

THE ARMS STUDENT

Shelburne Historical Society

Published by the students of
Arms Academy, Shelburne
Falls, Massachusetts



VOL. XVII.

NO. 5.

JUNE MCMIV.

Arms Academy.

Spring Term Began April 4, 1904.



Our three courses of study enable us to prepare students for any College or Technical School in New England. Throughout the student's connection with the institution deficiencies in the common branches, Spelling, English Composition and Arithmetic, receive careful attention.

The aim of the School is to meet, so far as possible, the individual needs of each pupil. An earnest effort is made by instructors that classroom work on the part of the student be something more than a mere unloading of text-book matter. The power to think and to use the materials at hand are constantly kept in view. For further information apply to

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

Classical Course. Figures denote recitation periods per week.

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

General Course.

Freshmen	Latin 5	Algebra 5	Physiol. $\frac{1}{2}$ yr. } 5 Eng. Hist. $\frac{1}{2}$ yr. }	English 3
Sophomores	Latin 5	Physics 5	Alg. $\frac{1}{2}$ yr. } 5 Geom. $\frac{1}{2}$ yr. }	Grecian Hist. $\frac{1}{2}$ yr. } Roman " $\frac{1}{2}$ yr. }
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. } 5 Alg. $\frac{1}{2}$ " } Geom. $\frac{1}{2}$ " }

English Course.

Freshmen	Eng. Lang. $\frac{1}{2}$ yr. } " Gram. $\frac{1}{2}$ yr. }	Arith. 5	Physiol. $\frac{1}{2}$ yr. } 5 Eng. Hist. $\frac{1}{2}$ yr. }	Bookkeeping 5 English 3
Sophomores	Physics 5	Algebra 5	Grecian Hist. $\frac{1}{2}$ yr. } 5 Roman " $\frac{1}{2}$ yr. }	English 3
Juniors	Chem. 5	Alg. $\frac{1}{2}$ yr. } Geom. $\frac{1}{2}$ " }	French or German } 5	Civics 2 English 2
Seniors	Arith. $\frac{1}{2}$ yr. } Alg. $\frac{1}{2}$ yr. } Geom. $\frac{1}{2}$ yr. }	Am. Hist. $\frac{1}{2}$ yr. } Botany $\frac{1}{2}$ yr. }	French or German } 5	Solid Geom. and Trig. Elective } 3 English 3

THE ARMS STUDENT.

VOL. XVII.

SHELburne FALLS, MASS., JUNE, 1904.

No. 5

PUBLISHED EVERY SIX WEEKS BY AUTHORITY OF ARMS ACADEMY.

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

Board of Editors.

Editor,	GRACE S. KENDRICK, '04
Assistant Editors,	{ HAROLD P. BAILEY, '04 STANLEY C. BALL, '05 LEANDER E. BIRD, '05
Business Manager,	LESLIE E. SWIFT, '04
Subscription Agent,	CARL P. MITCHELL, '04
Class Notes,	{ FLORENCE W. RAGUSE, '04 STANLEY C. BALL, '05 CARLETON DAVENPORT, '06 MALAH S. RUSSELL, '07
Alumni Notes,	ALICE L. HALLIGAN, '04
Exchanges,	ALICE M. JOHNSON, '04
Athletics,	F. SIDNEY WOOD, '05
Nature Notes,	HAROLD W. SWANN, '07

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.

Editorials.

We are almost wholly dependent upon the kind support of friends in our community for the financial success of our "STUDENT;" and we take this opportunity to express our sincere thanks, especially to the advertisers, who have so heartily supported us.

It is a great thing to accomplish something, to have a certain end in view and then to go about it in a business-like manner. The Seniors, after a four years' hard pull, have arrived at the end of their academic course, but we trust they will not stop here. We hope they will always aim at something worth having and then "get there," so to speak.

The Juniors will soon come into power and with the co-operation of the alumni and undergraduates may the next STUDENT be even a greater success than it has been in previous years.

How fine our grounds look! Much credit is due to our Principal and to base ball enthusiasts for the way in which our lawn is being kept up this spring.

How tastefully the school-room was decorated Memorial Day! Art is lurking among the Freshman class. We trust it will show itself next year.

Where is our Freshman social? Never mind, Freshies, you will shine next year.

Memorial Day at Arms.

Following the custom established last year, Memorial Day was appropriately observed at Arms. Decorations of American flags and red, white and blue bunting were tastefully arranged about the main room

by the Freshmen. Mr. Lorenzo Griswold and Mr. Arthur Smith were the speakers. The exercises also included a recitation by Miss Spencer, '04, and a declamation by H. P. Bailey, '04. The school chorus rendered music.

Mr. Griswold took for his theme: The great central factor of the Civil War—Abraham Lincoln—and carefully traced the remarkable points in his noble life. The speaker expressed the opinion that Lincoln is scarcely second to Washington and dwelt upon his unique personality and strong character, which won respect and admiration throughout the land. Although of lowliest descent and without early educational advantages, Lincoln studied law and entered politics at an early age. Mr. Griswold put especial emphasis on the famous debates with Stephen Douglas which, altho they lost Lincoln his Senatorship, later gained for him his nomination and election to the presidency in 1860.

The speaker then compared the lives of Lincoln and Washington. Both had many difficulties to overcome in the fulfillment of their duties to the nation. Both men were similar in magnitude of character. One preserved the nation which the other had formed. The years of the presidency of Lincoln were intense for he carried the burdens of a nation in the most eventful period of its history.

In closing, Mr. Griswold emphasized the two great services of Lincoln: The preservation of the Union and the Emancipation of the Slaves for which he will always be revered by the colored people.

The keynote to Mr. Smith's address was the patriotism of the common soldiers during the Civil War. As an example, he cited the late General Bartlett who re-

enlisted twice after being severely wounded. Mr. Smith recalled the memories of the call for troops and the enthusiasm shown at the time. He quoted some statistics showing the enormous loss of life in some of the battles of the Civil War, as compared with the total loss of life in our Second War with Great Britain, and our War with Mexico combined. The reverence for the G. A. R. Veterans is steadily increasing. The dead are not dead in the memory of the people. One fact which Mr. Smith especially remarked upon, was the youth of many of the soldiers who gave up education and made sacrifices to fight for the Union. In conclusion, the speaker urged the young people to stand for the right but, "Right or Wrong, My Country!"

L. E. S., '04.

Sunset.

How glorious is the quiet sunset,
As in Spring it meets our view,
With its hundred radiant colors,
Gold and pink upon the blue!
Such bright ethereal splendor
Brings the Sun-god to his rest,
Flooding with its golden glory
All the portals of the West.

First there come the rosy fringes
From an everchanging cloud;
Then again the king is circled
In a brilliant saffron shroud.
Bands of blue and flecks of silver,
And between them may be seen
Spaces of a nameless color,
Changing to the palest green.

Ruby, amethyst and purple,
Intermingling with the blue,
And the yellow of the topaz
And sardonyx varied hue,
Sapphire, emerald and the onyx.
Make a rainbow in the sky,
And we see the Holy City
Coming to us from on high.

And the scene of Heavenly beauty
Brighter still, more brightly glows,
'Till almost without a warning
Each one softer, fainter grows;
Still the lovely shadings linger,
Dimming to an opal hue.
And the very gates of Heaven
Seem to open wide to you.

Slowly, as the sun sinks lower,
Fades each charming brilliant hue,
As at last the orb of sunlight
Sinks completely out of view.
Then the little birds come homeward,
And the darkness doth increase,
But the sunset's silent message
Fills your heart with love and peace.

Strength and joy are in the message,
Calm and awe your beings fill,
And the glories of the sunset
Hold your hearts all hushed and still,
And you sit in silent wonder,
Gazing calmly at the sky,
'Till the stars are twinkling brightly
And the new moon sails on high.

Thus the sunset speaks to mortals,
Bidding them forget their care;
All's not toil and weary labor,
Some things yet are pure and fair.
Cease, my child, from your repinings,
Come and watch the mellow glory,
Let the radiant sunset teach you
There is brightness in Life's story.

FANNY E. KENDRICK, 1904.

The Horse Auction.

It was on a mild forenoon in March, when the rapidly melting snow had left the highway in a very muddy condition, that a motley crowd of men and boys had collected before a well-known sale-stable to witness an auction of horses which was scheduled to take place at ten-thirty. There were brawny farmers from far and near with their awkward sons who swagged around, their hands in their pockets, trying not to appear green. There were

the town citizens who came not to bid on anything but just to see the fun; and then the crowd was thickly sprinkled with portly, well-dressed gentlemen who looked as if they could show a tidy wad of greenbacks. These last were from distant parts, many of them being horse-fanciers of more or less renown, and were the ones who were going to do a good deal of the bidding.

At the appointed time the auctioneer with his clerk and collector climbed into a bright-colored lumber wagon stationed for the purpose against the building. Immediately, the crowd pressed in toward this common center. After the two minor officials were seated at a small table in the wagon the auctioneer began in this wise:

"Now, gentlemen," he said in a loud distinct voice, "we're going to open the day by selling off a few smaller articles that need to be put where they'll do some good, and then we'll proceed to the horses."

So saying he picked up a robe from a pile of second-hand articles at his feet. "Here's a good, warm, fur lap-robe; been worn a little, as you see, but it's just the thing for the one that wants it. 'Tisn't torn, the lining's all right, and it's a good robe. Now, gentlemen, what are you going to give me for it? What are you going to start it at?"

The auctioneer looked questioningly at the men before him. "Who's going to start it?" he urged.

"Fifty-cents!" came from somewhere in the crowd.

"I've got fifty cents," echoed the auctioneer. "Make it a dollar."

"Dollar!" said a tall man in sheepskin leggings and blue overalls.

"A dollar I've got. Give me two. Who'll make it two?"

A knowing chap in front nodded his head.

"I've got two dollars, make it a half. Who'll give me two'n' a half?"

"Two dollars, make it two'n' a half," repeated the auctioneer after fifteen seconds of silence.

"Who's going to give me two'n' a half?" Another assenting nod. "Two'n' a half, make it three. Give me three."

"Three dollars," said a loud voice.

"Three I've got. Give me a half. It's a pretty good robe, gentlemen, and it's going cheap. Don't I hear three'n' a half?"

"Right here."

"Good! I've got three dollars'n' a half. Make it four?"

No answer.

"Make it four, John?" asked the auctioneer looking at a man who had bid once.

"Nope."

"Who's going to give four? Come, gentlemen, don't be slow."

After an interval of silence had elapsed and the auctioneer saw that no higher bid was forthcoming, he resumed in a final tone, "Three dollars and a half once!—twice!—three times and I've sold it to Mr.—," and he tossed the robe to a white bearded old gentleman on the wagon-seat. So the auctioneer went through the same process with blankets, dusters, feed-bags, pieces of harness, chains, ropes and so forth, springing a joke on someone now and then, or getting off some wit on the goods he was putting up.

By the time the man who had been sup-

plying the auctioneer with articles, announced that everything was out, it was noon and the crowd was requested to come back after dinner when the horses would be brought out.

At half past one o'clock a crowd threefold that of the morning had collected anticipating some lively bidding.

The owner of the stable had recently received a carload of fine horses from the West. The majority were large animals, fit for heavy teaming, but there were also several nice drivers.

Men had come in before the auction and formed their opinions. Several had centered their hopes on a little pair of buckskins, which were tied in a box-stall where they could be easily examined, and many admiring eyes were turned upon a pretty span of grays.

The afternoon session opened with the selling of the largest horses in the stable, a pair of powerful roans. Next a driving horse was brought out. While the auctioneer was exercising his lungs in behalf of this one, two hostlers were hitching the buckskins to a light buggy preparatory to showing them off.

When the dealer saw that the horse under fire was about to be sold, he ordered his first assistant to drive the buckskins up the road. Amid splashing of mud and a general breaking away of the crowd the spirited beasts pranced out into the road under the guidance of an experienced driver. Nearly everyone who was not bidding on the other horse turned to watch the pair. There were nods and winks of approval, and such remarks were heard as, "There's the team for you." "Those are the ones that'll fetch the money," or "They can cover the ground, too."

As the team passed around a bend the crowd again turned to the auctioneer just as he was saying, "One hundred and eighty-five once!—a hundred and eighty-five twice!—a hundred and eighty-five three times, and I've sold him right here to Mr.—."

With hardly a pause, showing that he also had seen something besides his immediate work, the auctioneer requested in a higher voice, "Now, gentlemen, I want you to watch the buckskins coming down the road. Here they come, well driven, too."

All eyes were now upon the rapidly approaching team. The horses, one with a white face, were holding their intelligent heads so high that their checkreins hung loose. They lifted their feet in unison, while their knee action showed plenty of vim.

"Bring them in, Walt," said the owner as the team flashed by the stable. Accordingly, the driver deftly turned his steeds and drew them up before the stable door. Almost before they came to a standstill the hostlers were unhitching the horses, and in a short time, with new halters and no harness, the buckskins were led into the circle around the lumber wagon.

"Gentlemen," said the auctioneer, "I know you have been waiting for these horses and I don't wonder. Now, friend," turning to a short, stocky man with a pleasant clean-shaven face and a whip in his hand, "What have you got to say about them?"

The gentleman addressed, for he was the horse-dealer, stepped forward saying, "They weigh about twenty-one hundred, coming six years old, are sound as a dollar, and are thoroughly broken. There isn't a better pair o' horses in the state."

"They weigh twenty-one hundred," repeated the auctioneer, "coming six, well-broken, and perfectly sound. Now, gentlemen, what are you going to give for them? What are you going to start them at?"

There was no hesitation this time and the prompt reply was, "A hundred and fifty!"

"I've got a hundred and fifty dollars. Make it two. Who'll go two?"

"I will," said a sporty, fullfaced gentleman with a light-colored soft hat pulled well over his dark eyebrows.

"Two hundred dollars, give a half. Make it a half."

A pause followed during which several men were examining the buckskins from tooth to hoof.

"Who'll give two'n' a half?" urged the auctioneer.

"Two twenty-five," essayed a high-keyed voice.

"Two fifty, said another.

I've got two fifty, go three. Give three."

The fullfaced gentleman nodded.

"Three hundred dollars I've got. Make it a quarter."

And so bidding for the buckskins went on till the price stuck at three hundred and seventy-five dollars. Then the horse-dealer ordered one of his hostlers "to run 'em out." Accordingly, as the crowd parted and the owner's long whip cracked, the buckskins bounded forward with startled strides, but immediately settled into a graceful trot when they were clear of the spectators.

The pair had gone only a few rods when the call came, "Bring 'em back. That's far enough." Turning them sharply the

hostler brought the horses to their previous position before the stand. "Now, gentlemen," resumed the auctioneer, "you've seen them trot and I don't think you found anything the matter with 'em. I've got three hundred and seventy-five dollars for the buckskins. They're worth more than that, gentlemen. Make it eighty."

"Three eighty," said a man with a bushy, dark-red beard.

"Three eighty I've got, go five," repeated the auctioneer leaning forward and looking earnestly at the men in front. He must have received a wink, for after a short pause he nodded his head with satisfaction saying, "Good! I've got three-eighty-five; make it ninety, go ninety!"

"Three eighty-five, go ninety! Three eighty-five, make it ninety!"

No answer.

"Go ninety?" inquired the auctioneer.

Finally the fullfaced man consented, but talk as he might the master of ceremonies couldn't get a higher bid, so he said, "Gentlemen, this is your last chance, for I've got to sell them. More horses to come yet. Three ninety once!—three ninety twice!—three ninety three times and I've sold them to Mr.—"

S. C. B., '05.

The Beauties of Nature.

[Being two conditions and a conclusion.]

If we arise bright and early, expecting, as we have gathered from the spring poets, to hear the birds twittering in the trees while the early sunbeams filter thru the leaves;

But if, alas, the singing of a belated mosquito greets our ear as we awake to find the rain filtering instead of the sunbeams;

Therefore, seeing that we started to write on the beauties of nature but are prevented by the Dame herself, we ring off.

F. RUSSELL, '05.

Forgotten.

At the top of a green hillside, where the noise of the trollies and locomotives is unheard, remains an old cemetery. No road leads to the spot, and the once well-built stone wall which surrounds it, has gradually succumbed to storm and time, and in some places allows the wandering cattle to feed upon the green mounds over the unknown graves.

The frost and winds have forced the old black flagstones to sag to the right and to the left, while some bow with reverence over the dead whose memory they alone can recall.

Curious epitaphs are scarcely legible, and the dates carry us back to the stories of olden times. Slender grass flowers and strawberry blossoms alone deck these forgotten graves and Memorial Day is unknown to their solitude.

G. TURTON, '05.

In Church.

Did you ever notice how differently people come into church? Some walk slowly and calmly up the aisle to their seats; some drop into the nearest pew as if afraid to be looked at; and others rush in as if blown by a hurricane.

The children are most interesting to watch. Yesterday one little boy was fairly dragged down the aisle by his mother, who propelled him by one of his arms. The little fellow held a cap before a small, round red face, while his new, shiny, creak-

ing, heavy shoes stumbled all over his mother's dress and against the ends of the seats he passed. Two little girls came smiling in, proud of their white starched dresses, and big flower-wreathed hats. Then came two boys. The smallest one was comical enough as he was very short and fat, and he hid his face in his arm. His brother tried to pull him along, but Johnny wouldn't go. Then brother pushed, and Johnny almost ran up the aisle to his seat.

A lady came in bringing a little girl, who did not seem a bit bashful. She looked around, watching everything and everybody, and when her mother wasn't looking climbed upon the back of the seat, and seeing her grandfather near by, exclaimed, "Oh, mamma, dere's Gampa. Gampa, Gampa, dot any tandy for me?" She was much disappointed when she had to turn around.

M. C. MONAHAM, '07.

The Call of Nature.

As my eyes rove around the room on these warm sultry afternoons, I now and then see one of my companions staring vacantly thru the open window at the distant mountain side. Prompted by that great characteristic of human nature, curiosity, my own eyes seek to find the object which holds the attention of others, but my purpose lasts only an instant. As I behold the beauty of the woods, an indescribable longing comes to me, a longing to rush from the heat and study of school and stretch myself beneath those great trees. There all petty worry and care would flee from my mind as dew before the sunshine. I should see only green leaves with a background of blue sky, and birds flying from

branch to branch. Only these! but the world affords no sweeter music or greater sights.

Is it strange that my neighbor's eyes had a vacant look? Do you wonder that we neglect to study the books of man, when the great book of nature lies open before our eyes? It needs no tutor to explain its pages or encourage our interest. It has over us a subtle influence which cannot be analyzed.

It is this influence which sends us tramping over the hills, gun in hand; which makes us wade along some slippery bottomed stream, until we are wet to the skin and nearly crazy with mosquito bites. It is the influence that anyone can understand—the call of Nature.

"When ye hear the pipers play
Lift the door latch, and away."

RALPH H. PETERSON, '05.

The Value and Peculiarities of Ginseng.

Till recently the plant Ginseng was more or less of a mystery; and those who were familiar with its name, often knew little about its value or its home in the woods.

Now-a-days, however, there are plenty of young men acquainted with the cool shady forests around their home town, who are using many of their spare moments searching with eagerness for this fascinating plant. For it bears a root worth forty-three and three-fourths cents per ounce, when well-dried.

One reason why it has become known, is that it has gone into cultivation, and of course it is impossible to keep the name and value in medicinal use quiet, when hundreds are really employed in Ginseng farming.

Forty years ago, men would go out and gather a bushel of the root in eight hours, and sell it for fifty cents a pound before it was dried. That would bring about one dollar and fifty cents per pound dry, as it decreases about two-thirds in weight. But we cannot wonder about the advance in price from one and a half to seven dollars, when we know that a man now who has experience in the work, cannot find on an average more than one pound of the unseasoned root in a day. Every summer companies of men go thru our New England States, scouring every spot of timbered land, where the experienced eye may find some of the precious plants. Again, the old honored trees in our woods are fast disappearing, and as the plant needs perfect shade, this is a great detriment to its increase.

Fifteen years ago the thot of plucking its red berries, and planting them in a garden never occurred, but now, that is one of the principal characteristics of the Ginseng hunter.

Now the question is, which will be more beneficial to our New England people in general, the cultivation of this peculiar plant, or a law prohibiting its devastation in the wild woods? Each question seems to be supported by good argument. For if the cultivation of Ginseng is to flood the markets, the price must surely decrease, and great quantities exported into China will make the root so plentiful that it will sink to a common level instead of being a rarity.

On the other hand, if people do not learn to cultivate it and if in a few years so much of our first growth timber will be cut off, that no field for its increase as a wild plant will exist, then what will be-

come of the immense trade which has sprung up?

If the Legislature could prevent the destruction of our forests, I believe the plant should be left in its natural growth, but at present the argument in favor of its tillage is far stronger. It is only one more case of enterprise in the American people; for thirty years ago the thot of making it thrive anywhere except in deep forests was called absurd. Experiments surely lead to some good results, and no particular harm has come yet from the increase of export.

Surely every lover of wild flowers should make a study of this plant, because it is almost human in its methods of concealing itself. Only an experienced man can find it with any success, for only in little crevices, among almost impassible brush heaps, and on high ledges, can it be found old enough to be valuable. I judge it fears people because I always find the most beautiful stately plant under a projecting ledge, its slender green stalk slightly bent, seeking what little light it can secure from the flickering ray of the sun penetrating the leafy canopy above the ledge. And sometimes dozens of youngsters surround this plant, showing how it foiled the rain which attempted to carry the seeds to a lower level, where after springing up they would be devoured by the Ginseng hunter. Not even the birds could find the plant in this secluded spot, to eat the red berries, or carry them to some spot where they would not grow.

In spite of these peculiarities, it has its regular manner of growth, and an old hand at this work can stand on some distant knoll in a pasture, and pick out the spots where he will be likely to find it. It

will not, as a rule, flourish where there are evergreen trees, red oak or white birch; but where the hunter can see a strip of heavy timber, thru which a deep valley curves, and can see the peculiar green foilage of the butternut, or the huge leaves of the basswood, there he will direct his footsteps instantly, and be lost from the world in his eagerness to find the natural treasure.

L. E. B. '05.

Nature Notes.

The domestic life of the bird is mostly the subject for observation by the ornithologist in June. The various ways of courtship are extremely interesting. The flicker is one of the most amusing sights as he sidles and bobs along the branch toward his desired mate. The purple finch flutters and sings his sweetest, while the little brown female appears quite unmoved.

The choice of nesting site is a very important matter. The blue-bird hides her eggs in a knot hole or box which some bird lover has provided. The oriole swings her hammock on the highest twig on the elm tree. In the low growth of bushes we may find the nests of the warbler kin and small sparrows. The woods shelter the thrushes. In an older swamp on a tuft of grass is a rather large nest with three blue eggs. On approaching the place, the tawny form of a veery thrush is seen to slip away into the thickets. In the pines the black-throated blue warbler sings his "zee zee-e-zee" song, and the south wind blowing among the ripened cones sends the winged seeds in showers on the recently stripped pine-lands. The oven-bird daintly trips along among the pitcher

plants and their cannibal cousins, the round leafed sundews. Then comes a monotonous call from out of the small tree-tops, and after our patience is about gone, we spy a dainty warbler with a head like the chickadee's and body striped like the black-and-white warbler. This is certainly the back-poll. One fine day we hear the imitation of an oriole's song interrupted by frequent "cat-calls" and we recognize the cat-bird, an able representative of the mockers.

Over the meadow grass, yellow with buttercups, skim the steel blue swallows. And the bobolinks sing in the grass.

Along the river, walk the spotted sandpiper and the small least also. The kingfisher darts into the reflected sky for fish, while in the trees, the various species of vireos warble and talk all day long. Toward evening the wood thrushes begin their vespers, and, as the twilight deepens, the chimney swifts poise over the large chimneys and disappear into their depths. An old supposition was that they hibernated in the mud. Now we know that they assemble in mighty flocks in the autumn near our southern limits and thence disappear no man knows where! Soon the nighthawk cracks the even air with his harsh call, and when the katy-did awakes, there follows a dispute. The moon then arises and covers the earth with its mellow light; the quiet settles; and thru the night the whip-poor-will calls like a sentinel, "All is well, All is well."

H. W. S., '07.

Athletic Notes.

ATHOL 5, ARMS 2.

APRIL 30. Arms played her first game of ball with Athol H. S. at Athol. Arms was defeated by 3 points, the score be-

ing 5 to 2. Each team struck out seven times and in all only five hits were made. Arms made a few costly errors which allowed Athol her victory.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	AB	H	E
Arms	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	30	2	6
Athol	0	0	1	0	1	1	2	0	0	27	3	4

DRURY 12, ARMS 8.

MAY 6. Arms was defeated by Drury H. S. on her own ground, the score being 12 to 8. Arms played a poor game in all respects while Drury's playing could easily have been bettered. Blanshan made a home run for Drury when two men were on bases.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	AB	H	E
Arms	3	1	0	3	1	0	0	0	0	31	8	8
Drury	0	2	5	0	0	0	1	4	0	42	10	6

OAKMAN 14, ARMS 18.

MAY 11. Arms played Oakman H. S. at Turners Falls. Arms had decided to turn the table and win. All thru the game Arms played hard and batted strong, making one home run, one three base hit, and two two base hits. Oakman also made one three base hit. Bird struck out 13 men.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	AB	H	E
Arms	2	0	4	3	4	1	0	4	0	46	17	6
Oakman	1	1	2	1	0	5	1	0	3	44	13	8

ADAMS 6, ARMS 8.

MAY 14. Arms defeated Adams H. S. at Adams by a score of 8 to 6. Arms won this game on her heavy batting making 13 hits. Turton kept up his good record making a three base hit and two singles. Mitchell, Bird and Tolman made two base hits and the rest came in for their share of singles.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	AB	H	E
Arms	0	3	0	1	1	1	0	2	35	13	6
Adams	3	1	2	0	0	0	0	0			

ATHOL 8, ARMS 5.

MAY 18. Arms played Athol at Shelburne Falls and was again defeated. This time the score was 8 to 5. It had rained all day and when it was time to play, was still raining hard. This placed both teams at a disadvantage for the ball soon became too heavy to throw or bat. Both teams made nine hits. Bird and Davis struck out five men for Arms and Balcolm four.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	AB	H	E
Arms	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	3	0	36	9	7
Athol	1	2	4	1	0	0	0	0	0	49	9	6

PITTSFIELD 8, ARMS 1.

MAY 21. Arms played Pittsfield H. S. at Pittsfield and was defeated by 8 to 1. Arms didn't do much more then make four hits, while Pittsfield made seven.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	AB	H	E
Arms	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	33	4	7
Pittsfield	4	0	1	0	0	1	1	1		35	7	5

DICKINSON 6, ARMS 9.

MAY 25. Arms defeated Dickinson Academy by a score of 9 to 6. Dickinson started the game off by making four runs in the first inning, while Arms was shut out in the first two. Dickinson allowed several runs to come in on errors. Arms made two double plays which helped to make it a short game.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	AB	H	E
Arms	0	0	4	2	0	2	0	1		32	8	5
Dickinson	4	0	0	0	1	0	1	0	0	35	6	7

DICKINSON 8, ARMS 6.

Memorial day Arms was defeated by Dickinson Academy at Deerfield. Arms lost this game by poor playing, making many costly errors and only getting a few hits.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	AB	H	E
Arms	2	0	0	0	2	0	0	2	0	36	8	7
Dickinson	0	0	2	3	1	1	1	0		34	5	2

DRURY 3, ARMS 7.

JUNE 1. Arms went to North Adams to defeat Drury H. S. for an end up of the season. Arms played hard, hitting sure and making everything count. Tolman made his two hits which he hasn't failed to do except in two games. Arms came away greatly pleased with the fair work of the umpire.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	AB	H	E
Arms	2	0	2	0	2	1	0	0	0	37	4	7
Drury	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	1	34	9	7

PO	A	E	AVG	NAME	AB	R	H	AVE
5	1	0	1000	Turton r. f.	38	12	10	262
19	12	10	756	Pike 2d	41	11	11	268
53	2	6	902	Bailey 1st	20	6	4	200
77	6	6	933	Ball c.	37	6	6	162
8	0	1	875	Mitchell c. f.	34	3	6	176
8	35	2	956	Bird p, 2d	36	5	9	250
4	20	13	649	Patch s. s.	35	6	5	143
4	3	1	875	Davis p.	7	2	2	286
6	2	2	800	Halligan l. f.	24	5	7	292
14	18	15	690	Tolman 3rd	29	9	15	517
32	0	5	780	Sears 1st	14	1	3	214

The above is the average of the work of the different players for the season of 1904.

Class Notes.

1904.

1904 begins to think that Arms Academy is a pretty good place after all.

Will some member of the Sol. Geom. class please solve this problem: Given a moonlight night and a white shawl, to find Swiftie's arm.

1905.

This year is almost over;
Senior year draws nigh,
When this long week is over
Junior year, "Good-bye."

Members of 1905 may have a vacation from making fools of themselves until September, as this is the last issue of class notes for this year.

Why is it that Bird enjoys tennis so much of late?

Wood has recently had a light attack of German measles.

P-t-n translating "Il palit et parut avoir a peine." "He paled and seemed to have a pain."

We thank everyone that came when the Juniors gave in return for a quarter, a full and variegated line of orations in Academy Hall on June 20th.

1906.

March has discovered a perforated screen with a hole in it. Pike has found that church organs are self-tuning; and, on the whole, the term since the last issue of the "Student," has been spent in much successful investigation by the class of '06.

Teacher in Physics—Why does a laundryman hold a flatiron near his face instead of near his hand to test its temperature?

Stanford—He might burn his hand.

1907.

The History class have been stuffing dates, and think the only way is to have the hard part first removed.

Barns near the farm where Terry works seem to keep him so busy as to cause prolonged absences from school.

What an alarming state Porter is getting into. He plays tennis till 7 o'clock, and then takes a seven mile ride, all to get up an appetite so that he will be able to eat a square meal. We trust the corners of it don't hurt.

Alumni Notes.

Ruth Canedy, '96 has returned from two years' course of study abroad.

The marriage is announced of Joseph Ballard, '97 of Griswoldville, to Miss Mary Ellen Whelpley of Washington D. C.

Herbert Ware, '99 is at St. Louis, Mo., his address is, Clarkson Concession Co., Louisiana Purchase Exposition.

Fannie Oakman '00, graduates from Smith College this June.

Mabel Ware, '01, graduates from North Adams Normal School in June.

Anna Merrill, '03, is spending a few weeks with friends in town.

With A Mouse.

One night when my friend Kate was at the house we had quite an adventure with a mouse. When we went to bed I threw my shoe down near the bureau, when a small mouse ran with all speed directly toward Kate. She spied him and with an awful shriek and one leap landed on the bed.

I grabbed a stick from the towel-rack and routed the poor frightened creature out from under a big chair, where he was trying to regain the breath knocked out of him by Kate's awful shriek. Well, we began a race around the room! Such blows as I dealt the unoffending floor and furniture. All at once Sir Mouse made a heroic leap for the bed and I sent after him a desperate blow. But oh! another shriek worse than the other, and I realized with my feet tangled up in chair rounds that I had struck poor Kate. She made another

wild leap breaking the lamp chimney and putting out the light.

I groped my way out of the dark room to go for another lamp. To tell the truth, I was rather pleased at hitting poor Kate who "didn't feel the blow at all." Well, after I returned, I found that Kate had got a chair and put it on the bed, and was there perched, looking tearful and scared. I noticed she was nursing a large bump on her forehead, but she said nothing. Sir Mouse had evidently taken his exit, so at last I succeeded in coaxing Kate to leave her perch and come down to earth once more. And when I began to laugh she saw the ridiculous side, dried her eyes and we went to sleep between our giggles.

NELLIE SMEAD, '04.

Exchanges.

This month we are put in touch with China by "The Yellow Dragon" of Queen's College, Hong-Kong.

The *Lookout* has an interesting article, "Third Class in an Ocean Liner." The *Lookout* is especially good this month.

The *Red and Black* is up to its usual standard.

The *Spectator* has made some excellent criticisms in its exchange column of the March number.

The commencement number of *The Blade*, is worthy of comment, being one of our best exchanges.

The exchange department of the *Kiskiminetan* could be improved.

The *Owl* and the *Imp* have excellent cuts in the May numbers.

The articles, "The True Benedict Arnold" in the *S. H. S. Review*, and "Major John Andre" in the *Academy Graduate*, are well written and instructive.

The *Red and the Blue* has several short, interesting stories.

The cuts in *The Phonograph* are worth having.

"When you makes fun o' what you doesn't understand," said Uncle Eben, "you wants to stop a minute an' guess whether you is showin' you' smahtness or yoh ig'nance."—*Washington Star*.

Lady of the house (shivering)—"Has the furnace gone out, Bridget?"

Bridget—"I think not, mum; I've been at the gate all the evening with a gentleman, and it didn't go by me, mum, I'm sure."

"Talking about natural pictures," said a home artist, "I painted a hen on a scrap of paper so natural that when I threw it in the basket it laid there."—*Trinity Bazaar*.

Clerk—"Sir! could you give me a little raise in salary? I've just been married."

Employer—"No, young man, I am opposed to unions advancing the price of labor."—*Puck*.

"Goodness! we'll be late to the opera," she said impatiently. "We've been waiting a good many minutes for that mother of mine."

"Hours, I should say," he replied somewhat testily.

"Ours?" she cried rapturously. "O, George, this is so sudden." And she fell on his neck.—*Ex*.

SING A SONG OF STREET CARS.

Sing a song of street cars,
Seats all full mit chaps;
Four and twenty ladies
Hanging by der straps;

Ven der door vas opened
Der men began to read
All der advertisements
Aboud new breakfast feed.

All der vimmen, smiling,
Hopped from feet to feets,
Bud der Mucilage Brothers
Stuck fast to der seats.—*Ex*.

He stood on the bridge at midnight
Disturbing my sweet repose;
For he was a tall mosquito,
And the bridge was the bridge of my nose.—*Ex*.

Father (to son, as they were visiting the Bunker Hill monument).—My son, here is where Warren fell.

Son (gazing from top to bottom of the monument).—Did it kill him?

Conductor (to lady passenger)—"Haven't you anything smaller than this dollar, ma'am?"

The Lady—"Why, of course. How stupid of me! Here is a five-dollar gold piece."

A German looked up at the sky and remarked, "I guess a leedle id vill rain some-dime pooty quick."

"Yees do, eh?" said the Irishman. "What business have you to pretend to know about the American weather, ye furringaloot."—*Ex*.

"Just to think of it," she said proudly as the voice of her son rose above the others in the college yell, "Sam and all those other boys conversing in Greek just as natural and easy as if it was their native tongue."—*Acadia Athenaeum*.

"Jacob, we no wind de clock tonight, pizness vas so dult; ve vill save de veear and tear on he veeis."

"What's the row over on the next street?"

"Only a wooden wedding."

"Wooden wedding?"

"Yes; a couple of poles getting married."—*Princeton Tiger*.

IT CAME NATURAL.

Japanese Officer (to captured Russian spy)—Didn't you find it hard to swallow all those dispatches?

Spy—Oh, no, you see I used to work in a breakfast food factory; and there I had to taste all the foods.

—THE—

GAZETTE

—AND—

COURIER,

Greenfield, Mass.

Is The Leading Paper.
Brings the Most Money
to Advertisers.

C. W. WRIGHT, M. D.

OCULIST.

Eye, ear, nose and throat. Glasses properly fitted by the only oculist in the city. Eye and ear surgeon to city hospital.

Office hours { 9 to 12 a. m.
2 to 5 p. m.
7 to 8 p. m.

Dowlin Block,

North Adams.

Patronize our Advertisers.

BURLINGAME & DARBYS CO.,

Hardware and Drugs.

Athletic Goods,
Baseballs.

The Reach Line National League Goods.

PRICE LOW.

NORTH ADAMS, MASS.

DUCHESS TROUSERS

WARRANTY

You may buy a pair of *Dutchess* Wool Trousers and wear them Two Months. For every Suspender Button that comes off we will pay you *Ten Cents*. If they rip at the Waist Band we will pay you *Fifty Cents*. If they rip in the seat or elsewhere, we will pay you *One Dollar* or *Give you a New Pair*.

F. E. MERRICK,

Sole Agent.

WANTS.
YOU WANT "THE STUDENT,"
WE WANT YOUR SUBSCRIPTION.
Our Advertisers want your Trade.

Are you satisfied that you have filled all these wants?

Variety Store.

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

S. SCHMIDT,
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.

When in need of
CHOICE GROCERIES,
Canned Goods, the best of Flour, Fruits
and Nuts, you will find them 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.

Notice to Advertisers.

Next year's advertisements will be so-
lited by

F. SIDNEY WOOD, '05.

C. D. SPENCER & CO.

Can be depended upon
for EVERYTHING in

Seasonable Mid-Summer

DRY GOODS

and you can be sure the
quality and prices are

RIGHT.

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.

H. M. PUFFER,
Attorney-at-Law,
Shelburne Falls, Mass.

SHELBURNE FALLS MARBLE
COMPANY.

The Temple Brothers (Incorporated) Proprietors.

DEALERS IN

MARBLE and GRANITE WORK
of every description.

F. L. CHAPMAN, Manager.

Shelburne Falls, - - Mass.

COLRAIN HOTEL,

C. J. RUSSELL,
Proprietor.

Livery connected. Steam Heated throughout.

COLRAIN, MASS.

W. E. MANSFIELD,
Attorney-at-Law,
Shelburne Falls, Mass.

C. H. & C. L. KNOWLTON,

DEALERS IN

Crawford Cooking Ranges

WITH "SINGLE DAMPER."

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

No. 4 Bridge St., Shelburne Falls.

Patronize our Advertisers.

Hardware,
Agricultural Tools, *
Seeds,

*

Paints and Oils,
Paper Hangings,
Brushes,

Cutlery,
Guns and Pistols, *
Fishing Tackle.

The largest stock of reliable goods at
reasonable prices to be found in western
Franklin.

H. NEWELL & CO.,
Shelburne Falls.

Kindling Wood

In bundles, 25 for \$1.00.

HENRY W. WARE.

Elevator. Office "DAVIS' STORE."

New Line of Cigars and Tobacco

—AT—

HERRING'S VARIETY STORE.

Also a full line of School Supplies and Toys.
Also mileage books to rent.

CHAS. HERRING.

BUY YOUR

PINE-APPLES

For Canning

THIS WEEK AT

G. E. DAVIS'.

STUDIO

of J. K. PATCH, Photographer,
Cor. Main and Bridge Sts.,
SHELBURNE FALLS, MASS.
Everything first-class and up-to-date.

Remember that we are headquarters for Crayons Water
Colors and French Pastels and can save you dollars and
give you better work for the money than any agent that
travels. I have a new style called the Imperial which can-
not fail to please you. Please call and see our work and
get prices. A large stock of Frames constantly on hand,
also a large line of Albums for Amateur work.

All sizes of Photographs at bottom prices. Special rates
on classes and family pictures.

J. K. PATCH,
Shelburne Falls, Mass.

PIANOS AND ORGANS.

Gramophones \$15 to \$60.

New Records every week.

A FULL LINE OF SMALL GOODS.

CLUETT & SONS,

16 State Street, - NORTH ADAMS, MASS.

Established 1892

STEPHEN LANE FOLGER,
180 Broadway, NEW YORK.

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.

Undertakers and Funeral Directors.

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.

Men's Canvas Shoes.

The Smartest and Swellest Shoe a Man
can wear in "The Good Old Sum-
mer Time" is a
LINEN OR CANVAS SHOE.

Shelburne Historical Society

Great rush for them this Season.

JENKS & AMSTEIN,
Shelburne Falls, Mass.

I should be pleased to
have you try my

**COLLEGE ICES,
ICE CREAM SODA
or ICE CREAM.**

They are as good as any
ones.

Give them a trial.

C. W. WARD,
Prop. of Ward's Ice Cream Parlors,
SHELBURNE FALLS, MASS.

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

Opposite Postoffice.
Heath telephone.

ASSISTED BY
GUY O. TOWER, D. D. S.

We Are Headquarters

for all the LATEST

BREAKFAST FOODS,

GIVE US A TRIAL ORDER.

W. K. CARPENTER,

Leading Grocer,

SHELBURNE FALLS, MASS.

Patronize our Advertisers.