

Miss Alice F. Merrill

THE ARMS STUDENT

Shelburne Historical Society



Published by the
Students of
Arms Academy
Shelburne Falls
Massachusetts

MARCH

MCMIII

VOLUME SIXTEEN NUMBER THREE



Shelburne Historical Society

ARMS ACADEMY

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

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 further information apply to

PRIN. C. A. HOLBROOK, Shelburne Falls, Mass.

JOSEPH C. PERRY,

DENTIST,

SHELburne FALLS, MASS.

Opposite Postoffice.
Health telephone.

Branch Office in Charlemont

Open Tuesday and Wednesday of each week,
in charge of my assistant,

GUY C. TOWER, D. D. S.

FOR

GROCERIES

THE BEST OF

Teas, Coffees and Spices

A complete line of Cereals and
Fancy Crackers, Candies, etc.,
and anything to be found in a first-
class

GROCERY

VISIT

W. S. CARPENTER'S

Shelburne Falls - - - Mass.

THE ARMS STUDENT

VOL. XVI. SHELburne FALLS, MASS., MARCH, 1903. NO. 3

PUBLISHED EVERY SIX WEEKS BY AUTHORITY OF ARMS ACADEMY.

Entered at the Postoffice at Shelburne Falls, Mass., as
second class matter, April 6, 1901.

EDITORIALS.

A rare musical treat was offered here March 6th, when Miss Howe assisted by Mr. Battle, flutist, and the Arms Academy chorus gave a concert in Memorial Hall. The audience appreciated her charming manner as well as her exquisite rendering. "That Brilliant Bird" which she sang accompanied by Mr. Battle was especially pleasing.

The boys are congratulating themselves on the financial result of the concert given by the Williams College Glee Club, several weeks ago. The net gain aggregated seventy dollars which they have abundant opportunity to use.

In a speech made at one of our Alumni dinners the old adage "what man has done, man may do" was referred to. A new version of it was given which seems to be remarkably verified in recent events. "What man has not done, man may do." Just think of two ships at sea many miles distant from each other, carrying on a game of chess together by means of wireless telegraph. Think of a newspaper being published nearly two hundred miles from land away out in the sea, a newspaper which contained the latest news from all parts of the globe.

BOARD OF EDITORS.

ALICE F. MERRILL, Editor-in-Chief.
ANNA M. PORTER and FRED C. BROWN, Assistants.

Class Editors.

GRACE JILLSON, '03.
LESLIE SWIFT, '04.
GEORGE TURTON, '05.
BESSIE FORBES, '06.

ALICE M. CHAPMAN, Exchange Editor.
HAROLD P. BAILEY, Athletics.
ALICE B. KNOWLTON, Alumni Notes.
LEANDER BIRD, School Fun.

Scientific Notes.
STANLEY C. BALL.
FRED C. BROWN.

ROYAL W. DAVENPORT, Business Manager.
ROY N. KOONZ, Subscription Agent.

BUSINESS ANNOUNCEMENT.

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.

A BATTLE LOST AND WON.

FOURS left into line; Double Quick: March; Charge Bayonets! Sharp and clear rang the command and the remnant of the hundred eager soldiers who that morning had marched down to "have a lick at the Rebs." sixty-three tired and battle-torn men, wheeled sharply into line, and with a hearty shout swept up the hill. On they rushed as if the safety of the country depended on Co. H. 10th Regiment Massachusetts Volunteers. The position was terrible. Bragg's men riddled them with volleys, but they pushed on over fallen men, over wreckage of guns and struggling horses, through chaos itself, till, with a feeble hurrah, they climbed the enemy's low breastworks.

Here a fierce hand-to-hand combat ensued. Men fought for their cause, for glory, and for life. Among the invaders was Lieutenant Campbell in the foremost rank. In his ears kept ringing the words his commander had spoken that morning, "Campbell, you are suspected of intriguing with the enemy. In today's battle prove yourself innocent, as I believe you are." The echo of those unexpected words drowned the very cannon's roar. "You are suspected." How it burned his ears. And all, because he had a few days before been seen sending a letter to his mother by a confederate acquaintance.

The thought of all this put new life into his limbs. He would not be disgraced. And the blunt old Major—"God bless him!" I will prove myself innocent or die."

So he dashed forward, reckless of every danger. Nothing could stop him

as he fought his way to the very midst of the enemy. Suddenly he saw a gun raised high over his head. A flash of steel, and a stunning blow, and then all was dark and still.

* * *

It was evening, and the valley of Chattanooga was filled with darkness, save for the glimmering of camp fires on the hills, and the twinkling lanterns of the hospital workers moving mysteriously among the dead. Over all hung a persistent gloom which seemed reluctant to reveal the horror of the day's carnage.

Among a group of Confederate soldiers lying around one of the camp fires on Missionary Ridge, discussing the day's fight, was Lieutenant Campbell, a prisoner. Just now he was putting questions to one whom he familiarly called "Jim." The exultant "Johnnies" told him how his company had finally been repulsed and how he would have been clubbed to death if!

"O, g'w on, fellers. Gee whiz! but them Yanks put up a good fight," suddenly interrupted Jim.

"No you don't." shouted another, "ye're tew pesky modest. Ye can't stop us 'ns frim telling this here Yank how ye saved his life and durned near lost yer own a doin' of it."

"T'want nothing enny way," said Jim "I haint forgit how Fred here," indicating Campbell, "an me used ter go fishing tergether back on the old farm. Them was happy days for us 'ns afore I kem daown here on the cotton farm 'et Uncle Jim left. Rember that time, Fred, that we cornered the skunk in the wall and had ter git 'im aout with a fish hook?"

They both laughed over the incident and began to recall old times, gradually working down to the war, their different experiences, and the day's battle.

"And now to think that you and I should be fighting against each other, Jim," said Fred.

"Wal, I reckon t'wont be much longer we'll be at it. Gin'l will make short work of Sherman to-morrow when he gets his reinforcements. It's all over the army how he's going to mass against Sherman and when that's done, Thomas and Hooker won't be in it and Grant'll get the worst he's ever had. The best of it all is that Grant expects trouble on Lookout Mountain and won't be thinking about us fellers here on the Ridge. The rest of the soldiers around the fire shifted uneasily and cast meaning glances at Jim, but he laughed at them and said, "Sho, now, comrades, ye needn't be afeared that Fred here'll peach on us. Why, I've knowed him all my life an' he never did an under-handed thing yet. I tell ye he's all right an then, too, he caynt hardly move anyway arter that skeeter bite on the head." Thus reassured the men rolled up in their blankets and went to sleep, leaving Jim on guard.

Campbell, though feigning sleep, was thinking deeply. Events now had happened so rapidly in the last day or two. A week ago he had a fine reputation and the promise of promotion. Now he was a prisoner and suspected by his own officers. He thought of the morning's wild charge; how Jim, open-hearted Jim, whom he had 'nt seen for so long had saved his life; how through Jim's influence he had been paroled; and how he had learned the enemy's plans.

If Grant only knew them! But how? There was only one way.—Should he do it? The suggestion having once entered refused to withdraw. He fought the question long and hard—it seemed for hours. There was his oath of parole not to attempt escape. There was Jim's influence behind it and Jim's open confidence in his friend's honor. Should he betray his old friend of his youth: Would Jim be shot if he did it? He turned sharply from his thought. It was a chance to save a whole army. He had given oath of allegiance to the cause of the North. It was a chance not only to save a defeat but to make a victory. Should he be content to remain a prisoner with no hope of removing the suspicion over him; when this opportunity, was made for his hand to grasp? A great disaster might result from inaction. The glory of a critical event might be his, from his friends, his folks, his regiment, his Major. Never was he so wide awake. He felt the power within him to move carefully, stealthily, skilfully; to escape, to report. He could do it. Not a fear of failure possessed him.

* * *

Orderly Trace saluted; "General, I have to report that news has been received through one Campbell that Bragg is massing his force against Sherman."

General Grant looked up from his maps and said briefly; "Bring Campbell here." Trace saluted and withdrew, and Grant was soon absorbed again. Presently he was again interrupted, this time by two men, one of whom was worn and torn by a dangerous escape. Grant now turned his searching eye upon Campbell and ques-

tioned him minutely. In a moment he spoke his command: "Detail Williams and Alstead to reconnoitre. Put this man under arrest till they return."

It is now ancient history how Campbell's report was found to be true and everybody knows how Grant by a skilful manoeuver ordered Thomas to advance against the Confederate center, and how Thomas, breaking them followed Sherman to Missionary Ridge, captured Bragg's guns and utterly routed the enemy.

But nobody knows whether the honors that came to Campbell sounded a bit hollow. Nobody knows whether the rewards were enough. Nobody knows how often the thought of Jim, trusty Jim who once saved his life, refused to be pushed down by a resolute will.

J. E.

ALUMNI NOTES.

Bertha C. Andrews, '90, is training for a nurse in the Franklin County hospital, Greenfield, Mass.

A. G. Merrill, '90, is instructor in German in the F. W. Parker School, Chicago, Illinois. Address, No. 1632 Barry Avenue.

Viola E. Crittenden, '91, is teaching in Beverly, Mass.

Howard A. Halligan, '91, is at No. 612 Church Street, Evanston, Illinois.

Mabel H. Ware, '91, is teaching in Unadilla, New York.

Mrs. H. B. Upton, nee Wilhelmina I. Yetter, '93, is still in Shelburne Falls.

Mrs. Harley F. C. Hoag, nee Grace Ware, is residing in Middlebury, Vt.

Philip Merrill is a civil engineer in the

employ of the Niagara Falls Power Company. Address, No. 244 Fifth Street.

Mrs. Chas. Buell, Elinor Fife, '95, is in New Haven, Conn.

Ethel Oakman is attending the Boston cooking school. Address 432 Meridan Street, East Boston, Mass.

Ruth B. Canedy, '96, is studying in the university of Heidelberg. Address Kaiser Strasse 10, Heidelberg, Germany.

Edith Fisher, '96, is attending a Philadelphia Art School.

Elizabeth R. Halligan, '96, is tutoring in Boston. Address, No. 52 Summit Avenue, Allston, Mass.

ATHLETIC NOTES.

The basket ball season closed rather early this year because the grounds were in so good condition for baseball. Arms has played 7 games this year winning 5, which is a very good record considering the number of new players.

AT DRURY, DRURY 27, ARMS 7.

February 4, the boys went to Drury and were trimmed in good style. The result of the game was not wholly unexpected, however, for they were not in practice, as they had lost their old hall and had not found another at that time.

AT SHELBURNE FALLS, ARMS 28, GREENFIELD HIGH SCHOOL 18.

February 17. After the defeat at Drury the boys found a place to practice and set to work with a will. They resolved to wipe out their former defeats, and they showed the strength of their determination in their game with the Greenfield High School. At the end

of the first half, the score stood 16-0 in Arms' favor. In the second, however, Greenfield took a brace, but it was too late. Captain Koonz did the best work for Arms, throwing 3 baskets and holding Brown, Greenfield's best man, to 1 basket.

AT SHELBURNE FALLS, ARMS 39, DRURY 9.

March 2. After much deliberation it was decided to try an afternoon game and we were happily disappointed both in the financial result and also in the score. The boys determined to win but scarcely hoped for a heavy score. It was undoubtedly the fastest basket ball that Arms played. Koonz made a new record for basket throwing at Arms by scoring 8 baskets against Reynolds. Short and Tolman threw 5 apiece. By this victory, Arms tied Drury for the Interscholastic championship of Berkshire and Franklin Counties.

ARMS 51, OAKMAN 10.

A game was played here between Arms and Oakman High. Oakman was outclassed and had Arms been at all accurate in throwing baskets, the score would have been much larger.

THE SUMMARY,

Arms 34	Griuders 7	
Arms 17	F. M. T. A. of Turners Falls	10
Arms 10	Greenfield H. S.	23
Arms 7	Drury H. S.	27
Arms 28	Greenfield H. S.	11
Arms 39	Drury H. S.	9
Arms 51	Oakman H. S.	10
Arms 182	Opponents	104
	H. P. B., '04	

CLASS NOTES.

1903.

The annual Senior Prize Speaking took place Friday evening, March 20, with the following full program:

MUSIC

- 1 Hunting the Deer..... Francis W. Avery
- 2 Nauhaught, the Deacon.. Alice F. Merrill
- 3 Tobe's Monument..... Anna K. Merrill
- 4 Deacon Tubman and Parson Whitney
..... Royal W. Davenport
- 5 Essay, Who then Are the Happy.....
..... Annie M. Porter

MUSIC

- 6 By Telephone..... Rose N. Clark
- 7 The Two Sunbonnets.. Bessie A. Hillman
- 8 Dikkon's Dog..... John E. Short
- 9 Essay, Hunting the Fox... Fred C. Brown
- 10 Irish Mary..... Mabelle A. Tower

MUSIC

- 11 Nix's Mate..... Alice M. Chapman
- 12 The First Settler's Story.. Grace L. Jillson
- 13 The Signing of the Declaration.....
..... Leroy N. Koonz
- 14 Essay, Now-a-days.... Alice B. Knowlton

MUSIC

- 15 Mr. Dooley's Steamer Chair.....
..... Harold D. Wilson
- 16 The Defense of the Bride.....
..... Carrie E. Smith
- 17 Essay, Weeds..... Lura E. Hite
- 18 Captain Joe..... John H. Kendrick

MUSIC

Awarding the Prizes.

Prizes were awarded for the three best declamations as follows:

- 1st. Anna K. Merrill.
- 2d. Rose N. Clark.
- 3d. Roy N. Koonz.

For the two best essays:

- 1st. Alice B. Knowlton.
- 2d. Lura E. Hite.

1904.

Owing to the conspiracy of the new triumvirate, (the coal trust, the strikers, and last, but not least, the school committee) there has been a fearful dearth of socials at Arms this winter. At last, the down-trodden Juniors arose, defeated the Triumvirs and brought about the surrender of the latter. The victors set

Tuesday, March 17, as the date for the celebration of their triumph.

The program was an interesting one and all seemed to enjoy the marches heartily. A farce presented by members of the class was very well received. King's Orchestra and the Banjo and Mandolin Club furnished some good, lively music. Mr. Smith's solos and his duet with Carrie Smith were very pleasing features of the program. Mr. Wallis favored us with some well-rendered solos, and everyone appeared to be enjoying the evening so much that the time passed away rapidly and the last march was soon announced.

CLASS OF 1905.

At a recent meeting Lephah Hawkes was elected a new member of the social committee to fill the vacancy made by Tena Damon, who has been detained from school on account of illness.

All the energy of the class is being exerted in base ball, for a few terrible class games are anticipated.

1906.

If there's a hole in a' your coats,
I rede ye tent it;
A chiel's amang ye takin' notes,
And faith she'll prent it.

He's little but he's wise,
He's a terror for his size.

Shulda.

H is for Hawks, whose ways are odd,
Why does Professor spare the rod?

"A pretty boy; young, but, oh, my!"
Davis.

"Maidens, beware! this lord hath his
eye upon you."

Martin.

"There lies a deal of deviltry be-
neath his mild exterior."

March.

A SPRING FRESHET IN SHELBURNE FALLS.

March has brought high water to the river but not a scene like that of a previous great freshet. One Sunday morning about two years ago in the last part of March the inhabitants of this village awoke to hear the dull roar of the swollen river, and many of us jumping into any clothes available, hastened down to see the water at its height.

The plank walk on Bridge street was lined with sleepy-eyed, frowsy haired fat men and others who were too lazy to go clear down street. From their vantage point they could see the logs and telephone poles borne onward by the muddy current, and, with a heave of alternate ends, tumble over or around a huge rock.

The next point of look-out was the bridge when crowds of people lined up on both sides, could feel the whole structure vibrate, as its granite piers cleft the yellow torrent, and compelled the water to sheer off like earth from a plow. Here was the best place to watch the miscellaneous cargo of the flood. Perhaps the most unexpected object was a shoat which came floating along on its back with all four feet sticking straight upward. The pig-pen had probably been situated too near the water and was swept away with its occupant. But the unfortunate porker, if it could only have been concious, would have had one consolation; the water washed it as clean as any pig ever was when it went to the Happy Hunting Grounds. Also many railroad ties, and telephone poles, fewer trees and rarely a chicken coop, passed over the falls.

The foundations of nearly all the

buildings on Buckland side north of the bridge were more or less washed by the water, and in one cellar three hogs played "King on a small island" in their flooded pen. During the highest stage of the river the road between the cutlery and the bridge was somewhat overflowed, and at the same place some boys took mean advantage of a poor muskrat which was striving to save itself from following the pig.

The wall over the cutlery water-gates and the old saw mill on the opposite side of the river were well stocked with people watching the falls in their grandeur, while the mist rose all around them. There was so much water that the dam merely served to turn the mighty sheet in a slight incline to the rocks below to be churned with roaring and hissing into whirling froth which very much resembled that in a pan of boiling maple syrup. At one point a hidden ledge slanted upward and outward with the current. When the torrent struck it just right, a column of water and spray would be hurled up twenty feet or more. Sometimes a railroad tie shot off the ledge like a jumping skiman, and dived out of sight in the quick water beyond.

The wooded flat below the cutlery represented a bit of jungle, with three feet of muddy water rushing through it.

S. C. B. '05.

A FEW UNEXPECTED THOUGHTS.

Prof. in Solid Geom: "We want the thing solid."

A short definition of "couple." Two that are tied-together.

Wake up Daisy, don't get Sleepy.

German I. reel off love stories by the yard, but one little girl balked at: "Teufel,' mурmelte er."

Extracts from a Junior Comp. My head is made of rubber, I am put in a glass case.

Nina.

That is a farmer who makes bread for us with his oxen and his plough.

Translating at sight: Die Grundung Frankforts: The grinding of frankforts.

Ask Hawks to give you a few of his new Latin words.

Prof. Is'nt it rather close in this room?

Baily. Yes, s-s-sir!—Rubbing his eyes.

Prof. I thought so, for I noticed you were sleeping during the last period.

Music Teacher. Now, Hawks, just sing a few bars for us, all alone.

Hawks. Yes sir! Just give me my key note.

Teacher. You are to take it from the Vicar of Wakefield and write it out!

R. T. Are we to take it out of the book?

E. S. Are we to write it out?

Teacher. Oh dear!!!

Perhaps we may have a branch of Graded school work up here for a few Latin scholars. We are in actual need of it.

Ruby, will you tell us how you like your new seat?

Teacher. Shaw, what was the fate of the Gracchi?

Shaw. O they both died; one was killed and the other killed himself.

Since Sid thinks popularity depends upon jokes, we will try to elevate him in the few following issues.

Oh dear! Sid! do get some better pencils, for instance Tower's Best.

Sid wants something unexpected, something new and if it wasn't in the line of a joke, we might suggest a new girl.

Crosier's rings are fading away, so are his girls, (in number.)

Irate Prof. I'll have only silence in the room and mighty little of that.

Clark tells us that Gertrude lives in a remote country place, can it be possible?

If we let the recitation seats represent the Western States and certain scholars soft coal, we may gain a correct idea of the rapidity in transportation of this substance in 1903.

Miss Purrington please speak a little louder.

C. Davenport passes for student, boxer and cowboy.

Stetson is still silent.

Yes! Shaw got his supper but has no recollection of having tasted of it.

We hear that the senior girls are timid.

An English translation: eiffE remlE and lraC lehctiM—notruT egroeG.

Address, Master Wilson of the musical department, 1968, Madison Squ. City.

VIRGIL.

Urged on by the clamor of Ithacus, he suddenly breaks forth his voice.

He buckles to his side the helmet of the Greeks.

Casting his glaring eyes to heaven.

Let there be a righteous silence in your jaws and bind your temples with branches.

Davenport was the only member of

the Virgil class who would translate "Varium et mutabile semper femina."

IN GERMAN I.

Swift, "Und er fand keine Ruhe die ganze Nacht." And he found no cows all night long."

M. Pfersick, "Kaiser Wilhelm, hatten die Unterthanen mit Steinen beworfen." "King William threw stones at the people."

In whose behalf did Miss Higgins speak when she asked "Why can't we have a man?"

Prof. (in Physics) Miss Tower, what answer do you get?

Miss Tower. 37 amperes.

Prof. Well, Wood, what do you get?

Wood, (absently.) The same.

Prof. Strange (?) However, there is a science called telepathy.

PRACTICING ORATORY.

LAST spring when the much-dreaded Junior Prize Speaking was beginning to be uncomfortably near, among many other trials, I had to find a place where I might practice my piece. Near home there was a hill with a little maple grove half way up, and this seemed a good place in which to give vent to my eloquence. It was my plan to get up every morning an hour before my usual time, and go there to practice.

The first morning that accompanied me up the hill did not impress me very favorably; for it was a cold, misty spring morning that had torn me out of a warm, comfortable bed. I had put on two coats, and nevertheless was awfully cold, as well as half asleep, and if you have ever had this combination you will know it is not overpleasant. As I climbed

the hill, ever and anon my thoughts turned tenderly toward that warm bed; but at last I was ready to begin. The first time I got thru the words with much hesitation and shivering, which did not raise my spirits at all for another trial. However, I started out a second time and had gotten only half way thru when in some way my mind commenced to wander, and I had a sort of dream about covering my head up in the bed clothes and getting warm. I think it must have been a day dream, for my night dreams never come true, and this one did very soon, I assure you.

The next morning when I was called at my usual time of rising, the sun was cheerily shining thru the window, but I shall always maintain that it had rained like guns an hour before. The next morning, well, those maples certainly didn't see me.

That day from little hints which the teacher gave, I concluded that I had better revisit those maples again, the exit from bed was very reluctant, but fortunately conditions were much more favorable than on the first occasion. The sky was clear and I knew that very soon the warm sun would come up. And sure enough, after two repetitions the sun rose. Such a contrast as it was to the other morning. I jumped into my piece with all my might and soon I could see here and there a chipmunk peeping out of its hole to find out what was making so much noise. A little later the two house cats came up the hill, and after rubbing against my legs, went and sat with dignity on two big stones. A little way behind them came the dog. He saw that the cats were safely perched

in more sightly places, and then sedately sat down in front of me, wagging his tail approvingly whenever I yelled out certain parts with my star effects.

About this time I was called down to the house, but several other mornings I had the same audience.

R. W. D.

NOW-A-DAYS.

THE dictionary definition of Now-a-days is "now:" but how different is the atmosphere of the two words. "Now" is charged with determination, precision, and energy like the clear, keen-cut word that it is, but "Now-a-days," what a lingering sound, so extensive in its embrace that it may be used for any length of time however short or long and may sound readily with any emotion of the speaker.

There is one point about the word which seems true in any case. It is a composite. It is always the result of two pictures being thrown upon the screen. Tho labeled with a meaning which pertains to present time, nevertheless fully half the picture in the mind is within the supplementary angle, the remembered part. When the old lady uses the word she speaks about "these days" but nevertheless her mind sees those days of her time. She thinks of her early childhood when she was at home with her brothers and sisters. The old homestead comes before her mind in every detail, the large farmhouse kitchen where she had helped mother many a morning. Her own room where many a cold winter night the wind blew snow in thru cracks in the wall and the bedclothes would be all frosty from her breath. How she had

smuggled some childhood treasure here and hidden it in the deep recesses of the top drawer. Who can tell the picture her mind sees in such concious contrast, when the word "now-a-days" regretfully passes her lips.

Not only is the word a double picture for the old lady but even also for her grandchildren. When they use "now-a-days" they see the contrast of a back number. They see the old lumbering stage coach as it slowly moved along the rough country roads with few scattering farmhouses and the little villages with their blacksmith shop, one store, little red schoolhouse and church. They think of homes dimly lighted with the tallow candle and the occupants huddling around the kitchen fireplace with burning faces and freezing backs. Such inconveniences are the contrast that bring out the real color of "now-a-days."

Because of the double life wrapped up in this word, because of the contrast which always accompanies it, one finds two distinct emotions, two distinct inflections, two very different flavors in this elastic phrase. But here we do not find the two growing together in one heart for they repel each other so that only one of the two can prevail. To the older inhabitant the emotion connected with "now-a-days" is disapproval. With a gloomy but significant shaking of the head he draws it out with a sound as mournful as the sighing of the wind in the branches of the pine tree. His voice is full of gloom and despair. Everybody and everything have left him alone in this strange new world. In the hurry and scurry to keep up with the times he is left behind. He is as a

stranger in a strange land. As age advances he wonders as he sits and watches the setting of the sun why God doesn't swing open those golden doors and take him to heaven where perhaps there might be a place that he would fit and where the fashions might not change.

Or perhaps the disapproval changes from the minor to a sharper key. "Now-a-days the young girls don't do anything but make sofa pillows to stand around for folks to look at and all such foolish things. Why in my day we used to knit our own stockings and make everything we wore. The gals now-a-days are a useless lot." Or again, "Now-a-days folks talk a lot about a great plague in India and send a sum of money there, while their ext door neighbor is sick abed with nothing in the house to eat. In my day charity began at home." "Now-a-days if you wish to take a drive you can't ride in peace. You take an unpleasant back road because the horse is afraid of the electrics. Even here you are in danger of meeting one of those horseless carriages that bark and growl at you like a mad dog and every mile or two a sign board tells you the next thing is a railroad crossing and look out for the engine. Yes look out, look out, get out of the way; that is the watchword of now-a-days."

Or still this disapproval varies again from a sharp to a sweet gentle tone and even the young people nod a thoughtful assent.

"There's nothing like an old tune when friends are far apart
To mind them of each other and bring them heart to heart.

New strains across our senses on magic wings
may fly,
But there's nothing like an old tune to make
the heart beat high."

"The forest where we used to roam, we find
it swept away;
The cottage where we lived and loved, it
moulders to decay;
And all that feeds our hungry hearts may
wither, fade and die,
There's nothing like an old tune to make the
heart beat high."

But on the other hand the emotion that the younger generation have for "Now-a-days" is not at all disapproval but that of real triumph.

What young person of today doesn't feel that he is living in the best and most progressive as well as the most progressive age the world has yet known? Yes, he is proud of his time and as a result of this pride the word "now-a-days" is one of triumph. He thinks of the wireless telegraphy and senderless telegrams, the vehicles going of their own free will with nothing visible to propel them. How iron has been made to do the work of a living person and the farmer rides along and sees his grain reaped and bound. He thinks of how the ocean steamers of today, in crossing the broad Atlantic, are continually in communication with all parts of the world and even may publish a daily newspaper with nothing but water on all sides and the blue sky above. Homes are warmed from cellar to attic and lighted brilliantly by merely pressing the button. Or again he who glories in now-a-days may think of the many homes and helps for the aged or orphans, for the sick, the poor and the distressed. The young person, seeing all these advancements multiplying around

him faster than he can learn to understand is certainly justified in feeling the stimulation of a wonderfully growing world.

But why is it that the old person sees so much to disapprove of while the youth, regarding the same, sees that which claims his pride? It is the result of the different point of view or squint with which we regard it. We naturally think that in which we have had a hand is important. We become better acquainted with its merits and advantages. We come to feel as though we possessed it and were a part of it. We feel that the questions we have to solve are more important. We believe the country is moved by the trust question as it has never been before and besides which other movements are but as ripples. Is this agitation any greater than at the time of the Civil war or is it any more important than the question of national independence? It means more to us simply because it touches our lives. And so it is because the older person feels that he is not a part of this age that he does not become so stimulated by its grandeur and progress. And he remembers of his day only the beautiful, new, bright and glorious, only the important events and those features that were a pleasure and pride to him when he was young.

But with all the things that have changed, and with all the improvements and advancements of the present time there is one thing that has not changed. It is the human heart. Who shall say that this changes much even in the glorious now-a-days? The same stories are told today of sacrifice and of love as well as of jealousy and hatred that al-

ways have been told and this same human heart makes now-a-days to one outside of it in many ways like other times.

Hawthorne has well illustrated this in his story called "Earth's Holocaust." He pictures in the time of now-a-days the whole earth so burdened with worn out, useless things of the past that they decide to have a big bonfire on one of the broadest western prairies. All the medals and crown jewels, what we call fol-de-rol now-a-days, all the liquor, that must not stunt the manhood of now-a-days, all the weapons of war not suited to the advances of arbitration now-a-days and all the fortunes of millionaires were piled together in this great fire. Finally they brought all the books of a stupid past and ast of all the ponderous church Bible which some thought much out of date for now-a-days. Some of the spectators bewailing this loss were surprised to hear some one remark, "There is one thing they have forgotten and without which all the rest is just nothing at all. That is the human heart. Unless they hit upon some way to change that take my word for it—It will be the old world yet."

And so this world is not so different after all as the elderly person imagines it to be. There is his love for his grandchildren that still coaxes him to live; for, in spite of their new ways and fashions, he realizes that love's first fashion still remains. Neither are we so much in advance of our grandparents for were their deeds not prompted by the same human heart? And so long as the motive is the same the result will not be so different but only clothed in the fashion of "now-a-days."

ALICE B. KNOWLTON.

"WEEDS ARE THE MOST HUMAN OF PLANTS."

[This essay received second prize.]

HERE and there, in the rocky hill-side pasture, is a plant, whose leaves growing near the ground are covered with a soft, downy fuzz. A stalk, 2 feet or more high shoots up bearing blossoms and seeds—the mullein. As we walk along we meet another acquaintance in the sharp, prickly thistle, being tall and carrying its fuzzy purple ball set in a green cup. Plantain is a comparatively small common plant whose leaves are near the ground. The blossom is on a medium stem, which is excellent for switches, and is small, purple veined, bell shaped and very dainty. Smart weeds grows profusely around barns and other out buildings. Every one knows the fine leaved, rank smelling yarrow, with its panacle of white flowers, and tansy, with its seemingly incomplete yellow flowers, growing rank and tall beside the barnyard fence.

Then there is witchgrass, which seems as if every thread of its wiry roots was in league with one of those broomstick riders, so impossible is it to get rid of it. The multitude of white daisies, making the fields of June as white as those of January, striking the farmer with dismay, but the children—how they revel among the little white people of Nature's ballroom. They can never pick too many, because there are so many uses—telling fortunes, making dolls, caps and bouquets.

John Burroughs says—"Weeds, after all, are the most human of plants." And is there not a great deal of truth in this observation? Let us see in what ways.

Because, first of all, without invitation, they seek the company and neighborhood of man, and are homely in the sense of being fitted for the home. Man is known by the company he keeps, why not so with the weeds? They follow man here and there and live as near him as possible. They form a part of any old homestead. The aromatic catnip, which grows in old cellar holes, the insignificant chickweed which carpets our dooryards, the pungent tansy, taking advantage of the fence corners and waste places. Do they not come to have a homely human look to us? Were they all wiped in one night, from the surface of the earth, some farmers might rejoice but would they not take with them all the cheer which they bring? They fill the gaps, make the roadsides prettier, and what children do not like to blow the down from the dandelion and curl the long stems? From time immemorial they have iced the ear-rings made from the jewel-weed, and the startling surprises of shooting the seeds.

People are a mixture good and bad, so are weeds. Farmers and gardeners may think that weeds are all bad, but we know better, for many are useful in one way or another. It has always been said that some weeds are medicinal as thoroughwort, dock and lobelia; others eatable, as the dandelion, milkweed and even the hated pusley. But we have not found out as have the birds and animals, Even the thistle, obnoxious as it is, is the most cherished food of the gold finches, and does not Scotland have it for a national flower? Look at the majestic golden-rod:

"No cliff is too high for its resolute foot,
No meadow too bare or too low;
It asks but the space for its fearless root,
And the right to be glad, and to grow,"

"It delights in the loneliest waste of the moor,
And mocks at the rain and the gust,
It belongs to the people, it blooms for the poor,
It thrives in the roadside dust."

"Its bloom knows no stint, its gold no alloy,
And we claim it forever as ours—
God's symbol of freedom and world wide joy—
America's flower of flowers."

Again it is hard to get away from humanity and it is hard to get away from weeds. They are almost universal. One writer says, "The soil is a storehouse of seeds." And so it is! When the soil is enriched, plowed, and worked over, the weeds seizing the opportunity, spring up before anything else has time. On the prairie where the natural grass is fed down, a profusion of white clover appears. One will find weed seeds at any depth, arranged in layers, as if on Mother Nature's pantry shelves. It is mysterious how the seeds can lie dormant in the earth so many years, with no sign of life. But when the call comes, they are up and doing with a heart for any fate.

Weeds, like people, are great travelers. They go by "highway and by-way, water-courses, walk, fly, steal a ride; they travel by rail, by flood, by wind; overground, underground, and across lots." But like all tramps they find the highway safest, as they are intercepted in the fields. Everyone who comes along, as well as animals with wool, mane and tail, and the wind carry them on. So this explains our finding so many flowers, FIRST, along the highway and railroad. In an overcrowded country weeds cannot flourish anymore than people. So they come to a new country and begin life, as did the Pilgrims and Puritans. They come in garden seeds, grains, hay and on ships. Our worst weeds and people come from Europe. Ragweed, milkweed, poke-weed and golden-rod are the boldest of our Americans. But what a list of foreigners. However as a retaliation to Europe we have given her the worst, vilest, most disagreeable weed of all—tobacco.

Again we feel that they are human when we see how they work for a living and build up a success by their unaided efforts and labor. How sure that one weed which you left when you pulled up ten and thought you had all, is, to mature and replenish the earth with its kind. Weeds seem always in some way, to survive the war of extermination we wage on them. Some multiply by means of seeds, some by root-runners and bulbs, and some by both. Their great purpose, which they exert every power to fulfill, is to develop seeds. Cut off the top of a wild carrot and soon from the same plant, you will see 3 or 4 blossoms instead of one. Cut off these and later you will see still more, till it is no wonder farmers speak of it as "that pesky weed." Then there is the milkweed! You pull it up, well knowing that most of the root is left deep in the ground, and that another plant will grow, and one pod contains seeds enough to sow a good sized field. Its watchword is "Never say die." Then summer mornings we see the dandelion's many nuggets of gold sparkling in the sun, and we know that they are working with great effect sending long, fibrous, bitter roots deep down into the ground, away from animals insects and the elements. And we know that the people who gather them or the lawn mower, with their knives, cannot destroy it. Blanchan in her "Nature's Garden" says—"Let the triumphant Anglo Saxon with dreams of expansion that include the round earth, the student of sociology who wishes an insight into co-operative methods as opposed to individualism, the young man anxious to get on, parents with children to be equipped for the struggle for existence, business men and employers for labor, all sit down beside the dandelion and take its lesson to heart. How has it managed without navies and armies—for it is no imperialist—to land its peaceful legions on every part of the civilized world and take possession of the soil?" Its watchword is "Never say die."

Therefore weeds have this virtue, they are not easily discouraged. They "Never say die." If they cannot get what they would like, they take what they can get. If they are not allowed in the garden they get on the edge and look in. Whatever else they may do, they use well their opportunities. Can people do better than copy them in this?

LURA E. HITE.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

The *Iris* displays good wit.

We are glad to see that at least one of our exchanges has a name suitable for a school paper. Namely the *Pierce School Alumni Journal*.

Will the *Aegis* please notice if we are doing any better in regard to the amount of *general matter* in our paper.

Why doesn't the *Campus* have an exchange column.

Thank you *Academy* for the compliment.

The *High School Pastime* contains a fine variety of subjects.

The *Ariel* is a neat paper, contains several good articles and is well arranged.

It would be better to have the leaves of *The Sigma* fastened together.

How often do they feed the animals at the *Abington Zoo*?

The *Idealist* is well named. It is fine in every sense of the word. No fault to be found with it.

The *Phi-Rhonian* appears to be very much alive.

We are always glad to see *The Breeze* among the exchanges.

As especially good we mention *The Mystery of a Portrait* in the *Greylock Echo*,

Woman's Power in the *Scio Collegian* and Helen of Troy in the *Senior*.

Spice and *The Y. H. S. Searchlight* are better than usual this time.

What has become of the *Huisache*? We miss it from among our exchanges.

We receive the *Carroll Echo* for the first time. It is a good paper and very welcome.

The *Murdock* has a very pretty cover.

"I suppose I ought not to take up peoples' time," said the pick-pocket, as he hooked another watch.

Fulton: "What kind of a shoe do you wear while bicycle riding?"

Stewart: "Bicycle shoes, of course."

Fulton: "I suppose he thinks he would wear horeshoes when horse-back riding."

"After you, my dear Alphonse," said the detective as he started on trail of the burglar.

First Freshman (on a ladder, nailing up pictures): "Say, Bill, got any thumb tacks?"

Second Freshman: "No, but I've got some finger nails."

Tourist: "But what pleased me the most was the wonderful clock at Strassburg."

Friend: "Oh, how should I like to see it! And did you see the celebrated watch on the Rhine, too?"

"You look so much like your brother," said Denis to Phelim, "that I could tell yez was brothers if I'd never seen aither av yez."

Teacher (in Latin): "Translate Rex fugit."

Student: "The king flees."

Teacher: "But this may also be perfect tense put a 'has' in."

Student: "The king has flees."

All men are not homeless but some are homeless than others.

If you want good Bread use
Pillsbury's Best

SOLD AT

J. B. FROST'S.

Colrain Hotel,

C. J. RUSSELL,

PROPRIETOR.

Livery Connected. Steam Heated Throughout.

COLRAIN, MASS.

HERRING'S
GREAT TOY BAZAR.

Complete line of
School Supplies.

5c and 10c counter.

Dr. J. P. Thayer,
DENTIST.

STEBBINS' BLOCK, Shelburne Falls.
Heath Telephone.

William A. Johnson
FURNITURE, CARPETS.

CURTAINS AND
WINDOW GLASS

Undertaker and Funeral Director.

(Heath and New England Telephones)

SHELburne FALLS.

H. S. SWAN CO.

Furniture, Carpets,

Curtains and Wall Paper

Repairing and Picture Framing
a Specialty.

Undertakers and Funeral Directors.

SHELBURNE FALLS, - - - MASS.

SEND A TWO-CENT STAMP FOR '08
BOOKLET OF

Solid Gold and Sterling Silver

Class Pins and Rings.

UNION EMBLEM COMPANY,

Factory: Attleboro, Mass.

C. D. Spencer & Co.

The Up-to-Date Dry Goods

Merchants of Shelburne Falls

Invite your frequent
inspection of their
Select stock of Goods.We are rapidly fill-
ing our store with
desirable offerings.
Prices right. Spe-
cial attention to
quality.

C. D. Spencer & Co.,

STUDIO

OF

J. K. PATCH, Photographer,
Cor. Main and Bridge Sts.,
SHELBURNE FALLS, MASS.Everything first-class and up-to-date.
REMEMBER. That we are headquarters for Crayons,
Water Colors and French Pastels, and can save you dollars
and give you better work for the money than any agent that
travels. I have a new style called the Imperial which can-
not fail to please you.Please call and see our work and get prices. A large stock
of Frames constantly on hand, also a large line of Albums for
Amateur work.All sizes of Photographs at bottom prices. Special rates
on classes and family pictures.

J. K. PATCH,

Shelburne Falls, Mass.

HUGH E. ADAMS,

Attorney-at Law,

SHELBURNE FALLS, - - - MASS.

For Class Pins and Rings

Watches, Jewlery and Repairing
GO TO

J. C. WOOD, Jeweler.

HORSES!

HORSES!

We keep constantly on hand a large sup-
ply of Canada and Western Horses.
From 1500 to 2000 Horses and Mules
bought and sold each year.

Also dealers in

Wagons, Sleights and Harnesses.

GUILFORD & WOOD.

Stables:

Northampton, - - - Shelburne Falls
MASSACHUSETTS.

Shelburne Falls Marble Co.,

North End of Main Street.

Shelburne Falls, - - - Mass.

Have a nice line of medium priced

MONUMENTS

in Marble and Granite which can be
bought at prices that are right.Call on us and order now for Spring del-
ivery.Estimates cheerfully given. Correspondence
solicited.

F. L. CHAPMAN, Manager.

DRESS WELL.

The well dressed man is self respect-
ing and is respected by others.

Buy your

CLOTHING

-OF-

L. D. BAILEY.

C. H. & C. L. Knowlton

DEALERS IN

Crawford Cooking Ranges

WITH "SINGLE DAMPER"

Controls fire and oven with one motion.
No confusion. Call and see them.No. 4 Bridge Street,
Shelburne Falls.

The Greenfield Recorder

THE NEWSPAPER

A complete, faithful, lively RECORDER of
local news, with interesting general features.
\$1.50 a Year

THE PRINTERY

A newly equipped, modern-method printing
establishment for every kind of work.

SPECIAL

Paper for School and Office use, cut as de-
sired or sold very cheap in pads.

Patronize

Our

Advertisers

Notice to Advertisers.

All new advertisements and changes
in old ones, must be in by April 20, at
the latest to come out in the next issue.

If you have a Dollar to spend just call at

E. C. Smith & Son's

And be convinced it will go farther than any
other place in Franklin County. Wishing you
all a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

We are yours very truly,

E. C. SMITH & SON,

SHATTUCKVILLE, MASS., Health Telephone.

A. E. KEMP & SON,

Jewelers.

Watches, Jewelry, Solid Silver and Plated Ware
SHELBURNE FALLS, MASS.

MRS. S. H. SAWYER

Has the best line of

BOOKS AND STATIONERY

to be found in Western Franklin County. Also
a well-selected stock of

FANCY GOODS.

and all the

MAGAZINES AND NEWSPAPERS.

Keep Away

FROM DAVIS' STORE

when you find that he doesn't keep the finest
line of

GROCERIES

to be procured in town. There you receive
prompt attention and the goods are
delivered at once.

BRIDGE STREET, SHELBURNE FALLS.

"The man who has a thing to SELL
And goes and WHISPERS it down a well
Is not so likely to collar the DOLLARS
As he who climbs a tree and hollers."

Well, I am trying to climb the
tree, and my holler is ——— come
to the

Shelburne Falls Bakery

AND

Candy Kitchen

for anything in my line, and I
promise not to work a SELL on
you, as far as VARIETY, QUALITY
and PRICE goes.

Very truly yours,

C. W. WARD.

H. Newell & Co

Dealers in

HARDWARE, IRON,

STEEL, NAILS,

WROUGHT IRON,

LIME AND

CEMENT.

Shelburne Falls, Mass.

The Ralston

Health Shoe

A Shoe absolutely
correct in style for
all occasions.

Please Give them a Trial.

Jenks & Amstein,

SHELburne FALLS., MASS.

**Waterman's
Ideal
Fountain
Pen**

The standard of more than three-
fourths of the State Universities and
leading Colleges of America.

For sale in all parts of the world.

Your money back if you do not
think it is the best writing instru-
ment you ever used.

Ask your dealer to let you see our
new styles, or send for illustrated
catalogue to

L. E. Waterman Co.

173 Broadway, N. Y.

"Largest Fountain Pen Manufacturers
in the world."



Shelburne Historical Society