

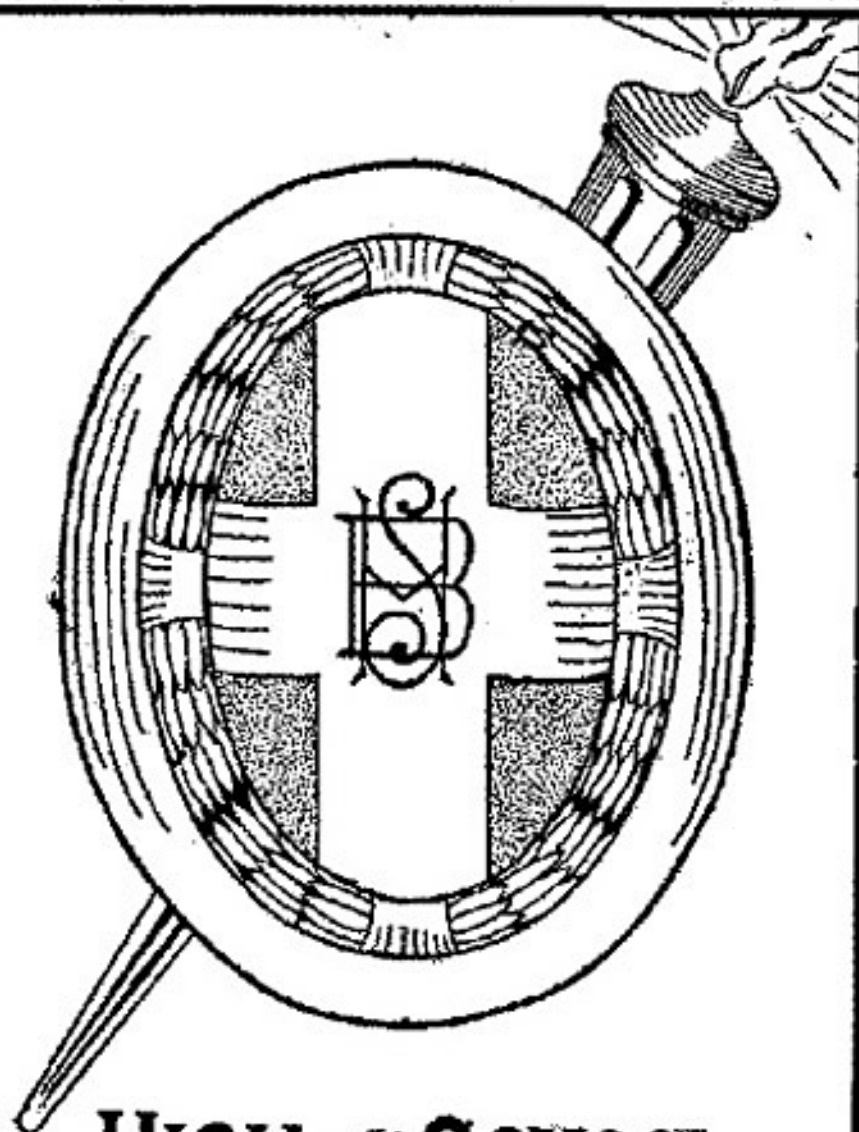
2054

VOL. II.

APRIL, 1903.

No. 8.

**ÆGIS**



**HIGH SCHOOL**  
**BEVERLY, MASS.**

E. J. B. WOODBURY '04.

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ROBERT J. ...

# THE ÆGIS.

VOL. II.

BEVERLY, APRIL, 1903.

No. 8

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

## A Tale of Mount Josuah's Flats.

I happened one winter's night to drop into the old tavern where there was a company of old gentlemen. I walked in amid the stifling tobacco smoke and took a seat near the big stove that stood in the middle of the floor. The company was made up of five not counting myself. There was Bob Langham enjoying a quiet smoke tilted back in a dilapidated arm chair with his feet resting on the stove. Pete Windstay and Zeke Wickham were both seated on boxes and bending over a checker board. Over near the stove in the light of a smoky lamp was seated Bert Fish reading aloud the evening newspaper. Last but not least was Jake Carnes, who was also seated in such a position that his feet rested on the stove. He appeared to be taking in all that Bert read, to him and Bob.

After Bert had read the paper, and after Pete and Zeke had finished the game of checkers, they proposed to draw lots to see which of them would have to tell a story. It happened that the story telling fell on one who did not seem displeased.

"Well," said old Bob, "tell us something of a ghost story."

"That's just the thing," joined in the others.

"I suppose you all remember Jim Creel," began Zeke, "that noble citizen

who used to live in a hut down by the water."

Being answered in the affirmative, Zeke continued: "When I was a boy I was a great friend of Jim. I used to give him a plug of tobacco once in a while and do other favors for him. Although he always kept his business to himself, he liked me so much that he let me into many of his affairs. He was a queer fellow, never did much work, and barely made his living by catching fish. He was tall and lank, didn't believe in work, and luck never came in his way. He wore old clothes that were given to him and almost always appeared in a brown soft hat.

"As I am the only person that he let into his secrets, I am the only person in this world who knows anything about the event which I am going to tell you. One day Jim was looking into an old book, and he found a piece of paper on which was written something like this: 'To the finder: walk out on the flats to the west of Josuah's Mountain at low tide and you will find an iron bar driven into a rock. Take a position five feet north of the bar, dig, and you will find your fortune.'

"Where the book came from Jim didn't know, but he afterwards supposed that it belonged to a mean miser who lived in his hut years before. Jim, being one of the kind who believed everything he heard or read, decided to try his luck. First, he

thought he would see if the iron was in the place specified in the note. The next day Jim took a fork and basket, so as to appear as though digging clams, although clams were never known to exist in that locality, and went on his search for the iron bar. He followed the directions, and went to the west of that high mound which has for many years been known as Josuah's Mountain. Sure enough there was the iron bar sticking up just a few feet away. Now Jim was convinced that there was some truth in the note, and he planned to go and dig for the buried treasure on some dark night when the tide would be out.

"Jim kept his secret to himself and did nothing toward finding the treasure till one dark night. The tide was out, and everything was favorable for his treasure seeking expedition. He rowed around in his big dory to the flats, and then began digging away the mud at a distance five feet north of the piece of iron. He had not dug three feet below the surface before he struck something solid."

"Digging up gold mines," interrupted Bob, "don't sound much like ghost stories!"

Then Zeke began again: "At that moment Jim's heart leaped with joy, and before long he had succeeded in hauling out a chest filled with something heavy. After much hard work, Jim put the chest into his boat and rowed around the point to his hut. Soon he arrived with his chest, and opening it he found that it was filled with old Portuguese gold coins. Jim was satisfied with his find, and he nailed up the cover of the chest for fear of robbers. Being tired and

wearied with his hard night's work, he lay down to sleep.

"Soon he was dreaming that he had become rich. The money in the chest was worth millions of dollars. Now he dressed like a gentleman and had everything he wanted. He no longer lived in his old hut, he lived in a beautiful mansion and was waited upon by many servants. He was at a beautiful ball and was just going to dance with a princess when he awoke and found that it was only a dream. The clock was striking twelve, the hour in which ghosts, goblins and wizards make their appearance. There was a stifling sulphur odor. He rubbed his eyes and looked over towards the chest."

At this point of the narrative Bob expressed his curiosity by puffing quicker on his pipe. The others opened their mouths in wonderment.

"Lo and behold, there was the Old Boy himself seated on the top of the chest and blowing sulphur flames out of his mouth! There Jim sat, gazing at the figure on the chest, too scared to move. When the clock was through striking, Old Nick disappeared like a cloud of mist."

"And what became of the money?" asked Bert.

"Oh, the next night Jim buried it in the same spot, just as secretly as he had dug it up, for he didn't want to have money that was bewitched."

"That's quite a likely story," said Bob, "I don't believe it ever happened."

"Well," added Zeke, "you ain't got to believe it if you don't want to, but if you had seen the fire in Jim's eyes, and the exciting quickness with which he chewed a piece of tobacco, when he told it to me, you couldn't help believing that it is true. L. H. '05.

### A Mother-Squirrel's Moving.

A TRUE STORY.

Have you ever noticed the habits of squirrels? As a rule I am not observant, but two years ago I watched a mother squirrel and her family for several weeks. The first of the summer I found her nest of rags in the eaves over the piazza. She had built it during the spring while the house was unoccupied. Besides the mother, there were five baby squirrels, the softest little things I have ever seen. Every day while the mother was off hunting for food I would steal up to watch them. Usually my stay was short, for she seldom left them long.

One day while we were all on the piazza we heard a slight noise overhead. Upon looking up, we saw a little squirrel seemingly pushed through a hole on a rafter above. Then came the mother holding him in her mouth by the loose skin under the forepaws. His little head and paws were folded under her throat and his tail curled around her neck, thus exposing only the back to knocks. Straight down the side of the house she went, not three feet from where we were seated, up over the hill and off into the woods, then back again. She did not appear at all afraid of us.

It took her a long time to get hold of the second one. He evidently did not wish to change his location and so led his mother quite a race. At last they appeared through a hole in the ceiling, she triumphant, he exceedingly cross. Instead of taking him over the shingles she started, jumping from round to round, across a ladder which was tied within a foot of the ceiling. We had stationed several per-

sons to discover her path, but she disappeared in the underbrush.

When she had carried the third through the hole and half way down the side of the house, the little one slipped and she had to stop and, clinging to the shingles with her hind paws, push him into her mouth with her fore paws. After she had taken hold of him with a better grip she hastened on her way.

The fourth one she caught and carried away without difficulty. These four trips had taken her about two hours and the little thing was so tired from the long distance gone over and the weight of the little squirrels, which were over half her size, that she sprawled out on a rock and panted as hard as she could for fully five minutes.

Then she came back for the fifth one. He objected to being moved, but she caught him at last and took him off into the woods with the others. Even when we all hunted we were unable to find her new nest; she had moved so quickly through the underbrush. After she had taken them all, she came back twice. I did not know whether she miscounted or whether she came back for her stores.

L. G., '05.

"Madge says she is twenty-odd years old."

"That makes her more than forty."

"How do you figure that out?"

"Count the even ones, too."

Jones—"I'm quite a near neighbor of yours now."

Mrs. Golightly—"Oh, I hope you'll drop in some day."—*Ex.*

"You say the evening wore on. What did it wear?"

"Why the close of the day, of course."—*Ex.*

## THE ÆGIS.

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5 WASHINGTON STREET.

### Editorials.

It has been decided to postpone the college number until May. The reason for this is, that some of the other papers have their college numbers in May, and also because there was some delay in getting out the letters to our college friends.

As there will be no graduation this year for lack of a graduating class, an entertainment is to be prepared to take its place. The principal part of this entertainment will be orations and readings. Out of the many candidates eight or nine will be chosen. This year there will be no prizes given, but perhaps some time there will be substantial prizes given.

A new literary organization has been formed here in the High School: the Ciceronian Debating Club. This is another stride forward and it is to be hoped that this club will be a big success. This is a boys' club exclusively,

but the girls are agitating a movement to form a girls' debating club. Without any doubt this is the right thing to do, and with a little help from the teachers, they should form a club just as flourishing as the boys. The topics of the Ciceronian that are discussed are current events, and the few that have already been debated have been exceptionally well argued. After the debate, impromptu speeches on any subjects suggested, are in order. It is understood that the membership is increasing fast.

The interest in the Athletic Association seems to be somewhat decreasing. At the last two meetings the officers have had trouble in scraping together the quorum required by the constitution. At the last meeting by a great effort, two-thirds of the total number were gathered and an amendment passed decreasing the number required for a quorum. This is too bad. There are over seventy-five members and at a regular meeting only fourteen could be gathered. Show a little spirit, boys and girls!

Quite a good deal of trouble was given to the Enterprise boys because there was no place to dress in order to play ball. They finally went to a friend's house. Is there not some way in which a dressing room could be made for players coming from out of town?

Schoolmaster: Now let us have, "Little Drop of Water" again, and do please put a little spirit into it.  
—*Ex.*

Experiment. Given a laboratory full of boys; then introduce three pretty girls. Prove that all the boys will turn to rubber.—*Ex.*

### Alumni Notes.

Contrary to the usual custom, there will be no reception of a graduating class this year, and it has been suggested, and it seems to be a good suggestion, too, that the alumni of the Beverly High School assemble and conduct a reception and dance of its own. Of course, it will mean not a little work and planning for some, and as it takes some time to make preparation for such events, it would seem well to make a beginning now. In order to assure it a paying project, there will have to be some promises of support given now, so that the committee will have some basis upon which to work. If promises from two hundred, at fifty cents each could be obtained the financial success of the reception could be assured. Many members of the many classes have not met their schoolmates for several years--some not since graduation--and it would be an occasion of much joy for all. As there is no organization of the alumni, and no committee can be appointed, each will have to take the burden upon himself, and by word give the proposition all the publicity possible. The editor of this column would like to hear the opinions of as many as possible concerning this reception proposition. Address a postal card to the editor at 41 Lovett street, and indicate for how many tickets you will be responsible. What do you think of the project?

Miss Mabel H. Parsons, '99, is stenographer with Daniel N. Crowley, attorney-at-law, Salem.

Miss Florence K. Black, '94, has resigned her position at the Pleasant View School.

Miss Margaret D. Webber, '00, is one of the newly chosen editors of the Wellesley College magazine.

We have been glad to welcome home the college people this month. We are always sorry to have them go back.

Miss Alice E. Thissell, '02, is stenographer with the Holyoke Fire Insurance Company, Salem.

Miss Essie M. Dennis, '01, has taken Miss Black's room at the Pleasant View School.

Born, April 1, a son to Mr. and Mrs. James W. Blackmar of this city. Mrs. Blackmar was Miss Martha F. Lovett, '82.

The engagement of Will H. Cook '90, and Miss Bessie P. Hardy, '90, was announced during the latter part of March.

### Athletics.

A special meeting of the Athletic Association was called March 31 by President Stanley. The meeting adjourned until Thursday afternoon, April 2, when it was voted to hold the regular monthly meeting. At the meeting on Thursday afternoon, it was voted to adopt the time of the runs, the distance of the jumps and shot put and the height of the high jumps, made at the indoor inter-class meet of 1903, as the association records.

The following are the records adopted:

Twenty-yard dash, time 2 3-5 seconds, held by Herrick, 1904; shot put, distance thirty-three feet, eleven inches, held by Fullerton, 1906; twenty-yard hurdles, time 4 seconds, held by Fullerton, 1905; three standing broad jumps, distance twenty-eight feet, 7 inches, held by Pope, 1904;

three hundred-yard run, time 55 2-5 seconds, held by Robertson, 1904; standing high jump, height four feet, one and one-half inches, held by Pope, 1904; 600-yard run, time 1 minute, 45 4-5 seconds, held by Raymond, 1905; running high jump, height four feet, ten inches, held by Herrick, Smith, Bradstreet, 1904; Fullerton, 1905; 1,000-yard run, time 3 minutes, 15 1-3 seconds, held by Robertson, 1904.

The association has realized a goodly sum from the meet, as there was little expense. Taken as a whole the meet was very successful.

The following are to receive their numerals for winning one or more points in the inter-class meet:

1904, R. Robertson, jr. (captain), A. Herrick, C. Pope, P. Smith, J. Bradstreet, W. Gorman, W. Lord, J. Wiseman, L. Stanley, H. Lunt; 1905, L. Raymond (captain), J. Fullerton, J. Williams, R. Crosby, M. McSweeney; 1907, J. Foster (Captain).

#### BASKETBALL.

##### SALEM 25, BEVERLY 1.

March 21--The girls' team went to Salem Friday afternoon and met a stinging defeat at the hands of the Salem girls. From start to finish our girls were not in it at all, although in the last two periods they held their opponents down to a small score.

Salem started in with a dash and a vim that took our girls off their feet and they did not know where they were. The Salem team showed excellent team work. Beverly's weak point was in covering, as the score will show. They did not play well together and lacked the quickness of their Salem sisters. The Salem forwards seemed to score at will and Miss Fox was the star of the game, throwing

nine baskets from the floor and three from the foul line. Miss Wade scored Beverly's single point on a free throw from the foul line.

The game was clean throughout, hardly a foul being called except for stepping over the line.

#### Summary:

BEVERLY.	SALEM.
Miss Morgan.....f.....	Miss Fox
Miss Wade .. . . . .f.....	Miss Brown
Miss Hill	Miss Smith
Miss Preston	
Miss Smith.....g.....	Miss Torrey
Miss Moore.....g.....	Miss Little

Score: Salem 25, Beverly 1.

Goals from field: Miss Fox 9, Miss Brown 2.

Goals from foul line: Miss Fox 3, Miss Wade 1.

Referee: Brown, Beverly.

Umpire: Miss Webb, Salem.

Timers: Upton, Beverly; Sullivan, Salem.

Time: Three 10-minute periods.

#### BASEBALL.

##### U.S.S. Enterprise 25, B.H.S. 17.

The High school baseball season opened Saturday afternoon, April 18. The boys crossed bats with the training ship Enterprise team from Boston.

At the beginning of the game it looked as if our boys were going to win, but the boys from Boston took a start and spurred into the lead and kept it. Robertson '04 pitched an excellent game up to the sixth inning when he went to pieces. He was replaced by Quigley in the seventh. Some changes were made in the sixth inning, giving all candidates a try in the first game. Beverly's weak point was in batting: the boys seemed to be afraid to stand up to the balls pitched by the Enterprise pitcher.

However with some hard practice the high school should have a winning team. They have a hard schedule confronting them and must do some



hard practicing in order to do anything.

Summary :

B.H.S.	U.S.S. ENTERPRISE.
Ward.....c.....	Parker
Robertson.....p.....	Kinnier
Blanchard } .....	1st b.....Branagan
Williams } .....	
J. O. Foster.....2d b.....	Gosney
Quigley.....s. s.....	Powers
Lunt.....3d b.....	O'Connell
Pope.....l. f.....	O'Neill
St. Clair.....c. f.....	Iverson
Woodberry.....r. f.....	Roberts

Score by innings :

Innings,	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Total
B. H. S..	7	1	4	0	0	0	4	0	1	17
Enterprise,	0	1	2	3	2	2	8	3	4	25

Wm. C. Lord, 1904, has been appointed official score keeper.

Class Notes.

1904.

Whatever makes R. W. laugh so long and so much ?

The drawing class has a snap !

A. M.—the sweet, the lovable !

G. W. has started a firm for piano moving.

C. W. uses too much slang to make a good teacher.

Did Minerva really have a cow ? L. M. says so.

The reason the '05 class spirit came in a bottle was not because of the small quantity but because it needed to be bottled up.

E. C.'s attention to the boys is very noticeable.

J. W. seems to have acquired quite a taste for kerosene.

Miss H. has started a Dutch shoe shop in Room 8.

Who said R. W. was bashful.

Poor A. H. He "didn't have no nothing."

Who hit A. M. with the rubber ?

Fraulein W. flüstern Lie nicht !

A. K. who is "mein besser Herr" ?

That venerable order "The Knights of Leisure," has enlisted many recruits in the German class.

1906.

Miss H. "What was the greatest nation of the Gauls?"

St. C. "Carrie."

O. M. had a volcano in his desk April 1st.

Ask R. M. when he saw the wood-chuck the other day.

1907.

A. R. wishes to be called "Peggy."

I wonder how H. S. likes to stand in the waste basket.

Why is M. D. like a Portland steamer ?

Observations.

A little girl, in describing a place she had visited, exclaimed that "the house was very nicely furnished."

A small boy of five, after much coaxing, was induced to put on his bathing suit and to bathe in the ocean. His father had offered him fifty cents. When he was in the water a little above his ankles he exclaimed, "Oh, papa, I will only take twenty-five cents' worth this time."

A little boy and his sister were in Salem one day with their grandmother. When the little girl went up in the elevator she exclaimed, "Oh, I don't like to go on this hurdy-gurdy !" Her brother, who is two years older, and who thinks he is old at five, said, "This ain't a hurdy-gurdy ; this is an alligator !"

The other day I heard someone say that the people who shivered and

shook every time a breath of fresh air reached them, had little or no self-control. Since then I have noticed that this is true. I had not thought of it before, but I find that on cold mornings if I think how pleasant the morning is, and how fresh and clear the air is, I do not feel as cold and uncomfortable as I did when I used to shiver and say, "How cold it is!"

F. B. P., '06.

Have you noticed what a hero the foot-ball player is to the small boys? At a recent game one of the players was walking about during the intermission, when a boy came up to him and took his sweater. The boy walked along beside him talking, and when he saw another boy look enviously at him he put his arm around the player as if to show the other boy that he was very familiar with the hero. The other small boy came up and, taking hold of the hand of the favored boy, listened to what he was saying.

M. C. W.

The other day mamma told her little boy that too much pie was not good for little boys. "Did it say so in the paper, mamma?" asked he.

#### Exchanges.

Girls, did you ever hear of a "Discrimination Club"? You will find a description of one in the English H. S. Recorder, Lynn, Mass. Let all our girls read this article in the spirit in which it is written.

The H. S. Gazette is also from the "City of Shoes." Read "Sir Arthur's Grapes" and after you finish this story keep right on and read the Spectator's views on the so-called "Kangaroo Walk."

It seems appropriate at this time to congratulate both our Lynn exchanges. Gradually, but nevertheless surely, the Recorder and the Gazette have showed a steady improvement since last September. Would that we could say as much of some of our other contemporaries!

#### A MEETING.

No word was spoken when they met  
By either — sad or gay;  
And yet, one badly smitten was —  
'Twas mentioned the next day.  
They met by chance this autumn eve,  
With neither glance nor bow,  
They often come together thus, —  
A freight-train and a cow. — *Ex.*

The "Hortonian" from Oakland, Cal., is a new and welcome exchange. "What the Newspaper Didn't Print" and "What are Young People Reading" are the two best articles in the March number.

"Study consists of the concentration of all one's mental faculties on hand. To study demands hard work and to learn how to study takes time and plenty of will-power. If a pupil in preparing his lesson comes to something he does not understand, if he is studying, he will work over and think about it, till he sees it plainly; but if he is just reading he will wait and expect the teacher to explain." — *From "How to Study," in the "Salute," Portland, Ore.*

The "Racquet" of Portland, Me., is always very neat and interesting. However, the stories in the March number are not quite up to the standard.

"Under the Shadow of the Church" is a very interesting story, the scene of which is laid in Rome. This story appears in the H. S. Recorder, Springfield, Mass., and is well worth the reading.

Bessie: "Where are you going?  
 Girl (on the way to a geometry test),  
 "I'm approaching zero as a limit." —  
*Ex.*

Smith: "The other day a fellow  
 insulted me by offering me a beer."

Jones: "What did you do?"

Smith: "I swallowed the insult."  
 — *Ex.*

There was once a canner quite canny,  
 Who one morning remarked to his granny,  
 "A canner can can anything that he can,  
 But a canner can't can a can, can he?" — *Ex.*

### The Little Black Man.

"Oh, mamma, come and see the  
 little black man!" exclaimed Dodo,  
 who was playing with her dolls in the  
 summer house.

When her mother came to the sum-  
 mer house she saw the visitor stand-  
 ing in the doorway, holding out a hand  
 to her. He was not begging. Ah, no!  
 one could tell that by the way he held  
 his hand. He simply wished to shake  
 hands. Mrs. Black immediately shook  
 his hand cordially, exclaiming, "Oh!  
 how do you do, sir? You must be  
 a stranger. I have never seen you  
 around here."

Before the little black man could  
 reply, Dodo broke in:—

"Can he stay and play with me,  
 mamma!"

"Yes, he will be all right I guess,"  
 replied mamma, as she went back to  
 her seat on the piazza.

And so the little black man stayed  
 and frolicked with Dodo. He ate his  
 meals in the house with her, but no  
 one could tell where he slept. One  
 morning early the gardener saw him  
 curled up on a seat in the summer  
 house. Then they knew he slept  
 there, for many mornings after that  
 they went to see. As it was summer

there would be little harm in sleeping  
 in the open air, especially one so ac-  
 customed to it as the little black man  
 seemed to be. He was the best of  
 companions, for he never got out of  
 sorts and he was always ready for a  
 frolic.

One day Dodo and the little black  
 man went down to play on the shore  
 of the little pond that lay on the edge  
 of the field. The surface of the pond  
 was covered with lilies, and on this  
 morning it looked very beautiful with  
 the bright sun shining on it. Dodo  
 and the little black man thought so  
 as they played together. Dodo soon  
 tired of dolls and looked around for  
 something new. She spied uncle  
 Jack's boat tied to a stake and set off  
 at once to reach it. When the little  
 black man saw what she was going to  
 do, he remonstrated but it was of no  
 use.

"I are going to get some lilies, little  
 black man," said Dodo.

"We will make crowns for our-  
 selves."

It was hard work to untie the  
 knot, but Dodo finally succeeded and  
 jumped into the boat. The little black  
 man would not go in, but watched with  
 manifest disapproval from the bank.  
 The boat floated out on the pond and  
 Dodo clapped her hands as she saw  
 the beautiful lilies. She leaned over  
 the side and reached for the lilies. She  
 did not know that the boat would go  
 over on one side so far, but it did, and  
 poor Dodo lost her balance and fell in.  
 She clutched the side however and  
 cried with all her might. The little  
 black man started on a run for the  
 house. He saw uncle Jack coming  
 from the house and rushing up, tried  
 to drag him back to the pond. Uncle  
 Jack saw that something was wrong

and followed the little black man on a run back to the pond. Poor Dodo lost her hold just as he came in sight, but uncle Jack swam out to the place where she went down and when she came to the surface, he had Dodo in his arms.

The little black man danced joyfully on the bank and as uncle Jack reached the edge ran towards the house. Uncle Jack followed and soon Dodo came to life in her own bed. Then they gave their attention to the little black man, who all this time had been watching them from the foot of the bed. They deluged him with kisses, caresses and tears. But to all their excited questions what did the black man reply? Nothing, for the little black man was a little black dog.

ETHEL MARTIN.

#### A Midnight Adventure.

One night, shortly after we had moved into the city, and when I was still a small boy, I had an amusing experience. It happened that I was left alone in the house, my father and mother having gone to a neighboring town to see my grandmother who was sick. Some time late in the night, I was awakened by loud noises upstairs in the attic. I knew positively that there must be somebody walking about. First there was a loud noise and all was silent. There surely must be somebody up there I thought.

I hastily dressed myself and crept softly out into the hall and then listened. Now and then I could hear a noise, and after that all would be silent except the hall clock, the loud tick of which only increased my fear and broadened my imagination. Then all my memories of stories of robbers

flashed through my mind and I imagined all sorts of things.

However, I resolved to be brave and to try to frighten the burglar away. I crept over to the attic stairs expecting every moment to see two eyes peering through the darkness at me and to be struck down with a club and probably killed. So I changed my voice as well as I could and began, "Mister Burglar, you had better get out the window, the way you came in, or it will go very bad for you." Then I listened and heard only another noise upstairs. "You needn't think, Mister Burglar, that I don't see you, for I do, and if you don't hustle up and get, I'll shoot you," I continued, rapping my ring on the banister to let the thief know that I had a revolver.

Again I was frightened by a noise downstairs. It seemed to be someone coming up the stairs, but it proved to be only my pet dog coming up to see what was the matter. After I had listened for a long time and heard no more noises, believing that Mister Burglar had taken flight through the attic window, I sent my dog upstairs and then, lighting a lamp, I followed. I looked in every nook and corner and sure enough he had gone. When I had satisfied myself that the thief was no longer in the house, I went to bed feeling very happy because I had scared away a burglar.

The next morning I told how brave I was to frighten away a burglar who came in the attic window. My father laughed and told me to look out of the window and see on the ground the shingle that had blown off the roof of the next house. The house next to ours was being shingled, and the loose shingles on the roof were blown about by the wind so that they struck on our

roof. I was sadly disappointed when I learned that it was the shingles and not a burglar that had made the noise.  
L. H., '05.

### A Room Full of Sunshine.

Hilary lived in "Poverty Row," at least that was what every one called it. It seemed as if all the dampness, darkness and sickness which could be gathered in such a small place were there. It was not over clean either. But there was one ray of sunshine in all this wreck. Yes, up in the fifth story of one of those old, rickety houses, was a whole room full of sunshine, and in this room Hilary lived. Hilary was a little crippled girl, but bright and sweet. There was one great happiness in this child's life, which blotted out all her troubles. That one thing was, the thought that some day she should be crowned a queen. There was more than one kind of sunshine in this room. The real sunshine, which seemed to creep over all the old dismal houses, just to shine there, and the sunshine which streamed forth from the life of the little one and was like pure gold. Then too, the sunshine seemed to be a clear, steady light which came from the life of the grandmother, who was the one who earned the money for the little family. Many neighbors came and each took some of the sunshine with them to brighten their dark lives. And although they kept taking sunshine away, the room was always full.

Each day when the little one awoke, she would say, "Perhaps I will be crowned to-day."

One day a very sad thing happened, the old grandmother died and went far away from her. Thus she was left alone.

She had many friends in the better part of the city; but to all their persuasion to come with them she said, "No, when they come to crown me, they will seek me in the sunny room."

So she remained in "the sunny room," yet well cared for.

It was a bright morning when "they came to crown her," then she went far, far away and the "sunny room" was empty.

All the neighbors said, after she was gone, "The sun won't shine here any longer, now that she has gone."

But it did; perhaps it was because she had been there; but it shone clear and bright the whole length of the "Row."  
A. N. S., '05.

"Has she an expressive face?"

"Well, part of it is."

"Which part?"

"The tongue."—*Ex.*

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