
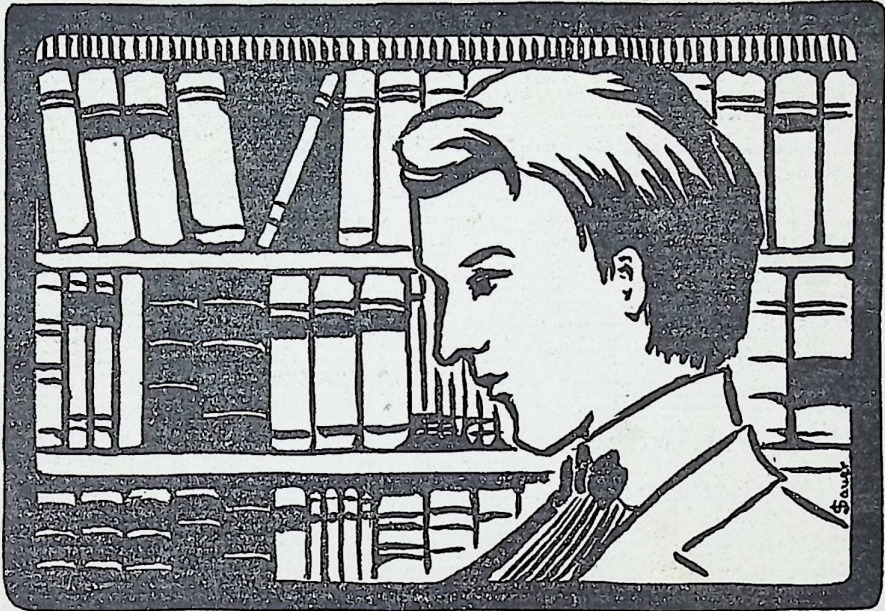


Arms 

Shelburne Historical Society Student



VOLUME XIV.

20

NUMBER II.

JANUARY.

Shelburne Falls, Mass.

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## BUSINESS ANNOUNCEMENTS

The STUDENT will be published, five issues appearing monthly, with a circulation of over one thousand. Yearly subscription forty cents, single copies ten cents—strictly in advance.

It might be proper to make the unusual announcement that the STUDENT has been placed upon a paying basis.

## EDITORIALS,

We thank our many advertisers for their kind support of the STUDENT, and rejoice with them over their large Christmas sales.

A pleasant feature of the Tuesday morning program is a short summary of the events which have occurred during the preceding week. Papers have also been read giving an explanation of the issues to be settled by Congress, and showing the present standing of international questions.

This exercise enables scholars to understand better what is going on in the world at large, encourages them in the habit of reading the papers, and helps them to express themselves in a short, concise manner. The reports have been good.

It seems a pity that the girls of Arms Academy, especially those of '01, are more

interested in a little "hop" at the Opera House after school, "to get the floor in good condition for dancing school," than they are in the idea of a Basket Ball team. Shall the parents that object to this game regard it as more desirable for their daughters to spend an hour and a half in the Opera House, than to enjoy an exercise acknowledged by all to be both helpful and healthful? If college girls need this opportunity for physical development, then we do, also.

The New Year brought the exciting announcement that it was found necessary to change the program of recitations. Of course the students at Arms were not accustomed to such a proceeding, but here let me say that they valiantly struggled to become accustomed to the continuous changing which the schedule underwent, in the most dazzling way, during the week following the announcement. It isn't always that "a little change comes in handy."

The room at Arms known as the library is very necessary to the students. It is decidedly convenient to step in there and pick up odd bits of knowledge that are not given in the text-books, but that must be gained from some source. I believe that there is no fund for new books, and so such a fund would be gratefully received; or if friends among the Alumni would make a practice of now and then donating a volume the number of books would surely, even if somewhat slowly, increase. Another suggestion is, that there should be a greater feeling of responsibil-

ity among the students themselves about keeping the room in order. This could easily be done if each one on using a book should put it back where he found it.

## HOW HOTEL PEOPLE ARE FED.

Many, doubtless, have never been fortunate enough to see the processes through which their food has passed previous to its dainty setting before them in the large hotel dining room. Others, also, while waiting for their orders, have wondered what that noise and din was which came from the rooms adjacent to the dining hall; but few have searched into the secret of the affair. The following sketch, answering this question, is taken from a New England hotel, one of the largest on the coast north of New York, but by no means large in comparison with some southern houses:

A hotel is primarily divided into guests' and helps' departments. To the former belong, as you know, the office, dining room, and private apartments, while to the latter is surrendered the remainder, viz: Kitchen, engine rooms, butcher shops, bakeries, etc.; also the chambers and dining rooms of the help. This last item is of no small importance, for a hotel that accommodates 500 or 600 guests frequently employs 300 help, all of whom must be fed, paid, roomed, and kept within certain limits.

The entire responsibility for the feeding of the house rests upon the steward. He, to superintend the various departments of the work, has certain assistants. First in order is the stewardess, who preserves peace among the female employees and has for her immediate duty the superintending of the washing of the dishes, "scrubbing down the decks," and generally keeping an eye open upon the

waitresses as they come out of the dining-room, to see that they do not eat more than their salary. Next in order comes the chef, whose duty is to keep the cooks upon their feet, prepare bills of fare, and see that the articles in them are properly prepared and served to the waitresses. Directly and indirectly under him are butchers, bakers, and "soft-soap makers." Besides the above may be included storeman, ice-cream man, operators of a gas plant or 80 H. P. electric lighting plant, and a laundry employing 25 to 30 hands, who are under the direct supervision of a head laundress. One man finds it his sole duty to print bills of fare three times a day, programmes for musicals, dances, etc.

Without further preface we will follow the course of the food. Preparations having been made the previous day, a simple breakfast is served to the guests, but meanwhile things are hustling below. The storeman is busily packing away in cold storage 560 quarts of milk, 160 quarts of cream and four 25-lb trunks of choice table butter. As this is Saturday, an extra amount of everything is received. In a minute two or three two-horse loads of vegetables, groceries, provisions and meat come rolling up—1000 pounds of meat consumed daily, 1 1-4 barrels of flour mixed every evening by the baker for bread alone, 2 barrels of potatoes, 25 pounds of apricots for one meal, 1 1-2 bunches bananas for a meal, four 50-lb watermelons for one meal, 1 hogshhead of soft soap daily, (N. B. this is not eaten), and other things in proportion.

Meanwhile the cooks are putting in their best strokes bending over nine red-hot ranges, broiling tenderloin, frying potatoes and endeavoring to keep their mouths as hot with words as the glaring fires beneath them. Says one joker, "One thing is sure, cooks have such hot work

that they will not notice the change of temperature in their future abodes. "Then the ice cream man is making from 15 to 25 gallons of frozen dainties with his 10-h. p. engine and freezer the size of a hogshead down in some quiet (?) corner near the ice house. And so the work goes on little thought of by the happy guests contenting themselves with keeping the bell boys on the run with ice-water.

It is now nine o'clock, and we will simply mention that a light lunch is served at noon, and then is cleaned away. The house is swept, scrubbed and left tidy by the help who quit at 3 p. m., not returning till 5 p. m. These, meanwhile, hurry off for an afternoon nap, a paddle in the surf, or a quiet stroll through woody lanes to some favorite nook or corner, there to read, doze or watch the white winged craft take their merry way before the ever stiffening breezes.

But, Oh! it's a few minutes before five, and the dinner, *the* meal of the day, must be prepared. Already things are astir. The carver is slashing the fowls with lightning speed, girls are setting their tables, and before we know it, the dinner is in full swing. Ninety waitresses are eagerly shouting out their orders. "Fruit for two on one, three vanilla, three cake, chops for one, malt breakfast—two on one, etc., etc." Speaking tubes are screeching, telephones are ringing, but above all these is the human voice. "Send up 50 broilers, three milk, two cream. What about that granulated sugar? John, more parsley. Get a move on you, etc., etc." Soon the dirty dishes begin to collect on a platform as large as some of our country dancing halls. The dishes are attended to in this way. Two maids clean the refuse from the plates, three pack them edgewise in baskets, (2 ft. in diameter 1 1-2 ft. deep) while one man lowers and raises these bas-

kets of crockery up and down in boiling hot, soapy water, six or seven times by means of a sliding pulley and rope, swashes them likewise in clean water, slides them off on a platform, and they are washed and wiped. Three more maids remove the dishes from the baskets, and two young men have the hot, busy task of placing some 50 varieties in their proper places in steam heated closets.

One gets so that he can juggle dishes in fine style. Ordinarily, if you or I should let slip a pile of 40 dishes, we should either say nothing or say a good deal, and await a bill for forty broken dishes, but these folks have another method. As soon as the pile is felt to slip, the toe is raised, the force of the fall caught, and one is seldom broken. Strictly speaking the man with the pulley washes 5000 dishes in less than two hours.

After this busy day is over, and all hands have left the kitchen, the steward, chef, butcher and storeman assemble at the former's office. The latter checks up the day's receiving lists and submits a list of things wanted the day after the next. And then the four give the chef information as to what is and what is not on hand, and the next day's bills of fare are roughly outlined. Then all say good night as the old kitchen clock is buzzing off the one solitary stroke of half-past ten.

LUTHER P. PERRY.

LAWRENCE HOUSE, SMITH COLLEGE.

*Dear Arms Student:*

We are very glad to greet you again, old friend, though somewhat changed in appearance, yet easily recognizable, and as good company as ever. You have been long absent from the academic halls, and your duty of keeping warm the memories of Arms' alumni has been long neglected. Not only during the spring term have the

absent marks been increasing against your name, so you cannot claim that the yearly plowing and planting called you back to the hills. We only hope that you were not suspended for some misdemeanor.

You are looking more studious than ever, and if your appearance does not deceive, we are sure that you will uphold all the noble traditions of ARMS. We listen with pleasure as you tell us of your football record, being greatly relieved to learn that such a demure, library-haunting youth as he, whose portrait lies before us, can tackle and rush to such good purpose, and can boast the soul-stirring title, "champion of Western Massachusetts." There is no notice of a contest with ARMS' old enemy from Greenfield, and we infer therefore, that the craven dared not approach the triumphant victor of many battles. We congratulate you, ARMS STUDENT, upon the utter annihilation of this once proud and boastful foe.

You have much to tell that interests us, not only of yourself and your immediate surroundings, of your honored teachers and the professor, of your algebra and Latin, and German, and Physics, and Chemistry and spelling classes, but also of Shelburne Falls and the Deerfield, and the country about, from which we are exiled for a large part of the year. You can hardly imagine our keen interest in the Tip Top Tavern, for instance, for you have seen these great changes come gradually into existence, you remember when the first thought of this now famous resort occurred to the keen mind of its promoter, and doubtless you discussed all matters connected with its erection, and often climbed the mountain after school in order to observe the various stages of progress. But we older alumni can remember when Pocumtuck was a rough and lonely peak, unheard of except in the immediate vicinity, and even there completely overshadowed by its rival, Mt. Maseammet. So neglected was Pocumtuck in those days that if you had been old enough to climb it, dear ARMS STUDENT, you would have found only a narrow, rocky path winding up its sides, and on its summit but a few discarded lunch boxes, a sad contrast to the splendid highway that led to the tower

crowned top of Maseammet, on which boxes, papers and weather-worn sandwiches were scattered, far as the eye could reach. The road up Maseammet is now, we have heard, overgrown with bushes, and the tower lies in ruins, never again to be rebuilt, while Pocumtuck boasts the noble hostelry presided over by Mr. Shivers, where its numerous attractions lure all those from far and near, who can afford to pay his fashionable summer resort prices. Strange it is to see the vicissitudes in the lives of men and mountains!

Changes such as these we rely upon you, ARMS STUDENT, to report to us, and we look forward each month to your arrival.

Please accept my heartiest wishes for your success.

Very sincerely yours,

RUTH BARBARA CANEDY,  
ARMS, '96.

POET'S CORNER.

PHILIP ELDRIDGE.

From morning till night it was Robert's delight  
To chatter and talk without stopping,  
There was not a day but he rattled away  
Like water forever a-dropping.

From the time he arose and put on his clothes,  
'Twas vain to endeavor to still him,  
For he would not lack to continue his clack,  
Till again he lay down on his pillow.

How very absurd that you have not heard  
That much tongue and few brains are connected;  
And those are supposed to think least who talk  
most,  
Their wisdom is always suspected.

When Robert was young if he'd bridled his  
tongue  
With a little good sense and discretion,  
Who knows but he might have been our delight,  
And even our pet and diversion.

APPLIED.

FOR MEN ONLY.

Ex. If there's anything worries a woman  
It's something she ought not to know,  
But you bet she'll find out, anyhow,  
If she gets the least kind of a show,  
Now we'll wager ten cents to a farthing,  
This poem she's already read,—  
We know she'd get at it somehow,  
If she had to stand on her head.

## TO THE TUNE OF "ROBIN ADAIR."

Welcome at school again,  
 Frances Tansom,  
 Have you your Cicero?  
 Frances Tansom?  
 When you're not at your station,  
 I lose many a translation,  
 For you are my Latin salvation,  
 Frances Tansom.  
 Then I missed thee once again,  
 Frances Tansom,  
 But e'er of thee did think  
 When both my eyes were pink,  
 Frances Tansom.  
 Now if you'll still be true,  
 Sure, I'll kneel to you,  
 For all the good you do,  
 Frances Tansom.

N. B. By a mistake of the editor the wrong name was appended to "The Pirates Fate," a poem in last month's issue.

## A CONTRAST.

It was late in the afternoon of a disagreeable day. One of those cold, driving rains was falling and freezing as it came. People indoors huddled closer around the fire, while those that did not know enough to go in when it rains, felt savage as axes just ground. One could not help noticing how brown and bare the trees were, except the evergreens, whose dark foliage helped add to the gloom and solemnity. All nature had lost its beauty and had taken on that harsh, unfriendly aspect which partly accounts for the stern, unyielding character of the genuine New England Yankee.

In the morning how different! In the first place the top of the old mountain began to glisten. Brighter and brighter it grew, until it flamed like an enormous torch. Down the western hillside crept the line of day; above it all light, below, the old shadows of the night still linger. But even these shadows, having no longer any escape, were soon dissolved by the fast approaching sunbeams.

Slowly the little village was filled with the light and life of a new day, transforming the ugliness of the night before. The

wood-clad hills were glistening in the sunlight, as if some fairy hand had clothed each bare limb in a shining silver armor, studded with innumerable gems that twinkled like so many stars. Every pine needle had its sheath, and the snappish hemlock was so heavily plated that it bent beneath the load.

And Jack Frost, with his prickly nature, had been helping the fairies, by scattering pins and little thorns broadcast; while on the roof of the brook's house he worked those beautiful designs that Lowell knew so well.

Ice everywhere! What matter if the wary pedestrian could not always keep the point of contact with Mother Earth in the right locality?

E. K. N., '02.

## WINTER SPORTS AT ARMS.

WINTERHALDER AND MACHER '01.  
 SPORTING EDITORS.

After the close of a successful season in football, the task of organizing a basketball team was begun. The following were picked out to play on the first team: F. Winterhalder, l. t.; P. Eldridge, r. t.; T. Macher, c.; G. Martin (Capt.), l. g.; Roy Koonz, r. g.; J. Short, sub. Through the kindness of the manager of S. F. B. B. T. and proprietor of Shelburne Falls House, we have the privilege of practicing in the large hotel dance hall. The team, by constant practice, has become fairly well developed and in our practice games with S. F. B. B. T. we have made a creditable showing. Any High school wishing to arrange a game with Arms Academy B. B. T. address Mgr. Eldridge, Arms Academy, Shelburne Falls, Mass.

The Girls' Basket Ball team organized with Miss Mary White as Captain and are now ready to arrange games with other High school teams.

There has been but little good skating this season, but fortunately the best of it came during the Xmas vacation. Several parties of students took advantage of the skating at Shattuckville pond, which has been kept clear by the Shelburne Falls Electric Road Co.

Partridges, squirrel and rabbits have been fairly abundant and fox hunting has been exceedingly good this winter. The boys have stalked several *dear* right near the campus.

Several adventurous skeeving parties have reported the snow to be deep enough on the mountains for good runs. This delightful and thrilling sport has many followers at Arms.

The pickerel fishing party, who camped out during the vacation at Ashfield pond, report plenty of fishing—for grub.

Brinnie, our trapper, has enticed into his pit-falls scores of specimens of Mephitis Americana.

Gee-Whiz-Boxing-Kendrick-Ballard.  
 Hurrah! Boom the sleighrides!

## ALUMNI NOTES.

NOTE. Any information concerning graduates of this institution will be gladly received and mistakes rectified if notification of the same is sent to

E. PERRY, '02.

1882.

Miss May G. Field, after graduating from ARMS, taught for some time in Philadelphia, and at present is a very successful teacher in Greenfield, Mass. Her address is No. 10 Congress street.

Miss Jennie Bardwell, now Mrs. Ned R. Williams, is carrying on a farm in Shelburne. Her husband served on the school committee for some years before his death about two years ago.

Warren D. Forbes is, at present, on a

farm in Buckland. He has had a position in Philadelphia and has also taught school in Buckland.

Philip Winn married Miss Agnes Whiting of Springfield, and worked for a time in New York. Later he secured a position as a draftsman for the Boston Elevated Railway Co., which position he now holds. His address is No. 16 Ashburton Place, Boston Mass.

1895.

Philip Merrill, president of the class, graduated at the Polytechnic Institute at Worcester in 1900, and now has a good position as a civil engineer in South Hero, Vt.

Robert Burnham is married and has two children. He is living at his old home in Conway, and having been admitted to the bar, is practicing law.

Miss Marion Orcutt, who has been teaching school for some years past, is now at her home in Buckland, studying and teaching music.

Miss Blanche Elmer is at her home No. 114 1st Ave., Gloversville, N. Y.

Miss Mary Gould is now Mrs. Walter J. Davenport. Mr. and Mrs. Davenport have recently moved from Shelburne to Colrain.

Miss Elinor Fife is at her home in Shelburne Falls.

Miss Carrie Bolton is a very successful teacher in Whitingham, Vt.

1896.

Miss Ruth Canedy is in her junior year at Smith College.

Miss Bessie Halligan is at Boston University.

Miss Edith Fisher is taking a course in art and designing at Paiges School, Boston.

Misses Susie Davenport, Ethel Oakman and Rena Fife are all at home.

Miss Mary Dickinson is teaching in Lyonsville.

Miss Jessie Sauer, who for the past two years has been attending a school of designing in Philadelphia, is continuing her work at home. The design on the front cover of the "ARMS STUDENT" was drawn by Miss Sauer.

Roy Merrill is in his senior year at Dartmouth.

1900.  
Alfred Mayhew is working his way through Tufts College, Medford, Mass.

Miss Fannie Oakman is at Smith College, Northampton.

Miss Ethel Burrington is teaching school in Rowe.

Miss Blanche Johnson is bookkeeper for Smith & Dennison, Griswoldville.

Miss Elsie Cronan and Annette Stebbins are assistant teachers in the Shelburne Falls primary schools, while Daisy Call is an assistant in the Griswoldville school. Miss Stebbins expects to attend Mt. Holyoke College this fall.

Harold Lamb is working in New York. His address is No. 128 West 42nd street.

Frank Yetter has a good position in Boston.

Eugene W. Ware and Edward Merrill are home, but expect to attend Brown University and Worcester Polytechnic Institute respectively, this year.

Misses Anna Raguse, Mildred Patch and Gertrude Newell are at home. Miss Newell intends to go to Mt. Holyoke College, this fall.

NOTE. It is the intention of this department to report all of the remaining alumni in the following issues of the "STUDENT" E. P.

### SCHOOL FUN.

The Earl of the Junior Class is presently occupied in overflowing the river. He

has but one keen observer, who, in his mind is a little above Elijah and "but little lower than the angels."

Ask Peterson if he ever got the mitten. Macher's chief occupation—keeping White from turning Brown.

Where was Bobbie when the lights went out? All alone. (?)

What a strange sensation must have passed over the spelling teacher last week as she marked H. W. K.'s ('04) paper 100 per cent.

When one looks at the Juniors it is hard to believe that "there is no new thing under the sun."

Miss Wilson's favorite flower—Woodbine.

The members of the Cicero class hope that Perry's heaven will have no windows in it.

If the Senior boys would like to see how their hair looked the night of the Junior sociable, let them gaze at the picture of the Gorgon Medusa's locks in the "Myths of Ancient Greece and Rome."

The botany girls are busy peeling corn (s).

Cora is on the streets looking for "seconds."

Prof.—(Physics Class) "What is the upward pressure on the surface of a tank of water?" Gould—"Er--ah--um--considerable."

Gertie—"Say, Frances, what are you going to do when you get through school?" Francis—"I expect to be a Gard(e)ner."

Robert has the best "pull" in school.

Door-bell rang,  
Up he sprang,  
Back he came—  
"Dirty game."

Will F. W. M. '01, please inform us when he finds out how old a man is at his birth?

"Great minds always run in the same channel." This was clearly shown when Emperor William and one of the brilliant Sophs dated their letters Jan. 1, 2000.

Patch—Going to Dartmouth?

Winterhalder—No.

Patch—Ten miles north there are all the rabbits you can shoot, and twenty miles north "dears" by the wholesale.

Winterhalder—I guess I'll go.

Prof.—(To Civics Class) Why, I shall prefer to be Governor of Massachusetts than president of the United States.

Oh for a picture of Perry's ('01) expression when his seat broke down! (Too bad Macher's didn't break too.)

Teacher—(Evolution) From what did man originate?

Harold—The Crustacean.

"Say, girls, shall we let L. P. '01 spend his affections on the Juniors of Conway High School? We're losing ground."

Freddie W.'s idea of rest—To sit down and study Sunday afternoon.

FROM THE FRESHMAN COMPOSITION CLASS.

"I entered my room from the east through a pair of lace curtains—no I mean porticoes."

"The girl had a sweet face by the window with long golden curls."

"The Foot Ball Team had their pictures taken at the phonographer's."

Query. Did it take the yell?

(In Geometry class) "Shall I draw these figures by hand?"

Johanniculus and Jill proceeded to ascend an eminence to procure a receptacle of hydrogen oxide. Johanniculus was suddenly precipitated to the base of the declivity and fractured the trans magnificanbanduality of his cranium, while Jill, losing the precombustibility of the

dogmatations of her hyherocalidextulatory equilibrium came tumbling after.

Woe be unto those persons who hinder the bell-ringer.

### EXCHANGES.

We wish to thank all who have so kindly exchanged with us, and hope that they will continue to do so. Among those received are: The Wreath, Epsilon, Racquet, Echoes of Cargill Falls, Herald, High School Recorder, Lake Breeze, Golden Rod, Latin School Register, Rumford Falls Spray, Dartmouth, Aggie Life, High School Student, Alpha, Lowell Textile Journal, Thistle, Imp, Chauncey Hall Abstract, Drury Academe, The Advance.

Student translating "nihil domum meam relinquendam," "I leave my happy home for you."

Bell boy. "Four hundred and four says the steam pipes have burst in his room."

Clerk. "Charge him for a Russian bath."

Dogma.—Teacher: Mary, make a sentence with dogma as subject. Mary (after careful thought.) The dogma has three puppies."

The professor gave the class an essay on "The Result of Laziness." One fellow handed in a blank paper.

Ex.

### "SEEIN' THINGS AT NIGHT."

Do you know how it feels to be caught in a lonely spot at midnight? Last summer, being detained by business (?) away from home, I determined to go to a friend's and spend the night. On arriving, however, I found that the house was closed.

and I had no choice but to return over the long mountain road on my bicycle.

It was close on to eleven o'clock and pitchy black. Dark clouds hung overhead, threatening rain before many hours. For a quarter of a mile the way runs through the outskirts of the town, then the mountain rises like a cloudy something in the western sky. As I get well into the woods on the eastern slope nothing is to be heard but the sound of my own footsteps on the road, with now and then the hoarse croak of a katy did in the tree-tops overhead. Unconsciously I fix my interest on the vision of a solitary farmhouse, three long miles beyond. And while I am trudging along with nothing to look at around me, old stories flit vaguely through my mind—stories that father had told me about the murder on Dutchman's Bend, where the road pitches down the western slope and turns sharply around a ledge. I can see the two victims dashed to pieces on the rocks below. As I come nearer and nearer the fatal spot, I can really feel my heart beat, and I find myself looking rather closely into the shadows.

Now I descend the western slope, still on foot, and all the shadows seem to be moving with noiseless steps. The bend is in sight. I hurry by, ready to mount my wheel in going round the curve. Just at this moment an object, white as snow, suddenly appears on the right. I spring on my bicycle with a running jump and ride like Hector down the grade.

At last I am out of the woods. On, on I go over stones and bumps, determined to stop for nothing short of stone walls. The friendly farmhouse is passed, and then I slacken speed, arriving with a spirit once more perfectly calm. I dismount leisurely, creep to bed and take the ride again in my dreams.

F. B. '03.

### A COLLEGE MAN'S EXPERIENCE.

On the afternoon before Xmas my chum and I took the homeward bound train and on entering the smoking car seated ourselves, he to enjoy his college pipe, I to enjoy my chum. We were almost immediately followed by a woman of no lilliputian size, who seated herself directly behind us and made her pug dog, which she carried conspicuously as comfortable as possible. After seating herself she immediately leaned forward and said to my friend, "I wish you would stop smoking." He replied, "Perhaps you don't know this is a smoking car." "There are some rights and courtesies due a lady, smoking car or no smoking car," was her rejoinder, but the smoking continued. Soon she again asked, "Won't you please stop smoking?" "Not I," smilingly replied my companion, and more remarks followed, and the window with a good deal of noise and demonstration was thrown open. At this my chum settled himself and lost no time in making the air blue with the smoke. The dog sniffed and the woman coughed until seemingly exasperated, she reached over, grabbed the pipe from his mouth and hurled it out of the window. The young man was out of his seat in an instant and he seemed in no way at loss for want of words. At length, having reached the very limit of endurance he suddenly snatched the dog from her lap and hurled him after the pipe out of the window. Then his woman seemed gifted with a flow of words in proportion to her size and for a time it was doubtful which talked the fastest or said the most until my chum came to a realizing sense of what he had done, when she spoke of Mike, her man, being at our next change. Just before reaching our change station we quietly

took our suit cases and overcoats and left the car, much to the amusement of our fellow passengers. We were hurriedly making our way from the train when we were confronted by our female passenger and "Mike" her husband. He grabbed each of us by the collar and said "I'll have the law onto ye ye rascals, for treating my woman so, and sure she's too foine a ladie to be insulted that way." He looked about for some familiar police officer, but when none came to his aid he announced, "Begora I lick the both of ye now, meself." The crowd commenced to collect around us and as he took off his coat his buxom wife kept guard over us all the while. We thought we were in for a drubbing for we knew what Mike didn't do his wife could. We turned in desperation wondering what to do when up trotted the little dog with the pipe in his mouth.

### FOX HUNTING.

One day in the fall I shouldered my gun, untied the hound, and started to walk about two miles to a place where foxes usually lay through the day. When nearly there I sent the dog down into a long, wooded gully. I then hurried cross-lots to an old wood-road which the fox was likely to cross; for foxes generally have certain runways, taking in a circle of anywhere from one to five miles. Here I seated myself on an old log and waited.

Suddenly, clear and distinct, comes the long drawn howl of the hound in the woods at the end of the gully. Nearer and nearer comes the baying, now in regular time; for the dog has struck the place in the thicket where the fox was going to lay for the day. On and on, nearer and nearer comes the fox toward the spot where I sit. I glance at my gun

to see if everything is in order, and, holding it, so as to bring it to my shoulder at an instant's notice, I peer into the edge of the woods on the opposite side of the little clearing. Now the hound is nearly in sight, judging from the sound, and there comes the fox in long, graceful leaps, his long, bushy tail floating like a feather in the wind. With the gun to my shoulder I wait till he comes into the opening. Just as he arrives my fox turns and looks at the fast approaching hound, as much as to say, "Come on, if you want a long chase." This is my chance. I take careful aim and fire. The fox leaps into the air and rolls over and over on the ground, with the dog nearly upon him; but suddenly up he jumps and runs for life toward the old cemetery.

In about ten minutes I arrived there too, and found the dog had holed him in a ledge where I could not dig him out; so I called off the dog and walked home.

FRED BROWN.

### HUNTING WITH A FRIEND.

Last fall when the birch leaves were beginning to fall, a friend from a distant town arrived early on Saturday morning to go hunting squirrels, or greysers, as the boys call them. I took my father's gun, which had also been his father's years ago. It wasn't one of these breech loaders that most boys have, but was an old flintlock. My friend had a new Parker gun, double-barreled.

We walked about two miles and came to a chestnut grove, with here and there a few walnuts and oaks. Now the only way to hunt greysers is to sit down on an old stump, as comfortable as you can find, and wait for the squirrels to bark or run along the fence near by. Now imagine

waiting from twenty to thirty minutes, with your friend constantly jabbering and whispering and asking, "What is that?" "Isn't that a greyer in that big oak?" Of course you get very nervous listening to his useless questions and say, "Oh, keep still, we can't get anything by talking all the time." So he keeps still a little while, but soon takes up some limb or a stick and begins snapping it into pieces.

Now this is too much to stand, so I finally said, "Can't you keep still a minute?" He did not reply, and did keep very still this time until a greyer came slowly down the fence. He saw him and yelled at the top of his voice, "There he is, there he is," thinking nothing of the shot gun in his hands. The squirrel turned and was fast going out of sight when I took careful aim and fired. When the smoke cleared away we found the squirrel dead beside the fence. Then my friend said "Oh, you're a nice one. Why didn't you let me shoot him?" I said nothing but have never been hunting with him since.

FRED BROWN.

### NOTICE.

Ads for next issue must be passed in by Feb. 25, at latest.

### National Life Insurance Company,

MONTPELIER, VT.

GEO. H. WILKINS, AGENT,

GREENFIELD, MASS.

DR. GEO. W. BRADLEY.

EYE SPECIALIST,

No. 28 Bank Street, - North Adams, Mass.

Difficult Cases solicited. No charge  
for examination.

Office Hours, 7 to 9 a. m., 2 to 5 and 7 to  
8.30 p. m.

## DRUG STORE TALK.

Old Time Prices Have Vanished.

At least they have dropped out of sight in one drug store in the Berkshires, and have not been visible for some years past. The large and ever increasing business done at PRATT'S DRUG STORE shows very clearly what low prices will do. New customers are made daily. One will tell another, and so on and most anybody will take advantage of a good thing whenever a chance is offered. The lowest living prices are put on all

**Drugs, Patent Medicines, Chemicals, Sponges,  
Fountain Syringes, Hot Water Bottles,**

TOILET GOODS, PERFUMES,

And all articles that go to make up a first-class drug store.

**PRESCRIPTIONS.** Low prices rule on your doctor's recipes the same as on goods in the regular line of trade. Bring in your prescriptions and they will be filled with the greatest accuracy, and by the highest grade of material.

**J. H. C. PRATT,**

The Original Cut-Price Druggist and Prescriptionist.

MAIN STREET OPP. STATE STREET, - NORTH ADAMS, MASS.  
LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE NO. 118-3. Mail and Express Order Promptly Filled.

## TIMELY TALK TO PIANO BUYERS.

If you want a Piano for Christmas come and select it now, while our stock is complete. We will hold it for Holiday Delivery. Manufacturers were never so rushed and dealers are already having trouble in getting orders filled. Don't wait. Come at once. Ask to see our

**SPECIAL \$175**

**UPRIGHT.**

**CLUETT & SONS,**

16 STATE STREET, NO. ADAMS.

**CHARLES WOLFRAM,** HAVING opened a branch office at Charle-  
mont, my assistant,

DEALER IN

**General &  
Merchandise.**

SHATTUCKVILLE, - MASS.

Shall make a liberal Discount for 30 days  
to Cash Customers commencing January  
1st, in all my winter stock of

**Hats and Caps.**

MEN'S, LADIES AND CHILDREN'S  
UNDERWEAR.

**DR. GUY C. TOWER,**

may be found Tuesday and Wednesday of each  
week, prepared to perform dental operations in  
a thorough and careful manner, and at reason-  
able prices.

**JOSEPH C. PERRY,**

DENTIST.

Shelburne Falls, Mass.

HEATH TELEPHONE.

**HENRY W. WARE,**  
**COAL**  
**AND**  
**COKE,**

OFFICE 21 BRIDGE STREET,  
SHELburnE, FALLS MASS.  
WESSON E. MANSFIELD,  
ATTORNEY AT-LAW,  
Special Criminal Justice.  
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Office Hours from 9 to 12; 2 to 5 and 7 to 8.

**FOR WALL PAPER**

Window Shades, China, Crockery and Glassware, Silver Plated Ware and House Furnishing Goods you will find a large assortment of the best goods at the lowest prices. Wall Paper from 5 cents to \$2.00 a roll.

**VAN DOORN & BALDWIN,**

64 Main Street,  
GREENFIELD, MASS.

**Tesla Hears from Shivers !!!**  
**First Successful Wig-Wag**  
**Message from Mars !!!**

Tesla receives the following message for the Editor of ARMS STUDENT.

MARS, Jan. 37, 9,000.

"CONTINUE my advertisement in the following issues of the STUDENT. Please print this message for my dear earthly friends. The meteor which I boarded on Pocomptuc Mountain proved to be a great-grand grandson of Mars, and when liberated, started off in a bee line for his dear old grandad. The trip proved to be quite exhilarating, and would have been really fascinating if friction, besides stretching me out to a length of 17 ft., 4 inches, had not worn an s off from my name. Therefore, please bear in mind that my name is Leviticus Shiver. My meteor cast anchor on track 333 in the Grand Consolidated

Interstellar Transportation Co.'s Station just two days before I started from my cozy Tip Top Tavern. On alighting from my meteor I was greeted by a large delegation of Marsites. After some embarrassment occasioned by not knowing the language, a fellow who looked as if he might possibly be an Earthite, pushed through the crowd. This gentleman proved to be Andree, the lost Arctic balloon explorer. After a formal introduction to the multitude, we hastily boarded his private electric "Step and Go Fetch It," (an outgrowth of your automobile) and were brought to his private parlor, which had been provided him by the Ma (r)'s Home for Little Wanderers." We had a good meal of condensed fried air and liquid nothing in a solid form, and then set out for sightseeing. The first building to be entered was the Hall of Planetary Communications. All along the hallways and corridors were transparent dials on which appeared the news from all the planets. Crowds were going through the halls eagerly glancing at the various bulletins. As we passed on we came to a blank dial above which was inscribed, "No communication yet translated. Futile attempts to signal. Have a strange code and are as yet an undeveloped race." After some little examination of their signaling apparatus, I seized the key and flashed to the unknown planet the word, "Hello," using the Morse telegraphic code, which, by the way, was unknown to the Marsites. To my delight "Pocomptuc" flashed back "Hello!" Overwhelmed by my success I speedily began to send this message. As the instrument has never been used before it needs a little tinkering, but before stopping for repairs I wish to say that the General Passenger Agent of the Grand Consolidated Interstellar Transportation Co. informs me that I will be able to leave for Pocomptuc soon, via Jupiter and other planets. Focus your Hoosac Tunnel on Jupiter and I will communicate with you again. But whatever happens to me, keep up my advertisement in the "STUDENT."

Your unfortunate friend,  
**LEVITICUS SHIVER.**

÷ **Herring's** ÷  
**GREAT TOY BAZAR.**

Complete line of  
**School Supplies.**  
5c and 10c Counter.

When Purchasing

**DRY GOODS,**

Always bear in mind that

**F. H. Chandler & Co.**

Shelburne Falls, Mass.,

Carry only the

**BEST.**

In the end they are CHEAPEST.

**MAPLE HOUSE,**

Shelburne Falls, Mass.

RATES: \$1.00 to \$1.50 per Day.

W. G. RICKETT, Prop'r.

**YES?**

Never used the Magee Range?  
Never had a bright new pan?  
Never had a new Lamp?  
Never had Plumbing done on time?  
Well! WELL!! WELL!!!

Then you'd better stop in at

**MITCHELL'S**

**Stove and Tin Shop,**

COR. MAIN AND BRIDGE STS.

Shelburne Falls.

H. H. DENNISON.

A. F. SMITH.

**DENNISON & SMITH,**

Dealers in

FINE BOOTS TEAS,  
GROCERIES, and SHOES, COFFEES,  
MEAL HAY, DRY  
and FEED, HARDWARE, GOODS,  
GENERAL DRUGS and  
MERCHANDISE. MEDICINES.

Crockery, Wall Paper, Window Shades, Underwear, Shirts, Pants, Gloves and Mittens, Hats and Caps, Paints and Oils.

SHEEP-LINED COATS.

THE CELEBRATED ROYAL BRAND.

Diamond Medal Best Flour.

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Goods delivered promptly.

Griswoldville, - - Mass.

**Colrain Hotel,**

**C. J. RUSSELL,**  
PROPRIETOR.

Livery Connected, Steam Heated Throughout.

COLRAIN, MASS.

**Don't Make a Mistake**

especially one that will affect your pocket book. You can make no mistake by trading at our store. Whenever you are looking for anything in Crockery, Glassware, China, Tinware, Wood-ware, Lamps, Toys, Games, Dolls, Stationery, etc., give us a call. You will find our goods exactly as represented.

WILCOX N. Y. BARGAIN STORE,

68 Main Street, - Greenfield, Mass.

Also BRATTLEBORO, VT.

## Fancy Groceries



and Fruit.

A No. 1 Goods, Right Prices

and careful attention to customers is our "Motto."

We are Headquarters for the unexcelled

SHELburne FALLS CREAMERY BUTTER.

Teas and Coffees a Specialty.

GALAY, PILLSBURYS AND JONES

BEST FLOUR.

AMSTEIN BROS.,

SHELburne FALLS, - - MASS.

ANNUAL CLEARANCE SALE

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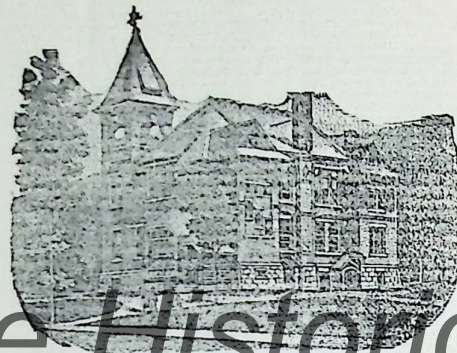
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F. E. MERRICK'S

Goods sold practically at cost and many cases below, to get rid of the odd garments.

F. E. Merrick's.



ARMS ACADEMY.

Winter Term

Of Thirteen Weeks Begins

DECEMBER 3, 1900.

Our three courses of study enable us to prepare students for any College or Technical School in New England. Throughout the student's connection with the institution deficiencies in the common branches, Spelling, English Composition and Arithmetic, receive careful attention.

The aim of the School is to meet, so far as possible, the individual needs of each pupil. An earnest effort is made by instructors that classroom work on the part of the student be something more than a mere unloading of text-book matter. The power to think and to use the materials at hand are constantly kept in view.

For Catalog and full information apply to

PRIN. C. A. HOLBROOK,

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SKATES,

SLEDS,

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SHEARS,

RAZORS,

and a complete line of

HARDWARE, PAINTS AND OILS  
AND PAPER HANGINGS.

H. NEWELL & CO.,

Shelburne Falls, Mass.



## Good Corset News.

Every woman in this community knows from experience the annoyance and expense of having to wear a corset that breaks at the waist. The

"CRESCO,"

by a smoothly adjusted disconnection at the front waist line, has forever done away with this expensive weakness.

Glad to have you call and inspect the "Cresco," have its strong points explained to you. Wear it and it wins you; once won you'll wear no other.

F. H. AMSDEN & CO.

Exclusive agents for

Shelburne Falls and Vicinity.

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## AFTER SUCH THOROUGH XMAS SALES

We have been enabled to replenish our spacious counters  
with a complete line of

**Stationery,  
Confectionery,  
Cigars, Crockery,  
House Furnishing Goods.**

*Shelburne Historical Society*

**5 AND 10-CENT ARTICLES.**

Mileage Books.

## SCHMIDT'S Bargain Counters,

**Bridge Street, - - Shelburne Falls, Mass.**

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Are you interested in photography?  
We can give you the best instruments at prices all can afford, from 35c for 2 1-2x2 1-2 box; larger sizes \$1.50, \$2.50, \$3.50, all good machines. Our best machines \$6.50, this has all the latest improvements, adjustable focus, shutter operated by a squeeze of the bulb either for time or instantaneous work; this machine is a regular \$12 article. We invite your inspection and comparison with other makes. A full line of supplies.

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