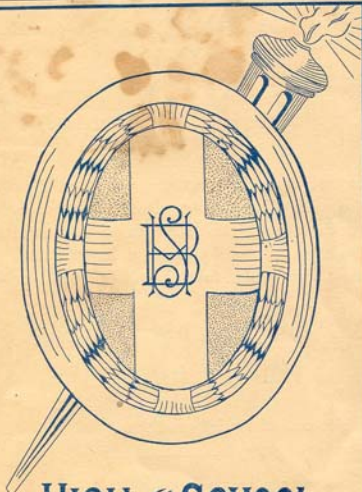


COMMENCEMENT NUMBER.
VOL. 1. JUNE, 1902. No. 7.

ÆGIS



HIGH SCHOOL
BEVERLY, MASS.

E. H. B. WOODBURY '04.

Business as a Profession

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THE AEGIS.

VOL. I.

BEVERLY, JUNE, 1902.

No. 7.

Entered February 1, 1902, as Second Class Mail Matter, post office at Beverly, Mass., under Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

"Labor Omnia Vincit."

The Class of 1902.

ORGANIZATION.

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IRA VAUGHN WOODBURY.

Vice-President,

EVERETT FRANCIS DODGE.

Secretary and Treasurer.

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RAYMOND BROWN KITTREDGE,

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Beth's Surprise.

Beth was unhappy, very unhappy indeed. One could scarcely realize that this young girl with the sorrowful face was the same person who, less than two years before, was recognized as one of the brightest and merriest of the young people of Springton. But it was not altogether because of her mother's death that she was sad, for, although she missed this loving mother greatly, she had become, in a measure reconciled to her great loss. It was, rather, because there was now to be someone to fill, or at least to attempt to fill her mother's place. Beth, however, was certain that no one could do that which she had tried, ever since her mother's death, to do faithfully for her father and the others.

But now, even with this great trial in view, had come another which pleased her but little more. Her brother Edward had ever, from their childhood until now, been her help and sympathizer in all trouble as well as a sharer in every joy. Even the comfort of his presence was now deprived her, as he had been recently married and had removed to another state. Beth, after a short struggle within, decided to refuse the invitation to accompany him and to share his home, since she was needed to help make ready for this new addition to the family circle. But inwardly she determined that as soon as possible she would flee to his home and there be happy.

While she was preparing tea Mr. Brown came in and seeing her downcast look he attempted to cheer her up. He told her that she would feel much better if she would only look on

the bright side and that things might turn out all right for her after all. "There, there, Berthie," he said, "she's real nice and very fond of young folks. In fact, she has a nephew who is just about your age, I should think. I guess you'll get along well enough." Beth began to look a little hopeful and thought to herself that perhaps it wouldn't be so bad after all.

When, a few days later, Beth walked to the gate to meet her father and his bride, she was surprised to see a lady no larger than herself, with such a singularly sweet, motherly look and such kind, blue eyes that she nearly forgot to welcome the new mother as she ought. Strange to say Beth had never seen her father's intended wife, who lived in a distant city where business frequently led Mr. Brown. However, unconsciously even to herself, she greeted the stranger as "Mother." She even resolved to herself when she saw the pleased look which this title brought into the sweet face, that she would certainly call her that in the future. Nevertheless, Beth wondered to hear her new mother say, "That's even more than I expected, Beth." No wonder that Beth felt pleased and almost happy.

The following month she wrote to Edward that she would come to visit him but she could not possibly stay more than a week. "Mother would be so lonesome before George got home from college," she gave as an excuse. Edward was happy to see that she was so reconciled to her mother, because he knew that there was yet another surprise in store for her.

Edward met her at the station and on the way home told her that a friend

of his, Mr. Dickson, was at the house and was to remain until the late evening train, when he was to leave for home. Beth met Mr. Dickson and they seemed mutually attracted. Beth did not forget him altogether, but the next day said to Edward, "What lovely eyes Mr. Dickson has, he reminds me very much of mother. He has the same kind look and pleasant expression." Edward simply said, somewhat absently, "I don't know but what it is so. I'm glad you like him, Beth."

Beth enjoyed her visit greatly, but did not have the desire which she once had to stay there; on the contrary, she was quite willing to return home. Mother was alone when she arrived. After a cordial greeting, she told Beth that George had come a week earlier than she had expected him. Beth was pleased, as she was anxious to see him. Imagine her bewilderment, when, for the second time she met Edward's college chum, Mr. Dickson, and her mother's astonishment, as the two greeted each other in a friendly way. Hereafter Beth had plenty of opportunities to watch those fascinating eyes and to admire that kind look and pleasant expression which she had so often admired in mother. She always said "Mother," although she thought that even this kind friend could never be quite the same as her own mother.

George thought that at least she could be Beth's own aunt and perhaps Beth, who had before suddenly changed her mind, was persuaded with the help of those eloquent eyes, to agree with him.

M. D., '02.

Patronize our advertisers.

Verses From an Alumna.

"I'm stuck on you," he said,
The postage stamp of red,
"Be fair and square, confess that you care
For me, and we'll be wed."

"I'll not deny it's true,"
Said the envelope of blue,
As they dropped in the sack on the postman's
back,
"I'm carried away with you."

'Tis very strange that teachers should
Prefer the wicked to the good,
Yet they are always calling near
To them the sinners from the rear;
While scholars meek with studious frown,
Are told, "Go way back and sit down!"

A CALL TO THE FRONT.

Good bye, comrades, I must leave you,
Though it breaks my heart to go,
Someone tells me I am needed
At the front seat in the row.
See, the frivolous are marching,
And I can no longer stay.
Hark! I've got my walking ticket,
Good bye! I'm away.

Trot, trot, trot!
Eighty lines I've got,
O'er the syntax rough and stony
Take me safe, my trusty pony,
Leave the silly grind
Toiling far behind.

'96.

My Diary Ten Years Ago.

I had fun today. Cousin May came early this morning because it was Saturday. She spent the day with me. The first thing that we did was to give the kittens a bath. After we had washed them we rolled them in some of those large bath towels which Mamma has stored in the linen press.

We then thought we would wash the dolls' clothes, but Mamma came in and stopped us. May washed her

doll's face and when she dried it the mouth had gone. Then she was like a baby and had to bawl. May is eight and I am ten tomorrow. I am not so much of a baby. We put a barrel in the wheelbarrow and I got on top of the barrel and made believe I was riding horseback. George came and wheeled it. But dear me, he tipped it a little too far and over I went. I didn't cry. May had on her new brown coat and she got it dirty and tore a big hole in it. We went to the brook in the meadow and climbed up into a willow tree, and May was very careless and tore her coat. I didn't tear anything.

Then we did a very naughty thing, so Mamma said. I am in bed now an hour earlier because I am being punished. Old Farmer Preston, who does not live very far up the road, has the loveliest little pigs you ever saw. I had been forbidden to leave the yard but I thought May ought to see the pigs. Well, we went to see the pigs and they were just beautiful. May is not careful and she leaned over the fence and fell into the horrid pig pen. I screamed, and one of the men came and pulled her out. It was lucky the old pig did not catch her. When we got home May was sent home and I was sent to bed.

I am so glad I keep a diary. I never should have remembered what I made George pay for the rabbits if I had not put it down in this book.

I am glad to write so well. I never make mistakes in spelling. May can't write at all, but then she is only eight and her father isn't a professor. I suppose I inherit some things. People say I am wise. It is getting dark now, good night.

A. C. C., 1901..

Where Our Seniors are Going.

- Everett F. Dodge to Amherst.
 Marland H. Eaton to Tufts Medical.
 Orpheus L. Woodbury to Williams.
 Marion R. Dexter to the Salem Normal School.
 Annie M. McGlaulin to the Salem Normal School.
 Perley K. Dodge to Massachusetts Institute of Technology.
 Oscar E. Huse to the University of Maine.
 Raymond B. Kittredge to the University of Maine.
 Merton R. Lovett to the University of Maine.
 Ira V. Woodbury to Massachusetts Institute of Technology.
 Eliza Low to the Salem Normal School.
 Ruth A. McKay to the Salem Normal School.
 Millicent G. Perkins to the Salem Normal School.
 Reta Streamberg to the Salem Normal School.
 Mary A. Southwick to the Salem Normal School.
 Lillian F. Smith to the Salem Normal School.
 Edith S. Wilson to the Salem Normal School.
 Carl C. Spencer to the University of Maine.
- In addition the following post-graduates enter the institutions named below:
- Roland P. Davis, Massachusetts Institute of Technology.
 Leroy P. Henderson, Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Percy V. Norwood, Harvard College.

Howard L. Obear, University of Maine.

Raymond P. Woodman, the Lawrence Scientific School.

Helen P. Foster, Mt. Holyoke.

A Vacation Experience.

A TRUE STORY.

It was a bright and hot day in June. Not even an east wind ruffled the waters of the incoming tide. A crowd of boys and girls sat or stood in the shade of the sea wall. Two by two these boys and girls paired off until there were only two left. Unfortunately these were both boys. Maybe not unfortunately either because this story would not have been written if these boys had each had a girl with him. One of these boys sat dejectedly on the sand throwing pebbles at the umbrellas of the more fortunate boys. The other, fired with the love for mischief which is in every boy, walked down to the water, untied a boat and jumped in. After paddling around for a while he became excited and quickly rowed or paddled ashore.

"Come out with me quick," he said to his lonely friend, "I have found a horseshoe crab as big as your head." His lonely friend jumped in and each boy took an oar and paddled out. However, after a fruitless search for the crab, the boys got to fooling. One of them crouched in the bow while the other stood upon the back thwart and commenced to rock the boat. Sundry remarks uttered by those on shore stated that they wished the boat to tip over. In the midst of these remarks the boat gave a lurch and the boy in the bow hearing a yell looked

behind him in time to see a pair of heels disappearing over the stern. Fortunately the water was not more than two feet deep, so the unlucky boy escaped with a scare and a wetting. Now I want to ask a question: Where would you rather be on a hot day, under an umbrella on shore or investigating the bottom of the harbor?

R. P. '05.

Nonsense Rhymes.

There was a young lady of Luter,
Whose beaux could never quite suit
her.

She cried to two kings
"Go away with your rings!"
This eccentric young lady of Luter.

There was an old man with a gun,
Who shot all the day at the sun,
He used all his shot
And still hit it not,
So he died, this old man with a gun.

There was a young maiden named Rose
Who prided herself on her nose,
And when she felt chilly
I know it seems silly,
She prided herself on her pose.

A Letter.

To the Editor of THE AEGIS:

In behalf of the Track Team of 1902, I desire through your paper to thank the scholars, particularly the girls, who helped their Class Track Team on to victory by their enthusiastic cheering. I also desire to thank the Faculty for the interest which they took in the meet.

LEROY B. BARNES,
Captain '02 Track Team.

THE ÆGIS.

PERCY V. NORWOOD, EDITOR.

MARION R. DEXTER, HELEN P. FOSTER,
CHRISTIAN F. ROBERTSON, LILLIAN F. SMITH,
Associate Editors.

MARLAND H. EATON, *Exchange Editor.*

EVERETT F. DODGE, *Athletic Editor.*

HOLLIS L. CAMERON, *Alumni Editor.*

IRA V. WOODBURY, *Business Manager.*

JAMES P. FULLERTON, OSCAR E. HUSE,
Assistant Managers.

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by the pupils of Beverly High School.

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

For Sale by The Beverly News Company.

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

Editorials.

One especial pleasing feature of the recent inter-class meet was the cheering on the part of the young ladies of the school. If the spirit then displayed be continued through the coming year, Beverly High may again hope to be a power in the realm of athletics.

In a good many schools the girls are admitted as members, or even as officers in the athletic associations. Why should they not be here? Surely the enthusiasm which they have lately shown entitles them to such a privilege. Then, too, as the girls are represented in athletics by a basketball team, it seems as if they deserve a share in managing athletic affairs.

Our association is not nearly so strong as it ought to be, and the addition of girl members is about the best way to increase its power. We

earnestly hope that some move in this direction will be made next fall. The plan has worked well elsewhere and we feel sure that it would be a great success here.

This is the last number of THE ÆGIS to appear under the present management, whose satisfaction is not that it has conducted a superior paper, but that it has established a paper which, if properly supported in the coming year, should become a superior paper. From a literary point of view, there is no reason why it should not succeed; our students have ability to write, but oftentimes do not employ their ability.

Financially, its success is largely dependent upon its advertisers. A large number of them is necessary, and a large number can only be obtained through the co-operation of our students. This year, our profits, which we expect will be considerable, will go to create an emergency fund, to be used in case financial success does not continue through next year. In the future what is made will go to the Athletic Association, or for the purchase of books for the school library.

In this last number of the year, we desire to thank all those who have in any way contributed to the welfare of the paper. In addition to the acknowledgments which we have already made, we would thank Mr. Gaylord and members of the type-writing class for kindly doing some work in connection with our special number. To Miss Clark and Miss Edgett of the English Department we are also indebted, especially to the former, whose efforts have in a great measure made THE ÆGIS what it is.

The following staff has been chosen for the year 1902-03:

Editor, Chester C. Pope.

Associate editors, Harry Cole, Harry Lunt, Florence Grey, Helen Obeart.

Exchange editor, William C. Lord.

Athletic editor, C. Archie Herrick.

Alumni editor, Hollis L. Cameron.

Business manager, James Fullerton.

Assistant managers, John E. Foster, Albert Murray.

Let everyone help them to make THE ÆGIS better than it has been during this year. Once started, the rest is easy.

Exchanges.

Once more in the long procession of the seasons, June has come, and with it the vacation season. In taking a general prospectus of the work of this department for the past year, we find one very noticeable feature, namely, that it has been carried on with little or no friction. Criticisms have been taken in the same friendly spirit in which they have been given, and with no bitterness or hard feeling. The aim has been to set aside party feeling and petty jealousy,—and to present nothing but healthy, optimistic criticism. Accordingly, the exchange editor feels that in turning over his work to another he can do it with a promising outlook for the future.

We have received lately a copy of the *Blue and Grey*, Philadelphia, Penn., which we wish to acknowledge.

We found in the *Herald* a most interesting article on Napoleon Bonaparte. It is lacking in prejudice and

the subject is fairly treated. The man is often condemned, but we are forced to acknowledge that there is a certain romance in his life story that appeals to all. He is, indeed, a hard character to draw and the author of the article is deserving of much praise.

There is no paper upon our list that covers a larger range than the *Jacob Tome Monthly*. Its many articles upon nature and natural subjects are both interesting and instructive.

Mamma: "Johnny, I want you to be good today."

Johnny: "I will be good if you will give me a nickel."

Mamma: "Johnny, I want you to remember that you can't be a child of mine unless you are good for nothing".—*Ex.*

Where are you going, my pretty maid?

Collecting souvenirs, she said.

May I go with you, my pretty maid?

My fad's not yours, kind sir, she said.
—*Ex.*

Athletics.

The Inter-class Meet was held on the Common Wednesday afternoon, May 28th. The class of 1902 won, the score being 43½ for '02, 30½ for '05 and 25½ for '04.

The classes were well represented by the girls, whose voices could be heard above the boys'. The meet was called promptly at 2 o'clock, and it was 5.45 before the last event was over.

Those who competed were not up to their usual standard as the weather was cold and damp.

Raymond had things easy in the mile and half mile, gaining a whole lap on one of the runners in the mile.

Pope's work in the pole vault was the feature of the meet.

The result of the shot put was a surprise, as Fullerton was picked as a sure winner.

The summary:

100 yd. dash; 1st Barnes '02, 2nd Dodge '02, 3rd Huse '02. Time 10 3-5 sec.

220 yd. dash; 1st Barnes '02, 2nd Dodge '02, 3rd Raymond '05. Time 24 3-5 sec.

120 yd. low hurdles; 1st Barnes '02, 2nd Robertson '04, 3rd Woodbury '02. Time 18 sec.

Running high jump, 1st Pope '04. Height 4 ft, 8 in. Fullerton '05, Herrick '04 and Huse '02 tied for 2nd and 3rd at 4 ft, 7 in.

Putting shot; Fullerton '05, Lunt '04 tied for 1st and 2nd. Distance 32 ft, 2 in. 3rd Smith '04.

440 yd. dash; 1st Dodge '02, 2nd Barnes '02, 3rd Smith '04. Time 51 1-5 sec.

Throwing hammer; 1st Fullerton '05, 2nd Williams '05, 3rd Smith '04. Distance 72 ft.

880 yd. run; 1st Raymond '05, 2nd Spencer '02, 3rd Robertson '04. Time 2 m, 24 sec.

Running broad jump; 1st Fullerton '05, 2nd Barnes '02, 3rd Huse '02. Distance 17 ft, 1 in.

Pole Vault; 1st Pope '04, 2nd Smith '04, 3rd Fullerton '05. Height 7 ft, 1 in.

Mile run; 1st Raymond '05, 2nd Spencer '02, 3rd Huse '02. Time 5 m, 20 sec.

EVENTS.	'02	'04	'05
100 yd. dash,	9	0	0
220 yd. dash,	8	0	1
120 yd. hurdles,	6	3	0
Running high jump,	1½	6½	1½
Putting shot,	0	5	4
440 yd. dash,	8	1	0
Hammer throw,	0	1	8
880 yd. run,	3	1	5
Running broad jump,	4	0	5
Pole vault,	0	8	1
Mile run,	4	0	5

Totals, 43½ 25½ 30½

Gleanings from the Observation Books.

There are some people so very, very polite that politeness is with them involuntary. The other day a woman fell out of the door of an electric car. There was no one on the platform but she got up and after saying "excuse me" to the platform and begging the pardon of the brake handle for bumping her head on it, she shook herself together and alighted.

What is the meanest thing in the world? It is a snarling, skulking, yelping, barking, snapping, sneaking, little yellow peak-faced dog who is forever biting people's heels. Men can jump from their bicycles and chase such a dog to within forty miles of nowhere without having the faintest chance of kicking him.

Which is the wiser, the man who thinks that he knows everything but who really doesn't know anything, or the man who knows he doesn't know anything but tries to make people think that he knows everything?

The most pleasing remembrances that I have of my childhood are associated with those first glimpses into the world of books. Even the "dime novel" of the "Nick Carter" type had its place in my early affections. It is just as truly a factor in a boy's education as a fifth reader. Those hair breadth escapes, and those daring rescues often recur to me and I think of those days when I wanted to be either a detective or a locomotive engineer.

"Make me a child again just for to-night" that I may read them again

and dream those dreams once more. If we had a little more of childish enthusiasm in our veins, if we dreamed our dreams a little oftener in after years, we should think a little more of ourselves and a great deal more of one another.

In these days of specialization, every one who would obtain especial note in the world of specialists must be a specialist in his special line of work. Consequently, advertising as well as everything else has been reduced to an absolute science. Many of the advertisements are gems of art, but by far the best one I have yet seen is that used by one of the larger phonograph companies.

A large, intelligent looking dog sits up in a chair listening to his master's voice in a phonograph. He recognizes it, and in his eagerness and curiosity, his head is tilted to one side, his tongue is protruding, and his eyes are fairly blazing with animated zeal. His whole expression is most quizzical. He is a veritable question mark. This is only an advertisement, but the person who drew it is an artist, and the picture itself is as beautiful as "A prisoner for life" or "Can't you talk."

Alumni Notes.

Miss Alice S. Haskell, '00, has entered upon duties as stenographer for the Superintendent of Schools of this city.

George Edward Woodberry, '71, was by vote of the students recently named as the most popular professor in Columbia College, where he holds the chair of English Literature.

Sewall E. Newman, '96, was among the Dartmouth graduates this year.

It is with sadness that we record the first death among the alumni since the inception of this paper. Mrs. Joanna Larcom Creezy, '69, entered into rest on June third after a long illness. Mrs. Creezy was one of those women with whom it is a pleasure and benefit to become acquainted, of the true old-fashioned kind. She was a wise, counselling mother, wife and friend, and the community has in her passing away lost one of God's noblewomen. Her devotion and great-heartedness will never be forgotten by those who loved her. There remain to mourn her, beside an aged father and mother, two brothers, Rufus E. and Alfred H., '77, a husband and two sons, Everett L. Creezy, M. D., '90, and Carl L. Creezy.

Arthur B. Foster, '97, more familiarly recalled as plain "A. B.," received high honors in chemistry at the recent commencement exercises of the University of Maine at Orono. Who of the classes from '96 to '00 can forget A. B.'s devotion to the acid, base and salt?

Miss Mary Mayo, '94, who has been spending the past months in Washington, D. C., has returned to her home in this city.

T. Stanley Simonds, Ph. D., '72, of the University of California, Berkeley, Cal., was the recent guest of his mother at her home in this city.

Ralph P. Allen, '99, has entered the employ of H. P. Woodbury, the Beverly Cove grocer, as clerk.

Miss Anna F. Lefavour, '82, who has been seriously ill, is on the convalescent list.

Charles A. Baker, '89, has severed connections with the Luscomb Pharmacy of Salem, and has purchased the Standley "Old Corner Drug Store" of this city, where he will greet his many friends.

One of the prettiest weddings of the season at Roxbury, was that of Lawrence J. Watson, Jr., '94, of this city to Miss Mary A. Murnane of Brookline. Rev. John L. Lane of Belmont tied the knot. Mr. and Mrs. Watson will reside at Beverly Farms.

Miss Annie March Kilham, '67, is attending the coronation at London.

The marriage of Edwin W. French to Miss Ida B. Hanson, '98, was solemnized June 4th. Mr. and Mrs. French will reside in the Crosby Block, Rantoul Street.

Roland P. Stanley, '01, has accepted a lucrative position as stenographer in the insurance office of ex-Mayor Edwin U. Curtis, Boston.

Mrs. Laura P. Bennett, '66, of Shanghai, China, has been the recent guest of her sister, Mrs. J. A. Blakey. This is Mrs. Bennett's first visit to America for nine years.

Class Notes.

1902.

The latest way of taking a vote, "All those in favor say Nay."

CS₂: Do you recognize it?

The Senior girls wish to thank the borrowers of their looking-glass for returning it.

Local happenings at present are all class meetings.

Advice of the photographer: "Don't throw your eyes around."

We wish Miss F. would show her class feeling. We know that it is there, but it is invisible.

Effects of the class meet: E. P. L. lost her voice, but it was for the good of the class; several lost their flags; some lost their sleep; L. S. lost her books and wouldn't stop to find them; and a few lost their temper.

In the translation of Pecheurd Island one day, Miss S. read: "The women were waving their arms in the air for the last farewells, and tears were streaming down on their muslin caps."

The Seniors have had a startling vision of "slimy things."

Miss C.: Don't you remember that in Physics? The girls in the Physical Geography Class look mystified.

1904.

Scholars not arriving in Room 10 before the last bells have to let off some of their surplus energy, which they should have expended in getting there, by staying after school and doing extra work.

The 1904 girls are not lacking in class spirit.

H. C. is a "squealer." Why did he back out of the meet?

If Miss S. does not study her mathematics she must come up in the afternoon.

Where is E. W.'s revolving chair? Ask Mr. G.—

(In Latin.) Miss H.: You may stop there, L., this hot day has had a bad effect on you.

Wanted: In Room 10 at noon-time, a lunch counter for Mr. G.'s whisperers.

Better times are coming by and by.
1904 *will* win.

1905.

L. R. likes to throw black-board erasers and rubbers. Anything pleases the children.

Miss H.: What is the case of "rex?"

F. S.: Passive.

Can it be possible that E. B. wears red just to be cheerful?

Wanted: A gag for a certain girl in English.

1906.

What was J. T. thinking of when he said: "No, ma'am," to Mr. T.?

B. S., please do not use your book-strap as a lasso, because chopping-fits are liable to follow.

Perhaps the pupils of Room 5 would be glad to know that M. D's green bag, which was so often seen adorning the gas jet, has gone into cold storage for the summer.

Will M. W. please remember that there is something better than Jack-in-the-Pulpit roots for luncheon?

One of the loyal girls of this school wanted to know who "tackled" first base at a recent baseball game.

Do we dread examinations? O! no.


Gleanings from the Observation Books.

It was not the first of April, but I was witness of a practical joke that seemed humorous at the time but which might have been attended with serious consequences. A small number of young men had made and robed a dummy, and through the suggestion of one, the dummy was placed upright in front of an approach-

ing car. As the night was dark and the dummy in a shaded spot, it is probable that the motorman did not see it until within three feet and then he had to work desperately to stop the car. But the car did stop, and the power was reversed so suddenly that all the passengers were thrown into a confused heap near the front door. They untangled themselves, while the motorman, pale as a ghost, started to extricate the crushed figure from under the car. But the wooden limbs told the story.

There was a social gathering at the church. The minister had consented to amuse the audience. He was only a substitute, but he had formerly been an actor. He began telling stories and reciting tales that contained some peculiar language. He hopped around somewhat by way of illustrating. The deacon's wife began to get quite nervous. She looked at the deacon but he was enjoying himself. Then she whispered, "Let's go home." The deacon was intently listening. Again she whispered, and she nudged him this time. The deacon did want to stay, so he was oblivious to her. Still again she whispered and nudged him. The deacon neither felt nor heard. She sank back in her seat and closed her eyes.

There is a great difference between popularity and power, and yet they are commonly confused. It must be admitted that power may give popularity, or that popularity may give power. But as a rule, there is a great difference. Men who have power are not truly popular, because of their egotism; while men who are really popular are not truly powerful.

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