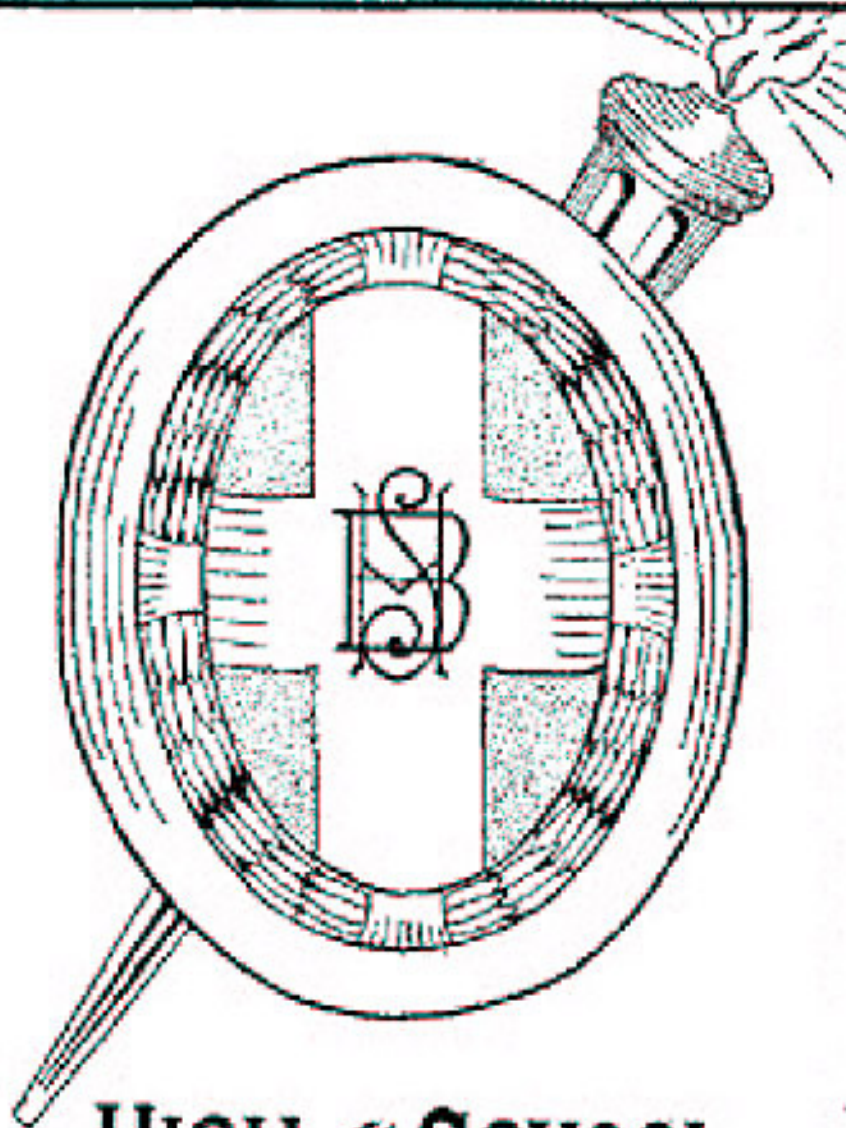


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# THE AEGIS.

VOL. II.

BEVERLY, FEBRUARY, 1903.

No. 6

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

## The Boy who Tried to be like Washington.

Johnny had recently been told the story of George Washington and his hatchet, not for the first time to be sure, but this time it seemed to impress him more than ever. He thought of little wrongs he had committed and of the falsehoods sometimes told to escape the woodshed and the shingle, for that was his father's mode of dealing with naughty boys. At last Johnny decided that he would ever be like George Washington and never, never tell a lie.

A few days after, while climbing in a forbidden place in the barn loft, he tipped over a pot of white paint which dripped through the cracks on the back of the black cow. When his father asked, "Johnny, do you know how the paint came on the black cow's back?" Johnny promptly answered, "Yes, father, I did it."

But Johnny's father, unfortunately, did not take the elder Washington's view of affairs, and as a result Johnny was most unwillingly led to the woodshed.

Johnny sobbed much and after sobbing he began to reason concerning his predicament. Finally he came to the conclusion that if future actions should lead him to disgrace and dreams of shingle trees, he would without hesitation tell a lie to escape.

His temptation soon came in the shape of a big, rosy, red apple hanging on the neighbor Towne's pippin tree. Johnny hastily climbed the fence and plucked the apple; but on the way down he met with impediments, for Farmer Towne kept a bull-dog with well filed teeth. Therefore in breaking away from the dog, he left the seat of his checkered pants. That evening Johnny managed to get into his overalls before any member of the family noticed the cloth missing from his school pants. Soon after supper, when all the family were gathered around the fireplace, a loud knock was heard at the door, and Mr. Towne entered at the bidding of Johnny's father. Mr. Towne said angrily, "That young rascal of yours has been stealing my pippins."

Johnny's father exclaimed, "Is that so?" and turning to Johnny he added, "Have you ever been in Mr. Towne's pippin tree?"

Johnny, reddening even to the roots of his hair, murmured, "No, sir."

But Mr. Towne had the seat of those checkered pants, and once again the shingle was brought into play.

Now Johnny is wondering which it is best to be, George Washington or his opposite.

Can you help him?

A. S. M., '05.

### The Tale of an Eastern Queen.

In the olden days, in the far off China land, there lived a king who had twenty wives. Nineteen of these wives were tall and graceful; but the twentieth was short and very clumsy. Now the king loved all of his wives very much; but he did not love the little one as much as the others. This king was very tall, so tall that he was obliged to stoop when talking to his queens, and thus his shoulders had been thrown forward a little. As for the little wife he hardly ever spoke to her, for he was obliged to bend so low that he would nearly break his back in the attempt. The king had a smiling face which was bronzed and tanned by the eastern sun. Around his forehead a mass of golden hair curled prettily in little ringlets. He always wore a robe of the darkest green with scarcely any ornaments. His wives were very beautiful and accomplished. They were mostly princesses whom he had brought from India to fill his castle with beauty and style. They had complexions of darkest brown, mingled with a rich ruddy glow of healthy yellow. Their embroidered garments of Nile green hung in graceful folds around their slender figures. Now the tiny queen had a complexion as transparent as the purest lily. The light of heaven's tapers seemed to shine from her lustrous black eyes. She was not strikingly beautiful as the others, and besides this she was not of royal birth, but only a Chinese belle.

Every morning the ladies came out into the castle gardens. At their necks and in their ears they wore the tiniest pearls, which sparkled like the dewdrops on the emerald lawn. They danced about among the flowers,

drinking in the freshness of the morning air. At a distance the tiny wife watched the gambols of the happy company. She stole softly through the silent paths, kissing the modest blossoms which hid their dainty faces in some secluded nook. Often she bent with tears in her eyes over some wounded flower; lifted it from the ground and bound it up tenderly; then caressing it, she left the spot to wander among new pathways. The other queens admired the gaudy flowers which showed themselves in the open and boldly lifted their beautiful faces to be admired.

Now, the courtiers who often wandered into the garden always clustered around the brunette queens and never showed any admiration for the modest little blonde, who kept in the background. In the evening, when the lawn was lighted by many candles the ladies held receptions and dances, while dreamy music floated through the trees and shrubs into the garden. Seated near the fountain's brink, the tiny queen listened to the murmuring of the splashing waters and never joined in the frivolities near by. The king did not go to seek for her, for he was occupied in pleasing the flashing beauties of the court.

Now, one day, as the ladies were grouped around in the garden, an assassin stole into the place and killed the lovely queens. He did not perceive the small figure seated near by, and so he disappeared, as he believed, unseen through the castle gate. In great haste the little lady rushed horrified into the palace where she at last found the king. Although shaking with fear, she led him to the spot where the queens lay stretched on the green turf, their blood staining the

grassy lawn. For many days he refused to be comforted and the little queen from the fullness of her heart did all that she was able. At last the great revelation came to him that the most precious jewel of all had still been left for him. After this came happy days and the world no longer seemed dark or the song of the birds a mockery. Then many happy hours were spent in the palace garden by the king, who was a Japanese sunflower, and the queen, who was a white Chinese poppy. There were no longer any flashy India poppies to come between them, for the gardener had picked them and carried them away.

H. E. W. '05.

### Athletics.

On Tuesday afternoon, Feb. 10, the monthly meeting of the Athletic Association was held in the Assembly hall. The various reports were read and accepted and it was voted to send a photograph of the football team to our former coach, Mr. Iverson, who is now at work at Pittsburg, Pa.

#### TRACK ATHLETICS.

Everything is now pointing to a successful and interesting class meet. The chief interest is mostly between the classes of 1904 and 1905, and both are confident of carrying off the honors. The other classes have some excellent material and should give their older brothers a good "rub" for their places.

Through the kindness of Dr. Burnham the use of the Armory has been secured both for practice and for the meet. The class teams have been putting in some hard practice and seem to be about evenly matched, thus assuring us that the contests will be exciting and close.

#### GIRLS' BASKETBALL.

SALEM 11, BEVERLY 6.

Feb. 2—On Monday afternoon the girls were defeated in a one-sided contest, by their Salem sisters. The Beverly girls were outplayed from start to finish. Only once during the entire game did Beverly tie the score. The game was full of brilliant plays and the passing of the entire Salem team was excellent.

Miss Smith, who acted as captain in the absence of Miss Hill, played the star game for Beverly, covering her Salem opponent to perfection. Miss Fox excelled for Salem, caging four goals from the field.

The playing of the Beverly girls showed lack of concentration to the game and need of hard practice.

#### Summary:

BEVERLY.	SALEM.
Miss Taylor.....f.....	Miss Fox
Miss Wade.....f.....	Miss Schoetzer (Capt.)
Miss Preston.....c.....	Miss Smith
Miss Smith (Capt.).....g.....	Miss Little
Miss Moore.....g.....	Miss Torrey

Score: Salem 11, Beverly 6.

Goals from field: Miss Fox 4.

Goals from foul line: Misses Wade 5, Taylor, Schoetzer 2.

Referee: Herrick, Beverly.

Umpire: Miss Fox, Salem.

Time: Three 10 min. periods.

#### BASEBALL.

The baseball prospects have brightened somewhat, and now the management is assured of a strong nine. Practice will be begun earlier this season than usual in order to develop the new material.

Manager Herrick is hard at work arranging a schedule which will include all the surrounding High Schools as well as strong teams from Boston and Gloucester.

The outlook from the financial standpoint is rather gloomy, as we have no means of charging admission and will have to depend on the collections which are to be taken on the Commem. We hope we shall have the hearty support of the public as well as the students.

## THE ÆGIS.

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## Editorials.

The contribution box has been frequently used this month; but it was one class alone that put contributions into it, the class of 1904. Now why do not all the classes contribute? Surely they can find enough to put into the class notes.

The April number of the ÆGIS is to be a college number. Stories, poems and accounts of college life are solicited from our college friends. These contributions are very interesting, and everyone likes to see what college life is. We hope that a word to the wise is sufficient, and that there will be no extra copies.

The heavy snow storm that we had a short time ago was welcomed gladly by most of the students. It was Monday for three days and there were not many lessons given out or learned.

Now that the Inter-class meet is assured, the different classes will be waking up and learning cheers, we sup-

pose. But let us hope that we shall not "come to blows" over it.

This number of the ÆGIS was somewhat delayed in order to get an account of the French and German plays, which were given by the High School students.

## Alumni Notes.

The engagement of Miss Lizzie D. Preston, '98, of Beverly Farms, and Lewis G. Williams was announced on February 13.

Bessie H. Streamberg, '95, is with the Salem Safe Deposit and Trust Co.

Harry F. Standley, '00, is stenographer with the Boston Elevated Railroad Co.

Dr. C. Boardman Burnham, of the class of 1890, is the new captain of Company E, 8th Regt., M. V. M.

Rita Streamberg, '02, is employed at the Vaughn Machine Co., Peabody.

Will T. P. Mader, '00, has secured a position with a Providence machine company.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert J. Porter are rejoicing over the birth of a son, Winthrop, born January 31. Mrs. Porter was Mabel P. Martin, '90.

The sympathy of this paper and of the alumni is extended to Mrs. Nellie (Glines) Stubbert, '94, in the death of her husband, Enoch C. Stubbert, February 14th.

Ernest B. Dodge, '98, is with the A. C. Lawrence Company, Peabody.

The marriage of Ethel D. Foster, '93, to Daniel Appleton, '83, took place at the bride's home on Essex street, February 5, Rev. Benjamin R. Bulkeley officiating. Mr. and Mrs. Appleton will reside at their new home on Essex street.

### French and German Plays.

Les Deux Timides, a comédie-vaudeville by Marc-Michel and Labiche, was given Feb. 18 and 19, in the Universalist chapel, by the pupils of the third year French class.

The characters were well sustained. The timid father and the shy lover amused and entertained the audience with their nervous quakings and stammering tongues. These roles were the more clearly brought out by the unusual self-possession of the other lover, Mr. Garadoux, who thought by his calmness to gain the beautiful Cécile from her timid father.

The heroine Cécile and her maid Annette delighted all with their vivacity and ease of manner.

Praise is certainly due those pupils both for the thoroughness with which the necessary lines were committed to memory and for the willingness to give the time and work demanded to thus bring out the individuality of the parts taken.

The object of the play was two-fold. First, to acquaint the tongue and ear with the spoken French; second, to earn a small sum to be used in the decoration of the interior of the school building. This object has been creditably fulfilled.

The German play, "Eigensinn," was only given one night, Wednesday, the 19th. The parts were well taken, the spirit of the play was interpreted in a very creditable way, and the accent on the whole was not at all English.

Those who had the benefit of the first night's experience behind the footlights were sorry that they were not able to give the performance for the larger audience on Thursday evening.

### Class Notes.

1904.

W. L. has found Florence, but he can't see Anna (Sienna).

Will some one kindly bring a strap into Room 7, Fridays. J. L. W. may fall from his chair.

At last H. C. has assumed the title of Reverend.

According to M. M.'s way of thinking, our first settlers came over by the cart load.

G. St. C. has discovered (?) a dictionary (in the library), that opens.

If we bought land in the way which Miss C. told us to, J. L. would get a bargain. Ask him why.

What are those little yellow envelopes we see passed about the room now?

Why do R. R. and P. R. S. shake hands so often in Room 5?

Who said "fled?"

H. C.'s height proves a great blessing when we want the gas lighted in Room 12.

Which is it, "shall" or "will"?

Notice: No admission is charged to hear the "Frog chorus" in Room 10.

Who said that L. P. S. was still a "kid?"

1905.

Some one in the Greek class knows how to dig a ditch through a day's journey.

Was G. W. in a rather tight place?

Wanted: Something to keep us quiet. (Signed) The Greek Class.

The infants in German are learning to tell time.

Our debaters, R. H. W. and M. C. H. W., seems to be a born poet.

How long since G. W. turned into a cat?

C. C. has achieved his aim at last; his name is on the "special report" book.

Ask H. D. who "Bricky" is.

Penny pictures are the rage just now.

E. C. should know better than to come to school without a belt.

We never thought of C. C. as a sponge; but Miss C. says that he absorbs things.

Everyone in the chemistry class was very much surprised when Mr. S. made the startling announcement that A. H. was in a trance.

G. W., the "contortionist."

"What are those names behind the blind in Room 8 there for?" is an oft repeated question. Only those to whom they belong know.

1906.

Ask B. L. for the latest pronunciation of "Sabines."

D. S. is a second Eschulyus.

D. G. is greatly interested in flying machines.

O. M., otherwise known as Pebo, would be a good travelling agent to advertise some hair grower.

Will the geometry class ever learn to draw circles?

Room 6 possesses a novelty in the shape of a tame Hippopotamus, that is harmless. He is known by the pet name Hip.

R. J. translating French: "The leader of the orchestra composed an outrage of twenty volumes."

The girls have a fad for having their

pictures taken in miniature. The boys have a fad for stealing them.

We think that R. M. is aiming to be a minister, because he writes texts on his chemistry note book. Before examination we saw one like this, "In God we trust."

1907.

Who threw A. D. out of the window in Room 6 at recess? Do you suppose his hands were dirty?

A. Q. is hardly tall enough to light the gas.

Please do not laugh at little boys like H. S.

Wanted: A transportation check to Wenham. R. W.

Ask B. H. how to pronounce "picturesque."

E. D. and G. R. seem to have formed a "studying trust."

One by one, they come marching into the reading class.

H. S. and A. W. must have a whispering license.

H. S. beasts are becoming dangerous.

A. C. should not tag the girls in her vicinity.

By T. S.'s dream, he has been to the "good place" and been returned.

Being a boy isn't all that it's cracked up to be. It is always the boy who has to run on errands, who has to split the wood, get the coal, cut the grass, water the flowers, rake the paths, shovel the paths in winter; and it is this boy who has to get all his lessons in between times. Why were not some of us, girls, who have nothing to do but study their lessons, read some popular novel and play on the piano.

J. E. F., '02.



## Exchanges.

We extend our hearty congratulations to the "Debater," from Wakefield, Mass., on its first number. We judge from the editorials that you have a smart editor; from the advertisements, that you have a wide-awake business manager; from the general appearance of your first number, that your paper will be a success.

The "Cherry and White," from Williamsport, Pa., has the neatest cover which we have seen this month. A neat exterior is usually an indication of a good interior, and such is the case with the "Cherry and White."

The exchange editor of the "Guard and Tackle" asks the question, "What shall we do with our exchanges?" It seems that this is a question which is troubling our California brethren a good deal. We may not be able to help you in your difficulty, but at least we can tell you what we do with our "exchanges." The exchange editor receives them from the post office and reads them as thoroughly as time will permit. After he has made his comments on them, he places them in the AEGIS office. We have a large rack here, which is capable of holding about one hundred papers very comfortably. Our office is connected with the library and is always open during school hours and usually in the afternoon. Here the students are allowed free access to the papers whenever they are inclined to read them. This system works admirably and as for "a number of our best exchanges mysteriously disappearing," as the "Guard and Tackle" complains of, we will say that while the present editor has been in charge of the "exchanges" not one has been lost or "mysteriously disappeared."

In our last issue we complimented the "Index" of Haverford, Pa., on their column of short sketches, entitled "A Batch of Dialects," and at the same time we advocated the adoption of some such column by our fellow papers. We admit that it takes a good deal of pains to select a column such as we desire to see. The AEGIS has no such column, owing to the lack of material and, what is equally important, our lack of space. We are glad to see that the "Item" of Dorchester, Mass. contains such a column, under the title of "Sketches." However, we do not wish our readers to think that this is a result of our suggestion, for the "Item" was published before our own exchange column was written. Nevertheless we are glad to note that the "Item" is following up (to good advantage, judging from the contents of their "Sketch" column) so profitable and so interesting a branch of literature.

We always welcome the "Murdock" with its neat cover. We are surprised to learn that there are only a little over a hundred pupils in their High School. This fact makes their paper more interesting, for it shows that every one in the school must help, otherwise they would not turn out such a good paper. Good work, Winchendonians!

"Saved by the Flag" is really the best story we have read this month. It appears in the "H. S. News" from Eugene, Oregon. If the "News" had held a contest for prize stories, which by the way is an excellent idea for all our H. S. papers to follow up, surely, this story must have captured or rather, would have been unanimously accorded the first prize. The exchange editor became greatly interested in this fas-

inating account of "Captain Clark" and his famous "Oregon," and would like to ask if the story is true. If it is founded on facts it will add another charm to this already charming story.

We welcome the "Crimson and White" from the "Fish City." The Christmas farce, "In Disguise," is very good. We have, however, one suggestion to make and that is that you separate your editorials one from the other by a small space. We do not like to see in papers, editorials in so jumbled up style.

We certainly envy the N. E. Manual Training School. We learn from the "Archive" that they have a camera club, a school orchestra, a debating society, a glee club, a mandolin club, all of which are in a flourishing condition. Would that we, in Beverly, had some such school organizations!

### Tucker: a Crow.

#### A TRUE STORY.

When my grandmother was a little girl she lived on a large farm in the country, and she and her brother were always exploring and wandering about in the woods. One day, while thus engaged, they found a young crow which had fallen from the nest and had broken its wing. My grandmother immediately gathered it into her motherly sunbonnet and carried it home, where she nursed it until he grew well and strong.

During his period of convalescence "Tucker," as she called him, grew very tame and would follow her about the farm, shrieking in ear splitting tones, "Caw! Caw!" His regular diet consisted of crackers and bits of meat, but sometimes he would devour

"smart-weed," and then an exciting half-hour would ensue, as the weed always proved quite indigestible.

Tucker was now a fine large bird with lustrous black plumage, and he was very vain. He was wont to sit on the front gate, scolding and mocking passersby with shrill caws and guttural croaks. One fine day, while thus pleasantly engaged, a man appeared, smoking a cigar. As he approached, Tucker stood motionless on one leg, eyes closed, an ebony monument of patience. But when the man came near, Tucker uttered such a volley of shrieks that for a moment the victim was stunned. But then turning angrily, with a muttered "This'll fix you!" he knocked the hot cigar ashes down poor Tucker's throat.

Poor Tucker suffered for some time, and upon his recovery, it was noticed that he took up his seat as far from the street as possible, and also that his voice lacked the old defiant ring, and had acquired a certain sad and melancholy note.

Tucker also had other grievances. A huge rooster, nine years old, by the name of Sir Rouser, lived in the barnyard with his thriving family, and between him and Tucker there was a lasting enmity. As this bird's years increased, so likewise, did his temper and tailfeathers. He was very handsome, however, having a combination of glossy black, red and green plumage. Many fierce battles were waged and the battlefield, after one of these combats, lay strewn with feathers galore, but not stained by so much as a drop of blood.

But the fatal day drew near. One fine morning, Tucker, completely absorbed, was devouring a choice morsel, when Sir Rouser tip toed stealthily up

behind and grabbed the tidbit. He fled with the prize. Tucker followed in hot pursuit, when suddenly Sir Rowser turned upon his long hated enemy, and with fatal accuracy drove one of his long spurs through Tucker's breast. Poor Tucker was dead instantly and the conqueror called his greedy family and they despatched the tidbit with gusto.

Towards noon, my bereaved little grandmother, missing Tucker, went to look for him and finding him lying rigid in the hot sunshine dead, his little claws upraised, his poor little eyes glazed and sightless, she threw herself down beside him and sobbed and sobbed until from very exhaustion she fell asleep. And so she was found late that afternoon sound asleep, with tear streaked face, clasping the stiff, cold, little body of poor Tucker.

But retribution followed swiftly, for next day Sir Rouser was confined to the narrow limits of a kettle, and, though boiled all day and all night, this knightly slayer of crows was too tough to eat.

BESSIE P. MARTIN.

#### The Lost Gloves.

The day had been rather cold and flakes of snow were already falling in the frosty air. Charlie Dempsey, a healthy robust boy, fond of out-of-door sports, was just returning from school. A pleasant thought came to his mind, to have a snowball match that night; but then, he looked at his red hands and sighed. He had not yet bought his winter gloves, since he had not felt the need of any up to that time. He ran home as fast as he could to let his mother know what he wished. The money was brought out; and soon,

Charlie was spinning up the street with his new gloves while happy thoughts danced in his head of what fun he would have. Several days went by, until at last one night Charlie came slowly home from school with his throat full of lumps and his head bowed, for he had lost those new gloves; and he knew his mother would scold, perhaps do something worse, when he told her. He might tell her that Teddy Wilson had taken them; but then, that would be a lie. He might say that he had left them at school; but that, too, would be false; for he had not remembered a thing about them since noon. So he went right to his mother and told her squarely that he had lost his gloves. The first thing Charlie knew was that he was being hurried off to bed, and that he would have no more gloves until Christmas. Time wore on slowly, the days were very cold, yet Charlie had to endure all and even refrain from play, for he had no gloves. Finally Christmas came, and on Christmas morning the first thing he saw was a new pair of gloves hanging on the very top of the tree. This note was attached to them:—

"These gloves are given to Charlie with the command that he will care for them, for if they are lost he will go without gloves for the rest of the winter."

Signed "Santa Claus."

All Christmas vacation, Charlie was making up for his lost play; but all the time he had in his mind the promise to look out for the gloves.

As the winter slowly passed, he forgot about them and one day in February he rushed up to his mother's room all out of breath to tell her that he had lost his second pair of gloves.

He could not remember anything about them, not even where he had worn them last. This time his mother said nothing; but told him to go out and stay until she called, for he knew what Santa Claus had said. So the rest of the winter it was no uncommon sight to see Charlie standing about with his hands in his pockets looking at the other boys while the neighbors thought it funny that Charlie Dempsey had not played as much as usual.

The balmy days of spring came like a flash. All the boys put their gloves away and Charlie was once more happy. One day, the boys of the Dempsey neighborhood decided to spend the day a holiday — at the pond in sailing boats. Charlie was one of these and always enjoyed this sport. The first sight that met the crowd when they reached the bank of the pond was a pair of red gloves, just like Charlie's lost ones. Immediately, Charlie recognized them, and tried to see if they fitted. Indeed, they fitted. Then he went back over the incidents in his memory, and he remembered that he had been skating on the same pond on the day that he had lost his gloves. He remembered that he had taken them off to strap on his skates and had left them. He ran as fast as he could to tell his mother of his discovery, when he drew them from his pocket. She was quite surprised and immediately put them away, for they were just as good as new. That winter taught Charlie a lesson, and forever after he was more careful with all his things, but most especially his gloves.

B. J., '06.

#### Observations.

One of the most noticeable characteristics of the American people is that

habit which is vulgarly called "rubbering." In the B. H. S. perhaps this is as marked as in any other locality. A boy, just before entering a room, permitted his curiosity to overcome him for a time, and gazed fixedly into a room on the opposite side of the hall. The natural result was that he ran not too softly into the door, and his nose was flattened painfully on the edge.

In the same way, a youth in the laboratory, while gazing at the amusing children outside the window, came up with a round turn against one of the tanks. Countless small boys of the ninth grade, while looking at some girl behind, run down a teacher who is trying to dodge in through the vollicking crowd in the hall. And yet none of us can boast that we are free from this habit.

H. W., '05.

I had a hard essay to read and to study. I strapped it in among my school books and started for home feeling vexed at all the world, and most of all at that individual, that author of the essay. The delicious dinner revived my drooping spirits a little, but at the sight of that dreadful essay I returned to my state of indignation. The essay must be dry. I knew that it was, and I was obliged to study it.

I began reading in a sort of listless manner, when a particularly interesting figure of speech arrested my attention. I turned back and read it again, finding new beauties. Soon, I found a humorous phrase and I actually smiled. I began to read with eagerness and with a clearer understanding. When I had finished, I recalled all the interesting things and decided that Carlyle knew how to write an essay that would make a man live, that would make him seem like any of us. "I do not care," I said to myself, "if I have to read another essay like this."

A. K., '05

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**Class Photographer for 1904, E. G.**

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