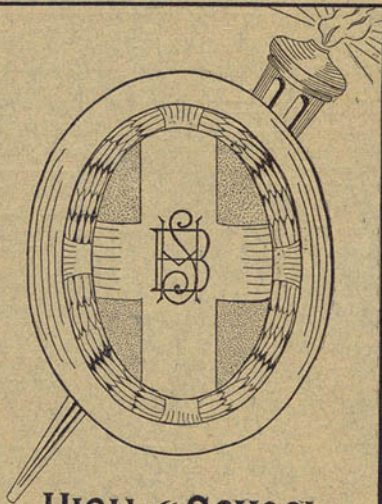


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THE ÆGIS.

VOL. I.

BEVERLY, DECEMBER, 1901.

NO. 2.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

It was Christmas Eve. There was an unusual calm that night. The very air was shrouded in mystery and even the cold, winter wind had ceased from its dreary moaning and was waiting, in silence, the hour of midnight and the birth of another Christmas Day. Occasionally, now and then, over the top of some distant hill, it heaved an impatient little sigh of expectation. Overhead burned the candles of heaven. It seemed as though they never burned so brightly before, for they were Christmas candles that night.

Perhaps the spirits that are always astrid at such a time have long since ceased to whisper their tale of mystery in the ears of some of us, for we are grown to manhood and womanhood; but the fever of excitement quickens the instincts of little boys and girls very easily, and already the far-off tinkle of Santa Claus' sleigh bells and the tread of reindeer feet over the crusted snow of the housetops had reached little Willie's ears, and he did not want to go to bed. His mother had threatened and bribed him in vain and finally had left him sitting by the fireplace, so sleepy that excitement alone could keep him awake.

Pleasing thoughts were running through his mind and he was trying to decide which he would like best for Christmas, a jack-knife or a pound of candy, when, as he gazed into the dying embers of the wood fire on the

hearth, they suddenly burst into flame, which as it went curling up the chimney slowly wound itself into the shape of a little old man. He had a little red nose which was almost hidden by the large pipe that he held between his two red lips. The bowl of the pipe was nearly as large as his head, and out of its top a great cloud of smoke arose and lazily crawled up the chimney. In one hand he held a jack-knife and in the other a large stick of candy. He made a sign to Willie to choose which he would like best. Now Willie was only a little boy and so, of course, boy like, chose both. A sad smile parted the lips of the funny old man; but dropping them both into a black cloth, which Willie recognized as one of his stockings, he handed them to him and disappeared.

Willie eagerly seized the stocking and looked into it. Sure enough, there in the toe was a shiny knife, but no candy was in sight. Much disappointed he hastily seized the knife lest that too should disappear, when even as he touched it it turned into a piece of candy. Then, boy like, he tried to cram it into his mouth lest he should lose it again, when, as he shut his teeth on it, it turned back again into a knife. Back and forth worked the charm. When he tried to open the knife it was a piece of candy, and when he tried to bite the candy, it was a knife again, until disappointed and discouraged, he vowed that he would either bite it in two as a piece of candy or swallow it whole as a knife. He

grasped the candy firmly in his hand, opened his mouth to its widest capacity, and brought his jaws together with a tremendous snap. A shoot of pain darted through his jaws; and what would have happened I cannot say, for at this supreme moment he awoke, cold and trembling, just as the clock was striking twelve, and he was so startled at the lateness of the hour and the stillness of the house that he hurried off to bed as fast as he could go, where he hid his head under the bed clothes until Christmas morning, when the warm sunshine falling full on his face awoke him again.

I will not attempt to name all the good things he found in his stocking that morning; but among others there was a jack-knife and a pound of candy.

M. H. E. '02.

A QUINTET.

If with this jolly five you happen to meet
They will probably greet you with smiles
very sweet.

There's fearless Jim; in the football season,
With a number of others most bereft of
reason,

Though battered and bruised from head to
feet

He scorns the word defeat.

Next comes Ross so spick and span
That he wears a big hat for fear he will tan.

At every game he holds out his hands
And with a sweet smite a nickel demands.

"*Buzz-z-z-z*": Hink will answer that call,
And his information pass round to you all.

Joseph Williams, a jolly and rosy-cheeked lad
Was never known in his life to be mad.

Though often we think that he changes his
mind,

He is always good natured and never behind.

Willie, we think, might be called Moderation.
His French, you know, would startle the na-
tion.

If the acquaintance of these you do not make
We feel you will make a sorry mistake.

E. H. '05.

Gleanings from Observation Books.

This is Trade—a tiresome tale
Of her sons who succeed, and a pit-
eous wail

Of multitudes outside the pale
Who fail.

This is Religion, that we wrongly re-
cite about,

More wrongly write about,
Most wrongly fight about,
All men are right about.

This is War, which is well
If you sell

Embalmed beef, otherwise
It is—well—
Ahem, it is Hell!

The next time that you get a chance
to watch a real mathematician at work,
you will notice that he bends his head
forward until his whole brain is bal-
anced, so to speak, upon his eyes.
He who holds his head up, and thinks
at the back of his head, is apt to get
a broader view of things. Contempla-
tion is better than too much concen-
tration.

I don't see why a man should be
expected to get off heroics when he
dies. Death is a mere incident.

Like the forest schoolmaster, I can
see the forest because the trees are
not in my way. I know many a tree
that is an old friend, yet I cannot tell
what kind of a tree it is; I know the
birds and the bird notes, yet I cannot
tell what the scientists call them; I
know the song which each part of
the forest sings, and the sweet smell
peculiar to each part of the swamp,
but I do not know the names of the

leaves that make the music, nor the names of the aromatic herbs. They are to me only the parts that make the whole, complete woodland which I love; they are the notes of a great, perfect chord.

The Proposition of Geometry which was Not Able to be Done.

CHAPTER I.

I am Heinrich. This is a story that I write for those who will forgive me; it is well known that I have no knowledge. The Latin, the Greek, the geometry, they are what you call "by me." It is this way. I have been to school? Yes. I have learned nothing? Who can tell?

I go and I say, "I wish to be wise." They give me books of Latin, of Greek, of geometry, and they say, "Study." I go home. I open the books. Ah, my head aches! Bye and bye a little bird sings outside the window. I go out to listen to the little bird. Where are the books?

In the morning I go back to the school. Bye and bye they say, "Heinrich, it is now your turn to talk." They do not wish to hear about the little bird, so I say, "I know nothing." Then they talk to me very much and I say to myself, "My boy, you have done well; for if you, who are foolish, had talked, there would have been coming out what little wisdom you had; but here is, when they who are wise are talking, much wisdom going in." I think that at last I have found the way to become wise. Alas, they do not agree with me! Perhaps it is because they are too modest.

Sometimes they come to me and they say, "Heinrich, of what good to you is the school?" I say, "You should

know better than I." They agree with me. Pretty soon I leave the school. Am I more wise than at first? Who can tell?

CHAPTER II.

Now we have passed from the school into the world. In the world there is a man who laughs all the time. Yet when he laughs the corners of his mouth are drawn down, so that you cannot tell whether he is happy or whether it is an ache in the heart which he would not have us see. It is this man who made up the proposition of geometry which was not able to be done. Also there is in the world a man who has been much to school, and who is in all things very — what you call — very conscientious. It is to him that the man who laughs without smiling gives the proposition of geometry, and says, "It is up to you!"

You, to whom I tell this story, have added two and two. It is not that you cannot tell what it was that happened. Why, then, should I tell?

There is, in the world, a man who sits with his high, white forehead resting on his long, white hand. He is not a carpenter, not a mason, not a shoe-maker, not a tinker; he is a wise man; it is his trade. It is to him that at last, in despair, the distracted one comes. The wise man does the proposition so easily that you never would have guessed that it was not able to be done. Then he says: "Persevere, good man. It will strengthen and train your mind. When you have solved it, come and we will see if your solution is like mine." You see how it is. He wanders off; he does not know where.

CHAPTER III.

Who is this lying in the sweet grass at the side of the stream? It is Heinrich, happy, rod in hand. Over him the miserable one falls. Perhaps this is the reason that he asks him about the proposition of geometry. Surely, for no other reason would anyone ask Heinrich,—Heinrich the fool.

Heinrich looks at the paper and sees lines going this way and that way. It is not good for his eyes. He looks up at the trees. Then he says: "Poor man, look up there. You see many lines more beautiful than any of these. Prove why they are there. It is easy. They grew there. This proposition of geometry—forget it!" Then Heinrich and the man sit down together on the bank and watch the little pieces of white paper float down the stream.

Finally the man says to me: "Herr Fisherman Heinrich, do not think because of this that you are wise. Perhaps in all your life you will never meet another man who will wish you to do a proposition of geometry." I think this over, and I know that it is so; I answer nothing, but I think to myself: "Yes, I might live one hundred years, and go one hundred miles in each day, and I would not meet that man who would say that he wished some Latin, some Greek, or some geometry to be done; but I could not go one mile a day for one year without meeting that man who would say: "'Ah, Heinrich, I am sad; make me smile.'"

I think these things to myself, but I do not say them to the man. Why not, Heinrich? Ha, ha! is it that I went to the school and watched people for nothing?

Heinrich, my boy, you are getting a little wiser, I think. It is dangerous. If you do not look out, you will become like the one who laughs without smiling.

J. A. W., '02.

Class Officers.

1902.

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EVERETT F. DODGE, Vice-President.
ELIZA P. LOW, Secretary and Treasurer.

1903.

CHESTER C. POPE, President.
FLORENCE A. GREY, Vice-President.
JOHN J. BOYLE, Secretary and Treasurer.

1904.

JOSEPH WILLIAMS, President.
EVA CANN, Vice-President.
H. ROSCOE TRATT, Treasurer.

EXCHANGES.

It will be the aim of this department to review the high school papers, to keep an outlook for new ideas and to obtain a few bright clippings from them that will be of interest to us. We may, now and then, offer a word of suggestion or criticism concerning the merit of some particularly good article or paper which we have seen, but remembering always that it is better to receive advice than it is to give it. All exchanges will be kept on file by the editor and may be referred to at any time.

Waiter (in a cheap restaurant):
"What'll you have, boss?"

Patron (opening bill of fare): "I don't know."

Waiter (calling out): "One order of hash."—*Ex.*

Alumni Notes.

FOREWORD.

In assuming charge of this department of THE ÆGIS the editor realizes in no small measure the difficult task that has been imposed upon him in order to successfully conduct this column, which is the bulletin of the doings of the loyal sons and daughters of the Beverly High School, and which should be of unfailing interest to each and every graduate.

To make it newsy and pithy, it is of great necessity that the editor should receive your co-operation; for he cannot do the work entirely alone and do it creditably. With classes from 1858 to the present date to look after, much time is required in order to review them well, and even then everything of interest would not be noticed. If each alumnus or alumna would take this matter to heart, and feel the weight of responsibility resting on his or her shoulders, I am sure that by their getting under the load and lending a helping hand it will make the department much better.

Send all communications to the editor at his home address, 41 Lovett Street, Beverly, by the first of the month.

We were glad to see so many of the college boys and girls at home during the Thanksgiving recess. More will come for the three weeks' vacation at Christmas.

No less than three of the B. H. S. alumni have become wedded during the past month.

Percy A. Wallis, now of the firm of F. A. Seavey & Co., was joined in marriage with Miss Maude Pickering

of Salem, on Nov. 25. They are making their home at 39 Central Street, this city.

On Thanksgiving evening William Wallace Rich, '92, assumed benedictine honors, the bride being Miss Bessie May Plaisted. Mr. and Mrs. Rich will reside in the Albemarle Chambers, St. Botolph St., Boston. Mr. Rich is employed at the well-known banking house of W. O. Gay & Co. in the Hub.

The nuptials of Miss Abbie P. Lefavour of this city and Martin H. Fowler of Farmington, Me., were celebrated in the Washington Street Church on Dec. 5, by Rev. E. F. Sanderson. Mr. and Mrs. Fowler will reside in Farmington.

Once again has Samuel Cole, '75, been elected to fill the mayoralty chair. Mr. Cole has made a good mayor, and beyond doubt the city's prosperity will continue under his second administration.

L. Ray Jenkins, '01, won his "E" in the Essex football team this season. Jenkins was always an ardent player of the game.

Albert L. Smith, '99, is at Technology this year.

CLASS NOTES.

1906.

Teacher: Well, how is the Latin today?

Chorus of voices: Hard.

Teacher: What gender is caput?

Pupil: Indicative.

Needed: A lucky storm when you have your lessons unlearned.

Wanted: A few more hours in the day, by a studious ninth grader.

THE AEGIS.

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.*CHESTER C. POPE, ROBERT ROBERTSON, JR.,
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Editor.W. L. MALOON & Co., PRINTERS,
5 WASHINGTON STREET.

EDITORIAL.

Several years ago Beverly High School published a paper, "The Amateur," which was discontinued because the small size of the school did not afford it sufficient financial support. Now, however, with three times the former number of pupils, we are confident that THE AEGIS can be made a success. But the measure of its success will depend upon the spirit with which it is received by the graduates and undergraduates. Every one who now attends, ever has attended, or feels any interest in our school, ought to subscribe to its organ.

In publishing THE AEGIS we hope to accomplish four objects: first, we hope to awaken deeper interest in B. H. S. and its work; secondly, to keep the alumni in touch with one another and the school; thirdly, to foster the school spirit and enthusiasm among our students, which means so much to our success in athletics; and lastly, to give literary training to

the pupils. To this end we shall have departments devoted to Athletics and to the Alumni, while our pages will be open to contributions from any student who wishes to write. All material will be read by one of the English instructors and considered without partiality. Let us receive plenty of short stories, poems, anecdotes, etc.

Reporters for "Class Notes" have been appointed: a list of these will be found elsewhere. Help them all you can. With proper support, this part of THE AEGIS can be made very interesting.

In starting a new paper, many unforeseen difficulties arise. We have done the best we could, yet are not able to present that which we should like to present. So, kindly bear with our faults and failures: we shall try to remedy them in our next issue. Any suggestions will be gladly received.

Remember our advertisers. They contribute greatly to the success of this, as well as of most other periodicals. Patronize them, and in so doing help your school.

The management of THE AEGIS wishes to express its thanks to Messrs. Boyle, Fullerton, Wallis, Ira Woodbury and Miss Ethel Woodbury for their kindness in submitting designs for our cover. It was indeed a difficult task to choose the best.

The first number of THE AEGIS brings with it a wish for a Merry Christmas.

Remember the advertisers.

ATHLETICS.

FOOTBALL.

The football season is now over, and the High School's last game has been played and won. Apparently this season has not been very successful with us; but when we consider the material we had to work with, and the strong teams with which we played, this year's football was not such a failure as it might have been. Having lost this year some strong men, such as Jenkins, Walker and Webber, this year's team was composed almost entirely of new men. Captain Fullerton has put a great deal of time and energy towards the success of his team, and as will be seen by the last few games, it was not useless. Much credit is due the members of the team and especially to some few of the players who attended practice regularly. Fullerton, the captain, has made an ideal full-back and shows marked ability in punting. The half-backs, Tratt, Iverson, Wallis and Broughton, all played strong and steady games, and the rest of the team have also played their positions well. Some of this year's scores are:—

B. H. S.	o	P. H. S.	o
B. H. S.	o	L. H. S.	10
B. H. S.	6	M. H. S.	11
B. H. S.	o	L. H. S.	10
B. H. S.	12	G. A. A.	6
B. H. S.	o	C. A. A.	o
B. H. S.	18	L. A. A.	o
B. H. S.	11	B. F. A. A.	5
B. H. S.	11	C. A. A.	10

BASKETBALL.

On Wednesday, November 13, the first basketball game of the season between two high school teams took place in the Y. M. C. A. gymnasium. The game throughout was character-

ized by a great deal of rough play, and in some respects resembled a football game. Both of the contesting classes were largely represented by both boys and girls. The game opened with very fast playing and at the end of the first half the 1904 class team was leading with a score of 13 to 9. During the second half the team representing the class of 1902 took a start and raised their score to 18, while the opposing team only increased their score by 1 by throwing a goal from the foul line.

The line-up was:—

1902	1904
Kittredge, F.	Robertson, F.
Huse, F.	Foster, F.
Barnes, C.	Herrick, C.
Black, G.	Gregg, Crosby, G.
Wallis, G.	Lunt, G.

Score: 1902, 18; 1904, 14.

Time, two 20-minute halves.

Referee: F. M. Snow.

The schedule which has been made out to decide the inter-class championship is:—

December 4th	1902 vs. 1904
December 6th	1902 vs. 1905
December 10th	1904 vs. 1905
December 11th	1902 vs. 1904
December 13th	1902 vs. 1905
December 17th	1904 vs. 1905

Games on Tuesdays at 4 p. m., and all others at 8 p. m.

Schoolmaster: "Now, Rogers, what are you doing—learning something!"

Rogers: "No, sir; I'm listening to you, sir."—*Ex.*

Man, thou art dust; but when the sprinkling can of fate comes along thy name will be mud.—*Ex.*

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CLASS REPORTERS.

1902.

BERNICE BROWN,
MILDRED HORNE,
RITA STREAMBERG,
ALGIE GOODWIN,
OSCAR HUSE.

1904.

MARION BURNHAM,
FLORENCE GREY,
GRACE HARRISON,
JUDSON BRADSTREET,
HARRY COLE,
PAUL SMITH.

1905.

EUNICE HANSON,
KATHLEEN MOORE,
HELEN WALLS,
JAMES FULLERTON,
RUEL POPE.

1906.

AVIS CARLETON,
BETH LEFAVOUR,
GLADYS NEVINS,
P. A. PETERSEN,
BYRON WOODBURY.

CLASS NOTES.

1902.

At last my dreams are realized and I am a *dignified* Senior.

We would prefer fewer books in the history class, and also less work. Strange!

Miss D.: "A. T., will you please remember not to translate *pour aller* 'for to go?'"

Miss W. has started a farm in Room 7, and is now the proud possessor of a remarkable onion, which affords great amusement to the students of botany.

Ask E. P. L. if frogs can dance the Highland Fling.

One day, while looking in on the physiology class, I saw Mary S. holding a man by the head. Can it be possible.

The U. S. history class would be good candidates for the army; they stand up so straight and answer so promptly.

I don't think the B. H. S. football team has any of the New England "go" of their forefathers whom Miss C. told us about. How about it, boys?

If Clara M. wants to become rich, she must remember that test-tubes break if pounded on the desk.

W. S. is envied by all the other boys, being the only boy in the mathematics class with twelve of the fair sex.

Down in the lunch room it isn't "Ladies first." The boys act as they do in a football rush.

C. F. R. hasn't got over her childish ways in chemistry. All things, good and bad, find their way to her mouth.

How bad R. S. feels about the marks in deportment! Too bad; try again.

We miss our old guardian, Miss T., in the upper hall after the bell has rung.

The commercial department of the senior class thoroughly enjoyed the trip they took to Boston with Mr. Gaylord and Mr. Petrie. They visited Charlestown Navy Yard, *The Youth's Companion* Building and the Public Library. It is difficult to say which place afforded the most delight and instruction. The class is looking forward to similar trips that Mr. Gaylord has spoken of planning.

NOTICE.

"Don't touch my vaccination!"

"C. M., M. S. and R. S. will go to the board" is frequently heard: too frequently heard, sometimes, in our geometry class.

Wanted: By members of the commercial class, information as to how A. G. gets the "pull" he often speaks of. Address Room 10.

Wanted: By a teacher, the knowledge of some way to keep the boys in the upper hall from playing around the hall racks at recess. Address Math., Upper Hall.

For Sale: The latest pronunciation of "Macaulay." Address Shorthand W. L.

There is a new way to write "Scotland" in shorthand. Ask Elsie D.

Spelling matches are becoming of frequent occurrence in Room 10.

Why is the mathematic class, Div. 2, '02, like some country post-offices? Because it has only one mail (male)

The commercial class are to be congratulated. They have money in the bank in spite of having a Gay lord.

Essays(?) on the trip to Boston are now in order. Next!

Teacher: What makes up the population of Beverly?

O. H.: "Women."

Woodberries are plentiful in Room 9. Bring your tin spoils along.

Cithara erinitus Iopas — the long-haired liar (lyre).

How long since B. E. D. has been a triangle?

1904.

P. S.'s recitation in geometry reminds Miss W. of a snake's track.

Some of the seats of the chairs in Room 7 are regular pinchers.

Miss C. says the barbarians threw brains at each other. Must have been gruesome.

Wanted: A book that contains an explanation of "originals." It is really needed.

If the D. I. A. wants candidates for its institution it need only apply to the chemistry class.

Miss Saint need not think that she is the least bit behind times, even if she does have to read the review.

Lost: The point of M—'s jokes.

"The Romans were graceful under Caesar's care," so said Miss M.

Why is it that notices are not allowed to be put on the board of a certain room? Is it because of the penmanship?

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A good placard for the door of Room 10: "Twisting and turning done here."

It seems that a certain member of the basket-ball team has the impression that his team is formidable. It is all right for him to think so, if he does not tell the other classes of his thoughts, as over confidence does much to win the game for the opposing team.

1905.

S., a boy of the chemistry class, is in great danger of going to the institution for feeble-minded people.

—, of the geometry class, has great trouble in pronouncing b's and c's.

"Please study the corollaries as well as the propositions in geometry. They are just as important."

When thirsty, help your self to ink. The bottle is in Room 6.

Mr. T. says that SO_4 is always a sulphate just as Daniel Webster was always Daniel Webster.

It is too bad that there is but one Ruel for the girls of our class to follow.

The boys think Rachel W. ought to pass round those chocolates.

B. W. should sit back in his seat and let the girls alone.

Pickled snakes caused quite a commotion in the Latin class.

How do you like our class pin?

I wonder why Master K. does not understand his geometry better.

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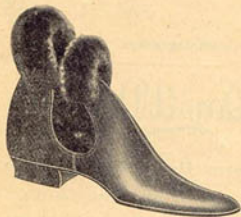
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