

Arms

Shelburne Historical Society

Student

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April & May '93

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PHOTOGRAPHER.

Shelburne Falls,

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GEORGE FRANCIS JENKS, *Editor-in-Chief.*

WALTER W. WING, *Business Manager.*

Editors Representing Classes.

	'93.	
MISS SADIE MAXWELL,	- - -	<i>School Fun.</i>
MR. GEORGE B. WING,	- - -	<i>Personals.</i>
	'94.	
HARRY J. WILCOX,	- - -	<i>Assistant Editor-in-Chief.</i>
MISS BESSIE FISHER,	- - -	<i>Poetry.</i>
MISS GRACE WARE,	- - -	<i>Exchanges.</i>
	'95.	
MISS ALICE GOULD,	- - -	<i>Academics.</i>
	'96.	
MISS RUTH CANEDY,	- - -	<i>Academics.</i>
		<i>Specials.</i>
MISS ALICE BARRINGTON,	- - -	<i>Academics.</i>
MR. MORRIS MITCHELL,	- - -	<i>Athletics.</i>

Shelburne Historical Society

EDITORIALS.

To be restricted, and to be bound by "Iron Rules" may not be pleasant to the scholar whose previous life has been enraptured by the pleasures of the school-room and the frolicking sports of the campus, yet is it not most profitable? Is it not for the interest of every young person that he moulds his character in early life; learn early to rule himself, and knows what it is to obey? The moderate, common-sense scholar rather than the quick, impulsive one is he who will judge aright those "Iron Bound Rules;" profit by them in the present that he may look back upon his conduct with satisfaction in the future.

* * *

A system of "Demerits" has been introduced, twenty of which are sufficient for suspension; ten for a report of actions to a parent or guardian. Demerits are based upon punctuality, communication, unnecessary noise, loitering, etc. Its results seem more than successful.

Prof. Thompson and his set of new rules or as the scholars call them, his "Iron Bound Rules" seem to hold complete sway over the large room.

* * *

The announcement of the standing of the class of '93 individually and as a whole confirms the wide circulated reports of the high marks of the class.

Miss Alice Fisher as Valedictorian and Miss Charlena Hoyt as Salutatorian have been overwhelmed with congratulations.

The Principal in extending the honors said that it was not those who had gotten a lesson one day or one week only to miss for the next day or the next week who stood highest, but those who by patiently laboring day by day had learned each lesson in its turn.

* * *

Unlike all former classes in giving its class honors, the Seniors, rather than be subject to the wrangles which usually attend class elections, adopted a new

plan. A committee, composed of the President and the Principal, were given instructions to make the appointments which were as follows:

*Orator,**Prophecy,**Memorabilia,**History,**Address to undergraduates,*

THE class motto which is also the subject of the oration is "*Dum Vivimus Vivamus.*"

GEORGE F. JENKS,

CHARLENA D. HOYT,

{ ALICE E. FISHER,

{ CHARLES A. MERRILL,

SADIE R. MAXWELL,

HAROLD C. HOWES.

* * *

During the Winter term much attention was paid to penmanship with Mr. Arthur Rowland as instructor. This term however no instructions are being given in that line, but Rhetoricals seem to form a fair substitute.

Of every scholar an original essay is required. A long list of subjects has been announced giving each member of the school a particular one. The object of this assigning particular subjects is to encourage original composition. It must be acknowledged that much unfairness has been exhibited in the past where some scholars have presented "original writings" taken bodily from what they must have considered as "original encyclopedias."

One of the more pleasant subjects is the description of a church wedding. This seems to have a spinal charm for several of the young ladies to whom this has been assigned. They seem anxious to look into the future.

"The future! 'tis the promised land,

To which hope points with prophet hand,

Telling us fairy tales of flowers

That only change for fruit."

* * *

ACADEMICS.

RIDER.

Honors.

Class Pictures.

Mottoes.

Monthly Rhetoricals.

Singing lessons.

Examinations.

Class Rings.

Programs.

Preparations for Prize Speaking.

Practising at Club Swinging.

Songs from those new books.

Those lovely essays.

"Two Demerits, Miss——"

Mr. Dickinson "Will you please hurry."

Wanted—"A Cat."—All cats should apply to M. D. M.

What a farce—The Bashful Boy. Who took the cake? Ask the '94's. Just as the matches went out the lamp exploded.

"Two by two"—Geometry and French.

Who dared mention mumps? Why Sir you don't know the first principles of chemistry!

Mr. J. D. Murphy of Williams College gave the scholars a very interesting speech on Good Friday. He took two words as the motto for his college life—Exactness and punctuality.

The chemical laboratory has been very much improved since Prof. Thompson first came here. Prof. Upton, who has taken a special course in chemistry at Amherst, thinks we now have the best assortment of chemicals he has seen here for many a day.

Special rules have been announced whereby walking on the campus is pro

hibited. In former years this has caused much disturbance, necessitating many holes in the ground when Spring should be over.

The contract for the class pictures has again gone to Mr. Bau of Greenfield who has done them for several years. He has given entire satisfaction in the past; treated the classes with credit to himself; has given the "Student" many advertisements, and more than all has announced prices which are astonishingly low.

Mr. Harold Howes at one time consented to drill a class in club swinging. Clubs have been secured but only two lessons were given before it was deemed best to organize a base ball team and thus perform all athletic work upon the campus.

Mrs. Addie Chase Smith is with us once again drilling the '94's on their prize speaking parts. She will also instruct the Seniors on their essays and their class-day parts.

The grandest results seem to be realized from our present method of essay writing. The subjects that have been given draw forth some very bright original ideas.

The Seniors, without a doubt, will have their printing done in Wilmington, Vt. where the prices seem to be most favorable. Mr. C. W. Cary will be sent as agent for the class to secure the best possible prices.

Base ball seems to be brought to the front again. It now seems probable that a nine will be raised. Arms, once had a reputation among the preparatory schools. We hope for grand success in the coming year.

No system for period changing has ever given so much satisfaction at Arms as the one which is now being practiced.

At the sound of the organ every scholar is supposed to rise and march to his recitations. This assures not only punctuality but avoids all the collisions which have formerly occurred.

The prospects for an Alumni Dinner seem good. A committee of two has been appointed from the Seniors to secure some one to take charge of the affair. As yet neither of the invitations have been heard from but it is hoped that all who have been invited to speak will accept.

A banjo club of five pieces has been secured by the Seniors for the concert which comes Tuesday evening the 6th of June. The Boston Ideals hold a high position among the banjo clubs of the country and will undoubtedly draw a large audience.

At this time of year the usual discussion over the selection of class rings seems appropriate. Never willing to be beaten the present graduating class has followed the custom and secured a committee to select rings or pins.

* * *

THE HISTORY OF MY HAT.

A hat is a very common article; everyone has a hat whether he is the highest or lowest specimen of humanity, and there is nothing very remarkable about this article of apparel until it has a history, then it becomes interesting to everyone.

Now mine was not such an extraordinary one as you might imagine although I will acknowledge that it had a history and as to the rest I leave for you to judge.

At the beginning let me state that this hat was supposed to be "just the thing," but styles change in hats as well as in other articles of clothing, also when one buys a hat supposed to be "just the thing" it is generally about the opposite of what is expected. Accordingly when I appeared in my new hat for the first time I caused considerable comment but I struggled through such scenes with great magnanimity, and when ever I heard any remarks about the hat I strove to appear calm and not mind what I overheard trusting that soon some other vain and frivolous (?) youth would get one like it as I was sure it was the leading style for that season, and in this way I would not be alone in my misery. But I was dissatisfied in all my hopes for I learned that dishonest merchants will call a hat the "latest thing out" in order to sell it that is if they have on hand a number of hats which they have carried over from last season they will sell them to

unsuspecting persons as an entirely new thing and I, being an unsuspecting person, had taken the merchant's word and had purchased it on his recommendation.

When I found no one to accompany me in my sorrow, still bearing the jokes as bravely as possible. I had bitter thoughts in my mind about men and hats and everything pertaining to them, and I made a solemn vow that I would wear that hat no matter what might happen. But it did happen that a friend of mine heard me make that vow and as he didn't believe in good resolutions and had no faith in vows he accosted me next day with "For Heaven's sake how long are you going to wear that hat?" Being in an unamiable state of mind and also remembering my vow I replied "I'll wear it every day for a year, people may say what they please." He smiled and turned to leave me. "Hold on," I said, "I wager a chicken pie dinner for the Sunset Club that I wear this hat every day for the next six months." "I'm just your man," said he. We shook hands and parted.

Now I never knew what a mean, contemptible man that supposed friend of mine was until I made that bet. Guess what he did but get about a dozen of his friends together and let them into the bet and how they did proceed to torture me! My spirit however was on the rise. I thought of the supper I would enjoy but with the thought my trouble increased. Those boys were bound to make me shake that hat. At first they were content with punching holes in it, then they would allow me no other hat rack than the basement floor. But I still wore the hat, although it grew worse and worse until I was actually ashamed of it.

It was just my luck to have to leave town when this hat was at its maximum state of horribleness. I went to my friend, asked him if he wouldn't cancel the wager until I came back again. But he only smiled a cold, cold smile and told me that when he made that bet he thought me a gentleman. I saw my mistake, apologized, and told him as long as there was anything left of that hat to wear I would wear it. I thought it would be better for me to leave in the evening as I was going to a strange place and as the friend whom I was going to visit was one that would dislike to see me without a proper hat as much as I would like to have her, so I took the last train down and as the ride was a short one I arrived

there a little after twilight and commenced to search for some one who knew where she lived. Now it was a fact which had entirely escaped my notice that I looked odd in a stylish suit, but with that miserable hat on my head, and as we cannot see ourselves as others see us, is it anything very wonderful that these town's people should take me for a crazy person or something worse? My thoughts were of an entirely different nature than these. But while I'm thinking I can remember now how queerly the people seemed to regard me. But as I have said I wasn't thinking of such things until I felt a hand laid on my shoulder, and turning, confronted a policeman. "Now my fine fellow will you come along peaceably or will I have to hand-cuff you?" I began to feel as if I had been insulted and was about to make an indignant reply when my rare presence of mind which had helped me out of worse cases than this came to my aid, so I replied "Most certainly if you will kindly tell me what you want." "You'll find out all in good time, old man, but why didn't you take a hat to match the rest of your fine things?" I began to get a little excited to be called a thief all on account of that hat, it made me mad, but I told him in a haughty manner that the hat he had referred to was mine. "Oh, yes, I don't doubt that," said he "but how about the rest of your toggery, I suppose that's yours too?" "Whose is it if its not mine?" I asked. "Well we have been watching for you for the last day or two, you come along with me and we'll show you the gentleman who knows you." Well I was in a quandary. It was plain enough that he had mistaken me for some other person, but what could I do? There was only one family in that whole town who could identify me and that was her family. I thought at first that perhaps I could send for her father, he would tell them who I was, but this thought was soon dismissed. The only thing I could do would be to telegraph to some of the boys but just as likely as not they would know about the hat, take it as a good joke and think it was one on me. While I was cudjeling my brain for some way out of the scrape we were nearing the station house. As we entered the office I noticed a familiar face. It was her brother and he did not recognize me. The policeman smiled victoriously as we entered, but just then my friend turned and saw me. At first he looked disgusted, then his brow cleared and he came up to me. I told him my story and he got my discharge at

once. But all my hopes faded and I determined to go home at once. There now remained only two more days before I could again look any man straight in the face and not feel ashamed. I began to feel elated while my friends spirit seemed to sink lower and lower as the days went by and I still wore the hat. In the meantime nearly all the boys understood why it was that I wore that hat and the members of the Sunset Club were rejoicing over the expectation of a dinner. Everything looked favorable for me and I looked forward with joyous anticipations to the coming feast, and indeed, I thought, if anyone could feel proud I should be that person. For the last six months I had been the butt of all the jokes, but as I began to think "He laughs best who laughs least" I had a conscious pride that I was best man after all. Now this self-consciousness is just what has spoilt many men much more wise than I was, it is commonly known as "counting your chickens before they are hatched." It is when you feel so sure that you will win no matter what happens, but generally, when one feels in that manner he pays more attention to his feelings than he does to business and when he gets in that state he has lost.

That was where I was and I lost. I had crossed the river to do an errand on the evening after the last day and I was returning feeling as happy as one can feel who considers himself victor. Now the breeze that one encounters is a similar breeze to that which meets one as he crosses the bridge which connects Shelburne with Buckland. But all unmindful of the wind I amused myself with my thoughts when all of a sudden that breeze came down on me like a wind of vengeance, lifted the hat nearly off my head and sent it safely down the river.

I had lost the wager.

* * *

Preston C. Comstock.

PERSONALS.

MATIE B. Orcutt has returned to school this term.

The clothing business offers greater attraction for Harry J. Wilcox than school does. He is working in Merrick & Bailey's store.

Lydia James '92 is expected to go to New York State soon with her parents.

L. B. Mann is learning the druggist's business in Mr. Baker's Store.

C. L. Upton spent a day at the Academy during his Easter vacation. He is teaching in Connecticut.

Lottie S. Brown '92 won the silver medal at the Demorest contest Feb. 17.

Annie Morse is teaching school in Colrain.

Among the trustees who have visited the Academy recently are Mr. Rugg, Mr. Clifton Field, Dr. Stebbins, Mr. S. T. Field and Mr. Leavitt.

Mr. and Mrs. Tupper were in town two weeks during their Easter vacation.

Lulu King is working in S. Schmidt's bakery.

Among the graduates of the Academy who spent their vacation in town are Messers Wilcox, Russell, Canedy, Merrill, Halligan and Miss Mabel Ware.

Mr. Richmond '87 is playing second base on the University of Vermont nine. Hedid some fine work for the team in a game recently played with the University of Virginia.

Charles Canedy '92 is playing third base on the Williams freshman team.

Howard Halligan '91 is training for the Amherst versity nine.

John Temple is working at the Marble Works in this town.

* * *

An exercise showing the uses of incorrect, obsolete, slang, and newly-coined English words.

"There is going to be a real swell Kirmess next week," quoth the Misses Buckman's father looking up from his paper, "shall I take you, girls? It will be just like the fairs we used to have in the wilderness, where there were unique

but tawdry articles of bric-a-brac for sale. It ought to be very interesting, do you wish to go?"

"O, papa," gushed Miss Penelope, "will there be a toboggan slide, and could I buy some belladonna, do you think?"

And who will be there?" cried Annette, "will that lovely dude, who dressed in such a nobby fashion, be there? he was a fine talkist even if it was whispered about that he was a Nihilist and all that; he was no ignoramus and could talk very well about phonography, and," giggling in unexcusable school-girl fashion, "he wanted to appoint a rendezvous with me, but I couldn't allow the tete-a-tete to continue too long, especially as people said he was an Anarchist.

Now Mr. Buckman was a smart man, though an agnostic, and very fond of his children, who shocked him by their frivolity. The younger, especially, Annette, was in some directions almost an idiot, and would go from one rampage to another, would quiz an august Socialist with the greatest sangfroid. Yet her father knew she had a few sterling qualities.

In this matter of the Kirmess he would rather his daughter had not spoken in such a manner, but before he could reprove them, the waitress announced someone at the telephone, and soon his stentorian voice was heard shouting into the mouth-piece.

When he had gone, Miss Penlope, the elder, who though also frivolous, was a pessimist, and, therefore, more serious than her sister, said "Don't you see you have disgruntled papa? You must now have gumption enough to politely apologize or he will be misaffected all day; even his siesta will not calm him, I fear, and if he should take it into his head to say we could not go to the fair, (and you know his temper is as uncertain as an ignis fatuus) we shouldn't be in it.

"I don't care," answered her sister, "he can orate forever to me, 'twould be to deaf ears, but here comes that political crank of a lover of yours, I must skeddaddle. I will look at my gowns, which, I fear, are not all alamode, and see what to wear to the fair next week." As she hurried out helter-skelter, she knocked over the beautiful shef-d'œnore of the artist whose nom-de-plume is "The Fenian Optimist." As she viewed the debris she murmured, "Good-bye to my hopes for tho fair. Papa's fiat will be now, 'she must be punished for her

carelessness' and I know what that punishment will be. I won't have it so, he will not know but that his typewriter did it; if I can prove an alibi it will be all right. He is a stern interoriner, but I must have some preventative for his anger.

* * * * *

Miss Penlope, in the parlor, was entertaining her lover. He had just been saying that there was a very cute man, a mugump, engaged in carrying cablegrams, in fact, he was an employee of G— & Co. In the last campaign he was under an alias and was really an acrobat of Barnum's, this was an'ondit, however, "and," added Mr. H—, "I could make my affidavit that the whole story was bogus, although some wished to boycott him on account of it. As it was he was bull-dozed and told to locate elsewhere, though he did not do it.

Penelope did not think her friend nearly so distingue as he did himself, for he considered himself a most important item in the world, being engaged in the manufacture of oleo-margarine. He had once struck a bonanza and was so rich that Penlope smiled upon him, even if he was blase.

Miss Annette had had one lover, but she treated him in such a way that he left her for the soi-disant gentlewoman, Mrs. Quilp nee Varden; a widow of a spirituelle cast of countenance and never wearing but a soupon of crepe in her bonnet. She was a parvenu and used an odd patois but was a protige of Mrs. Blanc, therefore she had had a good deal of currentness. Yet it was not long ago she said adieu to her alma mater, and refers to the death of her husband with great casuality.

This is enough of gossip, however, and we will now return to Annette, who was looking over celluloid jently with a heavy conscience. "I am going to cabal against Miss F—the typewriter," she thought, "and papa may discharge her for it; shall I confess or shall I give her a coupon to ease my conscience? What if the courts should send a mandamus for scandal?"... I must say that Annette's imagination was assisting her conscience here and she rushed down stairs to tell her father all about it, but he had just entered the omnibus to drive to the depot to go to hear a discourse on the "palladium of the people's rights," and so her good intentions were frustrated. She contented herself with thinking that she would go to him when he came back, if her courage did not fail her.

When he came back his mind was so full of the orator's words that he did not pay proper attention and so she and her sister went to the fair and had a good time, though their father informed Penlope that she acted like a silly sauntuer, which she did not take much to heart.

* * *

Shelburne Historical Society

5. The Uapa Classic is also a new exchange, but seems to be rather "hard up" for exterior adornment, and where is your exchange list?

6. The Adelpian appears in a new cover, and with the gilded design on the outer cover the appearance has been much improved.

6. We have spoken so many times of the Newton High School Review, its good reading and excellent siftings, i.e. (if not borrowed) that hereafter we consider it sufficient if we mention it in the list or quote some brilliant saying.

8. The article "Life at Amherst College" should inspire the ambition of every reader for something higher, something beyond a simple high school education.

10. The article "Advice to Students" is probably better given than taken. We will second some of the ideas.

11. The Blue and the Gray has been much improved both in exterior and interior looks.

12. We are glad to see the Breeze and would congratulate them that not even the flame destroys their literary capacity.

13. The Chauncey Hall Abstract is a new paper and very good in the literary portion, but should extend the exchange column a little farther.

14. The Cony Student is with us. Although the reading is very good we would suggest not quite such bright colors in the cover.

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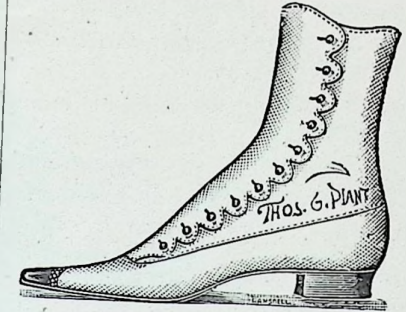
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DRY GOODS

20

..... IN

SCHOOL.

Shelburne Historical Society

We would not turn the minds of the young ladies from Algebra and Arabic to Crinolines and Cloaks.

Nevertheless until girls are made on an entirely new and different plan they will continue to devote a certain part of their time and attention to matters of *Dress*, and it is entirely proper that they should.

Our store is devoted to Dry Goods, that line of merchandise which lies almost wholly in woman's province.

Time was, when no Shelburne Falls store kept the full line and assortment so desirable in the complete wardrobe of a lady.

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- Shawls,
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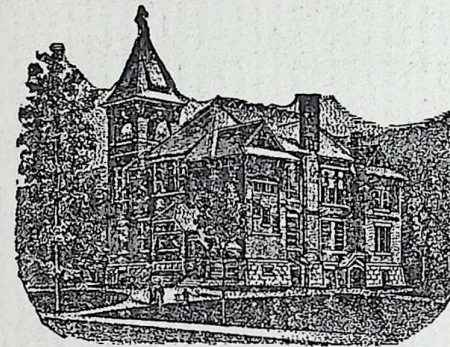
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