

# The Voice:

## Commencements

1915

*and*

1917

Lawrence High School  
Falmouth, MA



*Lewis & Clark Esq  
Falmouth  
Mass*

# THE VOICE of the L. H. S.

Commencement Issue



June, 1915



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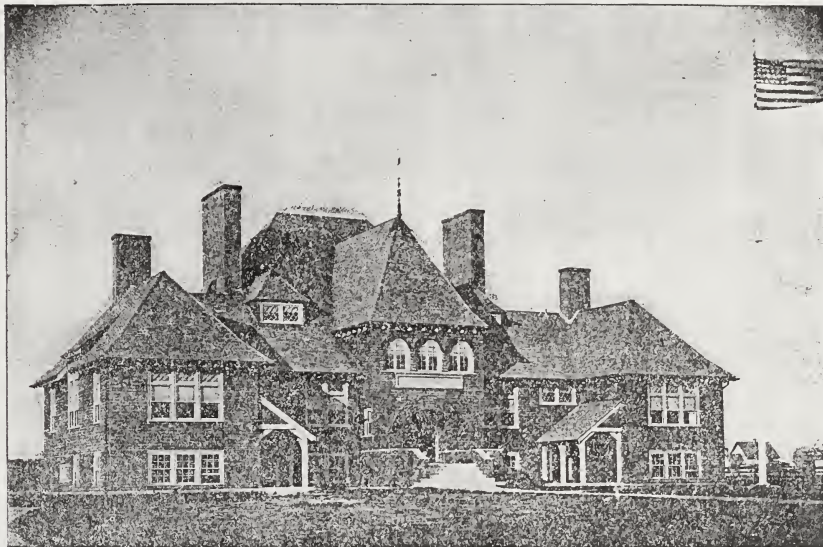


# The Voice of the L. H. S.

VOL. 2.—No. 4.

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LAWRENCE HIGH SCHOOL, FALMOUTH, MASS.

## The Voice of the L. H. S.

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## EDITORIALS.

### A Card of Appreciation to the Business Men.

The school as a whole and especially the business managers, as they come in personal contact with the business men, certainly appreciate the manner in which the men of this town have advertised in our paper. The paper of course could not exist without them. The appreciation deepens, too, when we realize that a great many of the men advertise in our school paper to help us out rather than to secure trade. Therefore we wish to thank editorially, everybody who has helped in any way to make "The Voice of L. H. S." a success.

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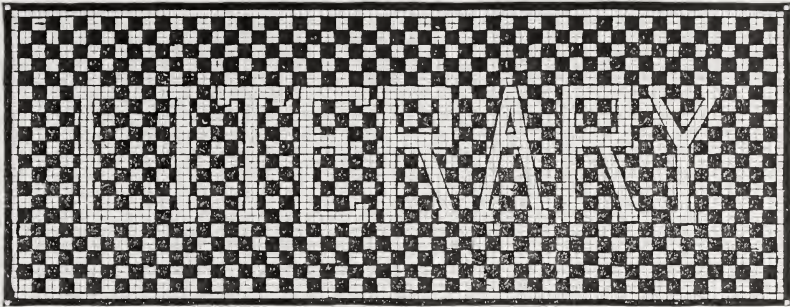
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### HOW JIMMY GOT EVEN.

Jimmy Lane lay on the bank of the Moonakis river throwing pebbles in the water and as he thought his heart became very bitter. "I'll fix 'em" he said as he savagely threw a pebble into the pool below him. With this thought in mind Jimmy went home past the old Wade house, through the woods and at last came to his own back-yard.

The week before had been April Fool's Day and when Jimmy went down street that morning Jones, the grocer, called out to him, "Your father has bought that new horse." Jimmy rushed down the street and into Jones' back yard where his father was working and he saw a crowd of town loafers and school-boys expectantly watching. As he went quickly into the barn one of the boys cried out, "Here it is, Jim!" and he held out a sawhorse Jim's father had been using. The crowd laughed themselves sore and whenever Jimmy went rushed down the street and into Jones' back butt of so many jokes that after a while he stayed at home and roamed around the fields or woods.

There was a town character named Rooks who lived down the street a little way from Jimmy and the boy quite often called there and talked with the old man. Now Rooks had had only one good friend in town and that was old Wade, the miser. One day Rooks showed Jimmy a book Wade had given him and an idea struck Jimmy so he decided to take advantage of it on the next April Fool's Day.

Wade was supposed to have money when he was living but no one knew anything about it and of course everyone thought he had hidden it.

Jimmy had watched patiently a year and it was now two days from April first. Jimmy went to old Wade's house and sawed all of the planks under the floor nearly in two. Then he filled the cellar with water from the river

nearby. His plan was to get a lot of people on the floor which would collapse and dump them in the cellar which was three or four feet deep.

April Fool's day Jimmy went down to Rooks' early in the morning and finally persuaded him to go up and show Wade's house to Jones, the grocer. Jimmy knew that there was always a crowd loafing in the store so he had written in the book with some ancient ink "I, John Wade, give my gold to whoever finds it first. It is behind the plastering in the big room."

Then Jimmy hurried down to the old house and climbing up into the attic he waited. Pretty soon he saw Jones coming down the road whipping his horse and in the cloud of dust behind him he made out a score of other vehicles coming at top speed. Jones jumped out of his wagon closely followed by a dozen others and ran into the house. As soon as he entered the door he began digging in the plastering and then the crowd piled in, fighting and pulling to get near the walls. Jimmy laughed to think what was going to happen and sure enough, the floor sagged down at one end and with a splash a score or more men, Jimmy's father among them, landed in the dirty water and cobwebs. "April fool!" yelled Jimmy and he thought he had had his fun but when he reached home that night he thought differently.

WINTHROP LAWRENCE, '15.

### THE STORY THE OLD HOUSE TOLD.

In a small New England village stands a house which has been unoccupied for several years. The family who owns it is scattered over various parts of the world and it has not been rented on account of a rumor that it is haunted. The house is far back from the road and the avenue leading to it is edged by tall gloomy pine and fir trees. The architecture of this building is imposing and it has almost



the appearance of a castle. The front entrance is like the entrance to some monastery. There is a heavy iron plate on the door on which is carved a great octopus, while the knocker is a large beetle. These ugly figures do not add cheer to an already gloomy aspect.

An artist who was visiting the town was much impressed by this house and he decided to paint it. One day as he sat working he began to have a sort of nervous feeling come over him.

"Oh, ancient house," he said aloud, "are you truly haunted? If so, what is the reason?"

To his great amazement there followed after his words a low wailing which gradually grew into a mournful voice.

"Yes I am haunted, haunted by a dread secret. Within my walls are concealed many withered corpses."

Then the artist awoke from his doze and realized that the sound he had heard was only the rising wind whistling in the pines. Yet he was much influenced by his dream and a few days later he persuaded one of his friends to explore the deserted house with him. They found no signs of dead bodies up-stairs nor down and decided that if there were any corpses they must be in the cellar. As they opened the door at the top of the cellar stairs an extremely unpleasant odor greeted them.

"There!" exclaimed the artist, "Don't tell me now that that dream was all foolishness. It's pitch dark down here so get your electric light ready."

Grown men as they were they felt a terrible chill of fear in descending into this cellar which was now so much like a sepulchre.

As the search light was turned in all directions they saw no awful corpse, but the odor made them sure that something was concealed here. They at last found it to be the worst in one corner where there seemed to be a small cupboard in the wall.

"Our search is surely ended now," said the artist's friend, "do you think we even need to look in here. Why not send for the coroner without doing any more."

Just then he suddenly lost his balance and fell against the cupboard door. It opened and inside was revealed strung on a stick a row of decayed dried herrings.

C. M. ELDRED, '15.

### NEWSPAPER HEROES.

A few days ago while glancing over a few of these peculiar editorials of the Sunday Bugle my attention was drawn to a page entitled, "Heroes, Past and Present." Well, that looked pretty inviting and I bravely tackled the situation. (Even I was beginning to do the hero stunt.

The writer of the article was certainly some ink-slinger. One of his "heroes" by the name

of Jack—most every hero is a Jack or Fred or Dick or Bill—had risked his life in order to save the pet guinea pig of his sweetheart. Some hero, you bet, and my interest began to soar but as yet my enthusiasm didn't bubble. Again I came across Jack. This time he was working for a lowly carpenter. One day while hammering on the roof of a ninety story building, he chanced to see a young girl fall from a bridge into a river. Jack forgetful of all danger, rushed to the edge of the roof, carefully calculated the distance to plunge from the roof and land in the river, then jumped, landed in the river beside the supposed girl, but found that he had risked his life for a bag of rubbish. "Tough luck, old top!" said I to myself. Nevertheless I kept reading.

Again I came across Jack. This time he was a steeplejack painting the flagpole on the Singer building. Some stunt, alright! Suddenly his attention was focused upon a little kitten which somehow had become marooned on the spire of Trinity church. He could see its mistress down in the street pointing to the cat and weeping bitterly. A throng had already congregated but as yet no one had offered to rescue Tabby. Now our friend Jack gets busy. He has a big coil of rope, which he winds up and throws for the spire. He catches the spire, makes fast to the flagpole, then goes hand over hand and at last gets the cat. But how can he get back with the cat under one arm? Oh! he uses his teeth and by means of his teeth, his feet and his other free arm he gets back and gives up the cat. Now he is to receive a reward. The cat's owner proudly steps forward and takes Jackie into a waiting limousine, then they speed to the little church around the corner, go in and come out as one. Thereupon Jack learns that he is a rich man because his wife is the highest stock-holder in the United Collar Button Corporation. Wouldn't you undergo some of Jack's stunts for such a reward? Decide for yourself, I am neutral.

CHARLES W. EATON, '15.

### THE DOUBLE VICTORY.

#### Chapter I.

"Aunty, I can't find any dress suitable to wear this evening to the ball," said Dorothy Kilham, who was visiting with her aunt at a hotel in Berlin.

"Well, Dorothy," said Mrs. Stanton, "you had better wear that pretty pink dress which is so becoming to you. I want you to look your best for I am going to introduce you to a German lieutenant whom I met the other day. When I was trying to carry all my bundles he came up and asked if I needed help. I like him very much and I think you will, also. But hurry, Dorothy, because it is getting late and we will have to start in a little while."



"All right, I will be ready in a few minutes, but you will have to tell me more about the German when we are on our way." Off she hurried to her room.

In a few minutes she came tripping down the stairs very radiant and pretty in her frock and jewels and going up to her aunt asked her if she looked well enough to meet that German officer of hers.

"Now don't talk nonsense, Dorothy, but hurry right along," said her aunt.

In a few minutes they were on their way. Dorothy was asking all manner of questions about the German officer whose name she had learned was Rudlof Von Derenburg. "What kind of a man is he? Is he good looking? Do you think he will want to call on us to-morrow evening? Anyway I hope I shall like him." These were some of the questions which were asked.

Dorothy found that Rudlof devoted himself to her all the evening and at her departure he gained permission to call the next evening at the hotel. But this was not the only evening. They were together a great deal and at last Derenburg asked Dorothy to marry him. She accepted him but did not plan to marry until she would return to America.

"Dorothy, Rudlof called here this afternoon while you were out and he wants to know if you will go with him to the theatre. If you will, write him a note," said Mrs. Stanton, after her niece returned from her walk.

"All right, Aunt, I will go directly and write a note to tell him. By the way, have you heard about the French and Germans. They are all talking about war. I hope war does not break out before I leave Germany. Anyway I shall not leave Berlin any sooner than I intended to."

Off she hurried up the stairs to write her note. When finished it read:

My dear Rudlof:

I am sorry not to have been in this afternoon when you called but Aunt gave me the message. I gladly accept. I also wish to ask you about the talk concerning the war.

Goodbye until this evening,

Dorothy.

Calling in a messenger Dorothy sent this note to Rudlof.

"Who is that American girl sitting over in that box with the German, Derenburg?" asked a Frenchman, Louis Dupont, of his friend who was with him.

"Why that is Miss Dorothy Kilham who is staying with her aunt, Mrs. Stanton, at a hotel here. She happens to come from the same city as I do, New York, and I know her well. Would you like an introduction?" said his friend.

"Isn't she a pretty girl! I believe I am in love with her already. Is she engaged to Derenburg?"

"Yes, I believe so."

"Well anyway, give me an introduction and you will see whether I win or not in separating them."

Then they made their way over to the box where Dorothy and Rudlof were sitting. Dorothy thought the Frenchman was a very refined young man but she also thought that he would make some kind of trouble.

When Dupont returned to his own box he got as much information concerning Dorothy as he could. He said, "If the German thinks he can beat or get ahead of a Frenchman he is mistaken because I shall try in every possible way to get Derenburg out of my way and then set to work to win Dorothy." Dupont knew that war would break out sometime or other and hoped that he would have a chance of taking Derenburg prisoner. Dupont said to himself, "I have found out the hotel in which Dorothy is staying and I shall go there and try to be with her as much as I can and in that way make Derenburg think that Dorothy is not true to him."

The next day while Dupont was trying to find Dorothy at the hotel she was in her aunt's room talking about him.

"Aunt, don't you think that that Frenchman means to make trouble for us? I think he will have something to do about the war if it is stirred up. I will avoid him myself all I can. I know that Rudlof does not like him and I do not wish to have anything to do with anyone whom Rudlof does not like. Rudlof said this morning that he wouldn't be a bit surprised if war was declared between France and Germany any time. Then Rudlof will have to go to war and I may never see him again. But let us hope for the best."

"Now, Dorothy, do not get so excited about a matter like that. I am sure that if war is going to be declared that it will be declared soon. Tomorrow we shall find out for sure. Until then do not worry but enjoy yourself."

MYRA GEGGATT.

## Chapter II.

It was about ten in the morning and Dorothy was reading in her room at the hotel, when there was a knock on the door.

"Come in," she called in response to the knock.

The door opened and Van Derenburg rushed into the room with a morning paper in his hand. The following headlines were printed in large, black type:

**GERMANY DECLARES WAR ON FRANCE  
ALL TROOPS ORDERED TO THE FRONT.**

"That means you will have to go, too?" said Dorothy.

"Yes," he replied, "the troops leave in the morning."

"If you were not in the army," she said. "Now we can't have the wedding, and you





might be killed. Oh! dear, I don't know what to do."

"But you know I am General Van Holstein's lieutenant and do not have to do much dangerous work," he answered.

After a few minutes conversation Rudlof left Dorothy to see his General.

That afternoon Dorothy shut herself in her room and would see no one but her maid.

"Why had she come to Germany and fallen in love with a German officer who might have to go to war any moment, as France and Germany were having trouble most of the time?" she asked herself.

She went to bed with a heavy heart, and did not get up until late the next morning.

Everywhere there were throngs of people waiting for news and developments from headquarters. Traffic was impossible, for the streets were crowded with mobs of people in front of the paper stands and the offices of the papers.

Dupont, who was staying in Berlin was glad Von Derenburg would have to go to war and stood a good chance of getting killed; he might get a chance to marry Dorothy after all.

As soon as he heard the news he took a train for Paris. On reaching the capitol he went to the government head-quarters and enlisted as a private. He was given several papers containing the French plan of attack which he was to carry to the French commander on the field.

#### MILTON L. FULLER.

##### Chapter III.

The news of the war had spread afar, and the troops were seen practising and preparing.

Dorothy could see the troops from the hotel where she was staying and she never tired of seeing their bright uniforms as they passed by.

Rudlof was at the hotel every spare moment of his time. Dorothy grew interested in the rules of the camps and grounds and it was not long before she knew all the particulars.

The time was drawing near for the leaving of the troops and everything was in a great confusion. A month had passed since the troops began to prepare.

It was a bright morning in the early part of June. Dorothy was sitting idly on the veranda with an unopened book on her lap. Her thoughts seemed to wander and she imagined she saw her lover lying wounded on the battle field and the thought of seeing so many lying wounded and bleeding before night made her shudder and she opened her book.

From the distance the sound of horses feet and the noise of the drums sounded familiarly and she rushed out to the street.

After the troops had gone and the sound of the drums had died away the impressive scene of mothers and sweethearts bidding farewell to their loved ones some of whom might never

return again, remained in her mind.

Dorothy stood watching the troops as they passed by one by one, until she saw Rudlof dismount from his horse and come forward to meet her.

The parting with Rudlof was never forgotten by Dorothy and the words "I will be true" rang in her ears.

Rudlof gave her a passport which would be useful to her in the future. And he also gave her the officers' ring which she greatly prized.

Many nights Rudlof was seen sitting by the camp fire gazing at the beautiful picture of Dorothy.

The last of the troops had passed and Dorothy returned to the hotel to await the news the following days.

ETHEL M. CAHOON.

##### Chapter IV.

Early in the morning while the German camp was still sleeping one of their spies came creeping up to the General's tent. The sentry gave the order to halt. The spy halted and when he was asked what he wanted he gave the password and said he wanted to speak to General Von Heidenburg.

The sentry went into the General's tent and awoke him. When he was awake the sentry told him that Van Eps, a spy, wished to speak with him. As Van Eps was the General's best spy, he immediately told the sentry to bring him in. When Van Eps came in he saluted and then dropped into a chair, saying as he did so, "I am very tired and am in need of food but I must tell you first that the French are at Liege. I saw them this morning."

"How many men have they?" said the General.

"As near as I can estimate, about ten thousand," said Van Eps.

"We will attack them in the morning."

When Van Eps went out to get a bed and something to eat he went to the tent of his friend Rudlof Von Derenburg and told him what he had seen. Rudlof listened until he was through and then told him that he was going to cover his company with glory tomorrow or no man would.

When morning came the bugler was ordered to blow the call to "break camp" or get ready for a march. The men obeyed willingly for they had had nothing to do for two weeks and now they expected something was coming and everywhere was heard the talk of battle.

In fifteen minutes they were ready and the army started.

They had been marching for about three hours when suddenly the advance guard came running back and said that they had met a large body of French who had driven them back. Then the spy came back and reported that Liege was about a mile away. The General marched his troops within a half a mile



of the city and then set his men to digging trenches. They had them about half completed when the French commenced to fire.

This "sniping" kept up for about fifteen minutes and then the order was given to get down in the trenches. The men got down the best they could and waited for further orders. Suddenly the French were seen coming across the fields in front. The men became impatient, they wanted to fire; what was the matter with the officers?

Suddenly the order to fire came, the men jumped up and taking a quick aim, fired and the battle was on.

The roar of musketry was terrific and when the Krupp guns and rapid fire guns were put into action one would have to screech to be heard. Men could be seen falling all around, while a steady stream of wounded men were seen going or being helped to the rear.

In the midst of all this turmoil was Rudlof encouraging his men and trying to make them think that they were winning. In his own mind he knew that the end must come suddenly.

For about thirty-five minutes honors were about even when suddenly the French started a charge. The Germans saw it coming but could do nothing but retreat. They started to fall back when a roar was heard behind them. They turned around and there was another body of Frenchmen who in the heat of battle had slipped around behind them and now had them trapped like rats in a trap.

It was then that Rudlof showed his bravery. He stood up and cried to his men, "Men, will you follow me?" As one voice they replied "Yes." He started a charge but the French had a great many more men and he failed in his attempt to get out of the trap. Soon the Germans were cut down to a mere handful and seeing that it was slaughter to fight any longer they surrendered.

Rudlof and the other officers fought until they were knocked down and compelled to give in. They were taken away from the scene of battle into a large building where they stayed over night and when morning came they started on a long march.

CARL HOWLAND.

#### Chapter V.

After Rudlof was captured he was taken to a large body of his friends who had been captured, and who were then prisoners. They were taken to one of the smaller prison camps.

Louis was put in charge of the camp and was ordered to keep strict watch over the prisoners and not allow any to escape.

He spent most of his time in and around the camp. One day as he was walking through the camp he was surprised to hear someone call his name.

He stopped and asked, "Who called?" "I

did," replied Rudlof. Louis was surprised and pleased, after a fashion. After this Louis would give Rudlof all the disagreeable work around the camp.

One day Rudlof refused to do as he was told. As a result he was given nothing to eat for three days, but this was no hardship, for his friends shared theirs with him.

As Louis was walking through the camp one day he thought of a plan to worry Dorothy.

He went to Rudlof and told him that Dorothy would not wait for him because she would think him dead. He tried to compel Rudlof by threats to write a letter supposed to be on his deathbed, telling of his condition and advising her to marry Louis. If he didn't do this he would be shot.

Rudlof refused this and Louis went to his tent to think of another plan. For two hours he was seen sitting by his table, then he began to write. Ten minutes passed; twenty minutes and then an hour passed.

He arose and put the letter in an envelope. Then he addressed it to Miss Dorothy Kilham. He sent for a messenger and gave him the letter. As he went out he was heard to say, "I guess that will fix her."

WARREN O. BOWMAN.

#### Chapter VI.

Dorothy sat reading in the parlor with her aunt when the bell gave a loud peal. Dorothy jumped up and rushed to the door. There stood a boy with a message for her. She took the message and signed the book.

She ran to her aunt and with trembling hands opened the following note:

Miss Kilham:—Lientenant Von Derenburg was killed in the battle of Liege.

Louis Dupont.

Dorothy burst into tears and her aunt hastened to soothe her.

"Shall I return to America, Auntie?" said Dorothy.

"Why my dear, you cannot return now that war is declared," replied her aunt.

"Well, I don't believe Rudlof is dead. I think that that Frenchman is not telling the truth," said Dorothy.

"Why don't you go to Henry Reibolt, he is at the head of the Information Office, and ask him about Rudlof," said her aunt.

"That will be the best thing," replied Dorothy. Jumping up and putting on her hat soon Dorothy was on her way to the Information Office.

When she arrived Henry Reibolt received her kindly and Dorothy told him about the note.

"We can look in the death list of the battle. I just received the list before you came," said Henry Reibolt. Upon looking at the death list they found that Rudlof's name was not among them.



"I knew Louis Dupont was deceiving me. What can I do to find where he is?" said Dorothy.

"Wait a minute," replied Reibolt.

Henry Reibolt wrote a note to General Fallere's asking if Lieutenant Von Derenburg had been killed or had been taken prisoner.

Dorothy went home and about five o'clock received a note from General Falleres.

Miss Kilham:—Lieutenant Von Derenburg was taken prisoner by the French yesterday in the Battle of Liege.

General Falleres.

Dorothy and her aunt then planned what they could do.

It was finally decided that Dorothy dress as a peasant woman and sell vegetables, fruit, and flowers to the soldiers. With her passport which Rudlof had given her she could pass the French sentry and in this way see GALLEY 5.

Rudlof and help him to escape.

MYRA ELLIS.

#### Chapter VII.

Although her friends had warned her of the great dangers she would encounter Dorothy said that she must find out the truth about her lover. So bidding her aunt and other friends of the party good-bye, she set out for Liege.

Liege is in the northeastern part of Belgium near the border of Germany. Here one of the fiercest battles of the war had taken place and here it was that her lover Lient. Von Derenburg had been wounded and taken prisoner by the French. It was to this place she must go. To do this it was necessary to travel through Germany up into Belgium. It was a dangerous undertaking but she must do it. On leaving Germany, she was able to get a train to Cologne where reinforcements were being carried.

Several times she was obliged to show her passport but because it had Lieut. Von Derenburg's name signed to it everyone did as much as they could for her and said she must leave the country at once. They advised her to take a train to Paris but she said she had business to see after in Cologne and would be obliged to remain here sometime. She did not tell anyone the truth of her errand and no one thought wrong of her.

The hardest part of her journey was still before. It was necessary for her to travel through the country where the armies had trodden and where towns and cities had been destroyed. Day after day she travelled along, weary and exhausted for want of food and rest, passing villages where all the houses had been destroyed, the crops burned and only a few people left who had escaped the enemy. It was terrible to pass along and see these horrors of war, to see men still lying on the field, their comrades not having had time to bury them.

Here and there were tents where the wounded were cared for. She stopped at a great many of these to ask the direction to Liege. They asked her errand but she only would show them her passport. At all these camps she was allowed to do what she wished and go where she wished and the best of everything was provided for her. But she knew it was of no use to seek her lover here because this was a German camp and not French.

One night very weary and dispiring she came upon a German hospital. Having heard the roar of guns all day she thought that the line of battle was near and that Liege was not far away. She stopped here over night and in the morning she was given her leave and also a horse, being informed that Liege was only five miles away and was warned to be very careful.

Meeting with no mishap she reached Liege about noon. Here the terrible battle had taken place in which the Germans had been defeated and her lover taken prisoner. She had a hard time entering the city because the French and Belgium troops held it. Having been searched by the officers for papers or anything to do with the plans of the war, she was allowed to enter.

STANLEY GIFFORD.

#### Chapter VIII.

Dorothy remained in Liege several days but finding no trace of Rudlof she left and journeyed through many of the largest prisons in Northern France.

Day after day she traveled over rough roads until she came to the Seine.

On the banks was a small, town. She walked through the streets until she came to a small inn and asked for a place to rest. The poor inn keeper gave her a rude cot in the attic.

Dorothy did not sleep for many hours. Her back ached for the cot had no springs and only straw for the mattress. Late in the night she fell asleep.

Dorothy awoke with a start. What was that awful rumbling and that terrible racket? She saw flames creeping up through the floor. Now, anyway, her long search would be ended. She crept to the window and looked out. Only sounds came from the darkness. No one was near to stretch out a helping hand. The floor gave in and then—darkness.

It seemed ages before she came to. She could hear talking and people as they rushed about. She glanced up—Who should be standing beside her but Rudlof!

He said that he was still held prisoner by the French and was forced to aid them in various kinds of work. The French had been camping near the inn and in the middle of the night the Germans had made an attack on them. Before the French could repulse the Germans they had set the inn on fire. When the inn was blazing he heard that there was a poor





peasant girl in the attic so he hastened to rescue her.

Then Dorothy told him all about her wanderings and her fruitless search. She made him promise not to recognize her, no matter in what circumstances he saw her. He reluctantly gave his consent and their conversation was interrupted by a French officer who ordered Rudlof to get to work.

Now that Dorothy had found Rudlof she must stop and plan some means of his escape. She put on her thinking cap and after some hours of deep meditation a bright idea entered her head. Now she had a means of escape for Rudlof!

MARION C. TANGNEY.

### Chapter IX.

Dorothy was very tired when she went home but she was happy because she had seen Rudlof. She did not notice that a French soldier was coming up the street and he spoke before she saw him.

"Good morning, I did not expect to see you here."

"Louis Dupont!" cried the amazed Dorothy, for she was startled.

"Come my sweet Dorothy, may I have the pleasure of escorting you to your room. But what are you doing in those clothes?" asked

Never mind, come with me for I want to speak to you."

Together Louis and Dorothy went to the new inn where the latter stayed and when they reached it Louis said to Dorothy:

"Now I would like to know what you are doing in this place and in those clothes?"

"I am trying to find Rudlof and I have found him," said Dorothy.

Louis winced for he did not expect Dorothy to find out that Rudlof was in prison and he now thought he would never have a chance to win Dorothy for she had branded him as a liar and a villain.

"Louis," exclaimed Dorothy, "how many sentinels are there on the floor where Rudlof's cell is at night?"

"There are two sentinels on that floor at night, myself and another," answered Louis.

"Listen, Louis. If you tell on me I will shoot you and I am a fair shot with a pistol. Will you promise now that you will not tell?"

"I promise," said Louis.

"You may go now," and Dorothy stepped to the door and opened it. Louis left with a sulky "Good-night."

Dorothy went to bed early and awoke late the next morning. After she ate her breakfast she took a walk to refresh herself. She then sat down and began to think of some means to get Rudlof out of prison. First, she would go into the prison and find out in what cell Rudlof lived and on the next day she

would take in a basket of apples and give them to the prisoners. In one of the apples she would hide a note telling Rudlof she was trying to get him out of prison. Then she would write a note to Louis to meet her at the Inn at ten o'clock and if she was not in, to wait until she returned. Then she would go to the prison and shoot the guard with her noiseless pistol, take the keys away from the guard, open the cell door and let Rudlof out. Rudlof would exchange clothes with the guard and together they would escape.

"Now," said Dorothy, "If I can carry those plans through as easily as I have thought them out, it will be quite easy work. But the horrors of killing a man, but I have got to do it!"

HENRY A. BRAGDON.

### Chapter X.

Dorothy's plans worked successfully. About ten o'clock at night she left her room and started out for the prison. On the way she met but a very few people, most of whom were men. As she passed by them, they would stop to look and see who she was. After she was out of sight of the city she had to cross a large field in order to reach the prison. As she was approaching the prison she met Louis just leaving it. He recognized Dorothy, and asked her what she wanted at this time of night.

"Nothing," replied Dorothy, "I am just out for a walk. Louis tried to talk with her but found it useless. So he started off. Dorothy walked towards the building which was but a few yards away. In one of her arms she had some fruit for the prisoners. The apple was for Rudlof with a note in the inside. As she was entering the building, there stood a guard on the outside, whom she asked for permission to enter, saying "I have some fruit to deliver amongst the prisoners."

The guard was very pleasant about it and told her that she might go in but he would have to go with her. Rudlof did not recognize Dorothy when she passed him the apple. He took one bite and found that the inside was gone, but instead he found a note, and then suspected that the woman was Dorothy.

When Dorothy had delivered all of her fruit, she sat down and began to talk with the guard. Dorothy asked him if he was the only guard on watch at night. He told her that he was on every six hours, and that he was alone at present. The guard turned his back to see what was the confusion in one of the cells. As he did so Dorothy fired her pistol at him. He gave one groan and fell to the ground. She examined him thoroughly to see if he was dead. She then examined his pockets, and found the keys which fitted all the cell doors. She walked over to Rudlof's cell, quietly, unlocked it, opened it and walked in. Rudlof was fast



asleep. Dorothy woke him up and told him that she had come to free him.

She passed him the cape which she had taken from the guard. Rudlof slipped it on and they passed out of the cell, arm in arm. They closed the door and locked it. They passed out of the prison into the dark, open field.

EMERSON HANDY.

#### Chapter XI.

Rudlof made good his escape and went to the place which Dorothy had directed and there he found Dorothy and his brother waiting with an extra horse for him.

Rudlof's brother had orders from the Kaiser to return to Berlin and report for service again, so they set out for the German border.

Just before coming to the border they were riding along at an easy gait when they met Louis Dupont by mistake. He tried to get away but they captured him and all agreed to a fair duel.

They rode on a little way until they came to an open space and Rudlof and Louis dismounted from their horses, took off their coats, rolled up their sleeves and drew swords.

Rudlof's brother agreed to be second for Louis because he must have some one and Dorothy acted as Rudlof's second.

Rudlof took Dorothy in his arms and kissed her before he took part in the duel.

"That is the last time you will ever kiss her," said Louis.

When all was ready they started, clashed swords and dodged back and forth. Finally Louis had Rudlof's sword down and it looked bad for him when Rudlof with a quick jump got out of Louis' way and pricked his arm with his sword. When Rudlof did this Louis turned white while Dorothy jumped up and down and cried with delight.

They drew off again and went at it once more. This time Rudlof had the better of it while Louis seemed to be weakening all the time.

Rudlof became a little reckless and Louis very quickly got out of the way and this time it was Rudlof's arm that was pricked but it was nothing but a skin cut. This only enraged Rudlof and made him more careful than ever. Rudlof and Louis were both clever swordsmen, but Louis was more skillful while Rudlof was quicker. Once again it looked as though Louis had Rudlof when the latter by a quick jump back, freed his sword and plunged it into Louis upto the hilt before the Frenchman knew what had happened.

After searching Louis he found valuable papers that showed he was a secret service man and not a private; later you will see what good these papers did.

Then Rudlof took Dorothy in his arms and said, "Well, little girl, I guess that wasn't the last one after all." Then mounting their

horses they went on with one enemy out of the way.

ROGER C. HEWINS.

#### Chapter XII.

Having killed Dupont, Von Derenburg returned to camp. As it chanced the Kaiser was reviewing the troops and while at the camp he happened to hear of the duel between Von Derenburg and Dupont. Von Derenburg gave to him the plans which he had taken from the Frenchman and the Kaiser called together his staff so that they could work out plans that would oppose these. The staff, seeing the very great importance of these plans, suggested that an attack should be made immediately because, if they could win this victory, it would be of great help to them. The Kaiser, after the staff had made plans for the charge, gave the word and sent messengers to various parts of the line to give them instruction of the charge.

Not more than three hours after the word had been given, the Gernans had gained a victory, which proved to be a great loss to the Allies.

The next day the Kaiser called Lieut. Von Derenburg to him. The Kaiser told him that he was going to present him with an iron cross which was given him for valor.

"Did you know who that Frenchman was that you killed yesterday?" asked the Kaiser.

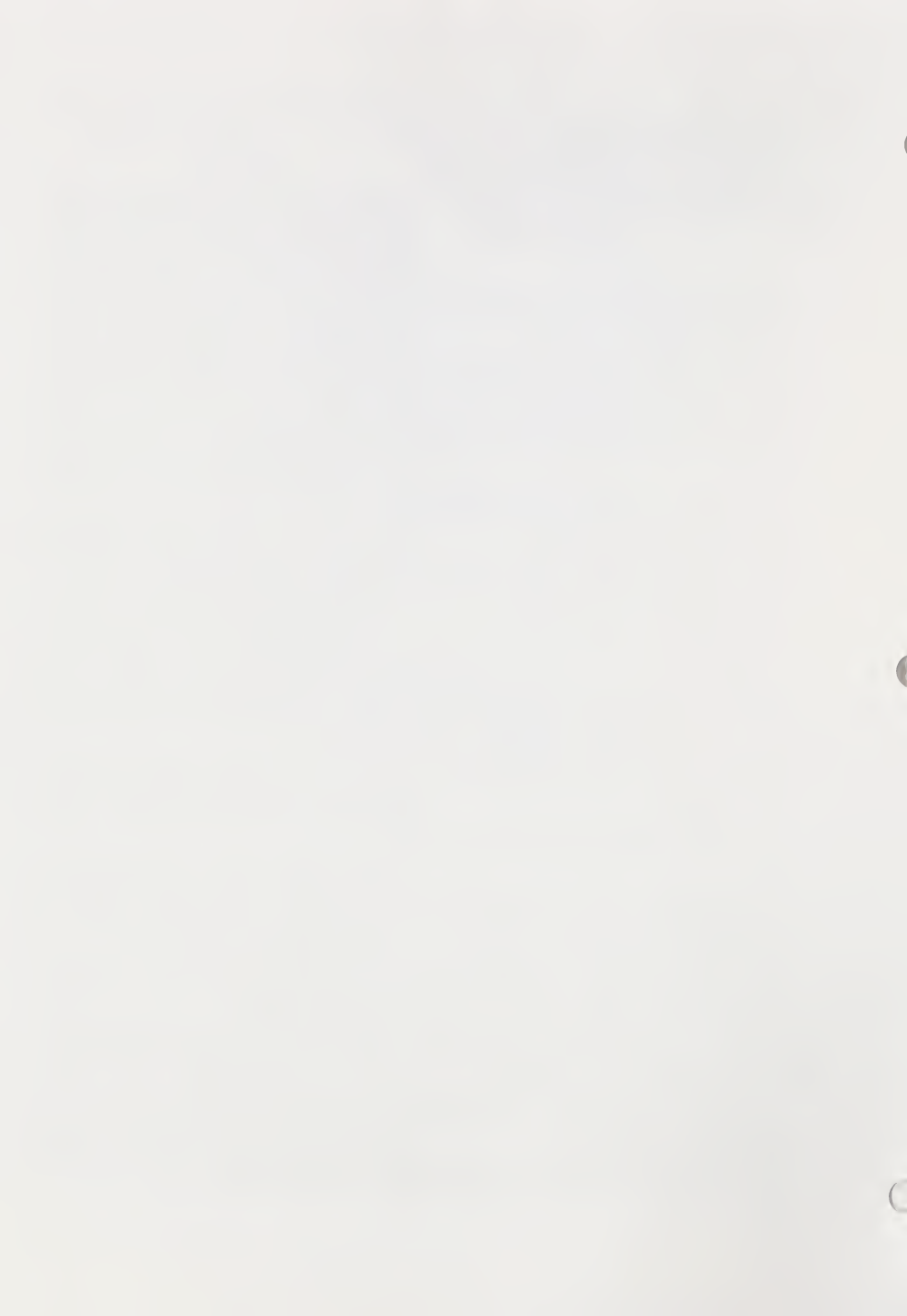
"I should say that I did," said Von Derenburg. "He has been trying to marry my sweetheart while I was in prison. It was through her cleverness that I escaped and had a chance to kill this Frenchman. Now we are waiting for the war to cease so that we can get married."

"Gen. Von Derenburg," said the Kaiser, "you will not have to wait until the war is over. Bring your sweetheart to my palace at Berlin tonight and you will have the finest wedding that a German in the Fatherland has ever had."

They then departed not to see each other until that night. Gen. Von Derenburg went to a nearby small village and told Dorothy all of the happenings. She was very glad and at once prepared for her journey.

An hour later they left the house to see if they could find an auto but to their great surprise one of the Kaiser's large automobiles was waiting for them.

After speeding along for more than an hour they came to the castle. Here they were greeted courteously by the Kaiser and the Kaiserin. The Kaiser was not dressed in military uniform but in evening clothes. They were led into a beautifully decorated room, at the end of which there was an altar which served as the place of prayer in the castle. They had not been in the room for more than ten minutes when the Crown Prince and the Royal Chaplain came into the room.



The wedding followed and afterwards a feast was given in honor of the happy couple, General and Frau Von Derenburg.

The next day Rudlof left for his new position in the field and Dorothy returned to the quiet inn waiting for the time when Rudlof would return to her so that they could live a happy life together.

CARL E. ANDERSON.

### "POOR KIDD."

#### (May his bones rest in Peace.)

It was a dark and dreary day in the last of April in 1908. Cool April showers were falling outside and hardly a person could be seen on the streets. Lying on a rug in front of the fireplace in a big old-fashioned mansion were two boys, Ralph and Joe Whittemore, listening to their grandfather who was telling them a story.

The boys had found an old tin box in the attic that day and on opening it had found maps giving the location of two places, one on the island of Haiti and the other on the island of Cuttyhunk.

The maps gave the location by feet from certain objects and on each of them were crosses and directly under the cross the words, "Buried Here."

"My father handed down this story to me," began grandfather. "Father was very intimate with Capt. Kidd and while away on one of his voyages, the Captain sent him a packet of letters in which there were these two, one of which you will notice has no address on it. A few days later we received another note from the Captain saying that he had lost a letter with no address on it, which he wanted very much to keep for private reasons, and asking if it had come in the packet. We were just going to send it to him when we heard of his death, so we kept it and it has been handed down to me with the other map and now I am going to give it to you boys." \* \* \*

Two years later the two boys camping down on Cape Cod, on hearing an old salt mention Cuttyhunk, decided to send to their grandfather for the map of the place. On receiving it they laid their plans for a visit to this island and engaged a motor boat for the trip.

At last the morning for which they had planned came and with their lunches and a couple of spades the boys started off. They had another fellow with them who ran the motor boat and who knew the waterways around Cape Cod very well.

Arriving at Cuttyhunk about noon, Ralph and Joe set out immediately with their spades in search of two large prominent rocks on the south side of the island. Catching sight of the rocks a few rods away they soon came up to them. Examining the map again they saw

that the cross, under which the words "Buried Here" were placed, was situated on the west side of the first rock.

The boys selected a place and commenced digging excitedly, their minds full of Spanish treasure and gold. About two feet down, Ralph's spade hit something solid. Both started digging more rapidly than before and soon a two-by-four iron box appeared with handles at the sides. Lifting it up, they carefully deposited it on the ground.

Both crowded around it with breathless interest and Joe took his spade and pried open the cover.

The boys started forward, expecting to see a pile of glittering gold but instead, there lay before them the ancient and honorable white and glistening bones of Captain Kidd's pet dog, Kidd, Jr.

WILLIAM P. KELLEY, '16.

### A GLIMPSE INTO THE FUTURE.

It was a hot day in May. I was working hard on bookkeeping trying to catch up with my class. Some how things didn't go right and after adding a column of figures three times and getting different answers, I slammed my books in the desk and strolled from the building not knowing where I was going. The first thing I knew I was at the back side of Shiverick's pond. It was cool and shady there under the large oaks. I glanced across the pond and saw Lawrence High school, the building I had just left. As I stood looking at the building, right in front of my eyes came those bookkeeping books; one week behind and due in two days! Just then I heard a voice say "I must hurry if I don't—."

"Hurry!" I intercepted the speaker. "I guess you haven't much to do along side of me. One week's work in two days!"

"Oh! that's nothing," said the voice. "Suppose you had to travel miles and miles and miles and miles and—."

"Oh! shut up, will you? Where and who in thunder are you, anyway?" I roared, looking in the bushes for some one.

"Right here, Sir," said a quick voice. Right in front of me stood a little man. He was about two feet tall and nearly as broad. He was dressed in bright green from head to toe.

"What can a little fellow like you do?" I asked, pointing my finger at him.

"Oh! I will show you," he said, pulling out a watch which was also green. "Come," he continued and led me to a little green flying machine. I jumped in and he after me. We started to go straight up and it seemed as if we would never stop.

"Oh!" I gasped, "When will we stop?"

"When we get there," said the little man with a chuckle, pointing to a star.

"What do you go there for?" I asked.





"My job," he said, "is to light and tend the tars."

He had no more than finished his sentence when the machine bumped into something. The little green man took a ring which was fastened to the machine by a rope and threw it over one point of the star. He jumped out of the machine and disappeared inside the star, leaving me hanging there in the machine. He was soon back and on his way to other stars.

At last he said "Now we will go down." As we went I could hardly see anything and all at once it looked as if the ground came up to meet us. There was a bump and thump and the next thing I knew someone had hold of me, shaking me and hallowing, "Get in there. Get in there."

I was pushed in a box and the door was closed. The box started to go, but pretty soon it stopped, the door flew open and I jumped out. Right in front of me was the largest building I believe I ever saw. I looked at it more closely and over the door was printed in large letters, "Lawrence High School." I started to enter the building when all at once the thought came to me, "How did I get here?" I turned around and there in a hole in the ground was the box-like thing I came in. The door was open and a man stood in the doorway smiling.

"How—How—did I get here?" I asked.

"In this thing you came under the pond," he replied.

"I see," I said, "Is it driven by electricity?"

"Electricity? No." he said. "Where have you been all these years? Electricity hasn't been used for a long time. Everything is driven by compressed air now, it is much cheaper."

I entered the High school and as I stood in the hall I didn't know which way to go. Over one door was printed in large letters, Library, so I entered there. It was a large room and many young men and women were reading. I stood looking around, surprised, when a lady came to me and said, "Can I help you?" I stood looking at her and then she said, "Were you looking for anything?"

"Y—e—s," I answered.

But what would I be looking for in a high school? I asked myself. "Why the principal, of course," was the answer and as Mr. Howland was principal, I said, "Yes, Mr. Howland."

She looked at a paper and said, "Howland, Howland; here it is in row D, rack G, third shelf from the bottom," pointing to a row of books. I went where she directed, wondering what Mr. Howland was doing on a shelf. I found the place but instead of finding Mr. Howland himself I found books about him.

I now left the library and wandered around the building and in asking questions I found that it was March 15, 2000, and that all the

teachers and scholars I had gone to school with had left, but I found out that Mr. David Butler was still janitor.

I went to him and we had a pleasant talk and he told me about all the changes. One thing that interested me was the easy time the scholars had. They sat, or rather lived in the main hall and didn't have to leave the hall to go to classes. Each student had a little room by himself which was glassed in. The room contained a desk, chair, couch, and bookcase. If the student became tired of sitting up he could lie down and study. All of the written work was sent through a pipe by compressed air to the teacher's room and after it was corrected it was sent back to the students in the same way. Each room was connected by telephone and the students gave their lessons over the 'phone.

I now found myself in the hall again. It began to fill up with students all of whom I never saw before. All at once they fell back on both sides, leaving a path in the center. A boy dressed in blue came down this path with a piece of paper in his hand, calling a name I could not understand. When he was abreast of me he called it again and it was my name.

"That's me! That's me!" I cried, and pushing my way through the crowd I caught him by the arm.

The next thing I knew I was down by the pond; the only thing that saved me from falling in was a limb I was holding and down by my feet was a bullfrog croaking.

HENRY HOLMES, '16.

### THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.

The great secret of success today is concentration and specialization. What those words imply should be studied by everyone who would succeed in business. It means that the one aim of the man's life should have preference over everything else. It means that he must forgo those pleasures and studies that interfere with the carrying on of his work. It means the concentration of all the man's energies on the one object in life.

Many a young man has lost his position or foregone all possibilities of advancement because he would not give up the evening dissipations. As a result, perhaps, he went to his work the next morning only half alert to the things of the moment, and let opportunities pass unnoticed.

A good sleep is necessary for one who would succeed in business. The evening should not be spent in worthless amusement but on the other hand the man must forget his business long enough to take rest and recreation.

A man who is rested can accomplish as much in two hours as a tired man can in four. To be successful in any business a man must be prepared to undertake it. He must investi-



gate the minute particulars of the work and understand every detail.

He must study to become familiar with any inventions in his line, or any new ideas that could be applied to his work. After he has convinced himself of the value of these new ideas he must not hesitate to put them to use. To be a "back number" is a failure.

The man who would succeed in his business must bring to his work interest and enthusiasm. The man who is ashamed of his job, who feels that his work is beneath him, will be a failure; unless a man loves his work and idealizes it, he cannot enter into the proper spirit of the undertaking and will do only mediocre work.

To succeed in business a man must choose that work for which he is best fitted by nature. There are too many human misfits; square pegs in round holes. No man is in his right place unless in his every thought all other problems are subordinate to those to be solved by his work.

The man who would succeed in his work must not work spasmodically, when the mood takes him, but must keep eternally at it. The man who would succeed in business must learn to use the cyclopedia of his own mind. If one only learns so that he can call forth from this store of knowledge whatever he requires, he will be able to accomplish much more in his work.

Men fail in business because of this lack of concentration due to wrong early training, or lack of special training along the lines of the work for which they are best fitted.

Many boys, today, are growing up without the necessary kind of instruction before they enter the business world, and consequently are compelled to begin their careers much lower in the scale of wages than if they had focused their attention and energy upon those studies best fitted to their chosen occupation.

Just as a man who values his farm will be careful that worthless seeds are not sowed on his farm, so should the man, who values the future welfare of his son, see to it that his last school years are not entirely filled with purely academic studies that may have comparatively little bearing upon his success as a practical business man.

The time may not be far off when Domestic Science, Agricultural and Technical Training Courses will be given the front rank in High school curricula, especially for those who enter the business world having decided beforehand that a college course would be impossible.

H. H. COBURN,  
Director Manual Training.

### SCHOOL NOTES.

The writers of the Junior class directory in the last (April) number of "The Voice," ac-

identally omitted the name of Arnold Swift. However, we will spare Swift the embarrassment of having his characteristics appear separately from those of his classmates.

It is hoped to make the first number of "The Voice" next year an Alumni number. Graduates and members of the Alumni, please take notice and if asked to help in any way please 'submit' willingly. Remember, if we have this number, it will be for your benefit and, we hope, pleasure.

Another of the good things planned for next year is to run a view of the town of Falmouth in each issue. Through the courtesy of Mr. Burgess, we will be able to have these cuts at a very small expense.

The Junior's reception to the Seniors will be a masquerade ball to be held on June 18th.

### SOPHOMORE NOTES.

Several members of the class have received their class pins. The pin is small and circular in shape. It is edged with gold and has a garnet band with the words "Lawrence High School" on it. Inside the band is '17. The colors are garnet and gold. Another order may be sent in soon.

Both divisions in Sophomore English wrote a book for the exhibition on May 28, 1915. A plot was worked up in class, likewise each chapter, then every pupil in the class was given a chapter to write. The cover of one book called "Philip Harris, American," was designed by Kenneth Clark. The other, "The Double Victory," was designed by Stanley Gifford and Carl Anderson. "The Double Victory" is in this issue of "The Voice."

There is some difference between pheasant and peasant, Carl.

Teacher:—"Take that gum out of your mouth."

Pupil:—"I hav'n't any now."

"Well," replied the teacher, "appearances are very much against you. Your face is a good deal fatter on one side than the other."

"If you would stop sitting on your elbows you might accomplish something," said a teacher to a pupil.

Pupil:—"I am not sitting on my elbows." ?

Pupil, translating: "Il venait, il arrivait—" "He was coming, he was going. How strange!"

In reading French C. B. pronounced the word gauche, as gosh! Better not get too slan'gy.

Pupil translating: "Jolie Coeur s'e'tait pose' les mains sui les hauches etc. Jolie Coeur was resting his hands on his haunches."

L. W. reading another pupil's theme:—

Her eyes struck her feet—

"What did you mean, Mary?"



Des femmes qui tri cot aunt on qui causaient. The women were knitting or crocheting.

K. C. in telling a story of Silas Mainer who lived about 1720, mentioned an automobile. "Well," said little K-I-y, "it might have been a Ford."

Two Sophomore boys are the constant talk of a few "Freshie" girls.

Gertie asks: "If it is cheaper to send a telegram than a cablegram why don't they telegraph across the ocean?"

Teacher replies: "You never saw telephone poles sticking up out of the water, did you?"

Teacher:—"We shall study, "As You Like It," next week.

Pupil:—"I don't know whether I will like it or not."

Milton is Full (er) knowledge.

Kelly started to tell a theme entitled, "When the Japanese Captured Woods Hole," but was stopped for he was supposed to tell a story he had read.

It would be a great shock to us if F. C. didn't come to class chewing candy or gum.

He said, "Ash Wednesday is the Wednesday before Good Friday." What a lot you know!

Ask Gertie what a "Signboard" is.

We have one or two musical desks in the bookkeeping room.

"Music hath its charms to soothe the savage breast," said the teacher after music period one day. "But it doesn't seem to soothe the boys that come in here and begin wrestling."

### SENIOR CLASS NOTES.

O ma chere cassette (money-box).

"O my dear casket."

Je vous en empecherai bien—

Beginning to translate:—

"I will—er—

"I will—er—

"I will—er—

Teacher:—"Well, I would, if I were you."

"A gate is a framework and a door is a solid."

"How about a screen door, that isn't a solid?"

"That isn't a door."

"A broom is a bundle of broom-corns fastened to the end of a stick to sweep floors with."

What kind of corns are these?

"When you wou walk you move your legs slowly and a faster motion is running."

"Give the explanation of a rainbow."

—"What do you mean, a regular rainbow in the sky?"

"If a pail of paint is poured on a vessel which is larger at one end than the other, which end will have the thinner coat?"

"The smaller end."

"When light travels in a prism does it travel quicker or faster?"

"How is it that you see stars when hit on the head?"

"What does our atmosphere consist of?"

—"Air."

Mr. H.—"What is the number of cow?"

Peanuts:—"I don't know—"

Mr. H.—"Well how many numbers are there in English Grammar?"

Peanuts:—"Three I s'pose, Masculine, Feminine and Neuter."

At what age did Burus die?

'Pop'—1796.

One of the Senior girls is so fond of her school work, that she can't find time to remove her kitchen apron before coming to school.

"Une carte del a provincee." (a map of the province).

Pinky:—"A wagon of the province."

"Vous laissez ma chaise et mon laquais." ("Leave you my carriage, and my valet.")

Translated:—"Leave you my chair and my valet."

Crisis of Burus' life.

(Peanuts) :—"Before his death."

Miss Parker's opinion of the Senior class must be changing. She recently looked them in the English room with her, in order that none might escape.

"What is the opposite of 'to save' (money)?"

F—a—ces:—"Not to save."

Bert in Virgil:—"nec coniugis unquam prætenti taedas aut haec in foedera veni."

"I am not your husband, and—never hope to be."

"Volvens oculos."

"Rolling her eyes."

"En lui embrasant la cheminée." (She kindled the fire.)

Pinky:—"She kissed the chimney."

"Deux yeux oranges."

"Two orange eyes."

"Haut chanoine." (tall cannon.)

Red:—"The high canon."

Promiscuousness.

Red:—"promis cu ousness."

"Is Hamlet feigning madness?"

"No,—why, he isn't really insane yet but if he lived long enough he would have been."

"I wish you boys wouldn't be so affectionate in class, just let each other alone."







### BASE BALL.

On April 10, the Tisbury High school team came to Falmouth to play us in our first game of the season. Tisbury showed poor team work and was defeated by the score of 12 to 3.

April 17, brought Bourne High as our opponent. Burgess, the Bourne pitcher, was hit hard and Falmouth won easily by the score of 14 to 4.

On April 19, the team made the trip to New Bedford, playing the High school team of that city. New Bedford started things at the beginning by getting 8 runs across the rubber. The home team was unable to connect and was defeated by a 16 to 4 score. L. Cahoon and Holmes made several fine catches which prevented the score from being larger.

April 24 opened the Cape Cod League Series with Bourne as our opponents. L. H. S. started right in the first inning by getting across 5 runs. Bourne was unable to score until about the middle of the game when they got 6 runs. W. Powers relieved Bowman in the box and pitched good ball for the time he was on the slab. The final score was 12 to 6.

On May 1 we went to Hyannis. In the 8th L. H. S. went to bat with the score 5 to 3, against them. A great batting rally brought 6 runs across before the smoke cleared away. Hyannis got two runs more before the ninth, making the final score 9 to 7 with L. H. S. on the big end.

May 8 found us with our old rival Sandwich. Both Vodon for S. H. S. and Bowman for L. H. S. pitched fine ball. Vodon fanning 15 while Bowman disposed of 16. by the same

method. Not until the second inning did we get a safe hit and then "Red" broke the ice by getting a fine single over short. We were unable to solve Vodon's delivery and not until the 8th or 9th inning did we make up. The game was full of thrills and not until the disastrous 13th was the game decided, the score being 3 to 2 in favor of Sandwich.

On May 5' we played our second game with Bourne winning easily by a 9 to 1 score.

May 22 found us again with Sandwich as our opponents, this time the game was at Sandwich. It was a poor day to play ball but nevertheless we went just the same. The home team "blew up" in the second inning, thus giving Sandwich the game right then and there. There were few misplays and the game was well played considering the weather and damp grounds. Falmouth tried hard, but in vain, to overcome the lead that Sandwich had made and was defeated by an 8 to 4 score.

On May 29 Hyannis came to Falmouth to play their second game with us. We started right in the first inning and scored 2 runs and kept it up right through the game, winning easily by a 19 to 7 score. The Hyannis pitcher was hit hard and in the 6th inning batting around we scored eleven runs.

This game gave us a last chance for a hold on the championship of the division and if Hyannis can win from Sandwich then all three teams will be tied for first place.

Later—June 12—as Hyannis won from Sandwich the three teams played today at Bourne.

The scores were:—  
Falmouth 2, Hyannis 1; 7 innings.  
Sandwich 3, Falmouth 0.





## BATTING AND FIELDING AVERAGE.

	ab	h	p. c.	po	a	e	p. c.
Baker, lf	35	15	.428	6	0	0	1.000
Gifford, 3b	34	14	.412	12	20	7	.820
A. Powers, c	23	9	.391	44	4	2	.960
Howland, 2b, rf	40	13	.325	18	17	5	.875
S. Bowman, rf, 2b	37	11	.297	10	3	5	.722
L. Cahoon, ss	34	10	.294	10	26	9	.800
Eaton, 1b	14	4	.285	32	2	2	.944
H. Cahoon, cf	21	5	.238	5	2	0	1.000
Holmes, cf	17	4	.235	6	0	0	1.000
Childs, 1b	23	5	.217	53	1	2	.964
G. Bowman, p	35	7	.200	11	23	2	.944
W. Powers, p	16	2	.125	4	1	2	.714
Wright, c	16	2	.125	39	7	0	1.000

Runs: L. Cahoon and Howland 13, Baker 10, A. Powers and S. Bowman 9, H. Cahoon, Childs and G. Bowman 7, Gifford 6, Holmes 5, Eaton 4, W. Powers 1; Stolen bases: Gifford 14, L. Cahoon 13, Baker and S. Bowman 11, Arthur Powers and G. Bowman 6, Howland 5, Harry Cahoon and Childs 4, Eaton 3, Holmes 2, W. Powers and Wright 1; Home runs: S. Bowman 1; Three base hits: Howland and Lester Cahoon; Two base hits: Howland, L. Cahoon and Gifford 3, S. Bowman 2, H. Cahoon, Baker, Holmes, A. Powers and Eaton 1.

## PITCHERS RECORD.

	g	w	l	inns.	ab	h	r	so	bb
				pitch'd					
G. Bowman	9	6	3	76	290	61	49	74	21
W. Powers	2	0	0	7	30	7	6	5	7

## Standing in the League.

### Western Division.

	Won	Lost	Ave.
Falmouth	4	2	.667
Hyannis	4	2	.667
Sandwich	4	2	.667
Bourne	0	6	.000

### Eastern Division.

	Won	Lost	Ave.
Yarmouth	6	0	1.000
Harwich	3	3	.500
Orleans	3	3	.500
Dennis	0	6	.000

At the time this was written Sandwich has forfeited a game to Hyannis creating a triple tie among three teams in the Western Division. This tie will have to be played off before the team which will play Yarmouth for the championship will be decided. See the local paper for the final result as this paper will go to press too late to record the games.

## BASKET BALL.

March 19 the L. H. S. girls played the West Falmouth girls in the town hall. This game

was marked by careful guarding on both sides and resulted in the close score of 5 to 3. During the first half Miss Dennis scored one point on a foul and soon after it a goal from the field for the L. H. S. Then Miss Landers scored one point on a foul for West Falmouth. Miss Handy then made a goal from the field for the L. H. S., making the score 5 to 1, but in the last half of the game Miss Landers made a goal from the field which left the final score 5 to 3 in favor of the L. H. S. Miss Denham played left guard throughout the game in Miss Nicol's place who was unable to be there.

The following week the L. H. S. girls played their last game of the season in the town hall against the Alumni's. This game ended in favor of the High School by a score of 3 to 1. During the first half of the game Miss Handy made a goal from the field for the High School. In the second half Miss Rohmeling scored one on a foul for the Alumnae and Miss Dennis scored one on a foul for the L. H. S. Both teams guarded very closely and the game was won by hard fighting.

The last two games the girls played were played in twelve minute halves.

The L. H. S. lineup is: Lillian Dennis rf; Bertha Handy lf; Myra Ellis c; Evelyn Davis rg; Charlotte Nicol lg.

## TENNIS NOTES.

Two tennis courts have been provided for the boys and girls in the L. H. S. Both courts have been in use most of the time. The pupils seem to enjoy tennis playing more this year than they ever did and are very glad to have courts on the school grounds.

## JUNIOR NOTES.

Friday evening, June 18, the Junior class gave a Masquerade Reception in the Parish House in honor of the Seniors. There were many interesting costumes. Different nationalities were represented besides flowers, witches, sailors and other things. The guests danced from eight o'clock until intermission, then a short entertainment was given by the Juniors and refreshments were served.

On the evening of May 7th, Mr. Frye furnished an entertainment in the high school building which was much enjoyed by everyone. The proceeds of the entertainment went to the Junior class.

A gill of gas,  
A pint of oil,  
A piece of wire  
To make a coil;  
A lump of tin,  
A piece of board,  
Put 'em together  
Voila! A Ford.



## WHO'S WHO IN HIGH SCHOOL.

The orchestra is very proud to say that they have the smallest fellow in school for their flutist.

O. Kelley, the tallest fellow in school, is a Sophomore. He behaves the best of any one in school and makes the least noise when walking to his seat.

K. Clarke never turns around to see what is going on behind him. He doesn't believe in minding other people's business. We all ought to pattern after him.

Pinky is more sober than another boy in school, never whispers in class, never can see a joke, always has his hair combed 'just so.'

'Crab' never starts an argument, never has any side remarks to make and can sing any part from soprano to double bass; also is very bashful.

'Percy' Hatch, the pitcher for the L. H. S. first team is the best all-round athlete in school. He also is the champion base ball thrower on Cape Cod.

'Red' doesn't believe in athletics or in working except on his school work, can never think up any remarks to say unless he has quite a while to think.

Milton is a fine violinist and is going abroad to study after the war.

Carlson the school drummer, is always on time for orchestra rehearsal, and always has his French lesson prepared on time, and always carries a pencil with him.

Myra E. is very graceful and will sometime (sooner or later) be a fancy dancing teacher.

'Cutey' walks straight just like a soldier, never moves her arms and never giggles.

'Peanuts' is very bashful, a fine cornetist, and pianist.

Byron plays the hymns every morning, never whispers and has never had to stay after school.

Arnold leads in the responsive reading, for he can keep his face straight when every one else is laughing.

### The Editor's Lament.

The life of a school paper editor  
Consists in spending his time  
In reading stale jokes and old stories,  
And poems without any rhyme.

The staff all say, "We should worry,"  
They get all the glory and fame;  
The printer gets all the money,  
They leave me the slams and blame.

So tonight as I sit by the fire,  
And gaze at the holes in my socks,  
To my mind this pleasing reflection,  
"My only reward is hard knocks."  
—Exchange.

## EXCHANGES.

We gratefully acknowledge the following exchanges for the years 1914-1915, and hope to hear from them again:—

The Elttrian, Haverhill, Mass.; Lutheran Mirror, Lutheran Normal School, S. D.; The Advance, Salem, Mass.; The Artisan, Bridgeport, Conn.; The Bostonia, Boston University; The Massachusetts Collegian, Amherst, Mass.; The Herald, Holyoke, Mass.; The Middlebury Campus, Middlebury, Vt.; The Oak Leaves, Vassalboro, Maine; The Tripod, Roxbury Latin School, Mass.; The Searchlight, Walpole, Mass.; The Archon, South Byfield, Mass.; The Student, Providence, R. I.; The Oracle, Bangor, Maine; Brown University, Providence, R. I.; The Academician, Pembroke Academy, N. H.; The Argus, Gardner, Mass.; The Red and White, Rochester, N. H.; The Optic, Columbia, Ohio; The Alpha, New Bedford, Mass.; The Pierion, Foxborough, Mass.; The Volunteer, Concord, N. S.; The Chronicle, Hartford, Conn.; The Debater, Wakefield, Mass.; The Sassamon, Natick, Mass.; The Bulkeley News, New London, Conn.; The Blue Owl, Attleboro, Mass.; The Red and Grey, National City, Calif.; The Delphian, Moses Brown, Providence, R. I.; The Maggie, New York, N. Y.; The Authentic, Stoneham, Mass.; The Argonaut, Mansfield, Mass.; The Red and Black, Claremont, N. H.; The Optimist, Newark, N. J.; The Tattler, Kincaid, Kansas; The Echo, Hazelton, Pa.; The Tryout, C. W. Smith, Haverhill, Mass.; The Curiosity Shop, Texarkana, Texas; The Purple and Gold, Franklin, Ky., Latin School Register, Boston; The Missouri H. S., Columbia Missouri; The Oracle, Jacksonville, Fla.; The Tabula, Torrington, Conn.

### As We See Others.

"THE DELPHIAN," Moses Brown School, Providence, R. I.—Fine stories, a few cuts would add wonderfully.

"THE CURIOSITY SHOP," Texarkana, Texas—Jokes exceedingly good.

"THE ECHO," Hazelton, H. S.—Goodly number of stories.

"THE ORACLE," Bangor H. S.—One of the best, if not the best papers we receive.

"MAGPIE," Dewitt Clinton High School, New York—Very interesting and well arranged.

"THE DEBATER," Wakefield High—We are glad to add your paper to our exchange column. Your cover design is very clever.

"THE OPTIC," South High School, Columbus, Ohio—One of our best papers. Drawings exceedingly good.

"THE OPTIMIST," South Side High School, Newark, N. J.—Very clever cover design and well arranged.



"THE ORACLE," Jacksonville, Fla.—Cuts and cartoons very good. The story "To the Fairest" is excellent.

"THE AUTHENTIC," Stoneham High School—A table of contents would improve your paper. Cuts very good and clear.

"THE RED & BLACK," Stevens High School, Claremont, N. H.—Poetry very good; also cover design.

"THE PURPLE & GOLD," Franklin H. S., Franklin, Ky.—Very fine for a small paper.

"THE ARGONAUT," Mansfield High School—Editorials very good; also the story "The Christmas Adventure."

#### JOKES FROM EXCHANGES.

A city girl was taking a course in Agricultural College. After a lecture on "How to increase the Milk Flow," she rose for a question.

"How long," she blushing inquired, "must one beat a cow before she will give whipped cream?"

"Huntley, did you know Moses got his first suit of clothes in Boston?"

Huntley: (coldly) "If you mean Bible Moses, you are mistaken."

"Guess again, old boy. He got them at Jordan Marshes."

Heard in Review Math:—

Mr. M.:—"The examination is a simple one, which you all should pass with ease."

Despairing voice from rear:—"He means with F's."

He (about to propose):—"There's been something trembling on my lips for sometime."

She:—"Why don't you shave it off?"

"Now, John, did you ever see a saw?"

"Yes, sir, I've saw a saw."

"What saw was it you saw, John?"

"It was a see-saw, sir."

"A sea-saucer? Why John, what do you mean?"

"I mean a see-saw, sir."

"And when did you see the sea?"

"Oh, sir, I didn't see the sea, I saw the saw, sir."

"But if you only saw the saw, how saw you the saucer?"

"Well, sir, I have not saw the saucer, I saw the see-saw, sir—see?"

"Well, my boy, if that's the way you see the saws the less saws you see the better. You may take your seat."

And he did.

Stranger: (stopping a newsboy) "Are there any fools in this town?"

Newsboy: "I don't know. Are you lone-some?"

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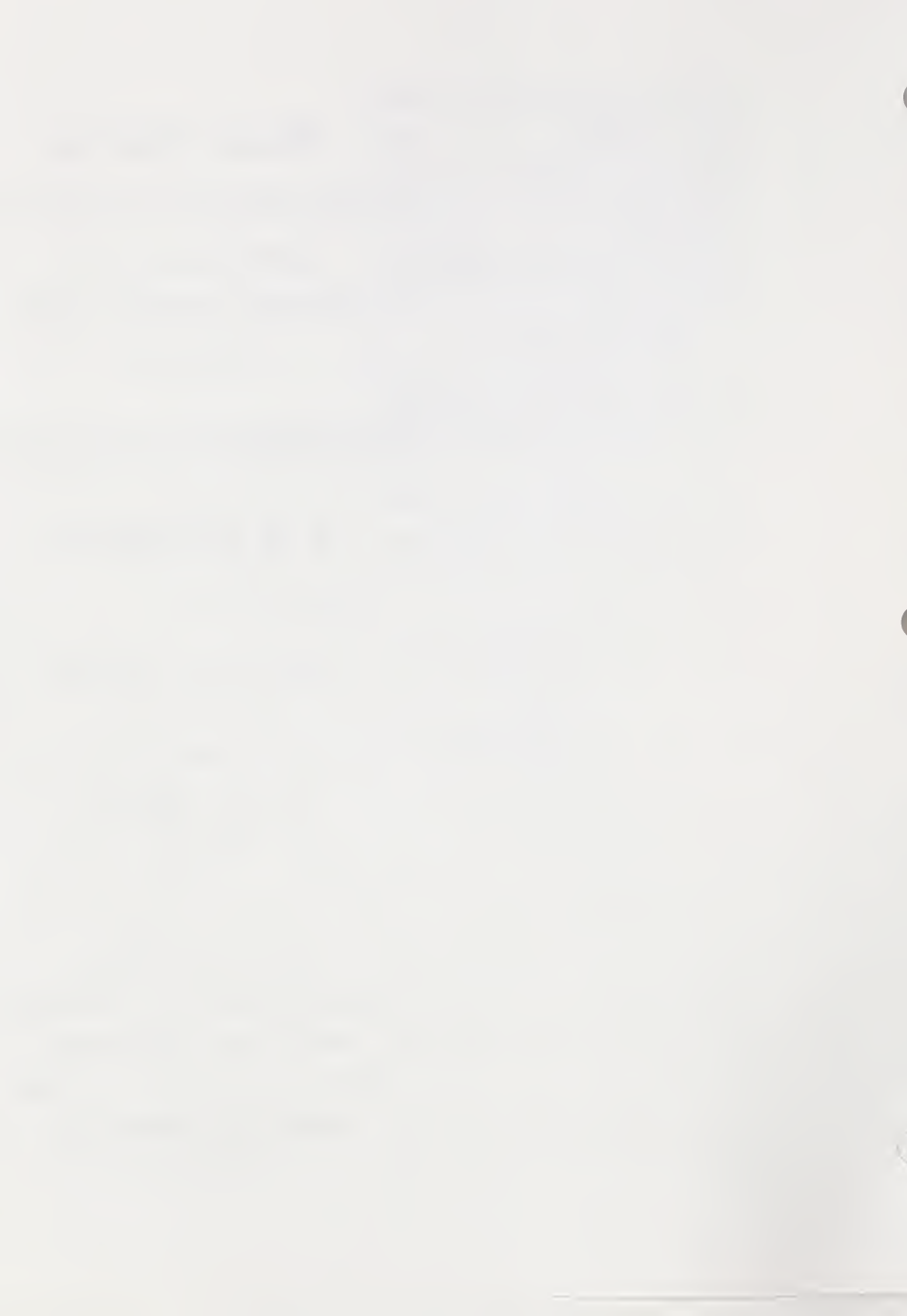
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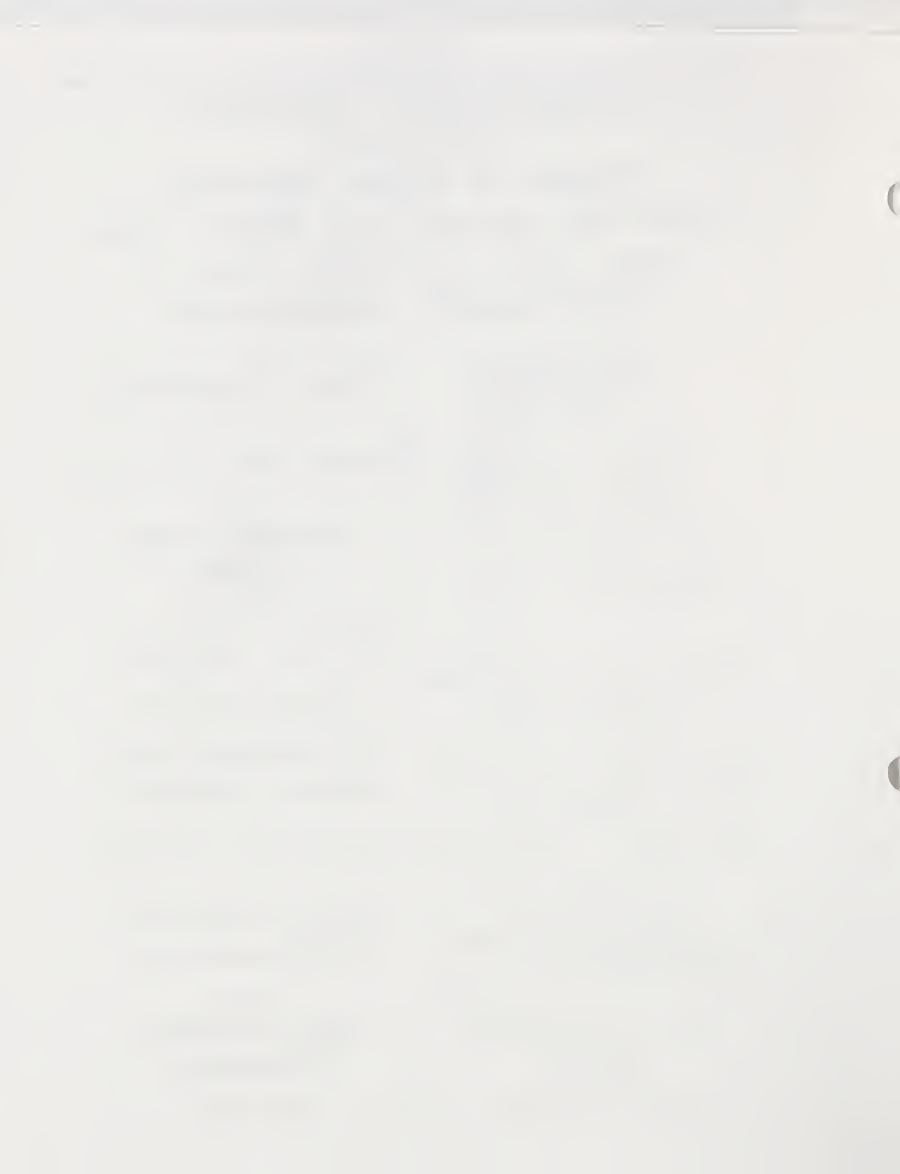
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**THE VOICE OF THE L. H. S.**

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Stanley Gifford, 1917.

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# THE VOICE

VOL. 4.—NO. 3. FALMOUTH, MASS., JUNE, 1917. Price 10 cents

## EDITORIALS

We, as a class, have completed our course in Lawrence High School. We must separate now and start on the road of life. The question now is "How can we best make use of the material we have gathered here?" Some of our members intend to further their education by entering different colleges and Normal schools. One wishes to be a druggist, another a kindergarten teacher and thus we all have different ideas about our life. Occupations which others of the class wish to follow do not require a college education; for instance, dressmaking and clerical work. In the present food crisis one of our members has decided to join the "farmer army" and do his bit that way. Let us not forget in following our line of work that the more we put our mind and energy on it, the greater harvest we will reap. "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again."

The great question on the lips of many people today is, "What can I do?"

President Wilson in his speech of April fifteenth stated what all people could do. You are included in this list. He urged the farmer to care for the crops; the housewife to be more economical. He urged transportation companies to keep all waterways open so that goods could be shipped quickly, and those engaged in industrial work to keep the great army of the country supplied with materials.

Our part in this world war is to supply our allies with food until Germany is starved out; if this fails we must send men to the other side hoping that the united forces of the United States, Great Britain and France can conquer Germany. If these men go, some one must fill their vacancies and the younger generation are to be the ones. The boys can do their part by taking up the business of farming and all sorts of industrial work and each do his bit toward preparedness.

Do not be a slacker and wait until you have to go. Step up and serve your country as the boys did in '61."

### LAWRENCE HIGH SCHOOL GRADUATION.

June 15, 1917.

March—"Pride of the Navy,"	Schumann,	School Orchestra
Invocation,		Rev. Frank H. Baker
Salutatory with Essay—"The Marine Biological Laboratory at Woods Hole,"		
	Marion Catherine Agnes Tangney	
Honor Essay—"Aviation During the War,"		Richards Grant Vedeler
Class History,		Myra Gertrude Ellis
Chorus—"Roses from the South,"		Strauss
Interlude from Shakespeare's "A Midsummer Night's Dream."		
Theseus—Duke of Athens,		Roger Colburn Hewins
Hippolyta—Queen of the Amazons,		Annie Taber Bowman





## Characters in the Interlude.

Prologue,	Gertrude Alice Soza
Presenter,	Florence Foster
Pyramus, played by Bottom, the weaver,	Kenneth Franklin Clark
Thisbe, played by Flute, the Bellows Mender,	Ruth Parmele Smythe
Wall, played by Snout, the Tinker,	Franklin Maurice Carlson
Moonshine, played by the Starveling, the tailor,	Gerard Kenneth Mahurin
Lion, played by Snug, the Joiner,	Milton Lawson Fuller
Puck, a fairy,	Mary Elizabeth Denham
Oberon, King of the Fairies,	Ethel May Cahoon
Titania, Queen of the Fairies,	Louise Bates Fisher

## Foreword:

"A Midsummer Night's Dream," one of Shakespeare's comedies, is a fantastic combination of mortals, and fairies. The latter exert a great influence and appear unexpectedly in various scenes. In the fifth act of the play at the Wedding of the Duke of Athens and the Queen of the Amazons, a group of tradesmen present a tragic interlude entitled "Pyramus and Thisbe." The awkward endeavor of the simple country folk to produce a tragedy result in a comedy of the truest type.

Chorus—"Triumphal March from Aida."  
Selection—"Impassioned Dreams." J. Rosas.

Class Will,

Class Prophecy,

Essay with Valedictory—"Women and War,"

Presentation of Diplomas,

Benediction,

Verdi  
School Orchestra  
Stanley Cutting Gifford  
Salome Dean Davis  
Myra Caswell Geggatt  
Carl Holman, Superintendent of Schools  
Rev. C. V. Bigler

Class Motto—"Nulla victoria sine labore."

Class Flower: Violets.

Class Colors: Garnet and Gold.

Myra Caswell Geggatt—Valedictorian.

Marion Catherine Agnes Tangney—Salutatorian.

Richards Grant Vedeler—Honor Essay.

Milton Lawson Fuller—President.

Mary Elizabeth Denham—Vice President.

Myra Caswell Geggatt—Secretary.

Annie Taber Bowman—Treasurer.

## CLASS ROLL.

ANNIE TABER BOWMAN

ETHEL MAY CAHOON

SALOME DEAN DAVIS

MARY ELIZABETH DENHAM

MYRA GERTRUDE GEGGATT *Ellis*

LOUISE BATES FISHER

FLORENCE FOSTER

MYRA CASWELL GEGGATT

RUTH PARMELE SMYTHE

GERTRUDE ALICE SOZA

MARION CATHERINE AGNES TANGNEY

WARREN OAKLEY BOWMAN

FRANKLIN MAURICE CARLSON

KENNETH FRANKLIN CLARK

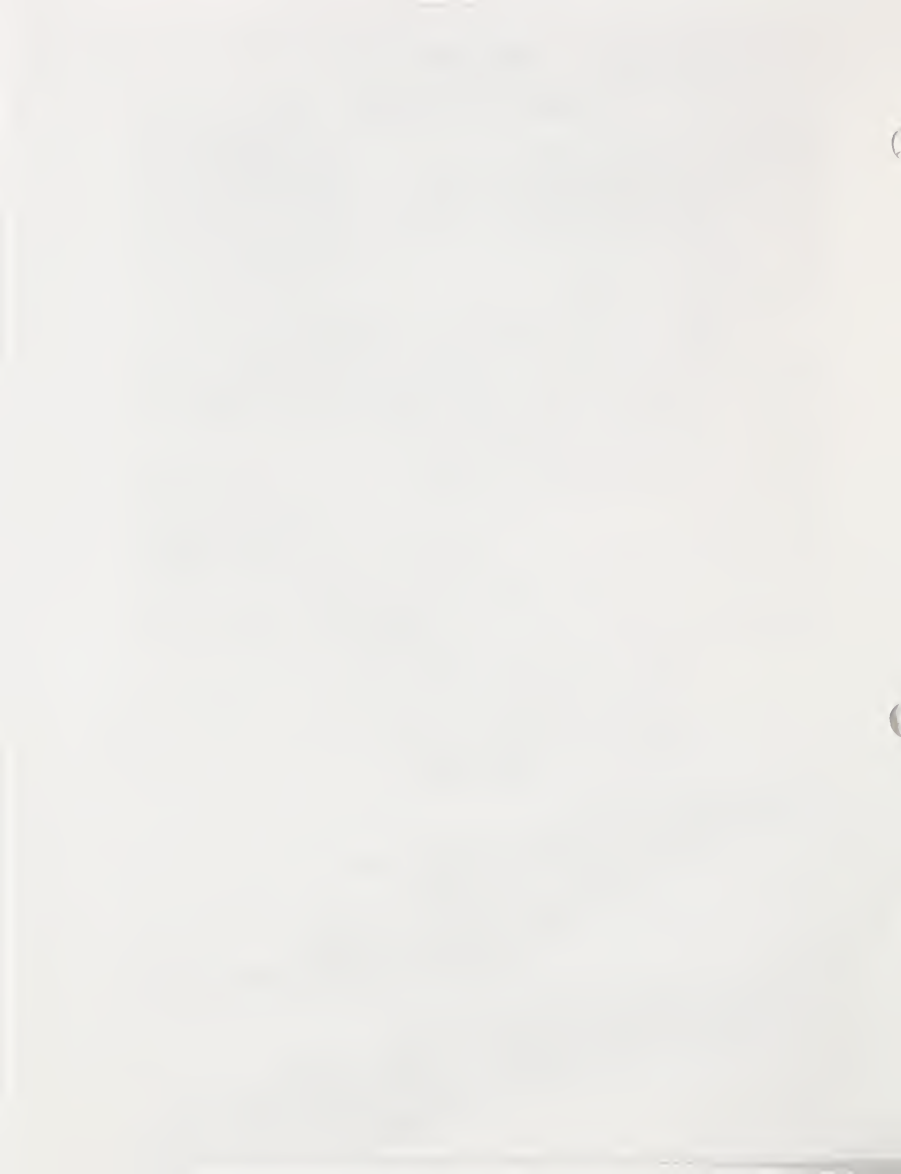
MILTON LAWSON FULLER

STANLEY CUTTING GIFFORD

ROGER COLBURN HEWINS

GERARD KENNETH MAHURIN

RICHARDS GRANT VEDELER



## SALUTATORY AND ESSAY.

Once again we have come to Commencement, the goal of our four year's work. This is the time which ends our studies in the Lawrence High School and sends us full of enthusiasm into the world to meet whatever it may have in store for us.

Superintendent Holman and members of the School Committee who have always, during these four years, been our advisers, in behalf of the Class of 1917, I bid you welcome.

Principal and teachers who ever have been ready to help us, and who have aided us in the rough places, I bid you welcome.

Parents and friends, you who have watched with untiring interest our struggle during the past four years and who have urged us on to do our best, I bid you welcome.

### The Marine Biological Laboratory At Woods Hole.

As the train slowed down I glanced up quickly. An expanse of water met my view and then the train stopped abruptly. I had at last arrived at Woods Hole after a two hours trip from Boston. Here I was to take a course at the Marine Biological Laboratory. I had never been on the Cape and knew nothing about the place where this famous institution was situated except that it offered extraordinary advantages for those interested in marine life.

Early the next morning I began to acquaint myself with all the facts concerning the Laboratory. I learned that the place where we ate was called the "Mess." It was a low building entirely surrounded by a broad veranda, where all the students and professors gathered after meals to chat. Next to the Mess was a two story building known as the Lecture Hall. Here lectures on different subjects were given by well-known scientists. There were two more laboratories of the same appearance used for research work by the students. There was also an old stone

building which was occupied by the Supply Department. Part of this was used as a museum and part for the collection of specimens. The new brick building was up-to-date in every way, equipped with an elevator, telephones in different rooms and electric lights. It had been built recently and was fire-proof. It contained twenty-five laboratories and on the second floor was a large library.

I soon met a professor who had been coming to the Laboratory ever since it had been built and he told me a brief history of the institution. At Annisquam, Mass., about the year 1880 there was a seaside laboratory which the members wished to enlarge. For some time they had searched for a suitable place and at last they found it in the little village of Woods Hole. Here were islands, bays, necks, flats, ponds, the sources of suitable material needed in research work. On March 5, 1887, the members of the Annisquam Laboratory met in Boston to make the plans for a new laboratory. It was incorporated in 1888 according to the laws of Massachusetts.

The first director was C. O. Whitman, by whose efforts the laboratory was a success. The laboratory was scarcely finished at the opening. It was a building two stories high, the lower floor for students and the second for investigators. In 1895 the one building had increased to four and a steam launch had been purchased. I thanked the professor for his information and I could not help but notice how the institution had increased in the last few years.

When school, finally opened, there were a large number of students, mostly graduates, representing nearly every college. Some of the courses offered were Zoology, Embryology, Physiology and Botany.

The collecting trips were exceedingly interesting and we all enjoyed them. In short skirts and heavy



shoes, sometimes in our bathing suits we visited the rocky shores and marshes. We often went on long trips lasting an entire day to some of the more distant islands. At night we would return tired, but joyful over the specimens we had found. The time passed quickly as the school session was only six weeks in length.

Sometimes on stormy days we would wander through the museum at the Laboratory which contained some very interesting as well as rare specimens, obtained from different parts of the world. There are wonderful butterflies, many rare ones from the South, scorpions and beetles. There are also many differ-

ent kinds of snakes. There is a fine collection of coral, some white and some pale pink of many different sizes and forms. There are jars of sea anemones and sponges. There is also one vertebra from the back of a whale which gives an idea of his great size. There are some immense clam shells from the Pacific coast which are thirty inches long and twenty-two inches wide.

After the school closed the students left for new fields of work; each feeling that they had spent a very profitable six weeks. The village of Woods Hole should be proud to have on its shores such a world-famous institution.

#### HONOR ESSAY.

##### "Aviation During Wartime."

Aviation is a new subject, comparatively unknown to us. But it has a great future and after the war it will be used commercially. It may not be so very long before we will be riding around in our "Ford Flying machines" instead of our present "Tin Lizzies." Although we hear about aviation, we hardly realize its importance in war and so I will try to give you a little clearer understanding of the service.

First, there are two general classes of aeroplanes, reconnaissance and scout machines. In one class are the reconnaissance machines. These machines are quite heavy and have a speed of not over 100 miles an hour. They are usually fitted out with wireless and are used for observation, map work and bomb dropping.

The scout machines make up the other class which does the most of the fighting. These craft are lighter and much speedier, some having a speed of over 130 miles an hour. Although they are difficult to handle they are excellent climbers and so make good fighting machines. They are also used for scout work.

All aeroplanes have machine guns. Some have a gun fastened to the top plane and to aim it the whole ma-

chine has to be aimed at the target. Many have a machine gun which is operated by the observer. Nearly all the machines have their propellers in front to pull the craft instead of pushing it, as one might suppose.

The Aero Service in both Great Britain and France has been made into a separate department and has been given a great deal of study. So it can be seen that they are beginning to realize its importance. I will give you just a brief outline of the training that a French aviator has to go through before he is sent to the firing line.

There are four schools from which he has to graduate. In the first school, beginning with a machine which cannot fly he finally learns to manage a machine which can only rise to some three or four hundred feet in the air. Before entering the second school he has to pass certain tests. One is to fly "the three triangles." Each side is 100 miles long so that in flying the three times he really makes a trip of 900 miles.

One student had bad luck and smashed two machines the first two trials. The third time he rose very high to avoid mishaps. He found himself after a while, amongst the clouds and seeing a nice fleecy look-



ing cloud just below him, he decided to dive through it. He started—and landed with a soft thud in a huge snow drift. He got out, but his machine did not.

In the second school the student learns to fly the fast fighting machines, while in the third school he is taught aerial gunnery by means of hundreds of little balloons used as targets.

In the finishing school the student studies different captured German machines and how to attack them at the least risk to himself. There he also learns all kinds of tricks in order to be able to handle his machine under every possible situation. After this schooling the aviator enters the regular service to go to the firing line.

The side that has control of the air can direct the fire of its artillery accurately while the enemy has to guess its target. The aero service can warn the general of an approaching attack. It can keep in touch with all the enemy's movements while the enemy has not an idea of

his opponent's movements. The aero service can drop bombs on ammunition depots, naval bases and can bring war and destruction right home to the enemy. Bomb dropping, it has been found, has a great moral effect upon troops whether any damage is done or not.

This is what the aero service does for the navy. It keeps track of enemy ships and helps direct manoeuvres against them. It patrols the coasts and bases to watch for any raids from aeroplanes and ships. Above the water submarines can be located easily and they are used as convoys to protect troop ships from attacks of submarines. In a battle these fliers help direct the fire of the dreadnoughts.

So it may be seen that the aero service is of great importance and if the allies can be supplied with enough aeroplanes and trained pilots to ensure for them the control of the air, this war can be ended much sooner and it is the duty of the United States to bring this about.

### CLASS HISTORY.

After the Great European War was over and America had spread democracy through the world I returned to my home once again.

As I approached Shivericks Pond I saw some ruins in the distance. When I had reached the spot I found them to be ruins of the Lawrence High School. I sat down to think of the happy hours I had spent in that building. Suddenly I was startled by a rustling of papers. Turning I saw a small old man poking over a pile of books and papers among which was a small red volume. At first I thought that might be one of the Shakespearean plays we had in English but curious to know what it really was I picked it up and was dumbfounded when I read "Diary of the Class of 1917." I could hardly wait to get the book open. On the first page I read: "Come what may,

Time and the hour runs through the roughest day."

#### Freshman Year.

Sept. 9, 1913.

To-day Lawrence High School is swarming with Freshmen. Forty staring and wondering creatures. We seem to be in a bunch for fear we may be lost. The teachers told us that we would like high school better than grammar school. We hope so, still we feel especially well drilled in language and arithmetic. We all remember well when someone stood Kenneth Clark on his head to show the class that in division of fractions the terms are reversed.

Sept. 30, 1913.

We have been progressing finely. We have learned what we are to do and what we are not to do. I was surprised when I heard a classmate's name in the main room "Miss Den-





ham, bring that note here!" We all thought Mary would catch it but all the teacher said was "My! but you're a cute Freshie."

Oct. 13, 1913.

A most startling thing happened to-day. We discovered that we had a soloist in our class. Gertrude Soza was caught in cooking class singing "How Dry I Am." It was so sweet and charming that the domestic science teacher had Gertrude sing it to her after school.

May 16, 1914.

We are well represented in the school orchestra with Milton Fuller, cornet; Franklin Carlson, piano, and Roger Hewins, drums and triangle.

June 15, 1914.

Our Freshman year is nearly finished and we are happy to think we have safely glided through. Nothing very interesting has happened only that some girls were caught in a famous trick. That was to go down in the basement and skip classes. One day one of the teachers discovered it and they were marched upstairs.

### Sophomore Year.

Sept. 16, 1914.

We are back again at Lawrence High. We have lost some of our members, Evelyn Locke, Carlton Bourne, Robert Evans, Emerson Handy and Evangeline Cordeiro.

Nov. 12, 1914.

Mr. Howland thought it was about time that our class had class officers, so to-day we had a class meeting and elected Carl Anderson as President; Vice President, Mary Denham; Secretary, Myra Geggatt, and Treasurer, Annie Bowman.

April 7, 1915.

In English Class we planned to write a story in book form for the annual exhibition of school work. The plot was worked up in class. The first division chose for their subject "Philip Harris, American" and the second division "The Double Victory." Both were war stories.

June 3, 1915.

To-day we received our class pins.

The pin is small and circular in shape. It is edged with gold and has a garnet band with the words Lawrence High School on it. Inside the band are the numerals '17.

June 19, 1915.

The Sophomore year is more for real study but once in awhile we were very conspicuous. Especially when one of the teachers had the main room and he had a fine habit of sending Salome Davis to the country (meaning the front seat). One other peculiar thing is that Marion Tangney twitches her fingers when she can't remember what to say. It must be magic because instantly it all comes to her.

### Junior Year.

Sept. 9, 1915.

This year we returned with a membership of 21. Carl Howland, Allison Fisher, Tony Andrada, Harold Baker, Irving Jenkins, Francis Withereil, Lena Brown, Owen Kelley, Maurice Baker and Agnes Fisher have left our ranks.

Oct. 30, 1915.

We gave a Hallowe'en Party. We planned to dress in costume and have sweet cider and doughnuts for refreshments, but much to our sorrow we were informed an hour before the party began that cider was not an appropriate thing for high school pupils. We instantly sent for lemons and made lemonade.

May 17, 1916.

We are represented in the school paper by Carl Anderson who is editor-in-chief; Stanley Gifford who is Exchange Editor and Salome Davis who is Joke Editor.

May 21, 1916.

Lawrence Wright left school to go on the training ship "Ranger." Henry Bragdon also left to go to work. We all remember when Henry's No. 49 shoes went through the ceiling and gave the history class a shower of plaster.

June 12, 1916.

The Evergreen Club had a great time last night. The Club was kept very secret but two members of our



class are very prominent in the club. They raised the bicycle rack up the flag pole and decorated the base ball score board with foot-ball clothes.

#### Senior Year.

Oct. 2, 1916.

We have had a longer vacation this year. Still we are ready to come back and take our places as dignified seniors. We are reduced to 19 members. Carl Anderson did not return but went to Worcester Tech. We have lost our class president but we are proud to think one member of our class could go to college with only three years of high school work.

Oct. 18, 1916.

Warren Bowman, a member of the State Corn Club, won a prize of \$5 for one half acre of corn.

Oct. 27, 1916.

To-day we elected Milton Fuller for our class president in place of Carl Anderson.

Dec. 12, 1916.

This year Florence Foster and Stanley Gifford are Editors-in-chief of the school paper; Milton Fuller is the Exchange Editor and Myra Geggatt is the class Representative. Roger Hewins represented our class on the boy's basket ball team. On the girl's team we had four seniors.

April 24, 1917.

There has been much discussion in regard to the Senior trip but Kenneth Clark straightened it all out:

As the class has only 91 cents in the treasury we shall not be able to

go to Washington as usual, but swan boats will be hired from A. F. Weeks and each will hold at least two members of the class. The expense will be paid for by each member. After the evening spent in the swan boats on Shivericks' lake, the class will adjourn to Sheehan's lunch room when each will receive a "hot dog" paid for from the class treasury. Then after visiting the Congressional library next to the high school the members of the class will probably be ready to return home. The balance in the treasury will go for the class gift to the school. After all does a small sum in the treasury affect the Senior trip?

March, 1917.

Three seniors Richards Vedeler, Warren Bowman and Milton Fuller, debated against the Post Graduates. The seniors had the affirmative side and won. The subject was: "Resolved: that the United States should adopt some system of Compulsory Military Training."

May 29, 1917.

In a class meeting today we chose our motto—"No Victory without work." Also our class flower which was the violet. Myra Geggatt received the Valedictory, Marion Tangney the Salutatory, and Richards Vedeler the Honor Essay.

Here the page was torn and I could not make out the rest, so here will end the history of the Class of 1917.

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### CLASS WILL.

---

BE IT REMEMBERED that we, the Class of 1917, of the Lawrence High School of Falmouth, in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, being of sound mind and memory, but knowing the uncertainty of this life, do make this our LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT.

After the payment of our just debts and commencement charges, we bequeath and advise as follows: We will to the Junior Class the money they would have spent on the Junior

reception to buy "Liberty Bonds"; also the honor of being the first Junior Class not to give a Junior reception.

We will to the Sophomore Class our rank in school as they are the most dignified and polite students.

We will to the Freshmen our regard for money hoping that when they graduate they will be able to journey farther than from the Lawrence High to the Town Hall.

We will to the school board our



books that have been a great help to us in the past four years.

The boys will their military uniforms to the coming Freshmen.

Mary Denham wills to Agnes Grew her lightness of foot and dancing ability.

Franklin Carlson wills to William Powers a couple of packages of Spearmint gum and his back seat in the English Class.

Salome Davis wills to Hildur Jacobson her ability to guess at stenography word signs and hopes she will be more successful in this game than Salome was.

Milton Fuller wills to Arnold Anderson his surplus height and to Marion Burke his grouch.

Ruth Smythe wills to Joe Robbins her red hair and to Ellen McLeod her calm and peaceful manners.

Ethel Cahoon wills to Elizabeth Studley her Castle Clip.

Kenneth Clark wills to Bob Donnelly his "Oh I Say" and hopes he will make a great hit in next year's operetta.

Myra Ellis wills to Lillian Nicol her basket ball suit and wishes her to be the star of next season.

Kenneth Mahurin wills to Norman Hall his dignified manners hoping that Hall will learn to keep his answers to himself.

Marion Tangney wills to Gladys Goodwin her singing ability and hopes she will become a singer of

high renown.

Warren Bowman wills to Roger Nickerson his farming ability and sincerely wishes him to follow it up.

Louise Fisher wills to Florence Hopson her sewing material and hopes she will become a seamstress some day.

Myra Geggatt wills to Howard Ellis her Algebra papers and hopes he will have 100 per cent. hereafter.

Gertrude Soza wills to Alice M. Handy her art of passing notes in front of the teachers without being caught.

Roger Hewins wills to Paul Savery his alarm clock and hopes Savery will be able to get to school on time more often than he did.

Florence Foster wills her laugh to Dorothy Nicol and hopes it will not cause her too much trouble in the French class.

Richards Vedeler wills to Chandler Jones his art of debating and wishes Jones to manage next year's debating club.

Annie Bowman wills to Arthur Carlson her much loved History and Civics books and hopes that he will get as high marks as she did.

In testimony whereof we hereunto set our hands and in the presence of three witnesses declare this to be our last will this fifteenth day of June in the year one thousand nine hundred seventeen.

The Class of 1917.

### CLASS PROPHECY.

One extremely hot day, several girls, myself among them, wandered slowly along a shady road which led to the shore. After a time the girls started for the beach leaving me behind. I walked aimlessly around for a while and was about to join them when I came upon an old well around which was a pile of stones. I picked up a handful and sat down on the edge of the well. I dropped a stone in. It went down with a splash and when the water had settled I saw these words clear and plain written

upon the surface of the water: "The Prophecy of the Class of 1917 of the Lawrence High School." Amazed at this I immediately dropped in another stone and this time I saw a little figure come tripping out in front of a large crowd and give an exhibition of dancing. I wondered who she could be for the crowd seemed anxious to see her. As she was about to leave a man came forward and to my surprise I heard him say, "Ladies and gentlemen, tonight at 8.30 an exhibition of fancy danc-



ing will be given by the famous fancy dancer, Miss Mary E. Denham." The little figure came dancing out again and sure enough it was Mary. Who ever thought Mary would be a dancer?

This scene faded away and I next saw Gerard Mahurin leading a choir of chorus girls. They were having a grand old time and after practice I saw him take them out for dinner. After he had gone I sat a while and wondered what the girls would say if they could see Mahurin now for he always was so quiet in school. But then I noticed during the last of school he was getting to be as bad as the rest.

When I glanced back into the well the picture had vanished so I dropped in another stone. This time the old well brought me into the busy city and as I watched the crowd pass by I noticed a dark haired girl that looked familiar. I found it was Florence Foster. I watched her go up the street and presently she entered a large white building and walked to a door which read, "Private Secretary." I found that she had become private secretary to President Wilson. Surely our class was progressing.

Then the scene changed and I was once more out in the busy streets. This time I heard a newsboy shouting, "Extra! Extra! Just out, Vedeler's Great Invention." I looked over the boy's shoulder and read the headlines. Sure enough it said that Richards Vedeler, inventor of the U-boat destroyer had just left on a perilous voyage to try out his invention. I can well remember how at school he was always trying to invent something but he never succeeded in inventing anything to destroy a recitation period.

I was carried further along this city street until I was charmed by a voice which seemed to come from a nearby opera house. It kept singing "Oh my love is like a red, red rose." I wondered where I had heard that voice before and I inquired

of my neighbor who it was that had such a beautiful voice. "Why," he exclaimed, "that is Madame Myra Geggatt, the world's famous opera singer." Sure enough after listening a while longer I recognized the voice to be the same as that we used to hear at school. I wandered listlessly along the busy street and as I came to Keith's theatre I heard a very familiar voice say "Aw I Say! Aw I Say! You're just the sweetest little creature." I knew at once that it was my old class mate, Kenneth Clark. I stepped in and inquired for him and to my surprise I learned that he had succeeded Charlie Chaplin and was springing some of his school jokes on the crowd. It seemed like old times to see Kenneth and he told me some surprising news. First, that Roger Hewins had gone to Germany as a missionary to teach the people democracy. We laughed at the idea of Roger being a missionary. Then Kenneth told me that Gertrude Soza had refused his, Kenneth's, offer of marriage and that she had decided to become an old maid. She can now be found any time at the old maids' home at Sandwich. I never believed Gertie would miss an opportunity like that.

As Kenneth and I wandered down the street whom should we meet but Lester Cahoon and he informed us that Ruth Smythe had at last decided to settle down and he was on his way to help her. I guess it was as much a surprise to him as it was to us. Kenneth soon bade me farewell and as I turned to leave him I found myself sitting beside the old well. I immediately dropped another stone. This time the scene was Woods Hole and I learned that Marion Tangney had become a lady of leisure and one of the Woods Hole belles. Her favorite pastime, however, was showing the bashful young men around Woods Hole. Out on Penzance I found Annie Bowman who had secluded herself from the rest of the world and was devoting all of





her time to Lou.

While I was wandering around Woods Hole I happened to pass the Telegraph Office and I heard the busy tick-tick of the telegraph instrument and as I was familiar with the code I stopped and listened. I learned that the world's record in typewriting had just been broken by Louise Fisher. She had succeeded in making a hundred words in an hour with the new method which she had discovered.

This scene changed and I found myself walking towards my own home. I had gone but a short distance when I met a little child who was crying. Upon asking him what the difficulty might be, I learned that his name was Junior and that he had lost a dime. I furnished the money for him and we started along when suddenly we came face to face with Junior's mother who was no one else but Ethel Cahoon. She was married and now had a little Bobby who she called Junior. We talked over old times and I told her of the adventures of the class and she informed me that Myra Ellis was teaching in a kindergarten in Brockton. That didn't surprise me any for I always knew Myra liked Brockton.

Ethel then told me something that I was surprised to learn, namely, that Warren Bowman had taken up the profession of an undertaker.

After leaving Ethel I started towards town. Suddenly I met the

most pious looking man I ever saw. I did not recognize him at first but as he said, "Good morning, my friend, God hath made a most wonderful day," I noticed that it was our jolly class mate, Milton Fuller. It was some time before he could place me but when he did he imparted some news to me. He told me that Stanley Gifford had taken down the sign which read Robinson's Drug Store and replaced it by one which read Gifford's Drug Store. I afterwards learned that he was thinking seriously of adding Company to it. Of course we all know who the com will be.

The next class mate I was to hear of was Franklin Carlson and I learned that Frankie had just secured a divorce. We never believed that Frankie would be able to make up his mind which one he really wanted. He always said that variety was the spice of life and I guess Frankie was right.

Now the scene vanished and the old well was calm once more so I dropped in my last stone and this time I saw the Lawrence High School. It was much larger than when we were there and there was a large gymnasium in the rear. I could hear the steady hum of the scholars' voices and the busy click-click of the typewriters. This soon faded away and I saw these words written very plainly on the surface of the water: "Here's to the Class of 1917."

### ESSAY AND VALEDICTORY.

What is woman's part in the great war of to-day? Is it in a woman's Press and a woman's Platform? Does one begin with the women who dress themselves in khaki or urgently press plans and politics upon the Government? Although these are duties which may come and which we all acknowledge must be a woman's part in the war, we will begin with women who stay at home.

Not only do the women at home have important and difficult work

but they have also, without complaint or difficulty, even with gladness and pride, incurred the possibility of poverty and bereavement in speeding their men to the front. The proportion of married men in the new armies whose wives have had to lower at once their standard of living, who are in danger of something like a social catastrophe should their husbands be maimed or killed tells a wonderful tale of woman's patriotism. They have nothing but the



sheer spirit of sacrifice and loyalty to prompt them. Patriotism in its most single hearted and its purest form is found among the women of the nation or is not found at all. This is the first gift which the women of Great Britain have brought to the service of their country.

Organized and special work naturally falls to the women who are free of responsibilities at home. Of this work, undoubtedly the finest is done by the women of the Red Cross. From the fully trained nurses who are bravely working to the limit of their endurance abroad and at home, to the local workers of the Voluntary Aid Detachment, every rank is filled with fine devotion. It is hardly necessary to dwell on the monotony, hardship, and unpleasantness which thousands of women have cheerfully consented to endure in the great profession. Many of these women had done no work until they were enrolled for this particular service and those who are serving today have been tried to the utmost.

The country needs more than ever today the wise management and care of the women at home. Upon the women of all the warring nations rests the moral and spiritual strength of the countries as well as their capacity for cheerful endurance.

It is true there are individual women who are splendid aviators and crack shots and it is conceivable that they may be of use in the military arm of the Government, but for large numbers of women to engage in such activities would be simply ridiculous. We have plenty of ablebodied men to take the posts of physical danger, and we have no women to spare from woman's work.

In England the war has been a great equalizer of the sexes. Women have taken the places in industry formerly held by men and it is to be expected that large numbers of women will refuse to go back to their old spheres. In America, too, the war has opened many doors to women, and the change in their eco-

nomie status will be permanent.

A large number of self-supporting young women are being trained as wireless operators. This class which started in New York as an experiment is now a success, and it has opened a permanent means of livelihood for women. Just now women radio operators are needed by the navy for shore duty to take the places of men called for sea duty and when the war is over these girls are going to stay at wireless work.

Since the great European war started, almost a million women have been added to the wage earners in industrial, commercial and professional occupations. Many of these women are not, strictly speaking, replacing the men, but they are doing what was before the war generally regarded as man's work. Will the occupations which women are now engaged in henceforth be considered woman's work?

The great majority of women will serve their country best by becoming more efficient and more earnest in every day work. The war has already demonstrated that bread is as essential as bullets, and that the issue probably will be determined by the food supply. The food problem already acute in the United States can be solved by women. By planting gardens, by encouraging others to do likewise, by preventing waste in buying, preparing, cooking, and serving, and by doing without unnecessary articles of diet, women can render valuable service.

At no period of the world's history have men failed to accept the services of women in time of war, especially in France, where women have always counted more than in any other European country. But never before in the world's history have fighting nations availed themselves of woman's help in as wholesale a fashion as now.

Let each one of us here tonight "try to do our bit" in this great war and do it cheerfully. Our individual part may be small but it is the sum of



the small labors that brings about the true victory.

### Valedictory.

Now the time has come when we must say farewell to all those who have always had an interest in us and whose interest has always been a great help.

Superintendent of Schools and Members of the School Committee—to you, who have ever given us your heartiest help and attention during our long struggle—we say farewell.

Parents and Friends: We appreciate the interest and good will that you have shown toward us at all times and may that interest never cease for the path which we enter tomorrow will be a new and strange one to us. To you who have looked out for us thus far—we bid farewell.

Principal and teachers—who have so kindly helped us and piloted us

in our struggle of four years, we wish to thank you. May we always be an honor to you and also be remembered as a class who were ever ready to do their part. To you with sad hearts we say farewell.

Underclassmen: Tonight we must leave you who have been our faithful companions. May you, if you ever grow weary in following the same path, remember us who struggled ever onward with the words, "No Victory without Labor," written in our hearts. To you we say farewell.

Classmates: Tonight is the last time that we will be together as a class for tomorrow we enter new paths. Whatever one we take let us always be an honor to those who have been a help to us and wherever we go let us always remember our class motto, "No Victory without Labor."

### SELECTED ESSAY.

#### THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE NATIONAL GAME.

##### A Senior Essay Selected From The Work of the Year.

Baseball is so widely played today in the United States that it is called the National Game. There are few people but who understand the game enough to enjoy it and watch it with eager interest. As soon as a boy is big enough to throw a ball you will have difficulty to get him in to supper or get the kindling in, if there are any boys around. Kittens like nothing better than a ball to roll around on the floor, while babies amuse themselves with playing with rubber balls. From the time the robins come, and the red-winged blackbirds begin to sing in the swamps, until fair October rolls around, baseball reigns supreme in the world of out-door games. So you can see why it is called the National game.

Not only is it the national game of

the United States, but it bids fair to be the international game,—the universal game.

In 1874, a tour of England was made by the Boston and Philadelphia clubs to show the Englishman the difference between our game and theirs which is called cricket. Both cricket and baseball were played and the strange part of it was that the ball-players not only held their own against the Englishmen, but defeated them. A second trip was made in 1889. They visited Honolulu, Sydney, New Zealand, Australia, Adelaide and Ballara. From there they continued to America by way of the Suez canal, stopping at the Islands of Ceylon where a game was played to the delight of the natives. Games were also played at Naples, Florence, in Rome, before the King of Italy, and Egypt on the Great Desert sands, the catchers using the pyramids for back-stops. From Paris they went to London where they played before the Prince of Wales, the guest of honor, who later be-



came Edward VII. Again in 1913 another tour was made. This time games were played in Cairo, Philippine Islands, Honolulu, Australia, China, Japan and England. This trip proved to be a success, not only financially but in introducing the American game. The games were well attended and met with great enthusiasm. The last game abroad was played before a crowd of 30,000 with King George V as guest of honor.

Today all the universities of Japan have their baseball teams. It is developing rapidly in Australia, while in the Philippines, Honolulu and Cuba it is by no means a new game.

The game of today has been so developed that it is now a scientific game. In 1860 it was "hit and run" there being but few rules, while today there are no less than a hundred. Under certain circumstances a rule applies, but does not if there happens to be a man on first, and so on. It is a complicated game to those who have not been brought up in baseball atmosphere, and it is no wonder that the English are long in grasping it.

Baseball began to be played all over the country in 1858. In 1875 a league of eight clubs was formed, representing the largest cities in the United States. In 1900 another league was formed of the same number of teams, and since then fifty minor leagues have been formed. The organization of the National League in 1876 was the beginning of organized baseball and the beginning of a business which employed over 6,000 men yearly.

For twenty-five years baseball was played more or less for pleasure; it was a pastime. Today it is a profession; if it were not for the large salaries I doubt if you could find ten players who are playing for the love of it. Major league players receive from \$1,500 to \$16,000 per year for playing 165 games. Speaker, when playing for the Red Sox, received \$16,000 a year; Ty Cobb draws

down \$15,000; Alexander, the Philie's star pitcher, gets \$12,500 for a year's service and so on according to their value to the team. It is reported that John J. McGraw, manager of the New York Nationals received \$30,000 for last year's services. He has just signed a contract calling for \$50,000 a year for five years.

The financial side of baseball may be gleaned from a few facts in 1910. At the close of the season there were 49 professional leagues in the United States, made up of 350 clubs. The salaries of 1910 amounted to \$3,500,000, including \$650,000 to players in the two major leagues. The umpires received \$180,000 and the travelling expenses were \$750,000. The total expenses were \$6,330,000 and the total receipts amounted to more than \$7,000,000.

Compare some of the old-time scores such as, 110 to 35, 59 to 14, 82 to 21, 113 to 26, 100 to 2, to 1 to 0, 4 to 3, 3 to 2 and seventeen innings of play in which only one run was scored. The high scores resulted from the rule which allowed the batter to run the bases as many times as possible before the ball could be returned from the outfield. Often a runner would make the circuit four times. And now home runs are scarce. Games often lasted five hours and it is said that a game was continued the next day. This was partly through the above rule and partly because there was no scientific pitching and trying to outguess the batter. The pitcher had nothing but a straight ball; the out, drop, in-shoot, spit-ball were not known. The pitcher would throw the ball straight over the plate, and the batter would "murder" it, so to speak, sending it back to the outfield and making two or three runs.

Again compare a game in one of our cities with one in 1870. The game of today is played in an enclosed ground surrounded by huge grandstands and "bleachers," seating from 20,000 to 48,000 people and





costing from \$500,000 to a million dollars. Seven thousand is an average day's attendance. In 1870 perhaps 700 would be out. The game was played on poor, unkept diamonds and at first the diamond was four posts instead of the bases. There were small or no grandstands; no score card, pop corn boys or cool drinks. The grandstand of today is the scene of lively competition.

Shortly before 1900 gloves were an invention and not until 1905 did the catcher don the knee-guards, mask, chest protector and his enormous mit. His glove just fitted his hand and contained no padding. It is certainly remarkable that there were not more crippled, or broken wrists, hands and noses. The pitcher standing 45 feet as against 60 now, and the poor catchers receiving the throws! And the pitchers had terrific speed. You wouldn't catch many of the catchers doing that today. To think that the old catchers could hardly be persuaded to use the "new fangled" glove!

Signals are now used by every professional team. They are usually given from the bench and are tried to be kept secret so that the opposing team cannot work them out. When the team is in the field they are given by the catcher for he is the only player who always has command of the field and sees every play.

In recent years "team play" has come to occupy an important place in baseball. In the older form of the game it was every man for himself. More hits were made but less runs,

and the men did not work to advantage. In the present form much more science is brought into play. For example: the game is close, only one run needed and a man on first; the batter should bunt so that the only play for the opposing players would be to get the batter at first, while the baserunner, knowing the batter's intentions, by means of signals, would reach second safely. Although the batter sacrificed his chance of making a hit and scoring a run, he advanced the baserunner. This makes the game closer and more exciting.

The World's Series is, perhaps the greatest development in the game. It was established in 1903 when Boston of the American League and Pittsburgh of the National League, the pennant winners in their respective leagues, clashed for the championship of the world. The team which wins four of seven games played is the winner and that team is the champion baseball team of the world. This event in the fall, as the closing of baseball, for that year, keeps up the enthusiasm and furnishes much "food" and thought for "fandom" from April until the middle of October. The huge grandstands are filled to overflowing at this great event.

Baseball has developed rapidly and has made great progress. The enthusiasm with which it is met, the crowds which attend it and the fact that it has developed since 1855, warrant its being crowned King of Sports.

MILTON L. FULLER.

### SCHOOL CALENDAR.

March 23. Debate by Seniors vs. Post Graduates.

March 26. Home Economics Talk by Miss Trabue.

March 27. Lecture on Rome by Mr. Baker.

April 21. Baseball, Bourne at Falmouth.

April 28. Baseball, Falmouth at

Bourne.

May 5. Baseball, Sandwich at Falmouth.

May 11. Cantata and Operetta by High School pupils.

May 12. Baseball, Falmouth at Bourne.

May 18. Talk on China by Mr. Prescott.



May 19. Baseball, Hyannis at Falmouth.

May 21. Home Economics Talk by Miss Nash.

May 25. School Exhibition.

May 25. Memorial Day Exercises

by Mr. Holman and Mr. Teele.

June 6. Talk on Liberty Bonds by Mr. Dean.

June 9. Baseball, Falmouth at Sandwich.

June 15. Graduation.

### CLASS NOTES.

#### Junior Class Notes.

The Juniors have been selling home-made candy once a week during the morning recess. They also sold home-made candy at the operetta given by the High School. The candy was in little crepe paper baskets made and painted to represent tulips. Some of the Junior girls carried the candy around in large flower baskets during the intermission between the cantata and the operetta. There was a great demand for the candy and the class made about ten dollars.

The following Juniors took part in the operetta, "The Isle of Chance:" Marion Arenovski, Rachel Davis, Florence Hopson, Ida Kershaw, and Dorothy Nicol in the chorus of Follies and Arnold Anderson as one of the Sailor Boys.

#### Liberty Bond Benefit Instead of Junior Reception.

On Wednesday evening, June 20, the Junior Class of the Lawrence High School, will give an entertainment in The Empire Theatre. Mr. Snow has kindly allowed the Class the use of the theatre. They will have vaudeville in addition to the picture (which will be Vivian Martin in "The Spirit of Romance".) In addition to the regular 15 cents, 5 cents will be charged which Mr. Snow will donate to the country's need. The Juniors will buy a Liberty Bond with the proceeds. The class already has \$35 which they have earned by giving entertainments and selling home-made candy. To buy the bond, however, it will be necessary to give up the Junior Reception to the Seniors. The Juniors will

gladly conform to this as they believe that patriotism comes first.

#### Junior Jollies.

Heard in Junior French:

"I put in my basket what you drank."

Je serai reduit a boire l'eau de cette mare—"I wouldn't want to drink from the pail the horses water was in."

"You will soon be old enough to marry two young men."

"The trunks of the trees stayed in one place."

Isn't it a shame that one of the seats in the outside row on the boy's side is empty? One of the Junior girls thinks so.

Seems to us that one of the Sophomore boys is taking a lot of interest in the Junior girls.

#### Sophomore Class Notes.

The members of the Sophomore Class have bought their class pins which are octagonal in shape with raised letters in gold and a background of dull gold. This, however, was supposed to be blue.

Doris Hammond and Russel Jennings have left the class.

Elizabeth Folger and Isabella MacKilligan have had perfect attendance during the school year.

Teacher: "Spell ammunition."

W. D. (sotto voce) "Oh, shoot."

Ag—es F-sh-r: Mere Barberin me lanca un coup d'oeil.

"Mother Barberin game me a blow in the eye."





Although we only won two games in our baseball and basketball season, we can assure the teams that we played, that next year it may be a different story. Football was cancelled on account of the contagious diseases that were spreading in the fall. In basket ball we had an entirely new team and although we won only two games we made it interesting for most of our opponents. In baseball it was the same story, an entirely new team made mostly of Freshmen and Sophomores. Most of the games were one-sided but we did not get discouraged.

The game with Sandwich scheduled for May 26 was postponed until June 9 on account of measles, which closed the Sandwich school. An Alumni game and two games with Tisbury were also cancelled on account of rain.

Has anybody heard anything about a gymnasium?

Basketball letters were distributed to J. Robbins, A. Anderson, Roger Hewins, A. Carlson, R. Nickerson, F. Carlson, R. Gifford; also to the following girls. Ruth Smythe, Mary Denham, Myra Ellis, Hildur Jacobson and Salome Davis.

#### MILITARY TRAINING.

On the first of May the boys of the Lawrence High School started Military Training. In May we received our uniforms and wooden rifles. Capt. Wells is the drill master, assisted by Mr. Dean.

We drill every Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday from 1 o'clock until 1.50. The uniforms are worn by the boys from 1 o'clock until the close of school when they are changed in the basement and put in the chemical laboratory.

When we start for drill the Juniors and Seniors line up according to height and the Freshmen and Sophomores in the second row. When we have arrived in the field the first thing is to come to attention whereupon the 1st Sergeant will give the order of "right shoulder arms" and then read the roll.

After the roll we usually march around the field to wake us up and then we line up for the Butte's Manual which is an athletic drill. Stanley Gifford was appointed Captain. The other officers are as follows:— F. Carlson, 1st Sergeant; R. Hewins, 2nd Sergeant; and William Powers,



3rd Sergeant. Richards Vedeler, Milton Fuller and Everett Scannell are the Corporals of their squads. We like the drill very much and since we have the uniforms and guns we feel more like drilling. We took a hike to the harbor one day. We also participated in a cock fight which relieved the monotony of drill.

#### Baseball.

About fifteen men came out for baseball this season and as the team is composed entirely of new material we did not have much success. The fourth game seemed to be the climax when we played a ten inning game with Bourne.

Milton Fuller was elected Captain and Arnold Anderson, manager. The following are the players on the team:—C. Fisher, O. Peterson, M. Booker, A. Carlson, R. Gifford, R. Jennings, M. Fuller, C. Eldred, J. Carlson, J. Robbins.

#### Bourne at Falmouth.

Falmouth 8; Bourne 20.

The first game, Bourne at Falmouth, was an easy victory for the visitors, the score being 20 to 8. This was the first time the Falmouth boys played together. The batteries were: Bourne, Venn and Smith; Falmouth, Booker and Robbins.

#### Falmouth at Hyannis.

Falmouth 2; Hyannis 13.

On April 28 Falmouth went to Hyannis where we again were trimmed 13 to 2. Hyannis made eight runs in the first three innings, five coming in the first. Two-baggers by Carlson and O'Neil were the features of the game. Mitchell and Smith for Hyannis and Booker and Robbins

for Falmouth were the batteries.

#### Sandwich at Falmouth.

Falmouth 0; Sandwich 10.

When Sandwich came to Falmouth we were going to win our first game, but instead of winning our first game we lost our third straight game, 10 to 0. Sandwich piled up runs from the start. A good many times Falmouth had men on bases but seemed to lack the hit to bring in the runs. McDonald and Govoni for Sandwich and Peterson and Fisher for Falmouth were the batteries.

#### Falmouth at Bourne.

Falmouth 7; Bourne 8.

We again suffered defeat, this time at the hands of Bourne. With the score 7 to 4 for the opponents in the first of the ninth, Falmouth, with one out, scored three runs and tied the score. Booker who wrenched his side was replaced by Peterson in the last of the ninth and he held Bourne hitless and scoreless. In the first of the tenth Falmouth got a man on, but we again failed to connect in the pinch. In Bourne's half, Wallace's single brought in the necessary run.

Batteries, Venn and Smith for Bourne; Peterson, Booker for Falmouth.

#### Hyannis at Falmouth.

Falmouth 0; Hyannis 15.

We met our usual defeat when Hyannis came to Falmouth and trimmed us 15 to 0. This made the second shut-out and the fifth consecutive defeat. Maher and O'Neil were the stars with their stick work.

Mitchell and Smith for Hyannis; Peterson and Fisher for Falmouth, were the batteries.

#### JOKES.

"What kind of trees do doughnuts grow on "

"Pantry."

One Junior has never had the luck of being in love.

Freshman:

A word to the wise (?) is sufficient. Above all things speak the truth. Perseverance brings success. Its better to be happy than wise. Practice what you preach.







N. R. ALL.

W. DENNIS

We are glad to welcome the following exchanges:

- "Clarion," West Hartford, Conn.
- "Sassamon," Natick, Mass.
- "Gondolier," Venice, Cal.
- "Boston University Beacon," Boston, Mass.
- "Golden Rod," Quincy, Mass.
- "Nuggett," Lead, S. Dakota.
- "Middlebury Campus," Middlebury College, Vermont.
- "Palmetto and Pine," St. Petersburg, Fla.
- "The Chaos," Detroit, Mich.
- "Tabula," Torrington, Conn.
- "The Tripod," Roxbury Latin School, Boston.
- "The Optic," Columbus, Ohio.

#### AS WE SEE OTHERS.

"Clarion," W. Hartford, Conn.—A few original jokes would brighten up your paper. Editorials are good.

"Boston University Beacon,"—Where is your exchange column?

"Gondolier," Venice, Cal.—Although small, have a fine little paper with good material. Your literary department could very well be en-

larged.

"Chaos," Detroit, Mich.—You have a good literary department. Why don't you criticize your exchanges and have a "Table of Contents"?

"Optic," Columbus, Ohio—You have some good, snappy jokes. Come again.

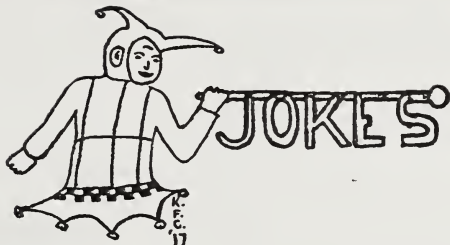
"Sassamon," Natick, Mass.—A few cuts and appropriate department headings would greatly improve your paper. It would also be much more attractive to the reader if printed on better paper. We enjoyed reading the troubles of the farmer couple in "Mirandy's Foolishness."

"Palmetto and Pine," St. Petersburg, Fla.—We are glad to welcome you again among our exchanges. You have a very well worked up literary department.

"The Tripod," Boston, Mass.—More jokes would improve your paper. The editorials are good but your literary department is short.

Fish for Tuesday  
Fish for Friday  
But no fish for Billy.





Name	Nickname	Hobby	Disposition	Wants to Be
> Annie Bowman	"Taber"	Auto Riding	Changeable	A Mother
> Warren Bowman	"Wa Wa"	Farming	Quiet	Undertaker
> Kenneth Clark	"Crumb"	Boston	Charming	Charlie Chaplin
> Ethel Cahoon	"E"	B. E.	Even	Mrs. Vernon Castle
> Franklin Carlson	"Frankie"	Eating	Quick Tempered	Officer in Navy
> Mary Denham	"Pat"	Dancing	Airy	Social Secretary
> Salome Davis	"Shorty"	Eddie	Happy	Accommodating
> Myra Ellis	"Long"	Brockton	Cheerful	Kind. Teacher
> Florence Foster	"Polly"	Doc	Hard to Tell	Private Secretary
> Louise Fisher	"Lou"	Flirting	So—So	Dressmaker
Milton Fuller	"Tommy"	Preaching	Noisy	Bachelor
> Stanley Gifford	"Hooker"	Girls	Changeable	Married
> Myra Geggatt	"Polly"	Long Walks	Sedate	School Teacher
Roger Hewins	"Skite"	Very Noisy	Very Noisy	Missionary
> Gertrude Soza	"Gert"	N. E. Tel. & Tel	Pleasing	Red Cross Nurse
Ruth Smythe	"Red"	Any Fellow	Very Quiet	Go to India
Gerard Mahurin	"Vink"	Civics	Dignified	Brakeman on 5.15
Richards Vedeler	"Dick"	Shock Absorbers	Very Nice	Inventor
Marion Tangney	"Peggy"	Singing	Always the same	Lady of Leisure

### THINGS THAT WILL BE MISSED NEXT YEAR.

Clarkie's—Aw I Say!  
 Roger's—Discussions.  
 Stanley's—Smacks.  
 Mahurin's—Dignity.  
 Tommy's—Reasoning.  
 Frankie's—Brightness.  
 Dick's—Inventions.  
 Warren's—Prizes.  
 Gertie's—Singing.  
 Myra's—Laugh.  
 Ethel's—Castle Clip.  
 Mary's—Dancing.  
 Florence's—Noise.  
 Annie's—Snickering.  
 Louise's—Quietness.  
 Marion's—Twitching.

Myra G's—Twist.  
 Ruth's—Notes.  
 Shortie's—Smile.  
 And most of all the Senior Class.

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 Seeds, Plants,  
 Trees, Shrubs**  
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Ten little Freshies, all in a line  
One failed in his lesson, then there  
were nine.

Nine little Freshies, coming in late  
One was discovered, then there  
were eight.

Eight little Freshies learning rule  
eleven,  
One lost his paper, then there were  
seven.

Seven little Freshies busy with tricks,  
One sat on a thumb tack, then  
there were six.

Six little Freshies very much alive,  
One was sent to the office, then  
there were five.

Five little Freshies on the basement  
floor,  
One ate a sandwich, then there  
were four.

Four little Freshies ran to get free,  
Mr. Whiting caught one then there  
were three.

Three little Freshies using some glue,  
One got stuck up, then there were  
two.

Two little Freshies left all alone,  
Both put away their books and  
started for home.

Never make a promise that you  
cannot fulfill.

Teacher—What is a common Latin  
Prefix seen in the papers lately?  
Mr. H-l-ms—"Hughes."



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