about women. Now you go ahead and learn that proposal and there you be all ready for the parson.”

“Yes, ’there I be,” mimicked the captain ungratefully. “It would take a college professor to say them words fast, and I’m only a plain sailor man.”



But in spite of his sarcasm the captain attacked his self-appointed task with the grim determination that had made him respected in every port wherever the big deep water tramp, of which he was the proud master, had dropped her huge mudhook.

The steamer was laid up at Boston, having a splendid collection of tropical barnacles scraped from her stout hull. If it had not been for the barnacles, the captain would not have been ashore.

For a week the captain studied strenuously, hardly allowing himself time to sleep. Abner offered to assist him at rehearsals and every afternoon he drilled Captain Enoch diligently. He was a firm disciplinarian and insisted upon his pupil's being letter perfect. Book in hand, he corrected the captain vigorously.



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"It's 'es-teemed lady'" he admonished the captain. "You said 'steamed.' M'lissy ain't cooked. An' you stutter yet when you come to that word right after painful. Can't you say it plainer?"

"Trep-trep-trepidation," stammered the captain again. "Say it yourself," he dared Abner. "I'll bet you can't do no better."

"I ain't tryin' to say it," Abner reminded him with dignity. "If I was I'd make it out someway. I wouldn't be beat by any word ever put in a dictionary. You're doin' better," he complimented the captain, after the sixth recital. "Mebbe you'll git it after awhile."

But when Captain Enoch felt that his monitor was most needed and had begun to look hopefully forward to a one hundred per cent rehearsal, Abner took a sudden notion to go sword fishing.

"The time to go sword fishin' is when sword fish are due," he insisted with Solomonic wisdom. "I'm going to be off Nantucket shoals by daybreak to-morrow."

"But how be I goin' to git along without you to boost me on that proposal?" demanded the captain. "If you had any feelin' at all, you wouldn't leave me just when I need you most."

Abner considered the situation for some moments.

"I got it," he declared joyfully. "Buy a phonygraft an' some blank records an' keep sayin' that proposal just the same as you do to me. You can hear yourself poppin' as plain as you can hear a bell buoy ring-in'. It takes me to plan things," he added with becoming pride.

Captain Enoch went to Boston and visited his vessel, as he told Mrs. Crowell when he returned. Also, he visited the "phonygraft man," a circumstance he failed to relate.

When Mapleville's express agent delivered at the Crowell home a large bundle addressed to Captain Enoch Burgess, the captain smuggled it surreptitiously upstairs, closed the windows of his room and stuffed the key hole with a wad of paper.

It was some hours before he succeeded in mastering the various adjustments of the phonograph, and ventured to hear himself "pop." Listening with critical intentness, he discovered that two sentences were missing. Grimly he tried again. The word that had been so long his stumbling block suddenly showed its vindictiveness once more.

"It is with painful trep-trep-' darn it!" repeated the phonograph with startling distinctness.

Wrathfully the captain snatched the record and hurled it under the bed. A number of others soon kept it company. The next day the captain went to Boston again. This time

even the phonograph dealer was astonished at the number of blank records Captain Enoch demanded.

With reckless abandon the captain proceeded to use the new supply of records. Dripping with perspiration from the heat of his closely-shut room and from his strenuous mental exertion, he finally came to the last one, and word by word and sentence by sentence heard himself make an absolutely correct and flawless proposal to Miss Macy.



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Solemnly the captain wiped his brow. "I declare I wish Abner could hear it," he remarked proudly. "There ain't a single mistake, big words an' all. It ought to please M'lissy, if anything will."

At the thought of Melissa Captain Enoch's honest heart began to beat faster. He threw open his window with all the eagerness of a lover, and looked over toward Melissa's old-fashioned house with its comfortable veranda and wide chimney.

His bronzed face turned suddenly white and he gripped the window sill with all the strength of his powerful hands. Two men were turning in at Melissa's gate. The short fat man was Thomas Peters, the tall thin one the village clergyman. To Captain Enoch the fact that Peters and the minister were calling upon Melissa together could mean but one thing. Hours and years of the captain's life seemed to pass, as he watched the two men go slowly up Melissa's gravel walk. When the door closed behind them, he turned about, dazed and trembling. He was breathing hard like a man at the end of a race. Half an hour later he had packed his bag and paid his board bill, leaving Mrs. Crowell in a state of bewilderment and curiosity that was sufficient to disturb her peace of mind for many a day.

From Boston the tramp had wallowed her way around the Horn to San Francisco and back again as far as Rio Janiero when Captain Enoch received his first mail from home. A travel-stained letter, bearing Abner Crowell's cramped handwriting, threw the captain into a sudden panic.

"I don't know whether to open it, or not," he debated nervously. "I want to know what's in it, an' I'm scared to find out. I'm a good mind to throw it overboard and forget I ever got it."

Curiosity finally overcame his dread. The letter was encouragingly brief.

"'Dere Enoch,'" he read. "'I'd like to know what you blowed up an' went off the way you did for. Abner Crowell.'" "P.S. Mrs. Crowell sends her respects, and Miss Melissa Macy her regards, if you want 'em. A.C.'" "P.S. Number two. All you need, Enoch Burgess, is about ten inches more on your ears. A.C.'"

"'Miss Melissa Macy,'" repeated Captain Enoch. "He would have said Mrs. Peters, if she was married."

The captain leaped to his feet and rushed on deck. A boat was just leaving the steamer's side, the mate sitting placidly under an awning.

"Hey, wait," roared the captain wildly. "I'm goin' to git our clearance papers," he shouted, as the astonished mate ordered the boat back. "I ain't goin' to hang around here waitin' for a lazy planter to git a cargo of coffee aboard. I don't care if there ain't



any more coffee in the world; folks can drink tea. I'm goin' home as quick as steam can take me."

Lights were beginning to shine in the homes of Mapleville when the captain came to the end of his long journey. A shining path stretched temptingly from Melissa's windows to the gate and the captain followed it eagerly.



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Back of the crimson geraniums and the canary's cage he could see Melissa sitting at a low table. The yellow cat occupied the big rocker. It was all so pleasant and home-like a lump rose in the captain's throat. He decided to steal quietly in and surprise Melissa. But at the door he stopped as suddenly as if he had been shot. A deep bass voice was uttering words that sounded strangely familiar.

"Dear and esteemed lady," he heard. Cautiously he tip-toed across the hall. A phonograph was on the table in front of Melissa. As he bent forward the proposal "to a dignified and refined lady" came to an end. Tenderly Melissa put both arms about the shining horn of the phonograph and kissed it!

The sight was too much for the captain. With one bound, he cleared the threshold and entered the cosy sitting room.

"M'lissy Macy," he declared boldly, "I ain't goin' to have you wastin' kisses on an old phonograph when I'm right here. Where'd you find that record, M'lissy?" he asked at last.

Melissa blushed delightfully. "Mis' Crowell heard you and told me you was practisin' how to propose and, after you went away, I went and got every single one of them records," confessed Melissa. "I've played 'em over and over, even the 'darn it!' one. I know that proposal by heart."

"So do I," responded Captain Enoch grimly, as he salvaged another kiss. "I've be'n a reg'lar old putty-head," he admitted with unsparing honesty, "but if you'll promise to teach me, I'd like to learn a whole lot more by heart."

"I'll do my best," promised Melissa mischievously.

BY TELEPHONE

E.M. CHASE

Time—Very recently.

Place—A flat in Back Bay.

"Bessie Lane, where in the world did you drop from?"

"The station just now and I'm famished."

"I haven't a thing for lunch but you take off your wraps while I attend to things."



“There, I’ve ordered a delicious lunch and it will be here in fifteen or twenty minutes. What a handy thing a telephone is.”

“Oh, yes, very handy indeed.”

“Why the sarcasm, my dear Bessie?”

“You seem to forget that I live in the country.”

“But not out of reach of ‘phones, Bessie.”

“No, but we are on a sixteen-party line with eighteen other subscribers. Not long ago I went to the dentist and had a tooth treated. The next morning I awoke with a toothache. About the middle of the forenoon, nine-thirty to be exact, I thought I would call up the dentist to find out if the treatment ought to make my tooth ache. I gave the bell a vigorous ring—”

“Why should you ring a bell to telephone?”

“My dear citified Annie, we do not run our universe by electricity as you do in the city, and it is our only means of attracting ‘central.’ I rang the bell, put the receiver to my ear and heard, ‘I am using the line.’



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"I mumbled an apology, waited a few minutes and tried again. It is unpleasant to have the bell ring in your ear, so out of courtesy to the other subscribers I gently lifted off the receiver, put it to my ear and heard, 'That cottage by the shore will suit—'

"Fifteen minutes later I tried again and please remember my tooth was paining all the time. I listened, the line was quiet, I called central and asked 'One nine ring two four please.'

"That line is busy.'

"Well, I thanked my lucky stars that I have a good supply of patience. After five minutes I tried again. I listened to see if the line was busy and heard, 'Killed by an automobile, all mangled to pieces.' Too horror stricken to realize I was listening to conversation not intended for my ears I listened on. The details fairly made my blood run cold and the unknown speaker had the most tragic voice I ever heard. She continued, 'It was terrible, I almost fainted, it was one of my best roosters, too!'

"Just then a neighbor brought in my mail and I spent a few minutes reading letters and looking over the morning Post but the persistent tooth reminded me and I tried again. Wonder of wonders I got the dentist's office and asked if the dentist was there. 'No, he is not here just now but he will be back in a few minutes, shall I tell him to call you?'

"If you will, please, this is—'

"I knew your voice instantly, Bessie, and I'll tell him.'

"I waited and waited, then waited some more, then I tried again. 'Get off the line, somebody else wants a chance to use it. You there, Jim?'

"I was almost in despair. When I was sure my snappy friend had had time enough to transact all the affairs of the Nation I made another attempt but I listened once more, rather than butt in again, listened and heard, 'Just the sweetest shade of green, you know—' Trials of Job, I was getting out of patience, to put it mildly. I gave the crank a vicious turn but the same party was still talking, she said sweetly, 'I guess someone wants the line.' I assured her I did, it was a case of life and death. 'Someone dead, oh dear, is it any one I know?'

"Thoroughly exasperated I called central and demanded, 'one nine ring two four.'

"Line busy.'

"I made up my mind never to use a 'phone again, or try to when my own number rang. I grabbed the receiver off the hook and thought my trial was over, for of course I knew it was the dentist at last. 'Is this you, Bessie? Did you know Jennie Knowles has broken her ankle?'



“No, I didn’t, and I don’t care if she has broken her neck, I want the line.’

“Of course my rudeness lost me a friend for a while, until I saw her and made ample apologies, but I made my last attempt and was connected with the dentist. I told him about the toothache; it took some time as I had to explain three times that I was using the line but I did it. ‘Does it ache very badly? Can’t you stand it until to-morrow? Then the treatment will desensitize it sufficiently and I can work on it without hurting you at all.’

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“Oh, no, it doesn’t ache at all, I called you up to hear your voice, certainly I can stand it, I’ve stood much worse trials.’ I slammed up the receiver, looked at the clock and it was two-fifteen. Too late to attend the lecture in the library so I went out and called on Alice, yes, indeed, I repeat, telephones are very handy and save lots of time.”

“Here is our lunch, we’re in the city now, come on, Bessie.”

FALMOUTH INNER HARBOR

Twelve years ago on May 11, 1910, the H.W. Miller, the first two-masted schooner came into the harbor, then known as Deacon’s Pond, now Falmouth Inner Harbor. Other smaller vessels had been in, but this was the first which marked the commercial use of the basin.

A harbor in this place had been talked about for several years, but the first legal action was taken in the February town meeting of 1906, when a committee of five men: Geo. W. Jones, Charles S. Burgess, Asa L. Pattee, Nathan S. Ellis and Charles A. Robinson were appointed to look into the matter and carry out the wishes of the town.

Joseph Walsh was our representative in Boston, and presided at the meeting, acting as moderator.

Heman A. Harding, then senator from the Cape district, acted as legal adviser for the State.

There were many meetings of the committee and interested citizens, and among the latter A.W. Goodness, A.B. Clough and W.E.A. Clough were untiring in their efforts and were largely responsible for the success of the project.

On January 20, 1907, the Harbor and Land Commissioners called for a hearing “for building jetties and dredging to make a boat harbor at Deacon’s Pond, Falmouth.”

The first plan was drawn by Frank W. Hodgdon in September, 1907.

The first appropriation made for the cost was \$25,000 from the State and \$10,000 from the Town.

The lower part of the land dredged was purchased on July 13, 1804, from Abram and Lois Bowerman by Watson Jenkins, Joseph Mayhew, Stephen Davis, Consider Hatch and Joseph Davis, Jr., and used as a site for salt works by the whole or part of them. On August 1, 1805, the same Abram and Lois Bowerman deeded additional land to Joseph Davis, Jr., and on June 17, 1816, the same parties sold more land to Nymphas Davis, the son of Joseph, Jr.



As Joseph Davis, Sr., the father of Joseph, Jr., was then a deacon in the Congregational church, the name was gradually changed from the old name of “Bowerman’s Pond” to “the deacon’s pond” and it finally became Deacon’s Pond. Later, when the name did not locate the harbor sufficiently, it was officially changed to “Falmouth Inner Harbor.”

There were formerly two outlets from the pond into Vineyard Sound, and some of the old deeds refer to the East and West rivers. There was also a ditch across the marsh, probably through the land now owned by Edward Gallagher.



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In 1870-1 the land about the pond and also "Great Hill" was sold by George H. Davis, the son of Nymphas Davis, to the Falmouth Land and Wharf Company, and remained in its possession several years, later becoming the property of G. Edward Smith, the president of the company.

In 1888 Mr. Smith sold the beach, extending from the line of the Falmouth Wharf Company west to the land now covered by the harbor, to George H. Davis.

One of the old rivers had long since been filled and the other changed its course so often through the beach that the town was obliged to set stone posts to define the middle line and establish a definite boundary.

When the land was finally acquired by the State, the channel was cut through the land of the widow of George H. Davis on the eastern side and a small triangular piece on the western side belonging to Henrietta F. Goodnow.

On February, 18, 1909, the harbor and Land Commissioners advertised another hearing in regard to the "Improvement of Deacon's Pond Harbor" and still another on February 24, 1910.

After these hearings had been held and improvements made, the channel was wide and deep enough to permit schooners to enter.

However, the sand drifted in and on March 11, 1911, there was another hearing called in regard to removing a "shoal at the entrance to the harbor" and about 32,000 cubic feet of earth was then removed.

Since then other deepenings have been made until now, during the summer season, it is a common sight to see some sixty boats of all descriptions lying in the water.

In 1921 the harbor was further improved by extending the jetty on the west side about 200 feet into Vineyard Sound.

BASS RIVER

There's a gently flowing river,
Bordered by whispering trees,
That ebbs and flows in Nobscussett
And winds through Mattacheese.

Surely the Indian loved it
In the ages so dim and gray,
River beloved of the Pale Face
Who dwell near its banks today.



Lovely it lies in the moonlight,
A silver scroll unrolled,
And glorious when the sunset
Turns it to molten gold.

Yet we love it when the mist clouds
Hang over it like a pall;
No less when the hand of the Frost King
Holds it in icy thrall.

In all of its moods and changes
We joy in its billows salt,
With the deep strong love of a lover
Blinded to every fault.

Always its gleaming beauty
Raises our thoughts from the clod;
Up, up to the crystal river,
That flows from the Throne of God.

They pass on,—the generations,—
Thou stayest, while men depart;
They go with thy lovely changes
Shrined in each failing heart.

Beautiful old Bass River!
Girt round with murmuring trees;
Long wilt thou flow in Nobscussett.
And wander through Mattacheese.



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Arethusa.

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A CORRECTION

The article in our May issue, "Automobile Tour of Cape Cod," was written before the advent of automobiles to Nantucket, and therefore did not take account of the fact that autos are now not only allowed but plentiful there. The fact that the article was not up to date escaped the attention of the editor.

CAPE CODE NOTES

The Harwich Independent says: Indications are that the coming summer will be another record breaker along our shores. A big building boom is on in cottages now under construction, and we are to have new comers from New York, Boston, and other places. Cottages for rental are being rapidly taken.

* * * * *

Artist George Elmer Browne left America for France the first of May with a class of 40 pupils. Mrs. Browne and Miss Hallett will accompany him for the summer. Provincetown will miss the Brownes this summer, but wishes them a pleasant and successful season abroad.

* * * * *

Charles A. Atwood, night operator in the Sagamore telephone exchange, has been awarded a Theodore N. Vail medal for his services on the occasion of a night fire in the building where the exchange is located, March 27, 1921, when he made his way through the smoke to the switchboard and gave the alarm first to the Keith Car Works and next to the local fire chief. After that he was overcome by the smoke, and the staircase was on fire when he was revived. He got back into the operating room after that and remained on duty the rest of the night.

* * * * *

William Ellis and his son George were hunting driftwood along the beach in the neighborhood of Peaked Hill bars, at the Provincetown end and came on a sack lying in the tidewash, which was found to contain 200 pounds of gamboge. It is thought their find came from the wreck of the ship Peruvian, which met its fate on those shoals Dec. 26, 1872, as no other vessel has since been wrecked there which had gamboge as a part of its cargo. The gamboge was said to be in perfect condition, in spite of its long immersion in the sea water. Gamboge is a resin, orange red in color, but yellow when in



powder form. It was used in medicine as an emetic and artists, especially those using water colors will recall it as a yellow pigment.

* * * * *

Dr. B.D. Eldredge of Harwich passed his 90th birthday on Monday, May 1st. This extreme age has dealt very lightly with the Doctor whose general appearance is much the same as when many years younger, but his step and carriage show some infirmity. He is destined to add another decade of life, and the many congratulatory greetings extended to him by friends voiced that prediction. Doctor Eldredge is still in professional practice.



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The “Emperor Jones,” Eugene G. O’Neill’s, of Provincetown, drama, has been produced in Boston. The Provincetown players may be said to have done themselves well by presenting as a maiden effort in Boston, this play by O’Neill in which Charles Gilpin plays the leading role. “The Emperor Jones” is O’Neill’s first offering to Boston theatre world although he learned his trade at Prof. Baker’s Harvard 47 Workshop.

* * * * *

In a stock judging contest at the Massachusetts Agricultural College, Amherst, recently, Lawrence High School of Falmouth won second place, scoring 1100 out of a possible 1200 points. Eight teams competed in the contest, with 54 competitors for individual prizes. The team from the Lawrence High School was composed of Arthur Briggs, Edward Briggs and Harold Dushane, and these young men are to be congratulated upon their ability as judges of live stock. They deserve special credit for the reason that the other teams competing were selected from much larger schools than Lawrence High. Mr. Williams, who is taking the place of Mr. Hawkes as agricultural instructor, accompanied the boys to Amherst, the party making the trip by auto.

A DELAYED LETTER

In looking over some old manuscripts the other day the editor came across the following letter which is so full of longing for the country of the writer’s ancestry that we publish it herewith, just as it was written in 1918:

Denver, Colorado.

“A state of Maine man, Mr. Dana, has just handed me a copy of your magazine of December, 1917. Because I am a Cape Codder marooned in the Rocky Mountains for 40 years, though I started to run away to sea when I was 8 years old—man proposes, God disposes. I read it through from stem to gudgeon including the poetry and the advertisements. My ancestor, Thomas Baxter, Yarmouth, Mass., married the daughter of Capt. John Gorham, Temperance Gorham Sturgis, widow of Edmund Sturgis, Jr., Jan. 26, 1879. He was a lieutenant under Capt. John Gorham in the great swamp fight, King Philip’s war, and that part of Maine (then Massachusetts) called Gorham, was set off to them for services against the Narragansett Indians.

“With such ancestry, followed by worthy descendants, don’t you think I have a love for Cape Cod sand? Capt. Gorham’s wife was Desire Howland, daughter of John Howland of the Mayflower and the first son of Thomas, John Baxter, married Desire Gorham, June 11, 1706, and with his two brothers built the old mill at Hyannis of which it is sung:



“The Baxter boys they built a mill,
And when it went, it never stood still.
And when it went it made no noise,
Because 'twas built by Baxter's boys.”

“I hope to pass my last years in my cottage in South Dennis and to quote from Edna Howes' poem on page 23, entitled 'Who's Worrin'?'



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“Cod and haddock, boned and white,
A drying on their flakes,
There’s none can beat the cod fish balls
That mother only makes.
And clams and quahogs, scallops, too,
A layin’ close at hand
A waitin’ and a longin’
To be dug from out the sand.”

“My word, Edna, you make my mouth water!

“On page 11 you say that no Canadian lynx or wild cat has been seen on the Cape for 100 years. Make it about 50 years instead, because there was a catamount in South Yarmouth woods in 1867 and I think I saw it—and I could prove it if George Thatcher was alive and had his memory with him.

“How I would enjoy being out in a cat boat off Hyannis, or Dennisport, or North Dennis. Say! if the bluefish haven’t been all caught by the time I get there I will certainly try my luck. I would rather catch rock cod, or perch, or tautog, than fill a creel with brook trout, under any conditions, any day in the year; but then you don’t care, and I don’t care if you don’t—but I do.”

Yours truly,
John N. Baxter.

A MILLION QUARTS OF STRAWBERRIES

Cape Cod strawberries are destined to become as famous as her cranberries, her fishing, and her renown as a summer resort. One million quarts of them left her fields the past season! And the industry is still growing!

Cape Cod leads New England in the magnitude of this industry and Falmouth holds the honor of being the home of the Cape Cod strawberry.

There are in Falmouth something over two hundred acres in strawberries, and these acres extend over an area of between six and seven square miles. The berries for the most part are grown on land cleared from woods within the past fifteen years. New land is being cleared each season and the territory is becoming more and more extensive, the industry expanding and Falmouth as a specialized farming center more and more prominent.

The sturdy pioneers of this industry in Falmouth are Portuguese people who drifted to the section from nearby industrial centers like New Bedford and Fall River and who later persuaded their friends and relatives from across the sea to join them in this land of



plenty. They are splendid people, hard working, thrifty and industrious, and make most excellent citizens. Although but few have had the opportunity to attend school, they are most intelligent farmers, ready and willing to adopt methods that will financially improve their business. The majority are, however, limited in land area and many times are obliged to crop their small farms to excess, for strawberries are the main cash crop, and very few who have more recently come here have the necessary funds to acquire much land or equipment. The acreage in berries will vary from one-half an acre to four acres. Cultural methods are practically all hand work. The land is cleared by hand, plants set and runners placed by hand, fertilizer applied by hand, hand hoed, hand weeded and naturally hand picked.

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The rows are set 4-1/2 to 5 feet apart, plants 14 to 15 inches in the row. The matted row system is used, but instead of allowing runners to set at will, each one is placed. The beds are raised six inches, rows when fully set are from 3-1/2 to 4 feet wide. Pine needles are used for a mulch mainly because they were handy at first, clean of weeds and easy to apply, but the pine needle is getting more and more obsolete, like the tallow candle, and unless the grower changes his method of mulching or else uses a motor truck and goes a long distance he is out of luck in the future.

The industry has seen hard times and about six years ago it was doubtful if it could survive. Growers were working as individuals and selling their berries and buying their fertilizer, crates and baskets. It was not uncommon for one grower to ship his season's crop to as many as seven or eight different commission houses. This all led to confusion. The commission man could not depend on a steady and sure supply. By splitting up a crop in this way the grower actually competed with himself. Finally, by necessity, he was forced to combine with his neighbor and pool a common interest. The growers were guided into a co-operative association, to a large degree, by the assistance of Mr. Wilfrid Wheeler, then Secretary of the State Board of Agriculture.

Mr. George C. Lillie was employed as manager, and right from the start the association rallied and has been gaining ground ever since. At present this association, known as the Cape Cod Strawberry Growers' Association, numbers ninety-eight men. They are incorporated, hold shares in the association, and sell their berries through one commission house instead of seven or eight.

There are two grades of berries sold, only one of which carries the association stamp. Each member has a number which is placed on his crate and about 80 per cent of the crop is shipped under the stamp of the association. The members are paid on Wednesdays and Saturdays during the shipping season. They also pool their fertilizer order of over 200 tons, as well as that for crates and baskets. Payment for these commodities are deducted from returns on the berries. Last season the association shipped about seventy carloads of berries. This is probably over two-thirds of the entire output for Falmouth. Each car holds about 170 80-quart crates, and practically half are shipped in iced cars. The berries leave Falmouth at 9 p.m. and arrive in Boston at 6 a.m. They are there distributed to various points, some going, we understand, as far north as Bangor, Maine.

The varieties grown are Echo, Howard 17, Abington and King Edward. The first named are more common, but indications point to a rapid change to the Howard 17. The Echo berry has proved a splendid variety for this section, as it stands up so well under shipment. The Howard 17 is nearly as good a shipper, but considered a better quality berry and does nicely on our Cape soils. The picking season is from three to four weeks. Pickers are usually paid 2 cents a quart, and a good picker will make from \$3 to \$4 a day. Five thousand quarts is considered a fair yield per acre for the section.

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The members of the association do not put all their eggs in one basket, however. They grow besides strawberries, turnips, corn, potatoes, carrots and raspberries for cash crops. Turnips follow strawberries in volume and last fall the members shipped about twenty-five carloads.—*Falmouth Enterprise*.