

The Blue and White

—PUBLISHED BY—

THE STUDENTS

—OF THE—

Vergennes High School

=====

FALL NUMBER, '05.



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favours, I remain
yours to com-
mand.

H. B. SLACK,

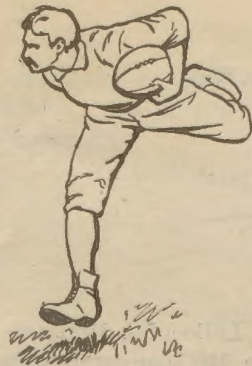
33 Main St.

Vergennes, Vt.



THE 1905 FOOT BALL SQUAD.

Reading from left to right. Top Row: Newton, r. t.; Young, c.; Davies, r. e.; Woodman, l. h. b.; Harris, l. g.; Gee, c.
 2d Row: Willis, l. g.; Sinon, r. g.; Carter, l. t.; Meigs, r. g.; Slack, f. b.
 3d Row: Stone, Manager, q. b.; LeBoeuf, captain, r. h. b.; Willard, r. t. and l. e.



The Season's Football Results.

V. H. S. vs. Proctor Y. M. C. A.

IN PROCTOR.

The first scheduled game was played with Proctor Y. M. C. A. at Proctor. As we had not seen our team play we expected they would be beaten but had a happy surprise as the game turned out V. H. S. 6, Proctor 5.

The game was a very close one. Proctor by hard work scored a touchdown in the first half.

For a long time in the second neither team seemed able to gain much ground. With only 30 more seconds to play Proctor tried a place kick; it was blocked; LeBeouf got the ball and ran nearly the whole length of the field for a touchdown. He succeeded in kicking a very difficult goal.

Football Review.

When school opened early in September naturally the most talked of subject among the fellows was foot-ball. Capt. LeBoeuf soon issued a call for candidates. Four of last year's team responded and later Sinon, leaving six places to be filled. On account of the interest taken by the boys a good team was soon rounded into shape.

Not least among the causes for a successful season was the work of the second team. Financially the season was a successful one.

Received from taxes	-	-	-	-	\$18.00
Left from base ball,	-	-	-	-	34.15
Subscription,	-	-	-	-	14.00
Gate receipts, etc.,	-	-	-	-	87.10
Total,	-	-	-	-	\$153.25
Expenses,	-	-	-	-	144.20
Balance left, to be given to base ball,					\$9.05

Future managers may well profit by the record of the season just ended; for by the general public a team's success is thought to be determined by the number of games won. This year's schedule shows an absence of a succession of big games like what constituted last year's schedule. Consequently the light, fast team of 1905 made a good showing. It won 7, lost 2, tied 1.

Middlebury H. S. vs. V. H. S.

IN VERGENNES.

The first home game resulted in a defeat at the hands of our old rivals, M. H. S. This is the first time in years that we have lost to M. H. S. on our own grounds. Fisher of the Middlebury college eleven was individually responsible for both touchdowns, one in each half. M. H. S. was heavier and Vergennes did well to hold the score at 11 to 0.

Following is the line up:

MIDDLEBURY, 11.

L. Hope, l. e.
Bosley, l. t.
Ellis, l. g.
R. Hope, c.
Stowe, r. g.
Smith, r. t.
Norton, r. e.
Stewart, q. b.
Fisher, r. h. b.
Mack and Foote, l. h. b.
Jackson, f. b.

VERGENNES, 0.

r. e., Daniels
r. t., Willard
r. g., Gee
c., Young
l. g., Willis
l. t., Carter
l. e., Davies
q. b., Stone
r. h. b., LeBoeuf
l. h. b., Woodman
f. b., Slack

Referee, McCuen; umpire, Gove; time, 15 and 12 minute halves.

Proctor Y. M. C. A. vs. V. H. S.

IN VERGENNES.

Vergennes' second game with Proctor Y. M. C. A. was a very hard fought game. Proctor could only gain by hard work. Once during the game did Proctor come within five yards of the home team's goal, but were soon driven back. V. H. S.'s series plays worked to perfection, and it was by this that they scored a touchdown in the first half.

Barret as full back for Proctor did fine work hitting the line. McGinnis and LeBoeuf, halves for V. H. S., made long end runs.

Teams lined up as follows:

PROCTOR, 0.	VERGENNES, 5.
H. Moore, l. e.	r. e., Daniels
C. Moore, l. t.	r. t., Willis
Brush, l. g.	r. g., Gee
Harvey, c.	c., Young
Loveland, r. g.	l. g., Carter
Noyers, r. t.	l. t., Davies and Woodman
Dodge, r. e.	l. e., Hanneman
Sawyer, q. b.	q. b., Stone
Freedom, l. h.	r. h., LeBoeuf
Hatch, r. h.	l. h., McGinnis
Barret, f. b.	f. b., Slack

Touchdowns, LeBoeuf; umpire, McCuen; time, 15 and 18 minute halves.

Young and Gee, c.
Willis, l. g.
Carter, l. t.
Woodman, l. e.
Stone, q.
McGinnis, l. h.
LeBoeuf, r. h.
Slack, f.

c., Acton
l. g., Sanford
l. t., Rye
l. e., Carlson
q., Hadley
l. h., Coleman
r. h., Johnson
f., L. Chase

Touchdowns, LeBoeuf 3, McGinnis 1; goals, LeBoeuf 2; referee, McCuen; umpires, Prof. Rogers and Pratt; time, 10 and 12 minute halves.

Middlebury H. S. vs. V. H. S.

IN MIDDLEBURY.

Second game with M. H. S. was at Middlebury. V. H. S. received the kick and by steady work advanced the ball almost to their opponents' goal, but lost the ball on a fumble. The tables turned and M. H. S. had the ball most of the half but were unable to score.

Middlebury saw that it was necessary to put Fisher in the second half. By his repeatedly hitting our line they scored two touchdowns. Failing to kick goal the score stood 10 to 0.

V. H. S. had good team work in this game.

Score M. H. S., 10, V. H. S., 0; touchdowns, Fisher 2; umpire, Spies; referee, Hutchinson; time, 15 and 10 minute halves.

Middlebury College 2d vs. V. H. S.

IN VERGENNES.

This was a good, clean game from start to finish. After a few minutes of playing it was evident that it was only a case of time how big a score our team would run up. Although the visitors had weight they lacked team work.

Following is the line up:

VERGENNES, 22.	MIDDLEBURY, 0.
Daniels, r. e.	r. e., Bristol
Newton, r. t.	r. t., Robinson
Gee and Willard, r. g.	r. g., Shea

Winooski H. S. vs. V. H. S.

IN VERGENNES.

The game with Winooski High did not prove a close one. Both sides punted a good deal the first half. Near the end of this half LeBoeuf, by a double pass, scored a touchdown.

Vergennes braced up the second half and Slack, by some fine line bucking made a touchdown, also Woodman by his speedy straightaways scored another. With only a few minutes to play, a triple

pass was tried and another touchdown resulted, making the score 22 to 0 for Vergennes.

Line up of the teams :

WINOOSKI, 0.	VERGENNES, 22.
McKenzie, Parizo, r. e.	l. e., January
Cota, Blondin, r. t.	l. t., Carter
Bruillarn, r. g.	l. g., Willis
Lavelly, c.	c., Gee
Brigham, l. g.	r. g., Sinon
Dubuc, l. t.	r. t., Willard, Newton
Bolio, l. e.	r. e., Daniels
Minnahan, q. b.	q. b., Stone
Gauvreau, r. h. b.	r. h. b., LeBoeuf
Larner, l. h. b.	l. h. b., Woodman
Smith, f. b.,	f. b., Slack

Score, V. H. S., 22, W. H. S., 0; touchdowns, LeBoeuf 2, Slack, Woodman; referee, Pratt; umpire, Stiles; time, 15 and 10 minute halves.

Burlington H. S. vs. V. H. S.

IN VERGENNES.

Burlington kicked and soon succeeded in getting a touchdown. Vergennes got busy and carried the visitors over for a safety.

In the second half V. H. S. by line work made a touchdown. This made the score V. H. S. 8, B. H. S. 6.

The team work and Slack's line bucking were the best in this game of any game of the season.

The summary: Touchdowns, Larner and Slack; goals, V. H. S., 1, B. H. S., 1; safety on Burlington; officials, McCuen and Pattison; linesmen, Meuller and McKenzie; timekeepers, McGinnis and Day; time of periods, 15 and 13 minutes.

St. Michael's College vs. V. H. S.

IN VERGENNES.

Being a college they were a little out of our class in age and size; but V. H. S. team work and trick plays were too fast for them. LeBoeuf started the score by making a place kick from the 25 yard line. Woodman's straightaways gained lots of ground, also Slack did good work through the line.

ST. MICHAEL'S, 0.	VERGENNES, 16.
Casey, r. e.	l. e., Davies
T. McMahon, r. t.	l. t., Carter
Hagan, r. g.	l. g., Willis
Limoges, c.	c., Gee
O'Brien, l. g.	r. g., Sinon
Quinn, l. t.	r. t., Willard
Ryan, l. e.	r. e., Daniels
Pellerin, q. b.	q. b., Stone
Lynch, r. h.	r. h., LeBoeuf
Galipeau, l. h.	l. h., Woodman
B. McMahon, f. b.	f. b., Slack

Umpire, Pratt; referee, January; time, 15 minute halves.

St. Michael's College vs. V. H. S.

AT WINOOSKI.

The last out of town game was with St Michael's at Winooski. The Vergennes players were all very much surprised at the remarkable increase in size and weight of their opponents. They had good reason to believe that recruits had been called in from unknown (?) sources. This game was the fiercest and roughest that our team has played this season. All the recompense they gained from their gritty struggle on the sandy gridiron was an empty goose-egg, but they had the satisfaction of seeing their opponents served the same fare.

Class Game.

Although there was three inches of snow on the ground and still snowing the class game was played just the same. On account of these conditions two of the Junior team, both first team men, were unable to play.

In the first half the Juniors were a good deal the stronger and gained the most ground, coming once

within 15 yards of the "Other three classes of the H. S." goal.

The second half LeBoeuf, of the Juniors, got the ball on the kick off and by good interference carried the ball over the goal line but the ball was brought back to nearly the center of the field where he had gone out of bounds. The Senior, Sophomore and Freshmen team had the ball most of this half. They were able to make good gains through the Junior line.

Line up:

Junior, O.	Senior, Sophomore and Freshmen, O.
Newton, r. e.	r. e., Davies
Played without one	r. t., Field
Holcomb, r. g.	r. g., Sinon
I. LeBoeuf, c.	c., Haven
Meigs, l. g.	l. g., Flagg
Adams, l. t.	l. t., Carter
Harris, l. e.	l. e., Willard
Meuiller, q.	q., Stone
L. LeBoeuf, r. h.	r. h., Alden
Pratt, l. h.	l. h., Coe
Slack, f.	f., Willis

Referee, Prof. Rogers; umpire, Woodman; time, 15 minute halves.

ball all the season. He will be of great help to the team next fall.

Young, center, was put out of the game before the season was finished by a badly injured knee. He was a plucky player and especially good on the defensive.

Sinon, right guard, was at his usual good game, and a bulwark of strength in the line.

Daniels, right end, when he played was of great assistance to the team. He played an erratic but brilliant game.

Carter, left tackle, played his ever good, steady game and although he is not built for speed he managed to do some good tackling.

Willis, left guard, has weight and a good amount of sand, both necessary to a good football man. Although he has had only one season of experience he was one of the strong places of the line.

Gee, center, ever kept a good, cool head on the offensive which is necessary to do good passing. On defensive he worked with the guards in preventing any gains to be made in that part of the line.

The substitutes, Meigs, Harris and Newton, all did some very good work and showed that they would be valuable men for next year's team.

Review of Players.

Capt. LeBoeuf, right half back, is a sure ground gainer and a fine tackler. We have been up against very few teams which could produce a man to equal him in speed.

Woodman, left half back, though being a light man and playing his first year makes up for lack of weight by speed and a free use of the stiff arm.

Slack, the heaviest man on the team, played his first year at full-back and by the last of the season had learned to hit the line well. On kicking off he invariably had the better of his opponents. He has been elected captain of next year's team.

Stone at quarter back ran the team fast and seldom fumbled the ball. He is a hard tackler.

Davies, left end, was a new man on the team. He played a good, hard game from start to finish.

Willard, right tackle, was the smallest man on the team, but nevertheless put up a fine article of

Sounds at a Football Game.

After the disputes over illegible men and which side shall receive the ball have been settled, the shrill whistle of the referee sounds and the game begins. Before many downs the cry of "time out" is heard which means that a player has broken his neck, cracked his skull or nearly got the breath knocked out of him.

When a brilliant play has been made the cheers arise from the side lines sufficient to drown out the noise of conflict which is taking place on the gridiron.

Every now and then the voice of the Captain is heard above the turmoil shouting encouragement to his men in such phrases as these:—"Play low in the line!", "Tackle low!", and "Fall on the ball!"

It is impossible to describe the noise, if the home team wins.

WILLARD, '08.

The First Snowfall.

At eight o'clock in the morning the sky was overcast with black, threatening clouds. A little while before, a brisk wind had been blowing but now had nearly died away.

Presently the wind ceased altogether, and the little snow-flakes came fluttering down, slowly at first but increasing in size and rapidity until the air was nearly filled with them, gradually covering the dark, naked earth with a white blanket of snow. It continued snowing until about 8.30 p. m. and by that time one might see that the clouds were beginning to break up along the southern horizon, and glimpses of the sky were seen.

The wind began to rise, softly singing among the tree-tops, and starting the clouds in their northern flight. Then it grew stronger and at 6 o'clock the last of the clouds had passed, leaving a clear sky behind. The wind soon died down.

Then the great full moon rose from behind the mountains, flooding the whole scene with a peculiar light that made everything look distinct and beautiful, outlined against the white background of snow. Afterwards the stars came out.

"Silently one by one in the infinite meadows of heaven

Blossomed the lovely stars, the For-get-me-nots of the angels."

Thus ended the first snow-fall as silently as it had commenced.

What the Woods Say.

When you first enter the woods, all the wood-life scurries away to hide in hollow logs and trees, under stumps and leaves.

Sit down and rest your back against a tree and watch and listen.

Soon a squirrel pops up from the leaves with a rustle, you hear another chatter shrilly, on some fence-rail; then—"Boom, boom, brrrrrr!", some partridge is drumming on a log to attract his mate, who no doubt, is watching him from some nearby

thicket. On that dead elm a wood-pecker is industriously waking the echoes, by his drilling for the juicy worm hidden underneath the bark, and overhead, the cawing of some thieving crows attracts your attention. The call of the phoebe, as he looks around for his daily fare, mingles with the "Cheery-cheery," of the little blue-bird. Then a shadow falls, and the forest is as still as death; for now danger threatens. You wonder what the cause of this hush is, and soon you hear a hawk cry out, and then you know why. As you get up and leave the woods, a bluejay follows you, shrilly calling you all the names he can think of, for disturbing the peace of the many inhabitants of the woodlands.

W. G. WATT, '08.

Only a Stump.

Only a stump in the meadow,
Rain-beaten, old and bare;
But to me, it tells the story
Of the tree that once stood there.

As I look at this stump in the meadow
Musing, I seem to see,
Standing in all in its beauty,
A towering old, oak tree.

Its great arms wide out-spreading,
Proudly erect it stands,
Breathing of God, its Creator,
A work not wrought with hands.

From its branches sound happy bird-notes,
The wind whispers 'mong its leaves,
And every fibre seems thrilling
With life, and joy and peace.

Gone is that oaken giant;
Only its stump remains,
And of its vanished glory,
Remembrance mutely claims.

JENNIE HARRIS, '07.

The Blue and White.

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Editorial.

Upon its subscribers depends the existence of the "BLUE AND WHITE." If our paper merits it, we are confident that it will receive your hearty cooperation, but we wish to emphasize our urgent need of financial support. Each subscription helps us to make the paper what it should be, an honor to our school.

OUR SCHOOL.

We wish to call attention to the recent addition to our teaching force. Miss Chandler has a large class in advanced arithmetic, besides having charge of all the work in English, French and German. Her help makes it possible to introduce several new and important subjects.

Besides the class in arithmetic already referred to we now have a class in mechanical drawing and economics. Book-keeping is also one of the additions. The aim of these studies is to give those who do not intend to enter college, practical training along these lines. Perhaps the most important increase in the school's curriculum is the teacher's course it affords. Examinations for this course are made out by the state board of Normal School Commissioners. Students passing in this work and graduating from the school receive a two years teachers certificate.

We also have several minor improvements in our new high school room. The new teacher's desk is a marked improvement. The bust (on the North wall) is the gift of Mrs. H. T. Booth. As a school we wish to again thank all who have so kindly contributed for the decoration of our room. Furthermore we cordially welcome all visitors, especially on Wednesday afternoons.

Hitherto out of town students have been examined during the first week of the fall term. It is expected arrangements will be made so that examinations may be taken in the district schools of the county next spring.

OUR ATHLETICS.

Attention is called to the athletic report, which we are glad to say, shows greater success than ever before. What, at the opening of the season seemed like a weak team, won eight games out of the ten played. Our foot ball captain and manager both deserve high credit for this.

Football is the most exciting of our American

games. In no spirit of fault finding then, we wish to remind the spectators that the home team's reputation depends largely upon the treatment which visiting teams receive. The question of abolishing football is being seriously considered in other places, especially by college authorities. Another season, can we not cheer on our team just as well from behind the sidelines, thus giving better satisfaction to all?

WHAT AND HOW SHALL WE STUDY?

We often hear such expressions as "what good will Latin ever do me?" or "how can I ever use this or that subject?" There is too great a tendency to estimate the worth of any single study by the amount of help it will be in earning money. Do we not gain, by faithful study, things worth infinitely more than anything we buy with this same money? For every hard problem in mathematics we master, for every difficult Latin sentence we work out, there comes to us a larger measure of self-control, a greater power of grasping truth. Every new subject, earnestly pursued, gives us a broader view of life, and leaves us better fitted to meet, calmly and steadfastly, the difficulties and discouragements that come to us.

Another question that comes to each student of foreign languages is, "shall I crib?" It would be well for every student to say "No!" at once, and stick to it. Aside from any question of unfairness, it does not pay. If we begin by depending on such help we undermine our own powers of memory and self-dependence. "Oh!" they say "I can crib just a few words." But why those few? Let us begin by depending entirely upon ourselves, and we shall find that we can do so more and more surely. Let us enter upon all our school work, not with a question of its worth, but with a whole-hearted determination to get all we can out of it, though we may forget in a few years most of the facts about a subject, yet the effect it had in the formation of our character, that indefinable something it brought to us, remains, and will remain throughout our lives.

Social.

The Senior Corn Roast.

We advise all future senior classes to meet as soon as possible. We, the class of 1906, did not fully realize our importance until we gathered at Miss Fisher's on the evening of September first.

After a raid on the wood pile, we started for the pasture, where the roast was to take place. Here we soon kindled a blazing fire on a grassy knoll and at once proceeded to business. The great juicy ears on the ends of long sticks were gathered about the best heap of coals and naturally many were lost, notwithstanding heroic feats of rescue.

It was apparent even to envious rivals that Mr. Rodgers could have had the largest number of empty cobs if the girls had not amused themselves by knocking his roasts into the fire in a tremendously tantalizing manner.

At last the fire began to die down and the satisfied band started toward the house. From the steps we looked back at the smoldering embers of our fire, which still cast a ghostly glow upon the sky. Several of the party remarked about the darkness as we entered the house.

Inside the large rooms were all lighted in welcome and soon we were served with delicious sherbet. Then, after the hop in which most of the party joined, we started homeward. Here general information ends.

All united in saying they had never enjoyed an evening more.

Hallowe'en Party.

The juniors, realizing their obligations to the seniors, gave a party in their honor at the home of Miss Vera Bullard, of New Haven. The night being dark and stormy only fifteen braved the elements and arrived safe although a little belated.

The evening was spent in playing games and in lively conversation until the guests, mindful of the long distance before them, departed, each reporting a good time, which was by no means decreased by difficulties in getting there.

Considering the fact that so few were able to attend, another attempt was made the following

week, this time the guests being invited to the home of Wyman Bristol of this city. The evening was beautiful and nearly all were present.

After the guests arrived, they were entertained by a committee from the junior class appointed for that purpose. A guessing contest was proposed and heartily enjoyed by all. This was followed by various other games until cake and ice cream were served.

At a late hour the happy crowd broke up, having had a splendid time all the more marked because of the disappointments of the week before. The Seniors were sincerely grateful to their schoolmates for the good time they had given them.

Alumni Department.

Our Aim:—

To make this the most interesting page in the paper.

From the time when the first class was graduated in 1880 until about 1896 there existed a strong Alumni Association. Each year at some time in Commencement week the graduates gathered, and renewed the friendships which had been formed during their school life. Frequently a banquet was given to the graduating class. During most of this time a school paper called, "The Progress," was published. This paper and the association died a natural death about the same time. The former from lack of funds and the latter because of disagreements. This year the students of the High School are issuing a paper and many of the recent graduates wish to organize a new Association which should hold at least one meeting each year. We should be glad to receive letters from all persons interested in this movement.

Address, George C. Davies,
Vergennes, Vt.

Letter from Mrs. Ruth Barnes, '95.

In reply to your recent letter concerning reorganizing the Alumni Association, I would say that it would be pleasant if enough of the former graduates would be able to be in Vergennes at

Commencement time. I may be wrong, but it seems to me that almost every one takes his vacation later than June and would therefore not be in town at the time you would have a reception.

The reception need not be held in June, but at any time that is most convenient to the majority of the members.

Alumni Notes.

On the evening of Dec. 2, the class of 1905 held their first reunion at the home of Mrs. Middlebrook. All the members were present and reported a very pleasant evening. Dean had returned from Dartmouth, where he is a Freshman, and Ryder had come from the school in Panton which he is teaching. All the other members of the class are still in town, Miss Ada Willard being employed in the postoffice and Middlebrook in the Enterprise and Vermonter office. Several flash light pictures were taken, but, because of the agitation of some members, the plates were blanks. May the class have many such successful reunions.

Seiple, '04, returned for Thanksgiving from Norwich, where he is much in evidence.

Miss Willard, '04, is teaching a school in Addison. We are informed that, owing to the severity of the discipline, the attendance is rather irregular.

Senior Class Notes.

At the first class meeting, which was held during the first week of school, the following officers were elected: President, Geo. Davies; vice-president, Elizabeth Adams; treasurer, W. H. Carter.

Attention is called to the fact that every boy in the class made the high school football eleven this season. Has ever a class enjoyed such honors? This brings to mind the fact that our full-back did the most ground-gaining in the recent class game.

In one of the recent class meetings, a certain girl could not bear to vote against her Will. Wonder if Carter met the cook at the Logan?

The question of giving an entertainment has been agitated for some time. A committee, consist-

ing of Miss Woodman, Miss Burge and Young has been appointed to estimate the cost and character of an entertainment.

"O could some pow'r ha' the giftie gin 'em
To have seen themselves as others saw 'em

It had from many a whimsy freed 'em
And foolish notion.—(With an apology to Burns.)

The result of the class game will doubtless put an end to such vain and empty boasts in future. This much-needed warning has checked dangerous ambition and physical force, which might, other wise, have led on to unknown limits. Not a junior was seen at Haven's, the usual rendezvous, on the evening of the fatal Dec. 4th.

Booth and Ball, Goddard, '06, formerly valued members of our class, are home on their Christmas vacations.

Barton is studying electricity in Lynn, Mass.

and the ice was broken by "Twenty questions and answers."

About everything in the animal, vegetable and mineral kingdoms received a minute description including the sixth hair in the middle of the sixth ring from the end of the tail of a tiger kitten six days old waiting patiently for its eyes to open somewhere in a hay mow in the horse barn of our classmate Woodman.

Then the game of "Prayer Meeting" followed. Brother Davies was choosen leader. The "Flower Wedding" was the next in turn, followed by refreshments.

After refreshments two tables of whist and one of Sherlock Holmes were made up. The others under the leadership of our Latin teacher played "Matching Words" and "Shouting Proverbs."

No clocks or watches were turned back, and, as a result, we all had a jolly good time and went our various ways just as the street lights went out.

Junior Class Notes.

About the middle of October in a class-meeting the Juniors voted to give the Seniors a Hallowe'en party. A committee of five was elected: Woodman, chairman; Miss Harris, Miss Bullard, Pratt and Meigs.

They devised some unique invitations. These were wrapped in corn husk and tied with yellow ribbon.

The party was to be held at the home of Miss Bullard in New Haven on the evening of November third, but, owing to the inclemency of the weather, few could attend.

On the following Monday another meeting was called and Wyman Bristol kindly offered to entertain at his home on Water street. The offer was accepted and a committee of three appointed, Wyman Bristol, chairman, Miss Parker and Miss Fisher.

Invitations were duly sent to the revered seniors and faculty for the evening of the tenth.

Promptly at eight o'clock our guests assembled

"Say, do you beleive it, my father went after me Friday night. I got home though before papa. O! my mother was mad. Isn't that killing!"

In the Football game last year we had Freshies to help us. We were not served up at the "Pig-meat Sociable" either. This year we ventured alone and the picked players of the other classes could not score on our ten men. What won't we do next year when those wily Seniors absent themselves? Perhaps you'll hear from us in Baseball.

At Middlebury, "Where's LeBoeuf?"

"I left him with the 'Hello' girl."

"See, Winter comes to rule the varied year,
Sullen, and sad, withall his rising train,
Vapors and clouds and storms."—Thomson.

CHARACTER SKETCHES OF '06

NAMES	NATIONALITY	BY-WORD	VICTIM OF CUPID	APPELLATION	IDENTIFICATION	CHIEF DELIGHT	AIR CASTLE
Geo. Davies	Jap	"Blank!"	In Summer	Darthmouth	Feet	Cross Country Walks	Of Auburn Hair
Julia Woodman	Pigmy	"Scandalous!"	Vacations	Juliet	Lengthy tresses	Yachting	Romeo
Leslie Willis	Dutchman	"Rotten!"	By Spasms	Tubby	Smile	"As You Like It"	Artist
Flora Burge	Scotch	"O, Gee!"	Often	Roly-poly	G. A. P.	Band Concerts	Actress
Elizabeth Adams	Arab	"O, Go On!"	Always	Tib	A Bill	Scanning	Lap-dog
Harold Stone	Yank	"Splash!"	Bashful	Skee	Freckles	Cicero!	To Own a Bath House
Alice Mullen	Irish	"Why, Why!"	Mon's and Wed's	Sweet Alice	Curls	Playing Dolls	Boarding School
Belle Parker	Filipino	"Now C.!"	Sure	Birdie	(Departed)	Reminiscence	Lynn
Foster Young	Canadian	"Don't Git Flip!"	When in Bristol	Cy	His Laugh	Giggling	B. T. Lineman
Anna Tier	Esquimaux	?	Hardly	Tear-drop	Dimple	Punctuality	Teaching
W. H. Carter	Pole	"Kid Trick!"	Now and Forever	Bill	Length	Eating	Cottage by the Sea
Gertrude Fisher	Angles	"He'll Find Out!"	A Little	Bangs	Arms	Corn Roasts	Variable

CHARACTER SKETCHES OF '07

NAMES	DISPOSITION	WHAT HE (SHE) THINKS HE (SHE) IS	WHAT HE (SHE) REAL- LY IS	APPELLATION	IDENTIFICATION	CHIEF DELIGHT	BY-WORD
Leo Pratt	Hilarious	Pretty Big	A Joke	Johnnie Bull	Corpulence	Sleeping	"By Jove!"
Leonard LeBoeuf	Antagonistic	Up in History	Athelete	Jo Beef	Gift of Gab	Touch-downs	"All Skee!"
Geo. Slack	Pugnacious	It	Dude	Pacer	Derby	Combing That Hair	"Wha'che Given Us!"
Grace Parker	Sunny	Good Dancer	Grasshopper	Der Fraulien	Heels	A Bank	"For Cat's Sake!"
Geo. Meigs	Just so	Polished Student	Farmer	Nutmegs	Beard	String	"Fire and Brimstone!"
S. Woodman	Fierce	Orator	Maniac	Woody	Gesticulations	Pumpkin Pies	"Great Caesar!"
Henrietta Fisher	Spicy	Artist	Sour Grapes	Hen	Her Face	Biology	"Grab!"
Ray Meullier	—	Smart	F.	Tommy	Squint	A Posy	"Thunder!"
Wyman Bristol	Squeaky	The Only Pebble	A Junior	Broomstick	Spectacles	Vera	"By George!"
Jennie Harris	Mild	A Bird	Bridget	Joy	Beauty	A Grin	"Land!"
Benjamin Bristol	Precise	A Banker	Mama's Boy	Mr. B. Bristol	Scholastic Bearing	Grls	"My Gracious!"
Vera Bullard	Meek	Governess	Old Maid	—	Eyes	Commentaries	"Up a Stump!"
Rexford Adams	Unchangable	Mechanic	Canoe Builder	Shinney	Sobriety	Skating	"By Jinks!"
Woodburn Harris	Sleepy	Perfect Boy	A Freak	Tow-head	A Book	Dancing(?)	"That's So!"
Harold Newton	Happy go lucky	A Model	A Problem	Brownie	Brogue	His Own Way	"Cheese It!"

Grinds.



"Mr. Alden!"

Said Miss Gough, "Dear, how well you propose.
How e'er did you do it? I wish you'd disclose.

Oh please now, do tell!"

Said Alden then, "Well
I've had practice and know how it goes."

Our editor surely's a peach
He works us a limerick each
Though with Tib he do spoon
By the light of the moon,
Other pebbles there are on the beach.

There was once a fellow named Slack,
Whose hair was decidedly black;
He thought he was fine
Playing back of the line,
But on a school team to gain he hadn't the knack.

Limericks.

Our Teachers.

There's gladness in their gladness when they're
glad,
And there's sadness in their sadness when they're
sad,
But the gladness in their gladness
And the sadness in their sadness
Are nothing to their madness when they're mad.—
Ex.

To make a small limerick
Isn't hard; for most any old stick
Can grind out a few
In a minute or two.
No indeed, it's not much of a trick.

"Miss Evelyn!"

Cried Alden: "Oh, that to love me you'll learn
For you ever I languish and yearn.

Of you I'd ne'er tire

My heart is afire."

Said she: "Then you must have heart-burn."

Haven, '08, is a cute little boy.
His map, "Ellen's Isle," is a toy.
His poor heart will break
He's been oft heard to state
For his Ellen, so sweet and so coy.

The quarter, '05, is named Stone,
At tackling he's game to the bone;
And when he gets through
We'll feel mighty blue
For he's certainly in a class all alone.

There was once a brave Indian, a Sioux
Who had a pappose, aged tioux.
Its name was Amusin,
Being plain English Susan—
A name among Indians quite nioux.

There was a young man, so we've heard
Who could sprint like the flight of a bird.
His end runs were fine,
But his bucking the line
Against the "school team" was absurd.

There is a young man, our big full-back
 Whose hair is a terrible pull-back.
 He can hurdle the line,
 His tackling is fine,
 And next year HE'LL CAPTAIN at full-back.

Said Newton—

"I'd rather be living than dead,
 I'd rather be single than wed;
 I've a good appetite
 And I sleep well at night"—
 Could anything better be said

There lives a young banker named Young;
 An unkindly joke he once sprung.
 When he starts to write verse
 All the Juniors disperse;
 For than praise them he'd rather be hung.

Woodman spare that tree,
 That on the fair-grounds you can see.
 For if that tree you once did hit
 With all your speed, you would, Oh nit!
 Tear up the roots of the grand old tree.

One day Freund Sinon lay down for a snooze,
 He dreamt he had on some seven league shoes,
 So he started to trot
 And caught up with Miss Yott
 And his heart he proceeded to lose.

Pratt once had a very fat cow,
 As fat quite as butter, I vow,
 He had the cow slain—
 It became fat again,
 And the fat is the fat on Pratt now.

If you will just notice
 When Mack's at the dance,
 You cannot help seeing
 He has on long pants.
 And now there's another

Whom you all will want to see
 Who has followed his example
 And that is Cecil B.

The moral of this rhyme
 Is plain to all who dance,
 If you want the girls to
 Like you, put on long pants.

Once there was a little boy,
 Who loved to fishing go;
 It was his very highest joy,
 As every one did know.
 Once more his little boat he took,
 And rowed out on the bay;
 Then blithely did he cast his hook,
 With spirits light and gay.
 But then a monstrous fish did tug,
 And pulled him in the lake,
 And straight across the waters broad
 The luckless youth did snake.
 As we have never seen him since,
 Nor news of him have met,
 For all of anything we know,
 He may be going yet.

—Composed by a Junior.

N. B.—One of her classmates spent a day at
 Long Point last summer. He didn't get back till
 band concert was nearly over.

I think that our rest we have earned,
 For much here this term we have learned.
 Our school is a go,
 So let's keep it so,
 The V. H. S. now stands adjourned.

Problems for Students of Advanced Mathematics.

If Woodman, in translating Caesar, speaks at
 the rate of fifty words a second (including *attact*
 and *attacted*) and Harris at the rate of one word in
 two minutes (including the "remaining Gauls"),
 find the mean proportional between the two. Note

—disregard Woodman's gesticulations, gyrations and frequent pauses for breath and also Harris' pauses for refreshments from the tip of his pencil.

If Alden reaches the land of day-dreams within 5 minutes after entering Latin class how long will it be after the Geometry class is called before he is wide awake enough to correctly pronounce "respectively." (Take into account the fact that Field, who sits next him, is of a sociable turn of mind.)

If the habit which Davies has contracted early in life—that of eating at all hours, especially when the teacher's back is turned—continues, at what age will he become a confirmed dyspeptic? (Find out how often Julia Woodman intends to bring fudge to school, and let this be considered in working out the answer.)

If David and Jonathan should be allowed to sit side by side, how much eye-strain per day would be avoided?

Recipes.

Into one pint of Romanticisms, stir two cups of frailty, and half a cup of sweetness, then add two thoroughly beaten goose eggs, an ounce of sociability, a pinch of seriousness, and a dram of common sense. Flavor with a teaspoonful of good looks, stir to a stiff mixture, and bake in a quick oven. —(Julia) Carter Biscuits.

The other day in (Fair) Haven I picked up this recipe for boiled fresh (Mack)erel. First see that it is wrapped up in something beside itself. In preparing take one fresh (Mack)erel, cover with a coat of contentiousness, pour over a cupful of overweening vanity, add a teaspoonful of diluted knowledge, also a pinch of borrowed talent or perhaps a good quantity of barbarous ruralization. Then salt for two years and it will be all done. (Alden.)

I also learned of another dish called (Fair)

Haven cod (cad.) To prepare, take a large lump of bumtiousness, peel off several soft layers bombast and coxcomberry and stew with extract of pretty maids. While boiling, add several pinches of rascality, opprobrious scurrility and poltroonery. The result will be a cad.

Bright Things in the Class Rooms.

Caesar remained sober in order that he might turn the Republic upside down.

In Harris' new, revised Greek grammar, coward is an adverb. Harris when reading this in the paper says; "Why I never saw that before!"

One of the Virgil class has noticed Cassandra's "disleveled locks," also her "countryland."

Principal parts of ardeo are, ardeo, ardere, arsi, arsus. Meaning is to be in love.

Willard, '08, is becoming so fond of Greek that he even letters his geometry figures by use of the Greek alphabet.

In English, Miss Reed, "Who invented the cotton gin?"

Stone, "I know, it was Abraham Lincoln."

Principal Parts of verbs.

Go, gone, went, set, set, seted.

One day in Latin one Miss Heald remarked thus: "Alden,—when will you learn that everything is not dear?"

Ambitious Freshmen.

(By a member of '09.)

The freshmen class of '09 have high ambitions to rise in the world.

We shall not be surprised to find Fisher located as President of a Life Insurance Company, salary \$100,000, also Field a celebrated Doctor, standing at the head of his profession.

Taft, who is quick and sweet tempered, will be a great lawyer. Miss Marshall has already shown

a small part of her unusual ability in writing poetry.

Since the rising generation will need a new history, Miss Roscoe will travel abroad while preparing it. The whole world will honor Richard Miller when he plants his foot within an inch of the north pole.

A vacant position in the Boston Conservatory of Music will be filled by Miss Hoffnagle. All the wealthy ladies of Chicago will wish to purchase their hats of Miss Tatro, a milliner in that city. Bristol will find the secret of perpetual motion, and we will all be glad to know that Miss Porter is stenographer for the President. When we visit Washington we call at the leading dry goods store, which bears the name of Robert Miller & Co.

Miss Grandy will be a dean in a great western college, and Miss Bristol will be a disappointed creature with all hopes vanished.

Stories, Humorous and Otherwise.

Metrical Translation from Virgil.

The Festive Evening.

Now, when the feast is done, and quiet reigns in
in the dwelling,
They bring out the golden bowls and fill them full
to overflowing;
Then, through the length of the halls, comes the
clanor of many voices,
And the lamps from the fretted ceiling, conquer
the night with their brightness.

The jewelled wine-bowl of Belus, heavy with
golden carving,
A bowl the descendants of Belus were wont to use
at their revels,
Dido, to honor the strangers, has brought to its
place at the table.
Holding the bowl aloft, she speaks in the silence
that follows,
Grant that this day to the Tyrians, Trojans alike
be auspicious.
Bacchus, thou giver of gladness, be present, and
good mother Juno;
And you, my Trojan subjects, rejoicing, throng the
assembly."
She speaks, and into the bowl, she pours an ample
libation.
With the tips of her rosy lips she sips from the
brimming wine-cup
And passes it on with a challenge, to Bitias sitting
beside her,
Eagerly takes he the bowl, and drinking deeply
and freely,
Passes it on to the others. The crested Iopas
comes forth
And plays sweet songs on the lyre; Iopas whom
Atlas had taught.
He sings of the wandering moon, of the course of
the sun through the heavens;
Of whence came the race of men and of beasts, of
the rain storms and fires;
He sings of the shining Arcturus, of the stars, of
the rain, of the twin-bears,
He tells why in winter the sun e'er hastens to
touch the blue ocean,
And why the nights are so long. The Trojans and
Tyrians applaud him.
Dido, far into the night, still talks of various
subjects
And drinks long draughts of love. She asks of
Priam and Hector;
Of how the son of Aurora had come, what arms he
had carried.
She asks of the great Diomedes, his horses, and
mighty Achilles
"Nay, rather, O strangers, disclose the treacherous
plot of the Grecians.
Tell from the very beginning your labors and
wanderings endless,
For seven long winters and summers you have
roved o'er the face of the waters."

JULIA M. WOODMAN, '06.

Clifford's Christmas.

The Honorable George H. Mitchell stood at the window of his office, watching the busy crowd surge by. Happy faces they were, most of them, for it was Christmas eve, and the joy of Christmastide shone in bright eyes, and sounded in merry voices. But the Hon. Mitchell was thinking of his great empty house on the finest street of the city, and realizing that he was all alone. No loving wife awaited his home-coming with glad welcome; no happy children would wake the house in the morning with merry shouts as they gleefully explored their Christmas stockings. As he gazed, the sights and sounds of the noisy city went out, and he saw the little white farmhouse where, in his boyhood days, he had spent many happy hours with his brothers and sisters. A humble home it was, but blessed with the spirit of love and contentment. From this home he had come to the city, the goal of his dreams, and bent all his energies to the accumulation of wealth. He had realized his ambitions; he was one of the richest men of the city; but, looking back tonight over those years of toil, he felt that they had been empty years, that he had missed the best of life.

"Fifty years," he murmured, "and my life is empty! empty!"

The firm lips almost trembled, and the keen eyes under their shaggy brows held a weary look as he turned to the door and passed out, almost stumbling over a small boy sitting on the steps.

"What are you doing here, my boy," he said, not unkindly, "Why don't you go home?"

The boy looked up quickly, and something in the thin, eager face reminded the man of—what? He groped blindly through the corridors of memory—"Ah, yes! of little Clifford, the frail darling of the home, who had stayed with them only four short years. But this little lad was clad in thin tatters, and shivered in the keen, wintry air.

"Why don't you go home, my boy?" repeated the Hon. Mitchell, his heart going out strangely to this waif who stirred such tender memories.

"I aint got any, mister."

"No home? Ah, then, you shall go home with me and we will spend Christmas together."

"Really mister? Really honest?"

For answer, the Hon. Mitchell lifted him in his arms, and, joining the throng soon reached his own house. Ringing the doorbell, he was admitted by a servant. He passed hastily to the drawing-room where he deposited his burden in a great arm chair before the fire. Bewilder-

ed by the warmth and light, the boy gazed wonderingly about the room.

"Say, mister!" he broke out, "Do you live here all the time?"

The Hon. Mitchell smiled.

"Do you like it?" he asked.

"Like it, mister, its heaven!"

"What's your name boy?"

"Clifford."

The man started. "How singular!" he muttered under his breath, then aloud, "But your other name? Clifford what?"

"I aint got any other; leastwise, I never heard of none."

The Hon. Mitchell regarded him thoughtfully. "Well," he said suddenly, "lets have something to eat," and, carrying Clifford to the dining room, where dinner was already served, he rang for the housekeeper. "Please lay another plate for my little friend here," he said and placed Clifford in a chair opposite his own. The waif gazed in ecstasy as he was served with hot roast beef of a delicious brown, potato with steaming gravy, and beautiful white bread spread with golden butter. And the mince pie! Clifford thought he had never seen anything so nice before.

As he watched the boy eat the man's depression disappeared; he felt quite cheerful. It was a pleasure to watch the changing expression of the childish face, and to answer the eager questions. At the end of half an hour they had become fast friends, and the Hon. Mitchell, holding the boy on his lap before the fire told him fairy tales that made his eyes shine with delight; then he told him the Christmas story, to which the child listened with rapt wonder. Lastly he told him how the children hang up their stockings on Christmas eve and find them filled with toys and sweetmeats in the morning.

"And shall I hang up a stocking?" cried Clifford eagerly.

With a sudden tide of passionate yearning, the Hon. Mitchell hugged the child to his hungry heart.

"Indeed, you shall," he said earnestly, "tonight, and next Christmas, and the next; for you shall stay with me, and keep the gloom from my home. What do you say, little Clifford? Will you live with me and call me Father?"

"Oh!" cried Clifford joyfully, "Can I really? How happy we shall be!"

Then they hung up the stocking and Clifford was put into a wonderful, soft, white bed. With a blissful sigh, he closed his eyes as his head touched the downy pillow, and was lost in dreamland.

An hour later the Hon. Mitchell, having put the last touches on the well-filled stocking, stood by the child's bed, feeling richer than he had in all his life before. He stooped and kissed the pure brow. "God bless you, little fellow," he murmured brokenly, "You have brought the Christmas joy home to a lonely man's heart."

JENNIE HARRIS, '07.

How the Banker Got Even.

"Thirteen hundred short, yes thirteen hundred short. Where was the deficiency?" They had asked themselves, the professor in bookkeeping and his banker, this question a hundred times. They had gone over their books together and separately a dozen times. But the books wouldn't balance by thirteen hundred dollars.

"I tell you what," finally exclaimed Yonker, the banker, as he finished adding up a long row of figures, "I can't find the mistake so it's all up to you. I've added those figures up and down and they come out the same way every time."

"Keep still," exclaimed the professor wrathfully, then, glaring a few seconds at his banker, he resumed his adding. Not a sound could be heard; the banker sat there in his big chair, staring vacantly at the ceiling, wondering how much longer he would have to stay. He imagined he could hear two boys boxing at the gym. and hear a shout as a good blow was landed. He saw one of his friends just receiving a knock out blow then.

"There!" shrieked the Professor excitedly, "I've got the *blame* thing. We forgot to credit Gray with that thirteen hundred he borrowed last Thursday. You can go now."

"Wait a moment, let me see that book," said the banker, now excited, "No, Grey has been credited. Don't you see his account in that third column?"

"Why didn't you tell me that before?" thundered the Professor. He frowned, and, with a deep scowl on his brow, set to thinking. The poor trembling banker sat there thinking too, but his thoughts were not on his books. They were far from there. The clock struck four, then half past. The banker thought he would speak, but fearing his own voice he kept his silence. The clock struck five, then the Professor stirred. The banker thought he was going to get up, but no, he was just moving a sleeping member. Then silence reigned again except occasionally a long sigh from the banker and the

deep breathing of the thinking Professor. The hands of the clock pointed to half past five. The banker was getting hungry.

"Say," he said in a weak voice, but no Professor stirred or heard. "Say!" a little louder, "Well I'll be hanged if he ain't asleep. Say, are you going to sleep there all day?" thundered the banker, at least it sounded like thunder to him in that still room.

The Professor jumped from his chair as if shot, and, grabbing his book, he fairly shouted, "I've got it."

"Well it's about time some result was reached. I'm going home and get some supper. I'll be up early in the morning, and you can tell me then if you find you are right."

The banker left the building and crossed the street to the gym. He could hear muffled sounds and on opening the door he perceived the cause. Arthur Solon, a heavy weight, and Oel Pape were having a round. He watched them a few moments and then started home. He crossed the street, just then remembering that he had left a couple of books on his desk which he must have any way. He turned his steps toward the school, and finding the front door unlocked, he went softly up the stairs. Not wanting to disturb the Professor, if he was working, he crept softly through the open door. The Professor was no longer at his own desk, but over at the banker's, working at the cash drawer. "I'll be hanged," he thought, "I will just see what you are up to now, Mr. Professor."

He slipped into the class room and watched the Professor through the crack in the door. He heard the lock snap as it gave way, and then he saw the Professor fumbling over the papers. The banker gasped. What if the Professor should come across those novels hidden under his papers! But the Professor's thoughts were on something else besides novels, for he quickly closed the drawer, and, as he turned toward him, the banker saw the Professor had his hands full of bills. He went to his private desk where, opening the lower drawer, he carefully tucked the bills away. Then, locking the drawer, he hid the key under an Ancient History, and went out of the room.

The banker listened a moment to see if the Professor had really gone; then, creeping to the desk, he quickly unlocked the drawer and, taking out the bills, rapidly transferred them to his own desk. Muttering to himself that two could play at the same game, he left the room.

"The bank's been robbed! Every cent's gone!" That's what the banker told the Professor the next morn-

ing. "The desk has been broken open and forty thousand dollars in cash are missing."

"What of it?" snapped the Professor, his nose stuck in a pile of papers, which he was busily correcting. "What of it?" he repeated. "I can't stop now, these papers must be corrected."

"Mighty busy all of a sudden," thought the banker, "I guess I know what is the matter with him." "Say," aloud, "Won't you let me have some money to do business with today?"

"I suppose I can do that, but you had better hunt up the other as quick as you can. Here's ten thousand." He reached his hand in where he supposed the money to be. He began to feel around. His face turned pale as he made one last search. "There's no money here," he finally gasped, "I've been robbed."

"Well no matter," laughed the banker, more at the scared features of the Professor than at anything else, "The next time you want to play any tricks on other people, you'd better look and see if they are around."

"Well, so long, wish you a Merry Christmas," and he was gone.
MEULLIER, '07.

A Short Sketch of Margaret's First School.

Margaret Fulton rushed in to her mother with the reply to an application for a school, which said she might have the position. Margaret was young, with dark hair and eyes, and a determined purpose which was made stronger every time she took a step on the ladder of life, just as Antaeus received new strength every time his foot touched the ground.

In two weeks she was mistress of her first school room, among twenty-five boys and girls. There were seats for only sixteen pupils and she looked anxiously about, puzzling her brain as to where to seat them. The largest ones were given the desks, while others were put at her desk, on benches and in corners. After the books were given out and things were put in some order, she heard a few lessons which were very poor, so she sent the children back to study.

Often times a mouse would creep out of the woodshed and eat crumbs left from the children's lunch. This always caused a bit of scolding on Margaret's part because the children laughed and had bad lessons as a

result. Sometimes those at her desk would ring the bell or throw waste paper.

Noons were spent pleasantly; the boys played tag or Caraway or wrestled, and the little girls played dolls. Margaret enjoyed sliding down hill or playing Fox and Geese in winter with the children; but she never took much part in building the snow man.

She was bound for home as soon as her term of school would permit. Mother met her at the door with a happy smile and father looked off his paper to say, "Good evening, our brave hearted Margaret."

Margaret told her mother later on that the school went well and she enjoyed it, "But it's only a beginning, mother," she said, "I shall go back next term, and do better."
ERNESTINE BRISTOL, '09.

A "Mid-Summer Night's Dream."

Last summer my friend and I went on our annual hunting trip through the Adirondack mountains and it was while there that I had the thrilling experience which I am about to relate.

It was toward the close of a day unusually hot and fatiguing; our labor had been of a most tiresome kind for we had been obliged to wind our way over a tall mountain completely covered with trees and so tangled with brushwood that, but for our personal strength we would never have gotten through.

We quickly made our evening meal, which, by the way, I always enjoy with peculiar satisfaction, pitched our tent and were soon asleep. We arose bright and early the next morning, cooked our breakfast with speed, for we wished to get an early start, cleaned our guns and started out for the day. We separated, my friend going south and I north, for I saw that the woods were thicker there and that I would stand a better chance of getting game. I had gone but a little way however, when I discovered that I had made a mistake in choosing this direction for the woods were so thick with thorns and underbrush that every step of my way was marked with blood. I tried to retrace my steps but to my amazement I could not tell from which direction I had come. I knew then that I was lost.

I wandered about all the forenoon without success and then as I was hungry, I sat down to eat my mid-day

lunch. I had not been seated long when I heard a very faint grumbling in the distance. I thought at first that it was thunder but soon realized my mistake as it kept coming nearer and nearer. Suddenly the truth flashed upon me that it was the grumbling of a lion who had happened upon my track and was following me by trail of blood.

I arose quickly and looked about for a place to stand, for I knew that it was useless to run. Soon I discovered a large rock and prudently determined to place my back against it so that I could not be attacked from the rear.

I had not long to wait for soon I heard a great crackling in the bushes some two or three hundred feet in front of me, and to my horror, I discovered not only one lion but three. They had stopped at several places to amuse themselves by tasting my blood, where it had fallen on the ground in the greatest plenty, merely, as I presume, to give their appetites a whet for the more substantial food which they thought was to come.

I took careful aim and the largest of the three fell dead in his tracks; I had been so excited at the prospect of finding a lion, that when I started for the rock I left my catridge box on the ground, therefore the gun was now useless in my hands.

They began circling around me, lashing their sides with their tails and opening their ponderous jaws which appeared large enough to allow my passage with as much ease as I could swallow a pill.

Retreating to the very edge of the level ground till they were within twenty or thirty feet of me, they then launched up in the air and came towards me like the arc of a circle, the highest point being above my head so that they could descend upon me open-mouthed.

But I anticipated this, thrusting up both hands into their mouths as they descended upon me with all their force and consequently my hands were driven down their throats. They tried to retreat but I thrust my fingers right through the oesophagus of each animal and prevented it.

I was hauled about on the ground till it seemed as if every bone in my body would be broken but I was soon rewarded by feeling their struggles grow weaker and weaker till at last they expired with a groan.

I removed my hands from their jaws and began to collect my belongings which had been scattered about somewhat freely during the encounter; then going to the top of a hill I tried to locate our camp.

The theory I took was a correct one and I soon arrived tired but safe. When I told my friend about my experience he looked at me queerly a moment and then said "I guess that we had better pack up and go home, this

mountain life doesn't seem to agree with you very well." I offered to show him the carcasses but for the life of me I could not locate the place.

Now when I tell my friends the story they laugh and gaze at me with such a look of pity on their faces that it makes me feel that I will always regret to the end of my days that I did not skin the lions in order to have something to show as proof.

A Christmas Surprise.

"Please mother, may I not have it?" Mary asked eagerly. "Well dear," answered her mother, "I suppose you can, but finish your breakfast and get ready for school." "Thank you," said Mary, "but I must ask one thing more. It is only a little more than a week before Christmas now, and, if I am to have a Christmas party, I ought to be making preparations. May I stay tonight with Louise Baker? We could talk things over and write the invitations." "Yes, I suppose so," answered Mrs. Atwood. "Why mother, what are you thinking about anyway?" her daughter exclaimed impatiently, "You don't seem at all interested. To tell the truth," her mother answered, "I was thinking about old Mrs. Stevens and her husband, and wondering what they would do for Christmas." "Well," said Mary, rather crestfallen, "what difference does it make to us? They are too old to care about Christmas anyway, and don't expect anyone to think of them." "When you get to be seventy-six years old, will you wish to be shut out from society, and feel as if no one cared for you?" asked Mrs. Atwood gently? Mary did not reply, but finished her breakfast, and, taking her dinner basket on her arm, started for the country school-house a mile away. In thinking about the coming party, she soon forgot about the old couple on the hillside.

Mary Atwood was rather an impulsive girl, and one of the brightest scholars at the school, which she attended. She was not naturally selfish, but, like many other young people, she often allowed her own pleasures to control everything she did. She passed the house where Mr. and Mrs. Stevens lived on her way to school. It certainly did look lonesome, she thought, but then, the old people had

had little to do with social life in the neighborhood for many years, and what could they care?

She quickened her pace and soon reached the school-house, where she found, much to her disappointment, that the friend, with whom she had intended to spend the night, was absent on account of sickness. So after school, Mary turned her steps homeward again.

Just as she was passing the home of Mr. and Mrs. Stevens, she slipped and fell. Her cry of pain brought the old man to the door, and, seeing her plight, he hurried to assist her. He found that her ankle was sprained, but managed to help her into the house. Both the old people were very much concerned about her injury, and Mary was soon lying on a couch before a bright fire, feeling as comfortable as possible under the circumstances. Indeed she almost forgot her pain in looking about her.

The cosy room was very neat and clean and a few pictures hung upon the walls. A table, upon which lay the family Bible and a few papers, stood in the middle of the room, and, in one corner, there was a small book-case filled with well-read books. Mr. Stevens had worked hard as long as he was able, but the long and fatal sickness of an only son several years before had obliged him to sell his small farm. By strict economy he now lived on the interest of what remained from the sale of the place. He was respected by his neighbors, but, during the last few years, had been neglected by most of them. When a social event took place no one thought of the old couple attending. But on their part, Mr. and Mrs. Stevens had never lost interest in what was going on about them. They did everything possible for Mary's comfort, asking questions meantime concerning the affairs of the neighborhood.

Mary began to wonder how it would all end. She knew her parents would not expect her that night, and she also realized that her many hopes for Christmas would have to be given up. But could she not help these kindly people to enjoy their Christmas? Suddenly an idea came into her head. "I'll do it," she murmured, "Mother will help and I'm sure the neighbors will take hold too." With this thought, she fell asleep and did not awake until late the next morning.

The clock struck seven. Mr. Stevens and his wife were seated side by side before the open fire-place. Each seemed buried in thought. They were going over events that had happened long before. "And only think," sighed the old lady, "this is Christmas eve." "It don't seem like it used to be," the old gentleman rejoined. "Think of the good time we had the year before Henry

died," he continued, "life was worth living then." He closed his eyes and sank back into his arm chair. "Cheer up, my dear," answered his wife gently. "We are all alone, but we have each other yet." "Yes," sighed the old man, "but I can't help feeling how lonely we are. We used to have a part in what was going on around us. We're growing old, growing—"

There was a rap at the door. Wonderingly, Mrs. Stevens arose and opened it. "Merry Christmas, Merry Christmas!" shouted a dozen cheery voices, and, without waiting to be invited, they all filed in laughing and talking. "Come right in this way, and take off your things" said Mrs. Stevens, her eyes shining. "John stir up that fire. These people must be cold after their ride."

Such an evening as they spent. The young folks played all kinds of games, and the old people visited. Mary herself sitting in a great armchair, seemed the happiest of all. A new light shone in her eyes, for her own Merry Christmas had come after all by making others happy. Finally a Christmas tree, loaded with gifts, was brought in, and everyone received something. At eleven o'clock, the party broke up, having spent a very pleasant evening.

It was after twelve o'clock but still John Stevens and his wife sat before the fire. "We have not been quite forgotten after all," said the old lady softly. "No," returned her husband "this reminds one of old times. What a splendid Christmas eve we have spent this year." "I don't believe it could have been happier" she agreed, as they prepared to retire.

That night, as she rode home, Mary Atwood thanked her heavenly father in her heart for the happiest Christmas she had ever enjoyed.

WOODBURN HARRIS, '07.

Exchange.

'Tis wrong for any maid to be
Abroad at night alone;
A chaperon she needs till she
Can call her chap'er own.—Ex.

When Daddy Was a Little Boy.

When daddy was a little boy
All the little boys were good,
And did just what their nurses
And their parents said they should;
And sometimes, when I'm naughty,
He takes me on his knee
And tells, when he was little,
How good he used to be.

He never stole a cherry tart,
Or hid in passageway
To "boo" at Jane as she came by
With dishes on a tray;
He never once put currant jam
Where grandma'd prob'ly sit,
And when he fell and hurt himself
He never cried a bit.

He didn't pinch Aunt Lucy's legs
When going up the stairs,
He never told poor little Ted
His bed was full of bears;
He never kicked good Mary Ann
Or hit her with a spade;
I guess perhaps my daddy was
The best boy ever made.

A small boy teased his father for a watch until he was forbidden to mention the matter again. At family prayer when asked for his scripture verse, the youngster repeated: "What I say unto you I say unto all—watch."

Ex.

A tar bought two tarts from a Tartar.
Said the tar to the Tartar: "Too tart are
These tarts. Now, a tart
Made out of cream o' tart—"
But "Ta-ta!" to the tar said the Tartar.

"Henry," said Mrs. Fussy as they went in to dinner, "I wish you would tell Willie in some way, so it will not offend him, that he takes too much sugar in his coffee. It isn't good for him, and I know his mother wouldn't allow it."

"Willie," said Mr. Fussy a few minutes later, turning to the young nephew who was visiting him, "you don't mix quite enough coffee with your sugar."

What is life?

A dainty kiss, a little hug,
To the parson then skedaddle,
For food and raiment then a tug,
Then o'er the Styx to paddle.—Ex.

He asked a miss what was a kiss
Gramatically defined?
"It's a conjunction, sir," she said.
"And hence can't be declined."—Ex.

Harry—I know a girl that got a pearl out of an oyster.
Dolly—That's nothing. My sister got a diamond ring from a lobster.—Ex.

Stout Lady—"Little boy, can I go through this gate to the river?"

Little Boy—"Well perhaps. A load of hay went through there this morning."—Ex.

Weather Forecast.

"You may talk of the signs of the weather,
Of coming days you may sing,
But when small boys sit on little tacks,
It's a sign of an early spring."—Ex.

A gentleman, walking along a country road, was greatly surprised to see an Irishman perched on the top of a sign-post, bearing this inscription: "This will take you to Sunville."

"Why, what are you doing up there my man?" he asked.

"Faith and Oi've been here two hours already waiting for the thing to start."—Ex.

THE BLUE AND WHITE.

21

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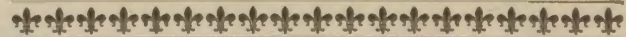
Tripe, Oysters, Sausage,**Ham, fresh and Salt fish.**

VEGETABLES AND FRUIT

IN THEIR SEASON.

CASH PAID FOR HIDES

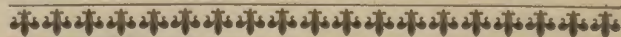
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out of your head.
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stock must be fed
whether or not old
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his rounds. And
to do this

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