



BEYERLY HIGH SCHOOL



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MARJORIE WOODBURY



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No. 3

The Shadow of Revenge.

The moonlight dripped stealthily yet surely through the dusty green branches of the olive trees guarding the highway; and fell in little silver puddles of light on the bare redness of eastern sand. At the turn of the road, dark silhouettes of fringed palm branches mingled fantastically with the dim shadows of the olive branches. In the distance, from the cave on Mount Olivet came a leper creeping like a giant snail and slinking in the shadow to avoid observation. Gripped tightly in her arms was an earthen water vessel. She was stealing like a fox in the night toward the well in the distance to draw the water when no one should be there to curse or drive her away. But the road was terrible long; an infinite space of wide plain stretched between her and the goal. The parched sand, still heated from the fierce glare of the oriental sun, burned her rudely sandaled feet. When she lifted her face, from which the linen swathed about her head was drawn back, the brilliant moonlight revealed the terrible emaciation of her features, the horrible transformation wrought by the disease. She plodded on wearily but a jauntiness came over her; visions rose before her of sparkling streams gushing from the arid roadside. She stretched out her hands to cool her heated lips but felt

nothing. It was only the silvery moonlight rippling through the tree-tops. But yet the well could not be far distant. At the turn of the road, she sank exhausted under the shade of a sheltering palm. How long the weird shadows played over her immovable form no one knew. The silvery tinkling of bells, near at hand, stole through her senses and brought her back to consciousness.

The beautiful Jewish heiress, Amrah, was returning from worship in Jerusalem to her palace in the hills. Seated on her favorite camel, whose long white hair appeared ghostlike, she was singing snatches of chants in time with the rocking pace of the camel. The silken hangings of purple embroidered with gold, covering the back of the sturdy beast, indicated the rank of the rider. Behind her, followed the dusky slave attendant swathed in yellow turban and white linen. The camel which the Egyptian rode, was gawky and stepped rudely in contrast with the graceful movements of the preceding animal. As she neared the turn of the road, Amrah forgot her chant and fell into deep contemplation of the scene she had just left. She saw herself consecrated for life as priestess in the temple. All the people called to her in their need,

and she gave to them in bounty; they bowed before her and drew aside their garments when she passed, that they might not corrupt her purity.

At this point in her mental soliloquy, she was startled by the uncanny shriek of the leper, "Unclean! Unclean!" Believing the cry to come from the opposite side of the road, she quickly drew the stubborn camel towards the huge palm under which the leper crouched. Again came the involuntary cry, "Unclean! Unclean!"

What use to cry for help from a haughty princess? It was her only chance nevertheless. What if she died; her existence was one long night of isolation. But then she was starving; she must have life; she could bear this torture of leprosy rather than death. Here was her last chance, her only play. Instantly she grasped at this decision as a drowning man at the last straw. Surely no human being could be devoid of pity and sympathy for the suffering.

So she crawled to the feet of the camel, and grovelling in the dust she screamed in a shrill voice, "Help, oh, help! Benevolent Princess! help a poor leper in the terrible torture of starvation." The Jewish maiden recoiled from the crouching form but

gazed with a fixed fascination on the blanched features, horribly contorted, which were raised in pitiful appeal in the moonlight. "Oh, Hagar, Hagar!" she shrieked, "strike her from the nag that she pollute not my garments." With a terrible blow from behind, the slave spurred her mistress' camel on. The leper leaped fiercely to one side of the Princess grasping her flowing robe in a firm grip. "Help, help!" she shrieked, "one piece of money! only a mite, God will reward you! Help, Oh, help!" Amrah in her fury and terror, feeling the bony hands gripping her robe tore her jewelled dagger and buried it deep in the breast of the poor suppliant. With an unearthly heart-rending scream which penetrated even the dim caves far up on the mountain sides, the leper received the blow. In her madness, the Princess wrenched the clinging hand from her robe and the dead form fell with a heavy hollow thud on the bristly turf. With one awful blow of her cudgel, Amrah spurred her camel into a mad pace. Terror blanched her face and she beat the poor beast in a blind fury until he rushed like a whirlwind across the moonlit plain. At her palace gates, she fell fainting and was carried to her room by faithful attendants. All night, she tossed in fear on her mattress. She had committed a crime? Oh, no, on the other hand she had rid the community of one of those terrible menaces to the public welfare. But then there was the horrible shriek still resounding in her ears and the pitiful pleading of the upturned face.

Down on the plain, at the turn of the road, blood dyed the green turf and the moonlight flowing over it became soiled also. The carrion crow, attracted to the spot made a few preparatory circles in the air and then sank down with a triumphant cry to gorge himself in blood. But the poor leper slept on and no wayfarer

troubled her dreams; for her soul was in paradise.

A week later, the beautiful Jewess was returning from Jerusalem. There was still a glamour of moonlight over the eastern highway; Amrah had been to the Temple and taken her vows of purity. Thus by a life of duty, she thought to do penance. As she neared the spot of the former tragedy, just fear began to work upon her mind. She called to Hagar to ride by her side. From the dense thickness of the palm came a weird call, "Unclean! unclean!" Amrah peered into the dimness while a terrible fear gripped her heart. She looked for her slave by her side. But horrors! Beside the camel, crouched the white form of the leper. The cold sweat stood out in great drops on her forehead; her whole body shook as with the ague. "Help! help! help!" came the pleading cry. The ghostly hands of the phantom reached up and grasped her arm. She stared into the shadow, fascinated by the vision and bound to the spot by invisible hands. Then one long weird uncanny shriek pierced the stillness and curdled the blood in her veins. She saw the apparition fall with a heavy thud. From its breast, the jewelled handle of a dagger protruded and in fury letters stood out the word, Amrah! The linen was drawn away from the face. In the full splendor of the moonlight the features were sharply outlined against the verdure. God have mercy! The face was — HER OWN! In maddening terror Amrah clasped her hands together until the nails pierced her tender flesh. What did she feel? Her tender flesh was parched and scaly. She felt the skin fall from her fingers at her own touch. She brushed her hand across her forehead to clear away the mist before her vision. Her eyebrows dropped away in masses. Her face was ghostly, "My God!" she screamed, "the Vendetta!" What a maddening discovery? The

disease was upon her. She was a leper. "Ha! Ha! What did it matter?" Was not the world before her? Everything would be so amusing, indeed, everything was a mockery. Ha! Ha! Unclean! Unclean! Why should they ever remind her of that Her hands were as white as anyone's. She would convince herself of that. There, spread out in the moonlight, they were pure. But, no, a grim red spot glowed on the blanched palm. She would cover it from the sight of the world and laugh at their follies. No one could know. If they came too near, she would shriek, "Unclean! unclean!" But they could never know why.

Thus the beautiful Jewess rushed on ever towards the west, a leper, a madman! Was not the murdered leper sufficiently avenged?

HAZEL E. WESTON, '05.

Ice Boating.

Did you ever go ice boating? Well, some afternoon on a cold, windy day, take a car for Chebacco Lake. A half hour ride and a ten minute walk brings you to the lake. Any man who owns an ice boat would be glad to take you for ballast. An ice boat as you will see, is a triangular framework, with runners at each corner. One of these runners turns by a handle like the rudder of a boat. Most iceboats have a bowsprit, and carry both jib and mainsail. Men who run ice boats have little picks on the soles of their shoes so they cannot slip. If you are going to sail on an iceboat, you will need every warm wrap you can get. When you get on the boat, come up from behind it and jump aboard. The man at the helm swings the boat around, and it begins to crawl along. Slowly the boat gains headway, until a gust strikes the big mainsail; then, the boat seems to leap forward.

Faster and faster it flies. The wind roars in your ears. The ice

comes up in front, and shoots away behind you. The runners cut into the ice, and leave a flying cloud of ice chips. Now you are nearing the opposite shore, you glance uneasily at the helmsman as you are within two boat-lengths from the shore. Suddenly the tiller is jammed over, and you are almost thrown off, as, with a roar of the runners on the ice, and flapping of sails, the boat comes around on the other tack. The sails fill again, and away you fly, as fast as an express train. Perhaps the wind is gusty, and, as you pass a cove, a squall strikes the boat. The windward runner lifts entirely off the ice, and it looks as if the boat were going to capsize; but the tiller is shifted slightly, and down comes the boat with a thump that almost knocks the breath out of you.

When a fleet of iceboats are out on the lake, it is more exciting. There are races between the fastest boats, and trials of speed. Now and then an iceboat is dismasted, and occasionally, two collide. When they do come together, there is not much left but a pile of rope, canvas and kindling wood. It is seldom that anybody gets hurt, because, anyone on a boat would be sent spinning along the ice. The bugbear of ice boating is open water. If an iceboat should happen to run into open water, a number of things might occur.

SCOTT B. PUTNAM.

A Story of the Monastery.

The Father Leverill rang his bell slowly for the early mass. From the opposite side of the confession hall, echoed the subdued tones of Father Leverill's competitor, Father Andrews. For although joined to the Holy Monastery of St. Francis, these two were striving against each other. Father Leverill was younger and more attractive, but Father Andrews was wiser and more respected. They were the chief instructors in the monastery. Each tried to get the

most pupils, and in all charitable expeditions, each tried to earn the most praise. The competition waxed fierce, and the young men waiting to take the vows were many.

As the bell rang, from the different corridors, the students emerged and gathered about their respective leaders. The Father Abbott stood up and commenced the service. The bell continued to sound dismally. But the confessions went on, and each father counted his flock and his competitor's also. When the service was over, all went slowly away except the two monks who walked on either side of the corridor, eyes on the ground, tinkling the little silver bells, then the daily customs went on.

It was some time before the little cripple turned from the window and took up the "White Cow" to peruse again the stories of monks. For there were no monks, there was no monastery. The monks were two scissors grinders walking slowly along each side of the street, ringing their bells. The students were the people who came in response to the call "scissors to grind". The crippled boy loved to imagine such things about his "world neighbors," as he called them, sitting alone at his window, day in and day out. This was the result of reading James Allen's "White Cow" and I have no doubt that if even such a common place person as you, my reader, go by, he will think of some interesting imaginative story to put you in.

CAROLINE WILSON '05.

A Sailor's Tale.

The wind was whistling outside, on a true winter's night. In our sitting room, it was warm and comfortable. Captain Jack (who was visiting us) got up and went to the door. When he came in he remarked, "Glad I'm not out in this gale, although the old ocean always has been pretty good to me." We were seated about the room, all

waiting for Captain Jack to begin a story. That was a perfectly natural thing for us to do, because he always did tell us stories, "Well," said the Captain, "I suppose you'd like to hear about that wreck of mine." I will try to tell you the story, my reader, but you will lose half because you cannot see the face of the Captain as he told it.

"On one of my voyages," began the Captain, "I had a chance to run a plantation on an island near Cuba. The chance was a good one and my wife and I talked it over after arriving home. Finally I decided to give up being a seaman and to turn farmer. After we had been sometime on the island, the Cuban war broke out.

We remained as long as possible but finally decided to return home for safety. When we left port, the captain of the vessel remarked how queer the sky looked. As I was an old seaman, I thought it did look too queer to suit me. The men laughed at me and took it for granted that my stay on dry land had made me skittish; I kept quiet. That night, I walked the deck until late. Suddenly, there was a dead calm, and then a soft breeze played over the water, as a player runs his fingers over the keys. Then a storm broke forth in all its fury, the wind blew and the sleet fell. All hands worked, but in vain. Daylight found us on the rocks where we had been blown.

It was tremendously cold, in the dead of winter and during the night all the men had frozen feet and nearly all had frozen hands. I had worked hard the night before and had been so unfortunate as to be injured. The wind was so strong and rocked the ship so hard that I was thrown from my place and obliged to be put to bed for three days. It was heart rending to see those men work at the pumps. Poor frozen things! My wife cheered them always and they have told me that if it had not been for her kind words they never could have borne it.

She even took the pump when all courage had forsaken them.

Doubtless, it seems curious to you that no vessels were sighted. Ah! they were. But think, could our poor wrecked men climb that shaky, icy rigging and set the signal? Thus it was that we watched vessels come upon the horizon and then sink again, homeward bound; while we were destined, it seemed, to a watery grave. For six days we remained there, thus. The wind had, during this time, blown steady and hope was fast dying.

At last, on the morning of the seventh day, an old negro, sick and suffering, climbed (how, we know not to this day) to the signal. In a few hours, an English vessel came to our rescue. The captain was the last to leave the vessel, and as he stepped into the boat, he touched fire to the wreck. Thus we stood on the deck of a strange vessel and watched the fight between the flames and the angry waves. My wife was weeping softly; you know it is a woman's way, after she has endured danger bravely, to give out when it is time to rejoice. After the war, as you know, we went and settled on the plantation and it's doing well.

But I shall never wholly get over that desire to sail upon the sea. The wife says that I have been sailing long enough, and we must anchor and give the younger ones a chance, and I guess she is about right, she always is.

Alice M. Smith, '05.

A Miser's Christmas Experience.

The heaps of gold glitter in the flickering firelight. An old man leans over them with bent head and stooping shoulders. His skin is wrinkled and his cheeks sunken; but there is a gleam of avarice in his eyes and his worn and knotted hands grasp the tarnished splendor about him with miserly joy. He loves the gold before him with a great and undying passion, and he caresses each piece as he counts them. But

it is selfish love for the spoils of a selfish and loveless life, that has known nothing of happiness or pleasure. His money is his all to him. What cares he that men call him "skinflint" and "miser?" He does not care for their approval. His one aim is to get more money. To this end, he works, unheeding the prayers and curses of those he passes by. Unloving and unloved, he sits musing in the twilight.

He hears a knock at the door and angry at the interruption, he sweeps his money away and answers. The person who stands there, starts in at once: "I hear that you are a miser, that you care more for gold than anything else in the world, and will do anything to get it. I wish to know if it is true, and if it is, I shall show you how to get all that you desire." The old man loses his anger, and becomes interested. Money is always an interesting topic to him. The stranger seeing this, smiles a queer smile. But although he is interested, the miser is not trustful; experience has taught him that men do not willingly give away gold. He hesitates and doubts. "Very well," says the stranger, "there are many others who will be willing to try." "Oh, no, no!" cries the miser nervously, "not that." "Or if you like," the stranger continues, "you may see what you must do first. Then if you do not wish to do it, it will be possible to draw back. It will be hard and only one who wishes greatly to get the money, will venture." "I will do anything," the old man murmurs. The stranger leading, they go into the streets and to the outskirts of the city. At the door of a deserted house, they pause and go in. By the feeble light of a lantern, they grope their way down what seems to be cellar stairs, but long and very dark, leading down, down to nobody knows where. At last they are at the bottom, and then the stranger says: "Here, I must leave you if you will go on. Look and see what dangers lie in wait for you,

then decide whether you will go on or return." The miser looks and trembles, awful indeed is the task that he must do. But after it is done, there lies the gold just as the man has said. Piles and piles of it are there, beyond the fiery waste that lies between. Is it worth the peril that must lie in that raging furnace? In the end, his passionate desire triumphs, and fear stands in the background. He will risk everything for that bright and shining goal. The stranger smiles again, his queer smile and going away says, "If you reach it or even touch it, all will be well, otherwise you perish." Then he is gone.

Flames of all colors gleam about the old man, and devour the path behind him; yet in the awful darkness he can see his hand before him. Horrid shapes rise from the flames all about him and try to drive him back. Distorted figures of all those that he has wronged are there to mock him in his torture. Still he struggles on to that bright goal that is so near and yet so far. He is almost there now, only a few steps more. But just as he is about to touch it, there rises before him the figures of all those whom he has wronged in the last year,—a horde of them who draw him down into the pit.

As he falls, a child in snow white dress and holly crown reaches out her hand to him and bears him with her,—up again to the beautiful world. Never before has the world seemed so beautiful to him and never before has he seen so many happy people. For everyone is joyful and is singing, "Peace on earth, good will toward men." The old man forgets that he is a miser, forgets the curses of those in the pit. He cannot help but sing and be glad with the rest; for it is Christmas day.

H. W., 1905.

My little sister says that a mountain is a grown up hill, and that a plain is made to have horse shows on.



Beverly High School has had a successful season on the gridiron both financially and in the winning of games. The schedule this season was very much harder than in past years, and consisted of the strongest teams in the state, and Beverly High showed up well against them. The wearers of the Orange and Black have done credit to the school.

Too much credit can not be given to the strong line which we had this year. At the tackles A. Wallis, J. Williams and G. Wallis have done excellent work and played well against their heavy opponents. At the guards, J. Mason and E. Berry have played a star game throughout the season. At centre, H. Kent has filled his position in a manner deserving of great credit. On the ends, J. O. Foster, M. Kent and L. Raymond have shown their ability to play a stiff game. All of the backs are deserving of great credit. At quarterback, Quigley, Arnold and Cook have shown great judgment in running team. Our old fullback, J. Fullerton, has remarkable grit and sand, being in every play, while at the halfback's position R. Fullerton has shown his ground-gaining ability, and Arnold has also demonstrated his grit and pluck at halfback.

Next season Beverly should have a championship team, as all this year's players are to return next season, except one, A. Wallis, who is to enter college. It would be well to have Beverly represented in some league next year.

The following are the most important scores:—

Sept. 26, Bev. 6	Salem H. S.	5
Sept. 30, Bev. 10	Danvers H. S.	5
Oct. 3, Bev. 0	Atlantic A. A.	5
Oct. 7, Bev. 0	Peabody H. S.	0
Oct. 14, Bev. 6	Dummer Acad.	6
Oct. 21, Bev. 0	Salem H. S.	28
Oct. 21, Bev. 6	Boston College (Prep)	0
Oct. 28, Bev. 23	Peabody H. S.	0
Oct. 31, Bev. 5	Newburyport H. S.	16
Nov. 2, Bev. 5	Dorchester H. S.	24
Nov. 7, Bev. 6	Dummer Acad.	6
Nov. 11, Bev. 18	Gloucester H. S.	11
Nov. 14, Bev. 24	Hartford A. A.	0
Nov. 18, Bev. 0	Haverhill H. S.	18
Nov. 23, Bev. 5	Gloucester H. S.	0
Nov. 26, Bev. 5	Alumni	0

The Athletic Association has held many special meetings this month, all of which have been spicy.

The Association is still suffering from the want of members. It is every scholar's duty to help support the Athletic Association, which is the most important branch of the school, and you can support it by becoming a member. "For the Honor of the School" in athletics, the officers of the association beseech you to join.

At recent class meetings the following officers were chosen:—

1904: C. A. Herrick captain and manager, basketball team; P. Smith captain and manager, polo team; R. Robertson, Jr. captain, A. Wallis manager, track team; H. Lunt captain, C. Pope manager, baseball team.

1905: J. H. Williams captain, J. Mason manager, basketball team.

1906: G. St. Clair captain and manager, basketball team; H. French captain and manager, polo team; Carleton Wallis captain and manager, track team.

1907: A. Cook captain and mana-

ger, basketball team; E. Blanchard Captain, R. Fullerton manager, polo team.

1908: E. Berry captain, F. Perkins manager, basketball team.

J. O. Foster has been elected captain and Albert Murray manager of the school polo team.

Albert Wallis has been elected captain and Jesse Mason manager of the school basketball team.

B. H. S. 23, PEABODY H. S. 0.

Oct. 28.—Wednesday afternoon Beverly High went to Peabody and won by the score of 23-0.

Gilman opened the game by kicking to Herrick, who advanced 20 yards. On an offside play Beverly lost 5 yards and was forced to punt. Peabody then tried Beverly's line, but could gain nothing, and it was Beverly's ball on downs.

Herrick then circled the end for 20 yards, but on the next play Beverly lost the ball on a fumble. Again Beverly held for downs and Beverly made a good gain through tackle. J. Fullerton bucked the line for 10 yards more. Herrick then gained 15 yards on an end play and A. Wallis gained 5 yards more. Herrick then circled the end for the first touchdown and J. Fullerton kicked a difficult goal.

Gilman kicked to G. Wallis, who gained 5 yards. A tackle play netted 4 yards. R. Fullerton started from the 30-yard line and ran 80 yards and placed the ball behind Peabody's goal line. J. Fullerton kicked the goal and the score was 12-0. This ended the scoring for the first half.

J. Fullerton opened the second half by kicking to the 2-yard line where



J. FULLERTON,
Captain Football Team, 1903

the ball was advanced 10 yards. Beverly held for downs and R. Fullerton circled the end for a score. This goal was not kicked. Score 17-0.

J. Fullerton kicked to Carroll, who gained 15 yards. Beverly held for downs. R. Fullerton circled the end for 25 yards. Then J. Fullerton dived through the line and landed the ball on the other side of Peabody's goal line. He also kicked the goal. Score 23-0. Gilman kicked it to Foster and advanced 15 yards before downed. Herrick circled the end for 15 yards more. Beverly then fumbled and the game ended with the ball on Peabody's 35-yard line. Final score 23-0.

B. H. S. 5, NEWBURYPORT H. S. 16.

Oct. 31.—Saturday afternoon Beverly lined up against Newburyport and were defeated by a score of 16-5. Both sides were strong on the offence but weak on the defence and were about evenly matched. Newburyport's ability to hold the ball greatly aided them in scoring.

Beverly scored in the first half by steady line plunging. Newburyport also scored in this half. M. Kent, who played end in the second half, did some very effective work in breaking interference and has the makings of a good end.

In the second half Newburyport scored twice and kicked one goal, and the final score was 16-5. There was a dispute between the Beverly quarterback and the Beverly fullback in the first half, which ended in the quarterback's leaving the field.

B. H. S. 5, DORCHESTER H. S. 24.

Nov. 2.—On Monday afternoon the football team went to Dorchester to play the strong D. H. S. team. The Dorchester team outweighed our boys to the man and were quick and snappy. Both teams were strong on the offence and weak on defence. Twice was Beverly on Dorchester's 10-yard line and was sure of scoring, but fumbled both times. However, aided by J. Fullerton's 60-yard run, Beverly scored in the second half.

Most of Beverly's gains were through the line and A. Wallis made good gains on a tackle play. Beverly was crippled by the loss of Berry, but St. Clair played a plucky game at guard, opening up some good holes for the backs to go through. Taking everything into consideration Beverly put up a strong game.

BEVERLY 6, DUMMER 6.

Nov. 7.—Dummer Academy played a return game here on the Common Saturday afternoon. As the score shows, neither side won the game. This is the second time that Beverly has tied Dummer. The game was hotly contested and snappy throughout. Beverly played well together and showed up well on end runs. Our line was invincible many times and played a strong defensive. Simmons excelled for Dummer; but it was hard to pick the star for Beverly, all played so strong a game. Beverly scored in the first half, while Dummer tallied in the second half.

BEVERLY 18, GLOUCESTER 11.

Nov. 11.—Beverly went to Gloucester to play the first game in a series of three and won with ease.

Beverly had little trouble in making her necessary gains and was not



C. A. HERRICK,
Manager Football Team, 1903.

held for downs once, while she held Gloucester three or four times.

Beverly scored once in the first half and twice in the second half, while Gloucester scored twice in the second half. Williams and Wallis made excellent gains through the line, while the backs made many sensational runs. The line played its best game of the year, Gloucester finding it impossible to make her distance.

BEVERLY 9, HAVERHILL 18.

Nov. 18.—Beverly went to Haverhill to play the High School team of that city and were defeated 18-0. Haverhill scored 16 points in the first half, and 2 in the second. The Haverhill team outweighed our team to the man. However, Beverly played a plucky game and gave her opponents a hard rub.

BEVERLY 5, GLOUCESTER 0.

Nov. 23.—Gloucester came to Beverly to play the second game in the series, and Beverly won for the second time, which goes to show that Beverly had a better team than the Fish City team. Beverly scored in the first half, but neither side could score in the second half. From start to finish Beverly played as a unit. Too much credit cannot be given to the line, who were invincible.



GIRLS' DEBATING CLUB.

The Girls' Debating Club held its first meeting at the home of Miss Rachel Webber, on the evening of Oct. 23. Miss Florence Grey was chosen president, pro tem, and after a few preliminary remarks, the following officers were elected: President, Florence Grey; Secretary, Beth LeFavor; Treasurer, Bessie Martin. It was decided that the debaters should be chosen alphabetically; that the meetings should be conducted in strict accordance with parliamentary law; that the number of this club should not exceed twenty-five, and that a part of the time should be given over to games.

The subject for discussion was: "Resolved, Essays should be abandoned at the graduation exercises." Affirmative, Rachel Webber; negative, Marjorie Woodbury. The question was so ably handled that it was difficult to arrive at a decision. An informal discussion, in which Miss Clark and Miss Germonde joined, followed.

The next meeting will be held at the home of Miss Florence Grey, on the evening of Nov. 20. The subject for the evening will be: "Resolved, Co-Education is beneficial to girls." Affirmative, Gertrude St. Clair; negative, Doris Appleton.

The members present were: President, Florence Grey; secretary, Beth LeFavor; treasurer, Bessie Martin; Gertrude St. Clair, May Jones, Jessie

Pierce, Esther Elliot, Kathleen Moore, Rachel Webber, Louise Giles, Grace Perry, Avis Carleton, Annie Lee, Jessie Raymond, Alice Obear, Agnes Lovett, Marjorie Woodbury, Ruth Dodge, Doris Appleton.

MANDOLIN CLUB.

The Mandolin Club held its first meeting at the home of Rachel Webber, on the evening of Oct. 26. The following officers were elected: Leaders, Nettie Morgan and Ruel Pope; secretary and treasurer, Bessie Martin; pianist, Nettie Morgan. It was voted that: A fine of ten cents shall be imposed, when a member is absent from rehearsal. The purpose of the meeting was to plan work for the coming season.

The following pieces were distributed among the members: The Babbie Waltzes, Under the Bamboo Tree, and Smoky Mokes. These pieces must be ready for the next rehearsal, which will be held at the home of Miss Grace Perry, Broadway, on the evening of Nov. 16, at 7 o'clock.

The following are the members of club: 1st mandolin, Ruel Pope, Zeno Ross, Laurence Foster, Bernice Andrews, Mary Appleton, Rachel Webber, Ruth Preston; 2d Mandolin, Elsie Cameron, Marjorie Hill, Eva Bradstreet, Gertrude St. Clair, Bessie Martin, Grace Perry, Florence Grey, Eva Cann; banjo, Robert Spiller; piano, Nettie Morgan.

CICERONIAN DEBATING CLUB.

At a special meeting of the Ciceronian Debating Club, Oct. 19, 1903, with President Wallis in the chair, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, H. C. Lunt; secretary, J. H. Mason; treasurer, Wm. C. Lord.

At a regular meeting of the Ciceronian Debating Club, Oct. 29, 1903, the reports for the past year were read and accepted. A new application for membership was brought before the club and laid upon the table until the next meeting. After concurrent business was disposed of, a programme for the next meeting was arranged. Mr. Griffin and Mr. Fairbank agreed to debate upon the subject: "Resolved, That education should be wholly disconnected from religion." Mr. Griffin took the affirmative and Mr. Fairbank the negative. Mr. Lord volunteered to read a paper on current events. The meeting was then adjourned until Nov. 6.

The regular meeting of the Ciceronian Debating Club, Nov. 6, was called to order by the new president, Mr. Lunt. Both the secretary's and treasurer's reports were read and accepted. It was moved and carried that the ballot vote be used in electing new members to the club.

The motion, that Mr. Williams' name be taken from the table, was carried. Mr. Williams was unanimously elected a member of this club.

THE ÆGIS.

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The edition of this number of the ÆGIS marks not only the greatest and most important holiday celebration of the year but also the second anniversary of this Beverly High School paper.

In December, 1901, the first ÆGIS was published, and for two years the graduates and undergraduates have watched its steady growth. Started at first, through the zeal of a few students and the faculty, it passed a most successful half year with a comparatively small support from the student body, and with a prodigious amount of labor on the part of the staff and the teachers interested.

A new staff in the fall of 1902 began its labors, with as great zeal as the first staff and with the added support, both literary and financial, of a majority of the undergraduates. The ÆGIS steadily disclosed each month greater improvements.

This last September, the present staff found that not only had the last year's staff left them the hearty approval of the students, but also a substantial fund to further the improvements in the pride of the High School. This fund is the result of the labors, not only of last year's business management, but also of the business staff of 1901 and 1902. Although the present staff feels that the ÆGIS will safely bear a comparison with the papers edited by some of the best high schools, yet the ideal ÆGIS is yet to be obtained.

This ideal cannot be reached under the present circumstances. The staff feels safe in saying (as has been said often before) that not only is interest

lacking in the graduate body, but also among the present undergraduates. Scarcely one half the number of students are regular subscribers, while the remaining half borrow the ÆGIS from their friends, or they do not see it at all. It is this state of affairs that the staff wishes to see eradicated first of all. If, for no reason whatever, you do not subscribe to the ÆGIS don't, above all, borrow, for that is the surest and quickest way to ruin any high school paper. If you feel that you cannot afford to subscribe, see one of the editors personally and he or she will arrange it so that borrowing will be neither necessary nor excusable.

Literary support has been sadly lacking both last year and this. Many students who have literary ability, fail to submit a single article to the ÆGIS. Now consider, those of you to whom this last statement refers, which is preferable; to be considered bashful, conscientious, proud or disinterested by those of your friends who know of your ability, or to be called by all, an active factor in the behalf of the school, a student of literary ability and the student whose practice in early life will develop qualities, which will in the future make a success of his undertakings.

We all realize how difficult it is to begin, but "screw your courage to the sticking point and you'll not fail." Your articles which you should hand in next month will be accepted. You are a regular subscriber to the paper. You have shown the right kind of school spirit. Your conscience is clear because you have done your

duty. Your High School paper, because of all this, has become one among the first in the state, perhaps of the United States. Is not this a thing that one and all of us should be proud of?

The graduates, because of many reasons, cannot help the Ægis in a literary way but with scarcely an exception, every person who has been a member of the school and who has

been graduated therefrom, can show his esteem of the school by aiding, financially, this most important organ. Now, graduates, send the subscription price to the business manager and you will receive your copy every month as soon as it is published.

Now, as a parting word, be it understood that the Ægis is not a paper edited under the name of the Beverly

High School by the few students, so fortunate as to hold the honour of being staff members, for their own special benefit; but rather this Ægis represents the ability and support of the total number of graduates and undergraduates and will be a source of benefit to those who write for it and a source of pleasure to those who will subscribe to it.



Miss Edith W. Webber, '99, is travelling on the continent, and will spend several months there.

Charles W. Thissel, '97, is now located at Martinez, Cal.

Leverett B. Merrill, the well-known bass singer, and a member of the class of 1886, took the role of Brander in the production of the "Damnation of Faust" given in commemoration of the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Berlioz at Symphony

Hall, Boston, on the evening of December 2. Other singers who were in the cast were Mme. Melba and Mons. Gilibert.

A young doctor was born to Dr. and Mrs. Harry E. Sears, November 12. Mrs. Dr. Sears graduated in 1897.

The death of Mrs. Anna B. (Poulan) Carleton, a member of the class of 1875, occurred at her home on Mason street, November 20. Mrs. Poulan after graduating taught for several years in

the old South School, where her services will be long remembered.

The nuptials of Annie Margaret Cunningham, '96, and William A. Lee, a former member of the Board of Aldermen and a well known resident of this city, were solemnized at the home of the bride on Thanksgiving day, Rev. Herbert Judson White of the First Baptist Church performing the ceremony. There were no attendants. Mr. and Mrs. Lee will reside at 75 Lovett street.

EXCHANGE NOTES.

There is rather a scarcity of interesting reading matter in the "Leavitt Angelus."

The "Greylock Echo" has a very neat appearance, and the essays which are in it are very good. Perhaps, however, the paper would be improved by a few stories.

The stories in the "Red and Black," Reading, Pa., are very good. The headings are rather peculiar though.

The "Alpha" would be improved if larger type were used.

One or two of the stories in the "Dorchester Item" are rather peculiar for a High School paper. The general appearance of the paper is attractive. The heading for the athletic column is particularly good.

The "High School Gleaner" has a plentiful supply of stories.

The first story in the "Lowell Review" seems to us to be perfectly absurd. It does not correspond with the general character of the paper.

"La Plume" has some very good headings, but the mixture of advertise-

ments and reading matter rather spoils the good effect of the paper.

"The Fall of Punch Bartlett" in the New Haven "Radiant" is an interesting story. The poem, "In memory of Her" is rather peculiar for a High School paper.

"Two boys and a Hallow'en party" a dialect story in the "Echo" is quite a departure from the ordinary High School paper story.

"The Overworked Monument" is a bright thing in the "Crimson and White," Gloucester.



1904.

Teacher: The earth is supposed to be slowly cooling off.

Miss M. (aside): I'm cooling off!
Teacher (aloud): You're not the earth.

Chester Colson (while doing a very complex problem in solid geometry): I know the proposition, but the alphabet gave out, so I can't letter my figure.

Mr. G.: Use "billet doux" in a sentence.

William G.: Mary writes to William, "Please call," or otherwise, "Billy, do."

What was J. B. doing with the dust pan?

Ask M. M. who rang the bell.

J. B. ends his sentences with, "Is that right?"

Could we keep up with L. S.'s dictation?

1905.

Miss G.: "Now L. M., if you would make a bow."

L. M.: "Oh! I can't. I am afraid I might break something."

If you have any news which you wish to publish, hand it to the editor of the newspaper of Room 9, C. C.

Ask G. P. what a result clause of purpose is, in Latin.

J. W. is not particular, he will do "nothing" if you want him to.

Some of the "children" in the shorthand class will have to sit in the corner.

If Pete wishes to sit beside the girls, he must not talk.

Do you like to go skating, Murray?
E. C. seems to think that every German boy's name is Hans.

Many of the German class are so used to talking German that they talk it in their sleep.

Ask A. H. to tell you a hunting or fishing story. He has had many adventures for so small a boy.

Mr. Fizeau, the famous French experimenter, is Mr. "Sodawater" to Mr. T. Mr. T.'s knowledge of French works in quite handy sometimes.

Jim will surely get well: there are two girls on the visiting committee.

"Der Kock-Zimmer" is evidently a popular place with the boys of the German class.

Mr. T.: When there is a total eclipse of the sun, the hens go to sleep, and the horses to roost.

Mr. T.: Here is a conundrum which will help you to remember the definition of a focus. "How is a focus like a cow pasture?"

Because they are both places where they raise meat (where the rays meet).

Every one in Room 10 was perfectly satisfied (?) with his mark in department.

The Shorthand class appreciates Mr. P.'s kindness. He does not wish to work the class to death.

Some of the girls in the English class thought that Tennyson had gone into the hen business and was raising bantams.

Ask G. P. about the subjunctive tense.

Wanted: Something to stop C. W. laughing when she once starts.

How Psyche likes to write observations.

Ask Leroy what the stories of the Ægis ought to be.

1906.

Miss D.: What had they been killing?

B. D.: Meats.

If any of the eleventh grade students need any information in studying for examinations, apply to G. C., so Miss D. says.

Issie F. is a privileged person in mathematics.

Our former classmate, Edmund Casey, is taking a course in the St. Laurin college at Montreal.

1907.

"Pa" C. must learn how to sit in his chair during botany.

R. F. the class artist.

C. W. thinks he is a member of the Girl's Glee Club.

The Greek class is slowly thinning out.

Miss G. threatened to send A. Cook to the cook room.

Elmer S.: "Does any one live on the moon?"

Mr. T.: Yes sir, the man who makes green cheese.

Jan F.'s latest fad is skating. I wonder why.

Miss Madeline Wade has left school.

Shylock A. really thought that some of the young ladies had stolen his glove.

Miss C.: Where do they raise boots?

1908.

Wanted: An interpreter to assist M. A. in reading her own writing. Short hours and high wages. Apply at once.

Mr. H.: What is a person called who walks in his sleep.

P. W.: A nightmare.

F. W.: M. Y. O. B.

E. B.: Why did you fall asleep up in Room 13?

J. L.: I bet you can't find a cabbage field down at Beverly Farms.

Did you ever hear the "frog chorus" in Room 3?

D. N.: The unit of weight is the horse power.

E. H. wishes to be called "Monk." How often will R. G. go down in the laboratory for English.

T. M. must look out, so that when he sits down, he will not sit on the floor.

N. F. will soon go into bankruptcy in Latin.

When E. B. blushes, it is when girls like H. C. shake their fists at him.

It was through an unavoidable error on the part of the editors that the column entitled "Club Notes" failed to be published in last month's paper. The only excuse was that there was too much material. This may sound strange, but it is true; although much modified by the fact that the bulk of surplus material consisted of Athletic and Class Notes. There never was and never can be too great a number of good stories, poems or essays.

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