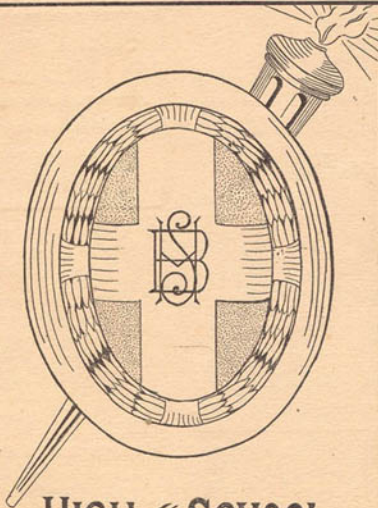


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THE ÆGIS.

VOL. I.

BEVERLY, FEBRUARY, 1902.

NO. 3.

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

A Tradition.

In a little New Hampshire village near the Maine boundary, is a diminutive mountain named the Wild Cat. This name was not borrowed from one of its rather numerous and large brothers of the same state, as I at first supposed, nor was its name derived from that once familiar member of the feline family, the wild cat, otherwise known as the Canada lynx, catamount and bob-cat. But, like other mountains, streets and cities, it received its name from its association with the name of a certain man, and it has attached to it, if mythology be true, such an interesting adventure that it has evidently the only proper cognomen.

It was about the year 1676, as the story goes, just after the outbreak of King Philip's war, when all New England was stirred by the tales of massacre and pillage, that Eben Johnson moved from Portsmouth to a small clearing on the side of the then nameless and almost unknown mountain. The reason for this removal from comparative safety to the hostile regions has not been recorded but, suffice it to say, that sometime in the early summer the whole Johnson family including Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, Mary, a young girl of about eighteen, and three children were comfortably housed on the bank of a swift little mountain stream just as it entered a ravine on its way further down the side.

It was natural that the mother and elder daughter were very nervous at first when Mr. Johnson was out clearing the land or hunting and always kept a sharp lookout, but until fall they saw no one except a few hunters, who, I suppose, brought them news of each new massacre or skirmish, and a fullblooded young Indian named Wildcat, who was, as near as I could find out, a good example of one of Elliott's "praying Indians." He was a thorough woodsman and a brave hunter and soon came to be a trusted friend of the Johnsons, belying by his behavior that familiar statement, "the only good Indian is a dead Indian." But one morning after Mr. Johnson had gone to work and they had settled down to their daily labor they heard the sharp crack of Mr. Johnson's rifle farther up the mountain, then the explosion of several guns and a chorus of diabolical yells. The mother turned pale at the sound, dropped her work, uttered that cry so terrible to the early settlers, "Indians," and telling the children who were cowering at her feet to follow her she dashed into the mouth of the ravine and hurried downward, followed by the yells of the approaching Indians. But they were not alone, for as Mrs. Johnson was about to sink exhausted to the earth, the dark form of the friendly Wildcat appeared and drew them into a secluded hiding-place among the rocks, where she drew her weeping children to her and prayed for their safety. But

Wildcat had not been idle, and by the time the Indians, six in number, came in sight after firing the house, he opened fire, killing one and driving the rest to shelter. Then although partly cowed they began to surround the place of refuge, and one even swam down the river toward their place of concealment, but was kept from landing by the watchful Wildcat and probably perished in some rapid below. Seeing the fate of their comrade and fearing their unknown foe they made no new attempt beyond firing a few shots, and at the approach of darkness left the place entirely, leaving the mother and her family to seek refuge at the house of the nearest neighbor, several miles away. The next day she met her husband, who had escaped to the woods but had been unable to aid his family in their escape. It was an exceedingly happy reunion and all were full of gratitude for the noble act of the Indian. In a few days the whole family moved back to Portsmouth where they had relatives. But Mary did not stay there, for, strange to say, impelled by either love or gratitude, she married the Indian and as soon as the trouble was over she went back to live in a cabin on the mountain where she had so nearly lost her life.

The house has probably long since disappeared, but the ravine, the clearing and the supposed place of refuge have often been pointed out to me, and the cool, deep ravine with its gurgling and rushing stream has been one of my favorite resorts. But whenever I was there I could not forget the old story told me by the aged native, who always ended up with this remark, "but I tell you if I had a daughter she shouldn't marry a con-

cerned Indian even if he did save her life, for the best of them were only heathen."

This is the story of the Wildcat, the facts of which I gained from a grey-haired old settler, and the details of which seemed destined to die like innumerable other traditions without gaining circulation beyond a district a dozen miles square.

M. R. L.

My Trip Through Ireland.

After sailing a week on one of the great ocean liners, we landed at Queenstown one Sunday in July.

There are a number of small islands in the harbor and Queenstown is built on the largest one. After staying two days in this city, where we enjoyed visiting a large cathedral built entirely of stone, we took a steamer to Cork, eleven miles up the river. In this town we found many interesting things. Cork is an old town and has a cathedral noted for its chime of bells. The steeple of this cathedral of St. Ann's Shandon attracted my attention; it is faced with gray stone on three sides and red stone on the other.

A guide kindly informed me that the name Cork was taken from an old Irish word meaning "Marsh," thus banishing an erroneous idea that I had had.

From Cork we travelled to Killarney in the southwestern part of Ireland. This section of the country is mountainous though we would not call the mountains very high. We were enchanted by the beauty of the scenery here, the lakes being especially beautiful. We passed through Glengarriff and Bantry Bay, admiring all that we

beheld. Picture to yourself mountains jagged, rounded and roughened into every variety of shape; trees, such as holly, arbutus with its clusters of white waxen blossoms, myrtle, oak, birch and ash grouped in the most artistic manner; a mansion, a many windowed castle on the rising ground and ivy mantled cottages nestling snugly on the hillsides; torrents tearing along their channels; a sea studded with green islands. Add to this the glory of a sunset and you may be able to conceive in a very small way what the scenery is around Glengariff.

To reach Killarney we took a jaunty car—a two wheeled vehicle with a seat along each side. The passengers on this car sit back to back and face outward.

The celebrated Lakes of Killarney surrounded by hills clothed with forests of evergreen trees are called the lower, the middle and the upper Lakes. The people of the vicinity say that at times they can see into the depths of the water and see submerged houses and other similar strange things. Of course they have stories concerning these phenomena and they tell of a magic fountain which is closed by a stone; roll the stone to one side and the flow of the water will begin. This fountain is a noted trysting place for lovers. One night an unfortunate pair after starting the flow were lulled to sleep by the music of the water, and the fountain unrestrained flowed on through the night. By morning the entire vale was submerged. Such is the story, believe it as you will.

On one of the mountains near the lakes is a bare peak known as Eagles Head which is noted for its echo. Our guide blew on a bugle at this point and the echo came to us a dozen

times, sometimes it was loud, sometimes faint; sometimes instantaneous, sometimes after a pause; often it seemed to arise from some distant glen and then died gradually away.

Another very fascinating spot is called the "Meeting of the Waters." It is where the waters of the Upper and Middle Lakes meet. The Middle Lake is separated from the Lower Lake by a peninsula which is laid out as a park. Here are the beautiful ruins of Muckross Abbey, the church of which is supposed to have been built one hundred years ago. In the court are buried many of the old Irish kings.

From Killarney we travelled to Dublin, the Capital of Ireland, a very old city through which flows the Liffey River passing under nine bridges. Trinity College in this city is celebrated as a seat of learning and as the alma mater of Edmund Burke, whose memorial statue stands in one of the squares of the city; and not far from the statue of Burke is another of Oliver Goldsmith, a very illustrious Irishman.

From Dublin we hastened to London and I reluctantly left the beautiful "Land of Erin," for I could not believe that I should find anywhere else such beauty of scenery, such charm of interest.

E. A. F., '05.

Oh! "Civil" was hard,
And "trig" was a bore;
So he fixed his card,
But he won't any more,
For school ink is black,
And home ink is blue,
So Willie got caned,
For "papa" saw through.—*Ex.*

Bassanio's Choice.

Bassanio to Portia came,
 Having heard of her great fame.
 He wished to try his luck to see
 If he, the casket of the three,
 Could choose, that held the picture there
 Of Portia, with her eyes so fair
 And thus to gain the lovely prize
 That dazzled all the princes' eyes.

Now, of all the suitors for her hand,
 None pleased so well from any land
 As Bassanio, who had come of late
 To make his choice and trust to fate,
 So she desired him to wait some days
 To study her and learn her ways,
 That when he chose he might choose right
 And find her picture, that longed for sight,
 Lying within the casket that he
 Hoped to unlock with a victor's key.

Now he, impetuous, could not stay
 But must learn the result of his choice that
 day.

So she and her maidens sang and 'tis said
 At the end of each line the word rhymed with
 lead

He lingered and studied the inscriptions
 awhile

And then a thought came that made him
 smile,

He called for the key to the leaden lid
 And further than this shall we say what he
 did?

Only to state that with perfect bliss
 He claimed the fair maid with a loving kiss.
 O. H. '02.

Exchanges.

English history puzzles me,
 Never can see why
 After so many reigns
 It still should be so dry. —*Ex.*

A maid with a duster
 Once made a great bluster
 In dusting a bust on the wall;
 And when she had dusted
 The bust was all busted
 And the bust is now dust—that is all.

—*Ex.*

The maiden sadly milked the goat
 And, angry, turned to mutter,
 "I wish you'd turn to milk, you brute,"
 But Billy turned to butt her. —*Ex.*

He heard him give the High School
 yell,

For joy he couldn't speak—
 He murmured, "Mother, listen to
 Our William talking Greek." —*Ex.*

Continued on Page 32.

A Strange Mistake.

It was one of those rare, delightful days of mellow October, when the four o'clock train glided swiftly into the station of Groveland. A bright looking young man who had, for the last five minutes, been waiting rather impatiently for the train, immediately stepped up and in a pleasant voice addressed a neatly attired young lady who had just alighted. "You are Belle's friend, are you not?" he asked and upon receiving a reply in the affirmative, after taking the young lady's satchel, he led the way to the nearest carriage, saying, "As Belle was unable to come to meet you, she sent me as a substitute." Mabel Gray laughingly replied that she thought she could trust herself with him although inwardly she was trying to recollect whether she had ever before seen this brother of her old schoolmate, whom she had not seen for eight long years. She decided, however, not to worry but to wait patiently for further explanation from Belle.

If Frank found his companion somewhat silent he did not complain, but wondered at the puzzled expression on her fair face. Before either had much time for conversation the carriage stopped before a house, which, as

Mabel perceived immediately upon alighting, was a comfortable looking cottage of brown stone. The house seemed to have a strangely familiar look although she remembered that when they were at boarding school together Belle had described her house as of old colonial style. "They must have moved recently," she thought as she followed her escort into the house.

Upon entering the house Belle greeted her warmly, at the same time telling her that she had changed wonderfully and reminded her very much of a friend whom she knew years ago. By the time she had freshened up a little after her rather tiresome journey, supper was announced.

In the meantime a young lady by the name of Mabel Corning who had also arrived on the four o'clock train heaved a deep sigh as the time for the 5.05 train arrived. "She will surely meet me at this train," she thought, "she probably supposed I would be unable to come at four." But the train came and went again and still nobody came for her. A bright thought occurred to her so that she said half aloud "I'm not so badly off as I thought, for I have Belle's address in my pocketbook." She had not noticed that the porter had approached her and stood waiting for her to finish this little chat with herself when he said "is there anything that I can do for you miss?" "If you please," she answered, "I would like to know if 196 Porter St. is far from here." "That car which is just coming will leave you there in about ten minutes," was his answer. With a hasty "thank you, sir" she hurried to catch the passing car and that is how it happened that ten minutes later found Miss Mabel Corning before

the same little brown stone cottage which Miss Mabel Gray had entered about an hour previous.

In answer to her ring, Belle appeared and for a moment seemed surprised to see Miss Corning, but coming to herself and hearing her unknown friend exclaim—"Oh! Belle, don't you know me? Nobody came to the station to meet me, so I came myself," she was invited in. Having finished supper the family and their guest were in the parlor chatting when Belle and her unknown guest appeared. The two visitors exchanged glances and after regarding each other for a moment, a look of recognition passed over each face and Miss Corning exclaimed "Why, Mabel Gray, I didn't expect to see you. How long have you been at Belle Brown's? How do you like Groveland?" Miss Gray looked puzzled at the sound of "Belle Brown's" and "Groveland," while Belle looked equally puzzled at hearing of "Mabel Gray." Then as the shadow passed from her face she laughed heartily, then said "When I left home I meant to visit Belle Andrews of Grover, nevertheless I am not sorry to have met again my old friend Belle Brown in the house where I now remember of visiting her many years ago, when I lived in the adjoining town of Dickson." She then inquired if she might telephone to her friend in Grover telling her of her mistake and of her intention to delay her visit and spend a day with her friend. Belle said that she didn't mind if the conductor didn't pronounce Grover and Groveland as distinctly as he might have done as long as he was the means of bringing an old and much loved friend to her.

THE ÆGIS.

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Published monthly, during the school year, 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.

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5 WASHINGTON STREET.

Editorials.

More than half of our school year has passed, more than half the road has been traversed, and now we see a long vacation only four months away. How quickly will those months pass! Soon our books will be cast aside for needed rest and recreation. Until that time, let us work faithfully.

The next few weeks are the last that many of us will spend in the Beverly High School. Let us try to make them the best and pleasantest of all. Whether we are going to higher institutions of learning, or whether we are to enter the commercial world, with its sharp competition, and its ceaseless struggle, let us remember that the measure of our success will depend greatly on the training which we are now receiving. Our teachers and friends cannot make easy our paths in life, however capable or influential they may be. We must be fitted to

conquer in our own might. We should remember that when the contest is between the educated man and him who is not educated, the former will ever be victor, other things being equal. The drudgery of to-day, disagreeable though it seems, best prepares us for future success, for future triumph. Is it wise to refuse to undergo a little that is distasteful, if that course brings a prosperity which cannot be gained without?

Those of us who are preparing for examinations to colleges and technical schools, have an added stimulus to exertion during the rest of our school year. Let us be prepared in the fullest sense of the word; prepared not only to gain admission, but also to maintain a high position in the institutions which we shall enter. Let us resolve to make our education of value, so that we may be more fit to succeed in the great active world which we are by-and-by to enter.

Now that it has been decided to hold an indoor class meet, let us all do our share to support the undertaking. We cannot all participate in the events, but we can all attend, and contribute our share of school spirit, and class spirit. School spirit, by the way, is a thing which is lamentably lacking in B. H. S.

Through the courtesy of Superintendent Safford, a fine new oak desk has been placed in the office of THE ÆGIS; for which we are profoundly grateful.

We wish to thank the football team for the framed photograph which it has placed in our office.

Alumni Notes.

Quiet indeed have matters been among the alumni of the High School during the last month. Hardly anything has happened of note and, for a wonder, not one of the graduates has approached Hymen's altar. There have been no social gatherings of the classes and vacations have been conspicuous by their absence. A few of the college students have been at home for two or three days and have spent their time among friends and have not infrequently visited the school.

Arthur T. Foster, '97 and Arthur F. Dodge, '00, of Amherst College spent a portion of the term vacation with friends and relatives in town.

Sewell E. Newman, '96, of Dartmouth was the guest of his sister, Mrs. Edmund Giles, '78, during the mid-winter vacation.

Hollis L. Cameron, '00, has accepted the position of stenographer to Clerk of Courts George in the Court House, Salem.

E. Waldo Dudley, '92 is travelling representative for the Burbank Mfg. Co., makers of shoe blacking.

Elsie O. Woodbury, '98, who lately graduated from the Salem Commercial School, is stenographer for the New York Life Insurance Co. at its branch office in Salem, of which West D. Eldridge, '85, is county manager.

Lillie T. Perkins, '01, has received the position of clerk in the office of the Salem Mutual Fire Insurance Co. Salem.

Leland H. Cole, '79 and Mrs. Cole, '78, of Salem are making an extended tour of Jamaica. Mr. Cole goes in search of health.

Miss Annie M. Cunningham, '96, who has of late been employed in Greenfield, N. H., has returned to Beverly.

Edward Pickett, '97, has received a flattering position with the General Electric Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

William H. Quiner, Jr., '90, of Pease & Quiner, Boston is one of the architects of the new Rial Side Schoolhouse.

The engagement of Walter L. Boyden, '80 and Miss Bessie Beall, of Austin, Texas is announced.

J. F. Foster, Jr., '94, who recently graduated from the Salem Normal School, is now teaching young America how to shoot, in a grammar school in Northfield, Mass.

Augustus C. Foster, '99, has resumed his studies at Mass. Institute of Technology, after a long, serious illness of typhoid fever.

The sympathy of THE ÆGIS is extended to Mrs. Annie P. Dodge, '74 and to Miss Clytie E. Dodge, '93 in the passing away of husband and father, Israel W. Dodge, who died Feb. 12.

Mr. Roland W. Boyden, of the School Board, has contributed a liberal sum to the support of this paper. We wish publicly to express our thanks to him for his generosity.

Exchanges.

In addition to the exchanges of last month we desire to acknowledge the following new ones: *The Bulletin*, Lawrence, Mass.; *The Sentiment*, Parsons, Kansas; *The Lake Breeze*, Sheboygen, Wisconsin; *The Oracle*, Malden, Mass.; *Old Gold and Purple*, New Orleans, La.; *The Aurora*, Canal Dover, Ohio; *The Premier*, Fall River, Mass.; *The News*, Eugene, Oregon; *The Latin School Register*, Boston, Mass.; *The Sentinel*, Providence, R. I.; *Chronicle*, Norwood, Mass.; *Review*, Washington, D. C.; *Jacob Tonne Inst. Monthly*, Port Deposit, Md.; *Sagamore*, Brookline, Mass.

The rarest thing we find in our exchanges is a well handled and carefully written exchange column. We do not claim any superiority in this line but we try to say something even if it is not so bright. Anyone can borrow a few clippings from another paper or a stale joke or two—for they are far too common—but it takes a little hard work to review carefully each month's exchanges. The Bangor *Oracle* is the best paper we have yet seen in this respect and should certainly be congratulated.

The material of the *Olympian* is as bright as its cover this month: "The Power of Hate" is a good story and is certainly original.

We would know that the Malden *Oracle* were a good paper because of its neat cover design, but when we look inside we feel sure of it. This seems to be a favorable symptom in almost every case.

"Newspaper Reports of Macbeth" in the *Racquet* is both unique and original.

An Exchange column would improve the *Sentinel*. Even a half column would be a step in advance.

If there is one thing above all others that should be cut out of an amateur paper it is a warmed over magazine story. Second-hand material should be dealt with sparingly.

The editorials of the *Latin School Register* reflect true common sense. We feel like saying "them's just my sentiments."

Some of our fellow papers must exchange with *Life*. The jokes in *Life* are good but rather stale when they come around for the second time.

A Venetian story of the Middle Ages, in the *Springfield Recorder* gives an excellent idea of the life of the times. It would be well if more of the stories were based on some historical groundwork such as this for it lends a tone and coloring to the story that places it far above the average.

In our January number, through some oversight we neglected to place the word "exchange" after several of our clippings. As this places us in a false position before our brother papers, we desire to take this means of correcting the blunder. We do not wish to claim that which does not belong to us.

"If there is no moonlight will you meet me by gas light, dear Katie."

"No, Augustus, I wont; I am no gas meter."—*Ex.*

He writeth best who stealeth best
 Ideas both great and small,
 For the great soul who wrote them first
 From nature stole them all.—*Ex.*

Closet hook: "Do you catch on?"
 Coat: "I'll be hanged if I do."
 —*Ex.*

Gleanings from the Observation Books.

A little boy walked into a store the other day and marched up to the counter. He was rich. He had five cents. He looked all the candy over, for he wanted to be sure to get his money's worth. Then, before buying—and he really seemed to have faith in what his big brother had told him to say—he began, "How much yer get fer five cents?" "Six cents' worth," he was answered. "Well, let me see. Six fur five, five fur four, four fur three, three fur two, two fur one, one fur nothing. Guess you can give me one cent's worth those."

These words of De Van Type's have often come back to me. "Lie on your back in the green fields and beside the still waters and thank God that you are alive," and I long for summer. In the land where there is no summer there is no poetry. Can an Esquimau sitting on a cake of ice write poetry? We need poetry. We need every ray of summer sunshine. Many there are in this world who prize it more than gold.

One writer has said that there is nothing like a good snow storm to make one feel secure and happy in a house. But a man within the house does not enjoy the storm; he enjoys the security of the house, the warmth of the fire.

We do not like the winter because

we do not understand it. The storm awes us. We feel its strength, its superior power; but how few really love the storm of winter. Virgil felt the warmth of the sun of old Italy, and under its spell wrote the *Aeneid*. Homer, in the ideal climate of Greece, wrote the *Iliad*. Perhaps if we could journey from our New England shores to sunny Italy or fair Greece, we might, under the influence of the blue skies of the south, write poems that we could never write at home. However, there may come a time when the winter will be loved and understood, and the great American poem may be written. It will be full of the strenuousness of life and yet of its joyousness. It will be exhilarating with the exhilaration of our best days of winter. It will be inspiring as only the mountain, the sea or the storm can be.

Class Notes.

1902.

The prayer of the lazy student:
 "May it snow long and be drifted."

The seats in Room 9 annoy the teachers. They really should have their screws tightened.

I wonder why we were obliged to stay in, the first part of one Friday recess.

When did the chair speak? When Miss C. sat down.

Some words are hard to pronounce, especially cereal and Chili.

If you expect to make a good recitation in History of Commerce, don't take your report in short hand. You may find trouble in reading it, as E. G. L. did.

A young lady in the Physiology class persists in calling vitreous humour, virtuous humour.

It's too bad! Old maid's corner in Room 8 has been disturbed by the arrival of a male. The maids sincerely hope that they will all get "E" next month in department, as they did this. Time will tell.

It is self evident that chairs will not stand on two legs, but some pupils in Room 12 try to make them. Don't do it. You may fall as W. L. did the other day and perhaps not be so fortunate as he.

Don't get nervous. Those little shorthand examinations ought not to trouble you.

It's mean about those bells. Room 10 gets nearly five minutes more recess every day.

M. H. of the 1902 Greek class says that Aphrodite broke a strap with might, made of the hide of an ox.

One inquisitive young man would like to know where the creoles get their color.

When you are asked to have more refreshments at an entertainment or party and you really want more, follow a certain young gentleman's example, smile and say, "No." Of course you cannot refuse when you are urged to accept.

One of the bright pupils of 1902 Latin class said that Atlas held the earth on his shoulders, studded with gleaming stars.

A. P. F.: Napoleon wanted to found a colony.

Miss C.: Where?

A. P. F.: In Fiske, chapter xiii., page 281.

1904.

Half of the scholars in Room 10 are too warm all the time, the other half too cold. What shall be done about opening the windows?

What did F. G. P. find so interesting on the face of the clock the other day? Was it really looking at her?

Many of the sentences given in spelling class are wonderful, for instance, one fellow had for a sentence, "The boy had a chimerical feeling come over him."

I wonder if H. O. will have any use for those pens.

The Commercial students are now able to behold Miss W. behind the bars.

Birds of a feather flock together in Room 11.

I wonder if J. L. has found any use for his present yet.

1905.

Room 6 has become an athletic training room with Miss C.—as coach. Sparring and wrestling every recess.

Will the girls in Latin I. ever stop whispering before recitation?

A. A., known to Miss C. as "Art," is a fine errand boy.

Jesse is the heavyweight champion pugilist of Room 6.

When you find pencils in your desk don't put them in your pocket.

How does E. A. get her French lessons so well?

Miss M. says G. W.'s head would serve him better if it were on a pivot.

There was an exciting fight in Room 6 between two girls. Cause: hair-ribbons. It was stopped by Mr. Hurd and declared a draw.

Wanted: Something to make M. P. stop laughing after she has laughed for five minutes.

Doc. J. is candidate for president of the Tagging Association of Beverly High School.

The only possible way for Willie to drop French is to drop the reader.

Capt. T. of the Track Team has a record. (Evening Record.)

L. S. is starting a fruit store in Room 3, and gets well patronized.

H. A. should live up to the Monroe Doctrine and keep off adjoining property.

The '05 Polo Team has not come out of its trance yet.

It is about time T. I. B. forgot his childish actions.

E. H., the boy detective, has succeeded in tracing the kleptomaniac who took the goal post of the B. H. S. Football Team.

Why is F. B. like an engine to a long freight train? Because he has a pull.

There has lately been a picture gallery started in Room 6 on the cover of T. B.'s desk. It bids fair to be a rival to the Boston Museum of Fine Arts.

Wanted: Someone to help me take care of the numerous girls who come around my desk at recess.

Respectfully,

T. I. B.

Miss W.: "Give that reference, Lt—."

Lt—: "I don't know it."

Miss W.: "Come up this afternoon. You wont know next whether you are living at home or at the school."

1906.

First Pupil: What creates more commotion than a vaccinated arm?

Second Pupil: Report cards.

Why is it that in a certain room there is never any ink? Is it because the "little ones" play with it?

We think B. W. should be allowed to sing solos in the future.

Teacher: Will you please spell that interrogative pronoun?

F. C.: I-n-t-e-r-r-o-g-a-t-i-v-e.

On Thursdays ask Miss D. if she is ready to recite in history.

Isn't it a shame the other classes have no Belle to admire.

Did you ever notice those boys at B. H. S. who go around with a pin containing a "big 4"? Don't say anything about it to them, but they think they are playing golf.

I think that the skaters of '05 had better look out for themselves and see that their skates are sharp.

S. P. thinks he is pretty good in physics, but he can't get ahead of the physics teachers.

If A. Y. R. does not stop dropping her looking-glass she will have seven years of bad luck.

Miss H. told the Geography Class that all they needed for the examination was common sense.

1902 Graduation Speakers.

On Wednesday, Feb. 19, a meeting of the Senior Class, B. H. S., was held in Room 5, at which the following were elected to speak at the graduation in June: Valedictorian, Marion Dexter;


Salutatorian, Marland H. Eaton; Class Orator, Orpheus L. Woodbury; Class Prophetess, Clara Macomber.

The other parts are as yet unassigned.

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