



Shelburne Historical Society

# ARMS STUDENT

DESIGNED BY A. R. ...

JANUARY, 1890.

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- ANNIE L. RITCHIE, '90,.....EDITORIALS.
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EDITORIALS.

THE addresses given the school by the  
Rev. Ashley, Holloway and Cassidy were  
full of good advice, and if our aunts do not  
meet with success in teaching us hereafter,  
it will be proof that we listened with atten-  
tion.

Mr. HOLLOWAY gave us a motto for the  
new year which if followed will lead us to  
success.

THE old year has passed away and the  
new comes to take its place with the "La-  
Grippe extra.

Our printer ought to have the grip—on  
copies; and our editor ought to possess a  
little common sense, and give the printer a  
chance "to grip" the copies.

WE regret the loss of our Honored Pro-  
fessor D. M. Spaulding, but hope the suc-  
cess which has crowned his efforts here will  
still be with him in his new field of labor.

The Escape of a Russian Exile.

One afternoon in the fall of 1874, a band  
of four hundred exiles was slowly plodding  
its way over the great Siberian throughfare,  
known as the Tomsk-Irkustsk Road. They  
were bound for the mines in Eastern Siberia,  
where most of them had been sentenced to  
serve the remainder of their lives. It was a sad  
sight to behold this party of men, leaving  
their homes and country, probably never to  
return. Sick and worn with many months  
of travel, they toiled on, the monotony only  
broken by the continuous jingling of the  
leg-fetters, or an occasional threat of a sol-  
dier, as he forced some poor unfortunate,  
who had lagged behind, to quicken his pace.

As the sun was slowly sinking in the west,  
its parting rays shown on the roof of an

etape, or exile station, in the distance. A murmur of joy arose from the party, as they knew their day's march was soon to end. Shortly after they reached the etape. Being examined and carefully counted, the gates were thrown open, and they made a rush for the buildings; each one striving to be among the first, in order that he might find the best spot to sleep in.

When the convicts had been crowded into the etape, and the noise and confusion had ceased, from a heap of debris in the yard, appeared the form of a man, who, after looking cautiously around, slowly drew himself upon his feet. He was of medium height, and presented a peculiar appearance, half of his head having been entirely shaved of hair, like all convicts sentenced to Siberia. Pausing a moment, he took in the surroundings at a glance, and he began to work away at his leg-fetters with a piece of steel. For a long time he worked in vain. Finally, after a few moments of almost superhuman energy, the lock, which held the fetters together, snapped. Quickly taking them off, he stole to the high fence, which enclosed the etape, and leaping for its summit, grasped it, and drew himself up. Then, letting go his hold, he dropped to the ground on the other side, a free man.

But before following the exile in his escape, let us pause for a moment, and trace back the history of this individual that we have so suddenly become acquainted with.

In the early part of the year 1874, Felix Volkhofski, a Russian journalist, was sentenced by the Russian Government to serve the remainder of his life in Siberia. He was charged with being a member of a society, that intended, at some more or less remote time, to overthrow the authority of the Czar. Although entirely innocent of the charge, Volkhofski, like hundreds of others, without any opportunity to defend himself, was hurried off to the mines. Joining the exile band at Tomsk, which we have

described, he started on his tramp of nearly two thousand miles to the mines of Kara. He had traveled without incident, until on the morning of the day in which our story opens, he discovered a small piece of steel lying by the roadside. This he instantly concealed, as he saw through it a means of escape. In the tumult that night at the etape, he had succeeded in concealing himself, and without being discovered by the guards, had reached the outside walls, as we have seen. The thought of freedom filled him fresh energy, the fatigue of the long day's march was entirely forgotten, and he set out at a rapid pace. After covering a considerable distance, knowing that his escape would not be noticed until sunrise, he sat down to rest. Thinking over what way he had best pursue, he at last decided to start in the direction of the Siberian forests, where he knew he would be safe from pursuit. Living upon what food he could procure by begging at the houses which he occasionally passed, he reached the forests a few weeks after his escape. Now he was safe from his pursuers, though starvation and death by exposure stared him in the face. Notwithstanding these, Volkhofski pushed on bravely, hoping to reach the valley of the Obe, where he could procure passage on some vessel bound for a foreign port. But many a dreary day and night passed, and still Volkhofski had seen no signs of the valley, or of human habitation.

One day, having traveled many miles, he sank down overcome with exhaustion and hunger. All that he had lived on for several days were a few berries that he had found under the leaves in the forest. He had lain thus for several hours, when suddenly, he was startled out of his stupor, by loud barking. Propping himself up, he saw a large dog standing over him and several men running in his direction whom he recognized as explorers. When they reached the spot where he had lain, Volkhofski tried to speak,

but being overcome by exhaustion and the joy of seeing a friendly face, fell back in a swoon.

\* \* \* \* \*

One day in early winter, a large vessel was seen approaching the harbor of one of the small hamlets of Norway. It was not an unusual sight to the villagers, as nearly all exploring vessels to and from distant ports stopped there for water and provisions. Dropping the anchors, preparations were made to land. Soon a small boat was let down from the side and four men jumped on board. Rowing quickly to the shore, one of their number stepped out, and running towards a small group of fishermen who had collected on the beach, he cried out, "Is there a physician in this place?"

A man stepped out from the group and replied, "I served as an assistant physician in the French army, at one time, and know a little of the use of medicine. What use can you make of me?"

"We have a sick man in the ship yonder," said the officer, "whom we wish you to look at; be quick, as we fear he has not long to live." The officer led the way to the skiff, and stepping in they were quickly pulled to the ship. Arriving on deck, he was shown into the cabin, where, upon a bunk, lay the form of Felix Volkhofski, the Russian exile. His countenance was pale and haggard by month's of suffering. From the time of his rescue in the forests of Siberia, through his long journey overland to the sea, and his sea voyage, Volkhofski had not recovered from the last stupor in which he had fallen. Leaning over the patient, the physician spent some time in examination, and, rising and turning to the small group of officers and sailors which had now gathered about, he said: "My friends, I fear that this man has but a few hours to live." His words proved true, for at the next dawn, Felix Volkhofski was dead.

FROM THE CRESCENT.

Resolved that School Entertainments should be Abolished.

MR. PRESIDENT, HONORABLE BOARD OF DECISION, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

Arms Academy has more entertainments than schools of its size generally do have, therefore this question is especially applicable to the students of Arms Academy.

In conversing with people about our Alma Mater they often say they object to the Academy because there are so many entertainments which take up time which should be devoted to study. This is true for although there are a few, we might call them the "faithful few," who will prepare their lessons anyway, nevertheless in so doing they generally use time which should be spent in exercise. As most of the entertainments are given in the evening, not only is the needed exercise neglected but even sleep.

After being in the close school-room nearly all day, a walk or ride in the pure air is refreshing to both mind and body and if after this, one does not have a greater zest for study, then science is at fault.

Not only do the entertainments themselves take time but the preparations occupy even more, as the members of the '90 class well know from past experience.

But the greater number of pupils believe in having a good time (when there is one to be had) and in letting lessons "slide" and when report cards are received they wonder how they ever merited so low a mark.

Strange, isn't it? Probably some of my opponents will quote "All work and no play" etc. But is it all work? For what purpose are vacations given us if not for "play?" To be sure vacations are not all play, for most of us are obliged to work, but a change of occupation is a rest. While in school if it is possible, give your undivided attention to your studies then afterward in every lawful time and place get all the fun you can.

## LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

The question before us today, "Resolved that all School Entertainments should be Abolished," is one of very great importance, one in which we all are interested, and one which for the good of the Nation should be settled at once. Some one has asked what the real benefits derived from the numerous entertainments held at Arms Academy during the year are. In short, there are none. There are apparent benefits, but coming to the real truth of the case they are anything but an improvement. Go to a sociable and have a good time perhaps, but that is soon gone and the result is unlearned lessons the next day. This decreases interest and makes both teacher and pupil disagreeable. Put sufficient time on almost any lesson to understand it thoroughly and it will not be very dry, but skim through it, however interesting it may be, and all interest will be lost. "Well," the pupil will say, "this is too hard for me, I have too many studies, I guess I will drop this." As a final result at the end of the year he or she is conditioned or put into a lower class. All the time spent in preparation for dramas could be very advantageously used in studying History, Geometry or Algebra. You will say that having experience now will make it easier if we should again be called upon to do anything of the kind, but we come to school to study and if we do not study now when shall we? We can show our dramatic powers, if we have any, at any other time when we cannot have the privilege of going to school.

The masquerade sociable is near at hand and how many lessons there are that will be slighted. It takes time to make the costumes but they must be finished whether lessons are learned or not. Lessons must be robbed too to give time to the essays and declamations for "prize speaking." I am sure that when the time comes for us, the class of '90, to declaim upon the stage, you will all agree

with me that all school entertainments should be abolished. There are a certain number who would have perfect lessons in spite of all this, and a certain class who would have no lessons anyway; but the majority would be grossly affected. By decreasing the number of school entertainments the average scholarship would be greatly increased, and that is what a school needs more than anything else. One should strive for the valedictory from the beginning of the course. Now if you cannot understand why all school entertainments should be abolished, I quoting Mark Hopkins, say, that "if this is not plain it cannot be made any plainer."

## Jack and Jill.

A youth and maiden journeyed up the precipitous incline bearing a receptacle which they proposed to fill with a compound liquid composed of hydrogen and oxygen in the ratio of two to one.

They accomplished their purpose, but as they were descending, the youth for some unknown cause lost the equilibrium of his poise, and was precipitated below, damaging beyond repair that portion of the cranial part of the body known as the crown.

The maiden, presumedly frightened by her companion's accident, shared his fate of being precipitated below. But no mention has ever been made regarding the injuries which she sustained. C. W. C., Sp.

## "IN OTHER WORDS."

Old Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard to get her poor dog a bone, but when she got there the cupboard was bare, and so the poor dog had none.

Antiquated Dame Hubbard peramulated to her receptacle for ailment to procure an osceous fragment for canine but when she arrived the case was void, and thus the indignant canine had nothing. I. D., Sp.

## The Stroke Oar.

## A STORY OF HARVARD VS. YALE.

"Apropos of all this talk about 'professional playing,' and 'going to college simply to play foot ball,'" said the young Harvard fellow, settling himself in his luxurious Pullman seat and looking curiously at the two young Yale fellows and the other young fellow (all going home, West somewhere for the Christmas holidays), "I'll tell you a queer story. I got it—well, the fact is my brother was on the university crew at that time and I was down at New London with him the week of the races, and of course I was around with the crew a good deal, and, as a boy will, picked up a good many things that I ought not to have known. You musn't say anything about it. It would make trouble, even now, if the thing were known. You see that year our fellows were particularly anxious to win the boat race with Yale. Yale had beat us three times running and we thought it was about time we did a little celebrating ourselves. We had a good crew; and one especially strong man, a fellow named Jennings, who pulled stroke. He was a tremendously powerful oarsman, and if the other fellows could keep up the day of the race the stroke he would set them we were sure to win. Well, now, what do you think? Four days before the race that fellow, big and strong as he was, keeled over in the boat just as they were coming from practice one morning, and was taken up to quarters in a dead faint. They got a doctor there as soon as possible and the doctor looked at him and talked to him felt of him and listened at him a while and then he looked up and out with it: 'He'll be all right presently so far as getting about is concerned. But no more rowing for him. The man has a heart trouble—incurable. Put him in a boat again and you kill him.' You ought to have

heard the crew captain groan at that. You'd have thought he had a heart trouble."

"Then we might as well give up the race," said he. "He was worth any three of the rest of us; and we haven't a man to take his place." "The doctor had nothing to this, and pretty quick got up to go."

Chiswick (the captain) followed him to the door. "Doctor take that back," said he, almost crying. "Let him pull in the race Friday." The doctor shook his head. "He musn't do it. He must not!" said he. "He'll come home a dead man if he does."

"Well, doctor, you won't say anything about this please. For certain reasons we'd rather it wouldn't get out."

"Certainly not," said the doctor, and went away.

Then Cheswick, with a face as long as an oar blade, and without a word to anybody save to call to Bancroft to come with him, went out the door and down to the river and off for a pull in the pair-oar.

And now comes the queer thing that happened—or the first part of it.

Cheswick and Bancroft pulled up stream a good bit and then, resting on their oars, had drifted in close ashore, when all at once looking up, fight there on Bartlett's Point, within 20 feet of them, they saw apparition.

There was Jennings, the stroke, ruddy and fresh as ever, standing there and looking at them.

"Hello, Jen," Chiswick addressed him. surprised enough, but no believer in ghosts.

"How in the name of Seven Wonders did you get yourself well again and down here so quick? You must have had a private locomotive."

"Eh?" answered Jennings. "I—a—I fancy there must be some mistake."

"And then as they touched the bank, they saw from his clothes and his voice and one or two other bits of things that it wasn't Jennings at all; it was a stranger. Only it

was just as much a wonder to them as ever the way the man looked like Jennings. He was 'put up' exactly like him, the same powerful frame, the same long legs and arms, the same big chest and shoulders, and when it came to his head and face, of course it was there that the resemblance chiefly was; and it was simply marvelous. The eyes, nose, mouth, the curly hair, even the bit of side whiskers, were exactly alike in the two men. Either might have set for the other's picture."

"They saw that it wasn't Jennings, however, and apologized for speaking to him. And that made talk, and led to a discussion of boating matters, in which the stranger showed such considerable interest and knowledge that Chriswick presently took a notion into his head—whether it was the notion entire, I don't know. But it was the beginning of the notion. He asked Bancroft if he'd mind stepping ashore a bit and letting him take the stranger off in the pair-oar for a five minutes' spin. To which Bancroft, of course, agreed, and the stranger, quite as readily, took his place."

"Chriswick had the bow oar, and the stranger, therefore, was in front of him."

"I've a notion, somehow, from your looks and your talk, that you've been in a boat before," said Chriswick. "Would you mind setting me the best stroke you know how for a half-mile or so down stream?"

"Not a all," was the stranger's cheerful response. And at once forward went his long body and deep down into the water went his oars."

"And then he did set the captain a stroke. Chriswick thought he had rowed before; but he had never rowed as he was rowing now. The man in front of him was a wonder. To and fro, up and down, over and over like clockwork went his broad back—34—36—38—Chriswick didn't know how many times to the minute, quick strokes

and yet long and powerful, and the boat spun along as through it had been shot from something and the half mile was done in no time. Chriswick was done too. He cried, 'Hold on' to the other fellow, all out of breath; and when the stranger turned around he looked at him in astonishment; he hadn't turned a hair and he breathed as easy as a child asleep."

"This Chriswick (as soon as he got wind enough) burst out into what was his mind."

"O, if only I could have you to pull in the race Friday!" he cried.

"Thanks! I'd like to awfully, you know," said the stranger.

"I'd give \$500 for you," declared Chriswick.

"Would you, indeed," said the stranger.

"Well, I'm willing, I'm sure."

Chriswick gnawed his mustache fiercely a moment. Then.

"All right," he exclaimed suddenly. "It's a bargain. I'll do it if I'm hung for it. What I want is just this. I'm going to put you in the boat stroke, in the place of another fellow. You look exactly like him, so exactly that nobody—nobody outside the boat, at least—will know the difference. All you've got to do is to keep still and not say a word to anybody as to who you are, or who you are not. And I expect you to win the race for us. Our fellows can pull if they're made to; and you're just the man that can make 'em. And you shall have your \$500 the minute the race is over."

"So that was Chriswick's notion; and I've only to tell you how it worked and what came of it at the very last.

As for the way it worked, it worked to a charm. The stranger went back to the boathouse with Chriswick and Bancroft, and was given a room like the others. He went to supper with the crew that night in Jennings's place, and he went out in the boat with them the next morning, pulling Jen-

ning's oar. To all intents and purposes he was Jennings. If anybody thought he wasn't or if anybody knew he wasn't they didn't say so. They didn't look so. Perhaps the word had been passed, and they pretended not to know the difference. Any way, nothing was said, and every thing went on exactly as though he was Jennings. Exactly the same, except the boat went faster. Caesar or Ostrich! didn't the boat go faster? What a stroke that new man did set them. How he waked them up and put new life into them, and made them do such work as they had never supposed themselves capable of before. In that three days he just did wonders with them, and the night before the race Capt. Chiswick was just as sure of winning as he was of pulling. He knew it was a foregone conclusion.

And it was, you know. Don't think I'm going to tell you the plan failed of success after all. Not a bit of it. It succeeded, and nobody found it out either. That isn't what I'm going to tell you. The race came off at the appointed time (for a wonder), 11:30 o'clock. There never was a better day—a clear sky, beautiful water, not a breath of wind. I needn't describe the race to you. You've seen plenty, no doubt. The crews came up in their launches, got into the boats, pulled around to the starting place, stripped off their blue and crimson jerseys, and, at the word, off they went. There was the usual yelling and cheering and steam whistling and hooting, but the boats were quickly out of that, and the thing settled down into a test of speed and pluck and endurance between the two as to which would reach the other end of the course soonest. But bless you, there wasn't any doubt from the very first in our boat. We didn't take the lead at first. We didn't want to. We simply wanted to hang close on the stem of the other boat for the first two miles or so. And we had no trouble in doing that. In-

deed the other crew didn't work over hard those first two miles either; but that suited us all right. If they wanted to take it easy the first half of the race, we were willing. The last mile was the part where we ment to put in our work.

It was a wonderful spurt when it did come. All at once, just past the third mile-stake, they quickened their stroke, considering that the time had come at last to leave us behind them; and all at once, then our fellows puickened their stroke, too, and just didn't let them do it. That stroke-oar of ours, he looked in the coxwain's eye and saw, without a word being said, what was going on; and the next minute down went his head almost into the little steerer's lap. And then at it they went, eight men like one, working like beavers, Beavers! Working like insane men. They had to work. There wasn't any get-out of it or slack-up to it or any thing else. There was that big fellow down at the bottom of the row, working back and forth with that long, quick, tremendous stroke; and the next man had to work with him, and the next with him and so on. And the boat started up as though she had had an engine in her somewhere; they were alongside the other crew before you knew it, alongside and then ahead, and then one length you could see between 'em—two—three—four—five—and then you hated to count 'em, you felt so bad for the other fellows, and that's the way the race was won.

The young Harvard fellow ended his story rather abruptly, and looked at his three auditors who had followed his narrative breathless from start to finish. "Wasn't that quite a scheme?" he asked with an air of pride.

"I should thing so," answered one of the two young Yale fellows soberly. He evidently did not approve the "scheme" though he did not say so.

"But how did they keep it quiet?" asked the second young Yale fellow. "I should have thought it would have been sure to get out. Didn't the stroke oar—the professional I suppose he was—didn't he tell of it?"

"Not a bit of it," replied the young Harvard fellow. "Indeed, that is part of the story, and rather the best part of it, too, about him. He wasn't a professional at all. Don't think it. Chiswick, as soon after the race as possible, got him into a private room at the quarters, and treasurer of the University Boat club and two or three other fellows with him, and there the treasurer counted out \$500 in greenbacks and handed it to the stranger. He was still a stranger; they didn't even know his name. They asked him for that now, though."

"I've written out a receipt here," the treasurer said to him. "If you'll just put your name to it."

The stranger took the money and the paper.

"This," said he, looking at the roll of bills in an odd sort of way, "you wish to pay me for pulling in the race, as I understand it?"

"Yes," said the treasurer stiffly, "I suppose that is the plain truth of it. We don't want it known, though; and we expect you to keep still about it. I've put that in the receipt."

"You don't want me to mention it? Very well; I won't, of course, if you'd prefer not, though I've done nothing, I'm sure that I'm ashamed of."

The treasurer bit his lip. "Will you please sign the paper?" said he.

The stranger sat down to the table and drew an inkstand toward him. Then he looked up again with a quizzical air.

"Upon my word, gentlemen, you have a queer way of doing these things over here, I've pulled in a good many races—I was stroke oar in the Oxford boat in the last two races with Cambridge—But I don't think I

was ever offered pay for it before." You may be sure that when he said that—that he had been stroke oar of an Oxford crew—those fellows there pricked up their ears and looked at him. And all at once it dawned upon them that he was a very gentlemanly appearing fellow. Not that he appeared any different or looked any different. He had appeared well enough all through, very much for that matter, as Jennings himself would have appeared. But they had, up to this moment, carried the idea that he was a professional or something very near that.

"However," the stranger went on. "I'll sign it of course."

He dipped his pen in the ink and then, after a moment's more hesitation, signed his name to the paper—a very long name, as the treasurer, standing by, could see. Then he got up and handed the receipt to the latter. He handed him something else with it—the roll of bills.

"You'll permit me to hand you this," said he, "as a small contribution to your college boating fund. I'm very much interested in rowing (indeed I came over here almost on purpose to see your race, and I think I've seen it very satisfactorily) and I'm always glad to help the thing along."

"Then he stepped to the door. There he turned again."

"Gentlemen I bid you good day; and I wish you success in a hundred coming races."

"He made a very grand bow as he backed out of the room; and somehow or other there wasn't a man of those left behind that didn't at the moment, feel cheap."

"Billings, the treasurer, looked after him until the door closed, and then he looked at the receipt. His eyes seemed to grow big as they dwelt on it."

"What is it, Billings," cried the others. "What's his name? Read it up."

"Then Billings read the name from the

## Personals.

Mr. Craig Cogswell Choate has been elected to fill Mr. Spaulding's place. Mr. Choate is a graduate of Bowdoin, the college of Longfellow, Hawthorn and President Pierce, and comes with excellent recommendations as to character, ability, scholarship and social qualities. The school, trustees, teachers and pupils, extend a cordial welcome to Mr. Choate.

Arms Academy has met with a great loss. Mr. Spaulding, who was always so ready to work for the welfare of the Academy and all connected with it, has accepted a position as Principal of a school in Methuen, Mass. We all wish him success.

Alden Hutchinson, '87, is teaching in Maine.

Charlie Upton, '87, has joined the football team of Amherst.

Copeland, '85, is at work at Sing Sing, N. Y.

Joseph Strong, '86, is visiting in town.

Frank Daniels, '86, from Tuft's College is visiting friends here.

Vira Andrews, '85, from Wellesley; Herbert Russell, '89, from Amherst; Ernest Wilcox, from Williams; Mark Brown, '89, from New York Dental College are spending their vacations at home.

Florence Russell, '89, is visiting in New York City.

Anna Carpenter, '88, paid us a short visit recently.

Henry Allen is at work in New York and his brother Wallace is at home in Jacksonville.

paper—George Frederic Allen Harvey Walmer.' And he read a card that was there with it, 'Lord Apsley, Brevoort house.'

"By jove!" exclaimed he, "the man's an English lord."

"Sure as you're saying it, he is," cried Buffington, one of the fellows. "It's Lord Apsley. I saw by the papers only yesterday that he was over here."

"Well, upon my word," declared Chiswick. "This is a joke on us. We've more reasons than one for keeping the matter quiet. They'd laugh us out of college if they didn't kick us out, if this thing were known."

The young Harvard fellow paused again. This time he was through. The other young fellow—not either of the young Yale fellows, but the third young fellow—rose from his seat. The train was just stopping.

"I believe I change here," he said. "Allow me to observe before I go, through, that if what you've told us is a sample of the way you do things at Harvard, then I don't think you'd best say much to us Princeton fellows about the men we play on our football team." Then he was gone.

The two young Yale fellows looked surprised.

"I didn't know that was a Princeton man," one of them said.

"I did," declared the young Harvard fellow. "I knew it all the time. I caught sight of a Princeton freshman pin under his coat. It was he I was telling that story to. It wasn't true, you know. We don't do things that way at Harvard. Don't you believe it! But I just made the story up—reeled it off out of my own head, you know—for his special benefit. He is pleased to death to get hold of such a thing; and he'll take it back to college with him, and they'll have a big talk over it, and it'll get into the New York papers, and it'll be all over the country what wicked fellows we Harvard men are."—Springfield Union.

## Academics.

The Rev. Mr. Ashley of the Congregational church addressed the school one day during the first week of the term. His topic was "The Three Grecian Graces" and "The Three Christian Graces." He spoke very well indeed.

On New Year's morning we were addressed by Rev. E. S. Holloway of the First Baptist church. His subject was "Onward, Forward, Progress." He is a very enthusiastic and interesting speaker. His remarks were especially appropriate and were very much enjoyed by the school.

On the 5th of January we were glad to hear from Rev. Mr. Cassidy of the Methodist church. His subject may be partly expressed by his closing words:

"to thine own self be true

And it will follow, as the night the day;

Thou canst not then be false to any man."

His thoughts were excellent and well expressed.

The remarks of all were listened to with much attention and a vote of thanks was given them. We expect to hear from others soon.

## ROLL OF HONOR.

Grace H. Hicks,.....	'92.
Nettie A. Woodward,.....	'91.
Clarence B. Covell,.....	'91.
Susie E. Terrill,.....	Sp.
Geo. B. Wing,.....	'93.
Mabel H. Ware,.....	'91.
W. W. Wing,.....	'93.
Nellie Brown,.....	Sp.

## School Fun.

Teacher in Geology:

"When you get to that place, hitch your horse and get out!"

## Exchanges.

"The Latin School Review" is received and read with much pleasure.

"The Oracle" is an entertaining paper from Walden, Mass., however, it would be improved by the addition of an exchange column.

"The High School Stylus" has two well written articles on "A Christmas Gift" and "The Nickname" which deserves to be mentioned.

"The High School Record" is a paper which has a great many exchanges, still little is said about them.

"The Breeze" is a pleasing paper, yet as we have criticised other papers, we say the same of this one, and that is "The Breeze" needs an exchange column to increase its value.

"The Monthly Visitor" deserves its name, for it comes very regularly.

"The Adelpian" contains an interesting article on "Rennie." The author seems to have the faculty of imagination in good state of development.

"Church and School" is a very readable paper regarding their school.

At the request of the editor of the exchange column of "Res Academicæ," we will try to tell him why our academy is so named. The academy was given to this place by Ira Arms, after whom our school and paper take their names.

"The E. H. Enterprise" gives an interesting account of "All Night in a Maple House," also various other subjects.

In addition to the above we acknowledge the receipt of the following: "Student Life," "Napa Classic," "Prairie Breezes," "Argus," "The Hantilus," "The Lever," "The Hermonite," "High School Herald" of Westfield, Mass., "Jabberwock," "Chauncy Hall Abstract," and "Frederick College Journal."

Name of Periodical.	Reg. Price.	With Arms Student.	Home Maker,	"	2.00	2.15
Academy, Syracuse	\$1.50	\$1.85	Homiletic Review,	"	3.00	2.90
Advance, Chicago	2.50	2.65	Independent,	"	3.00	3.15
Albany Law Journal,	5.00	4.75	Journalist,	"	4.00	3.75
America, Chicago	3.00	2.65	Journal of Education, Boston		2.50	2.65
American Agriculturist, N. Y.	1.50	1.60	Judge, N. Y.		5.00	4.50
" Geologist, Minn.	3.50	3.65	Law Journal, Chicago		3.00	3.00
" Education, Hartford	4.00	3.75	Lend a Hand, Boston		2.00	2.30
" Mathematics, Baltimore	5.00	4.90	Life, N. Y.		5.00	4.50
" Psychology, " "	5.00	4.45	Lippurcott's Mag, Phila.		3.00	2.70
" Naturalist, Phila.	4.00	4.15	Loudon Loucet, N. Y.		4.00	3.75
*Andover Review, Boston	4.00	3.85	Macmillan's Mag, "		3.00	3.15
Argonaut, San. Francisco	4.00	3.70	Magazine of Art, "		3.50	3.30
Argosy, N. Y.	4.00	3.85	Mag. of American History, N. Y.		5.00	4.70
Arkansas Traveller, Chicago	2.00	2.00	" " Wst'n History, Cleveland		4.00	3.75
Art Age, N. Y.	2.50	2.65	Misson's Rev. of the World,		2.00	2.20
Art Amateur, N. Y.	4.00	4.00	Munsey's Weekly, N. Y.		5.00	4.70
Atlantic Monthly, Boston	4.00	3.85	Nation,	"	3.00	3.35
Ballou's " "	1.50	1.65	New Eng. Mag, Boston		3.00	3.15
Baptist Review, N. Y.	2.50	2.65	Nineteenth Century, N. Y.		4.50	4.50
Blackwood's Mag, N. Y.	3.00	3.30	North Am. Review, N. Y.		5.00	4.70
Cassell's Family Mag,	1.50	1.75	Outing, N. Y.		3.00	2.90
Century, N. Y.	4.00	4.10	Overland Monthly, S. n. Frans.		4.00	3.65
Christian-at-Work, N. Y.	3.00	3.30	Peterson's Mag, Phila.		2.00	1.95
Christian Union, N. Y.	3.00	3.15	Prenological Journal, N. Y.		1.50	1.65
Church Magazine, Phila.	2.00	2.00	Political Science Q'rtly, "		3.00	3.05
Churchway, N. Y.	3.50	3.75	Popular Science Monthly, "		5.00	4.70
Collier's Once a Week, N. Y.	4.50	4.00	Presbyterian Review, "		3.00	3.15
Contemporary Review, "	4.50	4.40	Puck,	"	5.00	4.50
Cosmopolitan, "	2.40	2.10	Quarterly Journ'l Economics,		2.00	2.15
Critic,	3.00	3.10	Quarterly Review,		4.00	4.15
Current Literature,	3.00	3.05	Quiver, N. Y.		1.50	1.75
Decorator and Fur,	4.00	3.75	St. Nicholas,	"	3.00	3.15
Drake's Magazine,	1.00	1.35	*Science,	"	3.50	3.25
Eclectic "	5.00	4.75	Scientific Am,	"	3.00	3.25
Education, Boston	3.00	2.90	" " Supplement, "		5.00	5.00
Electrical Review, N. Y.	3.00	2.85	" " & " "		7.00	6.50
Electric, & Elec't Eng., "	3.00	3.00	Scribner's Magazine,	"	3.00	3.00
Eng. & Minning Jour'l, "	4.00	3.75	Scottish Am. Journal,	"	3.00	3.15
English Ill. Magazine,	1.75	2.00	Scottish Review,	"	4.00	4.15
Fortly Review,	4.50	4.50	Shakesperean, Phila.		2.00	2.35
Forum,	5.00	4.50	Statesman, Chicago		2.00	1.90
Frank Leslie's Weekly,	4.00	3.90	Texas Siftings, N. Y.		4.00	3.75
" " Monthly, "	3.00	3.05	Time,	"	4.00	3.50
Gillard's Med. J'l,	5.00	4.50	*Turf Field and Farm,	"	5.00	4.75
Garden and Forest,	4.00	3.75	Unitarian Review, Boston		3.00	3.35
Golden Days, Phila.	3.00	2.90	*Watchman,	"	2.50	2.65
Good Housekeeping, Mass.	2.50	2.65	Waverly Magazine,	"	4.00	4.15
Green Bay, Boston	3.00	3.25	Warner's Voice Mag, N. Y.		1.50	1.85
Harper's Bazar, N. Y.	4.00	3.85	Westminster Review,	"	4.00	4.15
" " Monthly, "	4.00	3.65	Wide Awake, Boston		2.40	2.60
" Weekly, "	4.00	3.85	Wildwood's Mag, Chicago		2.00	2.15
" Young People, "	2.50	2.15	Woman's World, N. Y.		3.50	3.35
			Writer, Boston		1.00	1.40

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