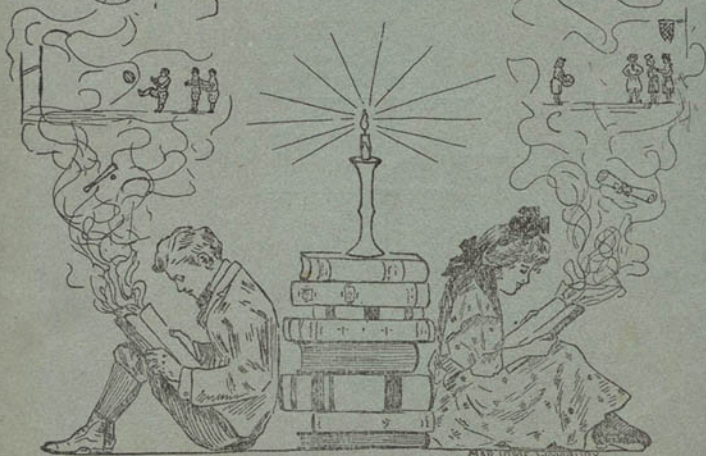




BEYERLY HIGH SCHOOL



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A RESOLUTION BROKEN.

The sun was disappearing behind the tops of the distant snow-clad hills on a raw January afternoon, as a boy walked slowly along the path leading from the gymnasium to the dormitory of the Milford Academy. He was the only person in sight, the whole place was deserted, for everybody whether student or professor was at the gymnasium to witness the greatest and most important basketball game of the season, the game with Bragdon Academy. His head was bent down and he seemed neither to see nor to care where he went. Although his clothes were patched and shabby he carried under his arm a new basketball suit. One could see under his pulled down cap, that his frank, manly face was clouded and sad. He entered the dark, little dormitory, went down the corridor into a room at the farther end. This room, which had but one window, was small and very plain, but neat. The wood fire in the little airtight stove had gone out and the room was cold and dark.

As Dan Minturn entered his room, he slammed the door behind him, tossed his basketball suit into a corner, and threw himself upon the bed burying his head in his hands.

"What's the use!" he cried out bitterly, at length. "Everything is against me! I can play basketball ten

times better than Arthur Phippen, and Ted Carleton knows it! But of course, he is captain, and can play whomever he wants. I have been out for practice every day and have worked faithfully for the position, yet all I have received has been insults and snubs! But they are rich and I am poor, and the fellows all bow down to them. That is the way in this world!"

And something like a sob was heard from the bed.

Finally he sat up. "What a fool I am!" he said, "what do I care. I will never go near them again anyway! I hope Milford will get beat! It would serve Ted Carleton right! It would take down his pride a peg!"

And yet Dan Minturn knew, down in his heart, that no one hoped more sincerely than he that Milford would win. Suddenly there was a rap on the door, and in rushed one of the fellows, all out of breath.

"Carleton wants you to come down to the gym, right off quick and bring your suit!"

"What!—What did you say?"

gasped Dan. "Carleton—wants me—to—to bring my suit! What for?"

"To play, I suppose."

"Why, what's the matter with Phippen?"

"Don't know."

"Wants me to play, eh?" answered Dan slowly. "Well, you just go back and tell Carleton—"

But suddenly the thought flashed through his brain that this was just his chance. Yes, he would play, and he would show Ted Carleton whether or not he was fit to play on the Milford Academy basketball team. He quickly grabbed his suit and started for the gym. He was soon in the dressing-room and very soon dressed. As he ran lightly onto the floor he was greeted with a cheer, and Captain Carleton came up to him and said sourly:

"You are to substitute for Phippen at left forward for the rest of the game."

"Very well," replied Dan, coldly, but as he glanced at the score his hopes fell. It read,—"Bragdon-6, Milford-2, middle of the second half."

He got into his position, the whistle blew, and the game was on. Minturn soon showed his ability. He seemed to be all over the hall at once, and yet he covered his man wonderfully. But it seemed impossible for Milford to score. Bragdon seemed to outplay Milford and the ball was in the neighborhood of Milford's goal all the time, but Bragdon could not seem to score. Finally a foul was called on Bragdon and Milford succeeded in throwing a

goal, making the score six to three, with four more minutes to play.

Suddenly from out of a mass of players under Milford's goal, the ball bounced and rolled right into Dan Minturn's hands. Quick as a flash he snapped it to Field, Milford's center, who, turning quickly, shot for the goal. The ball struck just back of the basket and bounced in. What a cheer arose from the Milford side of the hall, and how they yelled the names, Minturn and Field! The score was now six to five with only one minute to play.

The playing was soon hot around Milford's goal and several times it seemed certain that Bragdon would score. Suddenly, as the ball flew into the air, Minturn was seen to grasp it and instantly to throw it to Colton, a Milford guard, at the same time freeing himself from his man, and sprinting up the hall. At the same moment Colton snapped it back, and Minturn, turning, as Colton cried "Shoot!" threw for the goal. There was a breathless silence, an instant of suspense, and then, as the ball curved gracefully downward, fairly and squarely into the cage, the whistle blew and the game was ended. Milford had won by the close score of seven to six.

The hall fairly shook with the cheers of the Milford students; the Milford team in a body rushed forward, seized the bewildered Dan Minturn, raised him bodily to their shoulders and bore him triumphantly to the dressing-rooms. It was the proudest moment of his life.

JESSE MASON, '05.

It is surprising and disheartening to the players to see the small attendance of High School pupils at the games. They are absent not only when other teams play but when their class teams compete for the inter-class championship. They are not present to cheer their men to victory. It is not right. Wake up, students, and be loyal!

Ed.

John Farrington, Esquire.

"And that is the truth about this matter," finished His Grace, bringing his silver goblet down hard upon the oaken board. Then, because it was a black lie, the Duke raised his frank blue eyes and met in turn the eyes of every man about the table, with a look as honest as the day. In every face except one, he read belief; in that one, the face of the Duke's own squire, was written, so plain that any man might read, horror and pain. John Farrington, Esquire to His Grace the Duke of Whittanshire, was son to John Farrington of the "Downs," and so, above all things, abhorred a lie. He knew that the Duke lied, and the Duke knew that he knew it. The Duke was taken a little aback, but not for long. He had lied before. Perhaps he had lied no more than most men, but, he had mastered the art. He had little fear of having his plans frustrated by a mere boy, who had nothing in the world beyond a few old-fashioned notions of honor, and a dog.

When the party broke up, the Duke took Farrington aside and spoke to him.

"John," he said, "You will come to my apartment at ten o'clock and get a message. It must be in London before daylight, tomorrow."

The Duke spoke in a cool, even tone. That it was a command was unmistakable. The Duke was telling his squire to commit suicide; telling him as coolly as he might tell him to order his horse. Farrington knew as well as the Duke that no man could reach London alive that night. He knew also that with a word he could raise suspicion against the Duke, which would lead, in the end, to the discovery of the plot and the Duke's lie. He saluted and went out.

He paced back and forth over the stone floor of his own little chamber, trying to think. His brain refused to try. Tramp! Tramp! Tramp! Tramp! came the sound of his foot-

steps as they echoed in the little room. The dog came and sniffed at his legs, and looked up at him with wondering eyes. He kicked the dog across the room into the corner, and sat down on the edge of the narrow bed. The Duke had lied, should he, John Farrington, therefore, ride to his death? The dog came and licked his hand.

"Fool," he cried, and again he kicked him into the corner. Again the dog came and licked his hand.

"After all," said John Farrington to himself, "He is my dog, and I— I am—"

He drew his thick cloak tightly about him and went out into the night. He must have his horse saddled so that he might ride to London at ten o'clock.

S. QUAYLE, '04.

A Search for Money.

Many of the people of Nova Scotia are strongly influenced by that strange old legend of "Captain Kidd's Treasure." It is certainly believed by some of the people, even to this day, for only a few weeks ago some men made a search for it. These men believed the treasure to be in a dense wood in the southern part of Nova Scotia. After making all necessary plans, they started, about nine o'clock at night, for the spot where they supposed the treasure was hidden. They were armed with picks and shovels and each one carried a light. There were four in the party.

By means of some little bird, the neighbors heard of this carefully planned search and decided to have some fun. They made their plans and procured a number of red skyrockets. There were four men in this number.

The two parties arrived in the forest at the same time, but the diggers did not know about their spectators. Surrounding the place where they hoped to find the treasure, was a high bank. The spectators took their places. Immediately, the diggers were at work, each one working as hard as he could.

All at once they saw a bright light above their heads; then another, and another, and still another. What could this mean? It is true that there were stories about this place being haunted, but brave, stalwart men could not believe them. They began to dig again. Then more bright lights appeared. They stood and looked, with awe-stricken faces. Indeed, some of them were becoming timid. After they were convinced that they could see no one, they began to work once more. However, they had no more than picked up their tools to begin, when they saw more lights; then they heard a terrific noise. "This place must be haunted," they said, as they stood shaking in their boots. "We cannot stay here any longer," one of them said. All agreed, for they were terribly frightened.

In a minute, they had picked up their tools, and were about to start, when one of them exclaimed, "Quick! Here is the money," for he thought he had struck a chest of money. As fearful as they were, they made a short examination of it, but it only proved to be the roots of a hardy oak, which stood near by. Then they were off, running as fast as their legs could carry them. They were glad when they reached home, and they resolved never to look for the money again.

As to the party of spectators, their plans had been carried out just as they had intended. One of them had tripped and rolled down the bank, over stones and roots of trees. This had caused the terrible noise. He did not think of his wounds, but only of the outcome of the joke and that he was the means of frightening those bold, daring men. It was morning when they got home. That made no difference, for they had succeeded. The other party told of their adventure, but were never able to find out about the evil beings. The thought of a trick never entered their heads. If you were to visit this part of the country to-day, one of the first stories

you would hear, would be about the evil spirits in the woods.

ETHEL RICHARDSON, 1904.

"Be it Ever so Humble."

It was the night before Christmas and a girl, just from New York, and I, were sitting before the fire-place watching the dancing flames. We had exhausted our vocabularies on the subject of Christmas gifts and, worn out, had settled back in the drowsy heat.

"I heard a story in New York, to-day, of Christmas spirit," my companion ventured, after a time, "true, too."

"Tell us," I said, suppressing a yawn and dutifully waking up.

"There's a certain millionaire in New York," she began, in her inexpressible drawl, "who lives in a mansion on Fifth Avenue, and has everything money can buy; he's a modern Croesus, don't you know. His widowed sister and her little girl live with him and he simply showers money upon them. Well, today he gave them free rein in the shops, told them to buy anything they wanted as a Christmas gift from him. At his office he gave his clerks the wherewithal for a merry Christmas and started home. But who thought of giving him a Christmas present? He had everything; there was nothing to give him. It never even occurred to anyone to give him a present."

"When he boarded a car for home and saw happy-faced shoppers loaded down with mysteriously bulging packages and bulky parcels, he thought rather sadly, that of all the people he had made happy, not one would remember him. A shabby little woman entered the car, glanced at him and sat down timidly beside him."

"After a minute, 'Excuse me,' she faltered, 'is this Mr. Shipley?'"

"'Oh! it is,' he answered kindly."

"'Oh! sir,' she whispered, 'my little daughter has a crooked spine and last

summer you paid her expenses at a hospital where she could be cured, and she has made you this for a Christmas present'."

"She held out a small white bundle tied with red cord."

"'I didn't want to give you this,' she apologized, 'but she would have it so'."

"'Thank you,' he said, and his voice trembled."

"'I was going to your house,' continued the woman, 'but I saw you and recognized you'."

"The rich man carried the little bundle home with careful hands, and hurrying to his own apartments, opened it. Within lay a little, red, knit pin-cushion and a little scrap of paper which bore in a cramped hand, "Merry Xmas. One who loves you." A great wave of joy swept over him, and with tears in his eyes, he murmured, 'I will keep it forever'."

BESSIE MARTIN, '05.

Was it an Optical Illusion?

Some years ago when I was a small child, I had an experience which I shall never forget. I was always very timid in the dark. Sometimes in a dark room the different pieces of furniture would seem to take strange shapes, and move silently toward me, fascinating me with terror so that I would not be able to move or speak.

My sister and I, at this time, slept in a room somewhat removed from the main rooms of the house. After my mother had tucked the clothes snugly about us, I would ask her questions and do everything in my power to keep her in the room, with the lamp, as long as possible. But this special night, I was unusually sleepy, and so did not lie awake fearing the dark. I must have been asleep for some time, as everything was quiet downstairs, when suddenly I woke as if someone had touched me, and my eyes became riveted, as if by magnetic power, on a form standing by the side of the bed,

only a short distance from me. The figure was that of the most beautiful woman I had ever seen. Her form was tall and graceful, and soft, shadowy garments of wondrous beauty enveloped her. Her hair was long and waved about her shoulders in clusters of golden curls. But, above all, her face was what fascinated me. She seemed to be smiling sweetly, yet so sadly, upon me, her eyes never moving from my face. Her features were illuminated by a radiance of love and pity not of every-day life. Finally this beautiful being seemed to change its form, and in its place appeared the form of my sister, smiling down upon me with the same sad expression. I was so struck with the resemblance that I reached over in the bed to make sure it was really not she standing before me. She was quietly sleeping and knew nothing of my strange experience. I could not feel frightened, I felt only awe, and wonder at the silent figure in white. At last the features grew indistinct, the garments grew more shadowy, and my strange, silent visitor vanished.

GETRUDE WESTON, '05.

How Harry Walker Won the Shotgun.

Harry Walker had been in Benton for two and one half weeks, and still he had not seen any Canadian owls. Benton is in the north-western part of Massachusetts. Harry lived in Boston, but every year he spent a week or two, during November, in Benton, in order to hunt. The year before, Mr. Walker had seen a stuffed Canadian owl, and had expressed a desire to have one, because he admired the snowy whiteness of its plumage. Therefore, when Harry started for his hunting trip this year, his father had promised him a new shotgun of the latest pattern, if he would shoot a Canadian owl. Harry had long wanted a new shotgun and he set out with a determination to get it, if such a thing were possible.

Although he had hunted diligently, he had not seen any signs of an owl. This was not surprising, as very few owls of this species were seen around Benton; but he was disappointed, because he wanted the gun so much. And then, to add to his disappointment, only the day before he was going to start for home, a hunter came into the village, late in the afternoon, carrying in his hands a handsome specimen of the Canadian owl which he had shot. Harry thought that he would buy it and take it home to his father. So he accosted the man. When he returned to the house where he was staying, he carried the owl in his hands; while the man went home happy in the possession of a ten-dollar bill.

The next morning Harry started for home, carrying the owl with him. When he reached his home, thinking to have a little fun, he held the owl up before his father's eyes and said, "You didn't think I should get an owl when you made that agreement with me, did you?"

His father, lost in admiration of the owl, did not think of questioning the manner in which Harry had obtained it, but remarked that he had surely earned his gun. Then a thought came to Harry, a thought which had not come to him before. "Why not pretend to have shot it and so get the gun?"

For some time, he sat silent, the good side of his character struggling against the thought. Finally, he told his father how he had obtained the owl. His father told him that he knew that he hadn't shot it, because it had been shot by a rifle, and Harry owned only a shotgun. Then he asked Harry if he had not thought of pretending to have shot it and so to win the shotgun, and Harry confessed with a great deal of hesitation that he had.

Did he lose anything by being honest? If you should happen to be in Benton next year about the middle of

November, you may see Harry Walker and, if you do, you will, probably, also see the handsome shotgun and the shooting jacket, that he received for being honest.

DWIGHT A. WOODBURY, '04.

A Skating Contest.

It was one o'clock. School was closed for the day and the pupils of the Phillips High school came out in groups of twos and threes, their fresh young voices ringing out merrily in the clear, cold air. Suddenly the foremost ones noticed a large sign tacked to one of the trees in the school yard and all gathered around to read it. It announced that on New Year's Day a skating contest was to be held on Mill's Pond, the best skater to receive a prize of twenty-five dollars.

Among the girls who stopped to read the announcement were Marion Mayard and Florence Wilton, the two best skaters in the school. Both girls decided to compete, because they really wanted, not the money but the honor, for if one of them should win she would be considered the best skater in the school. So the determination in each girl's heart grew strong.

The day of the contest dawned clear and cold. The pond was like one large sheet of glass. Only ten were to compete, for many had dropped out because of the extreme cold. The skaters were to go as far as the flag fastened in the ice, turn, and come back to the starting point; the one winning twice in three trials to obtain the prize. They all stood in a row, waiting for the signal to be given by the Mayor, who had offered the prize. At last the word was given and they dashed off, with cries of encouragement from the crowd. Before they were halfway round, two girls dropped out, but the others continued, Marion coming in first, with Florence a close second.

Again they drew up at the line, but this time there were only eight. The

word was given and they were off. Three girls dropped out, leaving only five in the race. It looked as if Marion were going to win but as they drew nearer, Florence shot past her, crossing the line first.

Now for the last trial, the one which would decide the winner! Only Marion and Florence were to race, for the others seeing that they had no chance of winning, decided not to try again. The two girls stood side by side waiting for the word.

"Are you ready?" asked the Mayor.

"Yes," answered both girls.

"Then—go!"

Off they started, side by side at first but gradually Marion forged ahead. The crowd was wild with excitement. Florence began to gain on Marion, until, as they turned to come back, they were again side by side. Still they struggled on, now one, now the other, gaining ground until at last they crossed the line together. It was impossible to tell who was the winner.

Then each forgot her determination to surpass the other in the race and when it was suggested that they should try again, both declined. As for the prize—well, that was given to the Girls' Basketball team in which both girls played; a team rich in victories, but not very rich financially.

HILDA KELLY, '07.

A Sixth Grade Tragedy.

Margaret, the usually merry, the care free, the lighthearted, was for once in her ten years unhappy. As her sister who was sixteen and a junior in the high-school would have expressed it, she was "perfectly miserable." But in her own words she just felt "awful bad." And what was the cause of such grief, one may ask? Why simply this, her position in the spelling-class was seriously threatened.

In the school which she attended, spelling was considered very important and for three happy years she had

been almost constantly at the head of her class. Now that post of honor was threatened and by whom? Not by one of her friends but by a stranger, an interloper from another city, who had arrived but the week before and was even now two places from the head, where Margaret stood, grimly defiant. "But she must go no higher," said Margaret gravely, and with this determination, she actually took her speller home to study.

But there were many pleasant things to do after school and time passed quickly, so it was too late to study when Margaret thought of it. The next day for the first time she came to her recitation ill at ease. Still she would no doubt have been all right, if this day of all days had not been the one which the Superintendent chose for a call. This was the last straw; for under his scrutiny, good work was impossible. All the children were panic-stricken. Perhaps he noticed their fear and wished to increase it, perhaps he didn't; at any rate he announced that he would conduct the recitation. Then trouble began in earnest. The children wilted before his sarcastic comments like plants beneath a hot sun. The teacher became nervous. Only Margaret and the stranger, Hilda, were composed. The recitation was but a struggle for supremacy between these two. The Superintendent excused the rest of the class and called them out together for a last trial. Margaret did bravely but what was to be done when one's opponent was a mere spelling machine? "Originator" proved her stumbling-block and the three years' champion went to her seat, in defeat and sorrow but not in tears. She had too much strength of mind for that. Hilda was congratulated and applauded by all save the teacher, who understood.

But at recess as Margaret sat alone, deserted by all the fickle ones and momentarily by the true, she felt a soft hand clasp hers and Hilda's curls

fell over her eyes, as their owner whispered, "I want to be friends with you." And after that, there were two Sixth Grade champions and they were "most intimate friends."

BERNICE J. ANDREWS, 1905.

I was racing wildly down the street. I turned the corner suddenly, and in the distance, made out a point of light. Surely that was the Salem car, and somehow I must overtake it. Buttoning my coat I redoubled my speed. The point stopped! I ran on and on! My heart pounded against my ribs and my breath came in gasps. Doggedly I kept on. The point stopped. I moved my feet mechanically. I had no breath at all! I was one great throbbing, pulsing ache. I was approaching it. Some merciful pedestrian whistled. It waited and I climbed wearily aboard. "Salem?" I gasped as I sank painfully into a seat.

"Lynn, Lynn and Boston!" shouted the conductor.

BETH MARTIN, '05.

I sat in a car this evening and idly glanced along the opposite side. First came a little Italian girl, a pedler, I judged, by her large pack. She was shabbily and scantily clothed. Next her, sat a very stylish woman clad in beautiful furs, who drew her silken skirts disdainfully away from the little waif. Beyond her came a stolid-looking man, who stared blankly ahead into space. Next sat a man whose face bore the marks of brain work.

"A minister," I thought, "or any way a thinker."

Then there were some factory boys, whose faces had that peculiar pallor, and whose eyes seemed to stare hungrily. Next, a well-dressed business man sat, reading the evening paper, and a poverty-stricken little woman, who seemed to be fairly apologizing for living, cast furtive glances at the columns nearest her.

BETH MARTIN, '05.

ATHLETICS.

The regular monthly meeting of the Athletic Association was held Monday afternoon, Jan. 11. Mr. Thompson read the names of those entitled to receive one point for playing football.

Mr. Thompson has been elected Treasurer and Director of the Athletic Association.

The committee appointed to revise the Constitution reported at this meeting and offered some very good suggestions.

The meeting adjourned at six o'clock until the following Friday afternoon. At the next meeting an amendment, to the Constitution, was offered whereby only those players participating in five league games, except track games, shall be entitled to a "B."

A bill was passed appropriating sufficient money to purchase seven Basketball suits.

The manager of last year's baseball team and last year's football team was authorized to purchase "B's" for those players who are entitled to receive them. The following are entitled to receive Baseball "B's":—

Harry C. Lunt, captain,
C. Archie Herrick, manager,
Arthur Quigley,
Robert Robertson, Jr.,
Elmer Woodbury,
Chester Ward,
George St. Clair,
Ernest Blanchard,
Joseph Williams,
Chester Pope,
Jesse Foster,
James Fullerton.

The following are entitled to receive Football "B's":—

James Fullerton, captain,
C. Archie Herrick, manager,
Paul Smith,
James Arnold,
Richard Fullerton,

Robert Robertson, Jr.,
Joseph Williams,
Jesse Mason,
Ernest Berry,
Jesse Foster,
Arthur Quigley,
Merton Kent,
Henry Kent,
Allison Cook,
Albert Wallis,
George Wallis,
Leroy Raymond,
Chester Ward,
Walter Alley.

The proposition to form a league with various schools was fully discussed. Salem, Gloucester, Newburyport, Lynn High Schools and Dunmer Academy have been invited to join this league. A meeting was held in Beverly, Friday Jan. 15, and it was decided that it should be called the "North Shore Interscholastic League." The formation of this league should arouse interest in Beverly and should secure the hearty support of the public.

Robert Robertson, Jr. tendered his resignation as secretary of the Athletic Association and Wm. Lord was elected to fill the vacancy.

James H. Arnold, 1906, has been elected Manager of next year's football team.

At a meeting of the members of last year's football team, James Fullerton was unanimously re-elected Captain of the football team for 1904. A committee was also appointed to make arrangements for the annual football banquet, to be held the first of February.

BASEBALL.

Mr. Jackson, the well known short-stop of the famous Beverly team, has been secured to coach the baseball team.

BASKETBALL.

The Basketball team has started on its hard schedule and hopes to accomplish much in its work. Already it has shown some good work and promises a successful season.

BEVERLY H. S. 6, MELROSE H. S. 25.

Jan. 2.—The Beverly High opened its Basketball season Saturday afternoon with Melrose High as her opponent. Melrose is one of the strongest school teams in the state.

Melrose outplayed Beverly but our boys gave them a good game and did well to score. Considering that it was the first time that our team had been together, it showed up well. Our boys had hard luck in shooting. At the start the visitors took the lead and did not lose it during the entire game. Beverly showed her weakness in throwing fouls, having six chances and not scoring one. The Melrose boys are larger and have had more experience which explains their wonderful work.

Summary:

BEVERLY, H. S.	MELROSE, H. S.
Herrick, r.f.	lb., Harris.
Fullerton, l.f.	r.b., Campbell.
Quigley, c.	c., Vaughn.
Lord, lb.	r.f., French.
Wallis, r.b.	l.f., Wheeler.

Goals from floor: Vaughn 7, French 4, Wheeler, Wallis 2, Fullerton.

Goals from foul line: Vaughn.

Referee: Munsey.

Time: 20 and 15 min. periods.

BEVERLY H. S. 18, LYNN H. S. 21.

Jan. 6.—Beverly High lost its second game Wednesday afternoon at the local Armory. Her opponent was the Lynn High School team. The game was exciting and hard fought from start to finish. The local team showed marked improvement over their first game. Lynn played a better passing game but was off in shooting. The first half ended with the score, 11-10, in favor of

Lynn. Just after the opening of the second half, Beverly threw two goals from the floor and thus took the lead away from her opponent, 14-11. Soon after, the visitors caged three goals in quick succession and left Beverly three points in the rear. At the end of the game, the score was 21-18 in favor of Lynn High.

Summary:

BEVERLY H. S.	LYNN H. S.
Foster, r.f.	lb., Manning.
Herrick, Cook, l.f.	r.b., Phinney.
Fullerton, c.	c., Wells.
Lord, lb.	r.f., Mills.
Wallis, r. b.	l.f., Jacobs.
Goals from floor: Mills 5, Manning 3, Wells 2, Fullerton 2, Foster 2, Cook 2.	
Goals on fouls: Wallis 4, Jacobs.	
Referee: Munsey.	
Time: 20 and 15 min. periods.	

BEVERLY H. S. 9, GLOUCESTER H. S. 7.
Jan. 13.—Beverly High defeated Gloucester High to the tune of 9-7. Beverly, in this game, played very poorly and should have been defeated. Beverly took the lead and was tied once and that at the end of the first period, when the score stood 5-5. Beverly was weak in passing and shooting. If Gloucester had had any luck in shooting, our boys would have met defeat, for the "Fish City" boys passed all around Beverly. If Beverly intends to achieve anything she must improve.

Summary:

BEVERLY H. S.	GLOUCESTER H. S.
Foster, r.f.	r.f., Herrick.
Cook, l.f.	l.f., McInnis.
Fullerton, c.	c., Irving.
Lord, r.b.	r.b., Lufkin.
Wallis, lb.	lb., Bradley.
Referee: Munsey.	
Time: 20 and 15 min. periods.	

INTERCLASS BASKETBALL SERIES.

1904, 28; 1908, 5.

Jan. 9.—Saturday afternoon two class games in the Interclass series were played. In the first, 1904 defeated 1908, 28-5, and in the second 1906 defeated 1905, 16-4.

In the first game, the "Freshies" put up a stiff fight but were defeated by superior weight and team work. For the Seniors Herrick and Stanley each threw six goals while Pope threw two and for the "Freshies" Wittenhagen threw two and one from the foul line.

Summary:

1904.	1908.
Herrick, l.f.	r.b., Lewis, Trask.
Stanley, r.f.	lb., Hayden.
Pope, c.	c., Kilham, Lewis.
Lord, lb.	r.f., Casey.
Lunt, r.b.	l.f., Wittenhagen.
Goals from floor: Herrick 6, Standley 6, Pope 2, Wittenhagen 2.	
Goals on foul: Wittenhagen.	

1906, 16; 1905, 4.

In the second game, 1906 did not lose the lead and they showed great improvement over preceding games. The game was hard fought and was an exciting one. Arnold and St. Clair were the stars for the winners, Arnold scoring ten points for his team. For the losers Harrigan and McSweeney excelled. Harrigan was especially unlucky in his shots for the basket and missed several long throws.

Summary:

1906.	1905.
Arnold, l.f.	r.b., Murray.
St. Clair, r.f.	lb., Pope, Fairbanks.
Trowt, c.	c., Williams.
Thissel, r.b.	l.f., McSweeney.
Griffin, lb.	r.f., Harrigan.
Goals from floor: Arnold 4, St. Clair, Thissel, Trowt, Williams, McSweeney.	
Goals on fouls: Arnold 2.	

1907, 28; 1905, 8.

Jan. 16.—1905 again lost, in the interclass series, to 1907 by a score of 28-8. This was an overwhelming victory for 1907. The passing of Foster, Fullerton, and Quigley for '07 was excellent and many times this trio carried the ball from one end of the hall to the other. Too much credit cannot be given the backs.

For 1905 Harrigan and McSweeney did the best, although as a team 1905 played very poorly and showed a lack of wind.

Summary:

1907.	1905.
Fullerton, l.f.	r.b., Murray.
Foster, r.f.	lb., Pope, Fairbanks.
Quigley, c.	c., Williams.
Morgan, lb.	r.f., Harrigan.
Blanchard, r.b.	l.f., McSweeney.
Goals from floor: Foster 4, Fullerton 4, Quigley 4, Morgan, McSweeney 2, Harrigan, Murray.	

A few weeks ago I was selecting some wall paper for my room, and I had spread out before me a dark green paper with a silver figure, that I thought very artistic and beautiful. Two dressy girls came near and opened a roll of paper, with a background of gilt, against which red, blue and white roses with emerald green leaves stood out mercilessly. The girls were loud in their exclamations of delight. One of them looked at my choice and nudged the other saying: "She ain't got taste—to get such a hombly pattern as that."

CAROLINE WILSON, '05.

As I stood waiting for a car, a woman and little boy, richly dressed, came and stood beside me. He was a very pretty little boy, but his face was one great frown. He was peevishly complaining about something that was "not as good as Tom's." Just then, in sharp contrast, came a ragged little newsboy, one leg and foot all bent and twisted, hands purple with cold; yet he was whistling merrily, and in some exuberance of joy, not content to walk, was skipping and jumping on his poor crippled leg.

B. M., '05.

Yesterday, a small boy marched up to me and accosted me.

"Say, have you seen anything funny, today?"

"No," I said innocently, "Have you?"

"Yes, you!" he yelled gleefully, and then darted in search of another victim.

B. M., '05.

THE ÆGIS.

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The canvassers for the candy table at the Company E fair are doing their best and already have received a generous supply of promised candy. Let us all do our part and show Company E that we can be practically grateful for the favors we have received.



Resolved, that an Interscholastic League shall be formed for the promotion of athletics in the High Schools of Lynn, Salem, Beverly, Newburyport and Dunmer Academy.

Such was the silent resolution adopted by delegates from the different schools represented at the committee meeting, held in Beverly, January fifteenth, for the formation of the aforesaid league. Although nothing officially definite was decided, it was the undivided opinion that such a league would be of marked benefit. In our High School it means almost a revolution in the present mode of managing athletics. Whatever sports prove favorable to the league must be made not merely to pay their support but even be a source of income to the association. The formation of a league means that the rivalry between the schools will be many times doubled in its intensity and that athletics in our school must advance through many stages in order to lead in the strenuous struggle for supremacy. It is known that this league, the North Shore Interscholastic Athletic Association, will govern the baseball games between its school members during this spring. In anticipation of the coming battle, many of the schools already have started in the grind of their preliminary training. The Beverly High School because of the interference of basketball and the lack of proper quarters has not obtained a running start over the other schools. It is well that the association look to this immediately.

Again, it is of the most importance that we as a school open our eyes to the fact that the Beverly High School will be obliged to give better financial support to its association and teams than has been its habit in the past. Our league teams must have a good coach, presentable uniforms, suitable quarters for training and a regular field for the games. Our association must do its share toward the support of the league. All students can at least, join the association immediately. Enthusiasm among the students will be aroused by the excitement attending the spirited battles to take place for the possession of not only the trophy of the league but the honor of the championship of the foremost high schools in Essex County.

We possess, as some know, a silver trophy, to which is attached a vague history of an old league of which the Beverly High School was the champion. Our track team many years ago was a leader among leaders. Shall we, this year, next year and in the future be represented by a leading team, not a track team perhaps, but at least a baseball or football team? After a long period of slumber and recreation we are once again able to take up an earnest struggle in which we shall be obliged to demonstrate that our Beverly High School has wakened and with courage undaunted, will push forward through the rush line to that distant goal, "Championship."

The Bar in the ÆGIS office is the receptacle for the notes from students.



The Eulalean Debating Club held its third meeting in the High School Building on the afternoon of January the eight, 1904. The constitution was read before the club, received additions and was accepted as follows:

ARTICLE I.

NAME.

The name of this organization shall be the Eulalean Debating Club of the Beverly High School.

ARTICLE II.

OBJECT.

Its object shall be to promote concentration of thought and fluency of speech among the girls of the Beverly High School.

ARTICLE III.

MEMBERSHIP.

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

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

SECT. 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.

SECT. 4. Every member must sign this constitution.

ARTICLE IV.

OFFICERS.

SECTION 1. The officers of this club shall consist of a President, Vice-President, Secre-

tary, Treasurer and an executive committee.

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

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

SECT. 4. The Secretary besides keeping the minutes of each meeting shall also keep a record of the attendance.

SECT. 5. The Executive Committee shall consist of three members of the club, appointed by the club. It shall be the duty of the committee to maintain perfect order, to have charge of subjects, and give necessary assistance to debaters.

ARTICLE V.

FINANCES.

SECTION 1. Every member shall pay a fee of five cents once a month.

SECT. 2. Every member shall pay a fine of five cents for being absent without a reasonable excuse. These fines must be paid before the next meeting.

SECT. 3. This money shall be kept for social purposes.

ARTICLE VI.

MEETINGS.

SECTION 1. The regular meetings of this club shall be held every other Friday afternoon, in Room five, of the Beverly High School.

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

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.

ARTICLE VIII.

JUDGES.

Three judges shall be appointed at each debate by a majority vote, who shall decide respective merits of the debates.

An Executive Committee, for the following year, was appointed, consisting of Bessie P. Martin, Chairman, Margaret Herlihy, and Jessie Pierce.

The subject for debating was, Resolved: "Death punishment for crime shall be abolished." It was very well handled by Avis Carleton, affirmative, and Annie Smith, negative. The somewhat informal discussion which followed, was both forceful and emphatic. The judges, Esther Elliot, Abbie Patten and Jesse Pierce, decided in favor of Miss Carleton's debate.

Friday afternoon, January the fifteenth, the Mandolin Club played at the Washington St. Chapel, the occasion being a lecture given under the auspices of the Lothrop Club.

Some girls in school are surely eager to learn. I don't say that I blame them for girls are accustomed to be more studious than boys. But it seemed to me that, even if they are

so very studious, they might manage to go one day without a lesson. I refer to something which happened in my Latin class. The teacher forgot to give out the next day's lesson and

of course some one had to pipe up and tell her so. Now, it seems to me that girls ought to get enough studying without having to ask for it.

RUEL POPE, 1905.



The custom which so many of the classes away back in the seventies and the early eighties enjoyed—that of holding a reunion of their members each year—unfortunately has been followed by only a few of the classes graduating during the past decade or more. Whether a different spirit pervades these classes or whether their numbers have grown so large that such a thing as a reunion is impossible is a matter of conjecture. It is true, nevertheless, that the classes of today are not so united as those of a quarter of a century or even fifteen years ago. Today an individual pupil knows, outside of his own immediate circle of friends, hardly more than a score of the pupils in the school; many years ago every pupil knew every other member of the school; consequently school days were happier and remembered longer.

Several of the older classes have been fortunate enough to keep together and during the Christmas holidays at least two revived old times at reunions. On the evening of Dec. 29, Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred M. Patten entertained Mrs. Patten's classmates of the class of 1894. The evening was

pleasantly spent in playing games. Refreshments were served. The following officers were re-elected: C. F. Broughton, president; Frank W. Foster, secretary; and Robert G. Johnson, treasurer.

The following evening, the class of 1902 enjoyed a reunion at which they played games and had a general good time.

William Derby Whitney, '90, passed away at his home in Wrentham, Dec. 6, after a short illness caused by tuberculosis. Mr. Whitney was a very popular young man and will be sadly missed. For some time he was private secretary for Vice-president Berry of the Boston and Maine Railroad. He was thirty years of age.

The following High School graduates are members of the present City Government: Common Council, Edward S. Webber, '89, Ward 1, and Alfred E. Lunt, '91. Albert Boyden, city solicitor, and William A. Lee, clerk of committees are both '87 men, while Charles F. Lee, city treasurer, graduated in '72.

On Christmas Day Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Hurd announced the engagement of their daughter Lula

Mabel, '90, to Guy Channing Richards, Esq., of Salem.

The engagement is announced of Lawrence A. Ford, Esq., '91, of Boston, to Miss M. Annie Guinivan, '91, of this city.

Harry F. Standley, '00, is time-keeper for the Beverly Street Department, having recovered from his recent illness.

The marriage of Charles A. Goodwin and Lucy Wise Davis, '00, both of Beverly, was solemnized on Jan. 6. Mr. and Mrs. Goodwin will reside at 16 Home Street.

Miss Winifred P. Upton, '01, is principal of the Grammar School of Blair Plains, Mass., and Miss A. Bertha Glines, '98, is teaching in Deighton, Mass.

Miss Alice A. Preston, '91, has resigned her position in the Prospect Hill School to accept a more lucrative charge at the Shurtleff School, Chelsea.

A daughter was born on Dec. 24 to Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Appleton, both of whom are graduates of the School. Mr. Appleton was a member of the class of '83, while Mrs. Appleton belonged to the class of '93.

I have a pretty little watch which is as perverse as the widow of the Sir Roger de Coverly papers. Like her, it has very pretty hands, but it is next to impossible to make them move gracefully. The watch loses perhaps two minutes in an hour. At the back

there is a little lever and at one side of its swing is the word "Advance," at the other "Retard." I turned the lever a little way toward "Advance," and it lost three minutes in the next fifteen. I turned it as far as it would go toward "Advance," and it lost

about one minute in five. I then turned it back toward "Retard," and it gained one minute in ten. I then gave it up as a bad job. It is incorrigibly perverse.

SCOTT PUTNAM, '06.

My First Fight.

My first fight was a very sad affair, a very sad affair, indeed, and so later I found out. I thought I never would fight again, but the first step in fighting should never be taken.

It was one of those balmy June afternoons, warm and sunny. I had company, and Company brought her best doll. My! but that doll was a marvellous creation! Her dress was of real pink silk with little pink silk bows all over it, and there were elbow sleeves. The leghorn hat had a big pink silk bow in front and lots of little pink and white rosebuds. Even the stockings were not the every day kind, but of pink silk, and the shoes were not black but were little pink slippers. I wished I had a doll like that, but Company let me hold it a minute and then I played it was mine.

We went out to the orchard and began to play house. We hadn't even decided our names when Third Person appeared on the scene. Third Person was one year younger than I, and besides, I had Company. She knew she was Third Person, and moreover, she resented it. We paid no attention whatever to her advances, but this only irritated her. All at once she remembered that she had a snapper in her pocket. Immediately she determined upon a course of action. She took out the snapper and—what do you suppose she did? She snapped it right in front of Company's best doll's face. Just think what harm she might have done that doll's face! She might have injured it for life. Of course we told her to stop and, of course, that was just what Third Person wanted. She tried it a second time, then a third. I could stand it no longer, and, as she was about to do it a fourth time, I went for her furiously. She had a muslin dress on, a little the worse for wear, and a guimpe, the sleeves of which were made of some old silk which had seen its best days. Her hair had just been combed for the afternoon

and was tied neatly with a ribbon.

My anger was aroused and I went for her with vim. I slapped her face and pulled her hair and tore those silk sleeves. Indeed, the whole dress suffered. By this time, she was crying and well she might have been, for I had used a good deal of force. Finally she departed, not to her own house but to mine. She was going to tell my mother on me and see that I received my just deserts.

My mother was entertaining company in the parlor, but that made no difference to Third Person. She wanted to see my mother and she intended to see my mother in spite of everything. Straight into the parlor, she marched, in her torn dress and dishevelled hair, and straightway she told her sorrowful tale of what I had done and what a naughty bad girl I was, and what a nice girl she was, and how she hadn't done anything. Not finding as much sympathy as she had expected from this source, she went home to unburden her tale of woe. Here, also, they had company, but Third Person didn't mind a little thing like that. She wanted them to fully understand what a naughty girl I was. The Company happened to be one of my mother's friends, in whose eyes my mother wished me to appear to advantage.

Later that afternoon, a little girl very much ashamed of herself, crept in by the back door. Mother met her on the way to her room and stopped her. The little girl couldn't meet mother's eyes and stood with lowered head. Questions came and were answered. Had she slapped the little girl's face? Yes. Had she torn the little girl's dress? Yes. Had she meant to do it? Yes. Wasn't she sorry? She guessed she was. And she wouldn't do it again, would she? But she still said "Yes." Then her mother was surprised, and the little girl decided then and there never to fight again.

LOUISE GILES, '05.

L'Enfant Terrible.

Returning from Salem to-day in the street cars, I was very much amused by the antics of a small golden-haired boy who got on with his mother. The boy seemed possessed with the spirit of unrest, for he had no more than seated himself, when he jumped down and again climbed upon the seat, this time on his knees. The window was covered with steam but this did not trouble him, for, with a stroke of his hand, he cleared a space in the center of the window. Then, jamming his pug-nose against the window, he began humming the tune, "Under the Bamboo Tree!" After amusing himself thus, for a while, he finally turned to his mother and said,

"Mamma, why didn't you buy some more candy?"

She replied that she had enough for him.

"Why," he responded, "you've only got two pieces for me and two for Margaret."

This was said in a loud tone and his mother admonished him with "Hush dear." He again turned toward the window and began to trace designs of unknown architecture on the window-pane, all the while humming a tune to himself. This time it was "Hiawatha."

Suddenly a thought seemed to come to him, for his face brightened, and immediately he rubbed his finger, moistened by the steam, upon the window-sill and thus got it good and dirty. This seemed to encourage him for he informed the whole car that his finger was dirty and then turned to me. To be sociable I winked at him. To my astonishment he screwed up his face in a manner impossible to describe or imitate, and—winked back! Then with the ejaculation, "I make four," he traced a large figure Four on the part of the steamed window yet untouched. After repeating this performance several times, suddenly with a sweep of his arm, he erased the

whole collection of figures from the window. Then he again turned to me, with a proud look in his eyes, as much as to say,

"What do you think of that?"

I laughed at the little fellow expecting him to laugh back, but instead, he said in an injured tone.

"What's matter you?"

He accompanied this question with a make-believe shake of his fist in my direction. Then he informed the people that his "Fours" were gone. His mother, becoming alarmed at the proceedings, said "Hush dear!" However, he paid no attention, but commented in a tone, audible over the whole car, on his hat, shoes, the conductor and everything else. In a short "stage wait" between his mutterings, his mother whispered, "Hush I say! This is the last time I shall tell you to be quiet." The boy evidently saw something in this short speech that boded evil, for he faced around and was silent.

As I left the car at my street, he was again humming "Hiawatha," although with not as much spirit as before.

R. P., '05.

Twenty-five Cents Worth of Forgiveness.

"Twenty-five cents worth of forgiveness." That is a by-word in a certain village in Nova Scotia and thereby hangs a tale which I will tell you briefly. One evening a crowd of small boys were standing at the corner waiting for some mischief. An old lady of the village, known as Aunt Polly, happened to pass by. The small boys at once assailed her with cries of "Polly want a peanut?" "Polly want a cracker?" and so wounded the old lady's feelings, that she at once applied to the local magistrate for justice as balm to her hurt. The magistrate gave them their choice of a week in jail, or paying ten dollars, or paying twenty-five cents and asking forgiveness. They all chose the latter.

At six o'clock the next morning a knock came at the door, and when Aunt Polly opened it, there stood a small culprit who said, "Please, ma'am, I want twenty-five cents worth of forgiveness." He got it, but that was not the end, for during the next two hours, the other sinners came at intervals of ten minutes, until all had paid.

BERNICE ANDREWS, 1905.

At dusk I went to walk in the storm. I tramped down side streets, enjoying the bracing air. I climbed a hill, plunging through the snow. But let's pretend!

I am a knight, on my way to the Storm-king's castle to rescue a maiden fair. The king has sent out his elfin legions and they swarm about me. Their tiny lances whip across my face and the elves fling magic powder in my eyes to blind me. He has sent out his body guard, the north wind, who hurls himself against me and strives to drive me back; but I keep on. Valiantly I swing my trusty sword. The elves fall before me. But hark! Footsteps behind me! It is the king himself. The captured maiden cries plaintively and I hasten on and on, with the king behind me. He has almost reached me. I spur on my brave steed. A voice cries,

"For pity's sake, stop! I have chased you for a mile."

We are again on the streets of Beverly.

BETH MARTIN, '05.

One day in summer I first saw a ruby-throated humming-bird. With a whirl of wings, moving with intense velocity, he came,—a blur, an intangible mixture of emerald and ruby, poised in mid-air, a bird and yet not a bird. Like the scent of flowers wafted to our senses, this bird seemed—a distinguishable something which bears a marked impression of the beautiful, but a thing with outlines indefinable and unknown.

HAZEL WESTON, '05.

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The "Jabberwock" still keeps up its reputation for being one of the best school papers published.

The "Friendship that Endureth" in the High School "Student" is rather good. Your Exchange column might be larger "Student."

In the "Crimson and White," Gloucester we read this:—The Beverly Ægis is of very awkward size and shape. It has a childish cover." Under the heading "Football" in another part of the paper is this interesting little story, "G. H. S., 11; B. H. S., 18; and again G. H. S., 0; B. H. S., 5." We think that under the circumstances it is only human nature for us to remark that possibly the "Ægis" is not the only thing from Beverly that Gloucester High School has found to be of a very awkward size and shape.

"The Cue" from Albany might be called a model paper, if it contained a few good stories.

The New Haven "Crescent" contains a number of bright stories. However, we agree with the editor of that paper in thinking that it would be improved by the addition of a few essays.

I watched two small girls and one small boy sitting in a sand box. Suddenly the two little girls got up and began to pound the boy on the head. He couldn't get up and defend himself but sat and howled. After a while, the little girls got tired of pounding him and they sat down again. Soon they were up again; this time

The "Argus" Harrisburg, has a very unique cover. This good impression is not at all lessened when one looks within.

The "Red and Blue" is fortunate in being able to get so many good stories. The serious element also, a little of which is essential to every good paper, is introduced in the essay.

The Editorials in the Dorchester "Item" are good.

"Six Weeks in a Pattern Shop" in the "Chronicle" Hartford is most interesting. It is a personal experience, well told.

To read the Lynn "Gazette" is to laugh. There is but little in it that might be called instructive but the humorous part is so interesting that this omission is not noticeable.

The "Herald" from Holyoke is in every way an excellent paper. The stories are clever and well written, the departments are interesting, and many headings make its appearance attractive.

The "Beacon" Chelsea has a plentiful supply of short stories. Advertisements scattered through the paper spoil its appearance.

pounding each other. They hit each other in the head, in the face, and on the shoulders. They uttered no cries as they fought desperately. I saw the cause of the quarrel in the hands of the small boy. It was a battered little brass spoon.

SCOTT PUTNAM, '06.



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Class Notes.

1904.

C. A. H. (reading in English class): "My look is a buried treasure."

W. G.: "I don't know anything."

Mr. —: "Well, stand up and let us see how you look when you don't know anything."

Did J. B. think it necessary to lean against the door in order to keep it closed?

1905.

If you wish to know all about the weather, ask W., the weather-prophet.

L. R. says that erasing blackboards is good for developing the muscles.

It is shameful the way they excite J. M. in the Athletic meetings.

L. R. has been elected president *pro tem.* of the new debating society. He has been interested in the debates only a short time.

B. M. is getting all kinds of candy from the boys for the Co. E Fair. L. H. is going to make some fudge for the candy table. Beware, when you buy.

The Old Maids' Club will meet with the senior member, A. S., next Wednesday evening.

The one student of English I. who would eradicate all but strictly business correspondence on a postal card wrote the most strictly personal note which Miss — has received for some time.

H. W. must remember that there are other countries in the world besides America. She musn't grow conceited.

C. C.'s "sanctimonious expression" would have been worth a fortune to him, if he had lived in the time of Dante.

G. W. is unwilling to change his seat. We wonder why.

E. G. will have to buy a new chair for Room 15.

J. W. will find the Shorthand lesson thoroughly explained in his book.

W. says "hubby" for "hobby." Is there any difference between the two?

F. W. BLAKE
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1906.

D. G. knows an animal that "stands on his hind feet and barks like a dog." Can you guess it?

Woe to the unwary student when lint (L—) gets on his pen and plays havoc with his writing.

When B. D. says a thing and stamps her foot for emphasis, what can we say but "Thy will be done (Dunn)"?

M. S. is now consulting the *Scientific American*. Ahem!

M. W. believes in saying something even if it is in reply to a question asked five minutes before.

The commercial division is blessed with continual day (Day).

D. A. says girls of dark complexion are the best. Isn't it queer?

One day the shepherd (Shepard) was absent and all the sheep did stray.

F. P. thinks the "horizon drops" in the Ancient Mariner.

M. J. is going to turn over a new leaf in conduct during the Latin period. Will others please follow her example.

G. S. C. "used to be smart" he says.

We do some good guessing in Zoology, but it doesn't always work.

B. L. has so much to do that he can't work during his study periods.

Dexter mustn't discuss such improbable conditions in the History class. It is "shocking."

If at any time you are disturbed in your daily dreams by a loud "hurrah" you may know that the Mathematics class have finished quadratic equations.

We wonder how many of the amateur teachers in Div. 2, English, would like teaching as a profession.

1907.

"Allie" has lost his Lady (of the Lake). We are sorry for him.

Why was "Pie" so sleepy?

J. A. must remember that "children are to be seen and not heard."

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CHATTY HIGH SCHOOL NEWS
IN THE

ET

Mr. T.: "What is a lens?"

S.: "A lens is a solid body bounded by two surfaces, two or more of which may be curved."

Miss H. has some studious pupils in front of her desk each recess.

Teacher: "Is your book No. 9?"
"Pa" C.: "Yes, sir; I have mine here."

Teacher: "Then you must have a pair of No. 9's."

Why doesn't A. C. get a hair-cut? Because the weather is chilly.
A. Q. would like to know what a mule is.

1908.

Miss W. (pointing to a fraction which needs no change): "What shall we have to do to this fraction?"

G. W.: "Multiply it by—don't have to."

H. B. wishes to be called "Fickle." I wonder why R. S. wears needles in the back of his coat.

W. G. is now "Duke."

Miss H.: "What other things are manufactured from wood?"

T. C.: "Tooth-picks."

B. B. has now become "Elsie." Is it safe for O. R. to sit so near P. W.?

Will someone please bring some paregoric for P. W. and R. P. In the Latin class they grunt as if they were in pain.

Wanted: Information concerning how to "pick up the floor" Monday afternoons at 3.30.

E. B. should put his feet in his pocket.

Isn't it too bad that G. W. isn't strong enough to keep his balance?

"R—! you silly little boy!" Miss

Miss E. thinks the class of 1908 in Room 4 the best-tempered class she ever had.

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