



BEYERLY HIGH SCHOOL



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WHEN THE CLOCK STRUCK TEN.

Some people put the mystical, weird happenings at the gloomy midnight hour, — not so with my wife.

At this time, I was a detective under-government bonds,—consequently I was often away from home. One day, I told my wife that I must start out again on a clue; a clue connected with the most atrocious crime of the day. She simply said, "And I must go with you." I say with all reverence, that I never understood my wife—a slim, pale, little woman with great, melancholy, dark eyes—yet she was always right. When she said to do a thing, I did it; when not, I obeyed: although my wife never voiced her wishes, I just simply felt them. I cannot explain it, but I know that I should often have had the creeps, if she had not been such a loving little soul. Yes, she was loving, but it seemed as though her strangeness had increased since the sudden disappearance of her father five years before this time. So now, I wasted no time in argument, but tucked her into her warmest coat and we were soon off on our journey.

The trip was hard and made worse by the storms, but my wife was ever at my side. One night, and you never saw a worse storm in your life, contrary to my better judgment, she

made me tell the driver to drop us at The Malvern instead of The Essex, as I had previously directed.

Amidst pelting rain and furious gusts of the raging wind, we finally made our entrance into The Malvern. My wife touched my arm, saying wearily, "Something tells me that we are almost there, Jack." "Thank the Lord!" I ejaculated with more force than religion.

"The trail is hot," she murmured as if to herself, "and the mystery of"—I turned to her in amazement. She "was like someone walking in his sleep, and her weird, fascinating eyes held me spell-bound. As I looked into their fathomless depths I saw what I had never seen before. Was I bewitched? "Come," she said gently. As in a dream I gave her my arm and we passed into the dining room.

After supper, by common consent of the storm-bound guests, a man who had fascinated us all by his beauty and gift of speech was chosen as the story-teller. I said, "had fascinated us all," but I did not mean it. I was filled with an unutterable horror and aversion, and knew that I was only feeling what the woman by my side was suffering. I also knew that he was filled with the same strange power as she was. It was Greek meeting Greek. When under cover of light

talk she whispered, "Jack dear, hold me strong, help me to do my duty," I pressed her fingers in sympathy, although I could not understand. While the storm raged outside, fun waxed strong inside. The mysterious stranger was the life of the party. My wife had not spoken until it came her turn to name a subject. Then her clear, flute-like voice rang out, "My subject is, 'When the clock struck ten'." The stranger grew ghastly pale and raised his hand as though to ward off a blow. He quickly recovered himself and began, while I sat in a daze. Her subject was the telegram without a signature, the last words of her missing father. As the man had raised his arm, a scar on his wrist told me that the man whom I was hunting was before me.

"When the clock struck ten," he began slowly. Then I knew that the man's iron will was battling with that of the slender woman at my side. Would she conquer? The struggle was terrible. Even the others present realized that something out of the ordinary was happening. Slowly he struggled on with his tale of a big bank robbery, the details of which I recognized at once. He was filling in names and places when a quiet, contemptuous "Stop!" from my wife, made him face her defiantly.

"Madam!"

She was on her feet facing him. Something in her wonderful eyes made us listen with abated breath. His eyes had the same look. Silently I prayed, "God help her to make him give up his secrets."

"You do not speak the truth," she said like one so very weary, "I will tell it for you. The name of that man whom you controlled in that robbery is George Westville. You took the money and went free, while he has been in hiding these five years. His family have heard nothing from him except the telegram, 'When the clock struck ten.' All these years he has been under your control and has not even known his own name. Give up your control! Let him tell his story!"

"Never!" hissed the man.

She swayed heavily. I sprang to her side. New strength seemed to come to her.

"You will," she said, "when the clock strikes ten."

Even then the clock began to strike. "When the clock strikes ten," she repeated.

The last stroke sounded. "The clock has struck ten," she said solemnly and fell into my arms in a dead faint. The man lay in a miserable, huddled heap on the floor.

Laying her down gently, I lifted the dead man's hand and rolled back the cuff. That widely advertised scar told its own story.

Through my wife's wonderful possession of the man's secret, we were able to locate her father. He was soon with his family, but five years of his life are a perfect blank.

FLORENCE GREY, 1904.

A little boy saw a horse pawing the earth and he said to his mother, "that horse must be going to scold his little boy, 'cause when you scold me, you stamp your foot like that."

S. P.

The Joy Time of the Year.

In the chill days of December,
When the woods are bare and sere,
And the birds have flown to southward,
Having perhaps some fear
Of the snow and wild winds coming,
In the storm time of the year,
Life is in its glory,
In a sense that is sublime.

We awake with thoughts uplifted;
With a strange, new zeal we toil,
With a faith and hope we're gifted,
We forget all earthly moil.
In the chill days of December
Is the joy time of the year,
When the world is deep in silence,
A hush for the message dear.

ELSIE SYMONS, 1906.

The College.

The college of the princess was a beautiful summer palace that Gama had given up to her that she might indulge her whim. One entered by an arch, crowned by a statue of a winged woman bearing the fateful words, "Let no man enter here on pain of death." There were many silvery-chiming clocks and flashing, tinkling fountains, the whole in a glamour of jasmine, roses, and "peal of the nightingale." Above an entrance stood a bust of Pallas, a symbol of wisdom, and the seal of the college which was Venus in the act of raising the bandage from Cupid's eyes.

Within, the college was tiled with costly marble, adorned with classic frieze, draped with rich hangings, and smothered in great urns of flowers among which billowing fountains played. The Muses and Graces, grouped in threes, were embowered in flowers between the pillars. Every detail was of the richest and most elaborate form. The desks were all satinwood, and expensively bound books and gilded lutes lay about on cushioned seats.

The students wore wonderful silk gowns, and when assembled in class, must have resembled a gaudy flower garden. Lady Psyche delivered most profound lectures. She swept from

the very creation to the future, touched upon the woman's state in foreign lands, urged that the brain grew with using, and ended by prophesying that woman would be man's equal in art, science, and business. The maidens drank of knowledge like thirsty plants. They did not wear stout shoes and short skirts when they went on geological expeditions, but were elaborately gowned, and shod with dainty French-heeled slippers. They glided about the rocks and played with hammers.

The one aim of the princess was to make woman man's equal. One who entered the college must vow: "not for three years to correspond with home; not for three years to cross the liberties; and not for three years to speak to any men." But the natural result of this severe system was to make the confined maids discontented, and their murmurings rose and grew, and swept on toward the princess, like the mutterings of a coming storm. The princess in her childish ignorance of human nature, had attempted the impossible, and she at last was obliged to yield to the greatest of all world forces—Love.

BESSIE MARTIN, '05.

Tommy's First Love.

Tommy was in love. They all knew it, for the past week his face and hands were immaculately clean and his hair was kept in the best of order, without mamma's even reminding him of it. Every morning before school his coat was well brushed and instead of one apple being tucked away in the pocket, as in former days, there were two. Mamma smiled as she kissed him good-by and watched him take a very round-about way to the schoolhouse; he was tired of the other way, he said. He started very early because he was going through the fields where the violets grew,—"just for fun, 'cause I like to smell of 'em," he said, but he added to himself, "and so does She." He arrived at

the schoolhouse before She did, with a bunch of half-wilted, short-stemmed violets tightly clasped in his little brown hand, and when the "other fellers" weren't looking, he casually dropped them on Her desk, and then walked off with his hands in his pockets to join the fellows.

Soon there were peals of laughter, and with a rustle of stiffly starched dresses, the little girls came in and took their seats, and school began. Tommy looked up, just in time to see Her tenderly gather up her violets, and carefully put the stems in the ink well at the corner of her desk. His heart was beating wildly and his face was uncomfortably red, but when She shyly glanced over at him through her golden ringlets, he was looking steadily at teacher with blinking, winking eyes.

"Thanks for the flowers," She said sweetly, at recess, when he handed her the apple. "Oh, that's all right," he said, and ran off with "the fellers," but it was dreadfully hard when he had much rather stay and play house with Her.

At noon the little girls skipped along in a group, swinging their baskets, while the boys lagged behind them, stopping now and then to throw a stone at a bird, or to comment on some dog which might happen along. Suddenly, the little girls heard above their whispers, "You don't dare to," from one of the little boys.

"I do," said Tommy, carelessly. "Only I don't want to."

"'Fraid cat," shouted somebody else.

"I ain't," shouted Tommy, and with one heroic effort he darted forward and rudely grabbed Her around the neck, he fiercely kissed Her on her delicate cheek. Then with a shamed face and an agonized voice he said desperately, "I done it." But She was sobbing as if her heart would break and the other little girls looked at him with such hatred that he

turned around, and with one last look at Her ran home as fast as his little legs would carry him. He rushed into the house, right into mamma's arms, and with sob after sob told her his whole misery.

The next day he walked straight to Her house with a very determined look on his face and two sticks of beautiful red candy in his hand. He met Her coming down the walk and, holding out one of the sticks of candy to her, said slowly, "I'm awful sorry I kissed you, but I'll never do it again." "I wouldn't have cared if nobody had seen you," she said shyly and they walked on to school side by side, each sucking a stick of red candy.

BETH H. LEFAVOUR, '06.

The Adventures of Jones.

He was long, too long for his width some would have said, but that was Jones' affair. Moreover he was rather dilapidated as regards physical powers and was also the prey of the neighborhood; for if Jones had been a dog, he would have been what people call a "cur." As it was, Jones was nothing more nor less than a stray maltese cat. He was thin and gaunt from his nightly wanderings, because he did not dare to show himself by day for fear of consequences. His eyes, which, by the way, were set in as ugly a head as ever graced a cat, burned with a dark green and malicious light. They told a woful tale of sleepless days and nights, and the gleam in them was the gleam that shines in the eyes of the hunted. For, you remember, poor Jones was the prey of the neighborhood.

Now one night, as Jones was looking for something on which to break his fast, his attention was attracted by something moving in the shadow. Becoming suddenly valiant, for the shadow was retreating, Jones gave chase. After a stealthy chase, lasting perhaps five minutes, the "thing" emerged into a patch of moonlight,

closely followed by Jones who immediately recognized the proud and haughty Smith cat. Jones advanced and, crouching low with switching tail, commenced a fire of uncomplimentary remarks directed toward the other cat. "Smithy" responded in kind and they had it back and forth until Jones, being of a pugnacious temperament, decided he could stand no more. So with a snarl of rage, he sprang and lighted squarely on Smith's back before that worthy could move. Then technically "they mixed it up" during which operation each cat was relieved of a goodly portion of fur. But suffice it to say that after a while there was silence, except for the lamentations of the Smith's cat, as, homeward bound, he licked his wounds.

Elated at his victory and forgetting his hunger for the time being, Jones proceeded to the Williams' back fence and commenced his triumph song. Mr. Williams, however, objected to being waked by this doleful noise, so stealthily opening a window, he shied a boot at Jones. But Jones was no chicken and he simply kept still and was unharmed. The first boot was followed by its mate and by some forceful language about Jones' "singing." And this time, despite his dodging, the boot struck Jones fair amidships and, lifting him clear of the fence, landed him softly in a pile of ashes. Immediately getting up (for Jones was used to this) he recommenced his search for eatables. But he had proceeded only as far as the next street when he perceived another shadow. Encouraged by his former victory, Jones started to investigate the cause and met it in the shape of a large bull-dog. But instead of retreating, as "Smithy" had done, "doggie" advanced and Jones turned tail and ran, much to the disgust of the dog who went his way.

On looking around him, Jones discovered an open cellar window and descended into the darkness, where

he was much pleased to find a large saucer of milk and other eatables. After satisfying his hunger Jones crawled into a box full of straw and, without a thought of the former occupant, curled up, put his paw under his nose, and went to sleep.

RUEL POPE, '05.

Camp Pranks.

This short sketch is of an actual happening that took place in a camp where I spent the greater part of my summer. When the boys found one of their number whom they could plague with good sport, they did it mercilessly. I roomed, or rather tented, with just such a boy. He was lanky and tall, fairly good-natured, but had no power to stop and think over a thing before he went into it; and this is the result of his carelessness.

One Sunday evening, when every one was in the house where they were preparing to hold a service, my two other tent-mates and I took this fellow's pajamas from the line, where they hung, and stole softly out into the moonlight. We crept stealthily to the flag pole, which reared its head about a hundred and twenty feet from the ground in the middle of the "campus." The flag had been taken in for the night and it was not many minutes before E—'s pajamas were floating on the evening breeze.

After service we were all soon in bed except E—: he was nervously hunting for his pajamas. He couldn't find them anywhere; and sundry remarks about his long and lanky frame didn't make him any more amiable. Finally, one of my tent-mates innocently suggested that last year some boys hung another's pajamas on the flag pole. He immediately rushed to the door and beheld his pink and white night clothes flying triumphantly in the air. He ran to the flag pole and soon had the aforesaid wearing apparel where it ought

to be. Then we began to suggest who might have put his pajamas there. He was so innocent that he never once suspected us. It seems that one of the "council" who had been tutoring him that afternoon had been rather cross with him; so he immediately jumped to the conclusion that Mr. V— had done it. Now of course he might have known that Mr. V— would not have vented his spite on him in that way but nevertheless, he ran over to Mr. V—'s tent and finding him gone, took his night shirt, ran to the pole, and soon a white flag of truce was waving over the sleeping camp.

He came back chuckling and was soon asleep. What Mr. V— went to bed in that night doesn't come into this story. The next morning we all turned out for "setting-up drill" and, lo and behold! Mr. V—'s night shirt was waving in the bright sunlight. It convulsed the camp, and when poor E— found out that Mr. V— wasn't to blame, he felt badly enough.

CHESTER C. POPE, 1904.

He and She.

Surrounded by all the luxuries of an aristocratic home and advantages of a great city a woman passes many hours with her book in hand. During these long hours her professed lover is always present at her side. This lover says little and thinks less. His monosyllables scarcely distract her attention from her book. On this particular afternoon the subject of her book is "Woman's Rights." Her lover, ignoring all, sits at one side abstractedly eating peanuts. He exclaims, "Snow!" and looking up, she returns, "Oh, yes!" Half hours pass by and he says quietly, "Four o'clock," and again, she answers, "Oh, yes!" "Oh, yes!" echoes her lover's voice. One more hour dwindles into nothing when the lover murmurs, "Supper time." The book is laid aside, the woman rises and walks toward her neglected love.

We are spared the sentimental greeting for, drawing her rouge puff from its box, the maiden aunt applies the popular youth restorer to her wasted cheeks and, after snapping her fingers at the green parrot, she descends to the dining room. Her lover, the parrot, calls loudly after her, "Polly wants a cracker. Polly wants a cracker."

A. M., 1905.

The Supernatural in the Ancient Mariner.

The picture of the supernatural is very vivid in the Ancient Mariner. There is a great use of odd numbers as they increase the effect of the supernatural. The mariner stopped one of three people to tell him his tale. The ship "dropped below the kirk, below the hill, below the lighthouse top" out into the sea. Then came the albatross that perched on the ship for "vespers nine." The water burnt green and blue and white like witch's oils. Then something appeared on the horizon, "a speck, a mist and at last a shape," the shape of a vessel, a phantom ship. Her crew was composed of Death and Life-in-death, and Life-in-death whistled thrice in passing the ship. The water snakes were blue, glossy green, and velvet black. The ship "tacked, veered, and plunged" and the dead men, seven days dead, rose up and worked the rigging. The mariner at last came into the harbor and the pilot, the pilot's boy, and the hermit, took him ashore.

There are many strange, uncanny things in this poem. "Ice, mast high, came floating by" and all night the pale moonshine glimmered through the smoke white fog. "They were the first that ever burst into that silent sea."

There was "water, water everywhere and not a drop to drink." The sun shone through the rigging of the phantom ship as if through a dungeon grate. The ship came on with its terrible crew. Then "off shot the spectre bark and the stars rushed out, and at one stride came the dark." The "star-

dogged moon" rose above the eastern bar, and the sailors one by one fell down with a "heavy thump, a lifeless lump" on the deck. Every soul passed the mariner "like the whiz of his cross-bow." The cold sweat stood on the dead bodies but they neither "rotted nor reeked." The water snakes reared up and the water fell off like "elfish lights" in "hoary flakes." At last came "blessed sleep" and while the mariner was asleep the rain fell and filled the buckets on the deck and wet the mariner's clothes. A wind sprang up but did not reach the ship. The lightning fell with "never a jag" and beneath the lightning and the moon, the dead men gave a groan. There was no wind, but the ship moved on and the bodies arose and began to work the ropes. Then as the ship came into the harbor a light came and stood over each body as a signal to the land.

The supernatural beings are few but strongly described: Life-in-Death, "her lips red, her looks free, her locks yellow as gold and her skin as white as leprosy;" and her companion, Death, who is left undescribed, to be pictured by the individual imagination, form the crew of the phantom ship. The bodies of the dead men inhabited by their spirits acted like living men in working the rigging of the ship. The mariner heard two voices speaking in the air above him when he came out of his trance, speaking about his punishment, his doomed life of wandering which is the nemesis for his killing of the albatross.

MARJORIE WOODBURY, '06.

The school room was not very warm and the children had to keep their coats on. One little girl went to her mother after school at noon and said, "Mamma, I must have something more to wear at school." Her mother was puzzled but at last R. said, "Yes, it was so cold in school, we had to keep our coats on, and when I came out, I only had my hat to keep me warm."

MARY APPLETON, '05.

The Spirit of the Falls.

In the midst of a proud old forest there is a beautiful little water fall, known as the Spirit of the Falls. It plunges foaming down over the rocks, eddying and swirling and forms a deep, still, green pool, an emerald set in jewel flowers. At midnight when a chance moonbeam filters through the branches of the trees that surround it, the fall leaps in clouds of foam, like wreaths of flowers of purest snow and a sheet of silver spreads itself out below. Ever the stately pines murmur above it like wavelets breaking along a pebbly shore and ever the water spouts and frisks and writhes and twists adown the rocks.

Long years ago when the world was young, there lived an Indian girl who with her lover every evening roamed the pathless forests, with the shadowy banners of the trees waving above their heads. Often they sat beside the tumbling fall and watched the feathery foam make strange shifting shapes as it found its way over the rocks and listened to the trees whispering messages of love and they were happy. But one night jealous of a rival brave, he tauntingly accused her of unfaithfulness and after many unkind words he left her alone by the pool. So to drown himself in forgetfulness he followed in the steps of his warlike ancestors and gathered many gory trophies. Left alone, the maiden thought long and bitterly of the unjust words; thought of the long, dreary days and nights when they would no more wander together through the woods and overwhelmed, the dread of the future crushing upon her, she threw herself into the dark water that gurgled and closed above her and then swept heedlessly on.

And now, at midnight when the moonlight silvers all the forest and the little waterfall leaps in sparkling, quivering light and the pool flashes like a green diamond, the spirit of the Indian maiden hovers about the water-

fall. The traveller, as he passes that way, sees in the moonlight the form of the maiden in the foam and mist that rises from the fall as it dashes in molten silver over the rocks.

BESSIE P. MARTIN.

Menu.

Mrs. Symonds, the proprietress of the popular basement lunch counter, has prepared the following weekly menu for the current year:—

MONDAY.

Tomato Soup, with crackers05
Sandwiches		
Salmon Salad, with roll05
Chicken Salad05
Chopped Ham05
Hot Frankforts05

PASTRY.

Cup Cakes		
Chocolate Drop Cakes		
Small Cream Cakes		
Large Cream Cakes		
Whipped Cream Cake		
Cream and Squash Pie		
Square Cake		
Eclair		
Turnovers		

CANDY.

Fudge		
Ice Cream		
Chocolates		

TUESDAY.

Hot Chocolate05
Hot Coffee05
Sandwiches and Pastry same as Monday		

WEDNESDAY.

Hot Clam Chowder05
Ice Cream		
Sandwiches and Pastry same as Monday		

THURSDAY.

Hot Chocolate05
Hot Coffee05
Sandwiches and Pastry same as Monday		

FRIDAY.

Hot Oyster Stew, with crackers05
Ice Cream		
Sandwiches and Pastry same as Monday		

In a German class, one day, a girl was reading and she came to the word "Geweiss." She did not know how to pronounce it but thought she would try. Her efforts were not very successful for she said, "Gee Whiz."

ATHLETICS.

The regular monthly meeting of the Athletic Association was held Thursday afternoon Dec. 10. The meeting was called at 2:30 and it was 6 o'clock when the meeting adjourned. The report of the Football Manager was accepted as well as the reports of the various committees.

The committee appointed to select "B's" for the various Athletic Teams reported and submitted several designs for acceptance and with one exception their report was adopted. The committee appointed to investigate the records established at the interclass meet last year reported that the record for the 20 yd. dash was held by James Fullerton and Joseph H. Williams.

The report of the Basketball Manager was accepted.

An Advisory Committee consisting of C. A. Herrick, J. L. Wiseman and A. Quigley was appointed to choose names for the election of the Football Manager for 1904.

The Treasurer reported an increase in the roll of members but still the roll is small and the association is greatly in need of members.

Owing to the condition of the ice, the polo team has done nothing in the way of games.

The baseball season is fast approaching and it will not be long before the call for candidates will be given and the preliminary practice will be begun. This year, the team will have some good coaches over them and with the amount of material now on hand should develop a fast team.

BASKETBALL.

The Basketball season is upon us, so let us now give our hearty support and co-operation to the High School team. There is no way in which we can show our interest better than by

attending the home games. Manager Mason of the Basketball team has arranged his schedule so as to have the home games come on Saturday. The schedule this year consists of games with Melrose, Dorchester, Everett, Gloucester, Salem, Lynn, Haverhill, Lowell and Brookline High Schools. This is something new to the Beverly High School to have a basketball schedule as hard as this and it is up to the school to back up our Manager and give him our hearty support.

Captain Wallis has a large amount of material to pick his team from. This material has been brought out by the class teams.

The Managers of the various class teams met and arranged a class schedule allowing the classes to meet one another in a contest. These class games have created a great deal of interest and rivalry and all the classes have been represented by a team. The results of the games have been, in almost every case, a surprise. The Freshmen have pulled an exceptionally strong team and at the start were not expected to accomplish anything, but in their first game, they defeated the class of 1906.

1904, 12. 1907, 9.

Dec. 12.—On Saturday afternoon the first game of the Interclass series for the Championship of the school was played at the Thorndike Army. Fullerton won the toss for 1907 and the game was on. From the very start, one could see that an interesting game was about to be played. Foster scored the first goal and 1907 led 2-0; it was not long before Blanchard tossed a goal from the foul line, score '07-3; '04-0. Then 1904 began to live things up a bit, but before they could accomplish anything, Foster had scored again from the floor, score

'07-5; '04-0. Now 1904 rallied together, and by excellent passing, carried the ball down the field where a foul was called for 1907. Herrick threw the foul, score '07-5; '04-1. Stanley soon caged the ball and added two more points for 1904. It was not long, however, before Herrick threw two long goals which put 1904 in the lead and, when time was called, the score stood 7-5 in favor of 1904.

In the second half Quigley scored two goals for '07 and put them in the lead 9-8, but Herrick came to the rescue and, with one minute and a half to play, caged a goal from the field and again '04 was in the lead. Within ten seconds of time, A. Wallis, standing in the centre of the hall, threw the prettiest goal of the day and the game was won for 1904.

Summary:

1904.	1907.
Herrick.....l.f.....	Quigley
Stanley.....r.f.....	Foster
Pope.....c.....	R. Fullerton
Wallis.....r.b.....	Morgan, Woodbury
Wiseman, Lord.....l.b.....	Blanchard
Goals from floor: Herrick 3, Foster 2, Quigley 2, Stanley, Wallis.	
Goals from foul line: Herrick, Stanley, Blanchard.	

1908, 6. 1906, 5.

Dec. 15.—In the second class game the Freshmen outplayed and defeated the 1906 team. The game was close throughout and the result in doubt till finish. Casey showed up well at forward end, with Wittenhagen as a partner, played an excellent passing game. Hayden played a good game at back as did also Lewis. For 1906, Maguire and St. Clair excelled. There were eleven fouls called in the first half, and it was in this period that one of the 1906 men thought he was on the football field and running for a touchdown so often did he run with the ball. At the end of the first period, 1908 led by a score of 4-1.

In the second half, Arnold scored the first field goal of the day, and at one time, near the end of the game 1906 was in the lead 5-4.

With only a half a minute to play, Wittenhagen of the Freshman team caged one of the prettiest goals ever made in the local Armory and 1908 had won the game. This victory made the Freshmen tie with the Seniors for first place.

Summary:

1908.	1906.
Wittenhagen.....lf.....	Thissell
Casey.....rf.....	Arnold
Berry.....c.....	St. Clair
Trask.....lb.....	Maguire
Lewis.....rb.....	Trowt
Goals from floor: Arnold, Wittenhagen.	
Goals from foul line: Berry 4, St. Clair 3	

1907, 13. 1906, 7.

Dec. 19.—On Saturday afternoon, 1906 and 1907 met in the Interclass series. 1906 played a much better game than they did against the Freshmen and covered their opponents well. Arnold and St. Clair showed up well as forwards as did Thissell at back. Trowt also played a star game at centre. For 1907, Blanchard excelled, while Cook as forward showed up well.

Trowt won the toss up, and the game was on. Arnold missed several good tries, but he scored the first point of the game on a foul. He was soon followed by Cook of '07 and the score was tied. Then Fullerton came up with a pretty goal from the field, and Cook duplicated his goal and the score was 5-1 in favor 1907. Arnold then scored on a foul and Blanchard soon scored from the floor and the half was over, score 1907-8, 1906-2.

In the second half Fullerton won the toss up. 1906 scored 5 points in this half while 1907 scored 6. At the end of the game 1907 led 13-7.

Summary:

1907.	1906.
Arnold.....rf.....	Cook
St. Clair.....lf.....	Quigley
Trowt.....c.....	R. Fullerton
Thissell.....rb.....	Morgan, Woodbury

Maguire, Griffin. lb.....Blanchard
Goals from field: Blanchard 2, Fullerton, Cook, Arnold.
Goals from foul line: Cook 5, St. Clair 3, Arnold 2.

1905, 4. 1908, 3.

Between the periods of the above game the first period of the game between 1905 and 1908 was played.

This game was exceedingly interesting as the outcome decided which team should tie the Seniors for first honors, and both teams fought desperately until the finish.

There was only one goal thrown from the field and that by Harrigan of 1905. 1908 played together and outplayed their opponents in passing. For 1905 Murray and Harrigan showed up well, while Casey and Berry excelled for the Freshmen. At the close of the game, the score stood 4-3 in favor of 1905.

Summary:

1905.	1908.
McSweeney.....rf.....	Casey
Harrigan.....lf.....	Kimball, Wittenhagen
Williams.....c.....	Berry
Fairbanks.....rb.....	Trask
Murray.....lb.....	Lewis
Goal from floor: Harrigan.	
Goals from foul line: Berry 3, Williams 2.	

FOOTBALL.

BEVERLY 5, ALUMNI 0.

Nov. 26.—Thanksgiving morning the High School football season closed with the game against the Alumni on the Common.

The attendance at the game was the largest of the year. There were many delays in the game and it was 2 1/4 hours before the game was over. The game was full of spectacular plays and was in doubt until it was over. In the second half the Alumni gained at will and looked as if they would score.

There is a boy called "Doctor Jim"
Who plays his game with snap and vim.
When he is called to buck the line
He makes the distance every time.

R. R. '04.

Exchange Column.

"The Bulletin," Montclair, N. J., is a fairly interesting paper. "The last shall be first" is told in an entertaining way. The illustrations and the Exchange column are good but the poetry is far from good.

We should like to ask the "Interlude" if the headings are to be given on the installment plan.

The two stories, "A Memorable Thanksgiving" and "Her Uncle's Niece" in "The Student," Bridgeport are interestingly told. The Exchange column is good also.

That Senior rush and its results in the "High School Index" is just what it pretends to be, "a bunch of nonsense."

The "Echo" contains a few very amusing stories.

The "Garnet and Blue" seems to consist mostly of editorials and page themes. These articles are very good but perhaps a little more variety would be appreciated.

The stories in the "High School Review" are interesting, but not particularly original.

The "Anchor" of Holland, Michigan is certainly a very instructive paper.

"A queer experience" is a very good story in the "Mirror." The title is surely appropriate.

"Sarah Smith's Hallowe'en" in the "Easterner" is a bright little sketch. A few good stories would greatly improve the "Courier."

The headings in the "Salute" are good. Stories seem hard to get in Portland, Ore.

Not long ago, a friend of mine who wears glasses was talking with a child two years old. The lady took off her glasses. Immediately, the child looked up into her face and with an expression of surprise said, "Oh, you've got eyes, too!"

THE ÆGIS.

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A meeting of the ÆGIS Staff is held regularly once a month. The date set for the meetings is the twenty-first of each month provided that the twenty-first falls on a school day; otherwise the meeting is called to order on the first school day preceding the twenty-first. At this meeting all the literary material for that month's paper must be in the editors' hands. Any material presented later in the month will be referred to the next month's meeting. All changes that advertisers wish to make in their advertisements must be brought to the attention of the business managers on or before the twenty-first of the month. If the above rules are followed, no unnecessary trouble will be placed upon the printer, editors or business managers.

The above statements will also satisfactorily answer the questions of some misunderstanding students. Frequently, after the distribution of the monthly number, which is supposed to take place about the tenth of the month, different members of the staff have been approached and asked why such a football game, such a club meeting or such a contribution was not recorded in that month's paper. Without exception, when the cause of these questions is investigated, it is found that such a football game or such a club meeting took place after the regular meeting on the twenty-first of the month.

Now, remember that the ÆGIS cannot be printed in a night and distributed in the morning, but rather it involves the labor of more than fifty

persons for two weeks before it can be placed in the reader's hands. The news appearing in each month's number is, truly, the news of the preceding month and in order not to make any news two months old, when it ceases to be news, be sure to hand it in, on or before the twenty-first of the month.

The first mass meeting of the year was held in the Hardie hall on the second day of the examination week, Nov. 17. A letter from Capt. Burnham of Company E, 8th regiment, was read by Mr. Hurd to the school. The substance of this letter was a request that the High School students aid the Company in its fair to be held the first of February. In consideration of the favors done the High School by the Company in offering the use of the armory, free of charge, for the basketball games and the interclass meet held during the last winter, the school has made a wise and just decision by promising to support a table at the fair. Certain students from each class were appointed to collect the articles for the table and otherwise to further the plans of the students. Let each student be prepared when the collectors appear to give his small donation toward this worthy cause.

The play "A Box of Monkeys" scheduled to be presented on December ninth, but postponed for various reasons until December sixteenth, proved a grand success in every way.

This play was one of the best ever

presented by High School talent, while such a filling of the seating capacity of City Hall has never been duplicated. Such success was not a mere matter of course, but the result of conscientious labor both by the staff members and the teachers and some students not connected in any way, except in loyal spirit, with the paper's welfare.

Miss Germonde and Miss Clark cannot receive too great thanks for the time and labor they have spent in carrying on the rehearsals, giving indispensable suggestions and otherwise making personal sacrifices for the cause. Miss Marie Ernst is to be congratulated for the excellent results of her work in making up the players. The ÆGIS board was indeed fortunate to find one so ready and so efficient in this necessary part. Mr. Hurd and the entire faculty is heartily thanked for the favor done the staff in the distribution of tickets and the excitement of friendly enthusiasm toward the success of the play. Undivided regard is for those persons who were so kind as to lend personal property for the arrangement of the stage effects. The ÆGIS staff as a united body could, in order to satisfy the true expression of their feeling, give three most hearty cheers and a bravo for: Joseph Williams, Ruel Pope, Beth Le-favour, Florence Grey, Caroline Wilson, and the boys and girls of the glee and mandolin clubs. Not to be disregarded but to be looked upon as a worthy act, is the work "behind the scenes" of Samuel Fairbank, Louis Harrigan, George Wallis, Arthur Appleton and Robert Robertson, Jr.

Financial success, the end most necessary, proved to be somewhat of an enlarged surprise although not so greatly above the general expectation.

Although the sale of tickets was almost marvelous, the expenses, being many and large sized, deducted from the great financial success that such a play might have obtained.

It is with a clear conscience that the management can look upon the gain for no one can feel that the quality of the entertainment made the admission price appear as a free-will offering. This play has left the general feeling to all that each and every one obtained his money's worth. This fact should be a reminder and a great drawing card for the plays which the ÆGIS staff hopes to be in a position to present early in the coming fall. To next fall is quite a stretched glance into the future, but we believe in deliberate planning.

Students, notice the courtesy of the *Times* in lending cuts for the December ÆGIS.

Alumni Notes.

Dr. and Mrs. Melvin E. Davenport are rejoicing over the birth of a daughter which came to gladden their home on December 1. The Doctor is a member of the class of 1885, while his wife graduated in 1884.

Ethel F. Andrews, '99, and Merle A. Champion of Rochester, N.H., were married at the home of the bride at North Beverly on November 18 by the Rev. E. M. Wylie. The wedding was a brilliant affair and was attended by a large number of relatives and friends. Mr. and Mrs. Champion will make their home in Rockport.

Miss Lillian F. Dodge, '91, has accepted a lucrative position with R. H. Stearns & Co. of Boston.

The engagement of E. Waldo Dudley, '92, to Miss Alice V. Foster of Salem, was announced Nov. 18.

Rev. and Mrs. Benjamin R. Bulkeley gave a party on the evening of November 28 in honor of the engagement of their daughter, Alice M. Bulkeley, '01, to Sidney W. Winslow, Jr., of this city.

A Dog Story.

A little mongrel, who is the bosom friend of my family, holds in as high regard his half bark, half yelp, as a younger brother does the ability to whistle "Hiawatha."

This little dog's bark is as much greater than his growl as his courage is less than the growl. I have seen him run from some timorous but curious "hoppy toad" while his shoddest cast on the wall drives him almost to distraction.

It was to this dog that a good sized rat, shut behind wire bars of a trap, was presented. That this rat, like Tom Brown, had courage and fight to spare goes without argument. He chattered, screamed, and tore around like a pin wheel on the Fourth. The dog barked his fiercest bark and howled the most mournful howl. A battle royal was promised. The door of the trap was opened and out rushed the rat. The rat lost his courage with his freedom while the dog's fight increased in the excitement of the moment. The rat ran and ran a little faster than the dog. The dog lengthened out, all out of proportion to his size. With foaming jaws and glittering teeth, he bore down on his victim. I closed my eyes. A long mournful plaintive squeak was heard. Then I looked. The dog stood, an object of despair, before a small hole in a stone wall. Perhaps the rat was in the hole and perhaps he wasn't. Don't ask me for my eyes were shut and I didn't see what happened.

ALBERT MURRAY.

A little child went to Sunday School for the first time. On her return home, she was asked what she had done. She replied, "Oh, I sang and then we all went to sleep and then we woke up." She meant, that there had been singing and praying in the Sunday School.

E. R.



Constitution of the Boys' Glee Club of the Beverly High School.

ARTICLE I.

NAME.

The name of this organization shall be the Boys' Glee Club of the Beverly High School.

ARTICLE II.

OBJECT.

Its object shall be to promote interest in music among the boys of the Beverly High School.

ARTICLE III.

MEMBERSHIP.

SECTION 1. Its membership shall be limited to those boys of the Beverly High School who will be active in its welfare.

SECTION 2. Any boy desiring to become a member of this club may be admitted by a majority vote of the members present at any regular meeting.

SECTION 3. Any members, who, in the opinion of the executive committee, are detrimental to the welfare of this club, shall, upon notification cease to be a member of this club.

SECTION 4. Every member must sign this constitution.

ARTICLE IV.

OFFICERS.

SECTION 1. The officers of this club shall consist of a President, Vice-President, Secretary, Treasurer and Librarian.

SECTION 2. All officers shall be elected by ballot at the first meeting of each school year.

SECTION 3. It shall be the duty of the President, Vice-President and Treasurer to faithfully perform all duties usually required of such officers.

SECTION 4. The Secretary besides keeping

the minutes of every meeting shall also keep a record of the attendance.

SECTION 5. All music belonging to this club shall be in the custody of the librarian.

SECTION 6. There shall be an executive committee consisting of the director and two members of the club appointed by the club. It shall be the duty of the committee to make out the programs for concerts given by the club and to pass upon the sufficiency of excuses for absence.

ARTICLE V.

FINANCES.

SECTION 1. Every member shall pay an initiation fee of ten cents.

SECTION 2. There shall be no regular dues, but whenever music shall be bought by this club, an assessment shall be levied upon each member.

SECTION 3. If such assessments or any fines that are imposed are not paid within one month of the time when they become due, the person who has not paid such assessments shall cease to be a member of this club.

ARTICLE VI.

MEETINGS.

SECTION 1. The regular meetings of this club shall be held every Friday afternoon at 3:15 o'clock.

SECTION 2. Special meetings may be held at the call of the President or upon the written request of ten members.

SECTION 3. Members who are absent from meetings without an excuse accepted by the executive committee shall be fined five cents.

ARTICLE VII.

AMENDMENTS.

This constitution may be amended by a two thirds vote of the members present at any regular meeting of the club, notice of such alteration or amendment having been given in writing at a previous meeting.

The Eulalean Debating Club.

The Girls' Glee Club of the local High school has organized with the following officers: President, Florence Grey; vice president, Gertie Wood; secretary, May Jones; treasurer, Edith Moore.

The second meeting of the Girls' Debating Club proved very interesting in every detail. The debate between Doris Appleton and Gertrude St. Clair was well delivered and showed thought and power in argument. The question discussed was "Resolved, that co-education is advantageous to girls." Owing to the equality in points held by the debaters no winner was decided. This club, which was organized last month under the name, "Girls' Debating Club," has changed its name to, "The Eulalean Debating Club." The natural act, following the choosing of a name, was to appoint a committee to draw up a constitution. The membership of the club will not be limited to any number. Annie Smith and Avis Carleton were chosen to debate the question, "Resolved, that capital punishment should be abolished," at the next meeting, which will be held after Christmas.

During the spring term, many interesting and instructive meetings will be held in preparation for the debate which is proposed to be held with the boys of the Ciceronean, on some date late in the present school year.

Ciceronian Debating Club.

The literary meeting of Nov. 6 was of an exceptional good character. The debaters presented their arguments in a confident and winning manner showing the result of the practice obtained at previous meetings. The judges,

Pope, Lord and Robertson, after much discussion declared Mr. Fairbank the winner.

Impromptu speeches were then heard from all the members present on subjects brought up by each one. Mr. R. Robertson, Jr., spoke fluently on "Easter bonnets." Mr. C. Pope

discussed ably the uses and characteristics of the "Sun." Mr. Lunt ably described all the beautiful properties of the "Rose." "The new railroad at Ryal Side" fell to the lot of Mr. Murray. Mr. Lord spoke knowingly on the subject "Pb(NO₃)₂."



1904.

Poor C. C. P. forgot to do his Latin. For funny pictures of all sorts make application at once to P. R. S., the specialist.

What funny things happen in Mathematics.

Some new members of our class are M. D., A. B., and F. F.

Ask F. E. W. how to pronounce "enthusiasm."

What is an "expression," E. B.?

Did you notice A. H.'s curl?

Our class president suddenly descended from his chair in Room 10.

What was N. H. dreaming (?) about when she locked the door of Room 15?

W. G. thinks that "green-horns" should be careful when they are in the West.

1905.

H. does not seem to know the difference between "parsonage" and "parentage."

According to M. S. F., Addison must have been married in very gruesome surroundings.

Hurrah! We have a basketball team that should not be disbanded. What do you say, R. R.?

A. B. A. would like to borrow a stocking to hang up for Christmas. A large one preferred.

If you see a man swinging his arms and shouting, "Forty, love!" don't pay any attention to him. It is only Ping-Pong Pete warming up.

A certain girl in Latin, the other day, seemed ready to fight. What are we coming to?

We see by the Times that J. M. met with an accident the other day. "Sammy" is quite enthusiastic over strenuous basket-ball.

1906.

Miss D. thinks that F. P. would make a good lawyer. We all agree with her.

R. F.'s "rainbow blushes" are responsible for the crowd of girls around his seat in Room 10.

Where did S. B. get her cold sores? Has she attended a party lately?

"When anything burns in the air, what forms?"

H. F.: "Smoke."

A person well-instructed in the art of diving finds it very useful when passing through the hall at recess.

All those wishing an improvement in the eleventh grade please contribute towards giving "Johnnie" a haircut.

M. says that she doesn't like the gentlemen of today. What an insult!

Teacher to J. R.: "I wish you would rest your neck a little while."

A. L. mustn't disturb her neighbors, especially B. L.

1907.

It must be very uncomfortable for "Pa" to have his chair make such rapid and unexpected descents.

Was C. E. practising tragedy, or was it real alarm that caused his startling entrance just before the gong rang?

What words the poor Botany class have to learn! "Rholosynthesis" for example.

A. D. is fond of enjoying the invigorating air regardless of his neighbors' comfort.

Miss C. has predicted brilliant futures for some pupils in History.

M. K. seemed very sleepy in French the other day. We wonder why.

At last, our pins have arrived.

"Pie" is Miss W.'s advisor in Mathematics.

1908.

F. W., the great basket-ball player! C. B., I wonder how many times you are told to sit down, in school.

M. A. C. (just after the Latin lesson has been given out) "I don't know anything."

Mr. H.: "What! have you just discovered that?"

"Do we fail in anything? Then let us cultivate a little of that determination that always wins. We are a great power, and our true greatness is measured by our realization of the God-given powers which are ours. A man who has little faith in himself and who always says 'I can't' has little worth. His life is not worth living and he will tell you so if you ask him."

"But the man who has faith in the past, present and future is powerful. The key to his success is that secret determination, that realization of power."

H. C. L., 1904.

"A little more room up front, please." At the repetition of the well worn phrase, the passengers standing in the middle aisle of the already overcrowded car crowd more to the front. The gentleman for whose benefit this process is carried out, standing in the doorway, removes his hat and begins to scratch his head. "What is the matter," someone asks. "Oh nothing of importance," the man replies, "only I was wondering how great a power of compressibility the average human body could stand."

A. M., '05.

A little girl and her brother were in the attic of their house, playing. A mouse ran across the floor in front of the little girl, who began to scream, saying, "Papa, there's a mice up here." Her little brother turned around and said, "Pearl, don't you know better than that, one's a mouse and two's a mice."

Two little girls were measuring themselves, standing back to back to see which one was the taller in order to decide which one should be Papa in their play, and which one Mamma. Ruth, evidently wished to be Mamma, for she raised herself on her toes. The other, hearing the squeak of Ruth's shoes, exclaimed angrily, "That ain't fair! Don't stand on tippy toes! Stand on whole feet, Ruth!"

We have all heard the story of the woman who, at a recital, in a sudden pause of the music, piped up, "I fry mine in butter." I heard something almost as funny at the football game. A touchdown had been made! We were all wildly excited! Cheers rent the air! The very atmosphere reeked with football talk! The other side made a swift play! A sudden pause! A shrill voice rose, "Mine's going to be made of pink crepe de chine!"

B. M., '05.

At a recent football game one of the girls asked, "Well, how many halves do they play?" "Usually two," replied another girl. "Don't they play more than two?" We all laughed and she saw her mistake.

It is queer how the teacher's thoughts seem to turn to Sunday. She said, "For next Sunday's lessons, we shall take ——." Then came a response of giggles from the class. The teacher hastened to say, "Oh! I thought that this was my Sunday School class!"

E. B., '05.

A great lanky dog loped lazily along the street. A little way behind rushed one of those dogs whose pedigree is so complicated that they may be bought for nothing and sold for less. The little mongrel with a piercing yelp bit at the feet of the Great Dane. The giant stopped. He looked around at the cowering cur and with a sniff of disgust trotted on. The little dog still followed and still yelped. In a jovial manner, I asked a small boy what the big dog said to the little one. At this reply I was dumbfounded, "Take someone your size."

A. M., 1905.

Of all abominable things, a crowded street car is the most abominable. Standing, hanging between two straps which may break at any moment, is certainly not pleasant nor is it exactly agreeable to bump into the

person in front of you or to have the one behind you bump, "kerflunk," into you. If you are sitting, your feet have to be turned in, cramped close to the seat that no one may crush them; your bundles have to be hugged close and your picture hat has to be "squashed" against the frosty window pane.

ESTHER ELLIOT, '05.

Thanksgiving afternoon I entertained a small cousin. After an earnest conversation on stamps, suitable topics for discourse seemed to be exhausted. "Well, Johnny," I asked at random, "eat a lot today?" "Golly, yes'r," he said, smacking reminiscent lips; "the turkey wasn't the only thing that was stuffed."

BETH MARTIN, '05.

A woman was hurrying into the Boston Subway, her arms full of bundles. The car was coming and she, in her haste, dropped a bundle and had to stop to pick it up. Meanwhile, the car went by and she looked up and said, "I wish some one would swear for me." At once, a well dressed man stepped up to her and lifting his hat, he said, "D—— it, Madam!"

MARY APPLETON, '05.

Mater Anser's Melodies.

Cano carmen sixpence, a cobis plena rye,
Multas avis atras percoctas in a pie;
Ubi pie apertas, tum canit avium grex;
Nonne suavis cibus hoc locari aute rex?
Fuisset rex in parlor, multo de summo
tumens;
Regina in culina, bread and milk consumens;
Aucilla was in porta, dependens out her
clothes,
Quam venit parva cornis demorsa est her
nose.

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