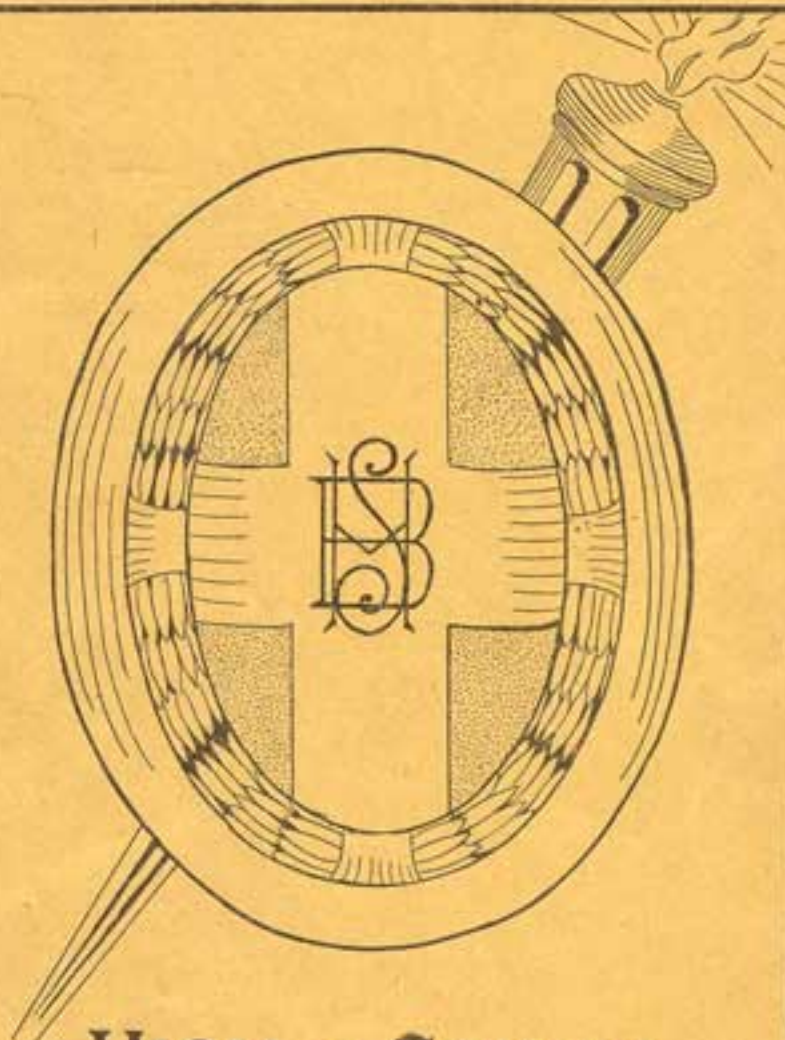


# ÆGIS



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BEVERLY, MASS.

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# THE ÆGIS.

VOL. II.

BEVERLY, OCTOBER, 1902.

No. 2.

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

## The Difference.

A handsome boy lay in a dark corner of a large room. He hated the moonlight which shone through the windows, and to get away from it he had gone into this far corner. He wished that it would rain and be as dark as ink. It seemed at times as if the lovely evening was an insult to him. The truth is, Horace Holten had come to grief through a fault of his own. It is so trying to say to one's self "If I only hadn't."

At noon, that day, Horace had started for school whistling merrily. He had a note for his Uncle Will in his pocket; and his father just before leaving the house, had told him to go to Uncle Will's before school. "I should just like to know what's the use of that! Uncle Will doesn't ever leave the office before I get out from school, so what difference will it make as long as he gets it before he leaves?"

Horace finally decided on his own responsibility to wait until after school to go to the office. "It won't make much difference," he muttered.

After school he went to Uncle Will's and found to his dismay that he had gone away. He left the note on the desk and went to report to his father.

"What did your uncle say?"

"Uncle Will wasn't in the office."

"Horace, did you take the note before school, as I told you to do?"

What made his father ask such a disagreeable question? But Horace always told the truth, so he explained about it.

"Well, my boy, if it doesn't make any difference to you, it surely won't to any one else. Your uncle offered to take you to a coasting party tonight and to a social afterward. He understood that he was not to call for you, if he did not get the note before two o'clock."

Poor Horace, a coasting party and a social afterwards, with a sleigh-ride home in the moonlight. He had missed them all!

He turned sorrowfully away and went into the corner. Perhaps you can excuse him for almost hating the moonlight, and for almost wishing that it would rain.

M. G. B., '04.

## Betty in Her Best Dress.

"Betty won't play with us. She has on her best dress," wailed Johnny. "That old green dress! And now she will sit up in the parlor all the afternoon, and when the minister comes she will get some of the minister's cake and we can't have any; and we can't have any supper until the minister has gone." Was the minister's cake worth while? Betty was doubtful if it was. All that hot afternoon she sat in the hot parlor, in her best green dress, with her hands folded and her

eyes raised respectfully. She tried to listen to what her mother and aunts and the minister were talking about; but they used such big words, and no one said anything to her. She was glad when the afternoon was over and so was Johnny.

C. M., 1902.

### My Adventure on Hallow'een.

Last Hallow'een night I was invited to attend a Hallow'een party at the house of a friend nearly four miles from my home. I did not know whether to walk or ride; but finally decided to walk if it was pleasant.

Hallow'een came. It was a mild, pleasant night, and as there was to be a moon, I thought I would not mind the walk. It was a long walk, and I had to go through a long stretch of woods, past a graveyard, and then across the fields to the village. As there was no one with me, I did not enjoy it very much. Of course I am not afraid of passing graveyards in the dark, or of going through the woods; but it was a lonely walk.

I had a fine time at the party. We played all the Hallow'een games, and even saw ghosts—that is, the girls did. Then there was the supper, a regular old-fashioned Hallow'een supper. But it is not about the party, but about my adventure on the way home that I wish to tell you.

I was returning home about half past one. It was quite light, for the moon had not yet set. I had passed the pine woods and was passing by the graveyard, when I happened to glance over towards an old tomb. What I saw there made me stop in terror! What could it be? The cover of the tomb was slowly rising, and two heads

and shoulders were appearing out of the top. They finally rose to their full height and stood upon the top of the tomb. They were transparent, and I could see through them! They were ghosts! I shuddered in fright, the cold sweat stood out on me, and I tried to run; but I could not move, I stood rooted to the spot. Then one commenced to speak. In tones deep and hollow it said, "Listen, you! You have this night seen us in the cellar of yonder house. You have scorned us you have laughed at us! You have said before people that there was no such thing as a ghost or spirit. Listen! We have come to warn you!"

I tried to speak, but it was impossible. My mouth was parched and dry. The words would not come. But then I seemed to hear another voice. It said, "Come, get up! Get up or you will be late to school. Do you see what time it is? Come, it is quarter of seven." "Wh-a-a-t?" I gasped. The ghosts began to disappear. "I'd like to know what time you got home last night. Get up."

I got up and dressed. The ghosts had disappeared very suddenly.

J. H. M., '05.

### An Adventure on a Raft.

In August, 1900, I had a most memorable ride on a large raft. This raft is about eight by eight, built of strong planks and secured to an immense mooring stone by stout ropes. It is anchored out from the shore in about 18 feet of water, enabling one to dive at low tide as well as at high.

My eventful ride was taken one day after a tiresome trip to Boston; and it being late, I was obliged to take my dip alone.

I was tired, and decided to wait awhile; for one needs a good breath to to swim such a distance. I lay down flat and rested for probably five minutes, when I felt that the raft was rocking a little more than it should. I jumped up to find that, indeed, I had good cause to jump; for the rope, worn from constant contact with the side of the raft, had parted, and I was floating out with the tide. The raft was now in the middle of thick eel grass, which made it impossible for swimming; the wind had risen with the approaching shower. Though progress was slow, I saw that I was being steadily carried on, and in a short time would be around the point. The clouds had darkened, and when the rain began to fall I felt miserable enough.

My next cause of terror was the realization that I was approaching a small island surrounded with boulders and sharp rocks. I was sure that I was going to be thrown on some rock, and this probably meant death. It is hard to be strong and young and feel that there is no escape from death. But in my terror I did not notice that the rain was abating, and that the air was becoming clearer; the strong raft rocked less violently. Unclasping my cold hands, I turned around to see the clouds chasing each other through the bright sky behind. My hopes began to rise, and soon I saw a man rowing a tender. I shouted for all I was worth, and he came towards me. He had gone to the village (from one of the yachts) for the evening mail and was obliged to wait until the shower had passed. I climbed stiffly into the boat, and after a hard pull, towing the raft behind, we arrived at the pier.

A. C. C., 1901.

### Encouragement.

Do not lose your courage, boys;  
Do not look so glum,  
For you can play foot ball  
As well as any one.  
Do not waver, do not grieve,  
And I verily believe  
That when you next play foot ball  
You will take the lead.

### Nonsense Rhymes.

There was once a speckled old hen,  
Who flew into the little pig's pen;  
As she couldn't get out,  
She perched on his snout:  
What a very brave speckled old hen!

There was once a little black dog,  
Who went to explore a bog;  
He climbed up a tree,  
And barked at a bee,  
Then trotted home jigitty-jog.

There once was a little raccoon,  
Who thought he could jump to the moon;  
He jumped from his bed,  
But fell on his head,  
And that ended the little raccoon.

There was an old woman from Spain,  
Who said that she had a bad pain;  
She stood on her head until she was dead:  
And that ended the woman from Spain.

There was a lame lady named Rutch,  
Who hungrily gnawed at her crutch,  
And then had a fear,  
For her stomach felt queer:  
This hungry old woman named Rutch.

There was an old lady from Tyre,  
Who always fell down in the mire;  
But when in the muck  
She said, "Oh, what luck!"  
For muck is much better then fire.

## Observations.

There is much philosophy, even, in the minds of the young. My small brother was explaining his relationships to a playmate of his. I just heard the end of his narration, when he said: "And God's my father, that I can only see when I've been good enough long enough; and Uncle Sam is my uncle that I have never seen, but his pictures are awful funny."

While going through the Danvers Asylum one day I heard what I thought an interesting remark. A gentleman was passing through one of the halls in which was a large clock. On seeing the clock he drew his watch from his pocket, and then said: "Is that clock right?" "No, you idiot," said a patient standing near; "It wouldn't be in here if it were right!"

One day when I was at dinner at a friend's house, a little girl, about three years of age, was given a piece of pie. As she took up the piece of pie, the under crust broke away from the upper crust. The little girl would not eat the pie, and she began to cry. When she was asked what was the matter, she sobbed "The pie is laughing at me."

I think one of the funniest things I have ever seen is the performance of a goose when he is angry. He first stretches out his long neck and rushes at the object of his wrath with his mouth wide open, hissing like a serpent. Then he backs a few steps defiantly, letting forth a cry that is indescribable. The thing it sounds most like is the sound produced by scraping a knife across a surface of metal perpendicular to its blade. Then he waddles into the water and sails away.

I once heard two children talking in this way: "Well, I'd told you lots of things I knowed if you wouldn't go right home and tell your mother and father and grandmother and aunt."

One afternoon as I was entering a museum, I noticed a large image of a policeman. An apparently near-sighted man came up to the image and asked it several questions. At last he became tired of asking and turned away, muttering, "A queer place to have a deaf and dumb policeman!"

This fall I have been mushroom crazy. Six o'clock finds me on the field of action, a basket in one hand, and my skirt held frantically by the other. I was ready for instant flight in case a snake appeared. I do not know why I hold my skirt: it is not long. But I feel that if one of those snakes touched me or my dress, I should shiver for days. Once, before I began to hold up my skirt, I bent down on my knees to examine a doubtful mushroom, when swish, swish, and a snake glided through the grass. I screamed, of course, in a feminine way; and uttering maledictions on the whole snake family, I withdrew from the field. Since then, I have held my skirt and even if mushrooms abound by the thousands in that field, nothing can tempt me to venture there again. When I see a mushroom, I give it a poke, and that is sufficient to send it reeling on its back. I examine its ribs as I bend. I do not kneel. I kneel no more for at any moment, an evil snake may slide into view.

c. w. '05.

On the corner of Cabot and Myrtle streets, is an old house, its windows shattered into a thousand pieces, its roof decayed, and its whole appear-

ance delapidated. It only seems to be waiting for a strong wind, to make it decide which way to fall. Somebody, a jocular person, no doubt, nailed on the house a sign with the words "Home, sweet home" and decorated it with the stars and stripes. It has elicited many smiles from passers by.

When my little sister came home from school the first day after the vacation, we asked her how she liked to go to school. "Well" she said after meditating, "it is very hard work and I believe I'm very tired of it."

Sometimes we kindly assist a timid wandering ninth grade child, by telling him that room one is upstairs on the third floor, and that room ten is in the basement.

I think, perhaps that the most priceless and at the same time, the cheapest treasures children have, are the horse chestnuts. They make all kinds of things out of the brown nuts: pipes, dolls, pigs and baskets. Perhaps the very fact that the things are made by their own hands, enhances their value.

H. W., '05.

The other day I, read a pretty little legend about the golden rod and the aster. It represented the golden rod as a royal prince, and the aster as a princess. According to this legend we are entertaining royalty; for the roadsides are bright with golden rod and the starry asters twinkle over all the fields.

B. A., '05.

How amusing the pupils in the ninth grade are. They pop into the room, give an anxious glance at the number on the door, another at the teacher in charge of the room, and

then with clouded face, they scan the rows of seats and flounce out again to resume their explorations.

Old King Coal can be found at the pole

Where he keeps himself hidden from sight,

While we poor mortals, we shiver and shake,

'Till the coal that has struck comes out to the light.

There was once a substance called coal  
That was hoisted up out of a hole;

Now the strike is on deck,

You can't get a small peck,

Of that valuable substance called coal.

A. S. M., 1905.

### New Hampshire Joe.

Have you heard of Foot Ball Joe?

To tell the truth, I will say "No."

When the quarter gave the call,

Joe stepped over and took the ball.

Now he is of great renown,

For he has made a good touchdown.

Judges on the field say, "Oh, me!

Oh, my!

Isn't this a great day for Beverly High?

See them round the ends, see them break the lines,

There's a game that means some fame for Beverly High.

A little boy after picking daisies began pulling the petals from the flowers. His mother asked him why he did it, and he said, "I don't want wings on my flowers."

If, as Henry Van Dyke has written, the empty river bed is a ghastly scar on the face of the landscape, then the advertisements along railways and on ledges are open wounds on the face of nature.

**The American Boy of 1925.**

Of course we really don't know what  
 he'll be,  
 For they say descendants of apes are  
 we;  
 I suppose he'll be ever so bright and  
 know things,  
 And naturally enough he'll have to  
 have wings.  
 School will be a thing of the past—a  
 legend of yore,  
 And automobiles and airships this boy  
 will adore.  
 Many of his friends in Europe will  
 be,  
 And he'll call on them often, expeditiously.  
 He will know many a strange, mysterious  
 thing,  
 And home from the planets some  
 wonders he'll bring.  
 He'll visit the moon, sun and other  
 far places,  
 And know all about all the heathen  
 races.  
 He will eat and drink, but not as we  
 do,  
 For his food will be made by processes  
 new.  
 By pressing a button, far away he can  
 go,  
 And he'll know all the things that  
 we've longed to know.

A. S.

**Alumni Notes.**

Miss Elsie A. Gorman, '00, S.N.S. '02, is teaching in Chesterfield, Pa.

Katherine M. Dugan, '02, is attending the Lynn Business College.

The marriage of Dr. Harry E. Sears and Miss Myrtle Belle Walker, '97, will take place in the First Parish church, on Tuesday evening, October 28.

Gilbert D. Weston, '90, has been elected to fill the vacancy in the school board, caused by the resignation of Roland W. Boyden, '78.

Frances C. Roundy, '01, has secured a position as teacher in one of the Pawtucket, R.I., kindergartens.

Charles H. Farnham, '92, is now assistant city engineer of the city of Manila, P.I.

Elbridge Norwood, '69, and family, have moved to Cambridge, Mass., where Percy V. Norwood, '01, is attending Harvard.

Samuel Cole, '75, was the nominee of the republicans of this district for senator at the convention in this city, October 8.

Bessie P. Kimball, '99, is studying nursing at the Essex Homoeopathic Hospital, Salem.

Lucy P. Kent, '00, is stenographer at the state headquarters of the A.O. U. W., Boston.

Z. Bernice Brown, '01, is with E. D. Vanderplanck, hemp merchant, Boston, as stenographer.

Ruth S. Roundy, '90, is in Lincoln, Neb., where she is making her home with Chancellor and Mrs. E. Benjamin Andrews of the University of Nebraska.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Upton and family of Peabody have moved to Pasadena, Cal., where Mr. Upton has secured an enviable position. Mrs. Upton will be better remembered as Henrietta Moody, '90.

Georgiana A. Tree, '00, is occupying the desk in the 1st and 2d grades at the Ryall Side school, this city.

James M. Beckford, '95, is with the Prudential Life Insurance Co., at its offices in Cambridge, Mass.

Mrs. Hannah C. Roundy, '63, has moved to Providence, R. I.



Algie M. Goodwin, '00, is with the Gas Light, Heat and Power Co., Boston.

Born, in Beverly, September, 1902, twins to Arthur H. and Gertrude S. (Glines, '82) Kidder.

Advices received in this city during the early part of September told of the sad death of Emery William White, '92, at his home in Park City, Utah. Mr. White was taken ill about two weeks before his death with la grippe, and was later attacked with cholera morbus. This rapidly weakened the young man, and heart failure resulted. Mr. White was 28 years of age, and was graduated from the Harvard Dental College. He practised his profession in Denver, Col., and was contemplating opening an office in Salt Lake City. He was a popular young man, and will be missed by a large circle of friends. Shortly before he breathed his last he expressed a desire that he be married to Miss Florence J. Smith, of Denver, Col., to whom he had been engaged for two years past, and who at the time was the guest of his parents. Willingness having been expressed on Miss Smith's part, they were married just one hour before he breathed his last.

The marriage ceremony of Frank W. Hammond, superintendent of streets, and Mary G. McCurdy, '94, both of this city, was performed at the residence of the bride's parents, 185 Lothrop Street, September 24th. The ceremony was performed by Rev. James P. Franks, of Grace Church, Salem, in the presence of about sixty relatives and friends of the bride and groom. Miss Bessie Hardy, '90, played the wedding march from Mendelssohn, and Misses Anna M. Lovett, '94, and E. Agnes Wallace, '94, were at the

piano during the evening among others. Miss Laura McCurdy, '98, was bridesmaid. Among those who served refreshments at the reception after the ceremony were Misses Lillian Downing, '91, and Sadie O. Allen, '95. After a wedding trip Mr. and Mrs. Hammond will reside at the corner of Mulberry and Judson streets, where they will be "at home" after November 1st.

Stephen E. Woodbury, '93, has accepted a position as instructor in mechanical engineering at the University of Pennsylvania.

### Exchanges.

We extend our hearty congratulations to the *Latin School Register* from Boston, on the September number. "Dixon's Geyser" and "John Morton" easily head the list of stories which we have had the pleasure of reading this year. We are eagerly looking forward for the appearance of the October number.

The October *Chronicle*, Norwood, Mass., contains a picture of their High School building and several interesting views of that historic town. How long will it be before THE AEGIS can have such improvements as these?

Dan Cupid is a marksman poor,  
Despite his love and kisses;  
For while he always hits the mark,  
He's always making Mrs.—*Ex.*

"I am not much of a mathematician," said the cigarette; "but I can add to a man's nervous troubles, subtract from his physical energy, multiply his aches and pains, and divide his mental powers; and I can take interest from his work and discount from his chances of success.—*Ex.*

(Continued on page 21.)

## THE ÆGIS.

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5 WASHINGTON STREET.

### Editorials.

THE ÆGIS wishes to thank the students for the way they have taken hold of the paper. The subscription list is an improvement over that of last year; but it is not large enough yet. There are over three hundred pupils in the school; and when one considers that the subscription list is only a little over a hundred, it does seem a small percentage. Also no one seems inclined to contribute to the paper in the form of stories, poems, class notes, and so forth. The paper can not be a success without many contributions. We hope that a word to the wise will be sufficient.

The foot ball games have been better attended than formerly. This is a very pleasing thing, especially to the Athletic Association. It shows that the school is waking up. At the first

game in Danvers, ninety went over in a small car, and since ten went over on wheels, the game was attended by no less than a hundred from Beverly.

A word about our advertisers. As you are looking over the school paper, note the ones who advertise in it, and trade with them. Now, for instance, there is one firm who advertised in the school paper last year, and yet the students went to a firm who carried similar goods, but who would not advertise. Trade with our advertisers, especially at recess.

At the last few games the boys have been supported very ably by the girls. At the Lynn game there were over a hundred girls, and there were hardly less at the next game. This shows an interest on the part of the girls that bids fair to outdo that of the boys. It is a good thing, girls; keep it up.

Owing to an accident a few of the '06 and '07 class notes have been lost. Don't be discouraged if your class notes fail to appear in this issue.

When I was abroad, I saw a shawl belonging to the Empress of Russia. It is kept in a wooden chest with silver locks and hinges. The outside of the chest is further ornamented with designs of helmets and spears on a ground of blue enamel. The shawl, when spread out, is about ten yards square, but it is so exquisitely fine that it can be passed through a finger ring; and when it is folded up it makes a parcel only a few inches square. It is not only curious but exceedingly valuable.

E. F.

(Continued from page 19.)

"Dan, the faithful Jaguar," is the subject of an interesting story in the *High School Gazette*, Lynn, Mass. The fine description of a southwestern desert is especially noticeable.

It makes me so discouraged,  
And leaves ambition dead,—  
The awful struggle each day brings  
Of getting out of bed.—*Ex.*

The author of a "Queer Exchange" in the *Valkyrie*, Somerville, N. J., certainly has a vivid imagination. Through the exchange of the physical and astral bodies of Dave Franklin and Mr. Lawrence, a queer combination of circumstances is brought about; but in the end everything is straightened out to the reader's satisfaction.

The *Normalia*, from Brockport, N. Y., would be greatly improved by the addition of a short story or two. Is it not possible for someone to write a story which would compare favorably with the essay on "The Dramatization of the Popular Novel"? The latter seems to be above the average.

"The Last Rehearsal" is worthy of much praise for the way in which the reader's mind is held. This story appears in the *High School Recorder*, Lynn, Mass., and is well worth the reading.

We have also received copies of the *Lake Breeze*, Sheboygan, Wis., the *High School Stylus*, Taunton, Mass., and the *Purple and Green*, Murfreesboro, Tenn.

A little girl visited a church in the country this summer for the first time. The pews were very high. On being asked what she did, she replied, "I just went into the cupboard and sat on the shelf." A. LOVETT.

Athletics.

FOOT BALL.

Standing of Triangular League:

Beverly High.....	.750
Danvers High.....	.500
Peabody High.....	.000

Beverly has good material for a good strong team this season, and should pull out first place in the Triangular League. The most promising men thus far are Smith and Standley for the ends, G. Wallis, A. Quigley, W. Caldwell, J. Bradstreet and R. Robertson for the tackles, J. Williams, J. Mason, R. Whipple for the guards, O. McLaughlin for center, John Foster for quarterback, J Fullerton for fullback, with J. Wiseman and A. Herrick for the halfbacks.

Merton Kent, '07, has been elected captain and manager of the second team.

BEVERLY 0, SALEM 0.

Beverly played her first game with Salem on the Common, Saturday, Sept. 27.

Beverly outplayed Salem, running them all over the field in the first half. Fullerton made a pretty try for a goal from the field, from a difficult angle. In the second period both teams resorted to punting, in which Beverly excelled. The game ended with neither side scoring. The summary:

BEVERLY.	SALEM
Smith.....l.e.....	Tighe
Quigley.....l.t.....	G. Gibson
Williams.....l.g.....	R. Gibson
McLaughlin.....c.....	Barry
Winchester.....r.g.....	Conklin
McCarthy.....r.t.....	Tierny
Gorman.....r.e.....	D. Welch
Foster.....q.b.....	Colby
Herrick.....l.h.b.....	Welch
Wiseman.....r.h.b.....	Hurley
Fullerton.....f.b.....	Casey

Score — Beverly 0, Salem 0.  
 Referee — Roberts, Salem.  
 Umpire — Madden, Beverly.  
 Linemen — Moses, Beverly; Sullivan, Salem.  
 Time — 15 and 20-minute halves.

#### BEVERLY 5, DANVERS 5.

Beverly went to Danvers, Saturday, Oct. 4, to play her first game for the championship of Beverly, Peabody and Danvers.

Both teams played ragged and showed the need of practice. The ball was in Danvers territory most of the time, but owing to her fumbling Beverly was unable to score more. In the first half Kerans, of Danvers, made a touchdown after three minutes of play, but failed to kick the goal. Beverly scored her touchdown in second period, failing to kick the goal. Summary:

BEVERLY.	DANVERS
Smith.....l.e.....	Allard
Quigley, Robertson..l.t.....	Parker
Williams.....l.g.....	Caskin
Whipple.....c.....	Danforth
McLaughlin.....r.g.....	Fuller
Bradstreet, Robertson..r.t.....	Emerson
Standley.....r.e.....	Gaffney
Foster.....q.b.....	H. Kerans
Herrick.....l.h.b.....	White
Wiseman.....r.h.b.....	J. Kerans
Fullerton.....f.b.....	Merrill

Score — Beverly 5, Danvers 5.  
 Referee — Low, Danvers.  
 Umpire — Crowley, Beverly.  
 Timer — Dodge, Beverly. Time — two 15-minute periods.

#### BEVERLY 0, LYNN 5.

Beverly lost her first game to Lynn High on Oct. 7. Beverly put five green men into the game, thus weakening her team considerably. Only for the unjust decisions of Beverly's referee, Beverly would have won the game.

The Beverly girls, who turned out in large numbers and put new spirit and vim into their team, are deserving of great credit for the fine showing they made.

Lynn could not score until the second period and within 30 seconds of time. Summary:

BEVERLY.	LYNN
Smith.....l.e.....	McAlevey, Herrick
Wallis.....l.t.....	Arey, Johnson
H. Kent, R. Larcom..l.g....	Sears, Stevens
McLaughlin.....c.....	Armour
Caldwell.....r.g.....	Anderson
Bradstreet.....r.t....	Pinkham, Wilson
Standley.....r.e.....	Brooks, Lyons
Foster.....q.b....	Manning, Blakely
Herrick.....l.h.b....	Cutlebut, Hixon
Robertson.....r.h.b.....	Morril
Fullerton.....f.b.....	Moore

Score — Beverly 0, Lynn 5.  
 Touchdowns — Moore.  
 Referee — R. Tratt, Beverly.  
 Umpire — O. Upton, Lynn.  
 Timer — Broughton.  
 Time — two 15-minute periods.

#### BEVERLY 6, PEABODY 0.

Beverly won her second league game from Peabody High on the Common, Wednesday, Oct. 8. Beverly's offensive playing was something remarkable, but her line was weak in her defensive playing. Beverly is still weak in fumbling, although she has improved somewhat.

By winning this game Beverly is placed in first place in the Triangular League. Beverly now stands a good show for winning the championship. Smith, who plays left end for Beverly dislocated his collar bone in the game with Peabody and will be out of the game for the rest of the season. Foster made a touchdown, running thirty yards through both teams without interference. Summary:

BEVERLY.	PEABODY
Smith, Robertson . . . l.e . . . . .	Southwick
Wallis . . . . . l.t . . . . .	Sweeney
Williams . . . . . l.g . . . . .	Sweetman
McLaughlin . . . . . c . . . . .	Carroll
Mason . . . . . r.g . . . . .	W. Smith
Caldwell . . . . . r.t . . . . .	Gilman
Standley . . . . . r.e . . . . .	Hoolahan
Foster . . . . . q.b . . . . .	Smith
Herrick . . . . . l.h.b . . . . .	Gilroy
Wiseman . . . . . r.h.b . . . . .	Cullens
Fullerton . . . . . f.b . . . . .	H. Carroll

Score — Beverly 6, Peabody 0.  
 Touchdown — Foster.  
 Goal from touchdown — Fullerton.  
 Referee — L. P. Stanton, Beverly.  
 Umpire — Jerome Crowley.  
 Timer — F. Porter, Beverly.  
 Time — two 15-minute periods.

#### BEVERLY 2D 10, MANCHESTER 0.

The second team played its first game with Manchester High on the Common, Saturday morning, Oct. 11. Beverly was weak in fumbling, but for all that she made good gains through the line and around the ends. She was held for downs only twice, while Manchester failed to advance the ball any great distance. Summary:

BEVERLY.	MANCHESTER
Alley . . . . . l.e . . . . .	Sheehan
Wallace . . . . . l.t . . . . .	Dillson
M. Kent . . . . . l.g . . . . .	Sargent
Griffeg . . . . . c . . . . .	Peniatte
Dobbins . . . . . r.g . . . . .	Harlow
Raymond . . . . . r.t . . . . .	Edgecomb
Lee . . . . . r.e . . . . .	Floyd
Brooks . . . . . q.b . . . . .	Wade
Harrigan . . . . . l.h.b . . . . .	Standley
Cook . . . . . r.h.b . . . . .	Marshall
J. O. Foster . . . . . f.b . . . . .	Whalen

Score — Beverly 10, Manchester 0.  
 Touchdowns — Foster, Cook.  
 Referee — Herrick.  
 Umpire — C. Iverson.  
 Linesman — Hinckley.

Timer — Williams.  
 Time — two 15-minute periods.

#### BEVERLY 21, GLOUCESTER C. C. 0.

Beverly defeated the Columbia Club of Gloucester, on the Common, Saturday, Oct. 11, to the tune of 21-0. Beverly played an excellent game throughout, not fumbling once.

The Gloucester official tried to rob Beverly of the game, but did not succeed. The Beverly boys ran Gloucester all over the field at their will. Wiseman was the star of the game making a 50 and a 40-yard run, also scoring three touchdowns, while Fullerton scored one and kicked a goal. Summary:

BEVERLY.	GLOUCESTER C. C.
Gorman . . . . . l.e . . . . .	C. Jeffery
Iverson . . . . . l.t . . . . .	Gorman
Williams . . . . . l.g . . . . .	Murphy
Whipple . . . . . c . . . . .	Irvin
Mason . . . . . r.g . . . . .	Burrill
McLaughlin . . . . . r.t . . . . .	F. Burnham
Standley . . . . . r.e . . . . .	Howe
Foster . . . . . q.b . . . . .	R. Jeffery
Robertson . . . . . l.h.b . . . . .	A. Smith
Wiseman . . . . . r.h.b . . . . .	H. Burnham
Fullerton . . . . . f.b . . . . .	Brown

Score — Beverly 21, Gloucester 0.  
 Touchdowns — Wiseman 3, Fullerton.  
 Goals from touchdown — Fullerton.  
 Referee — L. P. Stanton, Beverly.  
 Umpire — J. Sullivan, Gloucester.  
 Linesmen — B. Hall, Beverly; Malloma, Gloucester.  
 Timers — F. Porter, Beverly; Wilkins, Gloucester.  
 Time — two 20-minute periods.

#### BASKET BALL.

The boys have decided not to have a basket ball team this season, as it interfered with the track team last year.

The girls will have their teams as was at first decided.

## Class Notes.

1904.

Talk about absent mindedness! While walking down Cabot street the other day, I saw Miss H - - - - walk serenely into the barber shop next to the car station! She probably wanted to wait for a car, but then—

What did M-e J - - - s mean when she said "The girl looked into a yawning abscess."

"Bill" G-rm-n, the "irrepressible."

Teacher: "Miss Prest-n, do you remember whom you got permission to speak to?"

Gone—One collar bone; one shoulder. What next?

Who uses slang in the commercial world?

Jud Br-dst - - - t knows what an improper noun is.

Lost! A temper. Finder please return to Room 9.

Wanted: Mathematician recruits. Apply at Room 7.

Why is a certain chair in Room 9 like the Tip-top House? Ans.: Because it needs chains to keep it down.

"No whispering" is the rule.

1905.

We have been Grade XI. for nearly two months. Imagine how humiliating it is when we are taken for the NINTH grade.

If you want to feel the effects of the coal famine, go to Room 10 for a few moments.

Hard luck! A - th - r A - - l - t - n does not seem to be able to work his childish tricks this year.

"Jim" F - ll - rt - n the model boy. Reference: Mr. T - mp - - n.

Four or five of our prominent athletic students are each the proud owners of a large sized black diamond. The value of the diamonds has not yet been ascertained. The owners run a great risk in wearing such rare gems.

Wanted: Some shoes for B. W. to untie.

"Shakeups" are common in German.

What is a sure cure for deafness? Give the remedy to G - - rg W - ll - s. Apply to Misses H - - k - and E - ns - for reward.

J - s - e M - s - n makes an ideal door mat.

A - st - n H. and F - r - - - y St - - t - n have given oral proof of their ability as tutors in spelling.

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A wireless telegraph would work in very well between some of the girls in Room 8. M - r - Ap - l - t - n and B - rn - c - A - dr - - s, for instance.

Teacher: "Didn't I speak to you yesterday about leaving out your personal pronouns?"

El - - e C - m - r - n: "Yes, I think so. Didn't I leave it out?"

Mathematics, Division I, has gained the reputation of being the most foolish class that Miss W - - d ever had. Cheer up! There are other classes coming.

To Master F - - r b - - s: We envy you your surroundings in English, Division III.

(Signed) The Boys.

Wanted: Someone good in figures, to estimate how many yards of ribbon

Ag - th - K - - - lt - n wears on her hair at one time.

Notice to the members of the book-keeping class: Debit a thing when you receive it. Credit a thing when you part with it.

1906.

Will some one please sit in front of M - ld - - d D - v - s; for she doesn't know her Latin.

R. C. should comb her hair at home so that she may recite in geometry.

If you are in need of a looking glass, A. G. B - ld - - will hand you one.

Mr. H - - - at class meeting: You must not put it in your class history that M - r - D - - - r thinks that a chair has only two legs.

Miss W.: Why.

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M. S.: Coz, things equal to each other are equal to themselves.

1907.

Anything to amuse the children, from a lecture in Assembly hall to a tin rat that runs.

It is great sport to march. The only trouble is that we wore the stairs down a little too much.

H - rr - - t R - b - rt - on, the class artist, is doing well.

This class is honored by a Thomas Lawson. Even if that is his name, he must not let the girls interfere with his lessons.

L - n - S - - - ton and M. W - d - do their share in cheering for the boys.

Miss E.: Give me a proper noun.

Pupil: Miss Ernst.

Miss E.: Thank you (then she rang the bell for dismissal).

The 1907 boys are doing well on the foot ball team.

When one of our funny boys in reading a poem came to "And the loveliest lyric I ever heard," he said, "And the loveliest liar I ever heard."

Two of our talkative ones are Es - - er St - - kn - y and L - na Sc - - tt - n.

How is it A. Q. likes to recite in Room 4 during the last period of Thursday.

The scholars of Room 4 are often kept after one o'clock. (Why?)