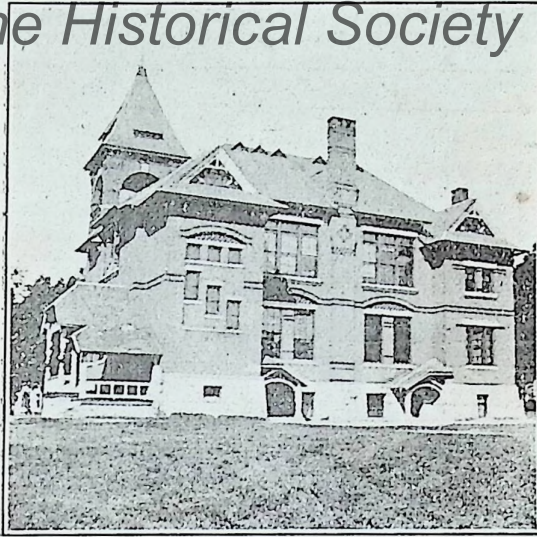


Earl H. Temple

The Arms Student

Shelburne Historical Society



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VOL. XVIII

NO. 3

ARMS ACADEMY

Spring term begins March 20, 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.

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 class room 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 materials at hand are constantly kept in view. For further information apply to

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Classical Course. Figures denote recitation periods per week.

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

General Course.

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

English Course.

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

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C. W. Ward wound up the Basket Ball Season at home with a free service of his Saturday Specials to the Arms team at the Ideal Lunch Room after the Gardner game. Let us in turn show our appreciation by our patronage.

Many of us travel by freight in this world because we can't express ourselves. Nevertheless Arms is developing some fine orators, who no doubt in later years will do honor to the school.

The girls have got the "stuff."

EDITORIALS

Lincoln's Birthday was appropriately observed at Arms, the school-room being decorated for the occasion with flags and bunting. Rev. Mr. Hunt delivered a very fine address, bringing out interesting points in Lincoln's life and showing why he was a great man.

At last the A. C. C. M. P. S. S. T. T. has revealed its mysteries. On Monday evening, February 20, the Girls held a benefit social and candy sale for the Athletic Association, at which \$40. was realized and handed over to the cause of athletics. The A. A. A. extends its most heartfelt thanks.

Hurrah for the girls!

Apparently, the weekly report of Current Events had slipped Professor's mind, but all are glad to have them back again.

The London *Telegraph* says: At a school inspection some of the boys found a difficulty in the correct placing of the letters "i" and "e" in such words as "believe," "receive," etc., when the inspector said blandly, "My boys, I will give you an infallible rule, one I invariably use myself." The pupils were all attention, and even the master pricked up his ears. The inspector continued: "It is simply this: Write the "i" and "e" exactly alike and put the dot in the middle over them."

However, this rule has been more or less successfully practiced at Arms for some time, as the spelling teacher will testify.

Senior Prize Speaking is a thing of the past.

PEGGY PEGS

Peggy burst through the doorway, ran across the veranda, and paused on the last step to open her umbrella. She shook it vigorously at a wan face in the window above and with a merry laugh ran down the walk.

Evidently Peggy had something in view. She was always light hearted on such occasions.

Violet Harding leaned back among the pillows and watched her friend go down the street. She saw Peggy stop the young people she met,—she could almost hear her laugh, for Peggy always laughed. Never before had Violet thought how good it was to be out in the free open air, to ride, to walk, and

above all be with the others. She felt a little jealous pang. Peggy had been very good during her sickness, she realized in her a dear friend, yet even so soon, Violet was forgotten. The sick girl leaned forward and watched her friend out of sight. A big tear ran down her cheek and splashed on the thin hand. Yes it was hard, so hard to be alone.

When Peggy left the sick room she felt truly down hearted. All her brightness, all the jolly pranks related, every attempt failed to awaken the usual hearty interest from Violet. Peggy knew the trouble. She realized how hard was her friend's position, and had scarcely crossed the threshold before she had an idea. Peggy always was full of ideas. She stopped every classmate, every friend she met, wrote notes to all the uncles and aunts, solicited even the aid of Violet's parents, and at last was satisfied.

Two days later an immense box found its way to Violet's room, and did not fail to arouse the desired interest. It was filled with envelopes and packages of all descriptions, each bearing a date. Violet found there were enough to last two months and one for each day. (Why the doctor had said it would be two months before his patient could go out.)

Every one had remembered her. Each day brought forth something from classmate or friend and the old brightness returned. That it was all Peggy, she knew. No one else would ever have thought of such a thing, and Violet wondered why she had not trusted Peggy, neither was she content until she had confessed. But Peggy only laughed and kissed away the happy tears.

M. E. T. '05.

RECEIPT FOR COMPOSITION CAKE

When you have a composition to write, procure a subject and put it away for at least twenty-four hours to swell or rise by absorbing thoughts from the air. When you think it has the right dimensions, go to a quiet room and lock the door so that nothing can escape, and be sure you do not think so hard or fast that any portion will get out through the walls. Then by using the following receipt I am sure that you will receive your share of criticisms.

Cover two sheets of paper with sentences, constantly stirring with an inky pen. With the twenty-four hours of thought that has been set away to rise, mix several ungrammatical sentences and no less than ten mis-spelled words. When both sheets are well filled, stir in corrections with the help of a dictionary and grammar. Flavor to taste with humor, and pour on to a clean sheet, with your name in the upper right hand corner and the subject in the middle of the first line. Leave to bake until class-time.

BERTHA B. BARLOW, '07.

CLASS EXERCISE: "IN CLOVER"

(An arrangement)

Prelude-animato-con spirito

Five minutes before the calling of the College Reading class, a certain member of that body might have been seen scribbling off the answer to the question, "What were the causes of this 'spirit of liberty?'" His book was open before him, and three hastily written sheets of paper lay on the desk at his right elbow.

"Well!" he thinks, "I guess I'll have this ready after a fashion."

But alas! His seat-mate returns from a short sojourn in that part of the room where two teachers may be seen mysteriously conversing.

Says the second student, "Watch me study now! She's going to give us a written lesson on Burke's speech."

Despair—First student look sat his neighbor a moment with an incredulous expression. Then, dropping his pencil, he seizes the papers he has written, and begins (in his mind of course): "Burke's objections to Lord North's Plan, first—only a project, second—an experiment fatal to the constitution, third—does not satisfy—"

"Freshmen Reading," announces the Prof.

"—fourth—will plunge parliament into—"

"College Reading"—the fatal word. "—great and inextricable difficulties." "—Well! I guess I can answer the first question, anyway."

In the class room all were settled at their desks, prepared (?) to take the expected examination on Burke, when the teacher explained, "I want each to write a spur-of-the-moment sketch on the subject: "In Clover."

"Well!" said the aforesaid student, "That's just what I'm in."

S. C. B., '05.

Air in B natural-con grazia

An ideal September day just drawing to its close. The sun, lowering behind the western horizon, cast long shadows over the level farm lands. The heat of the day had gone, and out from the edge of the young woods, leisurely hopped

two half-grown rabbits, to feed on the thick clover close by. One, a trifle larger than the other, lingered a little behind, stopping frequently to rise on his haunches, to sniff the fresh breeze and cast a glance at the surroundings. Then a few more hops, and under an old Virginia fence, and there he sat in the thickest of clover. He seemed contented, now busily nipping the tender leaves, now rising to half his height to catch the noise in yonder bushes. So let us leave him, undisturbed, save only by the faint sound of cow bells, from the hillside.

G. T., '05.

Variation in D minor

"I have put on the board," says the teacher, "some suggestions for the STUDENT. They are not subjects, but only suggestions." Well, about an hour is spent in trying to find which to have. We hear and say:

"Oh, I don't know what to write about."

"I don't think we Seniors ought to write STUDENT papers, when we have so much to do."

But finally the contribution is written and then comes such a relief! It seems as if you could have perfect rest, certainly until it is time for the next issue. Oh, such perfect rest! That's being in clover. But if you don't get it done, when your parents see your report card, 'tis no "Clover" for you.

EDITH A. BARNES.

Return to key-staccato-con moto

The words of our topic sometimes mean a good run of luck, which I had

one week last summer. On Monday morning I had a bicycle frame worth about half a dollar. I swapped that for a watch, even. I swapped the watch for a rifle, and in exchange for the rifle, got two other watches. For the best of these watches, I got two cheap ones and fifty cents. When Saturday came I had sold my three accumulated watches for five dollars and a half, and I had a ring, besides. So you see I got six dollars for the bicycle frame, and I still have the ring because it is so cheap I don't dare show it. For one whole week of my life I was "in clover."

Intermezzo cantabile-placido

"In clover!" What thoughts the words bring to mind: humming bees, singing bobolinks, gently blowing breezes, and ripe strawberries. As I lay there surrounded by the nodding honey-laden blossoms my eyes see nothing but beauty; my ears hear nothing but the songs of birds and bees, the rustling of the wind, the rippling of the brook, and the distant tinkling of cow bells. My mind harbors no thought save of peace and content. The disappointments of yesterday and the trials of tomorrow are forgotten. The human part has left me. I am no longer a man, I am a bird or a bee. What a life to lead! No cares, no trials, no temptations.

PETERSON.

Crescendo-marcato-e con fuoco

"All I want is fifty million dollars," etc. The common herd usually follow this line when they think of perfect happiness. But we are uncommon. So

shut us up in school all day, assign us fifty or more algebra problems to work out, and give us several compositions to write upon subjects like these, "Why I am glad to attend Sunday School," or "Music of Springtime." (Note—the only music we know of is the plunk of footsteps in mud.)

Do we want to go hunting? Probably not. We would rather listen to the gentle wind as it blows in window glass, lifts off roofs, or plays similar little pranks. We only hope it will rain as we ramble home. Then our cup of contentment will be full, also our neck.

RUSSELL.

Poco a poco ral-con tenerezza

On a beautiful island in the middle of the St. Lawrence River, thrives a mass of sweet clover. Wherever it finds a spot to grow, it sends forth many sweet scented blossoms.

One beautiful morning in July, I stood there in the midst of a field of these delicately tinted flowers. The stalks were so tall and slim that their heads were bent very modestly, while each seemed to be trying to present its most graceful appearance. "Shall I pick some?" I asked myself, as my eyes wandered over it all. I simply stood and looked, not in wonder or amazement, but with genuine delight at seeing this otherwise desolate isle made so beautiful.

How long I stood there I do not know, but suddenly a bell rang, and I was called to my duties. I did not take away any of these lovely pulse children, but all day my thoughts wandered back to those few moments when I stood among the clover blossoms.

L. E. BIRD.

Variation scherzo

When we have a short, or even long lesson in Math. Review, which is composed of problems that I can do, I like nothing better than to sit down at my desk, with a good sharp pencil and plenty of paper, and figure and figure until they are all done. Someway, accomplishing work of that kind seems to be a pleasure to me, and I might say that while doing it I am "in clover."

CROSIER, '05.

Movement-ah-piggi-o

A sunny day had dawned, just the thing. Everybody was on the stir, all but "One." "One" was half buried in straw with head protruding, showing half closed eyes. No one noticed him, there was such a bustle. Steadily the sun climbed the skies and "One" noticed that all was quiet. He was alone. Then came a change in this lazy dreamer; there was a sudden woouf, woouf, and the straw flew in every direction. A lightning streak flashed across a yard; a loud crack was heard, a board broke; and "One" over-balanced himself and tumbled outside.

The grass was green, sunshine was warm and nice, and the clover in the south meadow grew thick and sweet. A wavering line from the north showed a half-made path, leading to the center of the field. And there, in a wallowed bed, reposed "One," having caten his fill and gone to sleep.

The pig-pen was empty.

M. E. T., '05.

Finale-dolce-maestoso

We all know the small plant that is cultivated by farmers for a dainty dish

for the cattle when they have been extra good, or when the cow boy is in a mood to be bountiful.

Bees are the only ones that ever, literally, get in clover. They go in for the express purpose of obtaining the sweet sticky article, honey. 'Tis a sweet life they live there in the fields of pink and white flowers; but 'tis also a very active life, no minute of which is wasted, as the old rhyme has well taught us.

Some people are always looking at others who are more fortunate than they, and saying: "That man is in clover, whereas I have to work so hard that my life is wearisome. It is a drudgery." To such men as these we might say, "Look at the bee. He is in clover. He gets there by labor and to labor."

The work of life is the field of clover for man, even as the pink blossoms are for bees. Let us get all the honey we can and be content.

E. J. TEMPLE.

WHEN THE FOOT-BALL SQUAD TURN LITERARY

True signs of Spring

On a warm afternoon in late February I stepped into a barber shop and, as there were several ahead of me waiting, I took a seat by the window and picked up a paper. I had not been reading long, however, when my attention was attracted by a noisy group of "kids" across the street. They were evidently playing "migs." There seemed to be a great deal of excitement and there were many looking on, who had no doubt already been "skinnt."

But just then my attention was turned from the game to the groups of older kids inside, who seemed to be greatly excited also. The conversation had changed from the weather, horses, checkers, etc., to town-meeting. After much hot debating it was finally decided that Buckland would go "license" without doubt, but Shelburne was unsettled. Then the call came, "Next" and it was my turn. But in the interval, I had realized that Spring was nearer than I had supposed.

Left Guard Amsden

School-room Virtues

School room virtues? Do we realize what they are? No, but we can guess what they should be, if we have listened attentively to the numerous words which are daily delivered upon the subject. We have the receipt, but who can construct a perfect article from a mere receipt?

Before we can become virtuous we must have models of virtue before us. To be sure we have a few models, but they are not before us; they occupy the back seats. Much as we may desire to copy their excellent examples, we cannot; for we are forbidden to turn our heads. But when one of these personifications of virtue falls from his high place, what happens? He is moved to a front seat, where we cannot help seeing, and alas! copying the actions of this wreck of former excellence.

What shall be the remedy for this sad state of affairs? We cannot change human nature. We would not if we could; for it would defeat the very object which we have in view. But we might seat these models of virtue "down front" and thus have continually before us an example worthy of imitation.

Left End Peterson

Johnnie and His Tooth

Johnnie had a nice new tooth,
Which was more false than true.
And every where that Johnnie went
This tooth it would go too.

It went to school with him one day
Which was against the rule.
The teacher took the tooth from him
And tried it after school.

Full Back Wood

The Old Sugar House

There upon the wooded bank above the swollen stream I found the old sugar house. The structure was weather-beaten and rough, with many a warped board curling from the seasoned beams. A quantity of sled-length fire wood stood piled just outside the door, and, not far off, the old home-made wood sled waited, burdened by the heavy hogshead of freshly gathered sap. The drizzling rain dripped from the tree tops; and the ground, soft and muddy, told the tale of the logging teams and their heavy loads. From out the sunken roof rose high into the misty air, towering clouds of vapor from the boiling sap. It seemed like a vision, the little rural picture set within a cloudy halo.

Presently the door opened, and with slow, short steps, out strode an old man, bent from years of constant toil. He stooped before the wood pile, and was about to feed his blazing fire, when he noticed my dog, who, made curious by the sweetness of the air, stood sniffing in the open door. "Well, hello, sir!" the man said, in a tone as if pleased by his tiny visitor. He then looked up and with a welcoming sort of a "How-de-do," asked if I would not like to step in and watch. A box was placed for me to sit, at the further end of the evaporator, and the old question, "Wal, let's see; who's boy be you?" was finally popped.

An understanding was soon reached regarding my parents, and the village news was next sort. Pleased with a chance to break this quiet and solitary life, he let the stories of his boyhood follow one after another, until the sound of rain drops on the roof, made me bethink myself of the distance between me and home.

Left Tackle G. Turton

A moment to be remembered

The score stood 0-0 and the first half was nearly over. Our opponents had steadily rushed the ball from the fifty yard line down, and now it stood only six inches from glory. It looked hard for us, for, with the exception of two of our men, we seemed like pygmies.

But because the ball was only six inches from our goal, we were not disheartened. We got in position for the charge, every one with his head down, and his feet braced.

"27-11-45."

Bif, whack, bang came the full back right into the center of the mass. Half the pile was over the line and the other, six feet away, when the whistle blew. Who had the ball? Eleven men were hoping their side had it, and ten men were hoping the ball was theirs. Only one knew, and that was our little end, who had it six feet away, hugging it like a bag of gold.

Right Half Back Tolman

With Compliments of the Season

Behold—
Winter is with us,
Yea—
The beautiful snow covers the pavement
And hideth the innocent ice.
And man falls
And great is the fall thereof.
And he curseth the innocent ice
That cometh up so quickly to smite him.

And the gentle wind, forgetting his gentleness
 Laugheth thereat,
 Yea; even howleth with an unholy joy—
 And it scoopeth the beautiful snow
 And deposits down the neck of the man
 And his neighbor
 And his neighbor's wife
 And his man-servant
 And his maid-servant.
 Even his animals are not safe therefrom.
 And the rain descends, and the floods come, and the
 winds blow
 And the man curseth
 Yea, curseth with a bitter heart
 And with wet trousers
 For did he not smuggle close into the wet snow,
 And into the slush?
 Yet it is so
 And what is, is.

Right Tackle Russell

Two Trees—a contrast

I looked up the hill I was about to climb, and, far above, saw against the many-columned back ground, a dark line; and above this a large cone, lighter than the dark streak. As I approached nearer, the trees were smaller, and on the ground were many layers of dark, sweet-smelling needles upon which I slipped and slid. I now saw that the dark line was the trunk of a fine pine tree, which rose fifty or sixty feet above the place where I stood. There were no branches for nearly thirty feet from the ground, and then the first ones spread out wide, making, with those above, an almost perfect cone. In fact, the whole tree looked like a mammoth Noah's ark variety. Around it were many little pines of all shapes that a tree can get into naturally. But this big tree, straight as an arrow and over two feet in diameter at the base, was a perfect one not very often found.

On the top of another hill stands a tall tree, looking like a flag staff, all that remains of its kind for rods around.

Many years ago, when the wood-choppers started their killing, they came

to this spot. They looked at the tree. It seemed a fine specimen and yet they marked it worthless. It was hollow. So the choppers cut all its neighbors and left the place clean, but for this tall and worthless one.

But the tree was better and had more life than any one thought, for every year it bears a few leaves, though every season the number decreases, so cold are the winds that sweep over, unbroken.

Tough is that old tree, and many more years may it stand, though it is hollow, lone and deserted.

Right Guard Gillett

Disturbing the Peace

One evening a freight train came steaming into the station, and after making a big racket, finally switched on the side track, and quieted down. Did I say quieted down?—save for the escaping of steam, which escaped and escaped and continued to escape for hours.

Bed-time came, and still the music went on. My room-mate, not feeling well, could not sleep.

"Will that never stop!" said he.

"Don't mind a little thing like that, forget it," I replied; and, being tired, followed my own advice. But after a while I awoke, only to find the same steady buzz and the same tired voice saying:

"I'm going to get up."

I kept quiet thinking that we both would go to sleep. Finally I did, only to wake again later. Then occurred the following dialogue:

"Ain't that thing ever going to stop?"

"If I had hold of that fellow, I'd give him a piece of my mind."

"The blamed thing has been buzzing ever since half-past nine. If it don't

stop pretty soon I'll get up and rock."

"I'd like to keep that fellow's car right near that buzz for a week."

For a few moments we were quiet (except for the buzz) and then

"I'm going to another room in the other part of the house, are you coming?"

"No, I ain't, I'll stay here, if I keep awake all night." I followed pretty soon, however, but even there I could still hear the beautiful music.

Finally I would stand it no longer; so got up, put cotton in my ears, and tried again. But the cotton bothered, and so I decided that I would go to sleep in spite of everything. And some where about two o'clock, I did. My room-mate, however, changed again to a couch in still another room, where he still listened to the sing song till three o'clock.

In the morning there were enough ashes on the track, from the rousing fire made by the fireman (to keep that buzz going) to make a good side walk half a mile long.

Center R. Turton

RISING

Everybody is striving for some great bonanza. The possibilities of any young American's rising in the world is well known and wondered at by people of other countries. If we go to New York we see the monster towering buildings which loom up black and lofty like the Pyramids of Egypt. Why it is that these houses are built so high? Because human nature inclines upward. So when a building is put up higher than the rest, it feels "above" the lower ones and the people who live in it have

gained a higher level. Perhaps the owner of one of these sky-scrappers has once played football, and, standing by till a pile is formed, has then jumped on the top and gained a more prominent position.

The men of prominence in political affairs appear to have accomplished their purpose, but a man, himself almost unnoticed, may do even better work. The New York Subway, the greatest underground railway in the world, is not in sight when passing through the streets, but is it any less important? This is a work highly important though the cars are traveling under us and the motion is unperceived by the crowd overhead.

The cat when she catches a mouse runs to you, to purr and climb up to your shoulder. She thinks she has obtained success in the rat-line, perhaps you think she has in the scratch-line. But the scratch-line seems to be a pretty sure way to rise. One thing is certain, you have got to get a strong foothold and then climb the pole by inches. If your claws are sharper than somebody else's, you climb on, and as you pass by them, they may claw at you, but if you continue upright their scratches leave no scar, and you continually climb higher.

There are certain subtle pulls in our natures, which, unless checked, lead downward. Ought we not to take criticisms and suggestions kindly, and to help others if we can?

LAMB, '07.

AT NIGHT-FALL

I am reminded of a stinging, cold February afternoon several years ago, when, as a small boy ten or twelve years old, I was having great sport coasting with some of my school-mates. The

hill was a long, gradual slope, at the bottom of which, in a broad level valley, lay the village. It was just the place for coasting, and a great resort for the school boys.

On this particular afternoon, we had been sliding as usual, and were drawing up the double ribs for the last grand rush. As we walked the shadows played tag almost at our heels, and the sun slowly but surely went down behind what was called "Old West" or "West Mountain." It proved to be a race as to which should win, the shadows or ourselves, but we came up the home stretch with a few minutes to spare.

It was certainly a scene to be remembered, as we stood there with our breath making white clouds in the crisp air, and our faces tingling in the north wind. How cold and dissatisfied with his day's work "Old Sol" looked, as his beard sank into the tree tops, seemingly covered with icicles. To me he seemed to be making a last mighty effort, and about to lose at that.

I shall never forget what a cold shudder ran through me, as the very top of his bald head disappeared from view. There was at least one thoughtful boy, who turned his attention to the sleds, and prepared for the last slide of the day.

It proved to me in my childish mind, that even the most powerful of us must and will at some future time find out what it means not to win.

G. M. T., '05.

A PRETTY SIGHT

One day I was going down a hill in a pasture. Near the bottom ran a small brook and an old road, and there I noticed something. So I sat down to investigate. As they came nearer I

noticed they were three deer, the first that I had ever seen, a mother and two fawns. They went along so easily and so quietly that I could not even hear them, and they didn't notice me but went quietly on up the road. Their color mingled somewhat with that of the surroundings while the long ears and graceful proportions of the old one were pleasing indeed; but the fawns' legs looked as if they belonged to some larger deer. Their movements as they ran, or rather galloped, were very graceful and seemingly without effort.

Soon they came to a fence which was higher than the fawns' head. The old deer easily jumped over, but the fawns hesitated and whined, sounding like a dog. The mother jumped back and nosed them over, and then went over again. The fawns with a whine jumped over just as easy as the old one, but they were afraid to try. Then they went galloping gracefully away, the mother first and the fawns following in a line.

R. L. WILLIAMS, '06.

A WINTER SUNSET

What a happy light floods the silent grandeur of a winter landscape as the setting sun seems to halt a moment just above the horizon! The pale blue sky is tinted. Clouds reflect the glory, and the white summits glisten in the sparkling light. A few slanting beams sift through the tree tops on the icy crust in the valley below. But look! the brightness is fading, the bright clouds grow pale and twilight deepens almost immediately. The bleak dark hills, the cold blue sky, the fields a weary waste of whiteness, and the evening star gleaming faintly over all the wintry solitude, form a strong contrast to the moment before.

E. A. D., '06

BY MY FIRESIDE

"The day is done, and darkness
Falls from the wings of night,
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in its flight.

I see the lights of the village
Gleam through the rain and the mist,
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me
That my soul cannot resist."

So I turn from the gloomy landscape to my fireplace. I look at the leaping, crackling flames, and their influence soothes the restless, longing feeling which has crept over me. I realize the blessing of this comfortable, cosy fire when so many are cold and homeless out in the world, to-night.

O pine! that stood so proud and stately and erect in the forest, among whose thick growing branches, the grosbeaks, the finches and the shy wild-wood birds nested securely, while I rested on the soft, fragrant carpet of needles, under your cool shade in the summer season, I did not know that, when it was past, you would feed the fire to warm and cheer me.

Apple-tree, do not grieve that, when spring returns with the flowers, you cannot blossom into pink and white loveliness as before, for you, too, have comforted me in this lonely hour.

The fire is dying and in the embers I fancy grotesque forms and faces, just as I used to do when a child, years ago. Now the thoughts of day are banished, and I long only for rest.

"Thus the night has been filled with comfort,
And the cares that infested the day,
Have folded their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently stolen away."

R. L. P., '06.

ALUMNI NOTES

We wish to thank the Alumni who have kindly subscribed for THE STUDENT, also those who have sent encouraging letters, articles and money.

We would mention especially the poems written by Mrs. Anna C. Copeland for which we are very grateful.

News comes from Boston of a recital, February 8, and Miss Alberta Amstein, '02 was one of the seven to take part. We read, "a large audience filled Jordan Hall, the occasion being a recital given by the students of the advanced class of the New England Conservatory of Music. The work displayed by these young artists showed thorough and painstaking instruction on the part of the teachers and close application on that of the students. The audience was appreciative and applauded frequently."

Miss Amstein played from Rheinberger's Sonata in E flat minor, Intermezzo, Finale—Organ.

SCHOOL FUN

"Laugh and be fat."

"Better late than never"—Brigham signing the "Petition."

Teacher (to March who has been sent out of class) "I'll mark you zero."

March—"Well, that's better than nothing."

Gillet (to teacher as Robinson was drawing a figure on the board) "Please can't Robinson use more chalk?"

That eight years of hard study must have affected Gillet's eyesight.

Talk about medical triumphs. A certain one of our young ladies has a Patch on the brain!

Experience may be a good teacher but it is not good enough for Monahan.

Tolman, successful captain of the foot-ball and basket-ball teams, has turned his attention to marbles. Bill is an able second.

Translation in Virgil—magnanimos equos—highminded horses.

A team is diligently practicing and will soon issue a challenge to all comers at "dots."

Translation in Caesar—"Finding a boat tied to the river."

Teacher in chemistry—"What does Cn stand for?"

Ballard (brightly)—"Cinnamon."

Translation in French—Si mon beau-pere—if my beautiful brother.

Temple in Roman History—"So Hannibal was forced to carry his war elephants over the Alps."

Dick says—"Equal radii of equal circles are equal." How can such things be!

Prof. in Physics—"The mutual attraction between two magnets is illustrated by the attraction between two persons. Porter please explain." Porter did not explain. Probably Miss Warner could have helped him.

Ballard in Chemistry—"Sulphur boils at 450 degrees below zero."

Ainsworth has been seeing things in Chemistry, although it is reported that he very seldom sees his test tubes.

Ruby May must have a last year's calendar. (1905 is not divisible by four.)

In Chemistry an interested pupil when asked what was formed when he breathed into lime water, answered "Marbles!"

All those wishing to see a joke on the Editor in Chief please remember "the King can do no wrong." We had thought of borrowing an optician's ad,

and placing a large expressive wink here.

"We play Drury to-night."

D -- K.

Here's to each maker of fun
Who when searching in vain for a pun
Is taken with—alack
A space under his hat
And consigned with sad? tears to a "hum."

ATHLETIC NOTES

Basket-ball

Arms 46, Athol H. S. 22

Arms defeated Athol High in a fast, clean game at home by the score of 46 to 22. Patch and Tolman excelled in basket-throwing for Arms and Van Valkenburg threw the greatest number for Athol. The passing of each team was good.

Drury 16, Arms 9

January 20, Arms went to North Adams and was defeated by Drury H. S. The Arms team was greatly handicapped by the smallness of the hall and the absence of Bird, one of their star players, but nevertheless, they played a star game. From start until finish, the game was very close and interesting.

Arms 26, Springfield H. S. 25

The Springfield High School Basketball team, with their easy victory over Drury fresh in their minds and intending to beat Arms easier than Drury, arrived at Shelburne Falls, Saturday, February 4. After the first half, the score being 20 to 12 in Arms' favor, the Springfield boys saw that the Arms five were no cinch, and they determined to play as hard as possible. But they were disappointed for Arms won by a very close score. The spectators, however, saw one of the fastest and best games of the season.

Arms 56, Gardner H. S. 6

Arms added another victory by defeating Gardner H. S., 56 to 6. The Arms boys played a good passing and blocking game, but were unusually poor at basket-throwing. The Gardner players, when not standing still and looking for the ball, did some fine passing for they frequently passed the ball to an Arms man.

Line-up of the Arms players.

Tolman, r. f.
R. Turton, l. f.
Bird, c.
Davis, l. g.
Patch, r. g.
Substitutes, G. Turton, Amsden, Halligan

REPORT OF ARMS ACADEMY ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

Receipts	
Am't on hand Mar. 1, 1904,	\$39.68
Rec'd from Social,	13.20
Interest on Money in Bank,	.40
Rec'd from Social,	13.61
Football Team,	14.44
Miscellaneous Collections,	.66
Rec'd from Social,	9.50
Initiation fees to A. A. A. A.,	4.25
Dues to Mar. 1, 1905,	18.90

Total Receipts, \$114.64

Expenditures	
Basketball Team, Season '03-'04,	\$ 1.08
Baseball Team,	46.99
Printing,	7.50
Boxing Gloves,	6.00
Basketball Team, Season '04-'05,	40.00

Total Expenditures, \$101.57

Am't on hand, Feb. 15, 1905, 13.07

\$114.64

Respectfully submitted,
Harold J. March, Sec. and Treas.

CLASS NOTES

1906

The professor has decided to generate debates from the Civics class in the near future. If strange sounds are heard don't be alarmed.

WANTED:

To know who stole the key to March and Sanford's chemistry drawer and locked an Fe S generator in. To know what happened to the beakers the first two days after the chemistry bills for winter term arrived.

To have the class wake up and make a few notes so that they won't all have to be manufactured.

A professional test tube washer to wash up after the second chemistry division.

An apology should be given for one of our class notes of the last issue which, owing to a mis-print was twisted out of its meaning, also for the chemistry symbol which was minus a 2 after the H.

1907

Certain persons were anxious to have a sleighride, but when the time came, their ardor did not show itself.

A mystery: "Who wishes to take a sleighride to heaven?"

Deane Hillman returned for the winter term. Our number has also been increased by several new members.

1908

February 15, 1905 the Freshmen had a meeting and chose dark blue and white for their class colors in a unanimous vote.

Harold Elmer has left his class and has gone to work in the shop.

The greatest hit of the season came off at recess on the morning of February 16. It was a "knock down and carry out" pounding match between Brigham and Truesdell. It came out a draw. They will probably meet again.

EXCHANGES

Owing to the large number of exchanges received, and to the limited amount of space at the Exchange Editor's disposal, we are unable to mention as many of the papers as we desire to; but we read you all.

"An act of charity" in *The Huisache* is very good, as is also "Peculiarities of England" in *The Times* of Dayton.

The stories in the December *Spice* are fine. The *Sherman H. S. Monthly* would be greatly improved by the addition of an Exchange Column.

"Pump's Sacrifice" in *The Anchor* is a very well written story.

"Captured by Desperadoes" in the January *Hall Boy* is quite exciting, but rather too much of the Wild West type.

"Teacher's Triumph" in *The Ragen Record* and "An Unwelcome Visitor," in the Holyoke *H. S. Herald* are both very well written stories.

We did not find any exchange column in *The Lookout* of Derby, Ct. Was it an oversight on our part, *Lookout*?

"Sandy Higgins" in *H. S. Review* of Hamilton, O. is very interesting.

The Adjutant of San Rafael, Cal. is one of our best exchanges, and the exchange column is excellent.

The February number of *The Mt. St. Mary's Record* is a fine specimen of a school paper.

Too much cannot be said in commendation of the covers of the January numbers of *The Tech* of Cincinnati, Ohio and of *The Balance Sheet* of Washington, D. C. They are excellent.

"The Plodder and the Cheater" in the *Joblin H. S. Echoes* is a story well worth reading.

Echo of Dubuque, Iowa, where is your exchange column?

The *H. S. Pedestal* is a well-arranged paper.

The Lake Breeze is up to its usual standard. The stories in the January number are fine, and the cuts are original.

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B. U. L. S., '04

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