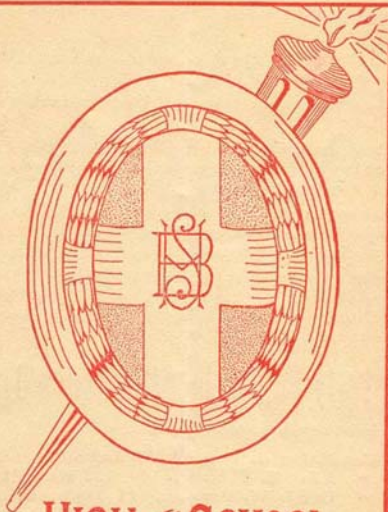


ÆGIS



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49 Beverly Pupils in Attendance This Year.

We haven't space to name them all, but refer to

Miss Mabel H. Pedrick, 23 Lake Shore Ave.
" Alice E. Thissell, 122 Hale Street
" Bessie W. Preston, 11 Neptune Street
" Ethel L. Dwyer, Hart Street
Mr. Elmer F. Hinkley, 3 Knowlton Street
" Amos L. Odell, 9 Brown Street

Write for catalogue and full description of any or all courses.

GEO. P. LORD, Principal.

THE AEGIS.

Vol. II.

BEVERLY, JUNE, 1903.

No. 10

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

Tautog Fishing.

Did you ever catch a tautog? Never did? Well, some day when the tide is running out, you go down to the wharf and get a boat or a canoe—canoe preferred, because you can handle it better when you get to your place of vantage. Then drop down on the tide, till you come to Eagle Island or Big Gooseberry or Cunny. Cunny' is best because its nearest and easiest to land on.

Take your split bamboo rod, a good piece of line on a reel and some *bass* hooks with double gut.

The first thing to do, when you get to the island, is to find a tin can.

Then you must take off your shoes and stockings and wade into the little pool in the little marsh on the north-east side of the island, and turn over some stones.

Do you see any little crabs? If so, grab them. Put them in the tin can; of course that's what it is for.

Now go out on the outside, the south-east side of the island; get just as near to the water as possible; put the crab on the hook in a manner that will be fairly comfortable; pull out as much line as you can cast, and bang away.

If the crab reaches the bottom without being eaten up by the cunners, you are very fortunate. To save time we

will presume that you are very fortunate.

When the assistant gets a good firm hold on the bottom, don't think you have to yank him out again' but pull the line slightly tight—keep him just on the rein, as it were. By and by, you will feel something nosing around him, perhaps. Probabilities are that its a cunner again, but maybe its what you're after.

Now comes the scientific part of catching a fish. Mind, I don't say the skillful part, that'll come later; but the scientific part—the head work.

The correct way to do this is to make believe you're a tautog making preparations for getting outside of a crab. If you find that you can't do this, you are no fisherman. You have no right to be lazy, and you may as well go back to the stool and put the pen behind your ear. If you can, you want to wait until you think you could have hooked the crab. All well, to detect fraud, wait till you could have got him well into your mouth; wait several seconds longer for this particular tautog who is a little more cautious and not quite so smart as you would be under the same circumstances, then yank.

I'm sorry, very sorry, but you'll find it sticking in his mouth when you do catch him. Now put on another hook and try, try again.

You put on the new hook all right, and then you find that the crabs have all climbed out of the can and gone home. It doesn't do any good to talk that way, don't do it! Just go back and get some more. There! Now, I guess, you'll get that old fellow all right, but I won't wait for you. To save time, I'll tell you now that when you do get him hooked, you will have the time of your life.

I remember the first one that I ever caught, biggest one I ever saw! Never touched me — but really, I don't care for any more, thank you! He had me winded the minute he gave in, and just as I landed him on a rock, near me, he bit the gut off the hook. I dived, tackled high, got both fists in his gills and lay right down on him till I got my breath. He was as long as a good sized rock-cod. We cut him up in steaks and ate him.

Its no use your saying anything about fish stories. I can prove every word of this.

AFTERWORD.

Men with red necks will come to you with tales of seducing tautogs with a clam and about hauling them out of water by main strength and a cod-line. Put your fingers in your ears.

Sunset at Camp.

As I gaze out of the brown flap of my tent in the mellow light of the setting sun, a beautiful picture lies before me: that of the summer camp of the militia. Far back, I see the white roofs of the cook houses, then comes the long, straight line of the soldiers' quarters, and before them the thin stretch of captains' tents and jastly those of the superior officers.

The folds of the tents are down and all is prepared for the night, when "boom!" roars the cannon at the artillery quarters and the echoing sound tells that the sun has set and another day is gone.

Instantly there is a change; the cook drops his utensils, a private knocking a ball to his chum in the camp street drops his bat, a group of officers chatting together cease their conversation, one and all stand to attention with heads bared and faces towards a large elm where suspended from one of its branches floats the emblem of the nation.

Ere the echo of the cannon has died away, the band commences a stanza of the "Star Spangled Banner" and the rich melody as it floats over the fields seems to mean more than ever before. Slowly the proud flag draws near the earth as if loath to leave its high and exalted place even for the short space of a night.

R. C., '05.

There's the grocer's bill and the coal-man's bill,
And for many a year they'll be there still.
The wolf is howling for his gore
Outside the annoying landlord's door.
So the papers should say, Poor fellow he—
Blew out his brains in despondency.
But he loves his book,
And he loves his smoke
And he'll sit and croak on one old joke.
He says, "When each creditor draws his pen
Through a page that can cause no vain
hopes again,
And I have thrust what is left of me
On the undertaker's charity,
They'll weep and they'll mourn
With their blackest clothes on,
And they'll wink at each other
And say, 'He is gone
Where there's nary a book
And there's nary a joke;
But at least there's an excellent chance to
smoke.'"

A Fable.

Once there were two young men. There always are if you only take the trouble to find them, but not the same ones that I mean. One was good; the other was bad. The good one had a lovely wife and a beautiful home just like the ones in the *Ladies' Home Journal*. If the bad one could find a place to hang up his hat, he hung it up. Otherwise he allowed it to remain on his head. One day, the bad young man, who lived under his hat, was in a jewelry store buying some engagement rings at reduced rates. By a happy chance he was able to fill his pockets with unset gems.

During his sojourn in Canada, he married the princess of Craneygranstarkrow, who was travelling in disguise. She renounced her crown and sold the principality to Mr. Morgan for a golf-course. He paid for it \$500,000. In looking it over, and discovering the fertility of the soil, the industry of the peasants, etc., he gave up his original plan and organized the Craneygranstarkrow Stock Company, which is now paying 1½% on common as well as the regular 5% on preferred. Space forbids my putting down the amount of capital stock. He hopes in time to consolidate with other principalities, kingdoms, grand duchys, empires, etc., for the purpose of forming the United States-Europe Company.

The princess and the bad man lived very happily ever afterwards; their only regret being that they had sold so cheaply. The princess herself often remarked, "My dear, we might have hung on for another ten thousand."

That very night, a water pipe broke

in the beautiful house of the good young man. He was obliged to employ a plumber for thirty-seven and a half minutes. However, he was able to pull through by putting a mortgage on the house. He did not tell his lovely wife, who was an innocent young thing and did not know anything about labor unions.

Next day she bought a new spring hat. The courts let him off for three cents on a dollar, but the honest young man, by selling some of the coffee spoons and fish knives that they had received as wedding presents, was able to pay eight. They lived in poverty and wretchedness ever afterward.

Moral: "Virtue is its own reward."

Immoral: God helps those that help themselves.

Caution: Fables aren't true stories; you mustn't believe them at all.

On Saturday, June the twentieth, or, if that day is rainy or dubious, on Friday, June twenty-six, Miss Clark will accompany the tenth and eleventh grades to Concord, Mass. The party will leave Beverly at eight twenty-two and leave Boston at eight fifty-nine. The places of interest in Concord will be visited, then lunch boxes will be opened and enjoyed. The return will be by electric cars through Lexington.

The true observer is not the one who sees a thing and is able to say that it is charming, or interesting, or blue, or beautiful, or three hundred feet high, or never-ceasing, or yellow; but the one who sees things and makes them his own, a part of himself, and who is better or worse, is sadder or merrier because he has seen them.

If you can think of an epigram that sounds all right, it is a good idea to write it down; because the first person who reads it is pretty sure to think of something for it to mean.

THE ÆGIS.

CHESTER C. POPE, EDITOR.

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5 WASHINGTON STREET.

Editorials.

The High School students seem to be losing interest in the baseball team. At the Newburyport game, at which the team surely needed encouragement, not a cheer was given. The grandstand was fairly full of Beverly supporters, but they did not do more than clap their hands once or twice. Perhaps it was because the cheer leader was not there, but even then they might have chosen someone to lead the cheers. We think, ourselves, that the cheer leader was a good deal to blame, because he chose to sit in a carriage with a few intimate friends, rather than help the High School. Considering that the cheering for the foot ball team last fall was an especial feature, it seems rather queer that the students should fail the ball team. Some say that the ball team is disgracing the High School. Perhaps, if these very people should collect a crowd and cheer for Beverly, the team

would do better. It can not be expected to play snappy ball when their own comrades look on, with faces a yard long, and make comments on the errors. Even the first class game failed to elicit any noise. Surely the enthusiasm must be running low.

This is the last number of the ÆGIS that will be presented by the present staff. Next year the work will be undertaken by a new staff, the names of which will be found below. *Two editors are to be tried instead of one. This will make the work easier and will also divide the responsibility. The Ciceronian Debating Club, which is now a permanent thing, on a firm basis, will have a separate reporter to write the accounts of the meetings. The financial state of the paper is very good. It has already given twenty-five dollars to the Athletic Association and there is still a surplus. The emergency fund established by the paper last year has not been touched this year. We owe many thanks to Miss Clark of the English Department for her helpful suggestions and her work in supervising the paper. We also desire to thank the many students who have written articles for the paper, thereby showing an interest in the literary work. The following staff has been chosen for the year 1903-4: Editors-in-chief: Albert S. Murray, Caroline A. Wilson; Associate editors: Albert Wallis, Ruel P. Pope, Bernice J. Andrews, Scott B. Putnam, Marjorie C. Woodbury; Exchange editor, Ethel M. Martin; Athletic editor, C. Archie Herrick; Alumni editor, Hollis L. Cameron; Business manager, James P. Fullerton; Assistant managers, Joseph F. Williams, Jesse H. Mason, Dudley R. Griffin.

Athletics.

May 28. A special meeting of the Athletic Association was called by Pres Stanley. The meeting was called for the purpose of deciding the matter as to whether we should hold an outdoor class meet. It was laid on the table and it is probable the meet will not be held until September.

GENERAL REMARKS.

In the September AEGIS will be published the batting, fielding and pitching averages of the B.H.S. baseball team for 1903. The results of the baseball games not already published will also be found in this number.

May Athletics of all kinds be as prosperous, if not more so, as they have been the past year, under the new Athletic Association.

During the past school year Beverly High School has been well represented in Athletics in general. Last fall we had an excellent football team which defeated all the surrounding schools as well as teams from Boston. As there is to be no graduation this year, we should have a strong team on the gridiron next fall. Next year's football team will be under the leadership of James Fullerton, captain, and C. Archie Herrick, manager.

The baseball team has done better than was expected at the first of the season. Next spring Beverly High School should have a fast team on the diamond. However, considering the new material which had to be developed, Beverly has had a fairly good season.

BASEBALL.

B.H.S. 7, SALEM COMMERCIAL 5.

May 20. On Wednesday afternoon, Beverly played her second game with

Salem Commercial and won. This was the first game played on Peabody's field and things were about even, the field being new to both teams. This was the closest game played and was very interesting throughout the entire game. Just after the game began a shower came and delayed the game for about five minutes.

Fullerton was in the box for Beverly while Hopkins did the twirling for Salem. Fullerton excelled in the pitching, striking out ten men to Hopkins six. Beverly batted well in this game and seemed to hit at will.

Errors were very scarce in this game, only one error being made by Beverly, while Salem made three.

Bradley and Stanley excelled for Salem, Stanley making four put outs. He made a difficult running catch of Fullerton's high fly. Robertson took Quigley's place at second and did good work at second bag. Williams also played a good game at first.

Summary:

Innings,	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Total
B.H.S.,	0	1	1	0	0	2	0	3	7	
Salem Com'l,	1	0	0	0	3	0	0	1	5	

B.H.S. 18, CLIFTONDALE Y.M.C.A. 9.

May 23. Saturday afternoon Beverly defeated Cliftondale Y.M.C.A. on the Common by the score 18-9.

Beverly did not play ball at any time during the entire game. Our boys hit fairly well but fielded very poorly. Cliftondale had an old Burdett College pitcher in the box, but did not seem to be very effective. The game was uninteresting throughout. Robertson, however, pitched a great game for Beverly.

Summary:

Innings,	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Total
B.H.S.	3	6	4	0	0	1	4	0	18	
Cliftondale,	0	2	2	0	5	0	0	0	9	

The Burglars.

"Why, what is it?"

"Its a lantern, a truly burglar's lantern," answered Betty. The two girls, Betty and her cousin, Dorothy, were rummaging among the old curiosities in the garret, and Betty had just discovered a dark lantern. They ran downstairs, and on the way, they met Jack, Betty's brother, "Give it to me, will you, Bet?"

"No-o, what for?" demanded Betty.

"Oh nothing," not willing to divulge his plans to her. "Anyhow, its a boy's thing, not a girls."

"Well, you won't get it if it is, Mr. Jack," answered Betty, and she ran off followed by Dorothy.

That night Betty's mother and father had gone out for a call, and Betty and Dorothy were upstairs.

"I wish I had that Pepper book up here," sighed Dorothy.

"Let's go down for it and we'll take the lantern." The plan pleased them both and they were soon creeping downstairs with the lantern carefully darkened.

As they were coming out of the library, they heard footsteps coming along the hall. They knew it was Jack, and as he passed the door, he saw a ray of light streaming from under the door.

"Father home so soon. Guess I'll go in." He opened the door but instead of the gas jet burning, he saw a glaring eye turned full on him. He knew at once what it was. "Burglars!" In all the stories he had ever read, these lanterns were among the necessary implements of house breaking. No suspicion of Betty or Dorothy crossed his mind.

He slipped quickly back into the

hall, and called for James as loudly as he could, for he was a little frightened. Suddenly, he heard a peal of laughter coming from the library.

"Oh, he thinks we are burglars!" cried Betty. "Oh, how brave he is! He could capture a burglar single handed!" and Betty suddenly choked with laughter.

How mortified Jack felt! Two girls, to whom he had often bragged, to fool him like this! And of course James must hurry to the scene with Mary close behind him, and then the bell rang, and papa and mamma had come home to find the two-amazed servants gazing at Betty and Dorothy, who were doubled up with laughter at being mistaken for burglars, and a very mortified boy, who refused to answer the questions of excited James.

To soothe Jack's wounded pride, Dorothy and Betty gave the lantern to him, but he never after mentioned "burglars" in the girls' hearing.

Class Notes.

Good old naughty-four still keeps her honors. 1904, 12. 1905, 10.

What do you suppose Miss W. referred to when she said, "Well, R., you're going to a place where you'll find that they won't wait all day for you"?

H.L. thinks that Silas Marnier was a spinster.

H.C.'s height is very convenient, sometimes, when the calendar is needed.

Ask A.W. to tell the story about the man who threw his mother-in-law a crow-bar when she was drowning.

N.C.M. has "Smuggled Goods" for a lecture subject in the history class.

J.W. tries to keep the floor all of the time in Parliamentary Law. Why not give someone else a chance.

Someone of the Law class forgot and addressed Miss Wood as "Mr. Chairman."

Please put your derivation of the Latin word that you had in one of your exams

A.W. says he does not agree with Ruskin that a woman might not be an ornament. He prefers an ornament to a phonograph.

A collection will be taken for A.W. so that he may have a stamp for a letter.

1905.

B.J. didn't know the difference between a "financier" and a "fiancée"; but she knows now.

Ask W. for the definition of the mixed declension.

"Two souls with but a single thought; two hearts that beat as one."
G.W. and M.A.

Wanted: A good translation for "Mon Dieu." Apply to the French class.

It was a surprise to many to find that C.C. is not yet through playing with dolls.

A.B.H.: A.B., S.B., Ph.D., assistant instructor in German.

J. thinks that Miss C. gave him that part in "Lear" on purpose.

It was rather hard for J. to have to divulge his sentiments before the whole class.

Miss E. thinks that A.A. takes up too much of the stairway.

It is very amusing to hear G.P. translate French. She is not at all bashful.

Really, it seems as if R.P. ought to know the difference between a man's stomach and his brains.

Hello, 1904. Who is going to have the box this time?

1907.

W.B., the high jumper.

H.R. is making art masterpieces for the St. Louis exposition.

C.W., otherwise known as Jonah, is president of the new organization in Room 5.

Another scholar has procured a "let down" from the woolen mills.

How many eyes has H.R.

What made R.A. sit down so suddenly?

I Know.

Leaves have just commenced to rustle,—
Dried up oak-leaves on the ground.

It's the sound o' things a-growin';

Sign that spring's a-comin' round.

Tad-pole feels his legs a-startin',

Ducks are eatin' up the mud.

Pick'rel lyin' on the bottom

'S a-feelin' hungry as he shud.

Save yer life, yer can't help wishin'

When the steam's a-risin' slow

In the lazy, hazy warmness

You was fishin', guess I know!

For July.

Once more, I revel in that long vacation,
To every school-boy heart supremely dear,
And blithely sing a song of education,
To be a source of joy to all who hear,
Of wild and free and savage delectation,
To many a lesson-wearied, hum-drummed ear.

Little drops of water,

Little drops of paint,

Make a lady's freckles

Look as if they ain't.

—Ex.

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