THE ARMS STUDENT

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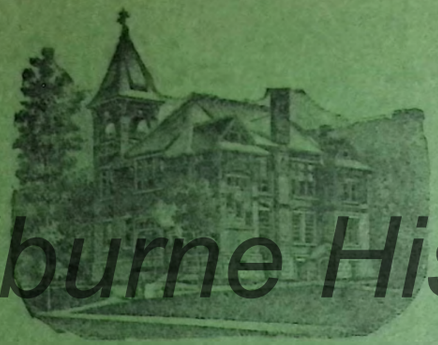

THE ARMS STUDENT

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BUSINESS ANNOUNCEMENT.

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EDITORIALS.

The receipt of a letter from the president of the Institute of Technology at Worcester is gratifying to our students. The following is an extract: "It gives me pleasure to inform you, and you will no doubt be interested to know, that by action of the faculty taken to-day, Arms Academy has been placed upon the list of schools from which the certificate of the principal will be accepted for admission in lieu of examination." This is a privilege worth having and pupils may be interested to know that Prof. Conant, who spoke so acceptably at our Alumni dinner last year, has been influential in the matter.

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A recent addition to Arms library is Sheldon's History of Deerfield. It is a work which should interest every true son or daughter of Shelburne. The tract called Deerfield formerly comprised an area of 137 square miles—and of course the land now called Shelburne was a part of this. The book is without doubt the finest work on the subject and well authenticated. It is written in a style which makes it as fascinating as it is valuable and instructive.

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Earlier in the spring an effort was made to clean up the grounds about the

building. After the expense of this has been incurred, it seems as if the proper spirit for pupils to show, would be to help on the good work by depositing rubbish in its proper place.

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The diphtheria scare is rapidly subsiding, and the people are now beginning to regard each other with a fair degree of security. Although none in the school have been attacked, yet the number of students at one time was considerably reduced.

FROM MY WINDOW.

POOR Lorinda May! One could see that in her youth she must have been very handsome, but now with her golden curls torn and matted, her formerly beautiful pink and white complexion changed to a dingy yellow, and one eye missing, she was forlorn looking indeed. But what could one expect of the heroine of as many adventures, both by land and sea, as Lorinda May had been?

Hers had been an exciting life. The children of the Parker family—a goodly number, in truth—were gifted with imaginations, and, of the stories which they heard or read, they liked to act out any that happened to take their fancy, with Lorinda May as the chief star in the play. In this way she had passed through many thrilling adventures, and many hair-breadth escapes, having been shipwrecked at sea and kidnapped on land?

On the afternoon of which I write, the children were getting ready for a new play which seemed to require quite elaborate preparations, and the scraps of conversation which floated up to my ears as I sat at my chamber window led me to call down and inquire what important event was to take place. Whereupon I was duly informed that a young maiden had wandered away from the fort, out on the prairie, where a band of hostile Indians encamped, and that her friends were preparing for the rescue. Of course Lorinda May was the young maiden, and I let work lie unnoticed while I played the part of an interested spectator.

The band of Indans, six in number, were encamped out under the elm trees, while the porch served as a fort for the six friends of the maiden. Lorinda May was about half way between the two parties, propped up against a rock, and judging by her attitude, I should say she had fainted. Soon the strife began. The party from the fort rushed out in great style, and had almost reached the maiden, when a sudden return charge of the Indians threw the event into great confusion. Sometimes it would seem sure that the Indians were getting the worst of it, and were being put to flight; and then again the white people would be driven back. Occasionally, as both parties stopped for a few moments to rest, I would catch a glimpse of poor Lorinda, now lying prostrate in a most hopeless and desolate frame of mind.

Suddenly, as the action was about to begin with renewed vigor, a huge black shape darted out from some new quarter, thrust itself between the contending forces, seized the unfortunate Lorinda, and was off like the wind.

For a moment all the warriors stood still in astonishment. Then friends and foes uniting, a grand rush was made for the intruder. But Rover had no idea of giving up his spoils. Threats and coaxing were alike of no avail. Round and round the house they went. Down into the orchard, out into the road, till everybody, tired out and hot and dusty, stopped to rest. Rover stopped, too, and, lying down, carefully deposited Lorinda May between his paws, and from this position the maiden's one eye looked out so piteously toward her friends that they could not stand it, so with mighty shouts they started out once more to the rescue.

Just then I was called away; but an hour or two later, on going thru the dining room, I stumbled over something, which upon examination proved to be the lost maiden, minus an arm and considerable more hair, but who nevertheless was received with cries of joy when restored to the arms of her friends. I was afraid Lorinda's days of adventure were over, as she seemed to be in a much shattered condition, but as I heard yesterday that she was soon to be Joan of Arc, I infer that she must have recovered.

HUNTING THE FOX.

'TWAS an ideal day for a fox hunt, as a light snow had fallen early the preceding night, and now a warm breeze blowing steadily from the south, betokened a thaw. Already the snow was damp, making tracking at its best. I was hastily eating a breakfast of my own preparation, when I heard my friend come into the yard. Stuffing a couple of doughnuts into my pocket, and taking the gun from its hooks, I was ready for the day's sport.

After a drive of nearly four miles toward West Deerfield, we came to a long rugged hill, running north and south, which I was well acquainted with from previous adventures. An old bar-way in the rail fence was the spot I selected, saying to my friend, "You cut cross lots and stand there. I'll drive on toward the south end of the hill, put the team in at the old Pratt farm, then with the dog work north toward you."

So done; and I had nearly reached the extremity of the hill, when suddenly, the hound at my side is alive. Lifting his keen scented nose high in the air, snuffing from side to side, eagerly he makes for the woods. Now and then varying, he stops to sniff the breeze. Soon, half way up the hill, he strikes the trail and gives tongue in long bell-like tones, gradually growing faster as the scent grows warm. His baying now fills the woods and echoes among the rocks and bowlders on the opposite hillside a mile away. Suddenly the key changes. There is a different note, and I know that the subtle fox is started.

It is my turn now to run,—up to the open ridge at the top of the hill. Hard and fast I climb; and when do I arrive? —Surely, just thirty minutes too late for a shot. Just in time, though, to see the dog headed straight to the north, straight toward the old bar-way, straight to the man that stands there. "You're going to see your finish," I mutter to myself; but taking no heed of my thoughts, Reynard goes on.

Meanwhile, having nothing to do, my eyes take in the winter scenery. In the silence of the morning, made more noticeable by the occasional cry of the blue jay and the steady roll of the woodpecker, I see through the smoky atmosphere, the rugged sides of Mt. Monad-

nock, and, on the far-away horizon, Sugar Loaf, blue in the distance—when bang-bang! It's my friend at the barway. Has he lost or won? Alas! varying a little to the right, and higher up the hill, further and further in the distance, the baying grows fainter and fainter, till all is silence, except the cawing of a half-starved crow, and the steady breathing of a train as it climbs a steep grade off to the west.

It is not long when I reach the barway, but no friend. There is the melting snow where he stood: there's the spot where the fox turned, as three ounces of buckshot were hurled six feet over his head. But no friend. I grind my teeth at the chance he missed. Following his tracks, I find him sitting upon a stone wall, bemoaning his bad luck and making uncomplimentary remarks about the shooting qualities of his gun. I join him there, and we sit kicking our heels in the snow for an hour or more.

Then, far to the northwest, on another range of hills comes faintly the barking of the dog, still in regular time. We jump to our feet and listen. Nearer and nearer he comes, till he is on the opposite ridge across the valley.

The fox turns. Down into the big timber he comes, across the muffled brook at the base of the ridge, and for a short time it looks as if he is coming just where we stand. But remembering well the sound of shot as it went singing a spiteful song over his ears, he turns again, and as we look a little to the southward, at the edge of the woods, we spy the tawny fellow, his ears lying close to his head, and his bushy tail seeming to float through the air. Jumping lightly to a stone wall, he runs gracefully along for nearly a quarter of a mile, turns, sits down with bush neatly curled about his feet, and waits to see if the dog is on to his cunning trick. On comes the hound, with head slightly lowered, catching the scent like so many hot cakes. Straight to the wall, but instead of running on top, follows about three yards from it, with head in air, which to him is filled with message. The sly fox sees him. He jumps, and is off toward Bardwell's Ferry. On comes the hound. At the corner of the wall he runs by, but turns quickly to the right, and is out of sight over a knoll.

A mile to the west we hear him as he crosses Dragon brook and on toward Hutchins' hill. "Well, that's over. There's no use staying here. So you go back and get the team, drive up to Barnard's and stand by that old chestnut. In the meantime, I will hurry along over to Allen's stump lot and stand there where the fox is sure to come, if he turns back." So, after half an hour's tramp through the soft snow, I reached the stump lot, sat down and waited; waited for two long, dreary hours. I saw my friend drive into Barnard's yard, and again when he reached the old tree, but heard not a sound of the chase. My feet were nearly frozen. So, finally, shouting to my crack-shot friend to wait, I started over.

Just as I reached the old tree, what did we hear but that dog coming back, up the long hollow leading from the river. And looking back across the valley to where I had stood two long cold hours, we saw that blame fox, not ten feet from the very stump I had sat upon.

Well, perhaps I wasn't mad. Yelling at the top of my voice, I tried to call off the dog. But I might just as well have yelled to the wind. Back across the brook, back toward the Ferry, back toward the big tall pines, back, back, back to the woods. But we went back home.

A CHECKERBERRY PATCH.

At the north a little hill peaked with rock; on the right a dense growth of spruce with one huge basswood, the sole survivor of the deciduous families, showing on nearer approach that at its root is the home of the columbine; on the left a sight that will never be forgotten, for here, from a gentle slope, springing suddenly from a canopy of hemlocks, a little stream appears, seeming to gush forth from the very boughs of the evergreen trees and then to tumble over a low jagged ledge, making the clear water, in the sun, cast upon green moss all colors of the rainbow. But what is this under foot? A thick mat of checkerberries extending far and wide. And the red berries, appearing like a blaze in all directions, are sunk into a bed of soft green moss. I drop down among these jewels of nature, and lost from the rest of the crowd, am disturbed only by the drumming of a partridge as the dull sound comes from over the hill beyond the huge basswood. I look, I pick, I eat and am content.

L. B., '05.

A DREAM

Anon come the billowing clouds, soft and warm. Their hues are bright and glowing as the morning. They curl around me, they mount above me, towering and towering to I know not where. They writhe now; their color becomes brighter and brighter; their light illumines everything, all space and all matter. Bright scarlet lines now trickle through, hissing and boiling, and moaning and wailing and flowing, while the scarlet streams faster and faster. Then slowly and almost inperceptibly there comes a change, a heavy cloud commences to fall. It closes about me. I feel the hot breath and grow more feverish every moment, while the light above, fading, mingles with the darkness of the night. Anon it is gone. The moanings cease. And now I hear the booming, belching and up-turning of all Christendom. Then all is quiet for a moment, then comes the terrible crashing of the mighty forces. Crash succeeds crash until it dies away in the distance. Only the sense of falling! falling! falling! is left me now. I am sinking into a dark and waveless lake where all is silent and cold. But out of the void comes a very shrill voice saying:

"I suppose you'd lay there and snore right through till morning, even if the house came down over our heads. I wish you'd keep still long enough for me to find out whether the buildings are struck after such a confounded storm."

A. M. P., '03.

THE GROVES WERE GOD'S FIRST TEMPLES.

In a natural opening in a thick wood there stood a large pine tree. Few bare dead branches marred its perfect grandeur and strength, as it chanted its calm and solemn song of protection over the flower that grew at its base—

over a solitary pink lady slipper. And the head of this beautiful wild flower was as gently bowed as if it listened to the far off angelus bell, while the broad green leaf that grew on each side seemed called to protect it and keep its prayer undisturbed. And a rock was its other guard. Brown twigs were scattered on the slippery carpet of pine needles, thru which pure white stars, over disks of green, had found their way by slender stems. It was cool in the woods and all was quiet except the faint, thin sound of a tiny bird away in the top of the pine.

G. T., '05

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YE TAYLE OF YE KNIGHTE OF YE KEYES.

Once on a tyme there was a knighte,
And he was called Sir Klaye.
Right valiant he, of great renown,
His fame spread day by day.
Ye castle on ye lonely hill
He dwelt in not alone,
But ye faire ladye of his choice
Was to his sire unknown.

Ye Ladye Jane was tall and faire,
She loved ye brave Sir Klaye,
And to her distant home each night
A visit he did paye.
He won her love, he won her heart,
And happy he became,
And vowed that she, in distant days,
Should in his castle reign.

One evening in ye month of June,
When roses filled ye aire,
He sallied forth in all his pride
To see his ladye faire.
He wore a look of heavenly joy,
Likewise a shining sword,
With silver buckles on his shoes,
Ye highe and mighty lorde.

At midnight, 'neath ye twinkling stars;
Beneath ye silver moon,
Returned ye knighte from Ladye Jane,
And he felt a la boon.
He scarce had entered in ye gate
When terror seized the knighte.
He missed his keyes; where could they be?
Now he was in a plighte.

And then he thot that in his haste,
And in his happy pride
He had snapped too fast his good night-latch
With his keyes on ye other side.
Within ye lofty castle wall
He pondered long in vain.
Then to ye nearest baron's ran
With all his might and main.

A tack-hammer he soon procured,
And homeward turned his pace,
And in the castle window picked
A hole ye size of his face.
With much ado and many groans
He squeezed his body in,
And heaped himself upon ye floor
Minus more or less of skin.

"Now by my halidome," quoth he,
"It is a wicked shame
For me to get into this scrape,
And that——catch to blame!"
Ye knighte, he struggled to his feet,
He wildly beat ye air.
Where was ye door! Where was ye door!
He raved and tore his haire.

"My Ladye Jane! My Ladye Jane!"
He batted round ye room,
"Is there no opening in ye walls
Of this my early tomb?"
In wilde despair he dealt a blow
That might have felled a tree,
But he struck ye open door-way
And found that he was free.

Sir Klaye rushed thru ye dark, dark hall.
At last he knew his grounds,
He headed for ye ponderous door,
His pleasure knew no bounds.
He seized ye key, it would not turn!
He madly shook ye door!
O fool! It was not locked at!
He sank upon ye floor.

He swooned, but soon he raised his head,
Ye noble knighte, Sir Klaye,
And said, "Alas, 'twould've all been well
If I'd come in this way!
O Ladye Jane, to think that I,
A lorde of victory,
Should in the end be conquered by
A cursed castle keye!"

H. B. and A. C.

AN EXPERIMENT.

ONE evening last summer the teacher of the —— Hill School asked me to substitute for her the next day, which I gladly consented to do. So she gave me the keys, the program, and a long list of necessary instructions.

I could hardly wait until morning, I was so anxious to try this new experience; and so, quite early, I found myself before a small, square building, guiltless of paint, but evidently the school house, as a tall flag-pole nearby denoted. On entering, I found rather a pleasant room with the teacher's desk about six inches higher than the rest of the floor, seeming to me like a throne. None of the pupils had arrived yet so I busied myself in building the fire; and soon a small, freckled-faced boy appeared, showing some surprise to see me there and communicating it to the others who arrived from time to time in family squads.

At exactly nine o'clock I rang the bell, the scholars took their seats, and school was begun. After the morning exercises I called the primer class which consisted of two little girls who read finely. Then came the first, second, third, fourth and then the fifth readers. The first of these scholars I called on to read was a tall, slim girl with light yellow hair. After reading correctly a few lines about the Eskimos she came to this sentence: "The only wood that the Eskimos have is that which drifts to their shores," but she read it, "The only wood that the Eskimos have is that which dries to their shores." The rest of the class broke into a roar of laughter and I conld hardly control myself. But being the teacher I felt obliged to do so.

The next reading class was the eighth grade. They were reading, "Grandfather's Chair." I expected a good recitation from them, but one of the girls called "historic," "hysteric" and read "that old hysteric chair."

Then came the arithmetic classes, and everything was going smoothly when all at once, without any warning, half the stove pipe came crashing to the floor. The smoke filled the room and I did not know what to do. But the scholars didn't seem at all surprised. One said, "That's nothing, teacher pounds it together with the broom." So after a good deal of trouble and being nearly choked with smoke I succeeded in getting the pipe back into place.

In the afternoon everything went finely up to the third spelling class. This class learned the definitions also. The first word was "Philistines." The boy at the head was a short, fat boy who talked very loud. He threw back his head and spelled, "P-h-i-l-i-s-t-i-n-e-s, Philistines." "Inhabitants of the head," he added. For a moment I was dumbfounded, but I happened to see that the next word was "helmet, an armour for the head," so I saw where he had made his mistake. The next word was an easy one, "Kate," "T-e-b-e Kate," was the quick response. Again there was a loud laugh, and not knowing what else to do I excused the class.

The rest of the day passed without accidents or blunders, but I was glad when it was four o'clock. I think on the whole, tho, it must have been a successful day because all the pupils asked me to teach again.

B. A. H., '03.

THE ANTHRACITE COAL STRIKE OF 1902.

The anthracite coal strike of 1902 is by far the most notable one in the industrial history of this country. Other strikes have tied up a town or two, or perhaps a state or even two, but this strike has affected the vast anthracite-consuming sections of the United States. Then too this strike has involved a principle.

Early in the year came the first signs of discontent, which resulted in a convention of the U. M. W., held at Shamokin, in the middle of March, when the following demands were made of the operators:

1. An increase of 20 per cent in wages for employees performing contract or piece work.

2. A reduction of 20 per cent in hours of labor for employees performing work paid for by hour, day or week, without any reduction of wages.

3. The adoption of a system whereby coal should be paid for by weight wherever practicable, the minimum rate to be 60 cents per ton of 2240 pounds, the differentials existing at the several mines to be maintained.

4. The recognition of the Union and the establishment of a permanent board of arbitration to settle disputes and avoid lockouts and strikes.

The operators made an earnest effort to show to the representatives of the miners the impossibility of granting such terms. At the request of the National Civic Federation, representatives of the operators and miners met before that dignified body and discussed the pros and cons of the situation. At the end of the day the meeting adjourned with nothing accomplished. A month later they met again but with no result except that a lot of talk was wasted and a sub-committee was formed for the further investigation of the affair. This committee, composed of four representatives of the U. M. W. and three of the operators held several meetings in President Baer's office, but with no results. Then the representatives of the miners offered to submit the settlement of the difficulty to a board of arbitration consisting of five members chosen by the industrial branch of the N. C. F., but the operators rejected the offer. They also refused to submit the settlement of the trouble to Archbishop Ireland, Bishop Potter and some third person chosen by these two.

In May, the union anthracite miners voted to strike in order to enforce their demands. At first the action caused the public no serious inconvenience, but as the winter drew nearer, the price of coal began to climb higher and higher and the supply commenced to fall off. Then it was that the public began to get interested. In the meantime the operators had made strenuous efforts to put in non-union men; but the strikers had made equally strenuous efforts to prevent them. By intimidation, threats of vengeance, and in many cases by deeds of violence, the strikers well nigh accomplished their purpose.

So the strike wore on and both parties remained firm. It was the public who were suffering now. The operators could soon regain what they had lost. The strikers were being assisted by the bituminous operatives and contributions from labor organizations and various other sources, but not so with the public. In September the strike was, if anything, further from settlement than ever. Both sides had able leaders and both were fighting for a principle, the strikers for recognition of the union, the operators for the retention of their rights to control the mines without interference.

Everything possible had been done to relieve the stress of the approaching famine. The tariff had been removed from foreign anthracite coal; and soft coal, coke and wood were coming into general use. Naturally the demand for these raised the price to the top notch. Anthracite cost as high as $25 or $30 a ton at one time. Then it was that President Roosevelt, in the cause of humanity, set the machinery going which resulted in the end of the strike.

After many consultations with Attorney-General Knox and Labor Commissioner Wright, the president invited Mr. Mitchell and a group of the leading operators to come to the White House and allow him to express to them the urgency of the situation in behalf of the suffering public. This was on the third of October. After listening to the president's statement, Mr. Mitchell offered, on behalf of the strikers, to abide by the decision of any arbitrators chosen by the president. Much to the indignation of the public, however, the operators refused to arbitrate and called on the president to send federal troops to put down the strike, at the same time promising that men would flock back to work. Governor Stone of Pennsylvania called out the state militia of 10,000 troops, but even that number was scarcely adequate to preserve order, and very few men came back to work at the mines. Then the searchlight of public opinion turned on the anthracite monopoly itself.

The "Coal Trust" was scathingly denounced thruout the land. Prominent lawyers stated that the trust could be criminally prosecuted under an amendment to the constitution of Pennsylvania, which expressly states that no parties engaged in mining shall hold interests in the railroads or any other public carriers, or vice versa. The Coal Trust, however, escaped thru the loophole of having been formed previous to the passage of this law and hence not under it.

On the 13th of October, Mr. Morgan had a conference with President Roosevelt and, on behalf of the operators, submitted a proposition for the choosing of a board of arbitration, limited to certain classes of men. Public Indignation and Public Inquiry had had its result. At first Mr. Mitchell opposed the acceptance of so one-sided an offer, but after President Roosevelt secured the addition of a member chosen by the president, Mr. Mitchell accepted the offer. The operators had stipulated that the tribunal should be composed of an army or navy engineer, an expert mining engineer, a man experienced in the coal business either as an operator or merchant, a United States judge and an eminent man as a sociologist. To these the president added an eminent Roman Catholic prelate. The men appointed were: General Wilson, Mr. Parker, Mr. Watkins, Judge Gray, Mr. Clark, and Bishop Spaulding. Carroll D. Wright was appointed recorder of the commission.

After the miners had confirmed Mitchell's action and voted to return to work at once, President Roosevelt delivered a statement of their investigation to the Coal Strike commission and that body shortly proceeded to their work. Congress appropriated $50,000 to defray the expenses. Meanwhile work was resumed at the mines but there were ill feelings between the miners and the operators, for the non-union men were allowed to keep their places. Some of the mines were flooded and badly damaged. This caused much delay in the output of coal and when the coal did come there were not enough cars to carry it. The coal was so slow in reaching the big cities and came in such small quantities that the suspicion began to grow that it was being held up by the operators or dealers so as to command a high price. Investigations followed and in Chicago it was discovered that large quantities had been side-tracked. Otherwise, these investigations availed nothing in laying the blame, but soon after the hue and cry, the supply became more plentiful.

Meantime the board of arbitration had been examining witnesses for the union and non-union miners, and the operators had been visiting the mines and homes. The testimony of the non-union was chiefly in regard to intimidation, boycotting, assault and even murder. Their object was to gain the right to work where and when they pleased without opposition or interference. The testimony of the strikers was intended to justify their demands, and that of the operators to show the impossibility and injustice of the same.

After 566 witnesses had been examined, Mr. Baer did the summing up for the operators. His plea is well worth reading. He dwelt especially on the lawlessness of the strikers, the impossibility of holding them to an agreement, and he endeavored by going over some of the evidence to show that miners received higher wages than other laborers in equally hard work. But the chief point in his plea was the divine right of ownership. He suggested the adoption of a sliding scale for the payment of the miners, in view of the fact that the price of anthracite is uncertain and depends considerably on market conditions. In the summing up of the representatives of the strikers the offer of the sliding scale was rejected. Their most noticeable point was the condemnation of Mr. Baer and his associates and the praise of Mr. Mitchell and his followers.

After all the testimony and summing up, the commission held its meeting behind closed doors and the public waited for its decision. According to the findings of the commission, which were made public March 21, the pay and mode of life of the miners do not compare unfavorably with those in other industries, yet there is a general increase of ten per cent in wages allowed to contract miners and the engineers are to have eight-hour shifts with the same pay; in effect in April, 1902. The present methods of payment for coal mined are to continue in force unless changed by mutual consent. All disputes or disagreements are to be settled by a board of conciliation, composed of one representative of the miners and one representative of the operators from each district, and there are to be no strikes or lockouts pending the decision. A sliding scale went into effect April 1, whereby the miners are to receive one per cent increase in wages for every five cents over and above $4.50 which the operators receive F. O. B. at New York. There is to be no discrimination between union and non-union employees, no interference. It is recommended that the coal and iron police be discontinued and the laws in regard to the employment of children be more strictly enforced. Wherever requested by a majority of the contract miners of a colliery, check-weighing and check-docking bosses are to be appointed. All increases in wages between November 1902 and April 1903 to be paid on or before June 1, and, unless otherwise stated, the wage increase is to begin November 1, 1902, and the awards are to continue in force until March 31, 1906. The recognition of the union was not considered as within the scope of its investigation.

Apparently the miners have gained a victory over the operators. But the operators will turn around and raise the price and thus make up from the public what they have lost to the miners. It is the public that are the losers. By the adoption of the sliding scale, the interests of the miners and operators are made one. But at any rate the public gained one point, for there will be no more coal strikes before 1906. And let us hope that neither then nor after will there be another like that of 1902.

LESLIE E. SWIFT, '04.

SPELLING.

The following choice orthography has been culled from our spelling papers—obsiquice, schkanery (scenery), hemerage, velease, insenseable, depreachate, owkard (awkward), sckurge, schyllblane, cereus. Come, brace up, and let us see better results than this.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Looking thru an old autograph album a short time ago, I came across this little rhyme.

"I thot, I thot, I thot in vain,
At last I thot I'd write my name."

Poor fellow! what a condition his thinking abilities must have been in. And then I fell into a moment of sympathy with him—"Non ignara mali, miseris succurrere disco"—Alas! I too, have thot and thot and thot in vain.

But perhaps after all, this poor chap needn't have mourned his pitiable state, for perhaps after all his name was enough. Surely memories of a friend would rush back just as quickly at seeing this sign in his own hand-writing as if he had written, "When this you see, remember me." They say, "What's in a name," as if a name were nothing, but if you would know for yourself just what's in a name, take an old album with those old friends in it and look it thru. As you slowly turn the pages bringing one name after another before your eyes, what a train of thot passes thru your mind. One brings sad thots, another happy. At the sight of this one, you think of innumerable good times and at the sight of that, your eyes fill with tears. Here are memories of sad and happy hours, of wishes fulfilled and unfulfilled, of hopes brought to pass, forgotten and left behind, and of hopes crushed and haunting still. But

why all this tumult of mind just from looking at an autograph album? Simply because of what's in a name.

A. M. C., '03

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CLASS NOTES.

1903.

A social in honor of the Juniors was held April 13. The faculty and most of the members of both the Junior and Senior classes were present. Games, marches and refreshments made a full program. The enjoyment of the occasion was heightened, perhaps, by the fact that altho the proposal to give the reception at first met with opposition from the "powers that be," later, permission was granted.

1904.

That vexatious question of class pins has been decided at last! The pins have been ordered and will soon be here —we hope.

Fifteen would-be orators have begun "talking into space," upstairs in the hall.

1906.

The Freshmen defeated the Grammar School Base Ball Team by a score of 15 to 13.

During the excitement of the game Brigham received the ball in his eye instead of his glove.

The feature of the game was the cheating of the umpire, Brown, and the scorer, Koonz.

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Freshman (handing in a paper): "The more I read about a subject, the less I seem to know."

Professor: "You seem to have read a great deal."

ATHLETIC NOTES.

BASKET BALL.

The Arms and Greenfield High School teams played the rubber game at Turners Falls. It was the hottest game of the season and required several minutes overtime to decide. Greenfield finally won on a one-handed basket by Harris, made from the middle of the hall. This basket was the feature of the game. The final score was 20 to 18. For Arms, this was the closing game of a lively season.

BASE-BALL.

Base-ball practice has been in full swing for about a month, which is two weeks more than usual, and, as a result, the team is in much better shape than was expected earlier in the season.

Bird is pitching grand ball, and in three games has struck out 42 men and has allowed only 18 hits. The new material has shown great improvement during the last week.

ARMS 30, O. H. S. 5.

The opening game was played at Shelburne Falls with Oakman High School of Turners Falls, April 18. Bird and Brown were the stars in the field, and Wilson and Turton at the bat. The score:

ARMS.

	AB.	R.	BH.	PO.	A.	E
Koonz, 2d	8	4	2	2	1	0
Wilson, ss	7	4	5	1	2	1
Turton, rf	5	2	3	0	0	0
Pike, cf	7	2	1	0	0	0
Bird, p	7	3	1	2	4	1
Tolman, lf	6	3	1	0	0	1
Avery, 1st	7	3	3	7	2	1
Ball, 3d	6	4	3	0	0	1
Brown, c	5	4	2	15	3	0
Mitchell, rf	3	1	0	0	0	0
Totals	61	30	21	27	12	5

O. H. S.

	AB.	R.	BH.	PO.	A.	E
Ray, lf	5	0	0	2	1	1
Bascom, 3d	4	2	2	2	1	1
Gilman, c	4	0	1	10	2	3
Sumner, 1st	5	1	1	8	1	4
O'Brien, 2d	4	0	0	2	0	3
Emery, p	3	1	2	0	6	2
Hosmer, cf	4	0	0	0	0	1
Donahue, rf	4	0	0	0	1	3
Martin, ss	2	1	1	0	3	6
Totals	35	5	7	24	15	23

Two-base hits, Wilson, Turton, Brown. Three-base hits, Wilson 2, Brown, Sumner. Home runs, Wilson, Bird. Base on balls, off Bird, 4; off Emery, 4. Struck out, by Bird, 16; by Emery, 6. Wild pitch, Bird. Double play, Emery to Sumner to Gilman. Umpire, Short.

ARMS 12, S. F. JRS. 5.

As the hearts of the school committee overflowed with patriotism and good will for everyone, or perhaps it was the effect of the spring air, Arms had a holiday on the 20th; so they played the Shelburne Falls Juniors in the afternoon. It is the first time in many moons that Arms has won from them in base-ball and much of the credit is due to the battery work of Bird and Brown. The score:

ARMS.

	AB.	R.	BH.	PO.	A.	E
Koonz, 2d	3	3	1	0	0	0
Pike, ss	4	3	3	0	2	3
Mitchell, rf	3	3	1	0	0	0
Short, cf	4	2	1	0	0	0
Bird, p	3	0	1	2	17	0
Tolman, lf	5	0	0	1	0	0
Avery, 1st	4	0	0	8	2	0
Davis, 3d	3	0	0	1	2	2
Brown, c	4	1	1	15	1	2
Totals	33	12	8	27	24	7

JUNIORS.

	AB.	R.	BH.	PO.	A.	E
Martin, 1st and 3d	3	1	1	0	8	1
Rowland, 1st	4	1	0	9	0	1
Birch, cf	4	0	0	1	0	0
Shulda, c	4	0	0	7	0	2
Adler, rf	4	1	2	0	1	0
Mills, ss	4	0	0	3	0	2
Morrissey, 2d	3	2	3	0	0	1
Tousel, lf	4	0	1	2	0	1
Spencer, 3d and p	4	0	1	2	6	3
Totals	34	5	8	24	15	11

Three-base hit, Adler. Bases on balls, off Bird, 1; off Martin, 1; off Spencer, 2. Struck out, by Bird, 15; by Martin, 6; by Spencer, 1. Batter hit, Short. Umpire, Hoyt.

ARMS 9, O. H. S. 3.

Saturday, April 25, they played the return game at Turners Falls. The Oakman boys got together and played much better ball than at Shelburne, but lost thru inability to hit Bird's twisters. The score:

ARMS.

	AB.	R.	BH.	PO.	A.	E
Wilson, ss	4	1	1	0	6	0
Pike, 2d	4	1	1	3	0	1
Ball, 3d	5	0	0	2	1	1
Avery, 1st	4	1	2	9	0	1
Short, rf	5	0	0	1	0	0
Brown, c	5	2	1	11	2	0
Bird, p	4	1	2	0	2	0
Tolman, lf	4	3	1	0	0	0
Turton, cf	2	0	0	0	0	0
Mitchell, cf	1	0	0	1	0	0
Total	38	9	8	27	11	3

O. H. S.

	AB.	R.	BH.	PO.	A.	E
Bascom, 3d	5	0	0	0	1	0
Sumner, 1st	5	0	0	8	0	1
Emery, p	4	0	1	1	1	0
Gilman, c	4	2	0	13	3	1
Ray, lf	4	0	1	0	0	0
Hosmer, 2d	4	0	0	2	1	1
Gingrass, rf	4	0	0	2	0	1
Pollock, cf	4	1	0	1	0	0
Martin, ss	4	0	1	0	4	0
Totals	39	3	3	27	10	4

Struck out, by Bird, 11; by Emery, 12. Bases on balls, off Bird, 4; off Emery, 4. Wild pitch, Emery. Batter hit, Pike, Ray, Gingrass.

H. P. B., '04.

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ALUMNI NOTES.

Geo. M. Innis, '97, Shelburne Falls, Mass.

John F. Manning, '97, is attending the Boston Law School.

Florence M. Amstein, '97, is teaching music in Haverhill, N. H.

Mabelle C. Johnson, '99, is studying

to be a trained nurse at the House of Mercy, Pittsfield, Mass.

Jennie M. Read, '99, is at the Normal School, North Adams.

Edward C. Merrill, '00, is attending Worcester Institute of Technology.

Elsie W. Cronan, '00, entered North Adams Normal the spring term.

Blanche S. Johnson, '00, has graduated from Lucas School of Stenography, Greenfield, Mass., and is working there at present.

Ethel M. Burrington, '00, and Mabel S. Ware, '01, are also at North Adams Normal.

Cora M. Hallam, '01, is teaching the primary school at Griswoldville.

PERSONALS.

We recently had a suspicion of what primary department punishment was, and for Miss Avery's benefit.

We can only hope that Bessie had delightful dreams while sleeping in algebra class.

Miss Warner whispered recently for the first time in two years of academy life. Do thou likewise, Stetson.

We have had students who studied on Sunday; now we have one who uses his banjo, and not at home either.

Clark is enjoying a short vacation. "He has gone home!"

Miss Griswold is advancing in the missionary work, so is Miss S.—Well.

What will Sid do if we fail to mention him?

The girls say that the Tennis Club may convert Swift slowly into an athlete.

Patch has grown somewhat tall of late.

Did Miss M. enjoy the singing at the Whist Club, April 23d?

We have a Freshman who does not know what a butternut is. Country life has evidently elevated his mind.

Patch:—"What have you on the string, Bird?"

Bird:—"Be quiet Biil, and stop laughing."

Hours of practice but remind us,
What we've got to win the games,
If departing leaves behind us,
Heavy records cut in beams.

Shaw told a good story while giving the names of a few emperors.

Shortie in French class, when asked to translate the foreign tongue; "It is beastly cold in this devilish garret" is timid about showing his vocabulary.

Teacher:—"Davis, five minus three equals what?"

Davis:—"Eight, minus eight; no, minus two; Oh (hitting his head), two, there!

Bailey went to school one whole day last week, and went into Geometry class.

A new method of agony and distress; concerts and Japanese musicians.

The Quartette closed their successful season with, "Tom, Tom, the Piper's Son."

Isn't it time to call a halt on the girl joke? If a boy chooses to take a girl to an entertainment, they are tied for life. If her name is Mary, why of course he is the lamb and he is told this funny joke seventy-three times a day. If her father is a baker, butcher, or what not, the boy is continually asked about the price of bread, meat, etc. If she gets up to recite in class, the boy is nudged, these funny jokes are whispered about, and so on and so forth. The witty brains of the originators and promulgators of these jokes are generally found in the heads of those who seldom associate with the girls. A good joke once sprung is not improved with retelling.

—Rocky Mountain Collegian.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

The Spectator is one of our best exchanges. If anyone wants to read some jokes that are worth while let him read those in *The Spectator*. Its exchange column is remarkably good, the criticism is very much to the point, but yet kindly.

We are pleased to receive for the first time the *Alpha*. It is a good paper and contains a fine cut of the Basket Ball team.