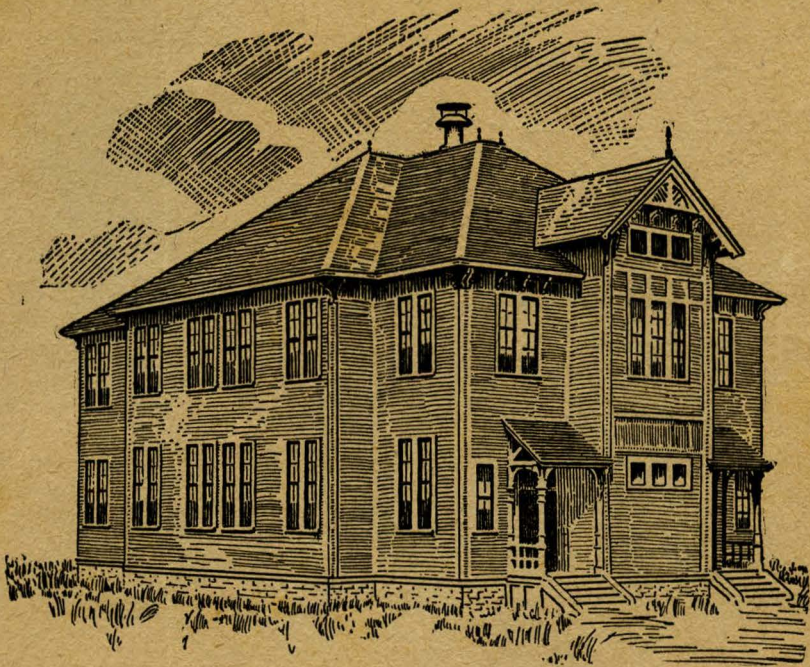

P. H. S.

A R G O S Y



Provincetown, Massachusetts

April, 1907.

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Any information regarding the Alumni will be gladly received.

Editorial

Of all the virtues which should be cultivated, perhaps punctuality is the first. Lack of it has destroyed fortunes, ruined careers which otherwise might have been brilliant, and lost decisive battles.

Although we may never cause a battle to be lost by our lack of this precious virtue, we do cause ourselves much unnecessary trouble and our friends great annoyance by it. If we have an appointment at two, it is just as easy to plan to keep it at two as at five or ten minutes after two, and we may be saving our friend considerable vexation by doing so. Take our high school for instance. School has begun at eight

1852

1906

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o'clock for five or six years; we all know that it begins at that time, and it would seem that the pupils might be able to get there by eight o'clock.

Again, we are all much too apt to put off some hard piece of work until the next study-period and then to keep putting it off until it is too late to do it. This is only another form of the lack of punctuality.


By a slight effort on our part we can counteract this fault to a great extent, and soon punctuality will become a habit, and, as a well-known author has said, "Character is habit crystalized."

One of the chief faults of many of the pupils in our high school is their lack of thought for the future. They have no idea of what they are going to do after they finish the high school course, and, therefore, have no purpose for which to work.

With no motive to urge them on, it is only natural for them not to feel a very deep interest in their lessons. They regard them as mere tasks which must be accomplished. Therefore, they idle away their time in school, and not until the end of the third or fourth year do they begin to wake up to the fact that they must make some plans for the time when they shall have finished school and have gone out into the world for themselves. Then, indeed, do they begin to work more with a purpose, and they try to make up for lost time and sincerely wish that so many of those study-periods of the first two or three years had not been spent in idleness. But the last year of the high school course is almost too late to *begin* to study in earnest. It is none too early to make plans for the future when we first enter the high school, and even if we then see no way of carrying out our plans, the fact that we have these ambitions will make us pay more attention to our lessons and soon we will surprise even ourselves by doing much better work than before.



A Night in the Haunted House



On a cold December evening, Mary and Grace Webster emerged from the woods into a lonely country road. The girls had been that day to visit an aunt in a neighboring village and were now returning home.

It had been snowing all the afternoon and they were eager to reach home that night, although their aunt had urged them to remain with her until the next day. Now the storm had nearly ceased, but great drifts of snow made the road nearly impassable. A sharp wind was blowing, driving the snow in all directions.

Finally Mary paused breathless. "I wonder where we are," she said. "We can't get home tonight, we shall soon be buried in these drifts. If there was some farm house near, the people would give us shelter for the night." "I don't see any house about here," replied Grace.

But suddenly Mary exclaimed with joy, "There is a house at the turn of the road. Let us go there."

They struggled on until at last they stopped in front of the house. Grace looked up with a cry of fright, "Oh, Mary, it is the Haunted House where the lady was killed several years ago. Nobody dares go there."

"But we must," insisted Mary. "There is no other house near, and, if we keep on, we shall die."

So the two sisters with difficulty made their way to the front door, which yielded after a few pushes, and the girls went in. Except for the wind there was no sound to be heard. The moon shining through the windows revealed great empty

rooms. The snow had blown in through the broken panes of glass and lay in piles on the floor. Poor Mary's heart sank at the sight of the desolate rooms, but she tried to keep up her courage for the sake of her younger sister. "Come, dear," she said, "let us go upstairs. There may be some furniture left in the upper rooms."

"But the murder was done upstairs, Mary."

"We must," replied Mary, "we shall freeze down here. Come."

They ascended the stairs and at the top found a heavy oaken door. "Let us try the other rooms first," whispered Grace. But they met with no success; all were as bare as the lower rooms. The girls returned to the doorway which they had first seen and Mary turned the knob softly.

A cry broke from both as they looked in. Through the half-closed curtains stole a ghostly light in which the objects were dimly seen. In one corner stood a large bedstead with heavy dark curtains. Dark, threatening forms seemed to lurk in every corner. The girls knew instinctively that it was this room which had been the scene of the crime.

They stood clasping each other's hands, looking about them. But soon Mary became calmer, and with some matches, which she had, lighted candles which were in the room. Then she bolted the door and drew the curtains. "Now, Grace," she said, "you'd better go to sleep. You can wrap yourself up warm in these blankets. I shall sit up the rest of the night in this big chair."

Grace stretched herself out on the floor and, thoroughly exhausted, slept soundly. Mary, with her eyes closed, reclined in the arm-chair opposite. So the night slowly passed. No sound was heard but the shrieking of the wind.

When finally the morning dawned, the girls lost no time in leaving the house. In the road they met a farmer who took them in his sleigh to their home. When they told where they had passed the night, every one was much surprised and praised them for their courage. CORINNE T. GIFFORD.

Just For Fun

SCHOOL CIRCUS.

The school circus will soon start on its first trip, as the factors of the show are being collected. At present we have among the animals an "Elephant," a "Tigress," a "Martin," a "Skunk," a "Tom Cat" (usually very savage), a "Bull," two "Fishers" and a "Wolfe."

Among the attractions are Prof. Houdini and his wife Katie, Nick, the conqueror of Spain, and two genuine Coreans. There are two Bakers to prepare food for the help, and we also have Coffins for those killed by the animals. At stopping places peanuts will be sold and milk shakes may be had at five cents "Persshake."

Chocolates will be sold, Peters preferable.

Paine says he will serve as an advertisement for Bitter Apple, a patented preparation guaranteed to grow hair on the face in one night.

Miss Small, '07, will have a special tent, in which she will give lessons in fancy dancing.

There is some talk of running "Uncle Tom's Cabin" in one of the side tents. We already have "Little Eva."

We also have an ample supply of clowns, and we are of the opinion that we will produce "The Greatest Show on Earth."

APPROPRIATE INITIALS.

A. R. L.—A Roaring Lobster.

V. B.—Very Beautiful.

E. B.—Everybody's Beau.

A. P.—A Peach.

M. B.—Musical Boy.

T. S.—Thirty Seven.

A. B.—A Bore.

- S. C.—Sugar Candy.
 E. C.—Everlastingly Cute.
 M. F.—Most Fine.
 M. P.—Most Punctual.
 J. D.—Just Delightful.
 W. C.—Wild Cat.
 G. W.—Gee Whiz.
 L. C.—Lovely Child.

TAR BABY'S CONFESSION.

Every dog must have his day,
 And every boy his girl;
 A withered rose, a ribbon gay,
 A pin, a ring, a curl.


I was young when first I felt
 The point of Cupid's dart;
 Its aim was true; so swift it flew
 It deeply pierced my heart.

My first was tall and lank and lean,
 Her feet were six by ten;
 I thought her fit to be a queen—
 Oh, how I loved her *then!*


My next was short and dark as night;
 Her voice was like a horn;
 Her gait would shame a kangaroo—
 The dearest ever born.

The light, the dark, the fat, the lean,
 The lank, the short, the tall,
 The old, the young, the sad, the gay,—
 I love, I love them all.

But years have passed since I began;
 Soon six and ten I'll be;
 Where'er I am, whate'er I do,
 I still must have my "she."



Alumni Department



The lobster is remarkable for many things, one of them being that his eye is very prominent. Everybody sees it and, presumably, it sees everybody. It stands out, literally and figuratively, and forces itself upon your notice. When a man, in writing, makes his "I" as prominent as that of a lobster, his readers are prone to concede his relationship to that hero of the salad—without argument. But I can't resist the temptation to say that I welcome this opportunity to renew in some measure the associations I severed when I graduated from school more than five years ago.

No one is more pleased than I to note the progress the school has recently made in many things. School and class loyalty and enthusiasm were at rather a low ebb six years ago, and I must admit that I wasn't far from low water mark myself. But the introduction of organized athletics and such enterprises as the Argosy and the school social functions is an unmistakable sign of life—healthy, vigorous American life.

Speaking of life, some old fossil once said something about "stepping from the school out into life"—you've probably seen it in class mottoes. We don't know who he was, nor how he met his fate, for his words have long outlived his memory; but the school he had in mind might have held its sessions in a tomb, and had inscribed on its blackboards, "Sacred to the memory of ——." Whatever his intention may have been, his words leave the impression that there is no life before we "step out,"—that we are to exist in a sort of stupor, coma, hypnotic sleep, or some such state of sublime lassitude, through our school years, and then graduate and wake up. Magnificent idea, is n't it?

Of course, the high school does not prepare one for any particular calling, but if we will keep awake and ignore the

somnambulistic gentleman whose advice is to—sometime—“step out,” we will find much which will be invaluable in later years.

As to my own experience, probably none of the details and methods which constitute my daily work were learned during my high school years; but that does not detract, in my mind, from the value of those years. They were like the first coat of paint on new wood—they form no part of the eventual color, but are necessary as a groundwork, what the painters call a filler, over which to apply to advantage something else.

And so it is with all of us. Whatever part a high school education may play in the life of one who contemplates a technical, or legal, or pedagogical training, or what not, do not forget that it is a most necessary foundation on which to erect the timbers of business advance and lay the floor beams of success. The high school course is a knowledge and a training in the rudiments of many things, for which nothing could be substituted. And the more thoroughly that knowledge is absorbed and that training acquired,—classical, technical, social, etc.—the better are we prepared for business—and success. The soporific dispenser of epigrams is sleeping his last sleep, but we have a right to sit up and take notice, in spite of the soothing sedative which is his bequest to following generations, and it's the grandest right the educational system of a free country gives us. None of us like to be called dead, in school or out, and the best way to resent it is to disprove it, as the P. H. S. is doing now.

C. B. H., '01.

Exchanges

The exchanges this month have been few but we are glad to acknowledge the following: A. H. S. Tidings, Amesbury, Mass.; Junto, Easton, Pa.; Debator, Wakefield, Mass.; The Head Light, Middletown, Ind.; The Argus, Gardner, Mass.;

The Nautilus, Jacksonville, Ill.; Ægis, Beverly, Mass.; The Artisan, Boston, Mass.; The Skirmisher, Bordentown, N. J.; Oracle, Bangor, Me.; Advance, Salem, Mass.; Senior, Westerly, R. I.; Sagamore, Brookline, Mass.; The Echo, Colchester, Conn., and The Wild Cat, Los Latos, Cal.

We received our first call from the “Junto” this month. It is a bright, interesting paper and we hope to see it again.

Stealthy Steve has evidently taken a fancy for Wakefield. His Adventures in the Junior Class are especially amusing.

We haven't seen the “Imp” or “Stylus” lately. Where are they?

We find, in the “Ægis,” an article which was taken from one of their exchanges and we think it is worth reprinting:

“The average educated man gets \$1,000 a year. He works 40 years, earning \$40,000 in the course of a life time. The average laborer gets \$1.50 a day, or about \$18,000 after 40 years' work. The difference, \$22,000, is the money value of an education. To acquire this learning capacity requires 12 years at school, of 180 days each, or 2,160 days total. Dividing \$22,000, the value of an education, by 2,160, the number of days required in getting it, we find that each day at school is worth somewhat more than \$10 a day to the scholar in after life.”

Gleanings, in the mid-winter number of the A. H. S. Tidings, consists of some very witty jokes. “A Hunting Trip” is well written.

It is a good idea to have the papers published by the different classes in turn. The March number of “The Senior” was edited by the junior class, and “The Head Light” by the freshmen. Both papers are good.

“The Artisan” is a new paper. It is published by the Mechanic Arts high school. The stories are well written.

“The Oracle” and “The Nautilus” are up to their usually good standard.

The March number of the “Argus” contains many bits of poetry. It would be well for other papers to have more poetry for a change, our paper not excluded.

‘ ‘ I F o r g o t ’ ’

Having completed my day's work and noting that I had a half hour still before closing time at the business office in which I worked, I meditated for awhile on one thing that had occurred during the day, which might have proved a great loss had "I forgotten." This put me in mind of my childhood when "I forgot" played an important part in my life more than once.

One pleasant winter afternoon, my mother expected a few of her friends, who lived out of town, to tea. She, being quite busy, had asked me to make the dessert. I sat and thought for awhile what it should be. At last I decided on a cocoanut pie. I had often made them before and had been complimented on them nine times out of ten. On this particular day, I took especial pains and was rewarded, on opening the oven door, by seeing my pie browned to a delicious shade. At dinner when the pie was passed, I noticed that it was eaten slowly and that it seemed hard for my mother's guests to swallow it, also that they did not speak of how nice it was; for, although it was conceited in me, I did expect to be complimented. My mother tasted the pie and made a wry face. I wondered at it, and on trying it, I think mine must have been the worst face made. The reason for this was, the sugar I forgot.

Another time I remember was when I had been invited to a party at the home of one of my friends. I had been expecting to go for nearly a week and counted on it so much. On the morning of the party, I was told to go in and practice so that I might be well prepared for the evening. As my mother had gone out and I had two hours before her return, I decided to finish an interesting story I had been reading. Before I knew it, my mother was home and asking me if I had practise, I answered, I forgot. I did not go to the party for punishment just because—to practise I forgot.

Another time my mother told me to be home early from school for some reason, which she would not then explain. I remember how I loitered on the way, playing tag with my school friends, when I suddenly remembered what my mother had said. I reached home, but not on time. My mother said, "Too bad! You are too late to go. What made you stay so long?" I answered, "I forgot." She told me that had I hurried, I might have gone home with my aunt, who had come hoping to return on the same day with both my sister and me. I did not go as you already know, because—to hurry, I forgot.

O u r S h a c k

One day several friends and I decided to build a shack, so we bought axes and, taking some nails and shovels, we started for the woods. We spent an hour finding a good situation and another hour finding out how the shack was to be built. Finally I marked out the ground and then, while the other fellows dug, I cut sods.

When the ground was shoveled away, we each took an ax and hunted for straight poles. After falling down and being tangled up in briars and incidentally maltreating the English language disgracefully, we succeeded in finding some not-very-straight poles. Then we looked for corner posts. We got these and set them into the ground and spiked the roof beams to them. Then we hid the tools and went home to supper.

The following day we returned and piled the sods around the shack. The next thing to make was a roof, and, after much search, we found a piece of painted canvas that did very well. We fastened this in place and our shack was finished.

As I turned I saw one of the boys on the edge of the bank. The next instant he landed on his neck in a tangle of briars, where he hung for a moment and then flopped over. I lay down and roared. Then we got up and went home laughing. We afterwards used the shack for skunk pelts and traps.

My Experience As A Surfman

Having been engaged in the fishing industry from boyhood and not wishing to continue it any longer, I thought I would look for a position in the lifesaving service. I made an application for a position on February 15, 1900. After waiting about two weeks, I received word that I had been appointed surfman at a station on the Cape.

I left Provincetown on the afternoon train and arrived at the lifesaving station at about four o'clock. After supper I was told that I had the first watch. I was informed which way to go, how to exchange checks and who was my partner. I started out at six o'clock, leaving my partner in the lookout. Going north, I arrived at the half-way house in about one hour. After exchanging checks, I started back for the station. When I arrived there, my partner went south, while I stayed at the lookout. My partner returned about ten o'clock. After writing the log, we called the second watch and went to bed. Being tired by the long walk, I was soon asleep and slept until I was called to breakfast.

That day I studied the wig-wag and the signal codes, which did not take me long to learn. The next day we drilled. But little occurred to break the monotony until it was my week to cook. Having had no experience in cooking, one of the crew taught me. I soon learned until I was one of the best cooks in the station.

We had fine weather for about one week, but finally, one night, a heavy northeaster arose, with a blustering snowstorm. I had the third watch that night. I left the lookout about four o'clock and went south. After walking about one mile on the beach, I was obliged to walk on the bank, as it was high water and very rough. The night being very dark and the shore thickly wooded, I lost my way. It was about fifteen

minutes before I found the edge of the bank again. The tide was now ebbing, so I was able to walk on the beach. As I was going along, I noticed a light which was very near the shore and still coming nearer. I lighted the coston light, which is a warning to ships when they are too near the shore. It was of no use. The vessel had already struck. I hastened to the half-way house and telephoned to the station. The captain and the crew arrived in forty-five minutes with all the apparatus. A line was shot aboard the ship and the crew, consisting of five men, were safely brought ashore in the breeches buoy.

The life of a surfman is far from easy, but there is a great deal of satisfaction in saving a poor shipwrecked fellow-being. No nobler work can be found. It requires heroic men. Many heroes can be found all along the New England coast. All honor to the men of the lifesaving service. VENTURA, '07.

The Debate

He slowly traced his steps up the crowded avenue, until he stood before a large structure of white granite, and looking towards the north he observed by the clock in the church that it was already seven o'clock. He quickly turned and mounted the broad steps, and was ushered in by the butler, who stood waiting for his appearance.

Marion was called and they hurried away together across the common to the town hall, where the public debate was to be given. They were seated about midway in the hall, before the crowds of people began to rush in at the open doors.

At eight o'clock the debate was opened. In the gallery sat a spectator unobserved. He was the grandfather of Carl, who had come all the way from the South to hear his grandson debate.

Carl, being the last on the negative, had taken his position in front, and, in a clear tone and well-trained voice, delivered

his debate in such a manner that all were so interested in him that not a sound could be heard, but his voice.

The judges retired to the ante-room, and, returning in less than five minutes, announced that the medal was won by Carl Hillston.

In the hall he met his grandfather and was much overcome with joy, and the three happy souls sped speedily homeward where the good tidings were told.

This was the turning point in Carl's career, and, many a day after, he found a way to make other souls happy.

E. M., '08.

Dinner Pail Philosophy

FROM "THE TECHNICAL WORLD."

Pay as you go, but don't go till you pay.

The way to the Hall of Success may be pointed out, but the door must be opened by each man for himself if he would enter.

Your future is being made *now*.

Take sunny views of things. "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine."

A good many of the difficulties we complain of are difficulties only because we complain.

No man can blaze his way through the world with his grandfather's hatchet.

You can do little without enthusiasm.

Clippings

TRUTH IS STRANGER THAN FICTION.

A sailor named Taylor was wrecked on a whaler—the sea was about to prevail,
When lucky for Taylor the foundering whaler caught up with a slumbering whale.

"In order to sail her to harbor," said Taylor, "myself I'll avail o' this gale."

So Taylor, the sailor, the sail o' the whaler did nail o'er the tail o' the whale.

Otto thought he ought to auto,

So he got an automoto;

In his auto Otto thought he

Ought to see the auto show.

So he tried, as Otto ought to,

But his auto would n't go.

There are things about an auto

Even Otto ought to know.

Student—I don't think I deserve a zero.

Prof.—Neither do I; but it was the lowest possible mark I could give.

EVOLUTION.

"He has such a curious way of drawing in his head like a turtle and holding his arms close to his sides."

"Yes; for twenty years he lived in a flat."

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