

The Aegis



DECEMBER, 1928

Volume XXVIII

Number Three

MUSIC IS OUR BUSINESS

Try Us For
SERVICE—QUALITY—COURTESY
Phonograph, Instrument, Violin Repairing
and Accessories

RADIOS AND ACCESSORIES
YE BRUNSWICK SHOPPE
Wm. B. Almen 266 Cabot Street

Clayton-Bell, Inc.

Dealers in
Fine Groceries and Provisions
228 CABOT STREET

Call 260 for Quality and Service

First Quality Food Products
FISH, MEATS
GROCERIES
BAKERY PRODUCTS, ETC.

MARSTON-STURTEVANT CO.

Cor. CABOT and POND STREETS

J. F. POPE
& SON

LUMBER

River Street
Beverly

SPORTY FOOTWEAR

Young Men \$5.00 \$6.00 Young Ladies

Giles Shoe Store

154 Cabot Street, Beverly, Mass.

New England Coal & Coke Co.

DEALERS IN
COAL, COKE AND WOOD

McVEY & BERRY, Inc.

CHRYSLER CARS
Sales and Service
330 RANTOUL STREET

PURITAN ICE CREAM CO.

of Beverly
ICES — CANDIES — LUNCHES
Our Goods are Made to a Standard
Not to a Price
WALLACE A. CROSBY, Prop.

PERCY & ROSS

UP-TO-DATE FLORISTS
262 Cabot Street, Beverly
Telephone 718

Melvin E. Davenport, D.D.S.

PEABODY BUILDING
156 Cabot Street Beverly, Mass.
Office Hours, 8:30 A. M. to 5 P. M.

SANITARY SHOP UNION SHOP

M. F. ENOS

HAIR DRESSING PARLOR
279 CABOT STREET BEVERLY, MASS.

We repair all makes of Stoves, and
Furnaces. Grates, Linings, and parts
for all makes.

F. A. E. HAMILTON

313 RANTOUL STREET

THE AEGIS

NORTHEASTERN UNIVERSITY



DAY DIVISION

THE SCHOOL OF ENGINEERING

In co-operation with engineering firms, offers five year curriculums leading to the Bachelor's degree in the following branches of engineering:

Civil Engineering
Mechanical Engineering
Electrical Engineering
Chemical Engineering
Industrial Engineering

THE SCHOOL OF BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION

Co-operating with business firms, offers five year collegiate courses leading to the degree of Bachelor of Business Administration

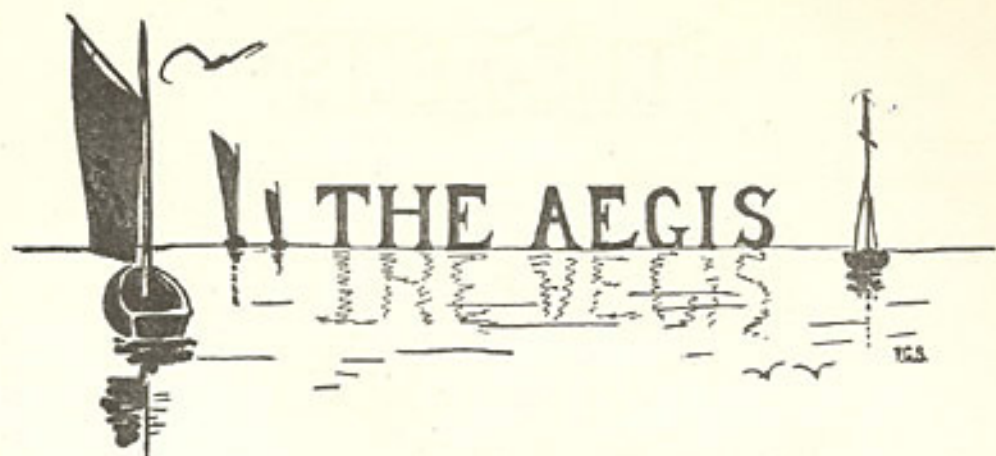
in
Accounting
or in
Finance
or in
Merchandising



The Co-operative Plan of training enables the student to combine theory with practice and makes it possible for him to earn his tuition and a part of his other school expenses.



For catalog or any further information write to:
NORTHEASTERN UNIVERSITY
MITON J. SCHAGENHAUF, *Director of Admissions*
Boston, Massachusetts



Entered Feb. 1, 1902, as Second-class Mail Matter, Postoffice at Beverly, Mass., under Act of Congress, March 3, 1893

Volume XXVIII

BEVERLY, MASS., DECEMBER, 1928

Number 3

A GIFT FOR CARLOS

The dump car rattled by. A blot of light, a rumble, then silence. It would be ten minutes before another came. It was dark - dark, as hell must be dark. The tiny flame of the candle in the workman's hat cut the darkness for a space, to be overwhelmed by the blackness again a foot or two distant. Except for that there was no relief but one short instant of light which came every ten minutes as the ore car rumbled past . . . short flashes by which to measure the hour, the year, eternity. Was it only ten minutes between those flashes—it was ten years, ten centuries, ten epochs, to those struggling like worms in the rotten darkness of the tunnels.

The mine worked on ten hour shifts with no distinction between day and night. The men staggered out of the shaft covered with dirt and sweat, slept, gorged themselves, and returned to the shaft, covered still by their dirt and sweat. Six cars an hour, six small scratches on the face of time. Sixty rumbles a day, sixty glimpses of a dirty mule and a dirtier driver breaking the continuity of blackness for seconds, only

to be swallowed up and absorbed by that same blackness. A glimpse of light, a world of dark; is it any wonder that Carlos was going mad?

Carlos had been born in Spain within sight of the Mediterranean; had been raised in the sunlight of a warm and tender land, with the music of the water and songs of the birds for his lullabies. He could remember it all as if it were but yesterday; the fiestas, the tango dancers of the plaza, the colorful noisy arena, all stood out against the blackness of the mine as would a glimpse of paradise to a damned soul. The ore car rumbled past again bringing his thoughts dazedly back to darkness.

His thoughts wandered again, he had had ten minutes in which to dream. The scenes this time were not to pleasant; a young, happy-hearted cavalier strumming upon a guitar beneath his Senorita's window. Another older, more serious man coming and pushing the younger aside. Quick resentment on the younger's part, a quick flash from his knife, and the other is down. The anger in the youth's face changes to

THE AEGIS

surprise, and finally to horror, as realization of his deed claims him. A gasp from the window; the youth climbs up to the grating. They swear a deathless love and part; the youth running down the street past the body of the man, he had killed. Had he killed him? Was he really dead? Could Carlos go home? Was the senorita still waiting? Did the police want him for murder? The ore car rumbled past once more. Carlos screamed he knew he was going mad.

Following his outburst, he had a period of comparative quiet and rationalism in which his thoughts were of the present. Today, or was it tomorrow would be Christmas up above him. Christmas, which meant so much to some would mean nothing to him but six flashes an hour, sixty flashes a day; so many vague impressions upon an overtired brain. In retrospect he could see the dancers in the Plaza at Seville. Why had he been so hasty with the knife? Why had he not let the senorita, his own senorita, make her own choice? Such thoughts as these would do him no good; he must put them aside, or he would go mad. Last Christmas—but he must not think of that. It was ages since then; he was mad to think it but one year ago.

It is said in Spain that God gives gifts on Christmas to those who have no one to provide for them. Would God see poor Carlos at the bottom of the coal mine and give him a gift? Would God forgive a murderer and solace him on Christmas day? To Carlos it seemed impossible, but he hoped, or rather longed for some reminder that it really was Christmas today, or was it tomorrow. A flash, a rumble, the sixteenth car had gone. He had finished his penance for fourteen hours. Stumbling, crawling, half running, and

half falling, he arrived at the main shaft and was drawn up with the rest of the moles. Sweating, cursing, blinking, they came to the top and staggered out; so many worms squirming their way uncertainly in the unaccustomed light.

Half blinded by the light, Carlos looked about him and felt that he was going mad. His visions had never before followed him out of the darkness, but today they had, for there with outstretched arms was the senorita. Was he to have no rest? Was he to become totally mad and live entirely in visions? The figure came towards him, the lips moving and saying caressing things to his poor tired ears. He felt the arms about him; the vision had never seemed so real and tormenting as it was now. Hardly daring to breathe, lest he should disturb the vision, Carlos slowly placed his arms around it. The arms tightened around his body seeming to draw him up and up into paradise. Carlos gave a sob and collapsed. He knew now that it was today and not tomorrow that was Christmas.

Somewhere deep down in a coal mine in Wales, the cars rumble along the maze of crooked tracks drawn by a dirty mule, and driven by a filthy driver. The light flashes and fades, but Carlos is not there to see it, for God found the poor youth and gave him eternal life that Christmas day.

G. Humes, P. G.



Frosh: "May I go out, Dad? I'll be home early."

Soph: "Let me go out I'll be in by eleven."

Junior: "I'm going out."

Senior: "Good by, leave the key."

THE AEGIS

MERRY CHRISTMAS

Sally smiled out upon the streets full of hurrying, whirling people. Not one of those people saw the smile, for Sally worked in a real estate office on the fourth floor of the skyscraper through the doors of which a jostling throng of people scurried promptly at eight fifteen by the clock. Now and then a straggling flapper or pert office boy wandered in at eight-thirty with an apprehensive look on his or her face but such occasions were rare. Ordinarily Sally would have sighed, but today, at closing time she smiled. It was all old to her, this jubilant swell of voices, and happy ring of laughter as the big doors swung open to emit the crowd of carefree, skylarking workers, free at last to wander through the crowded stores or the brightly illuminated streets. Yet, today, as she pulled her soft felt hat on and shrugged her slim shoulders into her thick coat, she smiled and hummed a snatch of the newest song hit. It was a pity that Sally did not form the habit of smiling for her smile illuminated her otherwise ordinary face. When Sally smiled, it was like the sunshine after a storm. One discovered hitherto unseen dimples in her cheeks, hitherto unknown lights in her violet eyes. If the full battery of her smile were turned on one he was lost. He felt as if his very soul were being bared. A very unprepossessing scowl usually decorated her features, but today—ah! Sally smiled! Today was the day before Christmas! But how different this Christmas would be, thought Sally as she walked gingerly along the icy sidewalk. Last year her father had been a confirmed drunkard, a tottering, grouchy sot. He had celebrated Christmas by pawning his wife's silver. This year everything would be

different. Her father had taken a cure and the urge for drink had left him, praise be!

With a light heart Sally turned toward home. But no, she had yet to buy the tree. With utmost care, she selected a huge Christmas tree, for this year there would be presents galore for everyone. After leaving her address and making sure that she had overlooked nothing in her preparations for Christmas, she hurried home.

As she opened the door of the neat little white bungalow, she glowered at the rickety old apartment house and thought of their lovely little home. The house was strangely silent. Filled with sudden premonitions, she opened the kitchen door. Her mother was slumped in her chair with the old stupid stare of discouragement.

"Father," gasped Sally, dropping her bundles.

"Merry Chrishmus!" he leered back at her.

Sally's scowl returned.

Myrtle Dockham '30

CHRISTMAS BELLS

Ring, O bells, in gladness,
Tell of joy today;
Sing and swing o'er the world so wide;
Banish thoughts of sadness,
Drive all grief away,
Ring and swing o'er all the earth,
This Merry Christmas Tide.

Ring, O bells, from spire and swelling
dome,
Ring and bid peaceful ages come;
Banish thoughts of sadness,
Drive all grief away,
Ring and swing o'er all the earth,
This Merry Christmas Day.

Anita McLane '30.

THE AEGIS

A CYCLONE

I doubt whether anyone here in school has ever known or experienced a cyclone. I have.

Last summer, on the way home from California, we came through Iowa.

Early one afternoon we saw heavy clouds rolling in; clouds which looked as if we were about to have a storm. As we were new to that country, we stopped at a gas station to inquire if we could hire a cottage for the night. While there, we also learned that we were in the town of Nevada. When the owner of the cottage told us we might hire one for a dollar and a half, we moved in at once. In a quarter of an hour, the twelve cottages were full. As quick as one could say "scat" the storm struck. The storm began as a severe thunder storm. There was one continued flash of lightening, one incessant roar of thunder. Outside the cottage the trees were thrown back and forth from the force of the wind, and the rain came down in proverbial torrents.

However, as the saying is, "Man must eat," mother got the supper, I set the table, while father tried to read the paper. The supper was put on the table. We sat down to eat that night with no appetite, no one spoke, each sat as if knowing something was going to happen. I sat watching the raging of the storm, the trees, and the rain.

Finally I got up to look out the window. Suddenly the branches of the trees seemed drawn upward with the increase of the wind. The branches parted and were flung away. Without any warning the roof of our cabin rose about three or four inches from the walls and then settled back again. Meanwhile a shower of dirt and other debris had fallen on our supper. We rushed outdoors. Above was a mass of angry looking clouds whirl-

ing around and around as if beaten by an eggbeater. As we watched the cyclone, we saw it come to earth again, picking up sticks, hay, and wheat. A bird, too, was being beaten about. But now the storm was passing by, and as suddenly as it had come, the fury of the storm, and very shortly we had clear skies.

While we were standing in front of the cottage watching the storm pass on, a man drove up to tell us that the cyclone had struck a quarter of a mile above us.

The next day we went back to town to see what damage it had done. What we saw was one house with its top story across the street, upside down, the lower story smashed into kindling. We were told the owners were a newly married couple who had only recently furnished their home. In the garden near it, the potatoes and onions had been dug up, and the corn leveled flat. A steel framed windmill was picked up, twisted completely out of shape, and thrown down two hundred feet from where it was picked up. The house next door had been picked up bodily and moved twenty feet from its foundation. But other than that the plaster had been knocked from the house, it was unhurt. Following the course of the cyclone, we saw a barn completely torn apart. Trees either with every twig and branch stripped, or up rooted, were strewn about. Another house had all its windows broken. The back yard of this house was littered with wood, dead hens, and ducks. The man told me he had five hen coops with fifty hens in each. He told us that though he had found the remnants of four, the fifth one had completely disappeared with the hens in it. All the shingles had been torn off, but other wise it was unhurt. One sight I

(Continued on page 64)

THE AEGIS

"GETTING A KICK" OUT OF CHRISTMAS

"Gee! I don't see any sense to this Christmas business! What is there about Christmas that's so terribly different that the papers are full of it? What the dickens do all of these poor kids see in it that gives 'em such a kick? I don't see anything extra in it. Wish I could for a change."

The speaker was Master Henry Lowell, Jr., twelve-year-old son of a prominent banker. All his life as far back as he could remember, one Christmas Day was almost exactly like the next. He knew now just what the coming one would be like. He would be awakened with a "Merry Christmas, Young Master," from the butler. When he reached the breakfast room; he would find numerous packages piled about his plate, for which he would dutifully thank his parents. From then until lunch time the would be spent roaming about the grounds with Hannibal, his dog. After lunch the servants would be assembled in the library and he, as son of the family, would be expected to present each with a Christmas present, usually a check or a gold piece, in return for which they would say politely, "Thank you, Master Henry." The rest of the afternoon would be spent in walking or reading until dinner which would be a sumptuous affair much the same as many other dinners throughout the year. After dinner he would go with his sister and parents to some musical comedy or to the Opera.

For presents, he would receive expensive gifts, but they would afford him no real thrill for he had but to mention to either Mother or Father something he fancied and it would be among the parcels surrounding his plate on Christmas morning. However, now that he stopped to think of it, a hint would bring him anything

he wanted at any other time of the year; he need not wait until Christmas for it.

At this point in his musing, the door opened and a tall, dignified man whose features were similar to the boys', entered. "I thought I would find you here, Son," he began. "Now listen, for I have something important to tell you. I find it necessary to leave almost immediately for the West on business where I shall probably be detained until after Christmas. Your mother is too busy to have much time with you; and as this is the first year Elise has been out in society, she is occupied, too. Now I wonder if you would mind very much if I should send Mr. Dalton and you out to "Tree-tops" a week or so earlier. I shall arrange to have James bring you back on Christmas afternoon so that you will not miss your presents, the dinner, or the opera; but it will be almost impossible to have you come back in the morning. Of course all this depends on you. If you would rather wait and go at your usual time just say so."

"Gee! I guess I'll go! Jimmy has his vacation that week so we'll have a corking time. Gosh, can I go?"

"That is what I said." Then frowningly, "I cannot say that I entirely approve of your associating with the chauffeur's son, and I certainly do not approve of your using so much of that vulgar slang; (for Mr. Henry Lowell, Sr. prided himself on his correct English—unless he lost his temper) "but I suppose it will have to be." So saying this, he left the room to make plans for his son's immediate departure; while Henry joyfully anticipated an extra week in the country where he could be plain Bud instead of dignified Henry; and where he would not be continually reminded of his

THE AEGIS

"vulgar slang". Jimmy and he would have a "corking time" all right. Then the dinner bell rang, and he went to join the family at their evening meal, after which he was sent to bed in order that he might be thoroughly rested for the long trip on the morrow.

The next day Henry, now to become Bud, found himself in the comfortable limousine beside James, the chauffeur, a seat he chose in preference to the rear seat with his tutor. After a journey of several hours they arrived at Treetops where Sarah, the wife of the caretaker, had a warm lunch waiting. Although he was hungry for food, Bud was hungrier to renew his friendship with Jimmy Murphy; and while he licked "the platter clean" as did Jack Spratt, he spent no unnecessary time in doing so. Then hastily donning his wraps he started for the school which his friend attended.

On seeing Bud, Jimmy ran forward to greet him; but when asked to accompany the former to the skating pond, he shook his head. "Gosh, I'd like to Bud, honest, but I can't. I've got to deliver my papers."

"Your papers! For the love of Pete how long have you been carryin' papers?"

"Well, you see, when it gets to be 'round Christmas, a fella's got to do somethin' to earn money hasn't he?—Oh gee, I forgot you don't have to."

"Gee whiz! Have you got this Christmas bug too, Jimmy? I wish you'd tell me what you see in it: Christmas isn't any different to me from any other time. I don't see what you make such a fuss about it for."

"For the love of Mike! Do you mean to say 'taint' any different?"

"Well I suppose it's a little different. I get presents, of course. What do you need the money for though?"

"Why to get Christmas presents, of

course. I've got two dollars already."

Silently Bud thought that one couldn't do much with two dollars. He was curious though, so he asked, "Do you buy your own presents? Don't you have them given to you?"

"Well, if you ain't thick! Of course I don't buy my own presents. I buy presents for the others. What the dickens would I want to buy my own for?"

"Well you needn't think you're so smart. It's the first time I ever had any light on this Christmas subject. You don't expect me to know it all at once do you?"

"I don't suppose so, but it seemed so darned funny to me that I couldn't help saying it. Well, I've got to go now or I'll be late for my papers. So long, Bud," and he started off. At the corner he stopped short. "Hey, Bud!" The boy turned. "Do you want to come with me tomorrow when I buy the presents?"

"Sure thing"

"All right. See you after school tomorrow."

On the way home Bud tried to puzzle out more of this Christmas business but finding it beyond him for the present, he turned his thoughts in another direction.

It was a very excited boy who stood impatiently before the school gate the following afternoon. Finally after the last bell rang came the confusion caused by the "young Indians" let loose for two whole weeks from school. While Bud was trying to make out which one was Jimmy, that young person came up behind him and gave an unearthly squeal such as only mischievous school-boys can give. In another moment they were off; the one with his cherished two dollars in great expectancy; the other experiencing a thrill he had never felt before.

A mile walk is no hardship for two

THE AEGIS

healthy boys; so before long they were in front of a building, the interior of which had never been seen by the millionaire's son—the well known "Five and Ten." Inside the store was the usual confusion which last minute shoppers cause; and amid the enthusiastic throng Bud began to catch the Christmas spirit, too.

Jimmy, who evidently had planned what he would do, made his way to a counter where parchment lamp shades were displayed. "I know Ma wants one for our dining room lamp," he confided to Bud. "Our old one's all worn out." After selecting a pretty green one, he made his way out to the toy counter where he bought a small fire engine, a bus, an aeroplane, a doll, a doll's chair, and a book for his "kid brother and sister's stockings." Next he stopped at the toilet counter for a bottle of perfume for his older sister and later purchased a handkerchief for the same person. Then because "Dad's always losin' his cuff links and collar buttons," several cards of these were added to the stock of articles. By this time Bud had to help carry some of the parcels to prevent their being broken. He supposed now that everyone was provided for, they would start for home, but to his surprise Jimmy stopped at a counter full of glittering ornaments.

"What's this for?" he asked.

"Why, for the tree of course," came the reply. "The kids and Scraps busted most of the ones we had last year. They're only little you know, and Scraps wouldn't know they were breakable."

Bud had never heard of a tree, but his curiosity could not be satisfied yet; for all attention had to be given to protecting the bundles he held. Even when the tree ornaments had been bought, they did not start for home. "Where

the dickens are you going now, Jimmy?"

"For some paper and boxes and ribbons and seals. You didn't suppose I'd hand things out to the folks this way in brown paper and string did you?"

Bud had to say he didn't, although the thought had never occurred to him before.

By good fortune Jimmy's mother was busy with supper and the children were with her, so they were able to slip quietly up to Jimmy's room. Then for the next hour they worked nervously and excitedly fastening up those presents. Bud had by this time "got the hang of it" and went to work with a will. Twice they were interrupted; once by Mary's entering and the second time by Jimmy's mother. When the first one came upstairs, they hurriedly slammed the door to; but as Mary had mysterious bundles of her own, they need not have feared her. Jimmy's mother, however, nearly spoiled things by coming upstairs and asking when they intended to eat their supper. As if any one, even a boy, cared about supper on Christmas eve!

About eight o'clock Bud left for the big house—that is, apparently, but meeting James returning with the limousine, he requested him to turn around and go back down town. Reluctantly James turned; but when he discovered it was because of a Christmas secret he nearly broke the speed record.

At ten o'clock a highly excited youth clambered upstairs in the big house with his arms full of bundles, among which was the kitchen alarm clock. About an hour and a half later he threw himself on the bed without undressing, leaving the table piled high with bundles.

When he was awakened by the same alarm clock, it was pitch dark. Snapping on his lamp, the lad tried to collect

(Continued on page 60)

THE AEGIS

GRUMPUS'S PERFECT DAY

"Humph! Gettin' old I guess. Christmas has no thrills for a man goin' along for seventy." Old Man Grampus gazed mournfully out at the falling snow which had already covered the city with a mantle of white.

"Wish I could have one good old-time Christmas before I leave this world. Tom and the girls mean all right keepin' me smothered in blankets and hot water bags and sittin' in a wheel chair but— Oh! I guess I deserve my name. I ought to be thankful for having two healthy granddaughters just out of college for the holidays, and a good boy like Tom. But I'd give a lot for a sleigh ride and a Christmas tree and all that. We haven't had one since Marjy and Betty were children."

The old man spoke aloud, as many old people do who have few of their own kind to talk with.

"Roberts" he called. "Wheel me to my room." When the chair had been rolled softly out, a girl of about nineteen years with black eyes and hair and apparent good health stepped from behind a curtain.

"To think" she said, "That Grandad ever had such longings." She crossed over to the window to watch the falling snow. "I suppose," she said softly, "that it is hard for an old timer like him to stay in a city flat year in and year out. He said that he would give a lot to have an old-fashioned Christmas. Then he shall have one." She finished determinately, "I'm going to speak to Tom and Betty."

She marched out of the room and clattered down the stairs as if she were only a frolicing little girl instead of a sedate college sophomore. Her grandfather heard the once familiar sound and

smiled from his pillows. Then, he fell into daydreams.

"Yes," confirmed Marjorie to the astonished two, "He said just that and he ought to have his wish."

"But his back," objected Tom. "We could never forgive ourselves if anything happened to him."

"Or he might be chilled," added Betty.

Marjorie was impatient. "What could happen to him in a warm sleigh with plenty of blankets and safe horses? You know what the doctor told us," she said a little shakely.

Old man Grampus was not to be long in this world.

"Would you have him denied perhaps one of the last pleasures we could give him" argued Marjorie.

Tom looked up. "No," he said quietly, "he shall have his wish."

Betty looked doubtful but agreed. She usually agreed with warm hearted Tom.

As it was only early afternoon, there was time for a hasty shopping and overhauling before Grandpa was put in the big car and driven all around the city. There were Christmas decorations in every store. Shops were filled with gifts and tinsel, while a moth-eaten Santa Claus rang a bell on every corner. Grandpa enjoyed himself thoroughly. He was allowed to get out at a perfectly reliable little coffee shop, and supported by Tom and Betty, to walk in for his coffee. Then he was driven home through the busy streets. While he had a short nap, the girls and Tom were busy in the sitting room.

Soon the twilight came, and the stars peeped out. The old man was so bundled up that he was laughingly represented by the girls, as Saint Nick himself.

THE AEGIS

The car took them to the outskirts of the city, where they tumbled into a jingling sleigh. Then a glorious ride over hard packed snow, with young voices raised merrily on the frosty December air. . . . Back from the ride, granpa said that it was the best evening of his life.

But there was more to come. Betty had whispered things into the cooks ear. Dainty but wholesome food that even an invalid need not fear to eat, was served. Old Man Grampus ate a good supper, and was granted a pipe as a special favor. The doctor rarely let him smoke. Then the sitting room doors opened. A blazing Christmas tree was displayed to his wondering eyes. Underneath there were many presents which had been bought by the girls and Tom at odd intervals during the day. Grandpa's joy was supreme. When he was carried up to bed he murmured, "the end of a perfect day."

Having tucked Grampus in bed the girls and Tom met to talk beside the Christmas tree.

"Did you see his face when he saw the tree?" whispered Betty. It had been radiant they agreed.

There was so much to be talked about that it was nearing midnight hour when they stole in for a last look at Grandpa. On his bed was a still white form. With the sound of the Christmas chimes, the soul of the old man had fled.

"No," the doctor told a grief-stricken three the next morning. "It was not your fault. He was bound to go. I am surprised that he has been with us so long."

Tom and the girls once more met beside the Christmas tree, a now-sad relic of that happy evening. "At any rate," smiled Betty, "We made him happy."

"Yes," echoed Tom, "it was a perfect day for him." (Mary Ryan, '32)

HOW NICK GOT HIS NAME

A little grey kitten lay curled up near a stone wall. This was his only bed, for he was a disinherited pet. A week ago his family had moved away and left him, so ever since, he had been wandering through the town in hopes of finding a new home. He was fast losing his plumpness; and although tomorrow would be Christmas, he had no hopes of seeing a Christmas dinner.

Suddenly he heard the sound of approaching footsteps. Oh, he was so cold! Perhaps this was a kind person who would give him shelter. He ventured to give a faint mew. A tall figure stopped down to pick up the kitten tenderly. He began to purr as he snuggled down in the boy's arms.

He heard a kind voice say, "Oh you poor little kitten, you are trembling like a leaf." He paused and then went on. "I wish you could tell me what to give my little, sister Lucy, for Christmas. She has so many things and the stores close in fifteen minutes."

"Mew," said the kitten hopefully as he snuggled closer to the warm coat.

"Why, that's an idea!" exclaimed the youth. "She hasn't a pet. You are just what she needs."

He quickened his pace exclaiming, "Say, I'll have to name you Nick, for I found you just in the nick of time."

Fifteen minutes later, Nick, attired in a new red bow with a sprig of holly in the knot, and with a saucer of warm milk in front of him, thought, "Santa Claus comes to good little kittens as well as to good little children."

Pauline Lieghton, '32

Teacher: "Whom did Johnson marry?"

J-r-s: "A woman."

THE AEGIS

Chips

GATES AND DOORS

There was a gentle hostler
(And blessed be his name)
He opened up the stable
The night our lady came.
Our Lady and Saint Joseph,
And gave them food and bell
And Jesus Christ has given him
A glory round his head.

So let the gate swing open
However poor the yard,
Lest weary people visit you
And find their passage barred;
Unlatch the door at midnight
And let your lantern's glow
Shine out to guide the traveller's feet
To you across the snow.

There was a courteous hostler
(He is in heaven tonight)
He held our lady's bridle
And helped her to alight;
He spread clean straw before her
Whereon she might lie down,
And Jesus Christ has given him
An everlasting crown.

Unlock the door this evening
And let your gate swing wide,
Let all who ask for shelter
Come speedily inside.
What if your yard be narrow?
What if your house be small?
There is a Guest who is coming
Will glorify it all.

There was a joyous hostler
Who knelt on Christmas morn
Beside the radiant manger
Wherein his Lord was born.
His heart was full of laughter,
His soul was full of bliss
When Jesus, on his mother's lap,
Gave him His hand to kiss.

Unbar your heart this evening
Take from your soul's great portal
The barrier of doubt.
To humble folk and weary
Give hearty welcoming,
Your breast shall be tomorrow
The cradle of a king.

Joyce Kilmer

The Origin of Christmas Customs

Many of the customs which we associate with Christmas belonged originally to heathen mythology. Pagan nations had a tendency to worship the sun as the giver of light. There was always much feasting and merriment on the days set aside for this purpose. In Rome, gifts were given and houses were decked with evergreen. The rude people of the north built huge fires and cut mistletoe from the sacred oaks to celebrate the day. The Goths and Saxons called this festival Yule, which is the origin of the Scottish word for Christmas and the name of the Yule Log. The ancient Teutons celebrated by decorating fir trees. The lights represented the flashing of the lightning; the golden apples, nuts, and balls symbolize the sun, moon, and stars.

Coming down to Christian times we find that Saint Nicholas is said to have been Bishop of Myra. He was very fond of children and became their patron. Because of his kindness the children hung up their stockings at Christmas time, hoping that he would put in a prize for good conduct. This custom has continued up to the present time. Among Christians, Christmas, of course, has always been commemorated as the birth of Christ. Every church and many homes had their representations of the Nativity—the stable, the crib, the Vir-

Continued on page 59

THE AEGIS

HONOR ROLL - NOVEMBER 16, 1923 - FIRST QUARTER

First Honors

Second Honors

Post Graduates

Barbara Corcoran
Marion Hull
Vincent Kirby
Edward Murphy
Thelma Ward
John Felloni

Seniors

William Cram
Bessie Morse
Doris Wykes

Esther Bunk
Carl Epstein
Annie Gutman
Elizabeth Horgan
Ruth Pope
Cecil Whittier
Blanche Yaffa

Juniors

Matthew Allison
Gertrude Cohen
Marie Ford
Mary Kelleher
Marion Thompson

Lillian Axelrod
Alfred Wykes

Sophomores

Laura Biondini
Edna Comstock
Mary Donahue
Marjorie Downing
Robert Lovett
Marion Perkins

Frances Hughes
Elizabeth Wallis
Marion Webb

Freshman

Pauline Leighton
Eleanor Meyer

Robert Bullock
Thelma Dutelle
Dorothy Floyd
Arthur Payzant
Bertha Popkin
Winona Davis



Aegis Staff for 1928-1929

Editor-in-Chief: Eleanor Trowt, '29

Literary: Robert Knowlton, '29; Esther Bunk, '29; Bessie Morse, '29; Albion Smith, '29; Hester

Brooks, '30; Mary Kelleher, '30, Max Stern, '30

Chips: Cecil Whittier, '29; Sylvia Dana, '30

Spectator: Hester Knowlton, '29; Homer Webster, '30

Science: Carl Epstein, '29; Glen Woodbury, '30

Near Jokes: Annie Gutman, '29, Leland Hersey, '30; Katherine Martin, '30

Ari: Frances Moran, '29; Raymond Snow, '30

Alumni: Anna Kelly, '29; June Pickering, '30

Athletics: Richard Lefavour, '29; Norman Cressy, '29

Exchanges: Margaret Horgan, '29; Lillian Axelrod, '30

Business Managers: Lillian Lowd, '29; Marie Ford, '30; Vivian Cunn, '31

Honorary Contributors: Barbara Cocoran, P. G., Marvin Angier, P. G.

Faculty Advisers: Miss Cronin, *Literary*; Mr. Gaylord, *Business*

Subscription 60 cents a year, 10 cents a copy

Address all communications of a literary character to the Editor, Eleanor Trowt.

Address all business communications and make all checks payable to Lillian Lowd,

Business Manager

BOOKS AS GIFTS

What a vast amount of time and mental energy must be expended each Christmas season in deciding what gifts to give people. With the use of a little thought and good judgement, books make some of the best gifts possible. People who receive books at Christmas are often encouraged in forming libraries. No book should be given which one may not enjoy reading more than once.

There are many types of books to consider. There are few people who do not enjoy some kind of poetry. Anyone would enjoy an anthology such as Robert Haven Schaufner's *The Poetry Cure*. Books of travel and biography make excellent gift books. Few people would be disappointed if they found Commander Byrd's *Skyward* under their Christmas trees. Many non-fiction books have such inviting covers and attractive illustrations, that one can hardly resist buying them for someone. Beebe's new book *Under Tropical Seas* is of this kind.

It is very probable that everyone does not like non-fiction. For these persons

there is a wealth of novels. Some recent ones are: *Old Pybus*, by Warwick Deeping; *The Bridge of San Luis Rey*, by Thornton Wilder; *Gilman of Redford*, by W. S. Davis; *Wintersmoon*, by Hugh Walpole; *Swan Song*, the last book in the *Forryte Saga*, by Galsworthy. Nor must the detective stories be forgotten. The number of people who have not read Sherlock Holmes is surprising. Any of S. S. Van Dine's books are also excellent. If one has any doubts about recent novels, there are always Thackeray, Dickens, Scott, Hawthorne, Poe, and the rest of the old novelists to rely upon.

Many people think of giving books at Christmas, but as their finances dwindle, thinking books too expensive, they decide to give other things. Often this is unnecessary. There are inexpensive but good editions of most of the older books. The best things often come in small packages is as true in the book world as in any other. One thin, inexpensive volume such as W. L. Phelps' essay, *Happiness* gives more real enjoyment than any

(Continued on page 59)



The Psalm of Geometry

The geometry teacher is my master; I shall not rest.

He maketh me to do hard problems; he leadeth me to failure.

He prepareth mine lesson; he leadeth me through hard study for his subject's sake.

Yes, though I walk through the valley of triangles I can see no angles; for thou art disgracing me; thy theorems and thy propositions rule me.

He preparast disgrace for me before mine classmates;

He anointest my head with axioms; my knowledge runneth over.

Surely geometry will follow me all the days of my life.

I will dwell in the depths of misery for ever and ever.

—J. A. '31

"A little mark in Latin,
A little mark in French,
Makes the average basket ball player
Sit upon the bench."

Teacher: "Name the things made of ivory."

H-n-k-y: "Combs, piano keys, and soap."

A. G-t-m-n: "I've added this column up ten times."

Teacher: "Fine."

A. G-t-m-n: "And here are the ten answers"

Teacher: "What is a synonym for a criminal or a culprit?"

Billy Connolly: "A Congressman."

Teacher: "Is Margeret in school today?"

Hester: "Yes, sir."

Teacher: "Fine. That's the first question you have answered this year."

Lady (on crowded street car) Whatc'h got in that package, Sadie?

Sadie: One of them portable radios.

Lady: Good, if yuh can tune in on "The Star Spangled Banner" mebber we can get a seat."

H-n-e-s-n: "I can't get into my locker."

Teacher: "Haven't you learned by this time that they aren't large enough to hold you."

T-s: "Do you take short-hand?"

C-n-o-z-o: "No, my hands are short enough."

Teacher: "What can be worse than teaching thirty seniors?"

A. M-r-e: "Teaching thirty one."

Question: When do the leaves begin to turn?

L-f-v-o-r: "The night before exams."

Pupil: (In chemistry) "Where does the color go when cloth is bleached with cholrine?"

THE AEGIS

Exchanges

Christmas greetings! Santa is here at last with his pack of presents. The following comments are his gifts to you.

The Gazette, Lynn Classical High School, Lynn, Mass.

You have a very fine magazine and one worthy of much praise. However, it could be made more interesting.

Tiger Tales, Orlando High School, Orlando, Florida.

I am very interested in *Out of the Wreckage* and would enjoy reading the end of it. On the whole, your Literary Department is excellent as is your whole magazine. I think a few cuts at the heads of the departments would complete such a perfect magazine.

The Blue and White, Edward Searles High School, Methuen, Mass.

Your magazine is small and very newsy. A few cartoons and cuts would help improve it.

Retina, Morrison R. Waite High School, Toledo, Ohio.

Your magazine is most interesting and we should like to hear from you again. *Nonsense* was very clever.

Big Brother, Wisconsin Industrial School, Waukesha, Wisconsin.

We are old friends by now and I suppose you know what we think of you. You must have splendid cooperation in your school to issue such a magazine.

Green and White, De La Salle College, Manilla, P. I.

One can see from the comments of the other magazines, the high esteem in which your magazine is held. Every section, from editorials to Jokes is well handled; and reveals a co-operative and loyal spirit in your college.

You are always a welcome communicant!

The Clarion, Arlington High School, Arlington, Mass.

I have begun to regard your cover as a permanent trade mark. Perhaps you wish to have it so, but a little variation might prove instrumental in developing the genius of some pupil. The heavy type used for the names seems more conspicuous than the contributions. In spite of these two factors, *The Clarion* is an interesting issue.

The Punch Harder, Punchard High School, Andover, Mass.

You have an ingenious method of advertising contained in the *Say D' Yuh Know* column. Would it be possible for you to insert a few cuts to relieve the solemnity of your issue. The most original contribution to your magazine was a story, *I Play a Hunch*.

For Your Den

Good lighting is essential to your den or the room in which you study.

We have a large Assortment of
Gas and Electric Table Lamps
at Reasonable Prices

Beverly Gas & Electric Co.
223 Cabot Street, Beverly

HIGH SCHOOL GIRLS

Are invited to visit us. We do mar-
celing, hair-cutting, and shampooing. We
offer all lines of beauty culture.

Buy your hosiery, lingerie and gifts
here.

Open every business day except Wed-
nesday.

**Brownie Beauty and Lingerie
Shoppe**

507 Rantoul, near Gloucester Crossing
Telephone 2955

THE AEGIS



(One of the editors will sum up the football games of 1928. Editors note.)

In the opening game of the season, Coach Patten put a team out on the field that for pep and ability was the best that Beverly has offered for several years. The new huddle system was both effective and "snappy". Beverly bewildered the Nashua team of veterans in a sea of first downs but lost on fumbles. The left side and three of Beverly's backs were playing for the first time as regulars. At no time in the game was Nashua able to rush the ball in Beverly's territory. Biscadruos and Dygsasis performed the scoring stunt while the former kicked the first extra point after the latter threw a pass to Tamlevitch for the second.

Nashua scored both times in the second quarter by taking advantage of Beverly fumbles near their own goal. The score was Nashua 14 Beverly 0.

Again Beverly made more first downs than her opponent, but the final score of the Beverly-Swampscott affray was 0-0. At least fifteen penalties were called during the course of the game. Beverly fumbled in the second quarter and muffed a punt in the fourth period, the ball in each case being recovered by Swampscott which was unable to penetrate Beverly's goal line stand to score.

This game was without doubt Beverly's easiest game; but nevertheless Danvers put up a stiff fight. Coach Patten gave thirty four men a chance to get into the fray and in the last quarter the subs made a touchdown. The only score of Danvers came when Hawkes, the star of the team, scooped up a Beverly fumble on his own ten yard line and ran the length of the field. Bromberg, first string center suffered a fractured collar bone, which kept him out of the lineup until the Lynn English game. Pinciario scored three touchdowns while Lebel and Hazell scored one apiece. DiRubio, Holland and Puglia each made a point after the touchdown by a placement kick. The final score was Beverly 33, Danvers 6.

Lineup:

<i>Nashua</i>	<i>Beverly</i>
L. E. Leslie	R. E. Lebel - Capt.
L. T. Sullivan	R. T. Flannagan
L. G. Castilianos	R. G. Consolozio
Haynes	
C. Susane	C. Henderson
	Bromberg
R. G. Hutchins	L. G. Cressey
Therault	
R. T. Adams	L. T. Chute, Hinckley
R. E. Mansfield	L. E. Tosi, Steele
Q. B. Dygassis	Q. B. Mayberry
	Robinson
L. H. B. Norkunas	R. H. B. Pinciario
R. H. B. Cassista	L. H. B. Bernson
Tamlevitch	Ward
F. B. Biscadruos	F. B. Hazell, Ward

(Continued on page 48)

THE AEGIS

ALUMNI

Miss Edna M. McGlynn A. M., a graduate of Beverly High School in 1925, is now teaching History, Public Speaking, and Debating at the Keene, N. H. Normal School. After leaving B. H. S. she went to Boston University, where she not only completed her course in three years, but was also elected a member of Phi Beta Kappa, the honorary scholastic society. She was a member of Kappa Delta Phi, the German Club, and the Sneath Debating Society, of which she is a charter member. She also was a member of the varsity debating team and was on the winning team in the Shannon Trophy contest. Because of her excel-

lent scholastic standing and her work in outside activities, she was elected to Phi Sigma Pi another honorary society.

Millard Tucker and John Ryan have been recently elected to the Phi Beta Kappa honorary scholastic society. Mr. Tucker is at New Hampshire State College, and Mr. Ryan is at Harvard.

The Hawthorne Institute at Salem was founded by Mr. James Purinton, a graduate of B. H. S. in the class of 1907. Mr. Leroy Murch, 1910 is a lecturer in Law, and Mr. Roy K. Patch 1908, a special lecturer in insurance.

ATHLETICS

Continued from Page 57

Beverly	Danvers
L. E. Lebel, Buckley	R. E. Rogers
L. G. Consolozio	Higgins
L. T. Flannagan	R. G. French
Hinckley, Maedonald,	R. T. Ruddy
Nelson	Hennigar
C. Henderson, George	C. Martin
Bromberg	
R. G. Aucone, Stevens,	L. G. Axelson, Molitor
Lefavour.	L. T. Long, Ducey
R. T. Chute, Hinckley,	
Hamilton	L. E. Corcoran, Stone
R. E. Tosi, Steele,	
E. Cressey	Q. B. Hawkes, Sheehan
Q. B. Maberry, Robinson,	Craig
Pughlio	
R. H. B. Lewis, Holland,	L. H. B. Nicoll
Payne, Bernson	
L. H. B. Pinciario, Aho,	L. H. B. Neal, Carey
Hurley	
F. B. DiRubio, Lewis,	F. B. Ford
Ward, Hazel	

Beverly	Swampscott
R. E. Tosi	R. E. Hall
L. T. Chute	R. T. Gallup
L. G. Cressey	R. G. Mitchell
Aucone	
C. Henderson	C. Munroe
R. G. Consolozio	L. G. Pagnotta
R. T. Flannegan	L. T. Lesvegue
L. E. Lebel	L. E. Pederick
Q. B. Mayberry	Q. B. Henderson
Robinson	Philbin
L. H. B. Lewis	R. H. B. Galloway
DiRubio	Cole, Abbott
R. H. B. Pinciario	L. H. B. Connelly
F. B. DiRubio	F. B. Gustavson
Holland	

W. W. BRITTON

465 Rantoul Street

MOTOR AND RADIO SERVICE

BICYCLES AND SUPPLIES

PARTS OF ALL CARS

THE AEGIS

(BOOKS AS GIFTS—Continued from page 54)
costly two volumes affair could ever even
promise to offer.

When people tire of searching for
novelties, they may turn to the book
stores, and there find the solution to
their Christmas gift problems. —E. T.

(CHIPS—Continued from page 52.)
gin, the Child. Carols, mostly beautiful,

a few boisterous, but all deeply sincere and
reverent, were sung; plays were presented;
all in honor of the Christ. The
custom of going from house to house singing
carols was taken from the minstrels of
old. These old customs were taken by
Christianity as it replaced paganism
because they represented so well the expression,
"good will to men." C. H. W. '29

GET YOUR CATALOGUE OF

BOSTON UNIVERSITY

College of

Business Administration

EVERETT W. LORD, Dean

Four Divisions:

Day, Evening, Graduate and Saturday

Largest of all New England Colleges.

Has Helped 25,000 in Night Classes.

Gives 100 Courses in Business.

Has Faculty of 160 Men.

Grants Five Degrees.

NEW CLASSES BEGIN

FEBRUARY 4, 1929

Send for Catalogue

High School Students who look forward to success in Business owe it to themselves to learn the matchless quality of the service this college offers.

Just send your name and address on a postcard to The Registrar, Room 14, No. 525 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

THE AEGIS

Getting a Kick Out of Christmas (Continued from Page 49)

his thoughts. Then his eye caught the bundles, somewhat awkwardly wrapped as if the person were inexperienced; nevertheless, they proclaimed the holiday spirit. In an instant Bud was awake. Snatching his jacket he gathered up the packages and made his way out into the hall and down the stairs. Every step seemed to render an unusual amount of squeaks, and because the parcels were so bulky, he bumped his head several times against the wall in the thick blackness. Would he ever get outside without being discovered? His tutor certainly must have been a sound sleeper; otherwise he surely would have been awakened.

Outside the stars were shining, and the moonlight cast a silvery path along the crisp, glittering snow. Could it be only five o'clock in the morning? It seemed to the boy going down the path to the cottage as though it must still be midnight. He almost expected to see angels moving in the sky and to hear himself the songs and good tidings brought to the shepherds of old.

With his approach to the cottage this side of Christmas left his mind and the more modern spirit entered. How could one blame children for believing in Santa Claus and his coming when the very atmosphere was teeming with mystery?

Now he was at the door. Had Jimmy held to his side of the bargain? Would the door be open? It was. Hearing footsteps Bud hastily set his own bundles down and tossed his jacket over them. From out of the darkness came a whisper, "That you, Bud?"

"Yup. Is it safe?"

"Sure, if you take your shoes off. Mary's going to help trim the tree, too. We ain't done it yet because we want to surprise Ma. She don't know we got

A Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year

May we make a suggestion that will help you make the coming New Year happier and more prosperous than this one has been. Resolve to build up your bank account during 1929! It will help in keeping your financial worries away, and will give you a feeling of confidence and security.
We are ready and willing to serve you. May we?

BEVERLY SAVINGS BANK

175 Cabot Street Corner Thorndike

Joseph W. Macauley

Apothecary

362 CABOT STREET, CITY SQUARE

SODA---CANDY---STATIONERY

Open at 7.30 Week Mornings

HAVE YOUR
PRESCRIPTIONS FILLED

at
**DELANEY'S
APOTHECARY**

Corner of Cabot and Abbot Streets
BEVERLY, MASS.

We keep everything that a good
Drug Store should keep
Telephone 962-W

Speaking of Oil Burners. We installed a Ben Franklin Oil Burner for a man in Manchester, Mass. After he had operated it three days, he ordered four more.

Let us show you one in operation at—

Robert Robertson Co.

220 Rantoul Street, Beverly, Mass.

WINER BROS.

Hardware and Wall Paper

191-193 RANTOUL STREET, BEVERLY

THE AEGIS

some new gimcracks for it."

Mary was down stairs by this time and cautioned her brother not to whisper so loudly. They worked busily until the clock struck six. With the boys' enthusiasm and Mary's feminine taste the small evergreen was soon decked out very gracefully in its holiday attire. Then Jimmy and Mary went back to their rooms to get the presents. Great care had to be taken by the latter in doing so, as the five-year-old twins slept in the room where hers were hidden. Bud took advantage of the intervals when they were gone to convey his own mysterious packages from the back door where he had left them to their places behind the tree.

Just as they were adding the finishing touches, Mother walked in and they scampered out of the way (if two twelve-year-old-boys and a fourteen year-old-girl may be said to scamper), for it would not have been fair even to see the bundles she had with her.

By this time the twins were awake and clamoring to be allowed to get up and examine the contents of their stockings. Needless to say, Dad was awakened now, and before long the whole family, of which Bud was evidently considered a part (according to the red stocking bearing his name), was down to see what Santa Claus had left.

Courtesy Service Satisfaction
Telephone Beverly 2839

LOWE & SEARS CO.

Complete Home Furnishers
132-138 Cabot Street, BEVERLY, MASS.

LOUIS S. SMITH

258 Cabot Street
Optician and Jeweler

A. C. LUNT

FINE FURNITURE

UPHOLSTERING AND REFINISHING
214 Cabot Street, BEVERLY, MASS.

THE REXALL STORE

Carries the best line of WRITING TABLETS, STATIONERY, box or pound, in town at lowest prices.

JOHN H. MOORE
128 Cabot Street, Beverly, Mass

EDMUND G. HASKELL D.M.D.

Savings Bank Building
BEVERLY, MASS.

WHY PAY MORE?

All Family Shoes Repaired at the Lowest Price—We use the Best materials

Quality Shoe Repairing Co.

Tel. 2422 321A Cabot St.

Winter Sports

Shoe Skates
\$5.00 to \$8.95

Hockey Sticks
25c to \$2.00

Snow Shoes

Moccasins

Skis

Sweaters - - SkiCoats

COR - NIX RUBBER CO.

THE ALFIS

NATIONAL BUTCHERS CO.
Largest Retailers of Meats in America
250 CABOT STREET, BEVERLY
Telephone 1652

Curtis H. Gentle
Funeral Director
5 BRISCOE STREET, BEVERLY
Calls answered anywhere, day or night
Telephone Connection

KIDOGRAPH
We specialize on child portraiture
SNOW STUDIO
BEVERLY Telephone 1120

DR. GUY L. BAKER
Dentist
TELEPHONE 125-R 156 CABOT STREET

Our stock is now complete with the
smartest and newest styles for fall.
Family Shoe Store
149 CABOT ST. BEVERLY, MASS.

C. F. Tompkins Co.
Furniture and Ranges
Floor
Coverings
a Specialty
248 Cabot Street, Beverly
Opposite Y. M. C. A.

**THE
BEVERLY
NATIONAL BANK**

After the stockings were opened Mother had (ready for them) a breakfast fit for a king, and in an unbelievable short time the meal was over, the dishes were washed and put away; and the whole group was back in the living room to see what was under the tree. The twins squealed with delight at the doll and bus, while a real mahogany bed for the former, and a garage for the latter appeared as if by magic from unmarked parcels. Not only did mother receive her lamp shade and the glass dishes contributed by Mary, but both Mary and she found big five pound boxes of candy awaiting them. Dad found a new pipe that was neither from his son or his daughter, while Jimmy was taken out to the garage to find a big new sled so strong and with such a fine steering gear that it would carry him down any hill with assurance of safe landing.

Several hours later Bud Lowell was again Henry Lowell, Jr. on the way to his city home to spend the rest of Christmas Day in the usual way. His parting words to his friends followed him until he reached home. "So long, Jimmy, Old Scout. See you tomorrow. Thanks a lot. Gee! I sure got a kick out of this Christmas."

—A. A. A.

J. F. Cleveland, D. D. S.
Dentist
236 Cabot Street Ware Building
Office Hours, 9-12 a. m., 1-5 p. m.
Telephone

Dr. E. Henry Yeo
Dentist
214 Cabot Street Beverly, Mass
Over Almy, Bigelow and Washburn's
Telephone 229

THE AEGIS

Science

HIGHLIGHTS IN THE METAL INDUSTRY

In recent years many new alloys have been produced. Among the new alloys nickel cast iron is one of the most useful. Among the metals which are being used for new purposes are aluminum, and beryllium.

Although common cast iron, is cheap and has many advantages, it is being displaced by this new cast iron.

This new alloy, nickel cast iron, has found to possess several valuable properties. In the production of the alloy, small proportions of nickel are added to the hot, liquid iron as it is being poured into the ladle. The addition of the nickel is claimed to minimize the danger of internal shrinkage, improve the structure of the metal, insure more uniform castings, and relieve strains so as to avoid cracks. While the high cost of nickel would seem to raise the price of the cast iron, the effectiveness of the alloy, more than compensates for the increase in cost. In addition to this, the use of nickel permits a larger proportion of pig iron to be used. This fact would tend to reduce the high price. This improvement in the grade of cast iron will help to reduce the defects in machinery and in all products of cast iron.

Another change in the uses of metals is based on the fact that the amount of tin in the world is very limited and the value of it very high. In view of the fact that the largest consumption of tin is in the manufacture of tin plate, which is used to produce tin cans, experiments have been made along this line. Greatest success was met with the use of aluminum sheet. Cans were made of this

material and, their effectiveness tested with various foods; such as cut beans, pineapple, apricots, cherries, mushrooms, and preserved fish. The result of this experiment was even better than with the ordinary tin can. Neither the can nor its contents were affected in the slightest degree. In Germany many canners have begun to put the aluminum can into use. Considering these facts, one wonders if the tin can is to be put out of use.

Another metal which has found many new applications is cadmium. It has recently been introduced in the rust-proofing of locks, hardware, automobile parts, and wire products. The process consists of electroplating the articles and heating them for several hours. This method causes the cadmium to alloy with the metals of the articles. Cadmium is used to a slight extent in jewelry, since it forms green alloys of gold. Cadmium is also an important component of tungsten light filaments. Judging from these varied uses, it is evident that cadmium is a very useful metal. Another metal coming into common use is beryllium. This metal which is in the same general class as aluminum, is extremely valuable. It is produced at the high cost of fifty dollars a pound. Beryllium is a hard, dark gray metal, which polishes highly and remains untarnished in the air. Its weight is two-thirds of the weight of aluminum. Possessing a property of expansion which is about the same as that of cast iron, it is an excellent metal for piston heads of automobile engines, if, as time goes on, the price of it is

THE AEGIS

SCIENCE

(Continued from Page 63)

reduced.

The experiments of these various metals have proved very successful. Further development in these same metals will prove to be progressive steps in the metal industry. If as much success is met in the experiments of the future, one may expect great advances in all metal products. G. P. W. '30



A CYCLONE

(Continued from Page 46)

marveled at was a twig with six leaves on it, that had been driven into the wood of the barn with its leaves sticking out, as if they had grown there. Altogether there were three houses damaged and seven barns. About twenty-five trees, elms, apples, pears, and peaches, were down. However, neither persons nor head of stock had been hurt. When we left Nevada going east, we saw the damage done by the cyclone where it had struck the second time—flat corn, trees down, and wheat destroyed.

After having such an experience with the whims of cyclones, I have decided that I shall not select Iowa as my future home.

Oliver Chute

CHRISTMAS SUGGESTIONS

Shirts, Sweaters, Mufflers,
Hose, Gloves, Ties, Belts,
Cigar Lighters, Cigarette
Lighter Sets

Field & Kennedy

JOHN P. MURPHY

Plumbing and Heating Con-
tractor

Reg. Master Plumber

260 Cabot Street, Beverly, Mass.
Telephone Connection

DR. H. B. NORTHROP

CHIROPODIST

205 Cabot Street, Beverly, Mass.
Telephone 962-W

GOVE LUMBER CO.

80 Colon Street
BEVERLY, MASS.



The Fish Market Is the Place to Buy FISH FISH SHOULD PLAY

an important part in the menu every week for it contains food value that is seldom obtained in other forms. Our fish are received fresh daily and can be supplied to you in any form you desire. Resolve now to vary your menu and make it more attractive by the frequent use of fish.

THE WILLIAM STOPFORD CO.

A. N. BARRON

Merchant Tailor

Suits Made to Order at Very Reasonable Prices

Cleaning and Pressing

267 Cabot St. BEVERLY

JOHN F. CABEEN

PLUMBING, HEATING AND
SHEET METAL WORK

287 Cabot Street Beverly, Mass.

Telephone 111-W

WILLIAM L. JENKINS, O.D.

Optometrist

Savings Bank Bldg., Room 17

For Appointment Phone 192

TELEPHONE

W. C. TANNEBRING, D.M.D.

163 Cabot Street, Beverly, Mass.

Office Hours, 9 to 12 and 1 to 5

FORRANT'S MARKET

118-120 CABOT STREET

TELEPHONE 1700



MEATS, GROCERIES

PROVISIONS

Free Delivery

Quick Delivery

TYLDSLEY—The Florist

232B CABOT STREET

CHOICE PLANTS AND CUT FLOWERS

083 — Phones — 2762W

JOHN C. WILSON, D.M.D.

Room 7, Bank Building

173 Cabot Street Telephone 1155

Hours, 9 to 12 A. M., 1 to 5 P. M.

Agents for

WHITMAN'S CHOCOLATES

ROPES DRUG COMPANY

Opposite City Hall

SHOES and CLOTHES

for Less

Beverly Bargain Syndicate

137 CABOT STREET

CITY HALL MARKET

PRICES ALWAYS REASONABLE

QUALITY ALWAYS RIGHT

Benj. P. Larcom

Almon R. Howard

Ford

THE UNIVERSAL CAR

SALES and SERVICE

HARPER GARAGE CO.

SALEM

HARPER GARAGE CO.

BEVERLY

ROWE MOTOR CO.

PEABODY

DANVERS MOTOR CO.

DANVERS

ALMOST HERE!

What do you still need? You will appreciate our spacious aisles, augmented sales forces and constantly replenished stocks that make last minute shopping with us more a pleasure than a pain.

San A. Donahue

BEVERLY

ALMY, BIGELOW & WASHBURN

BEVERLY, MASS.

We constantly endeavor to please our customers with courteous service, good quality merchandise and popular prices.

When Other Presents are forgotten.

“Comfys” still say
“Merry Christmas.”

G. AUSTIN GLIDDEN

Telephone 772