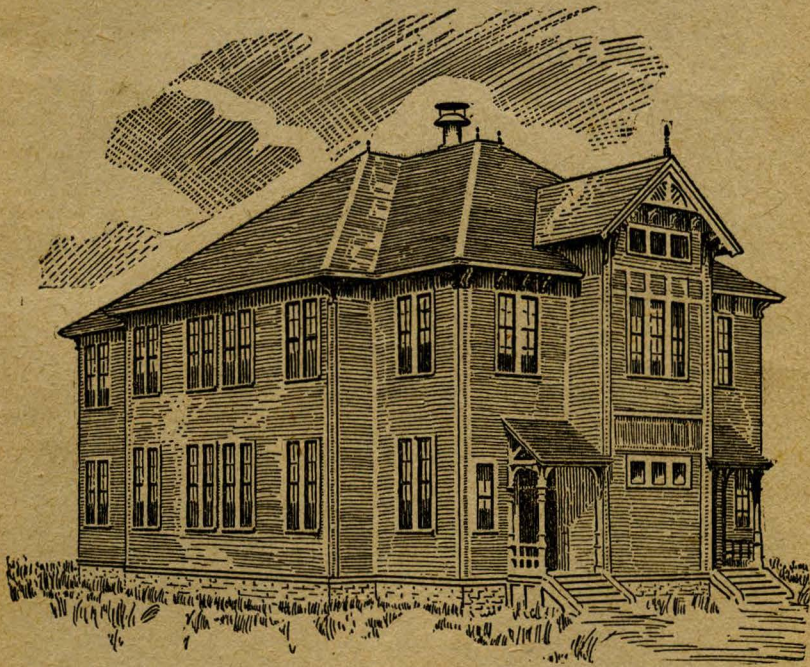

P. H. S.

ARGOSY



Provincetown, Massachusetts

March, 1907.

"Register" Press, Yarmouthport, Mass.

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AT HARWICH FRIDAY MORNINGS

The P. H. S. ARGOSY.

Vol. I. PROVINCETOWN, MASS., MARCH 15, 1907. No. 5.

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Any information regarding the Alumni will be gladly received.*

Editorial

There seems to be a lack of interest on the part of the scholars regarding the success of this paper. This is a new enterprise and the editors are inexperienced. We do the best we can, but you must remember, fellow students, that we cannot do it all. In order to make a success of this paper, we must have good material from which to choose. The editors alone cannot write all the material for their various departments. If you think you can't write an editorial or a story, keep your eyes open for locals. We need your help, and we must have it if this paper is to rank well with other papers edited by schools of our size.

At last the project of a high school gymnasium is being realized. A stove has been installed and we have a basket ball, Indian clubs, dumb-bells, boxing gloves, punching bag and baseball outfit. With the money now in the treasury,

we ought to secure sufficient apparatus to make a good beginning. The windows have been wired.

In order to make the gymnasium a success we should have the support of every boy in this high school. Don't reason in this manner, "Oh, it won't do me any good, I graduate in a year or so." Don't think of yourself; think of the scholars who will follow you. Be liberal and have broader views. Remember that if we lay a good foundation, this gymnasium will be a success and, in the years to come when we return to our native town, we can enter this gymnasium, not as we left it, but equipped with all modern apparatus. I am sure we will not regret that we were members of the gymnasium when it was started. It is an improvement to any school and should be encouraged by every one.

In August, 1907, is to be laid the cornerstone of the Pilgrim monument, a mighty shaft whose summit will rise some three hundred feet above the level of the first American harbor into which the Pilgrims sailed.

Although this monument will be thirty feet higher than the one now on Bunker Hill, and the second highest monument in the United States, it should be built still higher. Let it rise! Let it rise till our brothers across the bay can gaze upon it as King George might have gazed upon John Hancock's famous signature on the Declaration of Independence, "without specs!"

You may ask why. Because this monument will call to memory one of the most important events in the history of the United States, the birth of American liberty.

It was in Provincetown harbor that the immortal compact was signed, an event which "has rendered Cape Cod more memorable than Runnymede." In this harbor was born the first English child in New England. Beneath the still waters of this harbor rests the body of Dorothy May Bradford, wife of William Bradford, the leader of the

Pilgrims. In Provincetown's historic soil are buried James Chilton, Jasper Moore and Edward Thompson, pilgrims who were destined never to visit the final home selected by their comrades at Plymouth. In Provincetown John Carver, the first governor, was confirmed in office. At Provincetown was held the first town meeting.

But to build this monument higher will require additional funds. The Foolish almanac says, "Faint purse ne'er won a fair lady." Neither will it build a monument.

I therefore propose the following simple plan for securing more money:

Send circulars to every school and college in the United States, asking each scholar to contribute one cent or more to this glorious cause. This, of course, will require a little patient labor, but it will be the means of building a monument so high that it will be the last object to be seen by him who leaves his native shore and the first to be seen by him who revisits it.



"It is what we love and not what we know that will be of use to us when we get through school."

For there is nothing of a more divine nature, about which a man can consult, than about the training of himself and those who belong to him.—Plato.

Cowards die many times before their deaths; the valiant never taste of death but once.—Shakespeare.

"It is nobler to deserve success than to succeed."

"The main object in every school should be not to provide the children with the means of earning a livelihood, but to show them how to live a happy and worthy life, inspired by ideals which exalt and dignify both labor and leisure. To see beauty and to love it, is to possess large securities for such a life."

Locals

Miss Matheson, '10, has joined the "Cook's club;" we wonder if she intends to be a "Baker."

Miss Paine, '09, is very fond of small children, especially of one called "Tar baby."

B—, have you your lantern trimmed and burning bright to search for another "honest man?"

Get wise, Brown, Hannum is there to stay.

That's it, Miss Pershake. Keep up your wonderful record of translating thirty lines of French an hour.

Brown, '07, has had a Coffin(g) fit lately.

Ask Burch, '09, about that box of chocolates.

Some of the high school girls are forming a cooking club. Some of the boys say they would like to dispose of the cooking, but others say, when the subject is mentioned, "Excuse me."

Lewis is beginning to show a little interest in our police department.

Nickerson has got a Paine.

Bickers, '08, declares he is going to have his voice cultivated.

The subject of the special program in music for Feb. 20 was Carl Maria Von Weber.

The first exercise was a piano duet, "Invitation a la Danse," one of Weber's prettiest pieces, by Misses Small and Jenkins, '07.

Then came the double trio, "Fairy Chorus," by six of our most talented pupils.

The essay on Weber's life followed this and was very interesting, being written and read by Miss Baker, '07. She said: "Before he was eleven he had written six little pieces. When only seventeen, he was made director of music in Breslan theatre. Besides countless fine songs and smaller compositions, these operas of his are famous: 'Das Waldmadchen,' 'Rubezahl,' 'Silvana,' 'Euryanthe' and 'Oberon,' his

last composition. His most successful effort, of marvelous popularity, was 'Der Freischutz.'"

Next, Misses Perry and Bragg, '07, sang a delightful duet, Weber's "Boat Song."

The following quotations from Weber were given:

Contact with the powers of others calls forth new ones in ourselves.

Art has no fatherland, and all that is beautiful ought to be prized by us, no matter what clime or religion has produced it.

I detest everything in the shape of imitation—to be a true artist you must be a true man.

The applause and the enthusiasm of the public at large are no doubt our chief aim, but we are more truly invigorated and rewarded by the genuine approbation of those whose genius we prize, and who thoroughly understand and appreciate us.

The exercises held on Feb. 27, Longfellow's 100th anniversary, were very interesting. The first selection was an essay on "Longfellow's Life," written by Thomas Peters, '09, and very well read by Miss Coffin, '10. Following this were quotations from Longfellow's various poems by the sophomore class. At frequent intervals musical selections, appropriate for the day, were rendered by Miss Ellis, Miss Bragg and Misses Rodgers, Silva and Pershake. The exercises were concluded by two musical selections from Longfellow by the school.

Alumni Department

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY, NEW YORK CITY, JAN. 26, 1907.

To the Alumni Editor of the Argosy:

When your letter came, asking for an article for the alumni column, the question arose, "From which of three points of view shall I write? As a member of the class of '96, or learnedly and didactically as behooves a former teacher, or informally as friend to friends?" Throwing out the second as too much of a strain on both writer and reader, I shall probably combine the other two.

Of the eleven members of the class, there is one whose

earthly history is closed—of whom we cannot yet speak without grief and a keen sense of personal loss. One of the three men of the class has mounted high in the teaching profession, and the other two are successful business men. All are married; and so, too, are all the “girls,” except one, consequently there is nothing more to say about them. The one still unmarried is at present diligently working for the privilege of writing A. M. after her name. You may be interested to know something about the scene of her labors.

Columbia is one of the very old universities, chartered by King George II. in 1754, under the name King's College. A few years later, when the inn-keepers changed the pictures of George III. on their signs to likenesses of Washington, and the word *king* was stricken from the prayer-book, such a name was manifestly inappropriate and it was changed to the more patriotic “Columbia.” At the top of the flag-staff, however, there is still a gilt crown, and the flag itself is a white crown on a light blue field.

The university now comprises several colleges: Columbia, for men and graduate women; Barnard, for under-graduate women; and the professional schools, including the School of Mines, the School of Law, Teachers' College, and the College of Physicians and Surgeons. All except the last are together on a large tract of land near the east bank of the Hudson, a tract occupying the six blocks from 115th street to 120th street West. The buildings are new and grand, for the college has only recently moved to its present site; but for that very reason the place lacks the dignified, scholastic grandeur of the fine old Harvard yard. This was a disappointment at first, but I am rapidly coming to feel at home as one generally does where one's work is, especially when it is interesting and agreeable work.

In closing let me assure you that as “some-time” teacher and all-time friend, I wish the greatest possible success to the Argosy, the athletic clubs, the Lyceum, and all the other enterprises of the school.


J. Y. F., '96.

SOLITUDE.


O'er a marshy land,
By the night breeze fanned,
A lonely swan is flying;
From the clouds of red,
Hung o'er her head,
The light is slowly dying.

The night steals on,
And the weary swan
Sinks slowly down; for 'tis her fate
To die alone
In a land unknown,
Deserted by her mate.

A. D. E., '05.



E x c h a n g e s



We wish to acknowledge the following new exchanges,—
The Authentic, The Nautilus, The Senior, W. H. S. Quiver,
The Pulse, K. H. S. Enterprise, The Crimson and Blue, The
Argus and The Ingot.

“The Pulse,” from Cedar Rapids, Iowa, is a fine paper.
The cover is a very neat piece of work.

“The Crimson and Blue” is a new paper, like ourself. For
the first issue it is very good, though the stories might be
more interesting.

“The Senior,” from Westerly, R. I., is different from any
other paper we receive. “The Side of Fortune” is a good
story.

“A Valentine Box” in “The Ingot” does credit to the
originator. Also the Exchange column in this paper is
excellently written.

“Bright Sayings of Children” in the “H. S. Quiver” from

Woonsocket, R. I., seems rather out of place in a high school paper. Get more interesting stories, Quiver.

"The Sagamore," Brookline, Mass., still continues to be a welcome exchange.

"The Radiator" has a fine lot of stories. The editors certainly have better luck than most others in finding material.

"The Ægis," Beverly, Mass., is all right. The "Themes" are especially good this month.

Small papers are certainly as good as some of the larger ones. Such is the case of the "T. H. S. Stylus."

"The Argus" from Gardner, Mass., is certainly a success this year. Great praise is due the editors for the way the paper is arranged.

"The Students' Review" and the "Crimson and White" are both good papers.

"A Distorted Joke" in the Nautilus is worthy of mention, as is also the Literary cut in the same paper.

"The Authentic" from Stoneham contains a number of well written stories.

Their First Dinner Party

They had been married only a month, and it was their first dinner party; consequently they were both a little excited when the time came for the guests to arrive. Jennie, the young bride, had arranged the table herself, by putting the silver, glass and linen in their places.

"Now," she asked, "do you really think everything will go all right, Tom?"

"Of course it will," answered Tom.

Tom only pities the poor fellows who have no wives and no homes of their own.

"Oh, Tom, how nice! And how I do pity the poor girls who have no kind husbands!"

Jennie now walked into the parlor, stood before the mirror and rearranged the rose in her hair.

"Do you like it?" she asked.

"It looks lovely," said Tom.

Tom and Jennie were still waiting for the carriages. Several passed by the door, but none stopped. Tom took out his watch and looked at it. It was just seven.

"Oh, dear!" said she, "I'm afraid those to whom I sent the invitations won't come, and the invitations stated seven sharp."

"Perhaps my watch is fast," said Tom.

He now arose and began pacing the floor with his hands in his pockets.

"Oh, dear!" said Jennie, "they are late already; the cook will be so cross."

"Listen, here they come," said Tom.

But the wheels passed on.

"It is queer," she said; "people never kept me waiting in this way. They were always anxious to come to her house. Why, Tom, I do wish they would come, for I'm afraid the dinner will be ruined."

It was now half-past seven. Tom was provoked, and, although he had never spoken unkindly to Jennie before, he now said, very crossly, "Are you sure that those invitations stated seven?"

"Of course I am. Oh, I never thought you would treat me so when you begged me to marry you," said Jennie.

"I only asked you once, and you said 'yes' quickly enough," said Tom.

"I never thought you would be a brute. Nobody will accept my invitations now, just because I married you. People were always glad to accept my invitations before I was married."

"Very well," said Tom, "if you want to be free I will go home."

"If you want to go, go," said Jennie.

The clock struck eight. Jennie went into her bedroom and began to open drawers and boxes, taking the contents out. Her eyes filled with tears. Tom was out in the hall, looking into her room and humming a song. Jennie was broken-hearted, and Tom was wondering why the people did n't come.

She suddenly fell back and uttered a cry.

"Tom, here are all my invitations. I forgot to mail them!"

Jennie and Tom looked at each other for a moment; then a smile came over her face. In an instant she was clasped in his arms.

"Oh, Tom!" she said, "how shall I ever tell the cook?"

EVA M. PERSHAKE, '09.

"All's Well That Ends Well"

Where has that wretched cook gone and what am I going to do about dinner? And John has just telephoned that he is to bring two of his friends home with him tonight. A nice wife they will think John has, I am sure; and when I'm trying to have things go off so well, too. It's just too bad. Why, here's a note on the table; I wonder what it can be,—why, it's from cook. Dear Missis,—My cousin's husband has just come here and told me that she has broken her arm so I am going back with him to take care of her. As you said you were going to be gone all day and I couldn't wait for you to come back, I wrote this note. Respectfully, Bridget O'Brien. Oh, what a scrape and not one thing in this house cooked for dinner, and only half an hour, or three-quarters at most, before John will come with those two men. I should think they would know enough not to go where they're not wanted, and I should think John would know enough not to ask them when—but then, how silly of me, I don't suppose he knew any more than I did that cook had gone.

But there, this isn't helping me get any dinner for them

and I must get something. What have I got in the house? Let's see,—I have some cold turkey that was left over from yesterday, but that isn't very hearty for three hungry men just home from a day's work in their offices. Well, there's nothing else, it will have to do. Then I have some lettuce, so perhaps I can make a salad.

But here comes Mrs. Morris, perhaps she can help me. Oh, how do you do, Mrs. Morris? You don't know what a scrape I'm in. Bridget has just left without a word of warning, and Mr. Parker has telephoned me that he's going to bring two friends home with him to dinner. I haven't a thing in the house to eat and I'm so worried. What am I going to do? Why, I couldn't let you do that. You're going to be alone, you say?—But what would Mr. Morris say when he came home and found no dinner? He'd understand it, you say?—you could have a picked-up dinner? Why, I can't let you do that, but, still, what can I do? Why, you're not going, are you? You're going to send your maid right over with the first course? Well, since you are so determined, I will let you do it, altho' I fear Mr. Morris won't like it when he finds you've sent your whole dinner to a neighbor across the street, who is in no end of trouble.

Well, she's gone, and, altho' I believe this experience has no precedent among any young women just beginning to keep house, it will get me out of the worst scrape ever a young woman just beginning to keep house got herself into.

Why, here comes the girl now with the soup. Five minutes of eight,—I've just time to fix my hair a little and get this soup on the table before they'll be here. Mrs. Morris will send the other things right over? You tell Mrs. Morris that if ever there was an angel on this earth she is one.

There, the door has just opened and they've come,—but the day is saved, and—Ah, good evening, Mr. Allen and Mr. Thomas,—so glad you could find it convenient to come out with John tonight; and John, I'm so glad you persuaded them to come.

E. M. J., '07.

N o r u m b e g a P a r k

This resort, the most beautiful near Boston and now familiarly known to all the people, is situated in Auburndale on the banks of the Charles river. The ride to the park is delightful, passing through the residential sections of the wealthy and by many grand public buildings, and through the prettiest portion of Newton. A beautiful river extends along two sides of the park and continues through the city of Waltham. The river is very broad, and furnishes good conditions for canoeing and boating, and, also, an excellent water route between the park and Waltham, two steamers making regular trips daily all summer. The park is covered with many varieties of oak, chestnut, ash, pine, maple and other trees. It is laid out in beautiful walks, circles and courts, the skill of the landscape architect being evident everywhere. Here, one finds instructive as well as amusing things.

Among the attractive features are the zoological garden; the Rustic theatre, where a vaudeville is given twice a day with over two thousand seats free; the electric fountain; the chalet, where the marvellous Hindoo illusions are given continuously; the Indian colony, the casino, woman's cottage, merry-go-round, and grand swing court, with all swings free. The boathouse, the finest on the Charles river, furnishes elegant canoes and boats of all kinds, this being the most popular of all summer sports.

Perhaps the most instructive and at the same time the most amusing of all is the zoological garden. Here the managers try to keep animals that are strictly American under as natural conditions as possible. Enclosures have been built so that the animals may have the earth to walk on, trees to climb, and shelter and shade. Among these enclosures the first we notice is that of the bears, which is the largest of its kind in New England. It is built of granite. At present it is occupied by two large bears, a cinnamon and a silver-tipped grizzly, a very rare specimen. The wolf enclosure is occupied by a male and female timber wolf. The next by a moose, "Tommy," who has been there about three years. Among the other animals are the Canada lynx, elk,

beavers, llama, foxes, deer and the fisher, a very rare animal. There are also some beautiful birds, such as the partridge and parrot.

The electric fountain is very beautiful. Around the fountain there is a sort of basin with seventy-five openings in it, and, over each opening, a broad, fan-shaped spray of water is thrown, while underneath the different colored electric lights reflect through the sprays, producing a magnificent effect.

The managers keep good order and pay especial care to women and children, so that both may come and be sure of ample protection. A police keeps the park free from objectionable characters.

MARION FISHER, '07.

J o h n n y ' s F i r s t H o r s e - b a c k R i d e

Johnny wasn't very well and the doctor thought that it would be best to take him out of school for awhile. So it was decided that Johnny should go out West for a month. Johnny didn't like to go to school any more than any other little boy, and was delighted at the thought of a vacation. So one bright, sunny morning, a west-bound train was whisking him across the prairies to his Uncle John's. They arrived at the ranch at about seven o'clock, and, as Johnny was very tired, he went to bed at once, without stopping to look about him.

In the morning he rose bright and early, for he wanted to see his new surroundings. His uncle, however, was up before him and took Johnny for a walk around the ranch. Johnny wanted to know where the horses were, and his uncle explained to him that they were taken to an enclosed field, about a mile from the nearest river, every morning. As they were too far off to go to at that time, Johnny's uncle promised that he should go after breakfast. So after breakfast they started to see the horses. There were a great many, wild and tamed, large and small. Johnny became much attached to a small, white pony, who came to him as if wanting to know who he was. After they had stood there for awhile, Johnny's uncle asked him how he would like a little pony of his own;

and, on hearing the little fellow's excited "Oh, ever so much, Uncle John!" told him he might select the one he wished. Johnny immediately chose the white one. While his uncle was mending a break in the fence, Johnny tried his pony. His uncle helped him on the pony's back and then left him to himself. Johnny learned quite a little that morning for a little boy. He himself was delighted with his progress. For several mornings he made his trip to the field, always carrying something in his pocket for his pony. Before long he could mount alone, though he could not ride far.

One morning as he came to the field, he saw huge banks of smoke in the distance. He had heard his uncle tell about prairie fires and it popped into his head that this was one. He ran to the house, but found it deserted. What should he do? His uncle had probably foreseen the danger, and taken his family to a place of safety. But why should they have left him alone? As these thoughts were passing through his head, he heard the tramping of many feet. His uncle's horses had escaped. He remembered now that he had left the bars down. The horses passed him and he was alone again. Then he felt something poking him and, looking up, saw his own little pony standing by him. Thinking that the pony might be able to carry him to a place of safety, he climbed on its back and was carried off after the other horses. The little pony seemed to know the responsibility that rested on him, for he ran as he never ran before. Johnny held on for dear life. Sometimes he slipped, but he regained his place with an effort. The fire came on and on. It seemed to Johnny as if the little pony would have to give up. The heat was getting almost unendurable. Looking up, Johnny saw the horses ahead leap forward and in another moment, Johnny felt his own pony leap. Then the cool waters of a river splashed about him. The river was broad, but at last they got across; and there, to Johnny's surprise, was his uncle and the rest of the folks.

Johnny found out that they had hunted for him everywhere, and at last had to give up and leave. The fire stopped at the river, as it could not reach across. When Johnny went home, he took the dear little pony, which had saved his life, with him. Johnny will never forget his first horseback ride.

E. O. C., '10.

Clippings

FOUR EPITAPHS.

"Deep wisdom—swelled head—
Brain fever—he's dead—
A Senior."

"False fair one—hope fled—
Heart broken—he's dead—
A Junior."

"Went skating—'tis said—
Floor hit him—he's dead—
A Soph'more."

"Milk famine—not fed—
Starvation—he's dead—
A Freshman."

Prof. (in lecture)—"Mr. G., you may work the electrical machine, if you please. I will now explain the working of this machine. You will observe that the wheel is turned by a crank." Sensation.

Fresh. (reading Virgil)—"And thrice I tried to throw my arms around her"—that was as far as I got, professor."
Prof.—"That was quite far enough."

Father: Every time you are bad, I get another gray hair.
Son: Gee! You must have been a corker. Look at grandpa!

German teacher—"For instance, if you were speaking of the dog, you would say, 'Das Dorg.'" Howls from the class.

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Dealer in

MEN'S - FURNISHINGS,
Agent for Steam Laundry.

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