



# Arms Student.

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# Arms Student.

VOL. XV.

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Volume XV of the STUDENT will consist of five issues, appearing every six weeks. Yearly subscription, twenty-five cents; single copies, ten cents—strictly in advance.

With the kind support received, this year's volume promises to be as successful as that of last.

*A cross in this circle signifies that your subscription is due, please remit at once.*

## EDITORIALS.

The concentrated rays of the sun will set fire to the hardest wood and boil the coldest water. In like manner, concentrated thought will help the duller scholar to master the most difficult of studies.

It will make up for lack of time, lend interest to the studies, give a greater degree of success, make a well-balanced mind, and insure lasting results. Therefore concentrate and leave fun till it can be pursued without regret.

The vacation period at Arms appears to be a 'variable ever approaching the limit zero', and even tho' it is already 'less than any conceivable value,' Harvard's learned medical professor claims that "schools are having too much vacation."—*Sic Semper.*

The enthusiasm with which the fellows take to running around the square at recess time makes us wonder if the good old Field Day may not soon be revived.

The A. A. A. A. socials are exceptionally excellent. Our school is, and should be, proud of their high standard.

Music, drawing, physical culture, elocution and trigonometry! Why, at the present rate of advance we shall soon be offered an entire college course.

The dictionary is literally "out of sight."

Short but sweet—our recesses.

## HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF.

Little drops of water,  
 Little grains of sand,  
 Make the mighty ocean,  
 And the beautiful land.

But take a little of the mighty ocean and mix it with a bit of the beautiful land and it makes mud. I don't know just who does it, but some body makes this mixture every spring, and spreads it out along the country roads. This part of history repeats itself each year.

One beautiful spring morning not long ago, I chanced to glance out of my window and see a happy trio—a man, a dog, and a horse. Also a cart. But the cart wasn't happy. It groaned and grunted and squeaked and rumbled protestingly but in vain. On it went, while the dog, perched on the high seat, beamed upon the world in general and winked now and then at the sun which had just peeped up over the hills. It was a beautiful morning. The air was mild and balmy, the sky was blue and clear, while in the trees the birds were chirping cheerfully.

The only blot on the bright landscape was the road. It was spring. Therefore it was muddy. Suddenly the horse knelt in humble adoration of a chipmunk and the cart lurched heavily to one side. The dog, filled with instant curiosity, shot down from his high perch to see what the trouble was, and he found a mud-hole. When he emerged from this interesting place he was so proud of himself that he put his tail between his legs and hustled home forlornly.

The next morning I again went to my window. I waited a few minutes, and ere long I beheld a blissful couple—a maiden and a youth, who, like the happy trio of yesterday, were pursuing the muddy tenor of their way. There was a horse and a wagon also, but it was the couple who were happy. They seemed to be very much interested in each other and to care not a bit for the sun which had just peeped over the hills. It was a beautiful morn-

ing. The air was mild and balmy, the sky was clear and blue, while in the trees the birds were chirping cheerfully. But the road was muddy.

They trundled safely along until they reached the spot where the other horse had been filled with admiration for the distant chipmunk, (afterwards found to be an old stump nearly rotted off.) When suddenly *this* horse was seized with a wild desire to stand on his head in the mud-hole. The fair maiden shrieked and in spite of the gallant youth, who assured her that she'd be all right if she'd only sit still, she descended from the vehicle with great velocity. She was all mud when at last she did keep still. And the blissful couple were so terrified that they hustled home forlornly.

I have heard that history repeats itself.

F. T. '02.

## ONCE UPON A TIME.

Once upon a time, on one of those dark, cloudy nights when blackness seems to wrap itself about you like a blanket, I mounted my bicycle with two cans of milk in my left hand, and, controlling my wheel with the right, I sped noiselessly along, down the path toward the town.

Did you ever notice that a horse on the darkest night will keep in the best part of the road? Well, it was the same way with my wheel. It dodged every stone and rut as well as any horse could. Now I had ridden hardly a quarter of a mile, just far enough to get up a good speed, when in the midst of the darkness appeared a black and white object, which at the last minute proved to be a dog. My trusty wheel turned as if by magic and gave the animal half the path—When bang! What should it do next but strike the owner of the dog fairly and squarely, taking him off his feet

and then turning him back against a maple tree. And where was I? Well, I was sailing, sailing over the handle-bars, like an arrow from the bow, straight into the gutter, where I quietly reposed. The milk cans? Oh, I had them, but the milk was spattered to the four winds of heaven.

But the owner of the dog now made himself heard, using some language that is not taught at Arms, while I still lay in the ditch making believe nearly killed. At last I heard the gentleman gather himself up, I heard the shuffling of his feet as he started on, and I heard him mutter angrily, "That darn Brown boy, I hope he broke his neck." F. B. '03

#### THE MASSACHUSETTS STATE SEAL.

The custom of using a coat-of-arms and seal for a national emblem is very ancient and the convenience has probably had much to do with its continuance in nearly all modern communities.

In 1629 the first seal was sent over to the Massachusetts Bay Colony by the governor in England. It had the device of a rather effeminate-looking Indian holding a bow and an arrow and saying, "Come over and help us." This seal was used until 1684, when the first charter was taken away. Then followed successively two new seals that did not differ especially from the English royal seal except in mottoes.

In 1775, because of the change in colonial government, the Council ordered a new design representing an American patriot with a sword in his right hand and a Magna Charta in his left.

Then when Massachusetts became a State, one of the first legislative acts was suggested by the following article in the

State Constitution: "All commissions shall be in the name of Commonwealth of Massachusetts, signed by the governor, and attested by the secretary or his deputy, and have the Great Seal of the Commonwealth affixed thereto." Probably all know the Indian, fully clad, holding a bow in his right hand and an arrow in his left, with a star at the right of his head and for the crest a right arm grasping a sword. The motto is "Ense petit placidam sub libertate quietem," or translated for the benefit of non-Latin scholars, "By the sword he seeks repose under liberty."

Because of the vagueness of the original order of the Council and also the ignorance of copyists about the terms of heraldry, there was in time much variation from the standard. This careless way of doing did not please State Secretary Olin, so he determined to establish a carefully designed standard which, after it had been adopted, should always be represented in the same manner. He and several other gentlemen whom he invited to co-operate, discussed several minor details of the seal such as the size and dress of the Indian and what kind of a sword should be on the crest and how it should be held in the hand. After considerable deliberation they decided upon all points under dispute, and the final form of the seal was adopted by the two houses, June 14, 1898. R. W. D., '03.

#### THE ORIGIN OF THE HEPATICA.

One day in early spring when the March gales still blew rough and cold, an ugly old witch was seen pursuing a tiny fairy, the Spirit of Spring, who, almost breathless from running, took refuge in the heart of a little plant with three-lobed leaves that grew among the damp, wet

grass. The old witch did not see the tiny fairy slip in among the leaves and so passed by leaving her safe.

A short time afterwards, delicate blossoms were seen on the plant which had hidden the little sprite. Some were white like the fairy's hands, some pink like her cheeks, while others were a deep blue like her eyes. To this day, in the early April time we see peeping up in the woodlands, frail, delicate little hepaticas, so called from the fairy of Spring. G. G. '02.

#### CLASS NOTES.

1902.

Class of 1902 have held a class-meeting for the purpose of deciding upon the Graduation Concert, but as yet no decision has been reached.

Mr. Patch has been selected as Class photographer.

Different members of the class have been chosen to take part in the Class Day exercises.

On Wednesday evening, March 12th, friends, relatives and acquaintances of the Senior Class gathered within the portals of old Arms to hear the Prize Speaking and Essay Contest. The following programme was rendered:

1. Father Phil's Collection. *Samuel Lover*  
ROBERT FELLOWS WOOD.
2. Eyes That See. *Essay*  
NINA M. DEXTER.
3. A Friend In Need. *Mark Twain*  
JOHN E. NELSON.
4. His Mither's Laddie.  
FRANCES TANSOM.
5. Teacher versus Warrior. *Essay*  
EVANS K. NEWTON.
6. Aunt Elnora's Hero. *Pauline Phelps*  
GERTRUDE C. GATES.
7. Jim The Hero.  
GEORGE R. MARTIN.
8. Woman's Attitude Toward The Newspaper. *Essay*  
BESSIE S. STANFORD.

9. How Uncle Podgers Hung a Picture. *Jerome K. Jerome*  
CHARLES F. ATKINS.
10. The Fiddle Told.  
ALBERTA H. AMSTEIN.
11. Annexation of Cuba. *Essay*  
CLARENCE L. GARDNER.
12. A Leaf from the Life of Aunt Abiah.  
HOPE M. HOTCHKISS.
13. Preparation as an Element of Success. *Essay*  
J. EARL PERRY.
14. The Healing of the Leper. *U. P. Willis*  
MARY A. WHITE.

After a long discussion the judges awarded the first and second prizes on essays to Bessie L. Stanford and J. Earl Perry and on declamations the first prize was a tie between Alberta Amstein and Gertrude Gates, while the second went to Frances Tansom. All agree that the programme was of a high order. G. G. '02.

#### QUOTATIONS APPLIED TO CLASS OF 1903.

1. Words, words, words—Avery.
2. And still the wonder grew, that one small head could carry all he knew—Davenport.
3. Variety is the very spice of life—Koonz.
4. What's in a name—Hite.
5. In single blessedness—Kendrick.
6. None knew her but to love her—Smith.
7. Oft in the stilly night—Knowlton.
8. 'Tis the last rose of summer—Rose Clark.
9. Better to be alive and small, Than to be dead and not at all—Anna Merrill.
10. Some are born great and others have greatness thrust upon them—Wilson.

1904.

1. "And Then I Laughed"—R. Perkins.
2. "Indeed I Am An Actor Man"—Greene.
3. "Forever And A Day"—Bailey.
4. "Are There Any Angels Black Like Me?"—F. Raguse.
5. "You Don't Weigh No 1500 Pounds"—Porter.
6. "I Love To Steal Awhile Away From Every Cumbering Care"—D. Jones.
7. "Slumber Song"—Mitchell.
8. "Butterflies"—N. Stockwell.
9. "Happy Coons"—M. Pfersick.
10. "Just One Girl"—Swift.
11. "The Homeward Way"—M. Wilson.

1905.

Yes, we're alive and working hard.—Watch this department next issue.

ATHLETICS.

DRURY 30. ARMS 12.

Jan. 17, Arms played Drury High School in Mark Hopkin's Gymnasium, North Adams, and were defeated by a score of 30 to 12. Drury played a fast, clean game.

Score: Drury 30, Arms 12. Goals from field, Streeter 5, Reynolds 3, McNine 2, Martin 2, Koonz, Atkins.

CHICOPEE 43. ARMS 36.

The next game was played at Chicopee, Feb. 20, with the Parish House team. Both teams played swift throughout, and the game was anybody's until the last few minutes, when Arms was defeated by seven points.

Score: Parish House H. S. 43, Arms 36. Goals from field, Scott 4, Moody 4, Priestly, Powers 2, Cousins 3, Packard 2, Atkins 3, Wilson, Koonz 4, Short 2, goals from fousl, Priestly.

ARMS 39. DRURY 21.

Arms closed the season by defeating Drury H. S. at Shelburne Falls by a score of 39 to 21. The score at the end of the first half was 15 to 15, which shows very close playing, but Arms surpassed in basket throwing in the last half. Score: Arms 39, Drury 21. Goals from field, Martin 3, Koonz 3, Atkins 3, Short 2, Wilson, Packard, Witherell 3, Streeter 2, Reynolds 2.

During the season of '01-'02 the Arms Basket Ball team played 12 games, winning 6 and losing 6. Eight of the games were with high schools, three with athletic clubs and one with Williston Seminary.

The following are the games and results:

Dec. 3, 1901,	Arms 27	Greenfield H. S.	10
Dec. 18, "	" 15	St. Jose of Chicopee,	35
Dec. 25, "	" 11	All-Pittsfields	42
Jan. 7, 1902,	" 33	Greenfield H. S.,	36
Jan. 11, "	" 35	Fast Five,	4
Jan. 17, "	" 12	Drury H. S.,	30
Jan. 22, "	" 3	Williston,	78
Jan. 27, "	" 41	Oakman H. S.,	13
Jan. 28, "	" 43	Montague H. S.,	10
Feb. 18, "	" 19	Greenfield H. S.,	9
Feb. 20, "	" 36	Parish House H. S.,	43
Feb. 26, "	" 39	Drury H. S.,	21

Total No. points, " 314 Points by opponents, 331

BASKET BALL REPORT, SEASON OF '01-'02.

RECEIPTS.

Received from A. A. A. A.,	\$ 20 41
Gate receipts,	29 10
Rec'd from out of town games,	69 57
Rec'd for Basket Ball suits,	6 00

Total receipts, \$125 08

EXPENDITURES.

Visiting teams,	\$ 22 00
Use of hall to E. N. Spinney,	23 08
Basket Ball,	4 00
Postage, tickets, telephone,	1 88
Car fare and hotel,	59 31
Basket Ball suits,	12 20
Extras	2 17

Total, \$124 64

By balance, 44

\$125 08

JOHN E. SHORT, Mgr. A. A. B. B. T.

BASE BALL NEWS.

The number trying for the team has been reduced to about fifteen.

The boys played a practice game in which they showed up fairly well, but there is much room for improvement.

Two very successful ten-cent socials have been given, clearing \$11 and \$15 respectively. It is intended to hold these every two weeks. Watch the locals for the next one.

The tailor has the suits most done.

The manager has scheduled the following games.

April 23, Arms vs.	Holyoke H. S. at Shel. Falls
April 26, "	Orange H. S. at Orange
April 30, "	Greenfield H. S. at Greenf'ld
May 3, "	Orange H. S. at Shel. Falls
May 10, "	" " Shel. Falls
May 14, "	Drury H. S. at No. Adams
May 17, "	Athol H. S. at Athol
May 21, "	W'mstown H. S. at Shel. Falls
May 24, "	Holyoke H. S. at Holyoke
May 26, "	Wesleyan at No. Wilbraham
May 27, "	Athol H. S. at Shel. Falls
May 31, "	W'mstown at W'mstown
June 4, "	Drury H. S. at Shel. Falls

C. S. HOLBROOK, Mgr.

April 8, 1902.

ACHERONS DEFEAT PHELEGETHONS.

Game Played Under Difficulties at Central Park on the Banks of Oocytus, Proserpina Comes Out in Her Easter Bonnet. Score 9 to 2.

His Satanic Majesty, Pluto, in honor of the visit of his guest Hiprah Hunt, proclaimed a recess from the eternal toils of his subjects for the first game of the All-Stygian Quadrangular League. Thru the energy of Shylock, the game had been thoroughly advertised, and so, long before the time set, the grandstand was packed. His Majesty came up in his new French automobile accompanied by Proserpina, who wore for the first time her new Easter bonnet, which had been shut in Easter Sunday on account of the snow storm. They entered the Royal Box and were soon joined by Mr. Hunt, while the band played "The Holy City." The brimstone works were out of order and made the playing difficult, and accounts for the many errors. Catiline, who pitched last season for the "Inner Circleites," was in the box for the Acherons, and altho eight hits were made, he kept them well scattered so they did not show in the

score. He gave four shades bases on balls, but at critical points pitched good ball and was steady. Cicero, for the Phlegethons, pitched well for five innings, but the Acherons found him, and a total of 6 hits and 7 bases on balls resulted. He made two costly errors in throwing to first. For the Acherons, Capt. Cæsar and Nero carried off the honors, the latter having four putouts and two assists to his credit. For the Phlegethons, Napoleon on second accepted five chances, and his error in the sixth, while it let in two runs, was excusable. Achilles' baserunning was a feature with four stolen bases, one taken while the pitcher had the ball in his hands. Rameses, Sitting bull and Lafayette made very difficult catches where errors would have made runs. The double play by Cæsar, Pompey and Crassus was a beautiful play shutting a shade off the plate and the runner off first. At the bat Hercules led with a twobase hit and a single. The score:—

ACHERONS.

PHELEGETHONS.

Achilles, 2, 4 1 2 3 0	Sitting Bull, s, 4 1 2 3 1
Laf'te, m, 4 0 2 0 1	Hector, r, 5 0 0 0 0
Catiline, p, 3 0 0 4 0	Hannibal, i, 4 1 1 1 0 1
Cæsar, 3, 4 1 1 2 1	Rameses, 3, 4 1 2 1 1
Crassus, c, 4 1 6 1 1	Napoleon, 2, 2 0 2 3 1
Pompey, i, 2 2 10 1 0	Ulysses, l, 3 1 1 0 0
Samson, r, 4 1 1 1 0	Capt Kidd, m, 4 2 3 1 0
Nero, s, 2 0 4 2 1	Hercules, c, 4 2 3 2 0
Wel'gton, l, 4 0 1 0 0	Cicero, p, 5 0 0 2 2

Total, 31 6 27 14 4 Total, 35 8 24 12 6

Umpire, Blackstone, Waterboy, Noah. Time, 1 h., 50 m., time keeper, Ingersoll with his \$1 watch. Mascot for Ach., P. T. Barnum with Jumbo. Mascot for Phleg, Jonah and his whale. Score keeper, Sinon.

MY FIRST HUNT.

One cold, windy day I started on a hunting trip to a high mountain north of

my home. I was only twelve years old, and two weeks before this my brother had given me a beautiful Marlin rifle; and as this was my first opportunity of testing its accuracy, naturally I did some practicing, so when I arrived at the foot of the mountain I had only four cartridges left.

The boughs of the walnut trees that occupied the level land at the base of the peak were quite bare and when the wind played among them, and amid the soft pine needles, it gave forth a melancholy wail, which at first caused me to tremble at the sound of a chipmunk running in the leaves.

I sat down on a huge pine log, and in less than five minutes discovered a gray squirrel jumping from one tree to another, coming exactly in my direction. My fear left me instantly and I was aiming at him before he had approached within cannon shot. But I kept cool and waited, and then fired. When I saw that the squirrel kicked and scratched up the rotten wood, I dropped my gun and quickly killed him.

I shot two more of my cartridges before noon, and was about to start for home, when I discovered a mother squirrel and one little young fellow at the top of a tall walnut tree. "This is my last chance," I thought, and my hand trembled as I took aim, but after squinting through the sights for nearly five minutes, I fired a fatal shot. It was the little one I hit, and as it came tumbling to the ground the mother set up a series of unearthly screams and came down the trunk of the tree as if she intended to swallow me. "Come on old lady, I'll fix you," I said to myself, and, seizing my rifle by the muzzle, I rushed on as if I was leading an attack against a squad of Spanish soldiers and struck with all my might. But, alas, when I came to my senses I found I had two rifles—one

in my hand and the other on the ground near by. It was some time before I realized what I had done, but when I did find out I grasped a piece of my rifle in each hand and started for home, leaving my game near the old pine log and a few tears along the way. L. B. '05.

#### APRIL SPATTERS.

The horseless telegraph and flying submarine phonograph aren't in it! Math. Rev. class has found the square root of two—almost.

Were you using the looking glass when it broke?

Queer isn't it? The drawing class began with apples, but now each one has a jug.

Another seat lottery!

Hubby has pretty good luck playing marbles. He has secured one "Allie" already.

No wonder the ink curdled. Sulphur always has that effect, Josh.

Johnnie S. doesn't believe in keeping one seat too long. It would be so kinder hard to break old ties.

A question asked in the Ovid class was, "Who wrote this Ovid?"

Translation of "Parle sans t'émouvoir." "speak without moving yourself."

The Russell-Bailey wrestling bout was evidently catch-as-catch-can from the appearance of Bailey's clothes during the match.

"Prince Henry's" new cap is all the go in East Charlemont now.

This is no place for spooning said the Professor as he turned out the last three couple.

Does Clark wear a Pickle(s) on his chain because it is green? No! but to carry him back to riper days.

Teacher (in arith. class): That is not set down correctly.

Student: O, I got my feet where the inches ought to be.

Says the Bird, "and departing leave behind us goose eggs in the sands of fate."

Hark! What was that? Only a Russell.

Teacher (in English history), "What changed the English religion from Catholic to Protestant?"

Graham, "Because Henry VIII got stuck on Anne Boleyn."

Joe: Water is like my thoughts—it cannot be concentrated or compressed.

Weary Roam-eye (Viri Romae) would be a good name to apply to some of the Freshmen.

The idea—scrambling for a penny during recitations.

Subject to change without notice—Martin's seat.

Looking glass—"Tain't me."

Window pane—"Twant me."

Out with your eagles and enthusiasm. We have a corking base ball team and hustling management. Where be them old fish horns?

Blest be the tie that binds, Mary, but some day the silver chord will break.

Wanted by Atkins. A little more board room when visiting Miss M--t-n at her desk.

Query: "Who is the owner of the little brown umbrella?"

Stewart's latest fad is dressing up in the girls' basket ball suits.

What position are you trying for?

What is Frances doing?

Smiling cones off from the trees.

Prof. (in trig.): What do you call the line that generates the angle?

Scholar (dreaming): Initiating line.

Why is Arms such a nice school?

Because it has such a Good Dean.

The spelling class has produced some Green Pickles. Will the next result be a Short Porter?

Some one said that Stewart believed in expansion. Is it true?

In the sixth row with gates to the west, Gates to the north and a — ford on the south, while the Hope of the future bounds the east. Thus the "seas of France" are surrounded.

Many of our scholars would do well to read Luke 14 : 8. Don't choose the chief seats in the synagogue for you may be sent down.

Have you heard how Atkins went Daisy hunting and had to have Grace first.

April 1st passed quietly owing to the organ's being unable to make connections with his lungs.

All scholars are advised to send in an order for ear muffs, as the Juniors are thinking about prize speaking.

What landscape artist laid out the ash heap decoration?

Girls! Go in and keep D-r-n-o-t company. He looks lonesome in the library translating Cicero.

Senior (tapping Junior's head)—That sounds like a pumpkin.

Wanted—a supply of "swell head cure" for Juniors and base ball team.

#### CONUNDRUMS.

NOTE. The answers to these will be found among the advertisements.

1. When did Washington always meet defeat?

2. Why did Washington sleep erect?

3. When did Washington take his first ride?

4. When was Washington apprenticed to a blacksmith?

5. Why was Washington like a piano?  
6. What is the trade of the sun?

## ARMS AUGURY.

Warranted to satisfactorily answer all queries of the heart towards which the young man's fancy may turn at this season. Personally conducted by the Indian god.  
GITCHE KHAN LIE.

I am a Senior, and the object of my affection will remain at Arms three years after my graduation. How may I hope to see her every day next year?—G. M. ARTIN.

Ask the conductor for a pass.

What will be the result of my drinking the soda that Thompson's new clerk mixed for me?—MISS LIVELY.

A post mortem exam.

Do you think the recent fires in the Hebrew quarter to have been caused by gaslights in the windows?—F. D.

More like it was by Israelites in the basement.

What will be the outcome of my attentions to Mary?—CROWS EAR.

Ask Gardner, Koonz, Brown, Swift, Newell, C. Short, Mansfield, Kemp and Clark, perhaps they can tell you.

What would you prescribe for an over-worked freshman?—R. T.

Mellin's Food.

We have noticed during the past term that the prize is not always to the Swift, but the Lively claim their share.

A constant demand for new shoes is ruining me, how may I keep them from wearing so?—SEEN YER.

By building a bridge over the river about opposite the Dugway.

When may we laugh in school?—GRIN NER.

When the right Person cracks a joke.

What would you advise for Russell?

An Eye opener.

What will be the result of Porter's going to work at the Depot?

Swift will return to the Marble shop.

## MID-NIGHT AT THE TELEPHONE EXCHANGE.

Ego restebam in my bed,  
As tacito as could be;  
My spores surge bant to the skies,  
Canebant peacefully.  
A clamor burst upon my ears,  
A clare she did cry,  
Turnebam me cum mild reproof  
Et winked my alter eye.

Sed frustra gave a groan et sneeze,  
Some swear-words and a look;  
Ergo seized my pistol, et  
My aim cum cura took.

I had six shots, dixi "Ye Gods,  
May I that woman kill!"  
Quamquam, I fired five of my slugs,  
The door-latch rattled still.

The rapper called cum maior vim,  
Tho' meus aim was true,  
Conatus sum putare quid  
In tonitum I'd do.

A scheme advenit my head,  
Sciens pajamas 'd make her wince;  
I drew the curtain—the host is fled.  
Non eam vidi, since.

O. P. RATOR, '02.

## APRIL EVENTS.

Of course the most interesting of all days in April is the first, for that day is the day of all the year, when fools receive their due respect. But as to other events, there were some which are mentioned below just to brush up your U. S. History a wee bit:

- April 2, 1865: Battle of Five Forks.  
April 2, 1872: Death of Samuel Finley Bruse Morse.  
April 3, 1866: President Johnson proclaims the Civil War to be at an end.

- April 4, 1841: General W. H. Harrison died.  
April 6 & 7, 1862: Battle of Shiloh.  
April 7, 1862: Treaty between Great Britain and the U. S. for suppression of slave trade.  
April 8-15, 1838: Steamship, Great Western, first sailed from Bristol to New York.  
April 9, 1865: Lee surrendered to Grant at Appomattox Court House.  
April 10, 1816: U. S. Bank chartered by Congress.  
April 13, 1861: Fort Sumter captured by confederates.  
April 14, 1818: President Johnson approved of Act establishing a U.S. flag.  
April 15, 1861: President Lincoln issued a call for 75,000 men.  
April 15, 1865: President Lincoln died.  
April 18, 1847: Mexicans defeated by General Scott at Cerro Gordo.  
April 19, 1775: Battle of Lexington.  
April 23, 1898: President McKinley called for 125,000 volunteers.  
April 27, 1822: Gen. U. S. Grant born.  
April 30, 1803: Louisiana purchased from France.

It is rumored that there will be another date to add to these soon, for some dread prophet says that the earth is being submerged. But Mass. is going to escape. Take courage. F. T. '02.

## NEMESIS.

Once upon a time a great while ago, when the world was young and things were different, there lived a boy who hated to study. He was an odd specimen even for those days, and his name was Freak. He never had any lessons to get at home, and of course he never got any bad marks. Yet his life was not peaceful, because he had a shadow that followed him, called Bad Conscience.

One night he was lying in bed half asleep and half awake, when suddenly he heard the door creak, move, and open wide. A pause, and then three dark, queer looking figures entered and stood silently in the shadow. Cold chills began to run down

Freak's back, and the spirit, Bad Conscience, made his hands and feet very weak, but he dared not cry out. He lay still and fastened his eyes with fear upon the dim forms, yet discerned no movements. But even while he looked, oh, horror! they were by his bed and leaning over. Freak turned his face into the pillow. Not long, however, for he was drawn by the power of those strange visitors.

And then he could see their faces. The one nearest was cold and hard. It seemed turned to stone, and the lips did not move while they spoke as in a hard, dead language, "Thy evil spirit, Freak." And Freak stammered with chattering teeth, "Gr-r-r-eat C-C-Caesar." Then he sat up and turned agape to the second figure, whose great circular eyes stared out from a circular head, set on a circular body. His mouth was a circle and oh, his nose was a circle, too, and all the circles were whizzing around. Freak grew dizzy and put his hand to his forehead, and the familiar sensation made him groan "Mathematicus, Mathematicus." But then something touched him, and he looked up and saw at first the outlines of a shape, but these melted away until nothing was left but a great long white beard, which grew down a long distance and touched the floor. Freak could scarcely believe his eyes, but Bad Conscience whispered low, "Historicus, Historicus!"

Then Freak found himself gazing again upon those dizzy circles which still revolved at the same tremendous rate. Suddenly he felt himself caught by them. He lost his breath and his bearings, but, when he recovered, he found himself in a dark cold cave with these same companions. They now stood like judges and he was prisoner. He started to recall some excuses, when Caesar drew from his toga a

copy of the Gallic Wars, and said, "Seventeenth chapter of the fourth book." All that poor Freak could do, however, was to gasp, "A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse." Then Mathematicus thrust a problem upon him which Freak could not do, for his seat-mate was not there. Then these three figures fell upon him and hauled and pulled at him till he woke and found his brother pulling him out of bed. And everybody wondered what made Freak reform.

L. E. SWIFT, '04.

#### EXPERIENCE.

Is knowledge gained by experience worth the price paid for it? It all depends on the amount of knowledge gained and the price. For instance, when a person fires a gun, while perched on the brink of a ledge eight feet high, he learns a great deal about unstable equilibrium, velocity of falling bodies and reaction. But in this case the price is too great.

The same person chanced to climb a lumber pile a few days after his shooting experience. Possessed with a mischievous spirit, he crosses the telephone wires. They look all right, but in fact they are crossed with the trolley a little way down the line.

Instead of chuckling at the discomfiture of the people who might be talking, he has a dream of the electric chair. When he awakes he feels the wires grasp his hands, and sees the warning flash of blue lights as the wires spitefully release him. Then he sits down on the wet boards and examines the blisters.

He has learned that looks are often deceitful and that it isn't always best to follow his mischievous inclinations. All this valuable experience for the price of a blister.

R. P. '04.

#### EXCHANGES.

"A fair exchange is no robbery."

THE STUDENT extends a cordial welcome to the following new Exchanges. The Euterpean, Our Quill, Mt. Pleasant Reveille, The Record, The Cooper Courier, The Huisache, The Aquilo, The Phillips H. S. Review and the Athenaeum. "Kommen sie wieder. Sie sind immer willkommen."

The March edition of the Leavett Angelus is a noteworthy improvement. Sir Roger de Coverley's Trip to the Pan-American is certainly ingenious, yet we think the language is hardly suited to Sir Roger.

The Nautilus deserves credit for its poems on the Wanderings of Aeneas and his Farewell to Dido.

The Arms barometer for March declares the Phillips H. S. Review the fairest, the Purple and White the stormiest and the Egypti the most changeable.

#### APPROPRIATED.

For Josh:

A curious thing is digestion,  
'Tis fraught with power complete.  
Whenever there's anything to be done.  
We all get together and eat. Ex.

For Sr. Gr. Class:

Prof. (dictating Gr. prose): Slave,  
where is thy horse?

Startled Sr.: It's under my chair, but I  
wasn't using it. Ex.

"Non paratus," student dixit,  
With a sad and mournful look.  
"Omnis recte," Prof. respondit,  
Scripsit nihil in his book. Ex.

Schmile und der worldt schmiles mit you,  
Laugh und der worldt vhill roar;  
Houl und der worldt vhill leafe you,  
And never come back any more.  
Nor all of us couldn't peen handsome,  
Nor all of us hafe goot clothes;  
But a schmile is not expensive,  
And covers a worldt of woes. Ex.

Ed.: Did you write this article yourself?

Lit. aspirant: Yes, it is all my own work.

Ed. (who recognizes source of it) Well,  
then Charlie Lamb, I'm glad to meet you.  
I thot you had died years ago. Ex.

Words of wisdom learned from Burke;  
O representation in class we find,  
And big taxation of brain and mind,  
Concession is wanted for lesson undone  
And conciliation, oh yes, by the ton. Ex.

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No. 1 Miles St., - - Greenfield, Mass.

Once a Senior tall and slender  
From his back seat started forth.  
Down among the Freshmen went he  
Right among the giggling maidens.  
Who is he that dared to do this?  
He who dared to mix the classes?  
Picked he one and sat beside her,  
Called her Morton Charlemonter.  
When she asked him for his class pin,  
Beggd with tears and wild entreaty—  
What did he, this unknown feller?  
Forgot he then his Senior honor?  
Oh alas, he was a sinner  
For he gave his class pin to her.  
Every Senior at commencement,  
May their anger be controlled,—  
On Miss Morton Charlemonter,  
Their proud emblem will behold.

#### Notice to Advertisers.

All advertisements for the next issue must be in by May 20th, at the latest.

**B. T. HENRY,**  
Dealer in  
**General Merchandise.**  
Agent for  
**ADRIANCE BUCKEYE MOWERS.**  
ROWE, MASS.

Answers to Conundrums on pages 11 and 12.

1. When on the postage stamp, for then anyone could lick him.
2. Because he couldn't lie.
3. When he took the first hack at the cherry tree.
4. When he spent the winter at Valley Forge.
5. He was grand, upright and square.
6. A tanner.

#### C. W. WRIGHT, M. D.

##### Glasses Properly Fitted.

Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat. Attending Eye and Ear Surgeon at hospital. Formerly clinical assistant at Central London Eye Hospital, also Assistant Surgeon at New York Throat and Nose Hospital.

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