

REFLECTOR



APRIL, 1916
GLOUCESTER, MASS.

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Gloucester, Mass. High School

The Reflector

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY STUDENTS OF GLOUCESTER HIGH SCHOOL

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To the Seniors

Spring is here at last in all its glory, and, to the seniors at least, graduation seems very close. Two months are still left to us, however,—two months, in which we cannot atone for the mistakes of four years, but in which we *can* do something to help leave a good reputation behind us. What is that something, you ask? We well realize that it is too late for you to become valedictorian of your class, or to attain any other honors which takes three years of solid work and decent deportment to acquire. But *you can*, for a change, do some solid work during the two remaining months. Too often is it the case that a large number of the members of the senior class make of themselves common nuisances during the last few weeks of their high school course. They realize that the senior marks are practically completed and they proceed to have what *they* call a good time. One of the results is that somebody who was going to *just* graduate *almost* graduates instead, and the graduation of several others leaves a general feeling of relief among the members of the faculty and a large part of the student body.

We hope that the faculty will be sorry to lose every member of the class of 1916. Such is our idea of an ideal senior class. You, Mr. Senior, can help us perfect our ideal, by doing what you know is right during the remainder of your high school career. Will you do it?

Caterpillar Contest

Under the auspices of the Junior Civic League, several teams have been formed for the extermination of the caterpillar. The teams are doing good work, but as yet are far behind the record made last year at this time. Captain Roger Hodgkins' team seems to keep easily in the lead, with the teams captained by Olive Hodgkins and Leon Donahue alternately in second place. The other teams do not seem to have made much of a showing as yet, but undoubtedly several surprises are yet to be sprung. The team which collects the highest number will receive \$10, while the team in second place will receive \$5.

For the running expenses of "As You Like It," two candy sales have been held in the corridors recently during recess. The student body has co-operated generously with the management of the play to make it a success, and undoubtedly those who participate will be greeted by a packed house on April 28th.



ALUMNI NOTES



At the annual senior show at Mt. Holyoke College, the "Tempestuous Tale" was presented by the class of 1916 in Student Alumni Hall, before a large audience, Miss Helen Collins, G. H. S. 1911, was first Middy in the play. Speaking of the production the Springfield Daily Republican says: "The song and hornpipe by the three immaculate little Middies was easily one of the most popular of the show. They were encored again and again."

Miss Johanna Peterson, G. H. S. '14, now a sophomore in Indiana State University, was awarded the first prize of \$10 in gold in the American Collegiate Association Discussion held recently at the University. She gave a forceful, concise, well prepared talk on the subject of vocations for women other than teaching, and had a long list of callings open to women, including domestic science, secretarial work, social service, arts and crafts, to say nothing of journalism, and religious work. There was a large audience of students and townspeople at the Discussion.

Miss Eliza Sumner Bott was married on the evening of April 12 to

Cheever Lawrence Hersey of Manchester.

Lieut. Richard C. Stickney, United States Army, a former graduate of G. H. S., is stationed with the troops now on the border of Mexico, and should another expedition be sent into that country, he would probably be among those to go. Lieut. Stickney is assigned to the Seventh Infantry and at present is located at El Paso, Tex. He has been at various places along the Mexico border since being assigned to duty last September. In a recent letter to his family, Stickney stated that all was quiet at El Paso and that he was patrolling the International bridge there.

Stanley Burnham, Harvard 1919, is wrestling champion of the college in the 175 pound class, winning his bout in the finals of the Harvard championships held at the Harvard Union in Cambridge recently. Cups were awarded to the winners.

Burnham defeated L. R. Barker, I. L., getting the decision in a nine minute bout.

The following article taken from the Gloucester Daily Times should

be of special interest to high school pupils. Sponagle graduated from G. H. S. in 1913 and was quartermaster of the battalion.

Under date of February 2, 1916, writing Henry Davis Sleeper of this city, from "somewhere in France," Sponagle tells an interesting tale of some of his experiences.

The letter follows :

Since my last letter which I hope you have received, I have had many varied experiences, and seen a good bit of the country, the people and the effects of the war. When I left Paris last November I was sent to section No. 1, known as the Dunkirk section, we were stationed at Crombeke and Woesten.

Mr. Andrew told me before leaving that the section was about to move into another territory and it would give me a good opportunity to see the country. We were there just four weeks when we received orders to move.

That four weeks was just as about as long as I wished to remain in Belgium, for it is, at least Flanders, the most abominable place on earth. Absolutely nothing there excepting a few dumb peasants. It rained incessantly and there was mud in abundance.

I was quite busy while I was there for the cars were in quite bad shape. From Crombeke we went to Malo just inside of Dunkirk where we remained nearly a week awaiting orders.

From there we went to Beauvais

stopping over night in Abbeville. It was a beautiful run and we had very little trouble. One of the cars caught fire outside Poix and we had left one in Abbeville. The motor of the burnt chassis was in good shape so I demounted it and a few other parts worth saving and went back to Abbeville that night.

The next day was the day before Christmas and we were promised a big time in Beauvais on that day. Well I had the motor changed and was in Beauvais at 8 o'clock that night. Most of the ride was by moonlight which, with the perfect French roads, made the trip perfect.

We were at Beauvais until the 20th of January repairing and painting the cars, most of the work being done by ourselves. I cannot tell you where we went from there nor where we are now but we are in a most interesting section with plenty of work at that point of the line which is nearest Paris. It is the center of gas attack and we are all equipped with gas masks and steel helmets or French "derbies" as we call them.

We were all remembered on Christmas Day by Miss Sinkler. I am wearing a nice wrist watch through her generosity. Was down at C last week and met Mr. Andrew. He was there for a conference of some sort and I did not have much time to talk with him.

The weather so far has been very mild with only a couple of frosty nights in the valley where we are now situated. I am told that they

have a very open winter which is certainly good news for we are up to our necks in work, having many long runs which would be impossible with bad roads.

We have 12 poste secours, or relief stations, to attend to and most of them are rather risky. On one of them we run in full view of the German trenches in fact within 500 yards of the first line. They seldom fire upon the ambulances but occasionally when the dust is so thick that they cannot make out the Red Cross cars they chase us with well-timed shots and you may well imagine there is much more dust created, especially in the rear.

We are fairly well quartered, having an old barn previously occupied by the genie or sappers who have fixed up the place quite comfy. Our eats are fine. We call the mess, or

"ravitaillment" the "Chow". For instance we have bread, butter, jam and coffee for breakfast; our lunch which is the best meal of the day consists of hors d'oeuvres, bread, cheese, steak, potatoes, salad and coffee; dinners, soup, boiled beef, vegetables, bread, cream, cheese, fruits, cakes and coffee.

Our food allowance amounts to about 55 cents per day and we feed very well on that.

Have been appointed mechanical chief of the section, which is quite an honor, having been here such a short while. I have tried to make this letter more interesting than my last and trust that I am improving for I am not much of a hand with the pen.

Sincerely yours,

JAMES M. SPONAGLE.

SOCIETY NOTES

Society Squibs

After ransacking his poor weak brains in vain, in a courageous but futile attempt to invent some interesting news that could appropriately be placed in these classic columns, Ye Society Ed. has been forced to an inglorious, but unconditional surrender. There has been a little stirring, so to speak, in society lines this past month.

—

Snow shoeing parties were the order of the day during March.

There is much sickness in our midst at present. Even the Assistant Society Editor has succumbed to the terrible ravages of spring fever,—hence the amount of copy he turned in.

—

Half the population of the school has gone buggy, a la Junior Civic League. It is reported that some of the freshman of 1914 are indisputably responsible for the present scarcity of bugs.

Later—News is growing scarcer.

We promised Editor Gordon that we would flay the editorial board ruthlessly in this issue, but we regret to announce to the awaiting multitudes that we shall have to break our promise because the aforementioned board is so dense, so lacking in wisdom, and so utterly incapable of the minutest infinitesimal particle of comprehension and intelligence, that they would undebatably fail absolutely to understand, not to say appreciate our thoughtful, yet forcible advice and criticism.

What an intelligent bunch we have here in High School! All perfectly familiar with the rules of etiquette, too. Not a query has been sent in since this department announced that

it would be pleased to run a question box.

Even with this failure staring us in the face we resolutely announce that we will open a matrimonial bureau. We are prepared to handle an enormous business, (judging from the bunch of love-sick, moon-struck Romeos we have noticed around these parts lately.) Next month we will issue a bulky report about our business. We will also publish the names of our patrons, free of charge.

Latest—We are absolutely out of news. Our brain cells are dry and so are our throats.

N. B. The throats of our fountain pens.

SCHOOL NOTES

Convicted of Grand Larceny!

Two unscrupulous characters wander about unharmed in our very midst, though tried and convicted, at the last session of the court, for the offence of misappropriating the lunch of one Carleton Thayer.

His Honor Roger Burnham presided at the trial, and the case was called by the crier and sheriff, Albert Cedarstrom.

Clarence Blatchford, attorney for the plaintiff, presented Miss Durney and F. Lufkin as witnesses. The defendants, Charles Grant and Robert

Fitzpatrick, were represented by their lawyers, Messrs. Publicover and Philbrick.

Interesting details of the case were presented in the cross examinations of the witnesses.

Some of the following questions were put to Miss Durney by the lawyers for the defence:

Were you ever kissed?

What do sandwiches look like?

If you saw a greenhouse painted brown what color would it be?

Can you cook?

Did you say you had a strong

affection for Mr. Lufkin?

Which do you like best, chocolate or vanilla ice cream?

Miss Durney was also tested for sanity, but Attorney Blatchford proved that the test was invented by a man then insane.

Some of Lufkin's answers will be recorded in the annals of history by the court stenographers, Miss Steele and Miss Tanner. To the question "What is your occupation?" He replied, "Regimental quartermaster." He was reminded that he was on his honor. "No!" He said. "It was no honor."

Question. Were your parents foreign or domestic.

A. Neither—Americans.

Q. Do you inspect the guns after every drill?

A. I am positive, comparative, superlative, I do.

Charlie Grant didn't want to be sworn in but when he found Harry Mills did the swearing he didn't mind.

A verdict was returned after three months,—record time,—of not guilty.

The culprits were sentenced to buy "Biddy" a lunch the next day.

Ad finitum

Which literally translated means,

My boy

Thy boy,

A boy

Our boys

Your boys

The boys

Only and always

Bold freshman laddie—"You have a very pretty mouth."

Miss A—t—"Is that so! Er—you aren't a very close observer of beauty."

Mr. Brackett—"Correct this sentence, 'She sets behind me.'"

Roach—"That's all right. She sets behind me."

Mr. B.—Not unless you are standing in front of a hen-house, Roach."

Will this Squelch Him?

A certain senior wrote to a young lady friend that she had blighted his life. Frost-bitten would have suited the case better.

Carols of the G. H. S. Freshmisses

By a Father

Je boy

Tu boy

Il boy

Nous boy

Vous boy

Il's boy

Sayings of Famous Men

Haley—"What have you got to eat?"

Brick—"How's the boy?"

Donahue—"Can you do anything on that quarter?"

Buckley—"What is the lesson for today?"

Andrews—"Let's get fired out of class."

Christy—"Ayah—ayah."

Smithy—"You going after bugs?"

Smith—"Brachiopods are clams, mussels and cockerels."

Mr. P.—"Did you say cock-roaches?"

Spanish Stude—translating Dios Mios—"Goodness gracious me!"

A study room pest recently pegged Tim Abbott in the ear with a chunk of lead. Mr. Brackett arrives with a slip.

Name _____ Date _____

For indoor base ball, 1 hour. You have perfect control, but use poor judgment. I have read the above—

Teacher _____

Our Teachers

Wee luv hour teches, indeed whee dews

From the hare on hour 'ed too the tips of hour shoos.

If they wood luv us as whee luv them
Wee wood get better marks in hour
munthly exems.

C. F. G. R.

After the great Y. M. C. A. Conference Kenneth Dale's (Count Nabisco) picture appeared in the Times. All the young ladies made a rush to secure a copy. It is rumored that Agnes Davis purchased three.

Junior—"You poor ignorant ham!"

Freshie—"Shut up. This is Lent."

Junior—"Well then, you poor fish."

Miss B.—"How does a poet tell what word to use."

Maddocks—"According to how much money he wants to make."

The Style Club and the Loafer's Club have passed into oblivion. A new fraternity is knocking at our gates. This select gathering has been called the "Corner Club" (to the uninitiated, this is Spanish for "eating.")

To date the officers have not been installed, but this is the probable roster:

President—Christy or Andrews, (to be decided after a race to see which can eat the most.)

Head Commissary, Haley.

Cook, Ronka.

Delicatessen, Markuson.

Secretary, Buckley (to keep watch that each member eats his share.)

Chief bottle and dish washer,

Donahue.

Haley has suggested keeping hens to live on the crumbs.

Mr. Thompson—"What is made from graphite that you use every day you come to school?"

Nikola—"soap."

For what are diamonds used?

Gillie—"To cut glass."

What else?

Thomas—"Engagement rings."

Teacher (taking attendance) —
“Does Miss Blatchford come on the car?”

Voice—“No. But she goes with the Carr.”

Scene—Muddy street in front of Boardman’s.

Time—Recess.

Miss R-g-r-s—“Look out, you will get your shoes full of mud.”

Miss O’M-l-y—“I can’t. They’re full of feet now.”

Webber (transcription in shorthand)—“Let me know as soon as possible, because I wish to *shake up* my accounts.”

Conant (giving parts of the verb “flee”)—“Flee, flew, flit.”

Have you noticed how much James Buckley and Dave Hartz are using the study room reference books lately? Don’t worry, they aren’t cramming for an English exam. Hartz leaves a little billet doux addressed C. N. Charles, Esq., in the volume he has been studying. Buckley walks up and gets the note. Some parcel post.

Miss B—“Bibber had 100 per cent., Miss Hodgkins had 100 per cent.

Miss Leavitt—“What did you have?”

Miss B—“I’m not telling what I had.”

Miss Andrews—“Whose picture would improve the appearance of this room?”

Gordon Strole—“Mine.”

Why does “Billy” Brotherton use “she” when conjugating the third singular, instead of “he”?

Eleanor Fears is some athlete,
This fact is certainly very clear;
Because she took her spring exams
While going through the whoops—
my dear!

Miss Brodie—“Explain the difference between admission and admittance.”

Brooks—“Admission is what you pay and admittance is what you get.”

Cunningham says he can make his violin talk so well that it blows its own horn.

We are doubtful if the violin can be heard above certain other blowing.

R is for the records of the school the paper keeps.

E is for the editor who never, never sleeps.

F is for its fame, spread like the ocean ‘round the land.

L is for the lessons we neglect when it’s at hand.

E is for exchanges the whole school would like to see.

C is for the censor, who’s a mystery to me.

T is that ten cent piece you fork over every time.

O is opportunities to spend that precious dime.

R is for reporters, and since there are so many,

We ought to have a lot of news, but have to dig for any.

DORIS H. LORING, ’17.

Miss Brodie—lecturing to class—
“There seems to be a streak of Bacon in Hamlet.”



SIMPOLOGY.

z s 'n

IN MEMORIAM

Name

Date

Excused by

Period

— — —

Died : March 1st G. H. S. B.

Born : March 1st G. H. S. R.

— — —

Recently Mr. Parsons compiled a list of unexplainable things for his geology class. With apologies to Mr. Parsons and his contemporaries, we feel that we can aid the world by adding a few of our own. Apologies accepted, we will proceed. We want to know —

1. Why Rockport has not been annexed to the U. S.
2. Why Paul Wyeth doesn't wear a wrist watch and carry a chamois. Later. Report from Donahue agency — He does.
3. Why "Mox" Ruth has not been exterminated.
4. Why did the "Eternal" Donahue happen.

5. Why is Paul Smith.

We wish to call special attention to the fourth. "Why did Donahue happen?" He's no earthly good. He never works. He's always grinning. Can we work, while he's grinning? *No.* But should we like to lose him from our midst? Should we like to lose his grinning "map"? *No.* Not for a million dollars,—and a postage stamp. Donahue, you're accounted for. Sit down.

Popular Songs and Those Around Us

- | | |
|---|--------------------------|
| Just Because She Comes from a One-Horse Town, | |
| Doesn't Mean, She's a One-Horse Girl, | E. Walen |
| When I Sailed Away from Norway, | Christy |
| Gee, I Wish that I had a Girl, | P. Smith |
| We Met; We Loved; We Parted, | T. Bradley |
| When I Left the World Behind, | Bill Parsons |
| I Didn't Raise My Boy To Be a Soldier, | Philbrick |
| The Girl Who Smiles, | K. Cook |
| You Can't Get Along with 'Em or without 'Em, | |
| | The Teachers of G. H. S. |
| When You're in Love with Some One, Who is Not | |
| in Love with You, | Paul Kirkham |
| Are You the O'Reilly, | M. O'Reilly |
| My Latch-key, | "Mox" Ruth |
| Along Came Ruth, | Burnham |
| Things are Getting Better Every Day, | D. Geary |
| Poor Pauline, | "Polly" Lantz |
| Do You take this Woman for Your Lawful Wedded | |
| Wife, | Blatchford |
| Nobody Home, | Martin |
| Kill that Bear, | Henderson |
| My Little Girl, | C. Carr |
| Oh, Beatrice Fairfax, | Paul Wyeth |
| A Pilgrim of the Night, | "Mox" Ruth |

Nobody Loves a Fat Man, Abbott
 And I Knew Him When He was All Right, Elwell
 And the Darned Old Ford, will Ramble Right Along,
 Billy Hunt
 Hop a Jitney with Me, "Eternal" Donahue
 I Was Seeing Nelly Home, Mitchell

Oft Repeated Sayings

Room 3—Now is the time for quiet.
 Haley—Well, I got a good excuse;
 I overslept.
 In the corridor—Oh, you do.
 Miss Andrews—There now. That
 little boy in the back seat, is a perfect
 gentleman.
 Any old time. "Lay dead."
 "What are you? Stuffed?"

Signs of Spring

Leavitt is taking his sulphur and
 and molasses.
 R. Burnham has left off his mit-
 tens.
 F. Lufkin has got a hair cut.
 After the winter months, Bibber
 has taken a spring bath.
 Mothers are sick and grandmothers
 "die" regularly every Tuesday.
 Haley, Christy and Donahue stroll
 in late every morning.
 Summer session of Loafers Club
 opened at library wall.
 Charley and Gert are taking their
 afternoon strolls.
 Martin is feeling his oats.
 The truant officer has a haggard
 appearance from overwork.
 Talk of new cars.
 Dave Hartz has a new "soot."

At the Lunch Counter

Lawrie—"How much are oranges?"
 Matron—"Two for five cents."
 Lawrie—"How much is one?"
 Matron—"Three cents."
 Lawrie—"I'll take the other one."

Harrison and Lufkin were wrest-
 ling.
 Spectator—"Is this a boxing
 match?"
 Harrison—Just about.

Argument

Based on the Caterpillar Contest
 of the Junior Civic League.
 To prove—That girls are chasing
 boys.
 1. The boys have the "bugs."
 2. The girls are chasing the
 "bugs."
 3. Therefore the girls are chasing
 the boys. Eh?

Spring

A Tragedy in Seven Spasms, Composed with Little
 Rhyme and Less Reason

The average man, like poet, can
 Not think when spring comes 'round
 Of birds, and trees, and bumble-bees,
 But beefsteak—40c a lb!

It gives him chills to see the bills
 For coal; but how he raves
 When bills for ice, so cool and nice,
 Take all he skimps and saves.

The latest skirt, we must assert,
 Is shorter now than when
 The ladies wore the pinafore
 When they were aged but 10.

And in the spring (a sorry thing,
The young man thinks of love;
But for all that, the spring-style-hat,
Has precedence above.

Your neighbor comes and slyly bums
Your second-hand lawn mower;
Next 4 A. M., the ign'rant ham
Cuts grass!—your rest is o'er!

Man gets the bug to hear the chug
Of his little old machine;
To his dismay, up goes next day
The price of gasoline.

His overcoat soon gets his goat;
He takes it off for good;
The next fair day he rides away
In his last one made of wood!

Passed by the National Board of Senselessnesship.
R. S. B., 17.

How to Drive a Horse

(Personal Experience of Prof. Gum-
goozelum)

I got my first experience with a horse far from this wintry clime. I had a situation in a country grocery in the metropolis of Pinebluff, N. C., (which ought to be N. G.) at the munificent salary of three iron men per week, on weeks when the owner cleared that much.

On a certain morning in February a few years ago, I was feeling bright and happy as a lark, (some poetic effort), when in came the person whom I allowed to employ me, and said, "John is sick. You hitch up the horse to the wagon and make the deliveries this morning."

"Oui, oui," says I, and betook myself to the barn.

It was what you might call a so-

ciable barn, because the stall where the four-limbed beast they called a horse was kept, was so large that he or she, as the case might be, (more poetry), could shake hands — or hoofs — with you no matter into which corner you went.

Nelly, the horse, (and when I think of that name I'm not so sure but that the owner had a great sense of humor). Nelly only kicked at me three times that morning and then suffered me to lead her out. (*I* suffered all right.) After awhile I managed to get Nelly between the shafts and put her collar on. The collar didn't fit very well, but I didn't know why until a kind-hearted old gent told me it was upside down.

I righted the thing and then fastened the traces to the thing they were to be fastened to, grabbed the reins and started. But let me tell you about that start. In quite soothing tones I requested Nelly to move ahead. Nelly declined. I again urged her. She again declined, more decidedly this time. Finally I got out and attempted to lead her. Up to this time I had had a suspicion that Nelly did not care for me. Now I was sure of it. She showed her teeth to me and laid back her ears. No, Nelly and I could never become fast friends.

At last I got in and slammed her on the back with the butt end of the whip. By this you may judge I was beginning to be annoyed. Nelly started all right. No doubt about it.

Before I knew it we had killed three of Mac's two days old chickens and were out in the street. We were not long in getting to the store.

First Mac sent me to the depot with a load of peas. Now these bags of peas were of pretty good size and pretty heavy. I managed to get them to the team and then got aboard. Then I rang two bells to Nelly and we moved off. In due time, (Nelly and I) reached the depot. Now there was no way to reach the freight platform except to drive about fifty feet from it and back up. We got within fifty feet all right. But Nelly persistently and decidedly refused to back. I talked to her in my most dulcet tones; then in tones not so dulcet; finally I believe I said something real rude. I called her a darn brute.

Talking having failed I got out and punched her in the nose. Nelly let out a snort or a war-whoop in horse language, and I thought it prudent to retreat. To make a long and sad story short, I had to carry those ten bags of peas over to the platform. I earned my salary that day all right.

I could tell you more about that d - ear animal, that nice affectionate brute, but I'll content myself with one more episode. I had to drive to the town of Aberdeen, about three miles away, to have Nelly shod, and to look for Mac's ma and drive her home. I didn't find aforesaid ma, so I started back alone. There was a nice level stretch just past the big

cotton gin, and there Nelly took the bit in her teeth and began to run. I say began, because she didn't stop until we pulled up in front of the store. And believe me, we had done some travelling. Mac came out and took one look at those profusely perspiring sides and began to talk about things found in the Bible.

Let us draw the curtain. The things he said are not for young ears. But after the storm, I found I still had my job. I didn't know then, but I found out afterward, that nobody could work for Mac and have a good conscience. Maybe I'll tell you why some time. 'Till then, bye-bye.

PROF. GUMGOOSELUM.

P. S. If you want to learn how to drive a horse from this essay, all you have to do is not to follow the directions I have given.

Man

The present idea of primitive man is of a large, hairy biped, built somewhat after the model of his ancestor, the Ape. He is generally pictured with a mighty club on his shoulder, and a belligerent face almost completely hidden by a bushy, scraggly, matted beard, which gives the general effect of a movie jungle scene.

The present idea of (modern) man (or at least, the idea we get if we read the clothing ads.) is of a modern Apollo; sterilized, completely civilized, and set to music. He stands in a lackadaisical, don't-care attitude,

viewing nonchalantly the common herd, caring not at all if they judge him wicked for having a tube of the vile weed screwed into his determined face. His phisio is generally free from all hirsutic adornments, but sometimes we may detect a slight trace of a third eyebrow located directly below his manly proboscis. This third eyebrow is not, as you may suppose, a hereditary burden, but a cultivated bit of nuisance. We have never been able to find any scientific definition of this decoration, so we have concluded that it is merely a habit.

Man's chief pastime in the olden days was to send some fellow-being on his last journey, by bashing him over the head with a war-club. Altho we used the quarter-staff for practically the same purpose, a few centuries ago, even tho we still have the hockey club and the baseball bat, we now prefer to do the job by wholesale, so we get out our 16-inch guns and our gas-bombs.

As for education, man lately used to do what he could toward the mastering of the three "R's" and the Bible. Today we have Mathematics, Athletics, Politics, Eugenics, and Woman Suffrage. If we wish to go still further, we may study the exploits of Cæsar, Columbus or Charlie Chaplin.

As for conveyances, we have advanced from the two-wheeled cart and the "one-hoss shay" to the automobile, motorcycle and Ford. The

former has been known to give the rider some pretty hard knocks, but the latter—well, we have been saved *somewhat* by the ingenuity of a certain man named Asphaltor MacAdam or something like that. Altho conveyances are much swifter today than in ancient times, the ancient man had one on us, in that if he happened to collide with some other citizen's conveyance, he might get out of it with an argument; whereas we are lucky if we get out of it with anything short of interment, or at least solitary confinement.

In the olden days, anything from a fig-leaf to a tiger-skin would do for clothing. To day one must be totally enveloped, or look out for the arm of the law. Of course there are times when little clothing is permissible; such as, in bathing—or rather on the beach (as some of our prettiest bathing costumes were never meant to touch the water) and also at a ball—for the women. In the days of George Washington both men and women wore a great deal of clothing. The amount is now on the decrease among the women, and it is not at all improbable that we may yet return to the fig-leaf style of Adam and Eve.

But cheer up, girls! A man isn't such a bad thing to have around the house. Even tho he does make your home smell like a mess of corned beef and cabbage, by the smoke from his section of hemp-rope, he may be willing to chop the wood and build the fire at least once a week.

Even after all this discourse, it would be foolish for me to attempt to define the word "man." I'll leave that to one of the gentle sex, who will probably be better able. B., 17.

REGIMENTAL NOTES

Several drills of the past few weeks have been finished with a regimental parade and review. The parade is formed with the battalions in column of masses, the majors in front of their battalions. The greatest difficulty experienced with the new organization seems to be in accustoming the men to take commands from the majors and not from the colonel and regimental adjutant. In this connection it may be said that with regulation distances it would be almost impossible for all the men in the regiment to hear the colonel's commands. Bugle signals will probably be used for route marches.

—

The Presentation is not far distant and the competitive prize squads have been picked from each company and are drilling industriously. The competition is keen and the men are in earnest so that the affair will lose none of its usual interest. This occasion will be the first public appearance of the regiment, so that it will be well worth attending. After the military part of the program is completed, dancing will be continued until 1 o'clock.

—

Now that the pleasant days of spring are here, drills at the park will be in order. It is greatly to be regretted that this excellent drill ground is so far distant from the school. However, when the band turns out it

will help a great deal. These marches to the park give a taste of real soldiering, as the cadets trudge thru the dust and drill two hours in the sun.

—

We note with interest the paragraphs on military drill in one of the Superintendent's recent monthly reports. It is of course a question how practical the parade ground drill and formation and manual of arms, etc., are for modern warfare, but we believe there is no question as to the disciplinary value and the physical training derived from such drill. The high school should fit its graduates for responsible positions in life, and it is a well-known maxim that in order to command one must first learn to obey. The value of the spirit of team work, where all work together as a unit is also great.

Then again the physical training does not take in merely a dozen or two picked men who really do not need it, to the exclusion of the three hundred others, who, in the case of base ball or foot ball, can only sit in the bleachers or stand on the side lines and cheer.

—

The Superintendent's suggestion of a camp seems practical and should receive serious consideration by all concerned, and the \$100 appropriation he suggests is none to large. The financial support of the regiment is one thing of which the officers may

well be proud, in as much as the organization has never received a cent from the city, being entirely self supporting. Many cities having military

drill in their high schools think nothing of appropriating \$500 for its support, and one appropriates \$500 for Field Day alone.



This month several of our last year's friends, that had not been received before this year, have reappeared. We are very glad to see them again and hope they may continue to arrive. We also wish to express our thanks for all the exchanges old or new, that have recently come in. We take great pleasure this month in criticising the Somerville High School Radiator, an extremely large, prosperous and well organized school paper. It is run on a higher standard than that of most high school magazines. In a school of two thousand pupils there must be a large amount of material available. This fact is evident in the six pages of school notes, as well as in the other equally well-supplied departments.

The March number of the Somerville Radiator is called the "alumni number," and it truly upholds its name. The five interesting themes,

in the literary department are all written by alumni, who are now attending college. As the stories were written by college students rather than by high school pupils, they are naturally more interesting as to plot and more perfect as to form.

One very interesting department contains articles pertaining to Somerville graduates in M. A. C., Dartmouth, Tufts, Normal Art, Harvard and Jackson, written by former high school pupils, who are now studying in the above mentioned schools. An unusual department headed "Public Occurrences" contains a summary of interest to the students. There are a few well chosen jokes and a good-sized athletic department. The few editorials are short, but to the point. There are two pages of alumni notes. It is an extremely interesting number, and fulfils the promise contained in its announcement.

ATHLETICS

Baseball

Coach Brackett has decided to have baseball games between the classes of the high school this year. This is a new move in local athletics, but to all appearances is a wise one. The two principal reasons for playing class games are: First, owing to the late arrival of spring, the squad has been unable to get out of doors to practice; second, the coach sincerely believes that competition in practice as well as in games is essential for the development of a first class team. A few practice games with plenty of "pep" in them and some one to tell a player of a mistake as soon as it is made, can do more good than twice as much of the ordinary practice. The second, and probably the most important, motive for having class games is that more fellows will get out into the good fresh air that spring gives us, than would come out to try for a place on the regular team.

Class Captains

On April 6th, notice was given out that all fellows interested in class baseball would meet in the study room during recess. Nearly one hundred reported and class captains were elected. The result of the election was as follows: freshman captain, McKinnon; sophomore, B. Burnham; junior, Hunt; and senior, Leavitt.

When the call for candidates for the school team was issued, some thirty men sent in their names, and with such a large squad it ought to be possible to develop a fast team.

Owing to the cold and snowy weather, the battery men were not able to get any out-of-door practice until April 7. This is proving to be a severe handicap to this year's team. At present there are ten men trying for the receiver's position, and eight more, most of them south-paws, are trying out for pitcher's place.

The most promising of the left-handers seem to be Carr and Favor, while Grant is able to serve the "pill" up to the plate with the best of the right-handers.

The two most promising back stop men seem to be McKinnon and Christensen.

At the request of the public, the Amateur Circus of the Athletic Fete, held at the City Hall in February, will be put on again at the City Hall, May 19. The show consists of local talent entirely, and every pupil in the high school should be there. We need your support. The actors are rehearsing daily and the performance this time should be even better than the last one. There will be a lot of new vaudeville in addition to that which was put on at the last show. It will be given for the benefit of the football members of the Athletes' Club.

THEMES

Losing a Pair of Gloves

Did you ever get a Christmas present that you disliked very much? Mr. Bailey did.

He had given his wife a set of furs which cost him sixty-five dollars, and in return she presented him with a pair of huge woolen mittens, the variety worn by fishermen in winter. They had cheerful red and black stripes running around the wrists, and were about four sizes too large.

Mr. Bailey stole cautiously to the window, opened the sash, and hurled the gloves out into space. Greatly relieved, he had just decided to take a short nap when he heard a knock at the door. "Come in," he cried, and in walked Officer Flannigan of the "Metropolitan Police."

"Mr. Bailey, sor, ye must 've dropped yer gloves out av the winder, fer I found 'em on the sidewalk," said the officer, and with a bob and a grin he departed before Mr. Bailey could protest.

Mr. Bailey wrapped the gloves in a newspaper, seized his hat, and hurried to the steamboat pier, elbowing his way through the crowd. He came abreast of the Bansk, a small Norwegian "tramp" steamer which was slowly backing out of the dock. As there was no one in sight on the bows of the boat, he decided to throw

the gloves onto the steamer and send them to Europe.

As the steamer was now about ten feet off from the dock, he raised his arm to throw the gloves, but before the deed was done a dock hand and a policeman grabbed him and held his arms pinned firmly to his sides.

"Ye *will* t'row a bomb at 'em, will yer?" cried the dock hand.

Before he could answer a word the officer seized the bundle and tore it open. Upon seeing the gloves he burst into a fit of laughter, loudly echoed by the crowd which had assembled.

Mr. Bailey was mad. He felt like choking every one on the wharf. But he didn't do it. He walked a quarter of a mile out of his way to get to the Salvation Army Headquarters. He found the door locked.

Seeing a messenger boy loitering nearby he inquired when the building would open.

"It's closed 'till Sat'day," said the boy unfeelingly.

"Say! Young feller, do you want a pair of gloves?" said Mr. Bailey, displaying them hopefully.

"Naw! The gang 'ud kill me if I wore dose!" replied the boy with a snicker.

Mr. Bailey silently headed for home. "Well, since no one will take these gloves, here goes!" he thought,

and dropped them into a full rubbish can by the street corner.

When he arrived at his door his wife's first words were, "Why George! Where are your gloves?" "Why I-er-ah—I must have left them at the office," said George, and rushed back to the rubbish can.

Alas! the gloves were gone! What should he do? He could not buy another pair like those anywhere in the world, probably.

He went sadly home, only to find that his wife had the gloves on the rack behind the stove, drying, and she said eagerly, "Rover brought your gloves home, George."

"So I see," said Mr. Bailey glumly.

His wife burst out laughing. "Oh, George," she said, "they were only a joke—the gloves—*here* is your present!" and she gave him a handsome watch charm which he had long sighed for.

The next day he sold the gloves—which weighed almost two pounds—to the rag man, and got a dime for them. He carries that dime today as a pocket piece, and a reminder of those gloves. R. M. P., '19.

We Need a New High School

We, the seven hundred and fifty pupils of the Gloucester High School, need a new high school building for ourselves, for our teachers, and for the accommodation of the class entering next September, whose coming

will carry our enrollment over the 900 mark.

The public of Gloucester does not begin to know or to imagine the conditions and hardships under which we live and work during five days of every school week. The parents have no idea of the circumstances which surround and influence us, their children, for the greater part of every day. If ever another inspector chances upon the grounds, will all the imperfections of our system escape his eyes?

If as much time was spent on the premises as upon the problem, the solution of the latter might be hurried a bit. If you ever stepped within our precincts, you could not fail to come again to attempt a cure.

But you do not come, or *show* your interest in the welfare of the city's children, so it is left for us to plead our own cause to you who read.

Our present building was planned, heated, and ventilated to contain four hundred pupils and teachers. Today seven hundred and fifty pupils as well as twenty-nine instructors are crowded within its walls. Every room in the building, and the whole second floor of the Y. M. C. A. is utilized. We hold recitations in open corridors, in the drawing room, and in the laboratories; while penmanship classes are conducted in the study hall.

The Y. M. C. A. *check room* is the class room for fourteen students, and an *ordinary dressing room* is forced to

accommodate eighteen. The only place in the building where a pupil who is ill can lie down is in the tiny dressing room already occupied by the hats and coats of twenty-four teachers.

Reciting in the Y. M. C. A. necessitates a five minute loss of time each period in passing to and from that building. "A fine little whiff of air for the children," I hear you say. Yes, indeed, but when the winter winds whistle round the corner of the Sawyer library it's a fine *big* "whiff of air" we get.

Dressing room space is at a premium. Before and after school, seventy girls crowd into a single room measuring eight by fifteen feet. In the confusion I've often pinned my hat securely to some one else's head and been thrust unwillingly into a coat not my own. We are a squealing, wriggling mass, and the situation is really funny. But what of fire? Suppose that a panic should start there in the dark. Ah—*that* is the part we want you to consider!

There are ninety-four lockers for rubbers in the boys' basement and about one hundred in the girls'. What do the other five hundred pupils do with theirs? That is easy to answer. If they can escape the eagle eyes of the janitors and teachers, they wear them all the time. But when they have lost a pair—or two pair—by leaving them on the dressing room floors, they go without, and then comes the old, old story of colds, sick-

ness, and poor attendance records. At times about 10 per cent. of the entire student body has been on the absence list.

During the recent winter the temperature varied in the different rooms from ninety to thirty-two degrees. The janitors must not be blamed for this, because the *fires* were hot. Some talk has been made about installing a new arrangement for heating, but that kind of hot air does not keep *us* warm. The heating system consists of eleven separate furnaces installed in widely separated parts of the basement. It takes the greater part of the time of two janitors to wheel coal about and stoke. One hundred and ninety tons of coal are consumed in seven months. If two steam boilers were substituted, in seven months one hundred tons of coal would be saved, and the new system would soon pay for itself. Part of the system is an old plant which four years ago was condemned throughout the state as a fire peril. In every town and city *except Gloucester* such furnaces have been removed. Some day Gloucester will suffer an awful penance for her indifference.

The building is ventilated by an old-fashioned system of air chambers under all the floors and in all the walls. These have become choked with the dust, paper and filth of years, another fire menace! A fire starting in almost any part of the building, spreading through these passages opening into every room, and fed by

our oil-soaked floors, would cut off escape before the building could possibly be emptied.

We have fire drills, but the building has only *three* exits, two of which are at the foot of stairs and through two pairs of double swinging doors, while some of the corridors are less than four feet wide. On the third floor, where classes are held in the hall, and in the passage at the back of the drawing room, a number of loose settees easily form a trap for fifty or a hundred of us. And *you*, the taxpayers of the city, neglect your responsibility by remaining in ignorance of these things.

Follow us through part of a morning's routine. You find us crowded two in a seat twenty-one inches wide and obliged to pack two sets of books, notebooks, and portfolios into a desk about eighteen inches long. At the ringing of a bell the whole seven hundred of us are turned loose in the halls. You, being a visitor, only *see* the horrible pushing and elbowing that we *get*.

We recite and study under conditions that you would not tolerate in your offices, and which certain societies would consider cruel if animals were subjected to the same treatment. In hot weather when thirty-two of us are crammed into a room intended to hold seventeen, we sit on the window sills or stand, to avoid contact with one another. At recess, lunch is on sale in the basement, but by the time we have made our way to the counter,

our appetites—well, our appetites are usually still there, but sometimes *we* are not.

The lack of a library room has occasioned the piling of books in closets where they are quite unavailable for ready reference. This is only one of many ways in which the work of the students is handicapped. Pupils have to spend their study periods in odd corners of rooms where teachers are conducting recitations—a condition detrimental to the quality of work of the teacher and both groups of pupils.

A school is a school only so long as all its members work together in a spirit of fellowship. To keep up this spirit, mass meetings of the whole student body are necessary during the year. We have no assembly hall large enough to accommodate the whole school, so they tried to transplant us to City Hall. But school spirit, being a frail young shoot, died on the way over.

Conditions are bad, undeniably bad, and I have not exaggerated. Things have been made endurable so far by the day-and-night planning of one man, but it will not be for the good of the city if present conditions continue to exist. Gloucester has a reputation, in the world of education, which must not be lost. Even if things are *bearable* just now, you can not afford to let it go at that. Incoming classes increase annually in numbers and demands. You must meet the situation and prepare to advance with other cities or fall farther behind.

Come and see these things for yourselves. Come once, come twice; you will not forget what you will see. And you, O "city fathers," as you delight to call yourselves, show that you are fit guardians of your city children. Dig deep down into the city treasury, and find your sure reward in *your* knowledge of deeds well done and in *our* gratitude and honor for you.

How a Mirror Prevented a Crime

Bobby Baker was the unfortunate possessor of a sweet tooth. This fact led to so many unusual happenings that Bobby's mother often threatened the security of the said tooth. After these terrible threats Bobby was very careful what he did while his mother was in the house,—sometimes for as much as a week!

On this memorable day Bob had already taken half a custard pie and four cookies from their resting place just inside the pantry window, to keep him from fainting away before supper time. Now supper too was a thing of the past, but Bobby's capacity was by no means reached.

His sister was giving a garden party that evening, so Bob was sent to bed early; and at this moment was on his way up stairs. On the dining room table all sorts of goodies were waiting to be set before the revellers. This was too much for Bobby! His appetite and his honor fought a terrible battle, but in the end it was his honor that retreated.

Now to steal some of the things from the dining room table, was to Bobby's mind a great deal worse than simply to "take" things from the pantry shelves. To steal in the night would be like a real thief. Well, to be a thief, one must dress the part. Therefore Bobby slipped into an old suit of his fathers, tied a red handkerchief around his neck, took up a toy pistol and a small, dark lantern. After these preliminaries he began to creep softly down the stairs.

The sound of laughter and talking came up to Bobby, through the open windows, from the garden below. His conscience troubled him a mite, but the thoughts of the forbidden sweets comforted him mightily, and he crept on.

The dim light of the dining room filtered yet more dimly into the hall, while down the stairs stealthily tip-toed a small boy, with criminal intent.

This young burglar peered about,—then suddenly stopped! What was that, moving along at the bottom of the stairs? It stopped, too, so after a minute Bobby ventured another step forward. But the thing began moving again. Bobby halted, because he was afraid that the garden party people would hear his heart beating.

His conscience pricked sharply, and all the stories of real burglars and ghosts that he had ever heard kept coming into his mind. But the

cakes and candies smelled so good that Bobby decided not to give up—yet. So he went on.

He was now on the fifth stair. Soon he would be the victor, and steal back to devour the spoils of his raid in peace. A door slammed, and Bobby gave a great jump. The other burglar jumped, too. It seemed as if that other figure was lying in wait to pounce on any person so unwary as to come within its reach.

The third step. The figure was coming still nearer, and Bobby's hair began to feel all stiff and shivery. Another crash, a cold gust of wind, and the flash of something bright in the other person's hand, entirely unnerved Bobby. He was too scared even to scream. He fled in terror up the stairs.

Only once he looked back. The person seemed to be following him! Bob reached his room in safety and was hiding the telltale clothes, when

he heard something coming up the hall.

Then it was that the last vestige of Bobby's courage fled and he screamed at the top of his lungs for his mother. She must have been very near, for she appeared surprisingly soon; and when Bobby penitently confessed, she didn't scold at all.

Instead, she told Bobby that her full length mirror had been moved into the hall, for convenience sake, during the evening. She had placed the mirror opposite the stairway, herself. Then she explained to Bobby that the "thing" which had terrified him so, was the reflection of himself, as he had tiptoed down the stairs, in an attempt to rob the dining room.

Then, strange mother that she was, she gave him a beautiful pink frosted cake, and stayed with him until he went to sleep.

G. G. S. '19.





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