

The Snow Storm.



The snow is falling thick and fast,
The wind is blowing a wintry blast,
And on to school we wend our way;
Some on foot, some with horse and sleigh.

The lambs are gathered round their fold,
Shivering with the sleet and cold.
The cattle are content to stay in door,
And wait till the sun comes out once more.

It still storms on, till night is past,
And in the eastern sky at last,
Is seen a beautiful streak of light,
Which shows the storm passed with the night.

The sun slowly rises in the east,
And glad is every bird and beast,
To think the terrible storm is past
And the sun is shining again at last.

The men with faithful horses now
Are going the rounds with the old snow plow,
The little dog runs along behind
And the deep snow seems not to mind.

The trees and hedges are laden with snow
And on the hearth is a ruddy glow.
The school-bell is ringing the hour
Which is shown by the clock on the old church tower.

Again we climb Academy Hill,
With a steady foot, and a right good will.
We enter the school with gladsome heart;
And 'tis sad to think, schoolmates must part.

But though we have the storm to stand
'Tis a small part of life's demand,
And as we journey hand in hand
May we make true women, and brave men.

E. M. P., 1900



Locals.



The fine weather this term has greatly favored all sports and excursions.

Dutton has decided to study law. He is reading at present Greenlaw.

Whitney says they use him Lovely.

Otis Thompson has found a valuable (H)Erb in the Sophomore Class.

Miss Ethel Smith is teaching her third term of school in Castle Hill. She was formerly a member of the Junior Class. Also Miss May Crouse a member of the Junior Class is teaching in Washburn.

Who in school is the model boy? Echo answers Eddie Coy.

Susie Chandler's highest ambition after graduating is to do Kitchen's work.

The Senior Class numbers 14.

A reward is offered to any person who will keep the innocent mice from attracting the attention of the scholars of the class in Physics during recitation.

J. E. ROBERTS.

Miss Lila Perkins is now attending school at Charleston, Me., and expects to graduate the coming spring. Had Miss Perkins remained here she would have been one of the Senior Class.

No doubt the Senior Class of '99 thought that the Lyceum which was held then could not be beaten, but the class of 1900 argue that it is just as successful and more than it was last year. Its success being due to the many new ideas given us by our Professor.

Miss Phinney's highest ambition is to become a Cook.

The Senior Class has been organized, and has chosen the following officers: President, Lafayette Porter; Vice President, Ethel B. Smith; Treasurer, Clarence Day; Secretary, Laura Merritt; Ex. Committee, Lottie Collins, Susie Ryan, May Phinney, Carl Whitney and Levi Bigelow.

The Seniors gave a dance during the fall term the proceeds of which go to defray expenses next spring.

Not a black Smith but a blacksmith, a smithy.

One of the best Herbs we have in school is Ola.

The Junior Class are going to keep a boarding house, they have a Kitchen of their own, and will employ a Cook from the Sophomore's.

The Junior Class boast of having a very smart young man in their class; but though he is Coy he seems to get all the merit (Merritt) of the Senior Class.

The school board have made a valuable addition to our library by purchasing a set of Johnson's Universal Cyclopedias. This is the best Cyclopedias published, and the students realizing this fact are making valuable use of them as reference books.

Prof. Roberts, through his influence with the faculty of Bates College, has made arrangements so that any graduate of this school from the college course bearing a diploma, and certificate of character from here, will be admitted to that college without taking the entrance examinations. Although the college course here fits for any of Maine's colleges, yet this will be a great advantage for students who go to Bates.

One of the Sophomores has been raising something just in front of his ears, extending downward toward the chin. We do not know what name he applies to them, but some of the students call them "siders," while others liken them to a ball-game, as there are only nine on a side.

The school house has been equipped with an electric light system which is much better than using the antiquated method of lighting. Flora Roberts and Faye Cox solicited the funds to defray the expenses. The amount required for the use of the lights is raised by the Lyceum.

The question debated at the Lyceum, Thursday, Jan. 25, was, Resolved: That the country boy has better chances to make his life a success than the city boy. The affirmative was supported by Amy Judd and Clarence Dutton; the negative by Florence Perry and Colby Kitchen. Mr. Roberts complimented the debaters by saying that it was the best debate we have had. The judges decided in favor of the affirmative.

We were surprised to hear one day recently that Helen Daggett, while in her Algebra class preferred sitting on the floor to the seat.

A new clock has been purchased by the school-board and placed in the main room.

Arrangements have been made for a joint debate between Ashland H. S. and P. I. H. S., which will be held at Ashland, Feb. 23. This school had the choice of question and Ashland High the choice of sides. The question chosen is, Resolved: That the policy of expansion is conducive to the best interests of the nation. Ashland decided to support the negative. The return debate will be held in Presque Isle. The speakers chosen to represent P. I. H. S. in the debate are Perley Brown, 1901, L. T. Porter, 1900, and Clarence Dutton, 1900. The Ashland High School have extended an invitation to Prof. Roberts to preside at our debate with that school.

We attempted to make arrangements with Caribou High School for a joint debate. They congratulated us on our work along this line, and we have not heard from them since.

The schools in the lower grades have not yet begun the winter term on account of scarlet fever. It is reported that they will begin Feb. 12, which will make a loss of six weeks' schooling.

At the Lyceum on Thursday, Jan. 18, the boys rendered a special program in the form of a mock trial. The case tried was one for assault and battery. Lafayette Porter acted as judge; Clarence Dutton as county attorney; Perley Brown, lawyer for the defendant; W. A. Sloat, clerk; Darrell Stevens, sheriff; James Barto, foreman of the jury. The school room was filled with an attentive audience. After the evidence had all been presented, the jury was charged and retired to their room where they found the prisoner guilty.

The class colors of the seniors are old gold and green.

Maude and Fred Dionne are being detained at home this term on account of scarlet fever.

Susie C., when asked to rack her brain for a few locals for the paper, declared that her brain had been so racked that she had none left. We all feel sorry for Miss C.

Bennett wants to know what is the matter with that chair in Miss Vickery's class room.

One day in the Physics class as our Professor was attempting an experiment with the magnetic needle, he made a valuable discovery, that Darrell Stevens was the north pole. Since that time we notice that Darrell has been wearing a red-hot neck-tie to keep from freezing. We notice also that Carl W. has found the hot necktie is valuable in heating the potato cars.



The Boxing Match.



Unmoved, the fierce Entellus stands in perfect poise;
By an agile movement of his manly form
And with watchful eyes the cestus he avoids.
He, as one with toil, a lofty city 'saults,
Or under arms round mountain citadels encamps;
Now these approaches scans, now those, and every place.
With skill, Entellus rising forth, his right hand stretched
And raised on high; the other quick foresaw the blow,
And leaped aside, and with his active body dodged.
Entellus spent his strength upon the wind, and, untouched,
Fell hard and harder still to earth with heavy weight,
As, when sometimes a hollow pine on Ida Mount,
Or Enymanthus by the roots upturn falls down,
Trojan and Sicilian youth rise with applause
And their clamor rises to the skies on high;
Acestes first, with pity for his friend, runs up
And raises him of equal age up from the ground.
But the hero was thwarted by this fall
Nor terrified, but to the conflict turns again
More vehement, and with his rage his strength enkindles.

Vergil, book V, lines 437-454.

L. A. B., 1900.

Exchange.



As this is our first issue, our exchange column is necessarily limited but we shall try and improve it in the future.

It is our wish to exchange with all school publications in the State and as many others as we can reach; as we believe the exchanging of school and college publications aids in creating an interest not only in our own school but in the doings of our sister institutions. Therefore if our paper interests you, kindly place it upon your exchange list, and we shall be pleased to receive a copy of your next issue.

The Regina, Ashland High School, Ashland, Maine, aptly remarks: It has been said that the playing of a violin requires more skill than any other known art in this wide world. But editing a school paper and giving satisfaction to all, beats fiddling higher than a kite.

We notice in the November issue of the M. C. I., Pittsfield, Maine, an article entitled "The Universal Language," by Miss Grace A. Rogers, worthy of special mention on account of its thought, language and clear expression.



The Spy.



It was midnight in the English camp,
And the moon by cold gray clouds was blurred,
And only the steady tramp, tramp, tramp,
Of the weary sentry could be heard.

On the east slope of a rocky hill
Two hundred rods from the camp, or so,
Through the silence lonely, dark and still,
A tired watcher passed to and fro.

Perhaps some thought of a mother's sigh
As he bade farewell, his native land
Had brought that tear to his deep blue eye
Which he brushed off with a trembling hand.

Perhaps some thought of a wife's fair face
From whom 'twere harder by far to part,
Caused the slackening of the soldier's pace
And softened that loyal warrior's heart.

Suddenly he thinks he hears a sound
Like a breaking twig far to his right.
Silently he crouches to the ground
And tries to peer through the gloomy night.

He hears the snap of another stick
Nearer to him than the former sound;
Silently he waits (his heart beats quick),
Till he hears swift footsteps on the ground.

No trembling now, in his hand doth lie
As it firmly clasps his trusty gun;
Stern was the glance that flashed from his eye,
Fancy was conquered, firmness had won.

Then on the silence rang one clear word,
'Twas a challenge on the midnight air
And the spy who the command had heard
With folded arms stood quietly there.

Then suddenly the moon by wonder moved,
Glance'd quickly from out her sombre lair,
And to the wondering sentinel proved
It was not a Boer thus standing there.

The gun from his shoulder he brought down
And gazed on the man with moistened eye;
His form was slender, his face was brown,
Scarce twenty summers had passed him by.

My kin said he are the kin of you,
Although you're a traitor to our land.
You fight for a cause both right and true,
While I must fight at my Queen's command.

You fight for those we wish to conquer
A people whose land we wish to own;
To steal from them God's greatest blessing,
A freedom as sacred as our own.

And now I give your freedom to you
Then depart as quickly as you can,
For freedom's blood which courses through you
Has given freedom to you again.

A. H. C. 1902.



The students of the school will present the three act up-to-date social comedy "Just for Fun" at Music Hall, Thursday evening, February 15. The following is the cast:—Mrs. Fitzgerald De Smythe, a would-be society lady, Miss Frankie Wiggin; Miss Edith Morton, her niece, a western heiress, Miss Edith Hamilton; Miss Mabel West, a friend of Miss Morton, Miss Annie Greenlaw; Jane McCarthy, an Irish maid servant, Fred Stevens; Lord Chelsea, an English nobleman, Lafayette Porter; Jack Earl, a happy-go-lucky fellow, Perley Brown.

The Editor's Quill.



By studying the lives of the great authors and scientific men, we find that they, almost without exception, had very large libraries.

And so consequently we arrived at the conclusion that the libraries of great men have been their greatest help in developing their intellectual powers.

Here the question arises; what is the purpose of our school-day life? There can be but one answer. We wish our minds to receive the best possible training and strengthening, that we may be able to cope successfully with the world when our school days are over.

If we are to broaden our intellectual power as we ought, we must have a good library of reference books. There are many people who can give us very good points on one side of a question, but few who can discuss fairly both sides. So we consider that the true test of a broad mind is the ability to comprehend both sides of a question at once and the great importance of reference books in school training can be clearly seen by all.

In order to get our classic and English literature the cyclopedias and dictionaries are indispensable. In such studies as physics, chemistry and history, reference books are necessary if we are to get a thorough knowledge of the subjects we are studying.

Our school is very well supplied with reference books. We have Johnson's Universal Cyclopedic, The Century Dictionary, Larned's History, Dictionary of United States History, beside several other volumes; yet we wish for reference books on Geology, Botany, Zoology and Ornithology and I am sure we would not feel overburdened if our superintendent or some other friend saw fit to add many other volumes to our library on such subjects as their good judgment would dictate.



The Lyceum taking for debate the questions which are perplexing the minds of not only America's greatest thinkers, but the great men of every nation, leads the student to investigating the line

of questions of the present day which keeps them well informed upon matters of importance and interest. In their researches for material for debates the students become acquainted with the deep thinkers and great writers of the world.

The Lyceum, developing in the student the habit of investigation, has a result which is perhaps more practicable than to inform him upon the questions which are interesting nations; it leads the student to the custom whenever a question is presented for consideration of not making a hasty decision from the impression which the surface may present, but to go beneath the surface, to descend to its lowest depth and consider with discrimination its most minute characteristics. Upon the student's ability to decide with caution the questions which present themselves in everyday life, depends his future success in whatever occupation he may engage.

The Lyceum develops in the student ability for extemporaneous speaking, which is something practicable, as many times during his life he will be called upon in public assemblies to express his opinion upon questions of importance. Extemporaneous speaking brings the student into the habit of thinking quickly and expressing those thoughts to an audience without embarrassment.

In preparing essays for the Lyceum the students are developing their ability to write articles which will interest. It improves their style of expressing their thoughts in writing to a greater extent than any branch of English work in school.

The biographies of great men which are taken up in the Lyceum place worthy examples before the minds of the students. In composing or hearing the biography of a great man read the student's ambition is aroused by the heights which have been reached, and he places his goal at the summit of greater achievements than his ambition had previously aspired to. The principles of moral character which are prominent in the lives of all our great men present worthy models which, being copied, are forming the characters of many of the rising generation. The students replying to the roll call at Lyceum with quotations not only stores the memory with valuable quotations, but it also

leads the students to a better acquaintance with the best writers of ancient and modern literature.

The Lyceum's intention is to interest, to develop those abilities which the school does not; yet in all its seriousness there is humor. In the debates there arise things which arouse the most melancholy to laughter. So, combining as it does both instruction and amusement, there is no time more profitably spent than an evening in the Lyceum.



The secret of a successful life is perseverance. It is this sort of pluck which helps soldiers win battles and enables all to make a success of their work.

The abilities of a man will fall short unless he perseveres.

A personal friend said to Mr. Lincoln: "Mr. President, do you really expect to end this war during your administration?" "Can't say, sir," said Lincoln. "But what do you mean to do?" "Peg away, sir, peg away." And "pegging away" did it.

Perseverance is the secret of every successful life. It gives power to weakness and gives to poverty the world's wealth; it spreads fertility over the barren landscape and bids the choicest fruits and flowers spring up and flourish in the desert abode of thorns and briars.

After a great snow-storm a little fellow began to shovel a path through a large snow-bank before his grandmother's door. He had nothing but a small shovel to work with. "How do you expect to get through that drift?" asked a man passing by. "By keeping at it," said the boy cheerfully.

I have heard of an Indian who one day came to a missionary and told him that he had been making some poetry which he wished to show him. It was found to be several verses in very "common meter" and all exactly like the first verse which ran as follows:—

"Go on, go on, go on, go on,
Go on, go on, go on,
Go on, go on, go on, go on,
Go on, go on, go on."

The Indian's poem is a grand motto for all.

In view of the inspiring influence of music, we would desire to call the attention of those in authority to the needs of this important branch of the High School. While we would not speak disparagingly of the present condition of things, acknowledging it to be good as far as it goes, it seems to us that we should not settle back and be satisfied, but strive to bring about a more universal co-operation, extending the privilege of singing to the entire school, from the fact that this universal participation lends the pleasure that each should feel, and nearly all our pupils sing to some degree. Instead of the singing being confined to a choir of a few voices, why cannot a change be effected for the future, and if desirous still continue the services of, not a small, but a large chorus to lead the entire school, thus producing results both pleasing and beneficial to all. One necessity perhaps requisite to the carrying out of this plan would be books, which could be secured at a nominal expense, and by some easy method the necessary funds could be raised. Let us rise to the occasion and make our singing what it can and ought to be.



Retrospection.



How interesting it is to look back over the past of this village, classify the happenings and note the poverty of exciting events such as stamp a lasting impression on the memory of the people of the time. To older people there were events in the past that will prove of interest and even amusing if written up in an attractive manner. There were some events of a character that very likely interest the young now attending the schools. As I have been invited to write something interesting from the past and of course beyond the lives of the scholars, the theme chosen is The First and only really great theatrical event the people of Presque Isle ever carried out to a successful finality.

Some time late in the sixties one John Bean and his estimable wife came to town by stage from Bangor via Houlton. There was a tri-weekly

stage from Houlton and only one daily paper taken in the town. John Bean was a younger brother of the late Walter P. Bean, also of our respected Joel Bean. He married a young and comely actress in California where he was manager of a Barn Storming Company that did business in the smaller towns and mining camps. He came to spend the summer with his friends. It soon became known that they were real theatrical folks; that she was talented and that he was a real manager. These simple facts soon set the village agog. There already existed a nucleus of home talent in the form of a dramatic club. Anasa Howe was the master spirit and general manager; Charles Church and Mrs. Geo. Parsons were the more conspicuous stars, assisted by Mrs. George Wellington and many of the young ladies and gentlemen of the place. The club had taken considerable sums of money which in turn was expended in constructing a commodious and portable stage. A local house painter by the name of Murray received no small part of the club's funds for painting a drop curtain, also a curtain to be run down between the acts. This was a summer's work and when Mr. Murray viewed his finished master-pieces, he essayed to find employment in the same line with the theatres in Boston; in that I believe he failed. But the club and in fact the town purred with the satisfaction of a well-fed cat at the sight of the two curtains. One was a representation of an island situated in the centre of a large lake. On the island grew a vine that ran across the water to the shore and then grew until it lay on the bushes entirely around the lake. The leaves were the size of elephant's ears. The between-acts curtain was a representation of Boston Common and its elm trees. The Common and the trees were on the canvas all right, portrayed in vivid colors. But not content with that, the artist thought a bit of animated nature would be an improvement; so he painted a huge elephant with a long flexible trunk reaching up to the branches. The trunk terminated in a mouth as large as a cow's, and was engaged in tearing coconuts from the elm trees. The curtain was somewhat incongruous and caused

some merriment in the audience. The club lost no time in inviting Mr. and Mrs. Bean to take a part with the members. They did so and acted such ambitious pieces as Don Caesar De Bazan.

As the Fourth of July was coming the idea was mooted that a big theatrical venture was the thing to celebrate with; one which should eclipse anything ever attempted outside of the cities. A meeting was held by all of the business men of the town, and they decided to send to Boston for Yale's big circus tent. Ten of the business men of the town signed an agreement to be responsible for all the expenses above the receipts. They were Nathan Perry, C. F. A. Johnson, Sidney Cook, Asa DeWitt, Joseph Hines, David Pike, Daniel Orcutt, Sumner Whitney, Amasa Howe and David Dudley.

The great tent came down from Boston and was set up on the lot of land at the corner of Main and Academy streets; the lot is still vacant. The tent seated three thousand or more, and stood for nearly a week with flags flying all over it. During this time daily rehearsals took place and the small boys began to think Presque Isle had a real theatre.

The preparation for the night of the Fourth was painstaking, and Madam Bean was to be the beneficiary. Posters were sent out all over the county and responses came from as far away as Fort Kent. Something like three hundred dollars were expended for fireworks.

All day long of the Fourth people were streaming into the town. Sam Stephens, of Fort Kent, sent down word that he would come with a brass cannon and a company to fire it. He arrived on time with a four-horse team, gaily decorated, but no cannon. Fort Fairfield had become jealous and resolved to strike a deadly blow below the belt. Al Wellington, with a few trusty companions, was sent stealthily to Van Buren, then on up the river. They arrived at Stephen's barn, (where the cannon was housed) on the night of the second, took the gun from the carriage, placed it in a large log canoe and quietly paddled down to Van Buren where they lay until the following night. The

great gun was transported by means of horses to Fort Fairfield and concealed in the cellar under Pattee's store in the lower village. Fort Fairfield has remained in possession of the gun ever since.

Rufus Sterling tried to raise a regiment of civilians to go over and recapture the gun but failed as no one seemed willing to commit themselves to a project that would have proved to be "Fun on the Bristol." Stephens was something of a coxcomb and felt, without the gun, shorn of his tail feathers. Someone went to the Legislature afterwards to secure a title for it, but the military department had no record of the gun. It was left at Fort Kent with the block-house after the boundary dispute called the Aroostook war.

Well, the Fourth came; the town was full to overflowing, all waiting patiently for the evening when the event of a generation was to take place.

The great tent was packed from end to end; the performance was first-class. Bean came on the stage saying, "If I am not Don Ceasar, who am I?" Chas. Church and Mrs. Parsons contributed to the entertainment in no small degree. But Mrs. Bean, whose stage name was Ella Wilton, was sufficient to satisfy everybody. No such actress had ever been seen by most of the audience, and not many of that audience has seen a better since.

The ever-ready and ever-faithful Thomas Lowrey, with his violin and assisted by one or two other players, furnished the orchestra music. Out in the street was another crowd as large as the one in the tent eagerly waiting to see the fireworks which were to be "let loose" after the theatre was out. The night was dark—just an ideal night for the display. Just across Main street in front of T. H. Phair's house was a high knoll with a log fence along the road; the whole locality was a cow pasture.

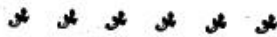
Nathan Perry and Sidney Cook were delegated by the committee to set off the fireworks, which consisted of Roman-candles, rockets of large size, mines that were intended to shake the ground. The display was calculated to be a wonder and to satisfy everyone as a grand finale to a great day in

the annals of Northern Aroostook, and Presque Isle in particular.

After the theatre was out the two gentlemen were in readiness; the boxes of combustibles were all lying on the ground, the covers all removed in order to make it convenient to pick up another piece before the burning one was exhausted, thus making a continuous display. They began with the Roman candles, one in each hand. Perry turned around and stooped down to pick up another candle with his right hand. As he did so the candle in the left hand was sending a steady stream of fire into all the uncovered boxes. They were all ignited at the same time; the rockets jumped their beds and were instantly skimming the ground in every direction; the candles were flying around like spinning wheels; the mines were belching fire and thunder; while the crowd was running to find safety from the infernal roar and din. Cook and Perry ran pell mell for the swamp and saw the chaos from behind cedar stumps. No one was injured so all went home laughing over the fiasco.

Mrs. Bean realized a very handsome sum after the bills were paid, which was presented to her with a pleasant little speech by some member of the committee. A majority of the committee have since died. Mr. Bean is dead; Ella Wilton, I think, is still alive. She continued an honored woman and an acceptable actress. Sam Stephens is dead and Fort Fairfield still has the stolen cannon.

AMPHIBIOUS.



Afterthoughts.



Recently while listening unobserved to a group of boys who were boasting of their abilities in a fistful encounter we heard one of our brilliant Sophomores remark: "I tell you what, boys, I shall soon be an expert in this science for I am receiving free training two hours a day, and expect to enter the ring about March first." Upon hearing this the smaller boys were struck with awe and admiration while the larger one shouted "Go it Gallagher."

We wish to thank the business men for their liberal patronage. We hope that those who have declined to take space in our paper this time may feel like helping us with our next edition.



Just tell them that you saw their ad in the "Norm."



It is reported that quite a degree of rivalry exists between one of the members of the class of '99 and one of the 1902 class for the position as commander-in-chief of Cox(y)'s army. Although the odds are about even, yet the Past graduate seems to have the preference at present.



The recent warm weather has been so favorable to the growth of tender shoots, that one of our Juniors, P. B., has started a mustache, at least that is what he calls it.



You will miss it if you don't attend the play "Just for Fun," by the High school scholars, Thursday, Feb. 15.



Remember the joint debate, Ashland vs Presque Isle, at Ashland, Feb. 23.



Who did Whitney mean when he cried out George while in the History class? Echo says, Georgie Knight.



Education makes the man. The lack of it, the fellow.