



The Arms  
*Shelburne Historical Society*  
Student

Published by the Students  
of Arms Academy, Shel-  
burne Falls, Massachusetts

VOL XVII

NO 2

FEBRUARY MCMIV

# Arms Academy.

Winter Term Began Nov. 30, 1903.



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 so nothing 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.

## Shelburne Historical Society

	Classical Course			General Course		
	Number of hours			Number of recitation periods per week		
Freshmen	Latin 5		Algebra 5	Physiol. $\frac{1}{2}$ yr. } Eng. Hist. $\frac{1}{4}$ yr. } 5	English 3	
Sophomores	Latin 5	Greek 5	Algebra $\frac{1}{2}$ yr. } Geom. $\frac{1}{2}$ yr. } 5	Grecian Hist. $\frac{1}{4}$ yr. } Roman " $\frac{1}{4}$ yr. } 2	English 3	
Juniors	Latin 5	Greek 5	French or German } 5	Civics 3	English 2	
Seniors	Latin 5	Greek 5	French or German } 5	Arith. $\frac{1}{2}$ yr. } Alg. $\frac{1}{2}$ yr. } 5 Geom. $\frac{1}{2}$ yr. }	English 3	

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Freshmen	Latin 5		Algebra 5	Physiol. $\frac{1}{2}$ yr. } Eng. Hist. $\frac{1}{4}$ yr. } 5	English 3	
Sophomores	Latin 5	Physics 5	Alg. $\frac{1}{2}$ yr. } Geom. $\frac{1}{2}$ yr. } 5	Grecian Hist. $\frac{1}{4}$ yr. } Roman " $\frac{1}{4}$ yr. }	English 3	
Juniors	Latin 5	Chem. 5	French or German } 5	Civics 2	English 2	
Seniors	Latin 5	Am. Hist. $\frac{1}{2}$ yr. } Botany $\frac{1}{2}$ " } 5	French or German } 5	Arith. $\frac{1}{2}$ yr. } Alg. " } 5 Geom. " }	English 3	

### English Course.

Freshmen	Eng. Lang. $\frac{1}{2}$ yr. } Gram. $\frac{1}{2}$ yr. } 5	Arith. 5	Physiol. $\frac{1}{2}$ yr. } Eng. Hist. $\frac{1}{4}$ yr. } 5	Bookkeeping 5	English 3	
Sophomores	Physics 5	Algebra 5	Grecian Hist. $\frac{1}{4}$ yr. } Roman " $\frac{1}{4}$ yr. } 5		English 3	
Juniors	Chem. 5	Alg. $\frac{1}{2}$ yr. } Geom. $\frac{1}{2}$ " } 5	French or German } 5	Civics 2	English 2	
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# THE ARMS STUDENT.

VOL. XVII.

SHELBURNE FALLS, MASS., FEBRUARY, 1904.

No. 2

PUBLISHED EVERY SIX WEEKS BY AUTHORITY OF ARMS ACADEMY.

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

take this opportunity to express our thanks to our committee.

## Shelburne Student Board


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### Business Announcement.

Volume XVII of THE STUDENT will consist of five issues, one appearing about every six weeks during the school year. Yearly subscription, twenty-five cents; single copy, ten cents.

Literary contributions are solicited from the undergraduates and alumni.

Address all communications to The ARMS STUDENT, Shelburne Falls, Mass.

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

### Editorials.

The advent of new song books is an important event in our school life, and we

The first term of each year at Arms, every student is required to take spelling. This year fifty-three of the one hundred and fourteen pupils came up to the standard required for exemption the remainder of the year—either no word or but one missed. This showing is the more remarkable when one takes into account the fact that the present methods of teaching reading do not seem to develop good spellers.

In editing a school paper, there is always more than the managers can do themselves, and so they are obliged to get others to copy for them. These helpers are naturally the more willing rather than the more responsible pupils, and sometimes in looking over this work, funny mistakes are discovered, such as addressing a "Student," to John Smith, Deceased.

Occasionally there is a rush of work and incorrect spelling creeps in. This we regret and beg our readers to be lenient in their criticisms.

A hundred or two years ago, perhaps, it was regarded as an accomplishment to be able to spell correctly; it is what is expected of everyone now, and who ever doesn't come up to this mark finds it an everlasting disgrace.

### Spelling Record for Fall Term.

The record of the following pupils for the entire term was one hundred per cent:

Susie M. Ballard, Edith A. Barnes, Nettie Brown, Nettie Canedy, Harold Crosier, Edna Davenport, Bessie Forbes, Annie Griswold, Flora Harris, Nita Hathaway, Mildred Hillman, Alice Johnson, Grace Kendrick, Wm. Patch, Estella Smith, Lizzie Upton, Mattie Wiley, Mildred Wood, Fred Wiley, Blanche York, Ellen Coombs, Stanley Earl, Grace Avery, Roy Turton.

Those who missed but one word:

Robert Amsden, Deane Ainsworth, Mabelle Pfersick, Mabelle Call, Della M. Clark, Ruth Gould, Ella Carpenter, Carleton Davenport, Maud Gilderdale, Leon Graham, Hazel Kinsman, Rebecca Holbrook, Harold March, Lizzie Newhall, Ruby Perkins, Ruth Purrington, Grace Rowland, Roderick Russell, Nina Stockwell, Blanche Smith, Esther Spencer, Nina Taylor, Rose Turton, Geo. Tucker, Sidney Wood, Frank Wiley, Janette Williams, Carrol Ward, Myron Porter.

As the days and years go by, there are some which we shall always remember for the sorrow they bring. This sorrow may well cause us to stop in the busy routine, and think what life is, and what it means. Such a day has just come to the students at Arms and touches our hearts in perhaps a new way.

Ruth Fiske Gould was born in Shelburne, the twenty-second of August, 1886. She entered Arms in the fall of nineteen hundred and became a member of the class of nineteen hundred four. She was always ready for any service for the class, and last fall was chosen editor of the exchange department of the "Arms Stu-

dent." The first issue of our paper contained part of her work in this line, and also a voluntary sketch which easily reminds us of her personality.

The winter term commenced the thirtieth of November, and Miss Gould was in in her place as usual, but it was her last day with us, for that night she was taken ill with a serious disease. Every one hoped for her recovery, and for a time it seemed possible, but weeks passed without improvement, until the twenty-fourth of January brought news of her death.

She had always been one on whom to depend—a true, noble-hearted girl, who won many friends wherever she went, for she was such a true friend to others; and her standing in scholarship was among the very highest.

Although we shall never see her here again, the memory of our relations with her shall go with us, and be an influence towards what is best in our natures.

### Aunt Selina's Valentine.

It was a zero-cold day, that chill Friday in February, and Aunt Selina stood at the poorhouse window, looking with dim eyes out at the dreary scene of ice and snowdrift which stretched away to the westward. As she stood, a pathetic little figure, frail and bent, in her faded old wrapper, her eyes once bright and flashing were now dim with age and had a look of piteous longing, as if her heart were crying out for something she had not, and her face, once so animated, was now childish in expression and wrinkled. For Aunt Selina was eighty-three.

Suddenly she heard a knock at her door and little Emmy, the overseer's daughter

entered with some gay valentines in her hand. "Oh, Aunt S'liny!" she said, for Aunt Selina was "Aunt" to all the young folks about, "See my valentines. This one's for Sue, and the one with the heart and the vi'lets on is for Amy, and this one with the dove and the angel is for Laura."

"Laws, Honey, ain't they purty!" said Aunt Selina, wistfully fingering them. "When I was a gal I never had no sech things."

"Never had any valentines" exclaimed Emmy with wide open eyes, "Why, I've got lots. Didn't yon ever have one in all your life, Aunt S'liny?"

"No, I never did, wisht I had," with a sigh, "but we never had time fer sech things when I was young."

"Well, I must go or I'll be late for supper," said Emmy as she gathered up her valentines and went out.

At supper she was so silent that her father wondered what had come over his "Sunshine," but Emmy was only thinking deeply. Aunt Selina must have a valentine, but how should it come to pass? Emmy's pennies were gone, for they were never very plenty. She kept thinking all the evening while she was doing the dishes and putting away the ironing for her mother, and she was still thinking about that valentine when she went up to bed in her own little room where she kept all her treasures. Suddenly her eyes lighted on her pile of flower catalogues, full of colored pictures; and a happy thought came to her—Aunt Selina loved flowers and bright pictures—she would make Aunt Selina a valentine.

The next day her little feet flew about the house, for Emmy was hurrying to get her work done so she could carry out her

plan. At last all was done, and, rosy and happy she appeared before her mother. "Mamma, may I have some paste if I'll make it?" she asked.

"Yes, dear," her mother answered, too busy to ask the cause of the request.

Away went Emmy, made her paste, then climbed to her room. Here she cut out pictures—the prettiest in all her books—then she got her tablet, and taking several sheets she doubled them in the middle and tied them at the fold with a bit of long-cherished red ribbon. Then she pasted in the bright pictures: on the cover a little angel which had been given her at Sunday School; next a bunch of blue and white violets; then came a heart of shiny red paper, and so on, through the pages. After the pictures were all pasted in, Emmy laboriously with pen and ink inscribed "To My Valentine" on the cover. To be sure the writing was rather crooked and wobbly-looking and the "Valentine" ran down hill almost into the angel, but Emmy was only a little girl and couldn't write very straight yet. Under the violets she wrote:

"The rose is red,  
The violet's blue,  
Sugar's sweet,  
And so are you."

On the last cover:

"If you love me as I love you  
No knife can cut our love in two."

She surveyed her work with shining eyes and flushed face, then she got an envelope and with difficulty addressed it to:

Mrs. Selina Slocum,  
Ridge Hill,  
Me.

After adding a stamp that had been used, she said to herself, "Now I'll bring it

home with the mail, Monday. Isn't it nice Monday's Valentine's Day! And Aunt S'liny'll be so pleased.

Monday a very excited little girl rushed to Aunt Selina's room.

"See, Aunt S'liny, see my valentines! This one's from Amy, and I guess Laura gave me this, and Sue gave me this little heart with an arrow in it. And Oh! Here's one for you, Aunt S'liny. Who d'you spose sent you one?"

"One fer me," repeated Aunt Selina in a dazed sort of way; and with trembling fingers she tore open the envelope.

"Oh my! Sech a purty one! I wonder who sent it to me," she cried, as the valentine fell out. And Emmy ran away, feeling a fresh glow of happiness at Aunt Selina's pleasure.

Long into the winter evening Aunt Selina sat, looking again and again through the bright pages, or holding the valentine in loving grasp, while visions of days gone by, when all was love and cheer, passed before her. The little valentine was a link binding the present to the happy past. At last she arose and going to the bureau she laid it away with her few little treasures, a lock of her baby's hair and an old tintype of a young man, her youthful lover. After that nearly every day the valentine was brought out and looked over again. It seemed her only joy.

FANNY E. KENDRICK, '04.

### Winter Sketches.

#### WOODS IN WINTER.

If you should take a stroll in the woods after a storm, you would find a scene quite different from that of the summer time. The trees look lonesome and homely, ex-

cept the pines and hemlocks, which, after a storm, are in their finest bloom. If any one could have them then for a Christmas tree, he would not have to put any trimming on. Their branches hang down under the weight of their white draperies, and if you pass under them and hit your head, down will come a shower of snow.

And here, too, is where a rabbit has taken his evening walk, looking for food; and here is the spot where, thru the day, he lay hidden in some bushes, until a dog started him off to his hole. Here is a track that looks somewhat like a small dog's, but it is not, for Mr. Fox has been out looking for food, and may be he has gone to some well-known hen roost where he would satisfy his appetite.

As you stand there in the dead stillness, a woodpecker breaks the silence with his noisy drumming. You may see under some pines, where a partridge has walked in the snow, making a funny track something like a hen's only he steps one foot in front of the other. If you follow, perhaps you will hear a whirl, and Mr. Partridge will fly up and go sailing thru the trees.

The woods look pretty in the winter, but it is hard walking thru them.

RODERICK RUSSELL, '07.

#### A Storm.

On that chilly January morning, the sun rose courageously over the hills, tho it smiled but feebly on our snow-clad mother earth. As the forenoon wore away, the sun became more and more pale, and at last faded from sight. By two o'clock the sky was laden with dull grey clouds, and soon little flakes began floating downward. They came faster and faster, until

the air was filled. The light wind that was blowing in the afternoon, had by night increased to a gale, which hurled the sleet against the window panes, and swung the great trees back and forth, lashing their long arms together. The drifts piled in highways and fence corners, and night shut down with the storm still raging.

While snow was sifting into every crack and crevice, while doors slammed and shutters rattled, indoors the cheery crackle and blaze of the open fire seemed trying to drown the outside din, and roared an answering defiance.

Bed time came early that night, with morning soon to follow. Everything now is astir. The sun shines brightly. All wind, bluster and blow have gone, and left only new fallen snow. Men are out with shovels, big teams are ploughing the roads, and there is merry shouting and laughing from all sides. That the gods have so shortly displayed their wrath is forgotten by all.

M. E. T., '05.

—————  
A City Church in Mid-Week.

It was like stepping from one land into another, as we walked from the hurrying thoroughfare into the soft solitude of the church. And as we stood gazing with wonder at the pictures, the wonderful carvings, and the stained glass windows, the rector's voice, deep and solemn, came floating to our ears from some distant room. Directly in front of us at the altar, three ladies knelt in prayer.

My companions, who had left me, beckoned, and I followed them with noiseless steps through an arch and thence by many passageways through the building almost in a dream, so dim and silent was the

light. At last we passed out of one of the many doors, into the whirl of the street again.

MILDRED PERKINS, '06.

—————  
O

A Winter Morning.

"Morn in the white wake of the morning star, comes furrowing all the orient into gold." The western hills also are tinged with the rosy light of the first sunbeams. Above them in the pale blue sky, hangs the departing moon, as white as those pale clouds, so strongly contrasted with the dark rich pines on the peaks below them.

The fields and hillsides are covered with snow in all its spotless purity, except where a ragged rock or an old tree stump juts out, as if their sturdy strength refused to be covered by nature's blanket, even this cold morning.

Now as the sunlight streams thru the valley, it reveals the beautiful frostwork everywhere. The snow crystals shine like diamonds, and every tree and twig is clad in glittering whiteness.

Hark! what is that down among those bushes? A little snow-bird hops upon a fence rail nearby, then another and another on the snow. Soon a merry chirping greets the morning sun.

In the distance we hear the merry tinkle of sleigh bells; the bright sunbeams soften the keen frosty air; and "all the world awakes with day."

E. A. D., '06.

—————  
O

A Remembrance.

In the town of Leyden, in a decaying, neglected apple tree, hangs an old scythe. On it has fallen summer rains and winter

...just as it  
... beautiful June morning  
Hammond and his son mowed the south  
field. The birds sang cheerily and the  
flashing scythes cut thru the heavy, dew-  
laden grass with a musical swish.

But in contrast to this peaceful scene  
were the son's thoughts. His mind was  
with great strife then taking place, and he  
longed to be fighting for his country. But  
ought he to go? He saw his mother's anx-  
ious face, and as he watched his father  
before him, he saw how bent his shoulders  
were and how grey his hair. No, he could  
not go for he was needed at home, and  
there was no one to take his place.

A cloud of dust and a rattle of a wagon  
announced a team; and, in passing, a  
farmer leaned from his wagon to tell of  
the attack of Johnston at Fair Oaks. As  
he watched him out of sight down the road  
the son's mind was made up. He forgot  
father and mother and all home duties.

"Father," he said firmly, "I guess I  
will enlist." And without another word,  
he hastily hung his scythe in the tree and  
was off down the dusty road.

Farmer Hammond stopped mowing, and  
watched his son go till he rounded a curve  
and was lost to sight. The gleam of the  
bright scythe blade against the brown  
bark of the tree caught his eye, and he  
started to take it down, but something  
kept him. Then he went mechanically  
back to his work.

Year after year passed, and Farmer

...ound him greyer and  
dent. Each year he walked more slo-  
as he passed the apple tree, and each y-  
he peered more dimly at the rusting bla-  
and rotting handle of the old scythe. B-  
as he passed he would say to himself in  
tone unchanged: "It shall never be taken  
down till he comes back to do it."

BESSIE FORBES, '06.

### The Old Belfry.

Up the dark stairway and through a  
door closed for many years, along dust  
laden boards, and mid the still darkness  
to the trapdoor among the rafters, from  
which the cobwebs hang till they nearly  
reach the dust beneath. Unfastening the  
rusty catch, I clamber through, and see  
before me the old school-bell, weather-  
beaten, dark and stained. Under the  
eaves in the far corner is the same dove's  
nest of long ago, now empty and deserted;  
and yes, there, cut deep in the railing that  
surrounds the bell, are the many names  
and initials of schoolmates now lost in the  
whirling flood of life; some sleeping in the  
little graveyard beyond the hill, never  
more to answer to the voice of the bell  
that used to call them.

Leaning against the rail, I'm carried  
back once more to the happy days spent  
in study in the rooms below. I hear again  
the merry shouts and laughter on the  
campus there, as if it were yesterday. But  
Oh, how long ago. Unfamiliar faces are  
now there. Unfamiliar voices strike the ear.  
But the bell, ah! the same as of old.  
How human are its tones as it greets the  
morning air; and as I listen I seem to

## THE ARMS STUDENT.

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hear it ringing, ringing for us all once more. And at the close of day, as the sun sinks beyond the western hills, I hear again the joyous shouts, and see school-mates hurrying away—free! free! till tomorrow day. O, that I could live again those happy hours, now fled forever. How differently would I spend them, as I see them now. But ah! too late we see mistakes that corrected can never be.

FRED C. BROWN.

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### The Story of a Raindrop.

I once lived in a large pond in a swamp with a great many of my brothers. We were very happy there, as we played hide and seek with the rays of sunlight that streamed through the trees on the bank. But one day I didn't hide quick enough, and a sunbeam caught me and I felt myself being lifted up, up, up, higher and higher into the air, until I could no longer see the old home where I had lived so long. Soon I joined some of my brothers who had already formed a cloud, and we floated merrily along, high in the air. But after a few days we began to be dizzy and homesick, so we said to each other, "This is a dismal place. Let's leave it and see if we can find our old home again." So we bid each other good bye, and went tumbling down. I was very much frightened, but I knew it would not take long for me to reach the ground and so I kept up my courage.

Farmer Brown had just started for market with his vegetables. He had a large umbrella over him and I came tumbling down upon it and bounded off to a big green cabbage in the back of the wagon. He laughed when he saw me,

for he knew that I was his friend, and we visited together as long as I stayed. By this time my little friends were coming down very fast and I heard Farmer Brown say, "This is the best shower we have had this summer. 'Twill do the garden good. But I must hurry or this umbrella will wet through." So he whipped his horse and it started so suddenly that my friend the cabbage rolled over. I was so frightened that I slipped through a hole in the wagon and found myself with my brothers on the ground. As we danced merrily along in the ditch I told them of the adventure I had had in the farmer's market wagon. Just as I had finished my story, some ducks came paddling up the ditch. They were happy and they said, "Quack, quack, quack, isn't this a lovely rain?" But we could not stop here for we had other work to do, so we kept going on, and all the time other drops kept joining us until we found a brook. Oh! what fun we had playing with the sunbeams as on and on we went, making plants and flowers happy. This morning we flowed under a barbed wire fence and found ourselves in a green pasture where cattle and sheep were feeding. I must close my story, for I see an old brindle cow coming to get a drink of fresh cool water and I must hide under a rock. If I escape I will tell you more.

M. R. HILLMAN '07.

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### My Favorite Event in History.

The siege of Orleans is the event in history most interesting to me, not because it has been ranked as one of the fifteen decisive battles of the world, but because it furnishes one of the best woman's heroism, and tude.

snows; soft spring winds have blown gently over its rotting handle and rusting blade, and autumn gales have almost wrenched it from its place; but still no one moves it, and still it hangs just as it was placed so long ago.

It was a clear, beautiful June morning more than forty years ago when Farmer Hammond and his son mowed the south field. The birds sang cheerily and the flashing scythes cut thru the heavy, dew-laden grass with a musical swish.

But in contrast to this peaceful scene were the son's thoughts. His mind was with great strife then taking place, and he longed to be fighting for his country. But ought he to go? He saw his mother's anxious face, and as he watched his father before him, he saw how bent his shoulders were and how grey his hair. No, he could not go for he was needed at home, and there was no one to take his place.

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Year after year passed, and Farmer

Hammond mowed the south lot more than once, but always he circled the field alone. Each year found him greyer and more bent. Each year he walked more slowly as he passed the apple tree, and each year he peered more dimly at the rusting blade and rotting handle of the old scythe. But as he passed he would say to himself in a tone unchanged: "It shall never be taken down till he comes back to do it."

BESSIE TORRES, '06.

### The Old Belfry.

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The siege of Orleans is the event in history most interesting to me, not because it has been ranked as one of the fifteen decisive battles of the world, but because it furnishes one of the best examples of woman's heroism, perseverance and fortitude.

Insanity of one French king and disloyalty among the nobles had signed the nation over to the English enemy. But at length the rightful successor, the dauphin Charles about twenty years old, bestirred himself, and laid claim to the throne. The young man, however, didn't have much faith about the result. At the very same time the English baby was being crowned in Paris, under the title: Henry VI. of England and France.

War had been raging between the two countries for years. The existing circumstances merely increased the bitterness and added zest to the struggle.

In the fall of 1428 the English felt that the city to be captured next was Orleans on the north bank of the river Loire, its suburbs extending along the southern bank, connected with the city by a strong bridge. At the farther end a fortification defended this structure which had, besides, two towers. The English thot that by capturing the fortification and bridge they would be able to cut off communication with the southern provinces, and also secure the key with which to unlock the gate of Orleans.

After several repulses, they at length carried the towers by storm. But the French destroyed the part of the bridge nearest the city, thus rendering a direct assault impossible.

Of course, after some time, want began to be felt in the city and surrender seemed inevitable; and the dauphin Charles, never too energetic or hopeful, despaired of ever attaining the throne.

Now, for some time previous, a young peasant girl in the village of Domremy, by the name of Joan of Arc, had felt called by God to the rescue of France. She

claimed to have held intercourse with St. Catherine, St. Margaret and St. Michael. During the siege of Orleans the "voices" as she called them, became more frequent and insistent. At length, greatly to the mortification of her parents, she went to the commander of a fortress nearby, who at first ridiculed her, but at length was persuaded to conduct her to the king.

Charles designedly dressed himself very simply, thinking that she would address one of his courtiers. But she instantly singled him out, and kneeling, said, "Most noble dauphin, the King of Heaven announces to me that you shall be crowned king at Rheims and shall be his vice-regent in France."

When she sent word to the commander of the French at Orleans, he said, "Box the girl's ears and send her home." But she so persisted, that she gained the admiration and reverence of every soldier, by her piety and firm assurance in her divine mission. But Charles and his court thot she ought to be examined by a committee of doctors to make sure that she was not a pretender. One of them, who spoke poor French, asked her in what language the heavenly voices spoke to her. "A better one than yours," was the retort. At last they decided to let her have her way, thinking that she might be able to keep her hold on the soldiery.

During this time of hesitation and delay, her fame had spread, and quite a large army rallied to her support at Blois. She appeared at the camp clad in a full suit of shining white armor, mounted on a white charger, and her long black hair flowing. She carried in her right hand a lance, and wore at her side a battle-axe. A page bore her banner of white satin embroidered

with golden lilies. Thus accoutered, she entered Orleans by night at the head of her army. The next day when she rode in solemn procession thru the streets, the people thronged about her, hailing her as their deliverer and thinking her an angel sent to their release.

The siege was continued with more vigor on the French side and with less assurance by the English, who believed in her divine mission as fully as the French.

On the afternoon after her arrival, an engagement took place which was turned from defeat to victory by the courage and presence of mind of the girlish leader. Two days later the French captured the forts on the south bank of the river, and now it remained only to gain possession of the towers on the bridge to make the victory complete.

Early in the morning of the seventh of May, several thousands of the best French troops heard mass, attended confessional, and, crossing the river in boats, assailed the towers. While placing a ladder against a wall, Joan was wounded in the chest and was carried to the rear. At first the pain of her wound made her weep, but inspired by the "voices," she soon sat up and drew the arrow from the flesh with her own hand. Then she again led on her soldiers, saying to them that as soon as her banner touched the wall, victory was theirs. Her prophecy was realized. And quickly repairing the north arch, Joan of Arc made her triumphal entry into Orleans over the bridge which had so long been closed.

A. F. M. '03.

#### Our Alphabet.

A is for Amsden, the teachers' delight,  
B is for Bailey, whose feet are in sight;

C is for Cronan, who stays out at night,  
D is for Davis, who once had a bite.  
E is for Each one, who does for Arms fight,  
F is for Forbes, who is said to be bright;  
G is for Graham, who studies with might,  
H is for Hillman, whose voice sounds a fright.  
I for our Interests, in which all should unite,  
J is for John, whose brains are not right;  
K's for the Kendricks, who rise to some height,  
L is for Lamb, whose jokes are too trite.  
M is for Manning, who is now forward quite,  
N is for Nina, who appears recondite;  
O is for Olive, our Crosier's delight,  
P for M. Perkins, too frivolous and light.  
Q is for Quickness, with which Sleepy is dight,  
R is for Rowland, too green to ignite;  
S is for Swift, who aspires to write,  
T's for our Teams, who their rivals do smite.  
U is for You, whatever your plight,  
V is for Vera, who to Buckland takes flight;  
W for the Wiley twins, slender and slight,  
X is for Algebra, hard to recite.  
Y is for York, who to Miss Wood clings tight,  
Z is for Zephyrs of summer again;  
Etc. and so forth, Yours truly, Amen.

F. S. W. '05.

#### Nature Notes.

On the first of January the silence of the clear cold air was broken by the "Cheerup, Cheerup" of a solitary Robin from the top of a tree near by. Surely a fitting message. Some tenacious berries that are loath to leave the parent twig or a little seed make up his scanty bill-of-fare.

The usual winter residents of the bird family, with occasional northern visitors come under our observation now. The noisy blue jay, acrobatic nuthatch, social chickadee, the solitary creeper and friend downey, make our winter walks interesting. Occasionally flocks of pine grosbeaks, crossbills, snowflakes and kinglets come down from the north to show us

what the bird life is there. Among the pines one is pretty sure of seeing the Indian file tracks of ruffed grouse and once in a while the hollow bed formed by its body in the snow, where it passed the night with its companions.

The industrious squirrel leaves little pits in the blanket of winter where he has recovered some remembered store of nuts. Down by the brook the muskrat leaves his path and the dainty tracks of the field mouse are seen.

During that cold week in January the English sparrows sent out prospecting parties in search of food. One of these discovered my bird restaurant and told all their friends about it with the result that creepers, nuthatches and downies stayed away. The chickadee perched on the end of the table crouching in terror lest *Passer domesticus* rush at him. The blue jays were fearless, screeching at the top of their voices, whenever *Passer* put in appearance.

Vegetation is at rest, gathering force by its sleep to out-do the former year's verdure, when Dame Nature shall bid them lay aside their night-caps.

HAROLD W. SWANN, '07.

### Athletic Notes.

#### DRURY 14, ARMS 7.

Dec. 4. Arms went to North Adams and played their first game of basket ball with Drury. Although Arms was defeated by a score of 14 to 7, it was an interesting game to watch, for both teams were closely matched, and every basket was hard earned. Bird started the game off, by throwing a basket, and at the end of five minutes the game stood 4 to 0 in Arms'

favor. The first half ended 6 to 6. In the second half all that Arms got was a foul, while Drury played a snappier game.

#### Line-up.

Tolman r. f.	l. g. Byers
Turton l. f.	r. g. Bemis
Bird c.	c. Malcolm
Mitchell r. g.	l. f. Blanshan
Patch l. g.	r. f. Hastings

Goals from floor: Byers 3, Blanshan 2, Hastings. Patch, Bird, Turton.

Fouls: Hastings, Bemis, Tolman. Time, 15 minute halves.

#### DRURY 18, ARMS 42.

Dec. 13. Arms played her second game of basket ball with Drury at Shelburne Falls. All thru the game Drury was out-played. Patch started the game off by throwing a basket. Arms' passing was fine, and the basket throwing sure, so that the ball stayed around Arms' basket most of the time. Drury's men were covered so closely that they only got 5 points thru the first half, to Arms 24. The second half wasn't as snappy as the first. Drury braced up and made 13 points against 18. Tolman made a new record for Arms, throwing 10 baskets and 4 fouls.

#### Line-up.

Tolman r. f.	l. g. Byers
Turton l. f.	r. g. Bemis
Bird, Bailey c.	c. Malcolm
Mitchell r. g.	l. f. Blanshan
Patch, Davis l. g.	r. f. Hastings

Goals from floor: Tolman 10, Turton 4, Bird 3, Mitchell, Patch, Byers, Malcolm, Bemis 2, Blanshan 2, Hastings 2. Goals from fouls: Hastings 2, Tolman 4. Time, 20 minute halves.

Tolman made record place among amateurs in this game, scoring 20 points. Lang of Cushing Academy holds first, making 32 points.

#### OAKMAN 6, ARMS 11.

Dec. 23. Arms went to Millers Falls and defeated Oakman H. S. It was an interesting game, for both teams covered well. Turton started the game by throwing a basket for Arms and the first half ended 6 to 1 in Arms' favor. In the second half the Oakman boys took a brace, and covered so closely that the game was somewhat rough. Arms threw one basket and three fouls, to Oakman's two baskets and one foul. The game ended 11 to 6, in Arms' favor. Bird and Mitchell played the game for Arms.

#### Line-up.

Oakman.	Arms.
Teahan l. g.	r. f. Davis
Bascomb r. g.	l. f. Turton
Amidon c.	c. Bird
Donohue r. f.	l. g. Patch
Hamilton l. f.	r. g. Mitchell

Goals from floor: Turton, Mitchell, Bird, Hamilton, Donohue. Goals from fouls: Patch 5, Donohue 2. Time of halves, 20-15 minutes.

#### ATHOL 16, ARMS 20.

Dec. 25. Arms went to Athol and played an afternoon game with Athol H. S. It was a fast, clean game but Arms out-played Athol in the first half scoring 11 points to Athol's 2. Bailey scored 6 of the 11 while his man made no points for Athol. In the second half Athol out-played Arms, scoring 14 points to Arms' 9. Vaillie made 3 of the 6 baskets after being laid out. Davis played a star game after having been replaced for Turton who sprained his ankle. Tolman kept up his fine record by throwing 3 baskets.

Athol.	Arms.
Balcom l. g.	r. f. Tolman
Parish r. g.	l. f. Turton, Davis
Vaillie c.	c. Bailey
Van Valkenburg r. f.	l. g. Patch
Livermore l. f.	r. g. Mitchell

Goals from floor; Bailey 3, Tolman 3, Patch, Davis, Mitchell, Vaillie 3.

#### ALUMNI 24, ARMS 13.

Dec. 29. Arms played the Alumni. The Alumni were heavier than Arms, and could play rougher. The first half was very close and Arms scored 11 points to the Alumni's 12. In the second half the Alumni had things their own way, and scored 12 points to Arms' 2, making a victory of 24 to 13.

#### Line-up.

Davis l. f.	r. g. Hoyt
Tolman r. f.	l. g. Martin
Bailey c.	c. Siskind
Patch l. g.	r. f. Eldridge
Mitchell r. g.	l. f. Short

Goals from floor; Martin 5, Siskind 3, Short 3, Hoyt, Tolman 2, Patch 2, Davis, Mitchell. Goals from fouls; Tolman. Time; 15 minute halves.

#### OAKMAN 17, ARMS 11.

Jan. 8. Arms played Oakman in basket ball at home. Arms played very loose and poor, so the game wasn't as interesting as some. Brown threw a basket for Oakman before any of the players had got ready and continued his good work through all the game. The first half ended 7 to 4 in Oakman's favor. Arms tried to brace up in the second half, but didn't have much luck, only making 7 points to Oakman 10. Tolman missed many chances in throwing fouls, and all the team passed poorly.

#### Line-up.

Oakman.	Arms.
Bascom l. g.	r. f. Tolman
Teehan r. g.	l. f. Turton
Amidon c.	c. Bailey
Brown r. f.	l. g. Patch
Donohue l. f.	r. g. Mitchell

Goals from floor; Brown 3, Turton 3, Donohue 2, Amidon, Bascom, Patch.

## GARDNER 7, ARMS 8.

Jan. 16. Arms went to Gardner and defeated the Gardner H. S. on their own floor. It was a close game, as the teams were evenly matched. Each man covered his opponent closely, which accounts for the small score. In the first half Gardner scored one basket, and made 2 points on free tries, while Arms caged 2 floor baskets, and 1 free try, making it end 5-4 in Arms' favor. In the second half each team got 3 points; ending the game 8-7. It was the first time the real team had played together since Xmas, so that is why they won.

## Line-up.

Gardner.	Arms.
Campbell l. g.	r. f. Tolman
Knowlton r. g.	l. f. Turton
Byron c.	c. Bird
L. Greenwood r. f.	l. g. Patch
W. Greenwood l. f.	r. g. Mitchell

## Class 1904.

L. E. S. (to merchant)—"I'd like a ball of twine to tie up the students."

Merchant (astonished)—"Beg pardon, but what did you say?"

L. E. S. (innocently)—"I'd like a ball of twine, stout, but not too stout, to tie up the students."

Merchant—"Well, well, what is the matter with the students up there?"

L. E. S. (confused)—"Oh-h! I meant the Arms Student."

Prof. (absent-mindedly pointing to waste basket)—"I can show you the facts in our history."

Mabelle (one cold morning)—"Only for George Turton, my hands would have been frozen."

Translations from Wilhelm Tell.

Ruby—"His eyes swam before him. He raised up his breast and said, 'Throw me down.'"

Bailey—"He pulled himself together."

Mabelle—"Ha! you are growing brave."

Teacher—"Will you please go on, Miss Griswold."

Annie—"I can't say anything."

Bailey (aside)—"I wonder how long she has been troubled that way."

Mabelle (talking about the sleigh-ride) "Why, I sat under my feet all the way home!"

From Virgil.

Bailey (scanning)—"I've got too many feet."

Annie (aside)—"Not too many, but too big."

Bailey—"The flames gave light to the eyes wandering about."

What is the matter with Bailey's head that he has to keep his Virgil in a box. Is it full of boils?

We advise Swift to keep track of his letters hereafter.

## 1905.

Come! come! Juniors. Commit something extraordinary, that we may have more class notes.

The following are some theorems recently stated by our authorities concerning Juniors:—

1. *They are very unruly under certain conditions.*

2. *They are too good to take arithmetic.*

3. *There is a fool in their midst.*

Let us have the proof, the whole proof, and nothing but the proof.

Who is going to hold up Crosier's end of the Cicero class?

In Chemistry.

Bird:—"The bones of some birds contain over eighty per cent of  $\text{Ca}_3(\text{PO}_4)_2$ ."

Teacher:—"What is the difference between a substance bleached by S and one bleached by Cl?"

Miss Barnes:—"One is bleached and the other isn't."

Teacher to G. Turton:—"What is added?"

Turton:—"I don't know."

Teacher:—"O (oxygen)."

Turton, at full blast:—"Oh, ha! ha!"

Turton giving Law of Diffusion of Gases:—

"The Law of the Diffusion of gases varies inversely as the square roots of their vaper densities."

Bird:—"Say, Stan, it was the momentum of the hammer that made it smell so, wasn't it?"

Ball:—"I guess so. It smelled like (hammer) melis, anyway."

## 1906.

Teacher. "The lobe at the top of a person's ear is taken by some as proof that man originated in some family of monkeys."

Hawks. "Please where did the short tailed dog come from?"

How did Davis get his A stained?

"Forbidden Fruit."

The scene in the Garden of Eden has been reproduced in Physics class, and Davenport bears the palm of "the only true wit in school."

Cronan decorates a front seat in Caesar class lately.

Teacher. "Now Tolman we will hear your quotation from 'The Princess.'"

Tolman. "I kissed it and I read."  
Teacher. "Is there any value as a quotation in that selection?"

Tolman. "Yes mam. Short and sweet."

## 1907.

What's the matter with the Freshmen? They're all right. (Some of them.)

Teacher—"What kind of example do you call this—involution or evolution?"

R. Russell—"Revolution."

Terry got ducked. We wonder what for.

Ladd (in Eng. Comp.)—"And the clouds, which looked like snow over head, changed into a full moon."

## Alumni Notes.

'00.

Mildred Patch is teaching in Colrain.

Anna Raguse is book-keeper for H. Newell & Co.

Alfred Mayhew is in his Junior year at Tufts College, Medford, Mass.

Elsie Cronan is teaching in Griswoldville.

Blanche Johnson is a book-keeper in Orange.

Mrs. Bacon (Annette Stebbins) is in England at present.

Eugene Ware has been obliged to give up his studies at Brown for the present, on account of illness.

Daisy Call is teaching in Shelburne.

Frank Yetter is in Boston.

Harold Lamb is working in a store in New York and is also studying architecture. His address is 872 6th St., New York City.

'01.

Bertha Reed is a book-keeper in Greenfield.

Josephine Zrannig is in North Adams at present.

Fred Macher is working for the New England Dairy Corporation, New Haven, Conn.

Fred Winterhalter is employed in the Freight Depot, New Haven, Conn.

Leon Payne entered Brown University last fall.

'02.

John Nelson and Clarence Gardner are employed in the Freight Depot, Shelburne Falls.

Charles Atkins died during the summer at his home in Shelburne Falls.

Bessie Stanford has entered North Adams Normal School.

Gertrude Gates is studying at Lucas School in Greenfield.

Alberta Amstein is studying at the New England Conservatory of Music in Boston.

Mary White is teaching in Davis, Mass.

'95.

Mrs. Elinor Fife Buell with her daughter, Honor Margaret, recently spent a week in Shelburne Falls.

—o—

### Exchanges.

We wish to thank those who have sent exchanges during the term, and hope to receive them regularly.

The stories in the Christmas number of the Normal College Echo are excellent, and we are glad to add it to our list.

The Distaff and the Iris have very good exchange columns, tho' that of the Iris might be improved by a few criticisms.

The article, "Abraham Lincoln," in the F. S. S. quarterly is well written.

The Retina has an attractive cover and is a well edited paper.

The covers of the Christmas numbers of the Adelpian and the High School Recorder are very neat and attractive.

We thank the High School Sparks for their interest in our paper and their compliment to our editor-in-chief. We shall be glad to keep up the exchange.

The E. H. S. Record people are to be commended for this recent stand against liquor advertisements.

He wrote a love-sick note to her,  
And thus it ran in part:  
"Only 'yes' can heal the breaches  
Your love's made in my heart."

Her answer to his plaintive note  
A moral clearly teaches;  
With trembling hands he opened it  
And read, "Mend your own breeches."

Poet. "That fool editor said I would never write well until I had a great sorrow, but I showed him."

Wife. "Showed him what?"

Poet. "Our wedding certificate."

The rector and his household were listening to the new organist at the church. The rector's wife turned suddenly to the cook and asked, "Well, Mary, how do you like the music?"

"O, mum, it's just grand," she replied, her eyes rolling in ecstasy. "It sounded like the steam roller coming down the street."

Teacher. "Is there any connection between mind and matter?"

Small Boy. "Sure. If a boy doesn't mind, there'll soon be something the matter."

**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 cannot 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.

### PIANOS AND ORGANS.

Gramophones \$15 to \$60.

New Records every week.

A FULL LINE OF SMALL GOODS.

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16 State Street, - NORTH ADAMS, MASS.

Established 1892

### STEPHEN LANE FOLGER,

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WATCHES, DIAMONDS, JEWELRY.

CLUB AND COLLEGE PINS AND RINGS.  
Gold and Silver Medals.

### POTTER GRAIN CO.,

DEALERS IN

FLOUR, GRAIN, MEAL,

FEED, HAY, STRAW, SALT,  
and Masons' Supplies.

Shelburne Falls, Mass.

IF YOU WANT

**GOOD BREAD,**

USE

**Pillsbury's Best,**

SOLD AT

**J. B. FROST'S.**

Patronize our Advertisers.

### H. S. SWAN CO.,

Furniture, Carpets,  
Curtains and Wall Paper.

Repairing and Picture Framing a specialty.

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SHELBURNE FALLS, MASS.

### HORSES! HORSES!

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

Also dealer in  
Wagons, Sleighs and Harnesses.

### J. F. WOOD.

(Formerly Guilford & Wood.)

Stable at

SHELBURNE FALLS,

Mass.

### J. F. SEVERANCE,

Coal and Ice Dealer.

Office at Jenks & Amstein's.

SHELBURNE FALLS, MASS.

### DR. J. P. THAYER,

Dentist.

Stebbins' Block,

SHELBURNE FALLS.

Heath telephone.

### MRS. S. H. SAWYER

has the best line

**Books and Stationery**

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

**Fancy Goods,**

and all the

MAGAZINES AND NEWSPAPERS.

# STRONG LINES.

## What's New in Shoes for Winter?

Well, come in and we will take pleasure in showing you. There are new ideas and styles galore. Come in to look or buy—just as you see fit.

**JENKS & AMSTEIN,**  
Shelburne Falls, Mass.

**JOSEPH C. PERRY,**  
DENTIST,  
Shelburne Falls, Mass.

Opposite Postoffice.  
Heath telephone.

ASSISTED BY  
**GUY C. TOWER, D. D. S.**

Patronize our Advertisers.

“Better late than never,  
But better never late,”

may be applied if you have not  
tried a loaf of

“**JOE'S**” BREAD,

Made at

**WARD'S BAKERY,**

SHELBURNE FALLS.

# For Groceries,

THE BEST OF

**TEAS,  
COFFEES  
and SPICES,**

a complete line of Cereals  
and Fancy Crackers, Can-  
dies, etc., and anything to  
be found in a

**FIRST-CLASS GROCERY,**

VISIT

**W. R. CARPENTER'S,**

Shelburne Falls, Mass.

## TO OUR READERS.

It has been repeatedly demonstrated that no school paper can be self-supporting which does not have the hearty support of the business men in the way of advertisements. This is especially true with the ARMS STUDENT, and many thanks are due to those who have so willingly and repeatedly advertised in the paper. In return for their generosity toward us, it is no more than fair that we should patronize them and thus materially show our appreciation of their interest in us. To do this we need the assistance of our students and readers. We know our advertisers to be upright men and see no reason why you should not trade with them. On the contrary, we see many reasons why you should. Patronize our advertisers and you will confer a great favor on us.

## Variety Store.

Headquarters for toys, Shelburne Falls souvenirs, stationery, confectionery, crackers, cigars, etc. Also mileage books to rent.

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Shelburne Falls, Mass.

**J. J. Woodlock & Co.,**  
Housefurnishers  
and  
Undertakers.

Telephone connections.  
GREENFIELD, MASS.

**F. G. Mitchell,**  
HEATING AND PLUMBING.  
Magee Stoves and Ranges.

Heath telephone.  
Shelburne Falls, Mass.

**FOR** choice Groceries, Crockery,  
Canned Goods and Galaxy, Pills-  
bury's Best and Rarity Flour, call at  
**AMSTEIN BROS.,**  
Shelburne Falls, Mass.

GREENFIELD  
**VETERINARY HOSPITAL**  
DR. J. G. PFERSICK, Proprietor.

Accommodation for all kinds of Domestic Animals  
All kinds of Veterinary Medicines carefully com-  
pounded and for sale by Dr. J. G. Pfersick, at  
the Hospital Pharmacy.  
Office and residence at No. 3 Leonard St., Greenfield.

Patronize our Advertisers.

**WILLIAM A. JOHNSON,**  
Furniture  
AND  
Undertaking.

Heath and New-England telephones.

Shelburne Falls, Mass.

## To the Advertisers.

All new advertisements or changes in old ones  
must be in by Mar. 5, at the latest, to come out  
in the next issue.

BUS. MGR.

# C. D. SPENCER & CO.

Believe they are gaining an enviable  
reputation as

**YOUNG LADIES' COSTUMERS.**

Do not fail to see our early **SPRING**  
lines in February and March.

You save money by buying of us and  
you get the correct styles.

# C. D. SPENCER & CO.

Light and Heavy Trucking,  
Furniture and Piano Moving done at short no-  
tice.

**W. G. RICKETT,**  
SHELBURNE FALLS, MASS.

Leave orders at the Maple House.

Patronize our Advertisers.



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**Attorney-at-Law,**

Shelburne Falls, Mass.

**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.  
Special attention given to all orders  
solicited.  
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Livery connected. Steam Heated throughout.

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DEALERS IN

**Crawford Cooking Ranges**

WITH "SINGLE DAMPER."

Controls fire and oven with one motion.  
No confusion. Call and see them.

No. 4 Bridge St., Shelburne Falls.

**Hardware,**  
**Agricultural Tools,**  
**Seeds,**



**Paints and Oils,**  
**Paper Hangings,**  
**Brushes,**

**Cutlery,**  
**Guns and Pistols,**  
**Fishing Tackle.**



**Shelburne Historical Society**

These articles and goods at  
reasonable prices to be found in western  
Franklin.

**H. NEWELL & CO.,**  
**Shelburne Falls.**

Good for a cold day.

Not bad for any day.

**WARE'S COAL.**

There is no better

**New Line of Cigars and Tobacco**

—AT—

**HERRING'S VARIETY STORE.**

Also a full line of School Supplies, Valentines  
and Toys.

**CHAS. HERRING.**

**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**

**Patronize our Advertisers.**