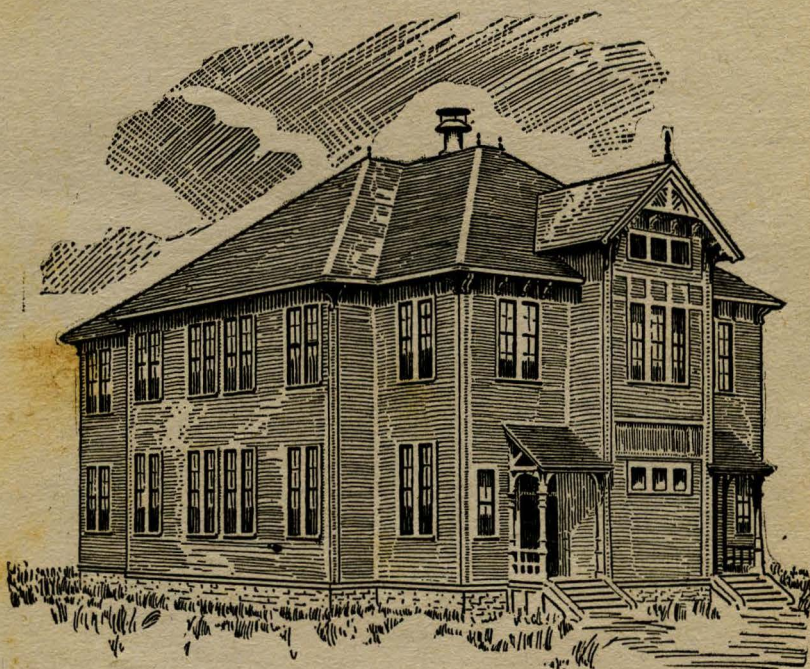

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A R G O S Y



Provincetown, Massachusetts

May, 1907.

"Register" Press, Yarmouthport, Mass.

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The P. H. S. ARGOSY.

VOL. I.

PROVINCETOWN, MASS., MAY 15, 1907.

No. 7.

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Any information regarding the Alumni will be gladly received.

Editorial

The outlook for athletics is much better than that of preceding years. We have a larger number of boys, hence more material to choose from. The athletic association has voted to turn over the greater part of the funds raised by the high school dramatic company to the baseball team. The money will enable the team to purchase suits and suitable equipment and also to pay the expenses of out-of-town games, which have heretofore been paid by the members of the team. The track team was given a part of the money, which will enable them to secure material for the next athletic meet. As the football season is over, it was decided to wait until the next season before fitting out the team. On the whole the outlook is very bright for the coming season. But you must remember, boys, that without your aid we can make no

showing with other teams. Turn out for practice and if you do not succeed in making one team, do not be discouraged, but try for the others. If you can't secure a place on the baseball team, you may on the football or track teams. Above all things don't stand up and sneer and pass sarcastic remarks about the showing of the team. Encourage your players, for encouragement often tends to win the game.

L y c e u m

On April 11, the trial of Mayo versus Baker for assault and battery was held in the high school at 2.30 p. m., with Judge A. Richard Lewis, Jr. presiding. After the usual opening and the reading of the indictment by the clerk, Miss Coffin, the jury was impanelled, only one, Miss Norine Doane, being objected to by the defendant, on the ground of personal friendship for the plaintiff. The following witnesses, Miss Annie A. Perry, Miss Helen L. Rogers, William P. Hannum and *Dr.* George T. Corea, were then sworn in for the prosecution. The junior prosecuting attorney, Miss Gladys Baker, endeavored to show by the above witnesses that the plaintiff, Mayo, was assaulted and severely injured by the defendant. She laid great stress on the fact that the plaintiff's feet were beneath his desk at the time of the alleged assault, thereby conflicting with Miss Josephine D'Wolf, the junior counsel for the defence, who through Arthur Bickers, Virginia Bragg, Sumner Coffin and the defendant, Baker, endeavored to show that the assault was an accident, by stating that the accused stumbled and fell over the feet of the plaintiff. The witnesses for the prosecution were cross-examined by the senior counsel for the defence, Hon. J. Ventura, who succeeded in showing up *Dr.* Corea as a quack, through his lack of knowledge of medical terms.

The witnesses for the defence, although rigidly cross-examined by District Attorney W. Miller Paine, were cool and collected and made no conflicting statements. Especially

cool was Miss Gertrude Berry, who testified that the plaintiff on the day of the alleged assault had met with an accident while skating and sustained injuries similar to those described by the witnesses for the prosecution. Lawyer Ventura, in his eloquent appeal for his client, pointed out many defects in the statements of the witnesses for the prosecution, and exhorted the jury to consider the evidence rot—absurd statements—in reaching their verdict.

After Attorney Paine's closing speech, in which he stated that the evidence of a school teacher was not to be considered if contradicted by other witnesses, Judge Lewis charged the jury carefully to weigh the evidence of both sides and decide according to the result of the comparison.

The jury then retired and after five minutes returned. Foreman Cashman announced the verdict: "Guilty."

The following sentence was imposed by the court: Twenty-three days in the house of correction, and a fine of thirteen lemons.

The Highland Light

The Highland light is situated in North Truro, Massachusetts, on the edge of a steep cliff, which is about one hundred and thirty feet above sea level.

In 1853 it was found necessary to move the tower on account of the wearing away of the bank. The bank wears away each year on the average of five feet, and it is said that the present tower must be moved in a few years.

About five years ago, the illuminating apparatus was changed from a stationary to a revolving light. The light was made in France by the Barbia & Bernard Co. of Paris, and cost ten thousand and five dollars delivered in New York.

This is the most powerful oil-burning light in the world and ranks second to all the lights in the world, being next to a light on the coast of France, which has an electric flame.

The lamp has five circular wicks and the oil is forced up to them by a plunger which weighs one hundred pounds.

The flame of the lamp is regulated by a damper the same as that of a stove.

The lamp is in the center of a cage composed of glass lenses with four bull's eyes placed at right angles to each other. The whole structure turns on a pivot that connects the lenses with a sheet of steel on which it revolves over a surface of mercury and is driven by a clock of motor power that weighs one hundred pounds.

It flashes once in five seconds and the whole structure turns three times each minute.

The candle power of the lamp is eight thousand, but it is magnified by the lenses to one hundred and eighty thousand.

The speed is regulated by automatic governors and if moving too fast or too slow, it is known by the ringing of a clock.

T. P., '09.

The Mile-Run

The contest was drawing to a close and the last event was the mile run. It had been a close struggle between W— and E— for the supremacy. The scorer's books before the last event stood 48 to 48, and the mile-run would decide which school was the better. If W— got first place it would mean 53 points; but if E— got it, W— would go down in defeat.

Near the dressing tent were six or eight figures in bath-robos jumping and stepping around lively to keep warm, and the starter, ready with his pistol, stood near the starting line.

Soon the starter said, "Ready!" and the figures at the mark threw off their bath-robos and stood at ease. "Set!" was the next word, and the runners crouched into position. "Bang!" went the starter's pistol and they were off, instantly falling into a smooth, even stride, which is characteristic of all good runners. Jones of W— and Brown of E— were

looked upon by their respective schools to win; while the other runners did not amount to much, only to get second place if they could.

On the first lap the runners kept the same positions as at the mark, Jones and Brown last, and the inexperienced runners ahead, going at a pace that would soon wear them out.

On the second lap some had dropped out. Brown was third and Jones fourth. When they came around on the third lap, only three remained, Jones was third, Brown second and another W— runner first.

And now came the last lap. Brown began to "put on steam," and soon left the W— runner in the rear and made Jones lengthen his stride a little. Only two remained now.

Brown's pace was the pace that kills, and soon he could hear the pat, pat of Jones's shoes, and this caused him to put on all the reserve power he had, but he could not lengthen the distance between himself and the other runner. He could see the tape in the distance, and tried hard to reach it, but the track seemed to come up and hit him. A mist appeared before his eyes, and he lost his stride, but soon recovered it again. The tape was now about ten yards away. He spurted for a last time and threw up his arms to take the tape, but there was none there, for Jones had carried it away before him, winning the contest for W—. The scorer's books now said 53 for W— and 51 for E—.

Athletics

T'RISS, OR BEYOND THE ROCKIES.

On Wednesday night, April the third, the high school dramatic company presented the play, T'riSS, or Beyond the Rockies, for the benefit of the athletic association, and excellent music was rendered by the high school orchestra. The success was due mostly to the kindness of Miss Lillian Brooks in devoting her time in rehearsing the company.

It was a play in which were shown the hardships of a miner and the way the West was carried on at that time. The different parts were well taken, especially Judge Ananias Lovetoddy, Halleluiah Bill and Triss, the angel of the Rockies.

The net proceeds were about one hundred dollars. The association has given seventy dollars to the baseball team, twenty to the track team and ten to the gymnasium. The baseball team has purchased uniforms, a glove and mask, and have sufficient money to pay their expenses if at any time they should arrange for a game up the Cape.

Two games have been played this season, but owing to a lack of practice at the time they were not very satisfactory. The team has, however, got down to work and we expect good results from its playing in the near future.

The baseball team opened the season Wednesday, April 17, 1907, by a game with the locals, which ended in defeat.

A second game was played Friday, April 26. It was a dull game throughout the whole nine innings, and the school team was again defeated.

Weak batting and poor work by the infielders were the causes of defeat in both games. Hannum and Adams pitched good ball for the school team, while Jennings and Tasha did fine for the locals.

Locals

Miss Welsh, '09, translating in French, "Some poultry was walking about the yard."

Miss Coffin played a march, "Our Gallant Boys." We wonder if she means our high schools boys.

Watson, '10, in English, "Aunt Mary is learning to play cheese (chess)."

For choice perfumes go to Cashman, Lewis & Co. They

keep a very fine assortment, among which is a kind called "skunkorine." It is the pure product right from the factory.

A sophomore, on being asked the name of the twenty-third book of the Bible, promptly replied, "Jonah." The class thought this very appropriate.

Dr. Corea prescribes "laughing gas" for the sophomore class in geometry, but Mr. J— chloroform.

Coffin translating, "*Et tout son petit corps souffrait*"—And all his little corpse suffered."

Hannum, in English, telling the story of "The Lady of the Lake": "A man went after a deer and found a dear."

Mr. Lewis: "He lifted the child gently in his harms (arms)."

Who are the freshmen and sophomores who frequently use the paper drawers for a postoffice?

MORE APPROPRIATE INITIALS.

H. A.—Happy Always.

G. B.—Girl Bachelor.

E. J.—Ever Jolly.

M. M.—Molests Murray.

T. S.—Too Small.

V. B.—Very Bright.

W. P.—Wonderfully Pretty.

E. A. E.—Ever Adoring Emma.

M. S.—Many Suitors.

M. F.—Many Friends.

A. P.—Always Pretty.

C. G.—Continually Good.

R. B.—Roguish Boy.

J. V.—Just Vain.

The latest addition to "The Greatest Show on Earth" is a ferocious wild cat, called Frisky.

Miss DeWolfe, reading "The Lady of the Lake": "Here gains the Wolfe."

Mr. Jenkins nearly fainted a short while ago. He happened to look at Bickers and saw that he was studying with not even a smile on his face.

We find that Corea has found an attraction down street. Too bad, Baker, but it can't be helped.

Miss Crawley has returned, after a few days' illness.

Exchanges

The March number of "The Student's Review" is especially good, containing several interesting stories.

"The Sagamore" is fortunate in receiving cuts when she calls for them. We hope she will get a new one for "Slams."

"The Debater" has a new cover this month. We are glad to see you put the old one aside, and we would like to do the same, but our artists are bashful.

"The Advance" has a good story this month: "The Resignation of Peggy Martin."

"The Argus" from Harrisburg, Pa., contains the best illustrations of any of our exchanges. The exchange column is very nicely written.

"The Pennant," Meriden, Conn., and "The Argus" are new papers. They are both good and we hope to see them again.

We wish to acknowledge the following exchanges: Crimson and White, Gloucester, Mass.; A. H. S. Tidings, Amesbury, Mass.; Ægis, Beverly, Mass.; Senior, Westerly, R. I.; Crimson and Blue, Everett, Mass., and the A. H. S. Clarion, Arlington, Mass.

Alumni Department

GLIMPSES OF PROVINCETOWN.

Were you ever in Provincetown? Did you ever hear of Provincetown? You never did? Well, I see that I will have to tell you about it.

It's not very far from Boston; in fact only a four hours' sail, when you go on the "staunch and elegant steamer, Cape Cod."

I had my first real glimpse of the town after passing Wood End, when the curving end of the Cape appeared, cuddling around a sparkling blue harbor full of white sails which it held tightly in its embrace. Next, we passed Long Point lighthouse sitting perched like a sea gull among the waves, on the tip end of Cape Cod. Then, after steaming across the harbor, we drew up at the pier, with much backing, scraping and bumping.

Well, before I visited the town, I had an idea that it contained about one or two hundred inhabitants, but the time-worn simile of flies around a drop of honey gives only a faint idea of how the people swarmed about that boat. And, at first sight, everybody seemed to be busy. I say at first sight, because, while passing up the main street, I noticed several groups of people ornamenting various fences and doorsteps. But one and all looked at me with friendly eyes, and altogether, I felt very much at home.

After spending a very quiet, restful night, I rose early in the morning and looked out of my window. What a view! Have you ever felt yourself suddenly bereft of speech before some marvelous, perfect piece of workmanship? Well, that is exactly how I felt. Before me lay a dull expanse of grey water, which moved in little restless ripples near the shore, but as the sheet of water widened, the wavelets ceased their

tossing and gradually became peaceful and calm. Far off, seemingly above the other shore, the brush of the Almighty had dashed one vivid streak of crimson. As I gazed it expanded, turned to vermillion, to orange, to yellow and was finally eclipsed by the dazzling disc of the sun, which rose smiling and red from behind the distant hills. As if by magic, the boats awoke, clad themselves in their white sails, and, one by one, sailed out of the harbor, bobbing their "good-byes" as they went.

This beautiful sight was only the beginning of my pleasures and of the many lovely views in and about Provincetown. Immediately after breakfast I set out for High Pole Hill, or Town Hill, as the inhabitants call it. There it was warm and quiet, and I sat in lazy contentment until the sun was far above my head. I was looking down on the high school and thinking how the wind must blow there in winter and how the windows must rattle. Behind me, on a ground full of hills and hollows, a baseball team was practicing. I was just admiring a "liner" knocked by a tall, curly-haired fellow, when something drew my attention to the harbor. There, drawing up alongside Railroad wharf, was a boat.

Now there is nothing strange about that statement, but there certainly was something very strange about that boat, even to my inexperienced eyes. It was small and looked as if it had sailed out of some ancient picture. And the passengers: To say that I was astonished would not adequately express my feelings. Both men and women were clothed in sombre grey, the former wearing tall hats and the latter poke-bonnets.

Here my view was interrupted by some tall buildings, but in a short time I saw the company again, and now they were ascending the road leading to the hill. Gradually the truth dawned upon me. They were the Pilgrims revisiting their "first landing place." On they came, and presently, with wondering looks, they began to ascend the back of the hill.

A few minutes passed, and then I felt something touch

my arm. I started up quickly and—awoke. There, close at my elbow, as if laughing at me for falling asleep in the sun, was a tall brier nodding back and forth in the wind.

My next memory picture was of the harbor by moonlight. When the sun was going down, I went out and sat on the beach to listen to what the little wavelets and ripples were whispering to each other, and to watch the cloud pictures.

The sky in the west was a perfect glow of crimson, slashed across with dark purple streaks, which gradually melted and faded away. But in the midst of the glow, a long line of dark-hued birds were winging their way southward, and the faint echo of their cries reached my ears, mixing and mingling with the splash, splash at my feet.

But as the sun sank farther and farther behind the hills, the gorgeous color reluctantly followed, leaving the sky clothed in its blue evening dress, ornamented with dancing stars, "the forget-me-nots of the angels."

Then

"Silently up from the calm sea's dim and distant verge,
Full and unveiled, the moon's broad disc emerged."

Quickly she rose, and more quickly still, a fairy track of light was laid from shore to shore. Across this golden stream flitted little boats with their cargoes of merry-makers, making the waters ring with their songs.

From this scene I turned with reluctance and, as I lingered, I heard the rise and fall of their happy voices blending in a "Hymn to the Night:"

Oh! holy night! from thee I learn to bear
What man has borne before;
Thou layest thy fingers on the lips of care
And they complain no more."

* * * And then a little later as I closed my windows, ringing over the waters came the faint strains of "Good night, ladies; good night, ladies; good night, ladies; I'm going to leave you now!"

The Gray Shadows

The sun was just peeping above the eastern hills when one of the hunters, a youth of twenty, tall and strongly built, said to his companions: "Well, it's about time to visit the traps." The place where they were camped was on the edge of a lake, which was about five miles long and extended to the foot of the mountains on the west. The traps were set about eight miles from camp. There were a few bears, wildcats, foxes and numerous wolves and many small fur bearing animals living near the mountains.

A few minutes later and the three were wending their way with shouldered rifles over to what they called the shack, which was merely a covering for their ice-boat. They laid down their rifles and soon had the sails up and were under way. The wind was dead ahead, but as there was plenty of it, the boat made good progress and was soon up to the further end of the lake near the mountains. After lowering the sails they did not stop to furl them, and a few minutes later were disappearing in the forest.

The snow was about six inches deep and had blown considerably about and formed large drifts. They rounded their traps, but caught only a fox. They killed it and then proceeded to skin it. After that was done they pushed on in quest of game. It was then about three o'clock in the afternoon and they travelled on, shooting now and then a partridge that they would flush. As they were nearing an opening, they saw a deer standing on the opposite side of a stream, but too far away to kill. They endeavored to walk around the stream part way and then cut across it on the bridge. To do this took considerable time and skill, for they had to approach him from the leeward side. It was nearly dark when they reached the opposite side of the stream and just then they heard the distant howl of a wolf.

They quickly retraced their steps and made haste to reach the edge of the lake before it got too dark, for they did not care to battle with wolves in darkness. On and on they went and nearer came the howls of the wolves, for there was a whole pack of them. They had travelled on a little further when a low growl was heard and one of the boys turned on his heel and saw in the darkness a large wolf not more than ten feet from him. Quick as thought, he brought the rifle to his shoulder, and then, with a loud report, the wolf rolled over on his side, without a spark of life in him. The hunters were soon close to the edge of the lake when the howls of the wolves seemed almost at their heels. The wolves wanted their revenge on the hunters for killing one of their companions. The hunters could go on no further, as the wolves were almost upon them, so they turned around and opened fire on those that were in sight. More than once they heard a low cry and saw the body of a wolf topple over, never to move again.

Now was their chance, and, getting a good grip on their rifles, they ran at full speed through the snow to their boat. But the wolves did not cease howling, and by the sound, the hunters thought there were a great many left. They reached the boat and without a moment's hesitation, hoisted the sail and soon had the boat skimming homeward with a fair wind. They looked back and saw a number of wolves running on the ice in pursuit of them, but it was of no use, for the boat was beating the wolves, by more than half. In a little while they reached home and soon after supper were under their blankets. One of them said, "It's a good thing we didn't furl the sails." They all responded with a happy laugh and soon after were asleep.

J. E. W., '09.

Student—"I want the 'Life of Julius Cæsar.'"

Librarian—"Brutus is ahead of you, sir."

My Pet Squirrel

Last spring I thought I should like to possess a young squirrel; so I hunted in the woods and found a nest with three youngsters. I took one of them home and put it into a small box and fed it with milk by means of a fountain-pen filler. I also gave him oat meal. He grew quite fast and was soon able to run about the rooms. The best sleeping quarters he could find was a pocket, and that was the place in which I almost always found him.

"Chico," as I called him, was very tame and never offered to bite and would play like a kitten. Sometimes he would spring upon my shoulder and sit there for long periods of time. He was not afraid of cats and would walk up to them as if they were the best of friends. Sometimes when I was about the house, he would crawl into some of my pockets and go to sleep there, and I, not being aware of it, would walk out-of-doors, and, later on, putting my hand into my pocket, would find him there. He never offered to go out-of-doors himself, although the doors were sometimes left open.

Finally, however, thinking he would enjoy himself much better in the woods, I took him there and let him go. Although I have passed the place where I gave him his freedom many times, I have never seen him since.

E. W., '09.

"I cannot give," he sadly said,
 "Even a yacht to you;"
 "Well," she said, "I'm sorry,
 But a little smack will do."

Dinner-Pail Philosophy

FROM "THE TECHNICAL WORLD."

Luck is a fool; pluck, a hero.

Wandering minds make small wages.

The best way to get even with your enemy is to surpass him.

Your concern should be, not so much what you get, as what you do for what you get.

There is no man ever any better than he wants to be.

It is always better to take things as they come than to attempt to catch them as they go.

If a high ball is your first object in the morning, you will play a grounder before night.

Clippings

Little stems in Latin,
 Little roots in math.,
 Make the jolly juniors
 Tread a thorny path.

An Irish lover said, "It's a great comfort to be alone,
 especially when yer swateheart is wid ye."


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