

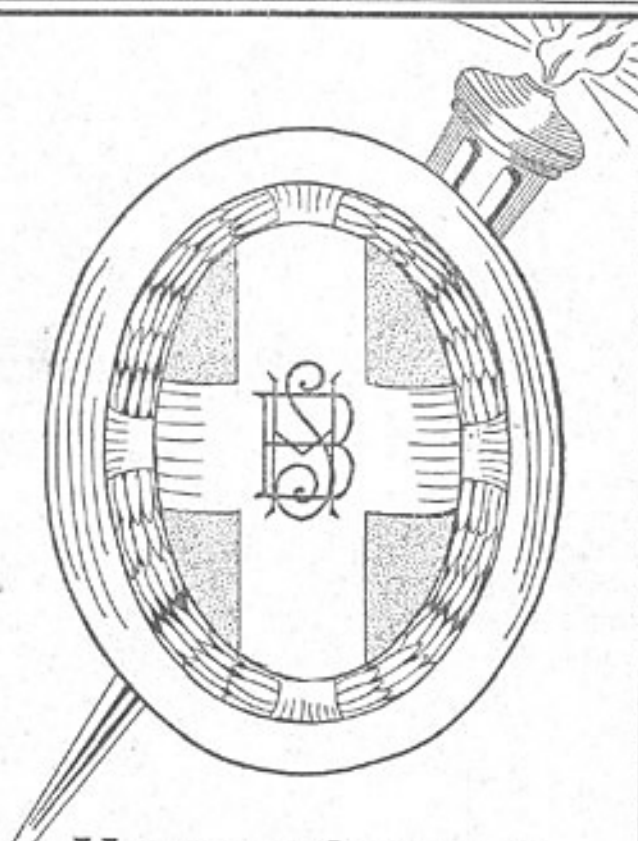
Jan 1902

VOL. 1.

JANUARY, 1902.

No. 2.

ÆGIS



HIGH SCHOOL

BEVERLY, MASS.

E. H. B. WOODBURY '04.

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# THE ÆGIS.

VOL. I.

BEVERLY, JANUARY, 1902.

No. 2.

## My Experience at a Fire.

"Oh, get up quickly; there's a fire!" were the words which roused me at half after one on the morning of May 30, 1901. I opened my eyes and saw that the room was lighted by a dull yellow glare. Jumping out of my bed and joining my mother and sister at the window, I saw smoke and flame rising in a column from a chalet close by. We knew how tindery the wooden roofs were, and felt that our chalet might ignite at any minute. With trembling hands, we began to dress. A horrible fascination made us look out of the window. We heard the trampling of feet, the shouting of men, the blast of a horn blown to awaken the neighborhood, and the horrid crackling of the flames. My mother lighted a candle and gathering up some things to pack, returned to her own room. Having hastily dressed, we tore the sheets from the beds and piled our possessions in them; a best hat and a heavy pair of boots went in, together with other strange companions.

Then we all went outside the chalet and across the village street. The peasants were going up hill carrying pails full of water. We asked our mother if we, too, might help. She, being engaged in holding a baby belonging to a peasant whose chalet was in danger, absent-mindedly said "Yes." So we asked our landlady, in our best French, to give us some pails. When she gave them to us, we filled them at

a fountain and toiled up the slippery hill. We found that the peasants were just forming chains, so I took my place in one of them. The same chains were used for full and for empty pails, so that pails often collided and water sprinkled many of the helpers.

It would have delighted the eyes of an artist to have seen the glaciers, the snowy mountains and the dark trees lighted up by the flames; to have seen the beautiful brown chalets, the anxious faces of the picturesquely-dressed peasants, and last, but not least, the fire itself with the forms of the rural firemen silhouetted against it. As it had rained heavily the night before, and as a great deal of water had been spilled out of the buckets, the ground was rather slippery. It was strange to see the men and women slipping and tumbling, and stranger still to find myself sliding about and emptying on my slipped feet the contents of the bucket. It was said afterwards that a man slipped into one of the fountains in front of one of the chalets, and, bestowing a parting kick on a man standing near, went into the depth of the water.

About an hour and a half went by and I was still passing buckets, but had moved up within a few yards of the burning chalet. The men at the pump were still filling buckets, which now came so fast along the line that I often held one in each hand. I was tired and wet. The heat from the fire was tremendous, but I made up my mind that I would not give up. Sud-

denly, my mother appeared and said, "Why, I didn't know you were here. Run in and change your things immediately." I went down hill and into our chalet, and began to unpack the bags and rummage in the piles in the sheets to get dry clothes.

Soon we went down stairs, and, hearing that the fire was well under control, we, with the other boarders, sat down quietly to drink afternoon tea at 4 o'clock in the morning, comparing meanwhile our various experiences.

My mother said that she had been awakened by our landlady's screams, and had gone to the window to see a glorious light on the mountains. "Can it be an Alpine sunrise?" she thought. Then the real cause of the glow and color came to her mind, and she hastened into our room to waken us.

It would take too long to tell about the Swiss girl who set the fire for revenge, or about the girl who gave the alarm by ringing the church bell, or of the narrow escape of the inhabitants of the burning chalet. Suffice it to say that just as the real Alpine sunrise was beginning to suffuse a soft radiance over the mountains, we emptied our sheets of their contents, and, having tucked the sheets and the blankets into our beds, lay down and resumed our slumbers that had been so rudely disturbed.

E. O. P., '06.

Wakeful: "Looking over the dictionary again, are you? Find it interesting?"

Willful: "No, not interesting, but amusing. The words here are spelled so differently from the way I spell them, you know."

### The Snow.

The snow is gently falling,  
Filling the world with light.  
Yet some call the snow dismal,  
This poem of winter, bright.

The flowers that please in May-time  
Are fair and beautiful,  
The poets praise the roses,  
But the snow is wonderful.

Why call the fields a dismal waste,  
This beautiful sea of snow?  
Why speak of beauty faded?  
Some eyes are blind, I trow.

This wonderful field of crystal  
Is fraught with beauty for me,  
And none of the flowers of summer  
Are as fair as this snow sea.

H. W., '05.

### Hamilton Mabie and "My Study Fire."

"My Study Fire" is a book containing a series of delightful essays by Hamilton Mabie. The hours spent before the soft glow of an open fire, beginning with the time when the birds take their flight southward, and ending when spring calls us natureward and the opening of the windows brings whiffs of scented air, and the shining of the soft rays of the sun upon our books makes them seem faded and dusty,— these are some of the pleasant hours of our existence.

With the lighting of the fire, a new spirit takes possession of the room. The warm glow rests first upon the faces of those in the room; then upon the books, in which are the thoughts and dreams of the great teachers and artists; and last, it steals through the windows and even into the night, bathing the landscape in a passing glory.

A bad man cannot face an open fire with comfort; and he must be a man

of rare fidelity to whom its searching light does not bring some revelation of self which he would like to have hidden under the ashes of the past.

Now the glow falls on the rows of books, which are the true companions of the winter months. These books are a refuge against time. The best possible education which any man can acquire is a genuine and intimate acquaintance with those few great minds that have escaped the wrecks of time and have become, with the lapse of years, a sort of impersonal wisdom, summing up the common experience of the race and distilling it, drop by drop, into the perfect poems of art. Literature keeps the whole race under constant conviction of sin. The revelation of ourselves is the substance of every book that endures. This, in brief, is the thought of the book.

Each subject that Mr. Mabie selects suggests a whole line of thought. "The answer of life," "The bliss of solitude," "A day out of doors," "A hint from the season," give a hundred suggestions. This is so with everything he describes. The smallest and most insignificant thing in nature offers to him one of the infinite parts in the solution of the great problem of life. As we read, we are carried away by his quiet enthusiasm, so that we feel ready to assert with him that if we were to turn heretics, we would become fire-worshippers.

The characteristics of Mabie's writings, as shown in this book, are dignity and restraint. Nowhere does there appear even a suggestion of humor. He writes quietly because he thinks calmly. His books show intimacy with the loftiest thoughts. They reflect the man, cultured,

thoughtful, restrained. To him culture means emancipation from the slavery of prejudice and from the imprisonment of conceit. It means a new birth in the life of the spirit. This, Hamilton Mabie seems to have experienced, and it is to us he calls by quietly suggesting the way to this higher life.

M. H. E., '02.

### The Birches.

Supple figures standing together like girls,  
Timid, excited a bit, as you shake your fair  
curls!

Each of you, noble and proud with the pride  
of a queen,

Ye birches, drest in your silver and green!  
In your delicate garments, so graceful and  
cool,

Ye birches, whispering, stand by the magical  
pool!

Most gracious, most charming, most win-  
some of trees

As ye bend, gently bowed to the breeze!  
Softly swaying and sighing and singing,  
Slowly turning and leaning and swinging,  
Yielding and showing the beauty of yielding,  
Ye seem to be holding, and over me wielding  
A magical power that's calming and soothing  
my soul;

That makes me forget the search for a  
meaningless goal,

To forget the men who hunger, and labor  
and ache,

And yet never yield, never bend — till they  
break.

I forget the lives, bereft of gladness and  
mirth;

I forget the sighs of the sad and the blind  
of the earth;

I'm compelled to forget all the discord, the  
unmelodious notes,

In the one perfect chord from the woodland,  
that floats

Here to me as I stand with all in life, in  
accord,

Obeying and loving the wonderful laws of  
the Lord;

Where the birches, most yielding, most gra-  
cious of trees,

In beauty and gladness bow down to the  
breeze.

A. W.

### Gleanings from the Observation Books.

From the Christmas magazines with their pink skies, purple trees, parti-colored people, creton clouds and accompanying verses, I have arrived at one conclusion. In a few words, it is this: "People will hear the truth only from poets and fools." In making some unpretentious and well meant attempts to be the one, I have succeeded beyond all expectation in becoming the other. I know that I will meet with no opposition if I set down a few observations under the head of "The Observations of a Cheerful Idiot."

On a stone by the roadside in Wenhams, there is the single word "repent." This is either what Shakespeare meant by "sermons in stones," or it is an attempt of someone to advertise repentance as a kind of soap for the washing away of sin.

Success is a proper visaged angel who smiles only upon those who win their way by constant attention to business, by punctuality, thrift, and eternal vigilance, and yet methinks that he will bear watching; for at times he stoops and grins at men of very different stamp.

Laugh and the world laughs with you; cry and the world laughs at you.

### A Contrast of Character.

Under the sheltering roof of an old farm-house in the sleepy little country village of Hopeville, Maine, there were born many years ago, two boys; twins they were, and of remarkable character, who were known among the good

people of that town as Benjamin and Ebenezer Thing.

During the early years of their youth they attended the Hopeville district school; and here, in addition to the usual amount of reading, writing and arithmetic, common in those days, helped along by a due allowance of the birch, they received the names which clung to them in after life of Ben and Neb.

Now you may not notice anything strange in these names, but the close observer will readily see that while B-e-n spelled one way spells Ben, spelled the other way, N-e-b, it spells Neb. Here was trouble indeed, for through the mysterious workings of fate there came through the contrast of the names a contrast of character, likewise. When Ben was good, Neb was bad; when Ben was bad, Neb was punished for it; and when Neb cried, Ben laughed out of sympathy. The difference became so great in a few years, that upon entering the Hopeville High School, Ben took the commercial course, while Neb took the classical. This proved the turning point of their lives for when Ben became proficient in shorthand, he decided to become a minister and write long sermons; while Neb became, on the other hand, so infatuated over classical mythology that it turned his mind and he decided to become a tramp and like Ulysses of old, to wander forever afterwards.

Ben was graduated from the Hopeville High School at the head of his class, with the extremely high average of 92, while Neb was graduated at the foot of his class, with the extremely low average of 29. Ben went to Andover Theological Seminary and be-

came a Congregational minister, while Neb attended the Hobo's Convention at Chicago and became a tramp. At this point their lives necessarily separated, and we know no more of them until Neb's death. He died of acute indigestion, it is said, occasioned by eating a piece of mouldy mince pie with microbes in it, as tramps often do; while Ben died a few weeks later of starvation, the deadly foe of the small-salaried minister.

They were buried side by side in the Hopeville cemetery and in view of the singularity of their lives, two names wrought in iron letters, were placed over their graves that they might be read from both sides, doubtless for the accommodation of tourists, who made these two graves an object of special observation. This was a fatal mistake however, for to a person standing at the head of the grave, they read BEN and NEB, while standing at the foot, they read NEB and BEN. Thus, in a few years no one could tell them apart.

A year or so later a bright lad from Beverly, who was spending his vacation in town, and who claimed to be a graduate of the scientific department of the Beverly High School, proposed to dig down and explain the mystery, but much to his consternation, he found that grave thieves had stolen the bodies. And now, dear reader, I have told to you as 'twas told to me, the sad, though truthful story of these two young lives.

M. H. E., '02

Some folks won't mind their business,  
The reason is, you'll find,  
They either have no business,  
Or else they have no mind.

### Nonsense Rhymes, *a la Edward Lear.*

There was an old man of New York  
Who always ate prunes with a fork;  
Why he ate them this way  
I am sure I can't say,  
For I never could get him to tok.

An elderly lady of Kent  
Took a poodle wherever she went.  
When she was asked why  
She made this reply,  
"I am not an observer of Lent."

In Boston a man of renown  
Wrote an ode on the beans of that town.  
When first it was read  
All the hearers dropped dead,  
Or at least everybody dropped down.

A man sitting under a hedge  
Was perhaps cracking nuts with a sledge,  
For at all passers by  
He heaved a great sigh  
And also a piece of a lodge.

A. W.

### Notice.

A subscription to the AEGIS for the remainder of the year will be given to the student of B. H. S. who writes the best article of from 600 to 1000 words for publication in this paper. Contributions should be written in ink on one side of the paper only. They must be handed in before February tenth.

The chief end of man is his foot.

## THE AEGIS.

PERCY V. NORWOOD, Editor.

MARION R. DEXTER,	HELEN P. FOSTER,
CHRISTIAN F. ROBERTSON,	LILLIAN F. SMITH,
	<i>Associate Editor.</i>

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*Assistant Managers.*

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by the pupils of Beverly High School.

Price 50 cents a year; 5 cents a copy.

All communications of a business character should be addressed to the Business Managers; all of a literary character to the Editor.

W. L. MALDON & CO., PRINTERS,  
5 WASHINGTON STREET.

## Editorials.

The first number of THE AEGIS was received with a spirit which, if continued, assures its permanent success. In future issues we shall try to surpass the first in quantity and quality of the literary parts. Instructive as well as entertaining articles will be introduced. Owing to the hurry with which it went through the press, the December number contained several errors; but more time will eliminate them from the succeeding numbers. Let us receive your support, both financial and literary.

A word about our exchanges. They will be kept in a rack in the office, where anyone wishing to consult them may do so. Kindly notice where each belongs, and return it to its proper place.

The impression seems to prevail that THE AEGIS is published by the senior class. The truth is that, in

every sense, it is a school paper—managed by the school, and open to the contributions of any student of the school. To the school it looks for support.

Once more we emphasize our desire that, so far as is possible, you will trade with the firms which advertise in this paper. By so doing you will aid your school.

The B. H. S. Athletic Association seems to be in a state of suspended animation. Isn't it about time to try to revive it? Would it not be a good idea for our school to take a greater interest in sports this year than in the past? It seems that the one thing which our athletes need above all else is support from the student body. Without it, little can be accomplished; with it, much is possible. To attend the games and meets is a duty which we owe not only to the school, but also to those who there represent the school.

## Exchanges.

Our exchange department begins its work with this number. The exchanges have been rather slow in coming in, but we take great pleasure in announcing the following: *The Archivist*, Philadelphia, Penn.; *The Record*, Newburyport, Mass.; *The Quill*, Sanford, Me.; *The Academy Journal*, Norwich, Conn.; *The Racquet*, Portland, Me.; *The Beacon*, Chelsea, Mass.; *The Olympian*, Biddeford, Me.; *The Oracle*, Bangor, Me.; *The Recorder*, Springfield, Mass.; *Advance*, Salem, Mass.; *English High School Recorder*, Lynn, Mass.



*The Oracle* was full of delightful surprises. It contained two very suggestive poems and a continued story. Its musical department is certainly a feature.

*The Record* combines a great deal of material in a small space.

*The Recorder*, an exceedingly neat paper of thirty-two pages, is our "banner" exchange for this month.

The instructive article should certainly have its place in every paper. It is surprising to note its rare occurrence.

Americanisms, otherwise known as slang, are far too common in some papers. This should be guarded against by all means if you desire a good looking paper.

Teacher: "What were the ancient Romans remarkable for?"

Pupil: "They understood Latin."

A new word has been introduced into the Flemish language. It is "suelpaardelooszoondeerspoorwegpetrolrijting." The derivation of the word is "suel," rapid; "paardeloos," horseless; "zoondeerspoorweg," without rails; "petrolrijting," driven by petroleum. The whole word, as can easily be seen, means "automobile."

### Athletics.

Athletics at just this time of year are rather dead, for it is early to be training for the annual indoor class meet. The basketball games, which have been scheduled to be played this month, have been very nearly a failure on account of poor management. Sev-

eral games, however, have been played and 1902 is in the lead, with 1904 a close second.

It is now time for the Athletic Association to begin to plan for an indoor meet. Last year's meet, which was held in the V. M. C. A. gymnasium, was a great success, and with good management it should be even more so this year.

Great interest has been expressed in the ice-polo league, and the games will be played as soon as there is good ice.

On Friday, January 3, a game was played on Conant's Pond between 1902 and 1906, which resulted in a tie score of 0-0. The game throughout was characterized by slow play, but the goal tenders of both teams played their places well. The line-up was as follows:—

1902	1906
Spencer,	B. Woodbury,
Glover,	St. Clair,
Huse,	McLaughlin,
Lovett,	Casey,
I. Woodbury,	French.

Time, 15 and 10 minute halves.

Referee, Broughton.

Timer, E. Dodge.

Each member of the football team during the last season has received a letter "B."

The following is a list of all who won their letter:—

Allen,	Johnson,
Broughton,	Littlefield,
Callahan,	McLaughlin,
Dodge,	Robertson,
Foster,	Sullivan,
Fullerton,	Tratt,
Gregg,	G. Wallis,
Herrick,	J. A. Wallis,
Hinckley,	Williams,
Iverson,	Wiseman,

### Alumni Notes.

The past four weeks have been busy ones among the alumni; for with the Christmas recess from school and college, there have been many friends of the old school-on-the-hill at home for the vacation, and their presence has made matters in social circles a bit lively.

The seventh annual reunion of the class of '94 was held at the home of Miss Alice L. Millett, Cabot street, on Thursday evening, Dec. 26, 1901. Stories of the High School days were recalled, and a most pleasant evening was spent, with a musical and literary program. Refreshments were served. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Pres., C. Fred Broughton; Vice-Pres., Allison G. Catheron; Sec., Frank W. Foster; Treas., Robert F. Johnson; Executive Committee: Misses Anna M. Lovett and Bessie P. Meacom; and Messrs. W. Ray Herrick, Allison G. Catheron and Alfred E. Lunt.

Among the lecturers in the course at Colby Academy, New London, N. H., is Prof. LaRoy F. Griffin, a principal of this school who resigned in the early 70's. Prof. Griffin will speak on national themes. He was a former teacher in the Academy, one of the first in the State.

West D. Eldredge, '85, has been appointed Agency Director of the newly opened branch office of the New York Life Insurance Company, in Salem. Mr. Eldredge was formerly with the Mutual Life of New York, but accepts this more lucrative position of supervisor for entire Essex county.

The marriage of Miss Lizzie Lewis, '91, to Fred M. Johnson of Manchester was solemnized at Manchester on Wednesday evening, December 18, Rev. W. H. Ashley performing the ceremony. Mr. and Mrs. Johnson will reside in Swampscott, where they will be at home to their classmates and friends.

Prof. George Edward Woodberry, '71, professor of English in Columbia College, was at home for the holidays.

John Cressy, '93, and Miss Helen W. Copp of this city were married on January 15. Here's the best wishes of THE ÆGIS.

The city government was inaugurated on Monday, January 6. As it might be interesting to know how many members of the city's solons are graduates of the Beverly High School, a list is appended:

Mayor: Samuel Cole, '75.

Council: Joseph E. Herrick (Wd. 1), '91; Albert Boyden (Wd. 2), '87; Laurence I. Watson, 2d (Wd. 6), '94.

Clerk of Council: Wm. A. Lee, '87.

Joseph A. Wilson, '74, has accepted a lucrative position with Samuel Ward & Co., the stationers, Boston.

Mrs. George Ayers, '69, of Spencer, has been making an extended visit with her sister, Mrs. Hannah C. Roundy, '63.

On July 4, of last year, Arthur Brookhouse Foster, '97, was wedded to Miss Maude Anna Morrison of Orono, Maine. This fact has not been generally known until now.

The editor of this department is now in possession of a full list of all those now living who have graduated from the Beverly High School since 1860, having compiled the same after no small amount of labor. After this issue he will conduct a question box through the medium of this column, in which he will try to answer all questions that may be sent regarding friends or classmates. Besides the names, he also has the addresses and, in a number of cases, the business pursuit in which engaged. All communications should be addressed to the editor, at 41 Lovett street, Beverly.

Replying to G. N. R.: Frank E. Chipman, '78, is a resident of Somerville, Mass., having moved thence from Minneapolis, where he was engaged in business for several years.

### The Grind.

Grind, grind, grind!  
I'm to my fate resigned.  
A pen, a table, a pile of books,  
And grind, grind, grind!

Grind, grind, grind!  
With study, my face is lined:  
My dreams are o'er, I smile no more.  
Grind, grind, grind!

Grind, grind, grind!  
Till I'm deaf and dumb and blind,  
And nuddled and juddled and all mixed up.  
Grind, grind, grind!

A. W.

Mr. F.: "I don't know what you call molasses and sulphur in America."

Leininger: "It is called molasses sulphite."

Ladner: "No it is called sulphur molassite."

### The Idiot.

They call me down, they throw me down,  
They call me out, they pull me in;  
They call me loafer, tramp and clown —  
I grin.

With smiling jaws I take the pill.  
They tell me what I might have been;  
They give me good advice, and still —  
I grin.

They grind me up exceeding small;  
They call sweet laziness a sin;  
They beg and threaten: through it all —  
I grin. A. W.

Captain (to awkward sward):  
"When I say 'Halt,' put the foot  
that is on the ground beside the foot  
that is in the air and remain motion-  
less."

### Notes from Germany.

I heard that in a boy's school the teacher requested the pupils to put their fore paws on their desks and their hind legs under them.

In a select school for young ladies, our nursery rhyme, "Solomon Grundy, born on Monday," etc., is taught as a standard English poem.

Children under twelve years of age are not allowed to ride bicycles without a special license.

If a person is run over by a bicycle or vehicle, he is obliged to pay a fine.

Elevators are used to take people to the tops of buildings, but never to bring them down.

Any dog found on the street without a muzzle or a leading string is scooped up by a large net into a wagon and carried to the police station.

M. B. H., '04.

## Class Notes.

1902.

In a recent article describing an accident that befell an express wagon, our friend of the "Times" told us that one of Marshall & Moulton's "teams" was burned, but that the horses escaped. If our friend will take the trouble to consult a dictionary, he will find that the word "team" applies to the horses, and not to the vehicle; consequently, the "team" was not burned.

How quiet everything is in the hall after the three-minutes bell.

No more holidays for a few months.

Quietness reigns supreme in a certain aisle in Room 8 since a certain young man went away.

Hard work is now in order for the shorthand class.

The senior French class are having great trouble over *Athalie*. It is the hardest thing yet.

A. P. F. has been collecting eyes for the Physiology class, lately; however, they are only eyes of our sea friends.

The talking of the girls in their dressing room reminds one of a sewing circle.

When will the seniors get over their childish first-year tricks?

A new lunch counter has lately been opened in Room 9 by H. F. & Co. Olives and crackers free for the asking.

1904.

C. P. may be a very good Latin scholar, but he cannot get ahead of the teacher.

W. & O., confectioners, Room 10.

A. H. says that the lion is a parasite, because it lives on other animals.

W. L. thinks that the feather duster makes a good pointer.

C. P. was a day ahead of time last week.

R. R. needn't think he is the only one who can turn the dynamo in the chemistry class. There are other strong people.

*Wanted:* By J. W., in Room 10, a new way of cutting ice.

*Wanted:* By H. C., a new invention for lighting gas.

W. G. and J. M. formed a very noticeable contrast, although Miss C. did not realize it.

Wonder if F. W. has looked through the key-hole of the future and seen herself holding the position of book-keeper in the Beverly High School Bank.

I wonder if M. B. was afraid she would lose that chair in Room 12.

Spain is a back number—Mr. H. says so.

Perhaps A. H. will learn in time that her mode of rapid transit is dangerous.

We all like tests. Oh! yes, we do.

Has any one looked up the meaning of "quadriga"?

One of the bright boys of the class—W. G.

One who always knows—J. W.

1905.

Please do not begin your luncheon until recess.

I wonder what Mr. G. meant when he asked F. if he needed exercise.

We shall soon be dreaming of Miss H. and her small slips of paper; at present, however, we see them in reality.

F. had better consult the doctor about his nerves, as he is subject to hysteria.

The geography class has been taking delightful trips on the various railroads of the United States (?). Miss H. acted as chaperone, and found it difficult to keep them on the right track.

A front seat does not keep some people from whispering.

Mr. T. would like the chemists of '05 to remember that there is a difference between HCl and HClO<sub>2</sub>.

C. R. J. is fast recovering from his cut. "Poor Doc!"

E. H., the greatest end that ever stood on a gridiron, is not the poet the football team thought he was.

Books in Room 3 have a mysterious way of disappearing. Now you see them now you don't.

The temper of the genial janitor got the better of him one recess; as a result, two of the offenders were lodged in the office.

Tagging people is a great fad in Room 6.

The reason why '02 failed to score on '06 was because their skates were not sharp. A poor excuse is better than none.

R. W. would like to know how much it costs to contribute notes to THE AEGIS.

I wonder why Willie doesn't know his French better.

R. W. always seems to be either hot or cold when no teacher is in the room.

E. E. isn't employed to sweep the floor, and shouldn't do it.

Miss W.: "What is mould on cheese?"

C. W.: "An animal."

Miss W.: "Why?"

C. W.: "Because they say that mouldy cheese walks."

1906.

Teacher: "Write a sentence with the word elementary in it."

Result: The food passes through the elementary canal.

May we ask how much the English teachers spend yearly for red ink and blue pencils?

"Do you understand?" thundered the Professor, as he flung an inkstand at the studious pupil in the front seat.

"I think I have an inkling of it," stammered the boy.

Teacher: "At what point in the story are we now?"

Pupil: "Page 76."

One of the 9th graders has discovered that "possess" possesses more double s's than any other word possesses.

We have found the "Lost Chord" tied around J. W.'s whistle.

*Lost, strayed or stolen:* About twenty pens, thirty pencils and thirty-five erasers. Return to the 9th graders.

*Wanted:* For those who come from the Farms, pneumatic soles and heels.

In the dressing room of Room 5 the girls have a regular football rush for their clothes. B. L. is usually centre.

Teacher: "You may write on 'A Wreck,' or 'A Fire.'"

Pupil (to the one beside her): "Well, as I am not a wreck and never was on fire, I don't see how I can write on either."

Teacher: "You may write on 'The American Flag.'"

Pupil (to neighbor): "By George! I can't write on it. It's red, white and blue; that's all I know."

A freshman he to hades went  
For some things he wished to learn;  
They sent him back to earth again,  
For he was too green to burn.—*Ex.*

Three are a crowd, and there were  
three—

The girl, the parlor lamp and he;  
Two are a company and, no doubt,  
That's why the parlor lamp went out.  
—*Ex.*

"It's all up with me," said the umbrella.  
"How sew?" asked the needle.  
"It was this weigh," began the scales.  
"Shut up," retorted the umbrella.  
"Knit," said the yarn.  
"Oh, come off!" said the button.  
"Hit him," said the hammer.  
"I'll stand by you," said the easel.  
"You can count on me," said the slate.  
"Take that," said the pill.  
"It's all over now," said the ceiling.  
"I'll shut up hereafter," said the umbrella.—*Ex.*

Here lies the body of Jonathan Greer,  
His mouth did stretch from ear to ear.  
Stranger, tread softly, for he lies under,  
And if he gaps you're gone, by thunder.—*Ex.*

### J. G. G. Basketball Game.

The J. G. G. composed, for the most part, of the B. H. S. girls made their first public appearance in a hotly contested basketball game Monday evening, Jan. 20, at the Y. M. C. A. gymnasium, when representatives of the club played before an enthusiastic crowd of people. A fine, snappy game ensued, captained by Misses Helen Foster and Anna Connolly. Many times the game partook of a real scientific game; plucky plays were prevalent, quick shooting for goals was noted often, and after a hard fought battle, Miss Connolly's side gave the honors of winning to its opponents by a score of 31 to 24. Line up was as follows:

Forwards	
Capt. Helen Foster	Capt. Anna Connolly
Gertrude St. Clair	Nettie Morgan
Centres	
Caroline Wilson	Elsie Foster
Guards	
May Jones	Marjorie Hill
Ethel Burns	Margaret Woodbury

Cadet: "Say, Tailor, this blouse don't fit at all."

Tailor: "Is that so?"

Cadet: "Yes, it's on the hog."

Tailor: "I know, but I can't help that."—*Ex.*

A young man leading a dog by a string, lounged up to the office of a railroad station and inquired, "Must I take a ticket for a puppy?"

"No, you may travel as an ordinary passenger," was the reply.—*Ex.*

### Latin.

All the people died who spoke it,  
All the people died who wrote it,  
All the people die who learn it,  
Blessed rest, they surely earn it.—*Ex.*

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