

THE
RAMBLER

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MAY

M. H. S.

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THE RAMBLER.

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Editorial.

SCHOOL Spirit is a subject which has been written and talked about many times in this school but there is still a chance for improvement along this line.

The base ball season is the time to show school spirit if it can ever be demonstrated but so far this year the spirit has been lacking. Of course the team does not expect to have many supporters when it goes to most of the out-of-town games but when it plays in Hudson it should have some backers. Does anyone suppose that Hudson would have made nine runs in one inning if the Maynard

team had been getting any encouragement?

There was a good sized crowd present at the Belmont game, but what good did the crowd do? Whenever a Maynard man made a good play there was a cheer. But when there were three of our boys on base, with two down and a good chance to tie the score, there was *supposed* to be cheering our team on to victory. The time to cheer is not only when a man makes a good play but when the team is behind.

It is time that the girls got together, got a leader, and some new cheers or the team cannot be expected to win games.

A Duel in Animal Land.

IN the town of Bow-Wow in Animal Land there was great excitement over a duel to be fought between Sir Howl Wolf and Sir Fierce Tiger at the estate of Lord Roar Lion.

The lists were very pleasantly situated at the foot of a large hill. The galleries that were built around the lists were covered with tapestries and carpets for

the nobility, while the commons had to be satisfied with the wooden benches. In the center of the galleries was a pavilion which separated the nobles from the commons. In front of this pavilion was a long platform on which were seated the contestants of the day's sport and Lord Roar Lion with his family.

When the gates were open all kinds of

animals rushed in. The large ones cared nothing for the smaller ones and some in their hurry forgetting their manners rushed in on four legs. Mr. Red Fox and some other Foxes acted as policemen, in which capacity they were very successful.

I succeeded in getting a seat opposite the pavilion and was just considering myself very fortunate when Mrs. Black Bear thinking she would like my seat, came over and pushed me off. Lord Roar Lion seeing my plight, invited me to sit on the platform, an invitation which I gladly accepted.

About ten o'clock the Hares who acted as heralds cried out, "Attention! Attention! The games are about to begin." I was getting weary and was indeed glad to hear the band back in the pavilion commence to play a tune which sounded like our "Hail to the Conqueror." A program was handed to me.

I. Three Legged Race.

Mr. Brown Tiger and Mr. Yellow Panther.

Ms. Furry Bear and Mr. Gray Wolf.

II. Wrestling Match.

Mr. Black Bear and Mr. Red Lion.

III. Duel.

Sir Howl Wolf and Sir Fierce Tiger.

IV. Speech.

Yourself.

I was never so surprised in my life as I was when I read that. I could not imagine myself addressing an audience of animals.

Then the contest began. The three legged-race was very interesting. Mr. Tiger kept stepping on Mr. Panther's tail, then they would fall over and lie there until their attendants come to help

them on their feet again. Fortunately Mr. Bear had no tail and he managed to keep off Mr. Wolf's so they won the race.

The wrestling match was decided in favor of Black Bear who, when he once got his opponent down, sat on him and would not budge an inch until the match was decided in his own favor. But the duel was the most interesting feature of the day. Sir Wolf wore an armor of iron and Sir Tiger one of steel. The horses on which they rode wore a coat of mail like their owner. The contestants were each provided with a spear and the one who was unhorsed first was the loser. The victor was to have the honor of choosing one of Lord Roar Lion's daughters for his wife.

When the signal was given they both uttered a growl and dashed madly at each other. Tiger was unhorsed first, much to his indignation and shame, and Wolf was proclaimed the hero of the day. Everybody came forward to offer his congratulations and shake paws. In the wild excitement the crowd to my delight forgot all about my address.

Lord Roar Lion told the heralds to call the people to order again. When all was quiet he announced that the hero had chosen his youngest daughter for his wife and he, Roar Lion was much pleased with his son-in-law.

As the spectators were leaving Lord Roar Lion marching proudly up, invited me to dine with him and spend the remainder of the day. I thanked him for his kind invitation but declined as I had only wanted to see the duel.

BERTHA M. LAWTON '07.

Who was Guilty ?

FROM time to time various articles disappeared from the yard around the Peters' home. Every wash-day when Mrs. Peters took in her clothes

small articles were missing, and in many cases were found lying in the grass, the clothes pins no where to be seen.

In the back yard was a small building

used by Bert, the eldest son, as a workshop. If he chanced to leave the shanty for a few moments, with the door ajar, he invariably missed something when he returned. Sometimes it was a box of tacks, a piece of leather or perhaps his dusting cloth. Of course new material had to be procured and such delays were annoying to a boy of twelve who has set out to invent an invisible squirrel trap or an automatic piano player. Finally his suspicions fell on his little brother Ted and his bosom friend, but as it was not a clear case, he decided to await developments.

One afternoon as he was working diligently, he heard a low steady thump and looking out saw old Mr. Billings pounding down his wooden leg angrily as he came up the gravel path. Mr. Billings was of medium height with long white hair, sharp eyes and as I have before mentioned, a wooden leg of which he was very proud, as it replaced the one he had lost in the civil war. The old man did not stop to greet Bert, but leaning against the door frame delivered a piece of his mind. The trouble was that he had found several clothes pins, a doll's dress and a slipper stored in perfect order under his back steps. "Who could have placed 'em there if it wasn't that pack of mischiefs? You ought to know by this time, what'll happen to ye if ye don't keep t'other side o'my fence," squealed Mr. Billings. When he paused for want of breath, Bert bade him wait until he returned.

No sooner was Bert out of sight than

a mocking laugh issued from behind the shanty and a taunting little voice cried, "aha, so you found 'em did you, you old geezer." Full of rage at this insult offered him, Mr. Billings hopped around the shanty with surprising agility. No one was in sight. Presently a voice right over his head announced, "Well done, old man. Do it again!" Those boys were on top of the shanty! Leaning a board against the side he proceeded to climb up; after getting safely on the roof, no boys were in sight. The difficulty now arose in descending. He got down on his knees and carefully backed off. Where was that board? After waving his legs wildly in the air a moment he located it. Then he loosened his hold; down the board he slid in a manner very undignified for a man of his age. After picking himself up, he stamped around in an uncontrollable rage, until Bert appeared, dragging Ted and his chum by the back of their collars.

The culprits stoutly maintained their innocence, but to no avail. They were marched to the scene of their crime. "Just look under there, ye little rascals and tell me what's under there, d'ye hear?" With a meek "Yes, sir" they obeyed him. In a moment, two little boys were rolling in the grass in merriment. Mr. Billings looked under and beheld his pet Magpie busily engaged in arranging the clothes pins in a heap and dragging around a handkerchief in his bill. Mr. Billings had to admit that there was *one* thing worse than small boys.

FRANCES E. GOULD, '10.

Use Your Imagination.

THE constant cry of our English teachers "Use Your Imagination." Accordingly, one of the first things a student must learn is to use this "indescribable power." In as much as

finds this attainment absolutely indispensable in his English class we believe that all mothers should teach their children from the moment they begin to talk to use their imagination. Every one

one has it, so our English teacher says, and no matter to how small an extent it originally exists, it may be fully developed.

So the sooner one begins to cultivate and use his imagination the better it will be for him. Not only will he be able to escape many difficulties but he may possibly procure a high mark in English. That is all right as far as it goes but why don't our teachers practice what they preach? Why cannot they happen to think sometimes that a fellow was out to a dance the night before and when he recites or rather fails to recite, just imagine he was giving a perfect recitation?

Did you ever stop to think why we have so many men in jail at the present time? It is easily explained. Those who have committed crimes have not developed their imagination enough to prove to the officials that they were elsewhere when the deed was done. We might also add that the inability of the officials to imagine that some one else might have been guilty of the misdemeanor and finally that there was no offense at all, helps to explain the situa-

tion. If all of the officers could imagine, what a delightful time some of us would have. So, friends, beware and develop your imagination for the world of to-day.

We also notice that the debaters of to-day are sometimes unsuccessful, not because they cannot write upon known facts but because they lack the ability to imagine points and their proofs. The public as a whole prefers to hear something new in debates as well as in other things. And so the debater with the greatest power to fashion new ideas is always successful.

But students, officers, criminals and debaters are not the only ones lacking along this line. The faculties of all colleges are noticably deficient as regards this possession. When they discover a man has been playing ball for money they generally fail to imagine that it might have been another person and so often deprive their team of its best pitcher or its only catcher.

For all concerned it is therefore best to cultivate and at all times be ready to use your imagination. S. K. PERRY, '09.

School Life.

Tell me not in odious accents,
School is but an empty dream!
If we have our idle moments,
Then things are not what they seem.

School is real! school life is earnest!
To endeavor makes our rule,—
"He who comes shall do his utmost
While a member of this school."

But employment, and not leisure,
Is our destined end and way:
So by working, each to-morrow
Finds us farther than today.

Life is short, and time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Loud as hammered drums are beating,
As we try to records save.

To our teacher's host of questions,
On the campaign of our life,

Do not drag along or tarry,
Like a coward in the strife!

Trust no classmate, howe'er willing!
Let us make our own good name!
Act—act while we have our talents
To ascend the wall of fame!


Lives of great men all remind us
We can do as well as they;
And departing leave our motto,
"While the sun shines, make your hay."

Leave our motto, that another,
Sailing o'er school's solemn main,
A forlorn and downcast student,
Seeing, shall his hopes regain.

Let us then awaken quickly
All the hopes within our breast;
Still achieving, while we're striving,
With our studies, for the best.

Hattie G. Lent, '07.

The Young Fortune Seeker.

 ONE bright Monday morning in June I took my wheel and rode over to see my friend Arthur Walcott, who lived a short distance from my own home. I was surprised to find him out in his back yard tying up several small articles in a large red handkerchief. "What is the matter?" I asked him in surprise. "Are you going to leave us!" "Going to seek my fortune," he answered with a smile. "When are you going?" I asked, thinking it was probably a joke. "Tuesday morning at six o'clock," said Arthur. "I have asked my father and he is quite willing, so willing that he has given me an extra quarter with which to buy necessary articles." "I wish that I could go with you," I said with a sigh. "Well," he answered, "I don't want you to be because we would never find two fortunes close together, and besides I think it is better for every one to go alone." I asked him what articles he had decided to take, and he showed them to me. I looked them over carefully but said nothing of any intention of going to seek my fortune alone. As he was going into his house at this time, I shook hands with him and departed wishing him "good luck."

I could think of nothing else all that day but "fortune seeking," and that evening as we were eating supper I told my parents all about my desire and asked their permission to go. At first they laughed at my plan but after I had told them of Arthur's theory they smiled and said that I might try it. As for my part I could not understand why they treated it as a joke, but learned later.

After having finished my supper I spent a short time putting together several articles which I thought I should want on my journey, and then as I needed rest for an early start I retired early to my chamber.

The next morning I was up at five o'clock ready for my departure.

Instead, however, of using the ancient mode of fortune seeking I resolved to ride on my wheel thinking that perhaps I might reach my destination sooner.

At last I was prepared and bidding my parents "good bye" I set out down the road, riding slowly so as not to tire myself before the day was over. At first the roads over which I rode were fairly good, but I soon found them very rough and tiresome. To add to this trouble the sun came out so brightly that I had to rest under a tree by the road-side and seeing a brook near by I refreshed myself somewhat by a cool drink of water. As it was about noon-time, I also ate a little from a box of lunch which I had prepared for the journey.

After I had rested a reasonable length of time I mounted my wheel and rode on. At length I noticed that the sky was beginning to darken and I realized that a rain-storm was imminent. Riding rapidly I came in sight of an old house which stood at some distance from the road. I made haste to reach it and arrived just in time to avoid a drenching. Placing my wheel in an obscure corner I looked about me. The house had evidently been deserted. The walls and plastering were broken, grass and moss grew in every crevice and where the window frames had been left the panes were broken, making the whole appearance one of desolation. Investigating still farther I found that the second floor was a wreck and that the rain came through the weather beaten roof and walls almost without hinderance. I quickly descended to the ground floor however, and seeking out a dry place I prepared to rest and eat a little of my lunch, for I was very hungry. The darkness became more and more intense and I crept into a corner

to sleep for the night. How long I remained in this condition I cannot tell, but I was aroused by sounds which came from the room opposite to the one which I occupied. Looking in that direction I saw the forms of two men who were bending over some object in the ground. The earth had been thrown up around them, and they were evidently burying some vast treasure. They also appeared to be on the look-out for intruders for they would often stop their work a minute to stand and listen in the doorway. At length they seemed to be satisfied with the security of their treasure and hastily began to spread the earth over it again. Hardly had this been done, than the sounds of approaching foot-steps startled them. "Cops!" exclaimed one of the men. "Run for your life!" At this both men snatched up their tools and made for the nearest window. Their departure was soon succeeded by the appearance of several officers, one of whom carried a lantern. Not wishing to be caught for a robber I drew into an obscure corner and waited to witness the out-come.

At first I thought that the officers had been baffled and that the robbers had escaped. It was only a moment, however, for they seemed to catch the sound of the fleeing rascals and away they went in pursuit both parties exchanging several shots.

After the excitement was over I was somewhat stirred up and debated within myself the possibilities of returning home or continuing my journey, but as it had not as yet ceased raining I decided to wait until morning before taking action. I therefore went back to my corner and lay down to secure what rest I could before setting out again. At first I could not rest on account of the rain, but this did not disturb me long and I was soon asleep. I awoke several times from my slumbers, but my final nap must have

been a long one, for it was broad day light when I awakened. The sky was still cloudy but the storm had ceased. I pulled myself together and as the first thing that came into my mind was the treasure, I made haste to get at it. I did not wonder that the officers had not seen it, for nothing appeared to have been disturbed around it. The robbers had taken up a part of the floor and after having finished their work they replaced it exactly. However, knowing the place of concealment I soon unearthed it by digging with a piece of board. As soon as I had secured it I saw that it was a small hand bag. I immediately attempted to open it, but did not succeed in doing so until I had broken the lock. I expected to find it filled with gold but what was my surprise when I opened it to find rolls of bills and papers written to the National Bank in my own town. Hastily replacing the articles I reclosed the bag. I then set out for home as fast as I could travel.

I reached town a little after noon and went at once to my father in order to lay the matter before him. He did not seem in the least surprised to see me back so soon but it certainly startled him when I showed him the contents of the bag and told him how it came into my possession. He advised me to take the bag to the bank at once and have the matter settled. Accompanied by him I set out for the building and buying a morning paper read of the robbery, which had been committed the same evening of my experience at the old house. Reading still further I learned that the robbers had gained admittance through a back window, had blown open the safe and skipped with the contents. But great was my joy when I also read that a reward of one-third of the stolen property would be given to the person or persons who should cause the arrest of the thieves or the return of the property.

I soon had my burden delivered and after a certain amount of explanation and form I received my reward, or in

other words, what I considered at the time my fortune. D. BLANCHARD, '10.

Athletic Notes.

On April 19th the base ball season opened when our team went to Acton to play Acton High. In a closely played and exciting game Maynard won out by the score of 4 to 3. At one time it looked as though extra innings would have to be played as Acton had three men on bases with only one out but Sweeney was too much for the Acton batsmen.

The next game was played on the home grounds, against Lexington. The fielding on the home team was ragged at critical moments thus letting in run after run for the Lexingtons. With good fielding the Lexingtons would not have scored. Our team could not score very much on account of its inability to hit Gavin, the Lexington pitcher. The result was 9 to 1 in favor of the visiting team.

Marlboro was the next team met also on the home grounds. There was no possible chance for Maynard to defeat Marlboro as the Marlboros had their batting clothes on, Wheeler, the catcher, being the star with the stick. The result of this comedy entitled "A Running Match" was 22 to 3 but not in Maynard's favor.

On May 7, the team went to Weston and on account of the absence of the manager had an easy victory, the score being 17 to 7. Perry pitched his first game of the season and redeemed himself creditably, the Westons getting but few

hits off him while Maynard made 19.

Belmont came to Maynard on May 10th. The game was very exciting with the exception of the third inning when our boys repeated their old trick of throwing to bases when there is no need of it. As a result of foolish play on the part of Maynard, Belmont made four runs in this inning but made no more in the rest of the game. The home team worked hard to win but when the smoke of battle had cleared away it lacked one run.

In Hudson May 15th, Maynard lost the game in the first inning, allowing Hudson to make nine runs. The Hudson team hit Perry quite freely but with good support the score would not have been anything as it was. With three on base, Mackin failed to properly field a base hit allowing three runs to come in. Three hits coupled with errors by Dickerman and Lawton allowed the remaining six runs. Sweeney went in to pitch in the second inning and his excellent work kept Hudson from scoring. He allowed but two men to walk and fanned man after man. But two hits were made off him, one of those being a scratch hit. With good hitting Maynard made three runs. Sullivan made two fine catches in left garden, which would have been home runs had they gone through him for they would have gone down the banking. The final score was 9 to 3.

Alumni Notes.

'05. Mr. and Mrs. Alfred T. Haynes have announced the marriage of their daughter Marion, to Mr. Charles Wilcox

on Aug. 14, 1906, at Providence, R. I.

'06. Harold M. Dufer is working in Jayne's Pharmacy, Boston.

Locals.

Mildred Morgan '09, left school to accept a position as assistant cashier at the R. C. A.

Graduation exercises of the class of 1907 will be held June 19. Class Day, June 10.

We were all glad to see Mr. Klise on May 10th when he came with the Belmont Base Ball Team.

Nina Clark '09 who is ill with typhoid fever, is greatly missed. It is hoped by all that she may soon recover.

New umbrella racks have been placed in the halls. The sinks now must not be used as umbrella receptacles.

Miss O'Toole, Miss Lent, Miss Lawton and Miss Sullivan expect to take the Fitchburg Normal examination.

Raymond Veitch was recently the guest of Scott Perry, Dartmouth '10. Mr. Veitch expects to enter Dartmouth this fall.

John Rady '09, has left M. H. S., but will continue his studies at Scranton, Pa. It is hardly necessary to say he will be missed on the Rambler Board.

A pleasant evening was passed at the home of Miss McCarron Monday, April 15, when the class of '10 unexpectedly called upon and presented her with a set of gold collar pins. Games and music were enjoyed after which refreshments were served.

The second dancing party of the senior class was held in Co-operative hall, May 7. Music was furnished by Newell's orchestra. The patronesses were Mrs. J. C. Mackin, Mrs. J. H. Swain, Miss Copeland and Miss Doherty. The affair was a financial and social success.

Miss Rich '10 was much surprised Wednesday evening, May 15th by the arrival of a number of classmates and friends at her home on Summer street.

Miss Rich was presented with a silver jewel case. Miss Oliver, during the evening read and the usual games were played, after which luncheon was served. Those present were Miss McCarron, Miss Taylor, Miss Wolfenden, Miss Ward, Miss Comean, Miss Oliver, Miss Lawton, Miss Smith, Miss Gould, Mr. Sims, Mr. Blanchard, Mr. Bisbee, Mr. Binns and Mr. Rich.

—o— Grinds.

"All the rage" — Freshman surprise parties.

We are glad to learn that N. Y. is next to Boston in size.

Who will be the Ramblers news boy now Jack's gone?

M. H. S. Spooning Parlors; come early and avoid the teachers.

A. M. R. enjoys reading *Cornelius* (Nepos) if no one else does.

Tenors! please do not sing so loud during the music period.

Notice! There are still some more reserved seats in the Freshman room.

Although Binns is so small he has been known to push a carr off the track.

Miss C. What is a humorist?

R. L. A fun-maker.

Keep on the sunny side with C. S.; she wills away the unlimited wreath of the Seniors.

On April 29, Miss M-c-r-o attempted to discourse upon the Sentimental Expedition. The given topic was The Centennial Exhibition.

We wish some of the friends of a certain sub-Freshman would club together and buy him a bracelet like the one belonging to one of the Sophmores, so that he would not have to borrow.

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