

Bessie Hillman

THE ARMS
STUDENT

Shelburne Historical Society



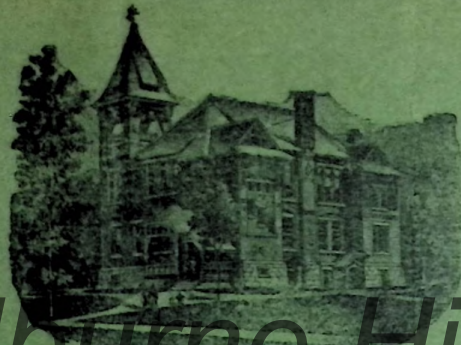
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Shelburne Historical Society

ARMS ACADEMY

Winter Term of Thirteen Weeks Began Dec. 1st, 1902.

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THE ARMS STUDENT

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EDITORIAL.

Well, June is here again with all the excitement she generally brings to students, and another class is about to leave old Arms to make its way in the world. We hope they may be able to reach the highest rounds and be there to welcome us when we arrive; for of course we intend to do as much as others. As the time draws near for the Seniors to leave, the under-graduates begin to realize how much they will miss '03, and look forward to school the next term with something besides joy. But don't spend all thought on the Seniors. They won't be here next year but the "Student" will, and we want to make it better than ever, and to do this we need the hearty co-operation of all the pupils. So farewell, Seniors, we hope although we do not see you as often that our friendship will not be forgotten as the years go by.

MEMORIAL DAY ADDRESSES AT ARMS.

FOR the first time in many years, Memorial Day was observed at Arms. The exercises consisted mainly of informal addresses by Representative Charles Ward, Mr. Baker and Mr. Hall. The event was somewhat of a surprise to the school and a very pleasant one it proved to be.

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Volume XVI of THE ARMS STUDENT will consist of five issues, appearing every six weeks. Subscription price 25 cents a year, payable on receipt of first issue. Single copy ten cents. Advertising rates furnished upon application. Literary contributions are solicited from the students and alumni. Address all communications to ARMS STUDENT, Shelburne Falls, Mass.

Mr. Ward spoke briefly concerning the history and signification of Memorial Day and the duty of the people to honor and respect the fallen heroes and those who survive. Then he went on to show the lessons to be learned from the Civil War and those to be learned now. In the course of his address Mr. Ward showed that the remedy of all evils rests with the people. The North was willing and eager to support the Union, but the early events of the war showed that discipline, organization and able, well trained leaders were the very first essentials to attain success. All thru the war it was evident there were sympathetic hearts in the North that could be depended upon, and when at last success came, the soldiers returned home and again became ordinary citizens as quickly and as eagerly as they had enlisted and marched away to defend the Union. But war is not the only opportunity for distinction. The speaker went on to say that peace offers many opportunities to serve one's country, and besides peace is far preferable to war.

When Mr. Ward concluded, Mr. Baker addressed the school. He spoke of Memorial Day as a day of memories, a day of inspiration. He briefly discussed the causes of the war and spoke of self defense as one of the first laws of education. War would be unnecessary if the precepts of the Great Teacher were followed. The higher and better principles taught by the Great Master will some day prevail. To make good citizens all thru our lives we should select the highest and best things, both mentally, physically and morally. If we do this we shall always cultivate peace,

Mr. Hall gave a vivid narration of events illustrating the situation in the border states, the difference of opinion in the homes of people living in the border towns, and the bravery and self-sacrifice among the soldiers. In closing Mr. Hall spoke of the great cost of the war in human lives and money. The exercises were ended with the singing of "America" and all went home with an added feeling of patriotism.

LESLIE E. SWIFT.

NIGHT.

'Tis night! The earth is wrapped in silence
and in sleep;
Fair Luna over all a mellow lustre lays,
And far beyond her, twinkling stars their
vigils keep,
Each in its place allotted, Nature's law
obeys.

The wind is hushed as softly down among the
hills
Night spreads upon the earth her shadows
weird and gray;
A dewy fragrance from the perfumed flowers
fills
The misty air—the bowers where elves and
fairies play.

The birds their nests among the leafy boughs
have sought,
The flocks and herds lie prone upon the
earth's green breast;
To them the starry calm of night once more
has brought
A sense of perfect safety, and of peaceful
rest.

The children of the world their daily toils
have ceased,
And some to share the peace of earth will
be content,
While others spend the hours in revelry and
feast,
All heedless of the wondrous blessings
night has lent.

With aimless steps I wander from the town
apart,

Imploring night to bid my murmuring care
be still,
And with her beauties touch my aching,
throbbing heart,
Till all my soul her holy loveliness shall
fill.
For I am weary with the glare and noise of
day,
When would-be happiness is marred by
others' tears:
When care and strife beset, and ruthless hold
their sway
And every hour is filled so full of doubts
and fears.

Beneath the stars, I stand upon the mountain
side
And peer into the depths of night to find
relief;
I quaff the dew from heaven to let my spirit
tried
Forget its wearing pain, and slumber with
its grief.

I hear the faintest whisper of a lonely pine,
As summer's gentle breath its feathery
branches sway;
I hear its moans, akin to those so lately mine,
While echoes of dim memories around my
heart-strings play.

I hear a distant night-bird give his plaintive
call;
I hear the never-ceasing ripple of a stream;
While other sounds are hushed, these, these
alone, are all
That break the silence and lead music to
my dream.

Behind a darkening cloud now shrinks the
lustrous moon,
Concealing its celestial beauty from my
sight.
Again the radiant orb bursts forth in beauty,
soon
To leave behind its veil all fringed with
silver light.

I think how, when our lives are hung with
shadows black,
Obscuring thus the paths that seemed so
bright, we'll see
A silver lining to each cloud when looking
back,

And life, for all the shadows passed will
brighter be.
And now at peace with God and man, my
couch I seek—
The beauties of the night imprinted on my
heart—
To gain the rest and quiet slumber that be-
speak
Courage and strength to act, for one more
day, my part.

ALICE M. CHAPMAN.

HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF 1903.

AS all histories of any repute deal first with the origin of the people, we shall here commence with that topic. Our class gathered from many corners of the earth. Three girls from Buckland, that far-famed home of Mary Lyon; in earlier days another, a little dark-haired, dark-eyed, dark-skinned girl, but untoward circumstances now find her mingling in the ranks of the jolly juniors. Four girls and two boys spring from Charlemont, the renowned birthplace of Charles Dudley Warner. And needless to say, all the members of the class have imbibed the spirit of the wonderful people who lived in their towns years ago. Look at Kendrick and Avery! They really have the aspect of profound thinkers. One might expect either of them at a moment's notice to write a second "Being a Boy." And we really anticipate Miss Smith's following in the steps of Mary Lyon, for she has already surprisingly developed characteristics known to belong to that staid founder of Mount Holyoke college. For instance, her thirst for knowledge is so great that she will ride or tramp five miles per diem in order to drink once more at the fountain of wisdom. And

like Mary Lyon, she never would have anything to do with the other sex.

We have a girl and a boy from Colrain, that town of picturesque scenery and warm-hearted people. These members are both lovers of the beautiful, and have the characteristic of being friendly to every one.

The rest of us, eight in number, hail from the good old town of Shelburne, having as a predominating feature, love of independence, a trait ever prominent in class meetings.

The government of the class has been at times an oligarchy; at others a pure democracy; and once or twice we have had an absolute monarchy tyrannically ruled by Hon. Hubby Harold David Wilson, Ph.D, J.L.D., president of the class of '03, past grand president of A. A. A. A., captain of football team, etc.

We were forty when we entered this institution of learning in the fall of '99. And we were fat and fair tho we never even started green; we were only uninformed. The first class meeting was held September 13. The president chosen was Frank White with Wilson for vice president. Party spirit ran high and the adherents of Wilson for president claimed that the house was packed. But White was elected, and served successfully for half a year, when he left school.

During that year the course in Social Dramatics included "Mrs. Ruggles and Her Nine Children," chosen because it allowed an opportunity for quantity as well as quality of talent. But as Mrs. Ruggles couldn't seem to make the boys learn their parts, it was abandoned. At last "Old Fashioned and New Fash-

ioned" was staged and played by Alice Chapman and Anna Merrill and the afore mentioned Mr. Wilson, who at the most exciting point made a hit by dropping his beard off and brought the play to a short stop. Davenport also starred that night in representing an advertisement, called "A Swell Affair," the only time when he was known to have a swelled head.

In due course of time we arrived at the exalted stage of Sophomores and made our entrance into the academy that year with great gusto. During the fall, the momentous question of class colors was at last satisfactorily adjusted, altho there was war as usual. For, not content with the black and blue badges which nature and their mode of life had endowed them with, the boys hotly insisted on black and red, while the girls coolly demanded dark green and white. We threw our meek spirit, so much in evidence in our freshman year, to the winds and stuck to our purpose, thus establishing a precedent which we afterwards attempted to follow—sometimes unsuccessfully.

The social planned that year was to be a magnificent affair. The hall was draped in class colors; but fate ordained that they should not show off. The electrics were minus that night. But, owing to the energy and presence of mind of our president, large lamps were procured and hung about the hall. The boys had resolved to cut the girls in the matter of a farce and so gave one entitled "Paddle Your Own Canoe." The occasion was further enlivened by a negro male quartet who gave "feeling renditions" of such new melodies as "Roll Dem Clouds Away,"

"Old Black Joe," etc. The girls have good cause to remember that social for the amount of rubbing and scrubbing they had to do to clean up the black finger marks left on everything in the hall.

Decorating the stage on which the trembling Juniors were to hold high carnival came to our lot as inevitably as circus day to the small boy. Such a scrape! Our memories contain a composite photograph of thunder, lightning, rain, sloshy hemlock boughs and valiant and noble knights starting off with great gallantry to get umbrellas for the fair sex, and then returning crest-fallen and bedraggled after the rain was all over. But a red mark had to be spread in the historic records to remain forever in the archives, to prove the gallantry of the men of '03. Ray Pierce was a moving spirit in the decoration of the walls and to him great glory is due. We regretted very much his departure from our ranks at the close of our sophomore year.

More dramatics followed in the Junior year, notably the farce entitled "Which is Which," played by Annie Griswold and Avery. Morning, noon and night we held forth in the hall. At last the fatal night arrived. The farce went off in grand style but the after effects were discouraging. Annie, overcome by the amount of attention she had received from Avery during those weeks and months of rehearsal, collapsed the very day after the shin-dig and was very ill. In fact she did not regain her equilibrium sufficiently to attend school any more that year. Let this be an awful warning.

Rehearsals for Junior prize speaking occupied our spare time during the spring term. Any leisure was spent in trying to keep up our courage for the dread ordeal. But the evening came and passed and we were happy from the very moment when we made our exit from the stage.

Last fall with added gravity and dignity we took our honorable positions in the back seats which, however, could not keep some from being attracted by personal magnetism down to the very front. Soon the problem of class pins arose. Wheedling and coaxing and threatening had no avail against the parsimony of the boys. The pins never came. It was a time of war and was a good example of the oligarchal rule in our class. We were led to doubt the fitness of Homer's epithet that war is "man ennobling."

The last weeks of school life have passed rapidly and pleasantly. Tomorrow we graduate and our ways diverge. Yet let us keep our memories of Old Arms and say to our successors, "Vive, vale"—"farewell, and be happy."

ALICE MERRILL.

ORATION.

"VITA EST LABOR." "Life means work." The world is demanding a strenuous life as never before. To-day we are not asked who we are nor what we are, but what we can do. If we would keep our place in the mad scramble of the age we must work in a way that counts, whether it be with our brains or our hands.

Work is not given to men because the world needs it. Although men may

make work, it is work that makes men. It is work that gives men soul, character and all that distinguishes them from brutes. A work-shop is not so much a place for making machines as it is a place for developing men's highest and best natures. Providence, in giving men work, cared not so much what men might accomplish in a shop as whether they should find there education, discipline and growth of character.

But on the great canvas of life there will always appear other colors than the sombre ones of labor. There are the varying hues of joys and recreation, the enjoyment of money and friends, and many other elements which combine. Yet work is always the background, and, more than that, it mixes with the lighter tints if the effects are to be deep and rich.

These other elements are all very good in their way, but we must never let them usurp the places of those duties and obligations which we owe as virtuous men. When a man seeks alone for self-gratification he has lost all strength of character and the sense of fine moral distinctions.

Many people believe that all success is genius. They think genius takes the place of work. But the man that holds the financial world in his grasp has no time for other things, and to a Thomas Edison or a Michael Angelo one turns to illustrate what work means. Labor is in most cases the genius which causes success.

A traveler who visited Antwerp describes the beautiful effect of the bells of the great tower. Every quarter hour their clear tones rang out on the air with the sweetest cadence, and sprinkled

the earth with a delicious rain of music. Then at the full hour, amid the showers of liquid notes, there rang out the solemn strokes of the greater bell with sound deep and heavy, striking one with awe.

So it is in life. We are attracted by the tones of the quarter hour. There is music everywhere. But steady and strong there breaks in amid these gayeties a tone deep and awe-filling, reminding us that pleasure is not all. Life has a serious undertone of obligations.

Every man has some goal in view, whether it be his daily bread or a monarch's crown. If we would reach this goal we must learn that life is short, and to achieve we must work with single purpose. As we look back over the pages of history we find here and there one like Napoleon, who, into little more than a score of years crowded dozens of common lives. But we may not hope to do this. We shall do well if we but live our one life as we should.

What shall we do with the little time that we have? Someone has said, "Hitch your wagon to a star. Do not degrade it by hitching it to material things. Cæsar and Hannibal conquered empires and gained transient applause. But the man who walked the shores of Galilee and spent his life in doing good dominates the thought of the world to-day."

ROYAL DAVENPORT.

ADDRESS TO UNDERGRADUATES.

IT has been said that when one wishes to reprimand another it is a very wise plan to flatter him at first so as to put him in a good humor. So I wish to congratulate you, Juniors, on your suc-

cess in getting class pins; also on your generosity in so kindly giving us such beautiful carnations in June when the fields were brilliant with beautiful wild flowers and every garden sweet with the perfume of roses and lilies. How beautiful they seemed—those little pale carnations! I suppose this is all due, nevertheless, to your having such a Swift young president, and he certainly did break every record when he purchased hot-house flowers in June instead of in March, when we poor Seniors were obliged to leave the stage without a single bouquet.

You have one member in your class of whom you have a right to be proud, for I hear that Bailey even vies with Job in patience with bearing boils and really seems to enjoy them!

Sophomores and Freshmen, we all regret that it was not the will of "the powers that be" to give you the opportunity of showing your dramatic ability in the yearly social. For we all recognize what a treat you might have given us with Hawks and Russell as stars, to say nothing of Shulda.

Tolman, you surely are the luckiest boy in school. Fortunate enough to have an amanuensis to write your letters for you. Tolman also enjoys New York on Sunday evening right in Franklin county.

I wish to thank Miss Coughlin for the benefit received from her a short time ago when she put a list of propositions and their objects on the board. Among them was this: "'I' is a prep. and 'was eating' its object." That surely is worth remembering.

But I must refrain from pointing out any more of your good qualities for it is

a question whether the effect on your young minds would be desirable.

Of course you all join Burns in saying:

'Oh wad some pow'r the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as ithers see us.'

So I will proceed with advice.

Certain of the young men in the class are of the opinion that Miss Wheaton well might profit from the constancy of her classmate, Miss Call, and really, Geneva, I am sure you would be in better repute among the young men, at least, if you would do so.

We should also warn Daisy of investing too deeply in the 3-30 Co.; for an over-dose, you know, is sometimes worse in its effect than none at all, and besides you might lose your Sunday afternoon rides.

Miss Stockwell, I think it would show a generous spirit if you would take Stetson as a scholar, and in your spare moments just teach him how to talk and be more sociable. I am sure you have talent in this line, Nina, and just think what springs of knowledge may be hidden there that would push forth with surprising eloquence if that mouth would only open.

Esther, I feel it my duty to warn you against looking over your shoulder so often, for I am afraid if you continue much longer your eyes will grow that way; and how you would look if you were cross-eyed!

Just a word for the Sophomore and Freshmen girls. We have found out from experience that the boys are certainly the unruly members of the class. They wouldn't think of consenting to any proposition and always take the

contrary side. We have been in a brown study all the past year trying to find out the cause, and have at last decided that we were too lenient at first. Discipline them when young so that when older they will not think their wish the all-important thing. Holding to the theory that boys are all alike in this respect, we hope that you will profit by this advice before those in your class become unmanageable. The Juniors do not seem in need of this advice, doubtless because the Junior boys are so weak-minded and easily influenced, for surely they are blown hither and yon by every wind.

I am very sorry to learn, Crosier, that you are so over-burdened with care and anxiety in your youth that the gray locks are coming so soon. But never mind, Harold, you know they are honorable, and then you may seem to be a little nearer twenty years old.

To the Freshmen I would say just a few words. If you have studied real hard, always had your Latin, and have been quiet, obedient and studious, then you will find in the last two years at Arms, if you commit no grievous offence when a Soph, that you will hold a seat in that invisible arena where Professor's eye never intrudes, no matter what happens, and where you will never be called an inveterate whisperer or a silly girl.

I suppose you Juniors will spread your feathers and do your best toward filling those spacious back seats. That is right, Juniors, make the most of what has been given you, but try as hard as you may I am sure you never can claim the back seats, the front seats, the bald-headed row and the alcove, as we have done.

The old saying that the world is full of surprises I found doubly true when, as I was going up Bridge street, I met Bird chasing a pretty maiden on the evening of May day. Be careful, Leander.

Is it the steel trust or your boils, Bailey, that claim so much of your attention and cause you to be absent from school so often? It must not continue another year.

Finally, friends, let us all become good citizens in regard to the Tower benefit, for if we gave as much attention to it as Sidney does, there would be a gilded dome on East mountain now. And let us urge Ruby not to neglect her boxing lessons so sadly as she has done of late. And concerning those points which I have left untouched, I refer you to the class minister, Rev. Francis Avery.

ALICE KNOWLTON.

REPLY OF THE UNDERGRADUATES.

O BENEFICENT beings, noble, sublime and unduly exalted, we bring humble greetings. We thank you for your generosity, and altho we consider the reprimands not wholly deserved, we accept them in the spirit in which they are given. For our chief feeling is that of wonder at a collection of Wise-Acres, such as would do credit to a Hog Holler Convention which, indeed, one of your members has honored.

Our fondest desire is to return your compliments; but the bad effect of such a course in the past is so apparent and our desire for your welfare so great, that we will confine ourselves to correcting your mistakes and pointing out to you the error of your ways.

Let it be understood that in giving you the carnations in June we acted for

the best; and indeed, spent much time in debating the question. Although, as you say, the fields were bright with flowers, would it not have been unkind to bring you into contrast with them? Are there any of you who wish to vie with the wild beauties of nature? Truly you cannot be thus vain, e'en tho Miss Knowlton does paint. Yes, we chose the puny carnations that they might not overshadow you. As to not receiving bouquets in March, do you not consider yourselves lucky in escaping such well-deserved rewards?

Certainly our superior judgment and liberality is shown by one thing you mentioned, viz, class-pins. Doubtless the superior attractions of ice cream soda and candy is the reason of the verdict, "Can't afford them."

You suggested that Stetson was too reticent, but remember "speech is silver, silence is golden." No one can say as much of Short. Said one fair Miss: "I don't see how you can sleep, you talk so much." And we all know he talks in his sleep, for he woke his brother one night last year by shouting "Carrie!" It must be admitted that the Senior young ladies have one advantage over the rest of the girls, for they are little angels (when Prof. is looking) and, in consequence, occupy the back seats. But the boys—how can I express it?—orchestra seats, dress circle, and nigger heaven. So the senior girls aren't in danger of becoming cross-eyed, but they might be glad of telescopes.

You say the senior young ladies have been in a Brown study over the profound mystery of managing boys, and we have noticed this in one. But admitting your theorem as demonstrated,

which of you girls could play the mamma, as long as Carrie failed? Indeed, you have great need of lessons in diplomacy from the very Freshmen—Bessie, for instance, who succeeded so well on some of your intractable material that she sought other fields of conquest. Alas, poor Shortie!

In contrast to your government, the Junior class is a perfect Democracy, on a small scale. The boys have the leading minds and the girls have sense enough to know this, and follow their lead without protest, which is a very rare thing. And for your quantity we represent quality.

Now, Miss Knowlton, your position with regard to Bird and the little maid appears to resemble that of a gramophone—or perhaps a parlor lamp, decidedly "put out."

As to the wanderings of my own poor self, be it far from me to blame any one; but if the matter must be known, let me say that inquiry into the status of Koonz' Detective Agency was sometimes my excuse.

Wood shows proper spirit in trying to promote the town's welfare, but Miss Clark seems to have forgotten the existence of the tower for a short time.

Now, as I have shown you a few of your mistakes in judging us, I will endeavor to point out a few of the essential qualities which you lack. Of course it would not be true to say you are useless, for an example of any kind is always useful. There is your president, even Professor wonders why this youth considers himself so much better than common folks. Isn't such conceit awful in one so young? As an example of frivolity or lightness of mind, there is

Miss P——r. Anna, what is this about conductors? I wouldn't have thought of you. The other Anna shows this defect also. None can have failed to notice her wild endeavors to capture our janitor. Well, Anna, I suppose we must say that it is all Wright. Then, again, there is one of the Graces of the class who records in her diary the number of smiles received. Alas, that this score book should have been lost!

On the other hand we commend the change in Koonz, for he has come under the refining Junior influence. But what about your demure and lady-like member that swipes currant pie at her boarding-house?

It is a sin to steal a pin,
It is a greater to steal a tater;
But on the sly to steal a pie,—
Oh, Bessie!

Time fails to congratulate Kendrick as a Rough Rider or the editor of the Student on her royal work; but we do wish to thank some members who really set us a worthy example,—Misses Hite, Tower and Mantor, in whom the faults of their sex are less pronounced.

But, now, dear Seniors, in farewell, we find you not so bad, but showing chiefly four great needs: less to eat, more to do, considerable snubbing and plenty of intellectual dumb-bell exercise.

HAROLD BAILEY, '04.

CLASS PROPHECY.

We, the chosen prophets of the class of 1903, will read the destinies of that Immortal Class by means of Palmistry,

having procured a recent book on that subject.

Annie Porter.

This is what I read in your palm:—Your life-line tells me that, after being graduated from your Alma Mater, you will spend a very restless summer among the peaceful hills of Charlemont. Becoming, at last, much dissatisfied with your quiet surroundings, your head-line foretells that you will make a resolve—a resolve to become famous. And, Anna, as you never let the grass grow under your feet, you will immediately set out on a journey to Chicago, a place you will choose, of course, on account of its noted "hustling ways." (How often the head-line comes into evidence! It is a particularly clear one.) Your life-line again tells me that you will straightway enter journalism and, as to be expected, rapidly rise to the highest position, that of editor,—editor of the Greatest Agricultural Paper printed. (Has anyone a strong magnifying glass? I can't find Anna's heart-line).

Alice Knowlton.

Your life-line shows, Alice, that you will soon be in New York City, luxuriously established in Bachelor Girl quarters, where your head-line foretells that you will give lessons in elocution and upon the writing of essays. But this is not the most important, for you will also take charge of private theatricals and will prove most helpful if some puzzled student asks for points in writing the Address to undergraduates, for you, of course, learned all about it at Arms. But, Alice, why did you let your heart speak and become dissatisfied with your name? Didn't it begin

with a letter far enough along in the alphabet? Why did you give up your freedom and then only get next to the last letter? Yet-ter I can not ask you to be frank and explain here.

Le Roy Koonz.

(It is certainly true that the unexpected often happens and you will all agree with me when you learn what Roy's palm tells.) The life-line shows that the summer following your graduation from Arms, you will set sail for Germany, where you will satisfy your intense longing for German, anything, anyone, so long as it is German. (Is it necessary to add that you will settle there?) Some years after, you will invite the Class of 1903 to visit you, and when those of us who are able, accept, we shall be received most cordially by you and your golden-haired Frau. When didn't your heart dictate? O, Roy past are the happy hours spent on "Wilhelm Tell" but what of the results?

Alice Chapman.

(Oh! what do you suppose I am about to tell you all? just listen well and do not exclaim. How many times we have received that advice in different words resounding thru the school-room!—"Young ladies, it is unseemly to show your feeling in so pronounced a manner!" Well, Alice, you always did your best to help us out of perilous places, such as forgotten translations, etc., but who would have thought, as the head-line signifies, that you were developing very philanthropical notions! Indeed, the life-line predicts that should any one of us wander to sunny Cali-

fornia, in the near future, we might behold, set way back in a grove of orange-trees, a beautiful colonial mansion. A sign over the door will read thus:—"Those to whom geometry is distasteful, enter and find peace and joy." (We can see a great change has come over Alice when we realize in what a calm state of mind she will choose the mild word "distasteful.") But this will seem too good to be true, and it will turn out so, for soon will "ye knyete of olde" arrive upon the scenes and carry away our dear classmate. (How will he ever convince her to change her mind? Perhaps he won't have to try,—who knows? Which will it be, the heart-line or the head-line that speaks?)

Carolyn Smith.

The life-line—no—I am not greatly surprised; for you are going to foreign lands as a missionary. (She was, most certainly, developing that spirit when at Arms; for was she not a really truly sister to all the boys, all, not only one?) While following your pursuit in foreign lands, a war is predestined to fall upon the country and then one may see a fair nurse wandering in and out among the wounded, ministering to needs, and charming them to sleep and rest with her gentle singing.

(She always charmed the boys at Arms, so why should she not these equally savage breasts?)

Perhaps you would have gone on with your benevolent work but the heart-line, or perchance head-line, becomes prominent when a most tempting suit is offered, and you will become the wife of the greatest naturalist in the

world. (I cannot tell his name so we'll have to guess.)

John Short.

(Pardon me for rubbing my eyes and staring so, but how could I help it? for this is what I read:) John Short, the man who will be noted because of his great argumentative powers will decline the Speaker's Chair. (Oh, John, after all our pains in class meetings and in College Reading, that you will teach the high place, where we had hoped to put you only to dash our hopes thus to the ground!) But to go on, the life-line foretells that anyone who would like to see our class-mate, if he will but journey back to the old familiar town where our Alma Mater stands; he will find him, the successful proprietor of innumerable green-houses, where he will grow nothing but Daisies and Es-ters.

(Where did his heart go? Well, we just can't sometimes, almost always tell!)

ANNA K. MERRILL.

Being one of those chosen to foretell the future of my class-mates, and having also received a book on palmistry I will show forth the wonderful disclosures made to me in this book.

Alice Merrill.

You, who have always been a studious and knowledge seeking class and seat mate of mine, to whom were entrusted very important and brainy affairs, will, your life-line says, become after a long and persistent wooing the dutiful wife of a professor of mathematics in Cambridge, Mass. During your stay there you will obtain a very high and influential place in society and this will

cause a ground of difference between you and your better half, for he will be more devoted to a quiet and peaceful evening at his own fireside. But cares will not shorten your period of life for you will live to a ripe old age.

Francis Avery.

You who have been an ever plodding, never changeable youth, who, when you came caused the heartbeats to quicken who, when you were a child, spoke as a child, understood as a child, that as a child but when you became a man put away childish things; you will be surrounded by popularity, praise and applause.

Your life-line says you will become a witty politician of your day, and many a speech will you make in congress which will move your fellow-men to do their best for their country. Your head-line says that you will be hailed from right and left as the Honorable Representative Francis William Avery, the man reputed for his funny stories, jokes and puns. And when advanced in years you will return to your country home—"The Bird's Nest" at Hanover Crest, and there with your grandchildren gathered around an old-fashioned fireplace will tell the funny incidents in your boyhood days.

Fred Brown.

You who have always been a jolly-happy-go-lucky boy who ever and anon preferred a stroll in the woods with a gun over your shoulder and your dog Trip, at your heels to a quiet afternoon in the room below, who have been known to desert your post for this one favorite pursuit, you, your life-line says, will turn over a new leaf and become the trustworthy manager of a Fire Insurance Co., for this occupation will satisfy your desire to ramble and stroll about. Your head-line says you will be a capable financier. But your heart-line is crooked; that signifies many a little thrilling adventure. But these

are so numerous and exciting that really you would lose the flavor of them, when they come to pass, if I should tell them to you now. So my only word to you is this—wherever you are, remember your failings.

Grace Jillson.

You who have always been a quiet and orderly young maiden, who always did just what your teachers that was right, who never got caught whispering or slyly passing a note, will be—your life-line tells me—a notable *school-marm* teaching others the folly of whispering and the *dreadful* after-effects. Your head-line says many and varied will be your experiences during your career, and many and various your commendable good deeds. But remember, Grace, impartiality is supposed to be one of the prime requisites of a good school teacher and indeed it is a quality which you must learn to possess. But even the school mistress is human and must measure out justice with due regard for extenuating circumstances. Upon your heart-line I read this little incident: You will discover one of your little girls whispering in school time and ask: "What were you saying to the girl next to you just then?" The little culprit will hang her head for a moment and then reply—"I was telling her how nice you looked in your new dress." Then in evident confusion at the child's frank and truthful answer you will dismiss the subject.

Lura Hite.

You, who are another one of our demure and prim maidens, who always seem to have plenty of time to accomplish everything you undertake, who never hasten out of a lady-like walk but always reach your destination just in time, will become, your life-line says, the head nurse in the St. Mary's hospital in Chicago where, your head-line says, you will be distinguished for your nerve force and quick wit. One of your thrilling experiences will make

you the talk of the whole city, your picture will be put in the papers (she had better send one of her graduation ones now and then it will be sure to be there) and an entire column devoted to your heroic deed and presence of mind.

Mabel Tower.

You, who have always been one of our sober industrious pupils, very cordial and pleasant to meet and always the same to whomsoever you come in contact with, will become, your life-line says, a famous actress. (That is no more than we expected.) You will have many trials that will discourage you but you will keep on climbing the ladder until you reach the top, and then you will have reached your long-looked-for goal—a professional actress. Your head-line is very clear and distinct; that means you will never feel disconcerted at the numerous bouquets of flowers that will be tossed to you on the stage and the encores will never cause you to lose your head for a minute (think of an actress without a head.) Your heart-line—(have you lost or given away your heart Mabel?) I really can't find it. So you are in for good luck for an actress should never have a heart.

John Kendrick.

You, who have always been the standard pattern for all young men to model their characters after, your life-line declares that you will attend school for a long time yet, and by dint of hard study and perseverance you will become one of the members of the staff that always sign their names with D. D. after them. Your head-line is long (long head on you, John), and the line is large, and it portrays and shows evidence of a true and earnest purpose. Now, John, I am going to read your heart-line, (see how his hand trembles). No secret there, is there? Ah, how you have deceived us! You will have your little romance before you receive your diploma for a position as D. D.

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