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THE SPECTATOR.

Published by the members of the Freshman English Class of Blenheim
George Stevens Academy.

Vol. 1. Blenheim, Mo., March 1902.

No. 1.

Class Motto.

"Potens et volens"

Board of Editors.

Minnie E. Chase.
Editor-in-chief.

C. Mary Curtis.
Assistant Editor.

Martens Curtis.
Abbie E. Gross. Literary Editors.

A. Constance Holden.
Mabelle E. Babson. Personal Editors.

Elsie K. Philip.
Ida E. Morse. Local Editors.

Anson Thom. Business Manager.

For all business matters inquire of the Business Manager.

-Subscription-

Single Copy-10cents.

-Editorial-

We, the editors, wish to introduce the "Spectator" to the public. We hope it will be read and appreciated by the subscribers as the first attempt of the Freshman Class at anything of this kind, as we trust it will. One of our principal motives in editing the "Spectator" is to develop more interest in our Freshman Class, principally in the English work of that class.

This is at present a Freshman paper, but we hope it will gradually grow into an organized school paper, which we know would be even more interesting than a class one.

A word to the contributors.

We, the editors, are perfectly willing to write articles for the paper, as far as we can with our editorial work. But there will be a decided preference shown to the articles written by members of the English Class who are not on the editorial board.

If our contributors understand this we hope they will furnish more material for the second edition of our paper.

In regard to the rejected articles.

We hope that contributors having articles rejected, will not be at all discouraged concerning them, and will try even harder next time.

It should be understood that we have a good many articles to look over and from these we choose the very best. We trust that no contributor understanding this will feel discouraged over the articles rejected.

We wish to thank Mr. Russell, Miss Rafter and, also, all our contributors and subscribers for the help and interest they have given us, in this, our first attempt at a class paper.

A Modern Ghost Story.

Was I ever frightened by a ghost story? Only once, and that was one night last fall. Six of us girls were sitting around the open fire in the living room. Mother and father had gone to a lecture five miles from home and left Kate and I to keep house.

Dorothy and Ruth Fuller and Bess and Jennie Sharp came over to spend the evening. We decided to make candy and tell stories, nice creepy ones that make shivers run up and down one's back and make one see things at night.

It was long past our usual bed time. The fire was the only light we had, for what's the fun of ghost stories if the lamps are lighted? Bess always could scare us and to-night was especially good. She sat in the centre with us girls crouches around her, for not one dared sit in a chair by herself after Bess once began.

Bess was saying in a voice that she kept for special occasions, (a sort of moaning, groaning noise that made you cling to the girl next you) "He felt the darkness of the grave, his limbs were chilled by the dampness and when he tried to scream he felt as if numberless fingers were choking him. A worm crawled across his face but he was unable to brush it off. He heard a voice that came from nowhere, that grew louder and louder until it was as loud as thunder. 'Buried alive!' was what it said, 'Buried alive!'" The last was almost a shriek.

Poor Kate was lying on the floor with her head in my lap. But at that last she rose up and stood as if rooted to the spot. "Look!" she screamed in a voice I never should have recognized. We all turned and watched her face change to a deathly white. Such a queer look was in her eyes. "Kate! Kate!" I cried catching hold and shaking her (they declared I slapped her- I don't remember). "Out there, Oh don't you see!" she kept saying.

For this reason it is the favorite fishing ground of the summer visitors. Bess was beside her crying, saying it was all her fault, getting the child so worked up. I am not naturally timid, and was trying to light the lamp but my hand trembled so I couldn't strike the match.

A Hoohoo! from the girls caused me to turn around quick and there in the door way stood- I shudder to think of it now- a skeleton with one arm out stretched and a bony finger pointed at me. "Buried alive, Buried alive!" it said.

The next thing I knew Harry Thorn and Jack Fuller were throwing water in my face and saying, "Fore I'd be a 'fraid cat." But for all their bravery (so the girls said) they were pretty well frightened when they found they had gone too far. It was only to pay us back they said for the time we fooled them so nicely out on the lake, but "That's another story." They knew we were all alone and had been out in the entry a long time waiting for the proper moment.

Its queer, but ever since that night Bess won't tell a ghost story no matter how hard we tease her.

A. Constance Holden

The Little Red Schoolhouse on the Hill.

Situated on a steep hill, in Bristol, is a little red schoolhouse. It is now going to ruin very fast. Ivy vines are growing in and out of the blinds. The roof is covered with a lovely bed of green moss. When it was first built it was painted bright red with green blinds, but now the paint is worn off in places and everything around the building has an old fashioned appearance.

A narrow gravel path leads up to the door. In front of the schoolhouse is a beautiful green lawn shaded by two large maple trees. At the back is a large pond which at present contains many salmon. For this reason it is the favorite fishing ground of the summer visitors.

this reason it is the favorite fishing ground of the summer visitors, some of whom may be found there every day.

Inside the building everything looks picturesque and old fashioned. The old seats and desks are still there. On the walls hang many old famous pictures, such as pictures of Washington and other distinguished men.

By the request of the summer visitors the building has not been in use for a number of years. On account of the beautiful old fashioned appearance of the place, however, excursions are made there every summer. A man hired for the purpose keeps the place in good condition.

Allie F. Osgood.

A Visit to Uncle Tom's Cabin.

One warm day in "June" my "Eight Cousins" and I were sitting "Under the Lilacs" in the front yard. "Let's go over to "Uncle Tom's Cabin" said one of my cousins. The rest agreed to do this and we started for the cabin. On the way we met some "Little Women." One of these little women told us that her mother had gone into "The Wide Wide World" and left her to take care of her "Seven Little Sisters."

We talked with these little women a few moments and then resumed our journey.

We found "The Gates Ajar." We first went to "The Bonnie Briar Bush" and there we found "Beautiful Joe" lying in the lap of "The Doctor's Daughter." We entered the cabin and saw "Daisy, the Cat" lying before the fire, while outside "Black Beauty" was feeding on the grass which grew about the door. Gathered around "Uncle Tom" were "A Flock of Girls and Boys" who were listening to stories from Hans Anderson's "Fairy Tales"

While we were at the cabin we had a call from "Deacon Bradbury" and he told us long stories of "Robinson Crusoe." After he had gone "David

"Harum" and "Eben Holden" called. They brought "Janice Meredith" and "Jane Eyre" with them.

"David Harum" had a good deal to tell of his meeting with two people who told him they were the "Heavenly Twins" and that they were journeying to "The House of Seven Gables." These people were really "Elsie Dinmore" and "Lenny, the Orphan."

When "David Harum" and "Eben Holden" had gone, we bade good-bye to Uncle Tom and hurried toward home. When we arrived there we sat down near "The Old Oaken Bucket," while I read aloud from "Two Little Pilgrims Progress." After supper the children played in the front yard while I sat "Over the Tea-cups" reading "The Bible."

Edith Chase.

A Freshman's Dream.

One warm June day the breezes blew gently. The rustling of the leaves and the murmur of the brook were the only sounds that disturbed the stillness of the woods.

It was just the time for dreams, and as I lay beneath a large pine tree, a strange dream came to me.

I seemed to be in a hurrying crowd in one of the principal streets of Boston. Being very hungry I walked into a restaurant. The proprietor I recognized as my former class mate Harry Gillis. I seated myself at the table and found I was opposite a lady by whose side was seated a little girl. I knew at once that the lady was Edith Chase. I introduced myself to her and she told me, among other things, that she had been married four years to Doctor Lawrence. She also told me that the week before she had attended the wedding of Constance Holden to an English Lord. After leaving Mrs Lawrence I started for my boarding place; but

my attention was attracted by these words written in large letters:-

GREATEST WONDER OF THE CENTURY. THE FAT WOMAN. WEIGHS 360 LBS.

COME ONE, COME ALL.

I went in to see this famous woman and was speechless with surprise. For who should it be but Abbie Gross. She played the accompaniment for Minnie Chase to sing. Such a sweet melodious voice I had never heard. She was singing that old and touching ballad "There'll be a Hot Time in the Old Town To-night."

In the evening of this eventful day I went to a ball given by Charlie Bacon and his wife. Here I saw waltzing as gracefully as of yore, Elsie Philip. Her partner was the same one she used to dance with in Kane's Hall of Bluehill. During the evening Mabelle Babson sweetly sang "I Never Mention Him," while Eugene Hamilton played the violin and Rena Johnson the piano.

Then I awoke to find it was nothing but a dream.

Oh, how disappointed I was! I had hoped to know the fate of all of my classmates but must wait for time, not dreams, to tell.

Abbie E. Gross.
Mabelle E. Babson.

Some Ideas on Studying.

When a child first begins to go to school for two or three years he does not realize that he goes for any other reason than because he is obliged to or, perhaps, because someone else goes. He reads his lesson, spells a few words and then goes to play. This is repeated daily. He studies in this way, perhaps taking some exercises in Arithmetic and Geography as he grows older, until he reaches the age of eleven or twelve years. Then he should begin to think that studying is very useful and

should learn all that is possible.

When one reaches the age of fourteen or fifteen he should make up his mind to some extent, as to what is to be his life work, and study with that purpose in view. It is better for one to study a single subject and learn it thoroughly than study two or three and learn none of them perfectly. A person who has a purpose in view and studies for that purpose will almost always make a success.

The best way to study when one is attending school, is to read over the lesson and look up all words and expressions of which he does not know the meaning.

He should think out the most important parts and fix them in his mind, in order not to forget them.

One does not have to attend school to study. He may gain his information by systematic reading.

One should not study when he is tired and excited or has his mind on something else, for it will profit him nothing. He should put his mind on his work and nothing else. Then he will not fail to learn the hardest lesson.

In general, education is something that can not be given to us. Every one must get it for himself.

To test cups of white paper and three cups of good Mabelle Clark. mixed with one half cup of cream, one third cup of perfume, a few dashes of vanilla, essential oils and perfume. In this mixture add one cup of cream, and fourth cup of essence. You may put in a few dashes of essence for effect. Turn into paragraphs lines and lines for the hours in a moderate brain and you will have an excellent composition.

Mabelle Clark

Personals.
A Toast.

"I hit a very palpable hit." Wanted:-by the girls of the G. S. A.
Hurrah for the Freshman class!

"Hah" concessors.

Hurrah for their motto so true!

Wanted:-a pair May the ones that keep it be many at house No. 11,

Christian Hill.

And the ones that don't be few.

The Freshman We'll drink to the success of the school, as you took
part in the wonder To the teachers and pupils as well their fine success
when they appeared To the paper so new and the editors, too, and Harry.

If you wish to Give them all the Freshman yell, go's store, please
take my advice and call when Mr. Partridge is in.
Then here's to the class once again.

Silence reigneth May it ever prosper and thrive!

So fill up your glasses to the lads and lasses
The talks incessantly when in session. Abbie Cross.
Of the Class of naughty five.

When we sing you will hear the melodious voice above all of
the others. Mabelta

"A Soph-y will you Composition Cake drink,

And a Soph-y will you eat the day.

To four cups of white paper add three cups of good English, well
mixed with one half cup of commas, one third cup of periods, a few
question marks, exclamation points and quotation marks. To this mixture
add one cup of common sense, one fourth cup of nonsense. You may put
in a few figures of speech for effect. Turn into paragraph tins and
bake for two hours in a moderate brain and you will have an excellent
"Composition Cake."

Miss Elsie Philip.

Miss Elsie Philip.

Personals.

"A hit a very palpable hit." Wanted:-By the girls of the G. S. A.
"Rat" concealers.

Wanted:-A pair of dancing slippers, No.7. Call at house No.11,
Christian Hill.

The Freshmen wish to congratulate the actors and actresses, who took
part in the wonderful drama, "Under the Laurels," on their fine success
when they appeared on the stage in Penobscot, East Bluehill and Surry.

If you wish to purchase anything at Mr. Partridge's store, please
take my advice and call when Mr. Partridge is in.

Silence reigneth where'ere she goes. Edith Chase.

She talks incessantly when in company. Abbie Gross.

When we sing you can hear her sweet melodious voice above all of
the others. Mabelle Babson.

"A Soph-y will eat and a Soph-y will drink,
And a Soph-y will play all the day.
But a Soph-y won't work and a Soph-y won't think
Because he ain't built that way."

"Those crisped snaky golden locks." Norman Mayo.

"Thee I love, but not thy dog." Elsie Philip.

"You do ill to teach the child such words; she teaches them to hick
and hack, which they'll do fast enough of themselves; and to call horum.

Miss Rafter (Latin).

"Here's goodly gear." Mildred Eaton.

"I will make a prief of it in my notebook." Carol Hoopere.

"Gentle youth! whose looks assume

Such a soft and girlish bloom." Fled Hamilton.

What goddess is a member of the Senior Class? Flora.

Why does the Freshman Class always give good measure? Because their standard measurement is A. Gross.

Locals.

The Seniors gave their drama "Under the Laurels at Brooklyn Feb. 26. It was a great success socially but financially a total failure.

The following reference books have been presented to the Academy by the trustees: Dictionary of Phrase and Fable, Brewer; The Reader's Handbook, Brewer; Classical Atlas, Sinn & Co; Tribune Almanac and Political Register; The World Almanac and Encyclopedia; Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities, Rich.

Mr. Max Minckley substituted in the drama given at Brooklyn Feb. 26.

Thursday, Feb. 27, the students of the Academy observed Longfellow's birthday. The presentation of a bust of the poet by Mr. Arthur Dunn in behalf of the Class of 1900 and its reception by Dr. Grindle in behalf of the trustees was the special feature. The exercises consisted of papers dealing with the life and work of Longfellow and readings, recitations and songs selected from his poems.

The recently elected officers of the Senior, Sophomore and Freshman classes for this year are as follows:-

Senior Class.

Pres. Frank Hamilton.

Sec. and Treas. Margaret Hinckley.

Sophomore Class.

Pres. Ralph Bowden.

Vice Pres. Lillia McIntyre.

Sec. Norman Mayo.

Treas. Blanche Conary.

Freshman Class.

Pres. Eugene Hamilton.

Vice Pres. Minnie Chase.

Sec. Rena Johnson.

Treas. Anson Thom.

The class colors of the Senior Class are rose and white; of the Sophomore Class, old gold and blue; of the Freshman Class, lavender and white.