THE SPECTATOR.

No. 10.

Published by the members of the Freshman English Class of Bluchill Academy. The Proceeding of the meeting of this body, on the 12th of March, by George Stevens, President.

Vol. II. With insert of Bluchill, Ne., March 1902. No. 1.

A NOTE TO THE SUBSCRIBERS.

Mr. The Editors, and the Board of Editors.

We trust to see you in our columns, Minnie E. Chase, Editor-in-chief.

The following names are the names of the members of the Board of The Spectator, and the date for our first issue.

Thomas H. Curtis, Asst. Editor.

Miss M. Curtis, Asst. Editor.

Abbie E. Green, Literary Editor.

Mabelle E. Robinson, Personal Editor.

Elsie W. Philip, Local Editor.

The Spectator is published weekly, Anson Thom., 1902, and is a Business Manager.

For all business matters inquire of the Business Manager.

Single Copy—$.05 cents.
A Modern Ghost Story.

-Editorial-

They were frightened by a ghost story. Only once and that was.

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

and last issue. Mother and Father had been in a fluff when they

attentive 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.

We, the editors, are perfectly willing to write articles for the

class and especially read. We wish

If our contributors understand this we hope they will furnish more

material for the second edition of our paper.

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.

In regard to the rejected articles.

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 contribu-
tor understanding this will feel discouraged over the articles rejected.

We wish to thank Mr. Russell, Miss Rafter and, also, all our con-

tributors 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. It was a如何, I think, April and Dorothy and Ruth Fuller and Bess and Jennie Sharp came over to listen, 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 tonight 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 nameless 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. It was the voice of 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. She looked at present standing and I know the why. She screamed as she saw her mother standing there in the moonlight.
this reason it is the favorite fishing ground of the 

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 Mooshol 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 penky finger painted at male "Buried alive," 
Buried alive!" it said, etc. In account of the beautiful red textbook.

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 cut in the 
front yard. There was no way to "Uncle John's Farm." 

Its queer, but ever since that night Bess won't tell a ghost story 

- A. Constance Holden 
was told by her mother and gave into The Fire that burned the 

left out of her "Seven Little Sisters." 

The Little Red Schoolhouse on the Hill. End through.

Situated on a steep hill, in Bristol, is a little red schoolhouse.

It is 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 build-
ing has an old fashioned appearance.

A narrow gravel path leads up to the door. In front of the school-
house 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 common neighbors.
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 P. 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
my attention was arrested by these words written in large letters
"Jane Eyre" with them.

A NEXT DAY ON THE FARM. The sun shone, birds sang, and
"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 journey-
ning to see this famous place and the surroundings of the setting
of "The House of Seven Gables." These people were really "Elzie
Hathaway" and it is out their story. The place was apparently Mr.
Dinmore" and "Lenny, the Orphan.

When "David Harum" and "Eben Holden" had gone, we bade good-bye to
the old tavern, but she had readings calling "Wuthering Heights" and
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
Children of the Forest" and I went to a hole within the Pilgrim Progress." After supper the children played in the front yard
until bedtime, and my sister and I had a wonderful evening of it
while I sat "Over the Tea-cups" reading "The Bible."

Nora (still Phillips), her partner was the same as the usual to George with
Edith Chase.

In Grants Hall of Tuxedo, during the evening Richard Slagle showed
"An Old Man Chi Chi" while Robert Slagle played the piano and
A Freshman's Dream.

Once upon the plains;

One warm June day the breezes blew gently. The rustling of the
leaves and the murmer of the brook were the only sounds that disturbed the
stillness of the woods. It was time, yet dreams, to tell.

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
one block of buildings
of Boston. Being very hungry I walked into a restaurant. The proprie-
tor I recognized as my former classmate 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 introduc-
ed 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
man in 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.
COMING 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. Do the copies of new and the reviewing tests.

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.

In four cases of eight pages and three cases of good work. Sabelle Clark.

Misses with one half ton of course, one third one of projects, a few question marks, declarative points and quotation marks. In this direction she has two of course, minus one fourth any of sequence. You may put in the business of speech for effect. Turn into paragraph blue and take the two hours in a moderate brain and you will have an excellent "vocabulary book."
Personal.
A Toast.

"A hit a very pulitable hit." Wanted:—by the girls of the H. S. A. Hurrah for the Freshman Class!
Hurrah for their motto so true!
Wanted:—A pair May the ones that keep it be many at house No. 14.
Christian Hill. And the ones that don't be few.

The Freshmen. We'll drink to the success of the school-boys, who took part in the success of the teachers and pupils as well, their fine success when they appeared to the paper so new, and the editors, too, and Merry.
If you wish to give them all, the Freshman's all, the story, please take my advice and wait 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 thanks incessantly and in company. Abbie Cross.
Of the Class of naughty five.

Then we sing you the most used melodic voice above all of the others. Marilla Sheldon.
Flora. And then, Abbie, the one who loves.

"A Soph-y will see Composition Cake: drink,
And a Soph-y will do all the day.
To four cups of white paper add three cups of good English, well written, and a Soph-y won't think 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."

"But I say, my Sophy, there is no use, for me to teach you how to learn, and you may learn as you will.

Elsie Philip.

Miss Martha Blake.
Personals.

"Hit a very palpable hit." Wanted:—By the girls of the G. S. A.

"Rat" concealers.

"Can't find any girl in blue." Wanted:—A pair of dancing slippers, No. 7. Call at house No. 11, Christian Hill, a member of the Senior Class, 1926.

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.

Lochla.

Silence reigneth where'er she goes. Edith Chase.

She confers with their drama "Under the Laurels" at Brooklyn Col. She talks incessantly when in company. Abbie Gross. A failure.

When we sing you can hear her sweet melodious voice above all of the others. Mabelle Babson. Phrases and things, forever! The Sandy's


"A Soph-y will eat and a Soph-y will drink,

"Collegiate Register. The small Almanac and Encyclopedia. Dictionary of

And a Soph-y will play all the day.

"South and Spain, Intimacy. Rich.

But a Soph-y won't work and a Soph-y won't think

Because he ain't built that way." new piece at Frothing 7th st.


Adams, the presentation of a basket of the race to Dr. Arthur May. "Thee I love, but not thy dog." Elsie Philip.

Sustained by the grace of God and its reception by Dr. Evans. He added.

"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 brief of it in my notebook." — Carol Keopere.

"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 Hinkle 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 1890 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 Blaikley.

Sophomore Class.

Freshman Class.
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.