



Shelburne Historical Society
The Arms
Student

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

VOL XVII

NO 3

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

THE ARMS STUDENT.

VOL. XVII. SHELBURNE FALLS, MASS., MARCH, 1904. No. 3

PUBLISHED EVERY SIX WEEKS BY AUTHORITY OF ARMS ACADEMY.

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

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 DEANE R. DAVIS, '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.

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

Editorials.

We always knew that work was necessary in some ways, for life, but now we are told, that life depends upon electricity,

and that much must be obtained by outdoor exercise and sunlight. In practical life, if anything is puzzling, go to work, at anything, but work. It puts one in a frame of mind to solve problems.

The basketball season is drawing to a close, much to the regret of eight basket throwers, for a successful series of games has been played under the management of Harold E. Crosier and Frank Tolman (Capt.). One more game still clings to the schedule, which will be played on March 12th, with the fast Gardner High School team.

The day which commemorates the birth of Abraham Lincoln has come and gone. It passed somewhat quietly at Arms, for Rev. Mr. Robinson's forceful talk on the strength of Lincoln's character, made it a thoughtful day for the students. Mr. Robinson dwelt on the fact of Lincoln's ability to rise from the lowest walks of life to the highest position of fame and favor. Again he said that the reason of our having the highest credit was not on account of natural resources but through American manhood. He pictured Mr. Taft, our recently chosen Secretary of War, and his work in the Philippine Islands, as a model of true manhood and what it can accomplish. Lincoln's position in the Hall of Fame was mentioned, then his wonderful physique and also his honesty in respect to small affairs as well as great.

Mr. Robinson said that all of these things tend to make up American manhood. The words of Kolcorn's poem on Lincoln, which Mr. Robinson read at the close, seemed to simply second the words of this worthy talk, and no doubt it was just what the students needed for a finishing touch, to leave their minds full of noble thoughts concerning the man who could wield the axe or govern a nation.

The Tricker Tricked.

On a warm day not long ago two young men, whom we will call Dick and Bill, were out fox hunting. The world was just thawing out after a severe cold snap, and squirrels, woodpeckers, snowbirds, and somewhere a fox with two dogs on his trail were working the frost out of their joints.

What most concerned Dick and Bill was the whereabouts of this fox. Three hours before, the crest of a long, bare hill had cut off the baying of the hounds, and aside from a dozen yelps as the quarry led them across a far-off gulch, the boys had heard nothing of the dogs.

So about one o'clock in the after-noon the hungry hunters started for the locality where they had last seen the chase, in hopes of catching the dogs and travelling homeward. But this was not to be, for, if they had only known it, the hounds were three miles to the northeast. Dick and Bill were about to give up the day's sport as a bad job when Dick stopped short with, "Bill, ain't that a fox sitting out there on the horizon?"

"Is it, or is it a dog?"

"Looks too big for a fox."

But just then the animal rose to its feet and plainly showed itself to be a fox. It

was a stray one which had been roused from its bed in the woods when the dogs went through on the track of the other.

This one stood there nearly half a mile away, his nose in air and his fine brush drooping gracefully behind. He was plainly uneasy and the hunters knew he would be apt to see them if they should move.

Presently reynard dropped lightly off the rock and with easy lopes made his way down over a knoll out of sight, only to be spied by the hunters a moment later as he trotted up through the sweet ferns of an adjacent hill. On a small out-cropping ledge near the summit the fox sat down to watch, and as he saw nothing suspicious, lay down in the shadow.

Parallel with the hill a hollow lay in such a position that any one in it could not be seen by the fox. Finally Dick said, "If one of us could only get into that hollow without being seen he could go around the hill, and stand where the fox would run. Then the other fellow could walk along toward the fox and scare him over."

"Let's try it, anyway. It's about the only thing we can do," assented Bill.

Then began a cautious march toward the apparently watchful reynard. Endeavoring to keep a tree constantly between them and the fox, the hunters covered over half the distance to the coveted goal, and the dark speck on the ledge was still quiet. But at this point the game seemed to be ended, for there were no more trees to keep in line with. Nevertheless Dick and his companion, walking one directly behind the other, had gained another twenty-five yards over perfectly open pasture, when a house dog

in the valley below set up an idiotic yelping at a load of wood. The fox on the ledge above sprang to his feet at the sound. It is a wonder that he didn't see the two hunters down there in front even though they lay motionless in the snow.

But when reynard saw that the yelping came from a useless farm dog and not from the hound with the keen-scented nose he lay down again. Dick and Bill waited till the snow began to feel too chilly for comfort and then Dick set out alone, crawling on his hands and knees through the sweet ferns. His coat matched the brown bushes and his feet and legs were out of sight in the snow.

Bill stayed behind and watched both his slowly advancing companion and the fox beyond and above. Both hunters expected to see the dark speck leap from the ledge and disappear over the hill at any moment. Nearer and slowly nearer to the hollow Dick crept, and finally, to his joy, came in line with an apple tree. With this advantage he could abandon the hand and knee progress and by simply stooping a little, keep out of sight.

When Bill saw Dick straighten up and turn at right angles with his previous course, he knew that something would be doing for the fox was still lying down. It didn't take long for Dick to get on the other side of the hill, and soon his head and shoulders came into Bill's view.

Though the man behind the fox was high enough up he was too far to the left, so Bill motioned toward the right and when he thought Dick was stationed correctly, jumped up and ran toward the fox. That animal thought it was time he cast his shadow on some more distant hillside and accordingly jumped up and ran cor-

nerwise over the hill. Dick thought the fox would cross directly in front of him, but instead, all he got was a fleeting glimpse of reynard as he darted around a shoulder of the hill to his left. But the fox hadn't got away yet. When he came into sight on the other side Dick was ready for him with two loads of F's. Reynard stopped, but not for long. A loud bang started the shot in his direction. With great bounds, the terrified fox tore down the hill apparently unscathed. With duplicate strides Dick tore after him, but as there was no blood on the snow and as the fox had stood in a dense thicket of witchhazel which had blocked the shot, the chances of his having been hit were extremely small. Dick plodded back up the hill where he found Bill and told him the story.

Then together, frequently expressing their hard luck, the two went down to the place where the shot had torn through the bushes. Here were the fresh tracks where reynard had trotted up the hill, there were the long leaps which he had left in his downward flight.

As these tracks lead in the direction of home the tired, hungry and crestfallen hunters followed. The first dozen jumps were of equal length, then two short ones, and as the men burst through some maple saplings they nearly stepped on a fine red fox, stuck deader than rail in a snow drift at the end of his last leap. Dick expressed the uppermost thought of both when he exclaimed, "By Gosh,—we've got him!"

S. C. B., '05.

The Philosopher's Bench.

Lamb on Style.

While Uncle Sam is watching with great

interest the affairs at the Japanese-Russian war and Panama, a far greater vigilance is being kept up by the largest share of people towards a semi-trust called "Style."

The first question arising in our minds should be, "Are we respectably dressed?" But millions of people are dissatisfied with looking thus. They urgently call for something more striking. At last they arrive at the conclusion, that to be what they wish to be, is to be "stylish."

If a fad is carried too far it becomes too much of a good thing; so when a person keeps up with the most fastidious tastes of the day, folks call him high-bred, while the poorer classes have to be underrated. But the question should be "character" not "looks."

"All is not gold that glitters," is a very wise maxim, and just suits the persons who do not have the means to keep up with all new fashions. However, stylish men and women believe in the preceding maxim, but somehow they "glitter" just the same, and is it not a difficult problem to find their golden character?

Still, style has its good side. It helps to keep people warm. Women can go down street or out riding without a heavy wrap or fur if it's stylish, and, no doubt, some folks would think themselves as warm as if they wore a seal-skin cape. It is remarkable what little suffering is caused when a style is introduced which requires insufficient clothing. Even cotton is warmer than wool.

Looking at the opposite side, does it not bring many disadvantages? A demand for articles creates a supply, but the extra amount leads unreliable manufacturers to put out goods that look the same

but are really greatly inferior in quality, and they advertise the goods as the best to be had on the market. A series of snubs and sneers is given to the respectably dressed people by the "upper crusts" as they are called, but we wish they would show more "filling" and less "crust."

Many people living in the greatest style scorn to look at common folks, but when their business fails and they are reduced to poverty they come around and see if you have not got a "little" money to lend them. But when you meet them the next day they somehow seem to be more interested in a stonewall across the road. And you sometimes wish that by mere chance a small stone might start hurriedly in their direction.

Style consists merely of an imported fashion which was set forth by some mogul of society. Shall we, being Yankees, lay aside all originality and ape each other?

—o—

Uncle Marcus on Success.

Well, well, this is a queer world ain't it? Everybody rushin' after one thing, and so many gettin' discouraged at the fust little thing as goes ag'inst 'em, an' others wantin' it in one line, when if they'd only try it in the line they was made for, they'd git it sure pop.

But the more I wonder about it, the more I think they're a gittin' success mixed up in their minds with fame, an' if they all do want to be famous, an' climb the ladder, they can't, 'cause who'd hold it down then, if they all climbed it, so it wouldn't flop up an' let 'em down again?

Now you (I don't mean you in particular, you know, but everybody in general) c'd be just as successful perhaps a holdin' the ladder as climbin' it, but you wouldn't

git your name in the paper an' be famous. Yes, it makes all the difference in the world whether you are famous or not, whether the papers put you in, because they spread it so. But to resume my subject. It is only in sartin lines folks make any headway, so if yours ain't one of them you just better do the best you can and let somebody else as can be famous, only be sure an' make a success of your life.

If you think folks have to be rich to be successful just you look up some even famous people and you'll find enough of them poor, an' then, for the other kind of success, you just go an visit Thankful Jones whose folks is all dead an' lives all alone down by the old mill. She has always taken care of her mother sence she was 'leven year old an' had to earn the grub too sence she was sixteen. Never had no money but everybody loves her. Her's is what I call a successful life, one that will make its mark in the hearts of folks instead of on their minds or pocket-books.

As I set here I see many people who are successful, some in one sense and some in the other, but I'm always gladdest to see the heart kind. Well, I must be tir'in' you an sence I hear 'em callin me to supper, I guess I'll say good bye. G. K. '04.

—o—

Pointers from Pete.

As I glance around the room, I see a number of pupils trying to make studying an easy affair, by the method used in taking disagreeable medicine, i. e., diluting it with some pleasant tasting substance.

You may conceal a dose of ipecac in a bon-bon, and swallow it with relish, while it will have the same effect as if taken clear. But, if you mix in a measure of

dry Roman History with an equal amount of fresh, pleasant flavored communication, the latter absorbs the former and its effect is lost.

After several years' experience, I have found that a pure dose of Roman History, or any similar compound, taken quickly and followed by a little communication, or other recreation, has a better effect than any quantity of the two mixed.

—o—

The Old Attic.

Who has not, during his life, felt that the attic at least was a safe retreat? You could climb up to it from the shed, and many a time it has extended its ribbed roof, bristling with nails, over you in a sheltering, friendly way, while you have poured out your childish woes.

Here even now, all old treasures are stowed away, story books, dishes, marbles, pictures, and here is the burying ground of your long dead dolls. With aching heart you laid them aside, broken limbs, heads and all, while the deep layer of dust on the box shows how long their rest has been undisturbed. You laugh now to think the sorrow was so genuine.

With fluttering heart, you stealthily brought a nest of birds from the old apple tree in the orchard. You thought 'twould be fun to feed and watch them. They wouldn't eat. The pitiful calls of the parent birds outside came up to you and creeping back down the attic stairs, nest in hand (you started at every creaking sound lest it should be your mother) you approached the orchard from the back way and left the nest. Your lesson was well learned for the little down you found on old mouser's nose told of a sad fate, and now you sought the attic to nurse a guilty conscience.

How vividly all those remorseful feelings come back to you, and with them, the memory of another time when guilty conscience made you fly up the long dark stairway and crouch with a forbidden novel in a shadowy corner.

You spy a little old trunk back beneath the eaves and snaking it forth, unlock it. Eagerly you scatter the contents about you in search of a little box you know to be there. Here it is. Unlocking this also you lay the cover back. It is full of letters. One after another you open them and with the reading of each, some school-girl friend seems near. You recall incidents, roly polly, rollicking times with them all. Yet even now, some of them are scattered far away.

At the very bottom of all these letters are two funny little valentines. You smile as you read the queer verses and think of the sender. How stealthily you have worked with paint brushes and box in order to return the compliment.

You fondly replace these reminiscences of childhood. And carefully locking, drag the old trunk back to its place, only to haul it out again when you seem prompted.

M. E. T., '05.

The Boy Who Grins.

Occasionally you see a boy who is always grinning, and it makes you smile, yet doesn't that very smile do you good?

Now smiling *is* contagious, and a boy who grins can generally make someone else grin too, so you will soon follow suit if you are near a grinning boy. Such a boy's face might be called cheerful, and a merry look can make you forget your troubles and remember that there is something bright and pleasant in the world after all.

The grinning boy must be an optimist, for he grins over his troubles. When he is scolded he still grins, and when he is embarrassed he grins more than ever.

Therefore let us not despise him simply because he is always at it, but let us strive to be always as cheerful and friendly as he.

FANNY E. KENDRICK, '04.

The Old Barn.

It stood at the edge of a hardwood forest, like a sentinel guarding something within. Low, old, weather-beaten, boards and shingles falling off, and altogether presenting a forlorn and forsaken appearance. So it seemed to us two boys as we approached it one cold, raw December day.

The snow had drifted against the big doors and there was not a sign of life anywhere. At one corner stood a low shanty, which had evidently become tired of life and so used the old barn as a support. Passing on around this, we suddenly came upon a low door, which after some little trouble we succeeded in opening.

Entering we found ourselves in the basement. Cobwebs hung from the floor above to the ground and wound themselves around us at every move. After groping about in the semi-darkness, we discovered a rather weak ladder, by which we climbed to the main floor.

"What a dismal place!" my companion exclaimed.

The sun found its way through the numerous cracks, and its rays were reflected on the wind swept floor. The long bays which had once been filled with hay were empty except for the heaps of chaff and

other waste. Even the rats and mice had long since deserted. The stables, once filled with fancy cattle, were empty and the plank mangers, instead of first class hay, contained pieces of rotten sticks and boards.

The shadows on the rough floor began to lengthen, so we groped our way out, feeling that the old barn would soon go the way of the world.

G. M. T., '07.

Amy's Curiosity.

Amy was standing on a chair looking into the medicine chest to see what she could see or taste, and if anything tasted good, to drink it. The chest was a plain oak one about two feet square with three shelves. On the top shelf were poisons, and for this reason her mother had many times told her not to go near the chest. But Amy was a curious girl. Curiosity shone in her bright black eyes, in her small dark face, and, in fact, people said that no other little girl of eight years was ever so curious since the world began. Her kitten, which followed her around like a dog, was so curious that she had had her tail cut off by a mowing machine when she was examining to see how it was made.

All the children at school called Amy "Little Rubber-neck," and the teacher had to tell her to turn around about six times a day. Although she was very smart she never had her lessons, but she knew everybody else's business, and the worst of it was, she always told what she knew.

If anyone had a new dress she always wanted to know where they got it, how much it cost and who made it. If her

mother had company, Amy was one of the immovable objects in the room.

And here she was, alone, with the medicines she had been waiting for weeks to investigate. Her mother was in the parlor and her father in some other part of the house. She was very happy and tasted several kinds.

They didn't taste very good and seeing a large bottle on the top shelf filled with what looked like cream, she thought, "Now I have found where mother keeps her cream, she thought I couldn't find it, but I have," and with that she took the bottle and drank a large mouthful. It tasted even worse than castor oil. She was so surprised at the taste she drank it all. After she drank it she suddenly remembered her mother had told her that the medicines on the top shelf were poisons. She dropped the bottle to the floor and ran screaming to her mother, saying that she had drunk poison from the top shelf in the medicine chest. Her father rushed for the doctor and her mother gave Amy everything she had ever heard was in any way good for poison. The neighbors began to come in with various remedies. They kept Amy walking the floor and when she grew tired they believed her to be dying. Everything was in the worst confusion that can be imagined. "Give her mustard and warm water, it's just the stuff, it'll!"—"No, no give her lard, clear lard, it's awful soothing," broke in another. "She must have plenty of milk to drink," exclaimed still, another as she came rushing in with a two quart can full, "milk's always good for poison. When my Jake took Paris Green I made him drink a panful and the doctor said 'twas the only thing that kept him from the spasms."

"Oh dear, dear, she'll die, she'll die, I know she will, just the way I did when I swallowed that camphor I thought was whiskey," went on a distracted little body.

In that half hour she had taken medicine enough to kill any ordinary child. At last the doctor came and the first thing he wanted to know was, "What kind of poison was it she took?" No one knew, or even knew where the bottle was. When Amy was asked, she pointed to the broken bottle under the medicine chest. The doctor picked one of the pieces of glass that had a paper pasted on it, out of the thick white fluid, looked at it and started laughing. The words on the paper were "Cod Liver Oil." The cod liver oil bottle had been put on the top shelf by mistake, but Amy leaves the medicine chest alone now.

M. C. M., '07.

How to Extinguish a Lamp.

Don't think that because your house is lighted by electricity, you'll never have to use a lamp. Those little glass bulbs are likely to cease shining at any moment.

Of course there is only one way to light a lamp, but in extinguishing one many people make mistakes. Some swing a newspaper over the globe, until crash! the light is out, and you too, are out of a lamp. Others inflate their lungs to the splitting point and blow a hurricane into the top of the chimney. This method is excellent exercise for the lungs but is likely to smoke the lamp chimney.

The only proper way to extinguish a lamp, is to place it on the shelf where it is kept when not in use, and blow a gentle breath upward past the top of the chimney. This current of air causes a vacuum in the

chimney, and light deprived of life giving oxygen calmly expires.

The chimney of a lamp treated in this manner remains clean and spotless for an indefinite period.

R. PETERSON '05.

The Man in the Corner.

The man who now spends his time in a certain corner at Old Arms, was once a ne'er-do-well, who several years ago might have been seen lounging around at the stores, smoking his old clay pipe, swapping jokes and letting his garden grow up to weeds,—never doing any good or any particular bad, for he believed in enjoying himself when he could.

He was often told he was born to be hanged, and would reply, "I feel it in my bones." When he died his relatives and friends felt as if, since he never had done any good he ought now to have a chance, so he was put in Arms Academy to help the Physiology class study the skeleton of the human body. If any one desires to make his acquaintance, he will find him hanging as was prophesied in the corner of a certain room upstairs.

G. M. T., '07

Well Known in Shelburne Falls.

The one whom I am about to describe is a man of seventy-six years. He is quite tall; I should say five feet, ten or eleven inches. Besides being tall, the man is quite stout, weighing probably one hundred and eighty-five pounds.

I meet this man a good many times on my way to and from school, and he always seems very cheerful and has a good word for everyone. Would that there were more like him.

He usually wears a black felt hat, placed pretty well down on his head, nearly reaching to the gold-bowed spectacles that he wears well upon the bridge of his nose. His hair is sprinkled very thickly with white spots, but nevertheless you can see that he once had a fine lot of very dark, almost black, hair.

The overcoat that he wears is very long, reaching almost to the tops of his shoes, and is always well brushed. On his hands he wears a pair of red mittens, which are noticeable.

His almost inseparable companion is a nice cane, made of black walnut, I should think, which he carries with the dignity and grace of an English Lord.

Crosier '05.

A CHARACTER SKETCH OF THE SENIOR CLASS.

Bailey—

"What he knew would fill ten volumes;
What he didn't—who can tell?"

Ballard—

"Come, pensive Nun, devout and pure,
Sober, steadfast, and demure."

Griswold—

"Sitting like a goddess bright
In the centre of her light."

Halligan—

"We fail? But screw your courage to the
sticking place and we'll not fail."

Kendrick, G.—

"Passen their time that should be sparely spent
In lustihede and wanton merriment."

Johnson—

"Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,
So didst thou travel on life's common way,
In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on herself did lay."

Kendrick, F.—

"I'll ne'er look down with a smile or a frown.
But I'll paddle my own canoe."

Mitchell—

"His hair is crisp and black and long
His face is like the tan
* * * * *
The muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands."

Raguse—

"Forward and frolic glee was there,
The will to do, the soul to dare,
The sparkling glance, soon blown to fire,
Of hasty love, or headlong ire."

Perkins—

"Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful Jollity,
* * * * *
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides."

Pfersick—

"Full many a love in loving youth was mine."

Sears—

"The dearest friend the kindest man,
The best-condition'd and unwearied spirit
In doing courtesies."

Smead—

"Confusion and dismay together mingled,
Forced such a feeble "Yes" out of my mouth,
To understand it one had need of sight."

Spencer—

"How shall we beguile
The lazy time if not with some delight?"

Stockwell—

"Comrades, leave me here a little while as yet
'tis early morn
Leave me here, and when you want me,
sound upon the bugle horn."

Swift—

"Whatsoever evil happen to me,
I seem to suffer nothing heart or limb,
But can endure it all most patiently."

Nature Notes.

One of the most interesting of the winter birds which we meet on our walks is the Pine Grosbeak. When the deep snows fall upon its northern home it comes in

flocks to warmer climes. These flocks are composed of more females than males. The males are marked with crimson, while the females have yellow in place of crimson. When the snow is so deep as to cover the weeds, the grosbeaks partake of the tender buds of the trees.

A few weeks ago while skeeing on an old wood road cut in a grove of young pines, and guarded by a venerable, solitary maple, I had an excellent opportunity for studying their habits. They were feeding on buds, meanwhile keeping up a continual murmur not unlike the call of frogs in summer. I approached with caution, until I was in the very midst of them. They are very tame. In flying from tree to tree they nearly touched my coat. The bright colored males stayed in the thickest of the grove, here and there a flash of color revealed their presence. Suddenly, with one accord, they arose and lisping a sweet call, not unlike the goldfinch, flew away.

Another time they were eating the seeds of some apples still remaining on the trees and sliding down the hill I landed directly under them without startling them in the least. These gentle bright-colored birds are very desirable acquaintances on a cold winter day.

During the last snow fall the suet hung out for the birds was entirely buried. The blue jays, remembering the spot, ingeniously tunneled the snow away leaving the suet exposed.

HAROLD W. SWANN, '07.

Athletic Notes.

JAN. 30. Arms played South Hadley at Shelburne Falls and was defeated by a score of 21 to 15. The first half of the game Arms held their men well. But in

the second half, South Hadley played rough, and in that way got more baskets than Arms, making the game end 21 to 15, in favor of South Hadley.

Line-up.

South Hadley.	Arms.
Cox, Hoagan l. g.	r. f. Tolman
Bartlett r. g.	l. f. Turton
Scully c.	c. Bird
Clancy, Hoagan r. f.	l. g. Patch
Clancy, Cox l. f.	r. g. Mitchell

Goals from floor: Mitchell, Bird 2, Tolman, Patch, Cox 7, Clancy, Bartlett. Goals from fouls: Tolman 5, Cox 3.

FEB. 13. Arms went to Gardner, and duplicated her victory of a few weeks before. The score stood 14 to 12 at the end of the game. Baskets from the floor were as scarce as in the other game, for both teams were unable to locate the baskets very successfully. Arms led by a small score. Knowlton secured most of the baskets for Gardner, and Tolman threw a sensational one-handed basket for Arms.

Gardner.	Arms.
Greenwood r. f.	l. g. Patch
Conroy l. f.	r. g. Turton
Byron c.	c. Bird
Knowlton r. g.	l. f. Davis
Fowler l. g.	r. f. Tolman

Goals from floor: Patch 2, Tolman 2, Davis, Turton, Knowlton 3, Greenwood, Fowler. Goals from fouls: Greenwood 2, Tolman 2.

FEB. 22. Arms played Athol H. S. at home, and won by a score of 38 to 12. Most of the time the game was fast enough to be interesting, for Capt. Tolman keeps his men hustling. Patch played his star game for Arms as usual, making six baskets, and Davis also, made six baskets. Parish played a good game for Athol.

Athol.	Arms.	Wed. " 25,	Dickinson A. at S. Falls
Van Valkenburg r. f.	l. g. Patch	Mon. " 30,	Dickinson A. at Deerfield
O'Loughin l. f.	r. g. Mitchell	Wed. June 1,	Drury H. at North Adams
Vaillie c.	c. Bailey	Sat. " 4,	Adams H. at S. Falls
Parish r. g.	l. f. Davis	Wed. " 8,	Pittsfield at S. Falls
Balcolm l. g.	r. f. Tolman		STANLEY C. BALL, Mgr.

Goals from floor: Mitchell 2, Patch 6, Davis 6, Tolman 2, Bailey 3, Parish 4, Balcolm, O'Loughin.

Alumni Notes.

Ethel Oakman, '96, is teaching cooking in Salem Hospital, Salem, Mass.

Elizabeth Halligan, '96, is teaching in Vineyard Haven, Martha's Vineyard.

Jessie Sauer, '96, has an art school in Greenfield, Mass.

George Innis, '97, is teaching in Norwalk, Conn.

Katherine Burke is teaching in Shelburne.

Grace Call, '98, is teaching in West Springfield.

Jennie Read, '99, is teaching in North Adams.

Class 1904.

Alice (very confidentially). "Really my hands are as warm as ice."

Sometimes our tongues deceive us.

Bright Freshman. "What are you trying to do?"

Senior. "Nothing."

Bright Freshman. "What are you going to do with it?"

Teacher (in Math. Review). "You needn't come into class unless you are up-to date."

Ruby (in an undertone). "Well I'm up-to-date I guess, I'm no back number."

Bailey (in Ger. II). "Are you a line?" (allein)

F. R. (in Ger. II). "A wedding scene is seen on the scene."

Report of Arms Academy Athletic Association.

RECEIPTS.	
Am't on hand Sept. 1, 1903,	\$10.68
Collection from students, alumni and business men	51.30
Rec'd from Dunbar's Entertainment	20.72
Initiation fees to A. A. A. A.	4.50
Dues to Mar. 1, 1904,	11.80
Total receipts,	\$99.00

EXPENDITURES.	
Football	\$ 4.00
Tickets	3.50
Football team	19.82
Basketball suits	23.80
Basketball team (mileage bk.)	8.20
Total expenditures,	\$59.32
Am't on hand Mar. 1, 1904,	39.68
	\$99.00

Respectfully submitted,
L. E. SWIFT, Treas.

Baseball Schedule.

The manager of the baseball team has been unusually fortunate in making out the schedule of the games to be played by the team. It is as follows:—

Wed. April 27,	Oakman at Turners Falls
Sat. April 30,	Athol H. at Athol
Fri. May 6,	Drury, at S. Falls
Wed. May 11,	Oakman at S. Falls
Sat. " 14,	Adams H. at Adams
Wed. " 18,	Athol H. at S. Falls
Sat. " 21,	Pittsfield H. at Pittsfield

Grace K. (in college reading). "It is strange that his noble and opulent widow"—Teacher. "Who's that?"

Grace K. (surprised). "Why, his wife of course."

There once was a Junior named Patch,
Whom the Freshman girls thot a great catch.

'Tis said, some are sad,
And others are mad,

For, of course, they can't all catch Patch.

1905.

Ah! but it's hard to "get one" on the Juniors. Here is an exception. Ball, translating "J'en devins verdatre": "I became greenish."

Wood. "Yes, and you haven't got over it."

Prof. in Civics. "He was a man of very high caliber."

Crosier (aside). "Probably .44."

Bottles containing strong smelling solutions have a powerful attraction for the noses of some chemistry boys,—and powerful results.

Be sparing of the filter papers.

Miss Dyer to Roy, when his electric bell went off during German recitation: "Well, Turton, do you have to carry an alarm clock to keep you awake?"

1906.

In Roman History.

Teacher. "What made Hannibal have such a hard time getting his war elephants across the Alps?"

Hawkes (in a loud whisper). "I know, the elephants had to carry their trunks."

In Cæsar.

Stanford, translating. "Eo legionarios milites legionis decimæ imponere."

"He placed legendary soldiers of the tenth legion over them."

Miss Call (in Physics Class). "When a piece of soft iron is held near a magnet, it becomes a permanent magnet for a short time."

Prof. "Brass is a compound."

Pike. "Of more than one metal."

Prof. (talking about the North star). "Is it found in the same place all of the time?"

Miss Forbes. "No."

Prof. "Where do you look for it now?"

Miss Kinsman (in a whisper). "In the sky."

On account of sickness Carleton Davenport has been obliged to stop school, but hopes to return for the spring term.

1907.

Shakespeare should have heard Temple's translation of Coriolanus and his mother.

(Ladd sitting on the radiator.)

Teacher. "I thought Professor said not to leave anything on the radiators."

Ladd. "I ain't anything."

Will Terry please inform us where he buys his collars?

Two of the down street corners are Turton (turning) Brown.

M-b-l (supposed to have been reciting about the reign of Edward I). "And King Richard's life was saved through the devotion of his wife Eleanor."

If anyone knows of a good cure for swelled heads, please inform the second division in Latin Lessons, as we hear that Professor says it's the best class he ever had.

Would that we had a competent doctor in our midst, who could cure our organ of consumption, and clean out its wheezy old lungs.

Music Teacher (after class). "When we went up to fa, we went up too far."

Exchanges.

We are glad to add the *Amherst Literary Monthly* and the *Pingry Record* to our exchange list.

We would like to suggest to the *Lowell Textile Journal* that it would improve the looks of their paper to have the reading matter and advertisements separated.

The *Spectator*, *Retina*, *Red and Black*, and the *Oak*, *Eily and Ivy*, are among our best exchanges. All are well edited papers.

"Tom at Yale," in the *Fram* is an excellent story.

Don't you believe in an exchange column, *Gates Index*?

The story of "Tam" in the *Normal School Echo* is an interesting story.

What's the matter with the *Blue and White*? Oh, that's all right.

The *High School Journal* contains several bright stories.

We are always glad to welcome the *Drury Academe*.

High school girl to mother: "Mamma, I was reading in the paper that two men were attacked by robbers in Iowa, and one man was badly injured in the fracas. Where is the fracas? I don't remember of hearing Prof. Atherton mention it in physiology. What part of the body is it?"

"There iz only one thing that can be sed in favour ov tite Boots—they make a man forgit all his other sorrows."—JOSH BILLINGS.

"What is the equator?"

"A menagerie lion running through the earth and especially thro' Africa."—*Ex.*

Always be prepared on that part of the lesson you don't know, that is what you always get called upon for.—*Ex.*

Umpire (at basket ball game)—"Foul! Small Boy—"Where are its feathers?"

Umpire—"You goose, this is the picked team!"—*Ex.*

Willie—"Pa, what are notes?"

"Notes, my son, translate the easiest parts of Latin and leave you to do the rest."—*Ex.*

"John," asked the lawyer's wife, who had recently taken up the health-culture fad, "is it best to lie on the right side or the left side?"

"My dear," replied the legal luminary, "if one is on the right side it isn't usually necessary to lie at all."

Fritz—"Mike, wake up right away. Vat's that noise?"

Mike—Aw, lay down and go to slape. It's the bed ticking.—*Ex.*

Tell me not in mournful numbers,
Senior life's an empty dream,
For the Junior work's a phantom
And Soph's are not what they seem.
Vergil's hard, and English awful,
Arithmetic's a fruitless quest,
"History itself repeateth,"
Was not spoken of the test.

H. S. PEDESTAL.

Humley. "You look pleased about something, Dumley."

Dumley. "I have reason to. I've just thought of a jolly good answer to a conundrum. If I could only think of a conundrum to fit it, by George! I believe I'd send it to the papers."

A sleeper is one who sleeps. A sleeper is that in which a sleeper sleeps. A sleeper is that on which a sleeper runs while the sleeper sleeps. Therefore, while the

sleeper sleeps in the sleeper, the sleeper carries the sleeper over the sleeper under the sleeper until the sleeper jumps the sleeper and wakes the sleeper in the sleeper by striking the sleeper under the sleeper, and there is no longer any sleeper sleeping in the sleeper on the sleeper.

"Speaking of bathing in famous springs," said the tramp to the group of tourists, "I bathed in the spring of '86."

Because of the presence of a visitor the teacher was boasting of the bright class she had. She asked: "Can anyone tell our visitor how Congress is divided?"

Like a flash came the answer: "Civilized, half-civilized and savage."

The rain it raineth every day,
 Upon the just and unjust feller,
 But chiefly on the just—because
 The unjust steals the just's umbreller.

Geometry Teacher. "Now, James, what is an arc?"

James (nervously). "Why—er—the boat Noah sailed in."

Uncle (trotting Harry on his knee). "Do you like this, my boy?"

Harry. "Pretty well, but I rode on a real donkey the other day."

Doctor. "Did you follow my advice and count till you fell asleep?"

Pat. "I counted up to 18,000."

Doctor. "And then you fell asleep?"

Pat. "No. Then it was time to get up."

"Twenty minutes for refreshments!" bawled the conductor, as he passed down the aisle.

The little girl with the blackberry jam on her chin plucked him by the sleeve.

"You needn't stop the train on our account," she said timidly. "We are going to eat ours right here in the car."

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.

L. D. BAILEY,

Tailor,

Clothier and Furnisher.

Good bargains all the year round.

Satisfaction guaranteed.

When you are hungry and want a

Quick Lunch

Call at the

CRESCENT NIGHT LUNCH.

E. M. GOULD, Prop.

Patronize our Advertisers.

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.

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. 8 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 Apr. 21, at the latest, to come out
 in the next issue.

BUS. MGR.

C. D. SPENCER & CO.

Are showing full line of

Spring Suits,

Garments and Fabrics.

Easter Sale, Apr. 2nd.

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.

Why not place your order

NOW

for the

CEMETERY WORK

you desire to have completed in May? There is always more or less of a rush when Spring opens, and you can insure prompt delivery by having the material under process of construction at once. Call on or address

SHELburne FALLS MARBLE CO.,

North end of Main Street,
Shelburne Falls, - - Mass.
F. L. CHAPMAN, Manager.

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.

**DUCHESS TROUSERS
WARRANTY**

You may buy a pair of *Dutchess* Wool Trousers and wear them Two Months. For every Supender 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,

Shelburne Falls - - Mass.

"JUST TO PIECE OUT WITH"

A great many people will need a little coal to piece out with, previous to summer.

Order it of WARE.

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.

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.

STUDIO

of J. K. PATCH, Photographer.
Cor. Main and Hedge 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.

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.

New! New! New! "Better late than never,

Everything in

Men's and Women's

But better never late,"

SPRING SHOES
Shelburne Historical Society

arriving daily. Please call and see what we can
do for you for

may be applied if you have not
tried a loaf of

"JOE'S" BREAD,

SPRING.

JENKS & AMSTEIN,

Shelburne Falls, Mass.

Made at

WARD'S BAKERY,

SHELburne FALLS.

JOSEPH C. PERRY,

DENTIST,

Shelburne Falls, Mass.

Opposite Postoffice.

Heath telephone.

ASSISTED BY

GUY C. TOWER, D.D.S.

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. K. CARPENTER'S,

Shelburne Falls,

Mass.

Patronize our Advertisers.