

THE
RAMBLER
1907.

MARCH

M. H. S.

Vol. 1.

No. 2.

Here we are again with the latest styles in
SOFT *and* STIFF HATS

in all the well known makes such as the

**GUYER, TOMSON, HUBBARD,
GOLD BOND,**

and a number of others that are right.
Caps in latest Spring styles.

BOSTON CLOTHING CO.

HACK AND LIVERY
SERVICE,

Furniture Moving

ALSO

HIGH GRADE LINE OF

TOMBSTONES

DENNIS SHEEHAN. Tel. 4-2

C. SILVIO,

DEALER IN

Foreign & Domestic Fruits

*Oranges, Lemons, Peanuts,
Jamaica Bananas,
Tangerines, Etc.*

Candy, Cigars and Tobacco,

67 MAIN STREET.

When Eyes Trouble You

Visit

H. P. N. POPHL,

Optician,

Maynard, Mass.

COMPLIMENTS

OF

JOHNSON PHARMACY.

H. J. DWINELL CO.,

HENRY F. MILLER AND OTHER HIGH GRADE PIANOS

A LARGE AND CAREFULLY
SELECTED STOCK SOLD ON
EASY TERMS OR RENTED.

Riverside Block,
Maynard.

C. H. PERSONS

LATEST STYLE IN
OXFORD AND LOW
SHOES. CALL AT
LOMAN'S SHOE STORE.

Puzzle Problem.

A Farmer went to market to buy 500 animals for \$500. He bought cows at \$10 each, calves at \$3 each and sheep at 50c each. How many of each kind did he buy?

<i>Slates</i> 5 and 10cts	<i>LaPage's Muc.</i> 4 cts
<i>Pencils</i> 6 for 5 cts	<i>Tablets with picture</i>
<i>Carter's Ink</i> 3 cts	<i>of Nason st school</i> 10
<i>Crayons</i> 1 and 5 cts	<i>Eye Shades</i> 5 cts

M. T MULLIN, Nason Street.

COMPLIMENTS
OF
MYSTICAL
THREE

ATTEND
THE
MAYNARD
HIGH SCHOOL
MINSTREL
SHOW

THE RAMBLER.

VOL. 1.

MARCH.

NO. 2.

Board of Editors.

RAYMOND W. VEITCH, Editor-in-chief.

AGNES RICHARDSON, '09 Literary Editor CARL PERSONS, '09 Business Manager
MARION BLANCHARD, '06 Alumni Editor.

TERESA HEFFERNAN, '07	} Local Editors.	CLEMENTA SULLIVAN, '07	} Grind Editors.
BEATRICE SUNDERLAND, '08		CLARENCE MACKIN, '08	
BERTHA BINKS, '09		RALPH LAWTON, '09	
FRANCES GOULD, '10		MILDRED MORGAN, '10	
FLORENCE WHITTAKER, '11		GEORGE STOCKWELL, '11	
S. KINGSBURG PERRY, '09	} Athletic Editors.		
ROBERT RICH, '09			
LESLIE SIMS, '10			

Editorial.

FOUR years ago the Sigma and Zeta Societies decided to have a public debate each year. A great interest was at first taken in the plan and to keep up this interest a silver cup was to be given to the winning society by one of the business men of the town.

A very fine programme was given in which the Sigma's won the cup, and so their society name was engraved on it together with the year of the debate. From this programme a sufficient amount was cleared to purchase two beautiful pictures which are now hung in the main room.

During the next year the Zetas were eager for vengeance, and worked hard for the coming debate with the result

that they won the cup and their society name was engraved upon it. A goodly sum was also cleared from this program and a picture purchased which now hangs in the Freshman room.

But that is the last that was heard of public debates. One may now see the cup surrounded with paper napkins on the top shelf of the library in the main room. It seems too bad that we cannot have a public debate each year for there is plenty of material in the school. Some of our fortnightly debates, are well worthy of praise and it would be no disgrace to have such programmes given before the public. Although these fortnightly debates are open to visitors it is seldom we have any at them.

For Mother's Sake.

MR. Edward Caldon entered the car with a sigh of relief, and sank into a seat. The day had been trying and he was glad to be on his way home. "Home!" he muttered, "Home, indeed, a little room on the third floor of a building situated in the most obscure part of

the city. Why can't I be satisfied? No one to bother me, a host of good books, and a couple of cigars to make my evening enjoyable, but—" his soliloquy ended in a dreary sigh as he leaned back and stared moodily out of the window.

Never since he left home had he had

that uneasy feeling. Was it homesickness? Certainly not; how absurd. Had not his father tried to ruin his prospects by keeping him at home when he so wished to go to the city? Why should he wish to go home when there was no prospect of being anything outside of a blacksmith or a farmer?

As he asked himself these questions his thoughts strayed back to the days when he was a child. What delightful times he and Jack Harding did have! Fishing in summer and skating in winter. He wondered where Jack was now; he had not seen him for two years, not since he left home. "Poor Jack," he murmured, "how hard it must be to plod along in the same path, as I have no doubt you are doing, day after day."

To be sure Edward Caldron had not succeeded as well as he had expected, but then, he was working up and perhaps some day he would be in business for himself. Of course it had been hard to leave mother but he had written to her regularly and had given her glowing accounts of his success. She had written cheery letters in return; this was his one stay, for if he thought his mother was sorrowing, he would have been heart-broken—and as for going home—he never could.

"For mother's sake" Edward Caldron awoke as from a trance as those sweet words reached him and looking out he saw a little girl sitting on a box and swinging her feet. "Little she knows what she's singing about!" he growled. Somehow it made him angry to hear those words so thoughtlessly sung. Suddenly a light broke over his face, "Yes, for mother's sake," he murmured a sudden change had taken possession of him and he seemed anxious to reach that place which he had scorned to call home but a few moments before.

He spent the evening in reading over letters he had received from his mother, all of which were precious to him. He could read between the lines of those closely written pages, the sorrow that he knew his mother must feel for her wayward son.

The next morning he was at the station bright and early. Yes, he was going home. That morning as Mrs. Caldron was arranging the plants in the sunshine a shadow fell across the floor. Turning quickly she saw her son standing in the open doorway. "I've come home, mother," he said as he embraced her. "I knew you would for your mother's sake," she answered.

FRANCES GOULD, '10.

Men and Verbs.

I WONDER how many of us in our tasks of life and daily routine ever stop to think that we are all playing the part of verbs. In our early study of grammar we learned that a verb was a word which expressed an action. Now, we are all men of action, some, however, being more active than others but we are all acting our own part in life.

In the first place there are two classes of men as there are two classes of verbs;

namely, strong and weak. These two classes include both sexes. Then there are *transitive* men; men who have some definite object in life with which they are closely connected. As all verbs have subjects, so have the transitive men and that subject, which impels them to action, is their conscience. Their subject urges them on to do what is best for themselves and for mankind. So earnest and conscientious are they in their work that

there is no time for wrong. When these transitive men come across people who do not have the strength of character and inclination to do their duty, they try to help them. Of course these *Men Verbs* have an indirect object without which their life would be incomplete and void of pleasure. Their indirect object is recreation, however, simple this may be, pleasure in a book, a ride or a good play. By such intercourse with good things their minds and bodies are refreshed and enlivened. This subject, of which I have spoken, guides and directs them in all their actions. It helps them to attain their object. Both subject and object are closely related and always remain so throughout life.

Directly opposite in every respect to this class are the *intransitive* men; men who have no object or purpose in life. They are born, they live and they die in accordance with the natural course of human events. It is true that they have a subject, but what good is it without the object? It is weak and powerless, not strong enough to stimulate action. Evil companions and surroundings are taking away its power. These people waste the best part of their life by throwing away the time when they should be fitting themselves for their life work. Their education amounts to little because it was taken up in a shiftless sort of way. In this manner shirking their daily duties, and having no desire to better their condition or rise in the world, they sowed the seed for later life. They waste their time on the street corners where they may be seen from early morn till late at night. Some one may ask, "Who feeds and clothes these?" Oh, some one who loves them in spite of their waywardness, some one who belongs to the *transitive*

class. These transitive people are ever striving hard to keep them from want, while these poor unfortunates, indifferent to all that is spent and done for them foolishly squander the hard-earned savings of some poor conscientious mortal.

Under this latter class, the *intransitives*, come the *impersonal* men, those who are lacking in personality or individuality. They are incomplete, having no tastes or likings of their own. They do things without considering the purpose or result of them because somebody else does them. They have no definite subject or object, but merely drift along. This class is easily influenced and is especially susceptible.

Closely allied with these are the *defective* men, who entirely lack the necessary essentials of life, character and reputation. Some of these men have no ambition to rise beyond their present station. Many of them have risen to a considerable height in life, but through some weak point in their character have lost wealth, position and reputation. Others perhaps, have not been so prominent but have lost what they can never regain.

Now, there are the *deponent* men. These are the deceivers of mankind. They show a bright, sunny character on the outside, but what a different one on the inside! How often has the man with his smooth flattering speeches, stylish clothes, and pleasing graces in some places, played the part of the villain and coward elsewhere.

And now we are playing the part of verbs every day of our life, but what kind? Let us all, when we leave Maynard High School at the close of our school course, become *transitive* men and women.

TERESA E. HEFFERNAN, '07.

The motto of the Senior Class, "And a little child (R.V.) shall lead them."

O, Shaw, we can't all be Rich if some Persons are.

The Juniors.

Juniors! the word from far and near,
Brings praise and fame to them.
In English above all we hear
The praise of C. H. M.

In History is often heard
The voice of I. A. B.
And if far off her thoughts are lured,
Up quickly (?) jumps C. D.

In Botany our M. G. T.
Recites in lively manner,
And closely following we see,
I. F. bear on the banner.

One more has joined our gallant crew,
Her name is M. A. P.
And if she follows what we do,
So happy will she be.

As captain of the Baseball Nine,
Proudly stands V. S.
And if we do not win each time,
We'll know he's done his best.

Another in our English class
Who studies is H. C.
While none can ever hope to pass
In French our W. C.

In Algebra we cannot raise
The efforts of M. L.
So if you have a little praise,
This class deserves it well.

B. E. SUNDERLAND, '08.

Flannagan's Automobile.

Michael Flannagan had become interested in automobiles and had gone into the city and purchased a fifty-horse power "Packard" for which he paid four thousand dollars of his hard earned money.

Mike hired a man to drive the car home and on the journey he gathered up all the knowledge about automobiles that he could get from the driver. They arrived at the Flannagan home safe and sound amid the shouting and yelling of the children.

The next morning Mike decided to take a drive. He had sent the man who came home with him back to the city and he was to take his first turn at driving alone. Mike had great confidence in himself and did not fear any bad results.

At exactly nine o'clock the whole Flannagan family came tramping out of the house and marched toward the car. Mrs. Flannagan took the place beside the driver's seat while the children crowded into the toneau. Mike marched solemnly to the front of the machine with the air of a professional and taking a hold of the big crank, with a quick jerk set the motor a whirring. He then jumped into his place behind the wheel and threw in the clutch. The Flannagan's were off.

The huge car shot forward with a jerk nearly throwing Mrs. Flannagan out. Out of the yard it sailed knocking down a fence post in its course. On two wheels Mike guided it out onto the highway and then up the street they went. Just

then a team came rapidly out from a side street directly in front of the machine. Flannagan jammed on the brakes so that the wheels stopped short and the car slid forward like a sleigh. Very gently the huge machine touched the team, only pushing it aside, no damage resulting.

Mike now saw a wise plan and he placed Mrs. Flannagan who, by the way, weighed only four hundred pounds, upon the rear seat. Thus the increased weight over the rear wheels caused the brakes to be more affective. They then got out of town safely.

When out in the country Mike opened the throttle and they sailed from one side of the road to the other in an alarming style. But poor Mr. Flannigan's troubles were yet to come. Suddenly with a hiss and a bang one of the rear tires exploded. After about an hour and a half's work the break was repaired and they went on, this time at a faster pace.

The children yelled in great delight and both Mr. and Mrs. Flannigan smiled at the country people as they passed by. Suddenly a fat pig attempted to cross the highway, but biff and "Mr. Piggy" was back in his pen before he could start to run. But suddenly a strange grating sound came from the motor. The ponderous machine stopped short. Mike jumped out grumbling and got under the machine. After a few minutes he crawled out and began to turn the crank, but all was in vain, the motor would not start. The children began to cry and Mrs. Flannagan mumbled some-

thing under her breath about the good-for-nothing thing. Suddenly however, it started so quickly that the crank flew round and knocked the irritated Mr. Flannagan off his feet. He rolled down an embankment but after reposing below for a few moments he appeared and limping badly he approached and jumped into the car.

Mike was now in a very angry mood. Very clumsily he turned the machine around and started for home. However it did not run right and progress was very slow.

At last they came to the brow of a very steep hill and down they went swaying from one side of the road to the other. At the bottom of the incline was a sharp

turn. Mike made no attempt to set the brakes but gave the horn several warning toots and let the car go. At the bottom the speed was so great that it was impossible to turn and the Flannagan family went sailing through a hedge and into a cornfield. By good fortune the machine did not overturn and it finally stopped.

Mike was now in a terrible rage and motioning his family to follow he set out on foot for home. In the next morning's *Carrier* was an adv. which read as follows: "Fifty horse power Packard for sale, in fine condition; reason for selling owner gone insane. Car may be seen in Silas Jones' cornfield, Boxboro.

CARL PERSONS, '09.

The Boys of 1909.

Our class it is the best,
And we want you all to know
That we are just I. T.,
And not one of us is slow.

There's little Georgie Binns,
With face so small and thin
But one thing now I'll tell you,
You can't get ahead of him.

There's Lawton our fine bass,
He sings like birds in a tree
And one of his favorite songs,
Is, Mother Pin a Rose on me.

Then there's Johnnie Rady you know
The head of our Geometry class
But when it comes to Latin,
It's hard for Jack to pass.

There's also Ted MacPherson,
That walks along so slow,
And when it comes to English,
Ted's words are "I don't know."

There's Rich that's always eating,
And we wonder he hasn't his fill
Yet we know if he's ever sick,
His father can give him a pill.

Again there's Oscar Sawyer,
Who's absent most every day
And then if his marks are low,
He always has something to say.

There's Persons our artist grand,
And if you want an artist to be
Just call on our friend Carl,
And he will teach you free.

There's Allie McGrail a lad,
Who is very, very shy,
But when he once gets started
You'll be sure he's apt to fly.

There's Perry who always looks neat,
With his shoes and clothes so fine
And we often wonder and ponder,
How much it costs him a shine.

There's Louie the tailor's son,
He's one of our favorites you know
And if you want any clothes,
Just give them to Louie to sew.

But our lads are all up to date,
As all of you may know
And they are not like the Senior boys,
Who of course you see are slow.

A. RAND, '09.

One of our Seniors persists in making the discussions at the debate "HOT." Why does he do it?

Why does Perry visit the Freshman Room so frequently? We think his idea must be *Bent*.

give him a chocolate. One day the two gentlemen went for a stroll along the beach. Before departing Mr. Forbush opened a box of chocolates and laid them on a table in his room. When they returned they noticed that Mme. Fontaine was not among the ladies on the veranda but when they went up stairs they saw her in her room with the monkey. Mr. Forbush discovered upon investigation that nearly one half of the candy had been taken from the box. The door to his room had been locked and the only way anyone could enter was by the transom, which was by chance open.

During the afternoon when the guests were not out of doors the transoms of the rooms were left open. After thinking these circumstances over the two gentlemen decided to remain in their room the next afternoon and watch what took place.

The following afternoon all was quiet on the second floor of the hotel. Across the hall were Mme. Fontaine and her pet monkey. The door into the opposite room was open. A small crevice in the door of Mr. Forbush's room enabled the detective to watch Mme. in her room. She was teaching the monkey a new trick. After a short time she told him to "Go." A few moments later he returned with something in his mouth. He brought this to his mistress, who was very much pleased and gave him a chocolate. He did this same thing two or three times, each time receiving his pay, a piece of candy.

About half an hour later Mme. Fontaine and the monkey went down stairs to join the party on the veranda. The two gentlemen talked matters over and decided what they would do. The next day the detective got out a warrant for Mme's. arrest. He found her busy in her room training the monkey. She at first resented boldly but when she discovered who it was that demanded her arrest she surrendered.

It was later learned that she was a noted thief for whose capture a large reward was offered by the government.

NINA CLARK, '09.

Our pianists have gone up higher in the world.

Locals.

Mr. Klise visited the school Feb. 25.

Miss Maloney recently visited Mr. and Mrs. Klise.

We are getting along famously with our graduation music.

The favorite amusements the past few months have been sleigh rides and mumps.

At last the beautiful works of art presented to the school by the class of 1906 are hanging on the wall.

Mr. Nutter, who upon leaving Maynard became assistant secretary of the Y. M. C. A., is now substituting in the Gilbertville High.

The Freshmen had a sleigh ride on Feb. 11th to Hudson. They returned at 10.30 and were driven to the home of Miss Rich where supper was served.

The base ball team have started plans for a minstrel show and drama, which will be a great success, it is hoped. It will be given after Easter. Hearty cooperation of Rambler readers is asked.

The grade teachers of the Nason St., school gave a Whist Party Feb. 12, in Assembly Hall. Whist was played until 10.30, after which dancing was enjoyed. Mallinson's orchestra furnished music during the entire evening. There were many present and the goodly sum netted goes toward purchasing a piano for the first floor.

Since the last publication of our paper, the social life has been aroused. The Sophomore class held a Whist Party in Assembly Hall, for the benefit of the Ramblers. The affair was a success in all respects. The Senior class had an invitation dance January 23, which was a success financially and socially. Music was furnished by Newell's orchestra of Marlboro. "A good time" was the declaration of all who attended. The matrons were Mrs. J. H. Swain, Miss Maloney and Miss Haynes.

give him a chocolate. One day the two gentlemen went for a stroll along the beach. Before departing Mr. Forbush opened a box of chocolates and laid them on a table in his room. When they returned they noticed that Mme. Fontaine was not among the ladies on the veranda but when they went up stairs they saw her in her room with the monkey. Mr. Forbush discovered upon investigation that nearly one half of the candy had been taken from the box. The door to his room had been locked and the only way anyone could enter was by the transom, which was by chance open.

During the afternoon when the guests were not out of doors the transoms of the rooms were left open. After thinking these circumstances over the two gentlemen decided to remain in their room the next afternoon and watch what took place.

The following afternoon all was quiet on the second floor of the hotel. Across the hall were Mme. Fontaine and her pet monkey. The door into the opposite room was open. A small crevice in the door of Mr. Forbush's room enabled the detective to watch Mme. in her room. She was teaching the monkey a new trick. After a short time she told him to "Go." A few moments later he returned with something in his mouth. He brought this to his mistress, who was very much pleased and gave him a chocolate. He did this same thing two or three times, each time receiving his pay, a piece of candy.

About half an hour later Mme. Fontaine and the monkey went down stairs to join the party on the veranda. The two gentlemen talked matters over and decided what they would do. The next day the detective got out a warrant for Mme.'s arrest. He found her busy in her room training the monkey. She at first resented boldly but when she discovered who it was that demanded her arrest she surrendered.

It was later learned that she was a noted thief for whose capture a large reward was offered by the government.

NINA CLARK, '09.

Our pianists have gone up higher in the world.

Locals.

Mr. Klise visited the school Feb. 25.

Miss Maloney recently visited Mr. and Mrs. Klise.

We are getting along famously with our graduation music.

The favorite amusements the past few months have been sleigh rides and mumps.

At last the beautiful works of art presented to the school by the class of 1906 are hanging on the wall.

Mr. Nutter, who upon leaving Maynard became assistant secretary of the Y. M. C. A., is now substituting in the Gilbertville High.

The Freshmen had a sleigh ride on Feb. 11th to Hudson. They returned at 10.30 and were driven to the home of Miss Rich where supper was served.

The base ball team have started plans for a minstrel show and drama, which will be a great success, it is hoped. It will be given after Easter. Hearty cooperation of Rambler readers is asked.

The grade teachers of the Nason St., school gave a Whist Party Feb. 12, in Assembly Hall. Whist was played until 10.30, after which dancing was enjoyed. Mallinson's orchestra furnished music during the entire evening. There were many present and the goodly sum netted goes toward purchasing a piano for the first floor.

Since the last publication of our paper, the social life has been aroused. The Sophomore class held a Whist Party in Assembly Hall, for the benefit of the Ramblers. The affair was a success in all respects. The Senior class had an invitation dance January 23, which was a success financially and socially. Music was furnished by Newell's orchestra of Marlboro. "A good time" was the declaration of all who attended. The matrons were Mrs. J. H. Swain, Miss Maloney and Miss Haynes.

Alumni Notes.

'05. Miss Marion Haynes has announced her engagement to Mr. Charles Wilcox.

'06. Harrison Persons of Wesleyan University came home Feb. 23, for a few day's visit.

—:o:—
E-Z

The question has been asked, "Where are our debators this year?" The question was answered Friday, March 1st, when the two literary societies put up some of their best debators. The subject for debate was one which is attracting very much attention and arousing much discussion both at home and abroad. Resolved, that the Monroe Doctrine is a desirable policy for the United States to pursue. The Sigma Society had the affirmative and was represented by Herbert Mallinson, '07 and Dean Blanchard, '10. The Zeta Society with Carl Persons '09 and S. K. Perry '09 presented the negative side of the argument. The speakers ably contended for their side. The Zetas, however, put a great deal of force and energy into delivering their parts which greatly amused the audience. The judges declared the debate and the program which preceded it a victory for the Zeta Society.

Theresa E. Heffernan '07.

—:o:—
Favorite Songs.

Waiting at the church, R. L. and C. M. I Don't Know Where I'm Going, but I'm on my Way. Binns.

Sing Me to Sleep. R. V.

Have I made You Angry? B. S.

Polly and I. S. K. P.

I'll Be Busy all next Week (?) J. Sullivan.

Dear Little Dorothy Dimple. E. McP.

He's Going to Have a Hot Time. J. B.

You'll always Find a Welcome Home. A. O. J.

Why does each Senior cry, Let Me Have Some Very Tame Laws?

Grinds.

What fruit does a Senior prefer? Olives.

What's the Price of Wood? Lowe, of course.

Nintety-eight cent hats have not gone out of style yet.

What flower does a Sophomore boy like best? The Marguerite.

The Holy Alliance—I. B. and B. S. Simple Society—The Jolly Nine.

W. Taylor is very much interested in basket-ball during Algebra I class.

Lessons in manicuring conducted by English IV. Apply early and avoid the rush.

Has our celebrated Sophomore artist filled any engagements for crayon portraits yet?

Beware of Binns, the mighty warrior. His darts may be seen or heard whistling thro' the air in the Main Room.

A certain Senior is preparing to act as contortionist in the minstrel show. If he does not become "stage struck" he will twist his body into numerous shapes and with perfect ease will toss about lighted lamps. Should he not accomplish these feats, proofs of his having done them are numerous, as members of the chemistry class have seen him in his best form at rehearsals.

Future role of the members of 1910. Grace Wood, book agent; Jina Heffernan, director of Bingville; B. Annie McCarron, musician; Leslie Sims, orator; Wm. McGrail, champion of athletic sports; W. Taylor, court jester; Edith Wolfenden, model of reserve; Florence Oliver, example of meekness; Mabel Comean, jumping jack; Beatrice Taylor, poetess; Dean Blanchard, critic; Frances Gould, gossip. Rena Smith, governess; Harold Archer, gentleman; Lessie Lawton, O. M.