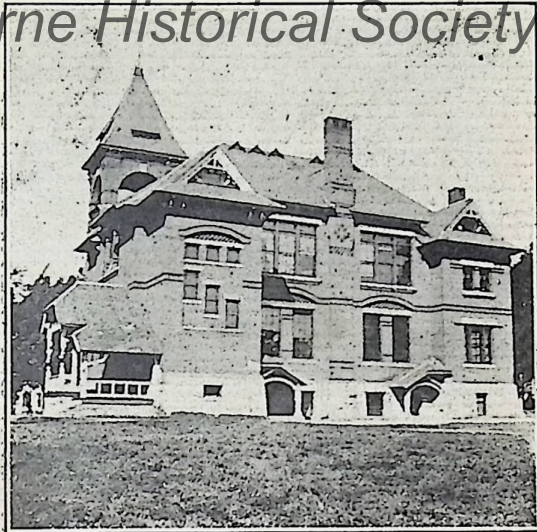


Evans Newton

The Arms Student

Shelburne Historical Society



Published by the Students of Arms Academy, Shelburne Falls, Massachusetts.

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VOL XVIII

NO. 5

ARMS ACADEMY

School closes June 21, 1905.

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.

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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 His. $\frac{1}{2}$ yr. } Roman " $\frac{1}{2}$ yr. } 2	English 3
Juniors	Latin 5	Greek 5	French or German } 5	Civics 2	English 2
Seniors	Latin 5	Greek 5	French or German } 5	Arith. $\frac{1}{2}$ yr. } Alg. $\frac{1}{2}$ yr. } Geom. $\frac{1}{2}$ yr. } 5	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	Physies 5	Alg. $\frac{1}{2}$ yr. } Geom. $\frac{1}{2}$ yr. } 5	Grecian Hist. $\frac{1}{2}$ yr. } Roman " $\frac{1}{2}$ yr. } 5	English 3
Juniors	Latin 5	Chem. 5	French or German } 5	Civics	English 2
Seniors	Latin 5	Am. Hist. $\frac{1}{2}$ yr. } Botany $\frac{1}{2}$ " } 5	French or German } 5	Arith. $\frac{1}{2}$ yr. } Alg. $\frac{1}{2}$ " } Geom. $\frac{1}{2}$ " } 5	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	Physies 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. $\frac{1}{2}$ yr. } 5	French or German } 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 German } 5	Solid Geom. and Trig. Elective } 3	English 3

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EDITORIALS

It has always been the custom to get out the last issue of the STUDENT after the graduation exercises; but this year we have gone a little out of the ordinary (a very good plan we think) and published it before the close of school.

With this issue, we hand the reins to the Class of 1906 and we hope they may have a successful year. We extend our sincere thanks to our advertisers and subscribers, one and all, and to the students, who have so willingly co-operated to make this volume what it

has been, financially and otherwise. We trust you will continue; and will give the Juniors the same kind support. And well you may for, what is a High School without a student paper?

All aboard for Commencement Week! We extend a cordial invitation to all our readers.

Thanks to Representative Charles E. Ward for a copy of the new Manual for the General Court.

At last we have a new flag staff, and Old Glory has been flung to the breeze from the front porch.

Here's to Umpire O'Brien! The base ball squad may consider itelves fortunate in securing such an able man. He keeps the game moving every moment and there's never a murmur against his decisions.

Field Day? Yes, it came off June 1st. And didn't they surprise themselves, though!

Honors in scholarship for the Class of 1905 have now been announced.

1st. Stanley C. Ball.
2nd. Mattie H. Wiley.

In no other direction of school life, is there so much occasion for friends to offer congratulations, as in this final estimate on the value of four years of time and work. We all join in the cheer.

RODERICK DHU AS AN OPPONENT

Taking everything into consideration, it seems to me that the characteristics shown by Roderick Dhu are not those of an ideal opponent, although upon analysis we find in him many qualities which would grace any foe.

High in the list of the latter stand proud self-respect, a lofty sense of honor, toward enemies as well as friends, a courtesy towards foes, which was remarkable even in a Highland chief, and tenacious courage. Surely anyone, whether in a life-and-death struggle, or in a game for simple recreation, is gratified by the assurance that his antagonist would scorn to take an unfair advantage, or to stoop to mean and crooked practices. A game free from charges of unfairness is always the most pleasing, both to the victors and the defeated.

While such unusual courtesy towards foes, as, for example, Roderick showed to the wandering Fitzjames, might at first give annoyance to any opponent because of the obligations which he is forced to feel towards his enemy, yet, in most cases, such a feeling must soon give way to respect for the foe, which will not fail to rouse the best impulses on both sides and the combatant who has been treated with generosity, naturally wishes to make a like exhibition.

Another characteristic of the Highland chieftain is, without doubt, desirable in every opponent. Few people would not prefer to see in their foes

that courage and fortitude, which cause them to struggle to the end. And anyone who wins in a contest feels well repaid for the extra amount of exertion it has cost him, if he may feel the honor of having vanquished a brave foe.

These, then, are the qualities we have found in Sir Roderick which are desirable in any apponent under any circumstances. But, on the other hand, Roderick gives evidence of having an extremely violent temper, and while perhaps for the greater part of the time his strong will keeps it under control, a senseless rage sometimes gets the better of his judgment. His jealousy is too easily roused, and he shows undue readiness to come to blows. To be sure it makes a cool man see advantage when an opponent loses his head. Accordingly a favorite manoeuver in base-bal is to "rattle the pitcher," or to thwart the batter's skill by means of a speaking-trumpet. So too in the more serious contests of life, the combatant who is anxious alone to win, finds nothing is so delightful as to see the other man lose his head. Yet the instant the players become wild, the value of the game as an exhibition of skill is gone. Without doubt the best men in a debating society, or in a deliberative body of any sort, choose rather to contend with cool logic than with such an argument as, for instance, Brooks presented to Charles Sumner on the floor of the United States Senate.

Again, if we assume that such a man as Roderick turns out successful we find very serious objections to him as an opponent. For he was ruthless to the last degree, showing undue disregard for human life, even in the eyes of his contemporaries, and however much we may admire him for not taking an unfair advantage over a foe, we find

that, whenever an advantage was once gained, and he was no longer subject to scruples about justice and honor, mercy and compassion were utterly foreign to his nature, as poor Blanche's story and the ruined houses and fields of the Lowland peasants well testify.

We must regard a warrior whose heart is not touched by his victim's suffering, a usurer who presses his lawful advantages to the utmost, to the ruin of his poor debtors, or the person who is uncharitable about his neighbor's faults, by no means an ideal character to oppose.

C. R. WARD, '07

THE BARBED WIRE FENCE

To the nature lover the barbed wire fence is an intruder. It is out of place. Not only does it annoy him when he attempts to cross it, but its sharp and wicked spines are not in accord with Nature. When the ornithologist, in pursuit of a rare bird, brushes away the bushes and confronts a barbed wire fence, he is for a moment dismayed and glances quickly up and down to see if there is not a break somewhere. Now if it were a stone wall or a rail fence he would take it as he would a hill, and leave behind him, no doubt, a displaced stone or rail.

But from all the crowd of protestors, Thompson-Seton tells us that Molly Cotton-tail is the only animal which really enjoys the barbed wire fence. For, when she is pursued by Reynard, and her little heart is nearly breaking with fright, she sees a bit of barb and flying thru, like a streak of lightning, she is safe. Reynard comes bounding up, eyes intent on the chase, when,

unexpectedly he finds himself checked in his pursuit of Molly wicked thorns among his muscles and in a combination of pain, surprise and mortification he slinks away. Doubtless he is not caught in that way again. We must add another, however, to those who find safety and utility in the barbed wire fence. The Shrike or Butcher bird pins his smaller victims, grasshoppers, crickets and the like on the barbs, when thorn apple trees are scarce. So when hungry, he has only to follow the fence until he finds the spot which he converted into a larder.

Among the great army of protestors, the mothers come first. After the children have been a day afield, or possibly under the guidance of the Sunday School teacher, the darning basket comes down and the well-known statement "I wish you would keep away from barbed wire fences," is again heard.

The old Mooley cow, in reference to whom the barb is undoubtedly strung, is deprived of one of her greatest pleasures, rubbing her plump sides along the shining wire. Even nature tries to disguise it and often covers the fence with woodbine or clematis.

The soldiers, at the charge up San Juan Hill during the Spanish War, probably protested with vehemence when they had to cut their way through veritable wire forests before reaching the fort.

The Virginia planter laughs our barbs to scorn when he thinks of his own artistic and nature like fence. The Western farmer with no fence at all would dislike very much to be harassed wherever he went, by barbed wire fences.

In the winter when the snow is deep upon the ground and the boys get out their skees, the smaller hills lose their

faccination and they seek higher ground. Then the barbed line stretched across their path aggravates them and with one accord the boys take their poles, fall to and sever the wire from the fence. No doubt the pasture-owner mutters something in the spring when he sees the work.

But let us consider these little digs and scratches as reminders that we are trespassing, and the barbed wire fence as a would-be arm of the law.
H. W. S., '07.

VACATION AN OASIS

Like an oasis in the desert, is the vacation from school. For the pupils find the same as great a pleasure and relief after difficult tasks, as do the tired and dusty camels after a long march.

The student toils along the weary way, over the burning sands of difficulties and under the scorching sun of discipline. Sometimes huge boulders obstruct the pathway. At another time when he seems to be making great headway and to be gaining ground, becoming a little careless, he will set his foot on sliding sand, and, falling, must traverse all the weary road back again.

What a delight it is to these tired travellers to wander upon some small plot of grass, as the 19th of April, town-meeting day or a teacher's convention. But the greatest pleasure of all is when they come to the Great Oasis, the summer vacation. Then they throw down their heavy burdens and drink their fill of the refreshing waters of joy and freedom.

SADIE CARTER. '06.

A FEW DAYS BEFORE VACATION

Is there any word so pleasant to the ears of a school girl as "vacation?"—especially at this time of year—The last week! how it seems to drag! As if it hesitated to give you freedom. Finally the last hour approaches. For several weeks you have pictured the event. It's the same kind of bright sunny day you have had all spring; but this seems so different. No studies to-day. You erase marks with feverish haste, eager to pass in the books away from your sight for two whole months. Then you make plans for your vacation, what you shall do. You talk it over with your chum, such delightful times as you will have. Every one is smiling and happy. Then comes one silent moment, at last you are free. Every one dashes for the door; a few linger around the campus for a last look, but most hurry away, laughing and talking joyously.

'06.

THE LIFE OF A TROUT

Way back, up in a mountain, a stream winds from the top of a high hill around curves and over rocks until it reaches the large river.

To this brook some lovers of fishing come and put in two or three thousand little trout about the size of the largest shiner. At first the little ones feel afraid or lost, because they have always before been kept in a large pool. Then, too, the water in the brook is so swift that many are carried down the stream immediately. But after they get used to the stream they begin to mate up; and then the two go in search of a home. Very often at first three or four pairs live together in the same hole.

All through the summer they live on happily, but when winter comes and the brook freezes over, they become afraid and many die from the cold. In the spring when the ice breaks up, and the snow begins to melt away, the brook swells and flows over its banks; and many of these little trout are crushed to death. But one of these pairs live through the cold weather and begin to grow. When the spring months come again they are a year old and about four inches long. They stay in the upper waters of the brook because the old trout that have been there four or five years occupy the same large holes down below and these large trout would eat the smaller ones.

Fishermen come and fish the brook, and our little pair, when they see the angle worm sailing down into their little home, both rush out to get it. One of them takes hold and when he feels the hook catch him in the gills, he tries to get off. But it is of no use. So at last he is taken out of the brook. But when the fisherman sees how small the little fish is, he throws him back into the stream above where he was caught out. Then the fisherman drops his line into the hole again, but the little trout's mate had become afraid when she saw him going up through the water, so she does not take hold of the worm.

By and by the little fellow comes back to his home and goes up to his mate and tells her all about how it hurt him, and they both take heed and for a long time they never touch an angle-worm. Thus they live for about two years, both having been caught many times, but always thrown back.

By this time they are rather large, the female being about five inches and the male about six inches in length. One day in June they resolve that they

had better start down the brook in search of a larger home. So off they go, about half a mile, when they come to a hole where the water rushes swiftly under a large log, making a very still pool beyond. Here they drive out the other trout which are smaller than themselves' and they live here peacefully for quite a while.

The following summer, on a rainy day, a fishman comes down the brook and lets his worm into the swift water. Just as the worm goes under the large log the female swims swiftly out and grabs the worm and starts back again. But the fisherman pulls out his line with a fine eight-inch trout on the end.

After the male trout finds out his mate has gone, he goes down the stream looking for her, but can learn nothing. He goes back home a widower and lives here unhappily. He becomes very wise and so he is not caught for several summers. Finally out comes the farmer's little boy with his birch fish pole that his father cut for him in the woods. When he comes to this large pool he says to himself, "This is the pool where that great big fellow lives. I do hope I can catch him, because all the town boys have tried their best and I am; sure they think I can't fish a little bit. But if I catch him I shall be so glad; and I will take it down to town and show it around."

So he lies down and drops his line into the pool just above the great log, and it slowly flows by the log and is just about to pass into the swift stream beyond, when out comes this large fish and grabs the worm, rushing swiftly up the stream right under the great log. The boy's heart comes up into his mouth when he beholds this action, but he says to himself, "I will let him get it swallowed before I attempt to pull

him out." In about a minute he gives a great pull, and out comes his great prize. When he gets the trout off the hook, he runs all the way home, not thinking of fishing the brook any further, and shows his trout to his father. The next day he takes it down to town and shows it to everyone on the way. All the people in the village give him great praise and pronounce him the best fisherman amongst them.

A. T. B., '08.

THE FIRST SWIM OF THE YEAR

As the trees begin to blossom, every boy who lives near a river, pond, or lake and who is used to swimming, has a feeling that it is time to go in. So whenever he is near the water, he sticks his hand in with some curiosity. It may feel warm, but past experience tells him it will be much colder for his body, so he waits. However, in a few days some one says in a final tone, "Well, I'm going in swimming." And not to be beaten, he joins his comrade and they are off for the river.

Clothes are quickly thrown into a heap with shoes on top to keep the pile from blowing away, and then one of the boys walks down to the water and sticks one toe in. An electric shock wouldn't make him jump more. He turns to his companion saying, "Gosh! that's too cold." But his friend laughs at him, and, knowing it will not be half so hard to get up courage for the first plunge if he doesn't feel of the water first, he fixes his eye and throws out the challenge, "Watch me."

Then he runs to the end of a rock and dives in, while the boy on the bank wishes he had done it first. But that dive! At first it seems as though all

the boy's breath would leave him; then as if all his muscles were frozen stiff. But he quickly comes to the top, and strikes out for the opposite bank, meanwhile laughing at his friend, telling him the water is fine, nice and warm, and lots of other things, all the time wishing he was on the opposite bank, snuggling up to a good warm fire.

All this time the other fellow stands looking at the water, once in a while sticking his foot in to see if it has grown any warmer in the last thirty seconds. Then, screwing up courage, he plunges in, to come quickly to the top and call his friend a liar and other hard names; then to swim rapidly for the bank he has just left. Nor does he wait until the water dries on his body before he pulls on his shirt.

On the opposite bank his companion is asking him to swim over with some clothes; but the boy laughs at him and tells him to come get them himself, which he does after much deliberation. Then both boys shiveringly pull on their clothes and go up to the village to boast of being the first ones in swimming.

DEANE R. DAVIS, '06.

AGRA

We had been paddling all the afternoon, up north on the Onawonasett, where I have come every year since '95; and Jacques had met me, as always, for guide. Jacques is a strange character, not a guide by profession, but a roving child of the Northlands, with a handsome face and hands like a woman's.

And now the rays of the setting sun touched the rippling lake into tints that varied from soft indefinite shades, to the

brightness and magnificence of moulten gold. On a slight rise, just where the beach and forest seemed to meet, rose what appeared to be an ancient ruin.

Near this spot we pitched our camp, and, in a quiet mood, watched the twilight slowly deepen, until the stars appeared with all that shimmering brilliancy known only in the Northland. But Jacques sat in the shadow, with only the fitful glare of the firelight to detect the peculiarly changing expressions that betokened an unusual mood. Finally he slowly turned and said, "M'sieur will pardon me that I am silent, but the place makes me think—think strange thoughts.—It is a wonderful thing to be great: but oh—to be great and good also. Shall I tell you a story of France?"

Two youths were heirs to the French throne, and as such, were carefully guarded by those enjoying the power. As they advanced toward manhood, Philip, the elder, developed a strong, good character. He loved France, but loved honor more. This suited not Richelieu, so one night the youth was taken away; and to the people it was told that he had died of a fever. The truth was, however, that a ship had taken him to Louisiana. Here Philip was happy, and seemed freer than before; but he found that he was not, so in secret he planned. By chance, the direction was toward Canada, where for a time he was secure. The Red Robe, however, reaches far, and so he was again forced to flee. Back into unknown forests he went, with a band of Jesuits—far to the north, into country where no white man had set foot.

The surroundings here were wonderful to Philip. It was like the stairway

of the Gods. Huge terraces of white, glistening sand rose one above the other, till the top-most reared its crest full twelve hundred feet—a silent witness to Nature's power. One day Philip and Father Jeanant stood there watching the sea idly lap the shore; when suddenly a peculiar scene presented itself.

A party of Indians, dressed in flowing robes of brilliant hues, advanced towards them. The men were tall and handsome: the women dark, with glossy hair and soft brown eyes. Before them walked an old man, snow-bearded, and a young maiden, not dark skinned like the others, but straight and fair with a carriage that bespoke the blood of kings—majesty and grace in one.

Philip beheld with wonder this strange band, but greater still was his amazement, when the old man addressed him in excellent old Castilian Spanish: "Greetings, Senor. Long have we awaited thee. Now is the prophecy of Namelous fulfilled. Greetings to the Father also; for, though unheralded, full welcome awaits him."

And when Philip showed an extreme surprise, the old man continued: "I am Caligona, King of the Nameless, ruler of the oldest house which the earth bears—a house which ruled before even these mighty mounds did rear their crest above the waves. Not here, but far across the mighty waters whence comes the rising sun, our fathers first found existence. Basques was then the tribal name. But now our blood is old and feeble and the race is nigh extinct. Only she, my daughter Agra, bears the pure untainted blood. And then, thou art one full long expected. For the stars thy coming told. Thou shalt lead our men in

battle and renew the race so old."

Yes, Philip led on to victory that strange people, the Namelous, and for four long years he reigned, for he found that the totem of the old chief bore the tortoise and the globe, even as the ancient arms of his own French house. And he loved the Princess Agra, and Father Jeanant wedded them.

Then misfortune came. Caligno died. Famine fell upon them and foemen from the north. Discontent followed close upon discouragement. The treasure was spent and the ties of tribal loyalty were broken loose. Philip, Agra, and Father Jeanant were forced to flee back to the Province of Quebec.

Here Philip found many banished nobles, who recognized him at once as the rightful heir to France. Against his will a plot was formed, and, the better to conceal it, they withdrew to the Chateau de Revigny. Yes, that is its ruin, yonder. Here Philip and his wife, with their two children, made their home. At last plans were ready, and Philip was to leave for France the next day.

A great assembly of nobles and ladies were holding a farewell in his honor. It was a gay and light-hearted assembly. Madame Agra in the royal robes of the Namelous, with diadem of plumes, looked the queen; and Philip, handsome, stalwart, debonair yet withal princely, was crowned with the Namelous circlet bearing in blood rubies and emeralds the wondrous "Kim el Sette" (Source of light). What a scene! all present in satin and velvet—dancing, laughing, and making merry—Agra and Philip with smiles on their lips and pain in their hearts.

Suddenly a whistle was heard. The door burst open, and into the assembly poured a company of French troops—

at their head, the tool of Richelieu, Mazarin. Confusion reigned and a fierce fight ensued; but all in vain. At last, fighting like a fiend, and striving with every nerve to protect his wife, Philip fell. It may have been a chance blow or otherwise, but an instant after, Agra fell beside her lord. But before she died, rising to her knees and facing toward the east, as was the ancient custom, she began to chant the Song of the Dead:

Now is the prophecy completed,
Now is the ancient race no more;
Now are the Namelous defeated,
Now the Basques' long rein is o're;
Until the Crimson Huntsman calls;
The sleepers from their deathly sleep,
And from their eyes the seal lets fall
All ancient foes away to sweep,
Then shall be perfect peace.

But let the present foe beware;
For to our race the curse is granted;
And in his life be naught but care
With harvest of the seed long planted.
Upon him fall this direful curse
That, seeking, he shall never find
And, wishing evil, shall receive the worse—
Unhappiness alone shall find.

Father Jeanant, at the first alarm, had slipped to the chamber, taken the children in his arms, and fled. Scarcely did he reach the woods when flames burst forth from the house.

"Ah, M'sieur. I can scarcely think of it and not fly into a passion. Two hundred and fifty years ago to-night. I can almost see her. Yes, I can. Is she not beautiful, her flowing hair fragrant as the rose, her cheek bright with the coming and going of color."

He was silent for a moment, then, fumbling in his jacket, he drew forth a small ivory disk. Holding it out to me he said, "Look, is it not so, that is a portrait of her. It was done in Quebec.

Have I not told true?"

Looking closely, I beheld the handsomest, noblest and tenderest face upon which I ever gazed.

"Now look at this." And he handed me a similar disk. I took it for the same portrait, and said as much. Jacques laughed.

"Ah, M'sieur is mistaken. The last is my mother, Ah, M'sieur is surprised, no doubt. The other picture has been handed down for many generations, and I treasure it far more than this." And he drew from his pocket the famous gem "Kim el Sette." That, too, has for long been in the family, but I prize the the portrait more.

"I think I have aroused M'sieur. But forget it, as I shall, over night. Bon Soir M'sieur."

H. W. BAILEY, Tufts, '08.

SCHOOL-DAYS

In a school-house by the wayside,
There are rows of scholars bright,
Striving well to get their lessons,
And to do their problems right.

Here they learn about the countries,
How to "cipher, read and spell,"
And to write, or speak good language,
Also History's facts to tell.

But of course they know the story
Of the "dull boy" and the "shirk;"
So there is recess for playing,
With its freedom from school work.

Then they play at games and races
"On the King's Land" or at "Tag"
While within the sunny school-room
"Teacher's energies may lag.

Scenes like this we all remember
Of some school-house by the way,
Where we learned those dreary lessons
That are helping us to-day.

And we bless the little school-house
Which our memories linger o'er,
And we feel that we would gladly
Learn those lessons as of yore.

FANNIE E. KENDRICK, 1904.

SCHOOL FUN.

"It's a poor business looking at the sun with a cloudy face."

Kemp thinks it a long drive to Buckland, but——

Leander has analyzed over 65 flowers
Of all these he spent most of his time
with the Rose.

"I understood I heard my name"
Ballard.

Translations in German—Es mochte
gern ein Papstlein sein. "He would
like to be baptized." Die Hauser von
Koln in der Ferne. "The houses of
Cologne in the ferns."

Cronan has chickens already with
their eyes open!

From what we have seen noons
lately, we expected a joke something
like this—

Scholar (who has lost place) absent-
mindedly to teacher—"What's trumps?"

When school closes:——

Will Bird have more time to practice
base ball?

Will Stanford, Dint, et al hold down
the back platform at the depot?

Will the Hog-Hollow stage leave reg-
ularly on Friday afternoons?

Will certain of the boys camp on the tennis court?

Will Kemp be in the cemetery at three o'clock?

Will Gillet continue to study?

Will Dick start to argue on "The War in the Far East" and end up on "Why Hens scratch with both Feet?"

Will Bill wander up Colrain way to see us (?) occasionally?

Will Arms keep afloat after losing 1905?

At Adams, Bill with his winning ways got a ticket to the game with her handwriting on the reverse. He has also made vague remarks about a hammock.

Queries—Are Robinson and Temple twins? Does Debby eat oats?

Teacher—"Halligan, take that next proposition on the board."

Halligan—"What, this one there?"

When Sid gets the Senior boys dressed alike they will have to be tagged and numbered in order that no one will think himself some one else.

If Willie's a Patch, what does Preston Ware?

Davis is no Dean, nor is Willard a Mason.

We advise our successor that it is time wasted to try to get a joke on a teacher.

"I heard her smile." Lucy W.

So Miss Kinsman is Dutch. At least she answers to the name of Hans (hands).

We reproduce the work of two of our would-be Isaac Waltons who, hoping that the truth of the old saying, "A soft answer turneth away wrath," would not be trespassed upon, when asked for their excuse handed in the following:

Prof. C. A. HOLBROOK,
Dear Sir,—

We beg you to think for a minute of the beautiful afternoon of last Friday. The air was warm and a trifle sultry laden with a certain peculiar odor, which proclaims to the true fisherman ideal conditions for trout fishing.

We fishermen began to see visions of two pound speckled beauties, poking their noses from the foaming water, gently led by a slender silken cord.

Some of us, fortunately or otherwise, had duties to perform which forced us to resist the temptation. Others with lesser duties, yielded to the great temptation, and went fishing.

We beg you to excuse us for this transgression, on the ground that the limited size of our catch was sufficient punishment for our sin.

Respectfully yours,

DAVENPORT AND PETERSON.

Now kind readers would not the foregoing move the heart of a deacon to try his luck on Sunday? We expect that even the girls who read it will seek the haunt of the trout and if necessity demands, bait their own hooks with those wiggly crawly fishworms.

What did the Prof. say? He merely remarked that it was the only good excuse for missing Heaven.

We observe for the benefit of the

gentlemen of the rod that if they had heeded the laws of trespass, no excuse need have been forthcoming. It would be well to bear this in mind when the "temptation" again persists.

ATHLETICS

Base Ball.

The base-ball season is now at its best and everyone should appreciate it by presenting their smiling (?) faces at every game, or if that is impossible, by buying a ticket of the Manager. Support by the school is all that is needed as the team will see that they do the rest. A reliable team is what Arms has wanted for these many years and at last success has crowned the efforts of our base-ball boys. Just a glance would tell anyone that we have a team to be proud of. Fine at the bat, fine in the field and above all things, fine-looking boys. And now for the games which show their fine qualities.

Begins with a Victory

Arms opened its base-ball season with Murdock High School at home and won easily by a score of 10 to 7. The game was loosely played on both sides, there being many errors. Arms took advantage of Murdock, by bunching their hits when they all meant runs. Murdock's hits, however, were kept well scattered. The base-stealing of the Arms boys was a feature as well as O'Brien's umpiring.

Another Victory Scored

Arms defeated Athol High School at home, in a fast and exciting game, by the score of 7 to 4. Bird was very effective, allowing the visitors only two hits. The playing of Arms as a team was much superior to that of the last game. The special feature was the fielding of Duprey, although most all the Arms players contributed what might be called grand-stand plays.

First Defeat

Arms was defeated the first time this season in a seven-inning match, by Adams High School at Adams. They were beaten by one run only, however, and also in seven innings. If the full game had been played, Arms would doubtless have improved the score. Every moment saw increasing vim in the Arms boys and the right kind of ball necessary to win a game. Davis pitched his first game of the season, striking out eight men to his opponent's five, which shows that Arms certainly has two good pitchers to rely upon. Arms made only one error and excellent fielding was the only feature.

Alas; But a Second Defeat

Pittsfield High School won a very interesting game from Arms, by the score of 5 to 2. The play was much faster than would appear by the score. Curtin, Pittsfield's pitcher, won his own game, allowing only six hits, and making two himself at critical moments. Bird, however, struck out eight men to Curtin's seven. Davis, for Pittsfield, and Tolman and Wood, for Arms, played a good game.

EXCHANGES

We are pleased to see our exchange list increase. Since our last issue we have received three more excellent papers. *The Exponent*, Dayton, Ohio, *The Organig*, York, Me. and *The American H. S.*, Indianapolis, Ind.

The Acorn has a very good story, "Chee Wun Lung" and we were pleased to notice that the ads were confined to special pages in the last issue.

Jokes and ads seem to constitute about all the reading matter in *The Academy Bill*. Fyrebureg, Me.

The cuts in the April number of *La Plume*, Grand Rapids, Mich. are original. Your exchange column is taken all by yourselves. Why not criticise or compliment the exchanges you receive?

The Huisache, San Antonio, Texas, has an appropriate cover.

A fine cut of your Basket Ball Team, *Vermont Academy Life*.

The Argus, Sheldon, Ct., is still up to its high standard.

The cover design of *The Climax*, Beloit, Wis. far exceeds its literary work. Could you not add some good story?

The exchange column in *The Clariore*, Appleton, Wis. is well written. The

section marked, "As Others See Us" hurts it however.

The cover of the *Students Arena*, could be improved. This paper's work is above the average.

The Apokepsian is one of our best exchanges.

The Stylus, Taunton, H. S. is an important exchange with a fine cover. Its exchange column could surely be improved upon.

The Oak, Lily and Ivory is a pretty exchange and neatly arranged.

"The Conquering of Joe" in *The H. S. Aegis* is quite interesting.

"The Little Violinist" and "Dot and I Entertain" in the February and March issues of the *Lynn Classical High School Gazette* are well worth mentioning.

The April number of *The Brunoniase* contains some fine cuts.

"The Three Infants" in *The Academy Journal*, Norwich, Conn. is a fine story.

The Authentic contains a very interesting story "Lights Out;" but the appearance of the paper is not pleasing as one finds an ad on every page he turns over.

The Herald, Holyoke, Mass. contains a fine cut of the Basket Ball Team.

The College Greetings has again reached us with a fine cover and good literary department.

"A Watch Episode" in *The Chronicle*, Hartford, Conn. is especially good.

We can count but five criticisms in the entire exchange column of the *H. S. Herald*, Westfield, Mass. The rest of the column is given to jokes.

Comms your cover for March was very neat and attractive.

"A Telephone Conspiracy" in *The Stator* is quite original as well as interesting.

The Exponent of Bozencan, Mont. may surely be complimented on its splendid cuts, but perhaps a few criticisms in the exchange column and one or two stories would have been read with as much zeal as the tedious review of the Basket Ball Season.

"A Little Automobile Ride" in *The Usonian* is fine.

CLASS NOTES

1906

On the evening of April 10, we were given a reception by the Seniors. The different games seemed to be enjoyed by every one, the new march also. Refreshments were served during the evening. The reception was closed with songs.

Mrs. Smith has already given us several election lessons for Prize Speaking. But of course we all wish that our friends and relatives will be absent on the night of June 19.

A special class meeting has been held to decide about class pins, and a committee was appointed. Fun is expected when they report.

1905

On the tenth of April, the Seniors gave a reception to the Juniors. Nearly all members of both classes were present and spent an enjoyable evening.

The Class Day program is as follows:
Address of Welcome, Stanley C. Ball
Oration, Leander E. Bird
Class History, Maud Tower
Class Statistics, George Turton
Address to the Under-Graduates,
Foster C. Russell

The Reply
Class Poem, Roy Turton
Class Will, Sidney F. Wood

Memorabilia

Robert Amsden, Edith Barnes
William E. Patch, Ralph A. Peterson
Rose Turton

Prophecy

Ella Carpenter, Mattie Wiley
Grace Rowland, Nettie Canedy
Ode, Ellen Temple

Alumni Notes.

We continue the college news of our alumni.

At Tufts College :
Alfred Mayhew, graduate work and instructing.

At Bates College :
Stuart Holbrook, Junior Proctective

Williams College :
John Nelson expects to enter.

Commercial School, Boston :
Roy Koonz may enter in the Fall.

R. A. STETSON

of the

NO CREDIT FRUIT AND GROCERY STORE

Wants the "GENTLER SEX" to remember that SATURDAY and MONDAY of each week is his special

BARGAIN DAYS

and if you are a shrewd, up-to-date and alert modern house wife you will take advantage of these sales. For they are

SPOT CASH

and the bottomed PRICE is always TOUCHED

**Graduation
Fabrics****Gloves, Ribbons,
Fans****Prices Lower than the
Lowest****C. D. Spencer & Co.****Henry W. Ware****High Grade Coal Elevator**

Office at Davis' Store

Fresh Strawberries

Every day at

DAVIS'**Quality in Drugs**

Everybody wants quality when it comes to drugs and they always get it when they come here.

No druggist can be more careful in the purchase and care of drugs than we are and nowhere can you get equal quality for less than we ask.

We should like to have you remember this when next you need anything in the drug line.

Baker's Pharmacy

SHELBURNE FALLS, MASS.

H. S. Swan Co.

Furniture, Carpets, Curtains and Wall Paper

Repairing and Picture Framing
a Specialty

UNDERTAKERS and FUNERAL DIRECTORS

Shelburne Falls

Horses! Horses!

We keep 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, Harnesses

The Guilford & Wood Horse Co.

F. J. WOOD, Prop.

Stable at
SHELBURNE FALLS, MASS.

Shelburne Falls Marble Co.

North End of Main St., Shelburne Falls

Marble and Granite

Monuments and Headstones

PRICES RIGHT

Estimates Cheerfully Given
Correspondence Solicited

C. H. GLEASON, Mgr.

**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

WHEN IN NORTH ADAMS drop in to our store and look at the many goods we display in

Tools, Cutlery, Guns, Hardware, Athletic Goods,
Druggists Sundries and Fancy Goods

we are more than pleased to show them to you, prices low, quality high, is the ground we ask your patronage on

Burlingame & Darbys Co.

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

STUDIO of J. K. Patch, Photographer, Cor. Main and Bridge Sts., Shelburne Falls, Mass. Everything first-class and up-to-date. All sizes of Photographs at bottom prices. Special rates on classes and family pictures.

J. K. PATCH, Shelburne Falls, Mass.

The Arms Stationery Stand

IS THE PLACE TO BUY
AM CLOSING OUT BELOW COST
F. S. WOOD, '05, Proprietor

ARMS---ARMS---ARMS

A. R. M. S.

Arms

I HAVE THE KINDS OF

Ice Cream, Soda and
Confectionery

That goes with this Cheer, [COME BE WITH ME
STUDENTS]

Ward's Candy Kitchen

J. S. SEVERANCE Coal and Ice Dealer

Office at Jenks & Amstein's
SHELBURNE FALLS

VALUE

If you are looking for the value of your money in

Furniture

You can find it at

Wm. A. Johnson's

Undertaker and Funeral Director

F. H. Amsden & Co.

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The CRESCO

Is a GOOD CORSET as it cannot break at the waist, CRESCO Style 302 made in Jean Sateen Brocade Batiste and Summer Net. Price for Jean White Drab or Black Size 30 or Under \$1.00. This corset gives to the wearer perfection in form, the disconnection at the waist insuring natural and graceful adaptation of the garment to the form and obviating possibility of a break at the sides.

Shelburne Falls, - Mass.

Western Union Telegraph and Cable Office

Money transferred by telegraph
Corner Bridge and River Streets
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Jenks and Amstein's Shoe Store
Branch Office, Boston & Maine R. R. Station
Messages Received Night and Day
Long Distance Telephone Heath Telephone

K. B. Comstock, Mgr.

Residence 71 Main St.

FOURTH OF JULY will soon be here and **FLAGS** will be in evidences. We have all sizes

Smith's Variety Store

MILEAGE BOOKS TO RENT

F. G. Mitchell

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A. E. Kemp & Son Jewelers

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

W. G. RICKETT

Veterinary Surgeon

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John F. Manning

Attorney - At - Law

Arms Academy, '97. B. U. L. S., '04

LAST CALL for Garden Seeds, all kinds in Packages. We still keep a choice line of GROCERIES, FLOUR and CAN GOODS of all varieties and National Biscuit Co.'s COOKIES and CRACKERS.

Give us a call

AMSTEIN BROS.

DR. J. P. THAYER
DENTIST

Stebbin's Block, Shelburne Falls
HEATH TELEPHONE

ALWAYS AWAKE!

With Chocolate and all other kinds of pie and a full line of Pastry at your disposal.

CRESCENT NIGHT LUNCH

E. M. GOULD, Prop.

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

IF YOU WANT

GOOD BREAD

USE

PILLSBURY'S BEST

SOLD AT

J. B. Frost's

Colrain Hotel

C. J. Russell

Proprietor

Livery connected, Steam Heated throughout

COLRAIN, MASS.

C. L. KNOWLTON

Dealer in

Crawford Cooking Ranges

WITH "SINGLE DAMPER"

Controls fire and oven with one motion

No confusion. Call and see them

4 Bridge St.,

Shelburne Falls

John H. Temple

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TEMPLE BROTHERS

Dealers in

Beef, Pork, Lamb, Poultry, Ham,
Sausages, Etc.

We carry a full line of number one canned goods, special prices on one dozen lots. All kinds of Vegetables in their season. Call and inquire about our special weekly sales.

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
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If you want correct footware come to headquarters for it. We have the goods and are bound to please you.

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Fabrics****Gloves, Ribbons,
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