



LATIN SCHOOL  
REGISTER



· EDITED · BY · CLASS ·  
· OF · NINETY · TWO ·  
· BOSTON ·  
· LATIN · SCHOOL ·



· A. O. PRATT · des. et. del. ·

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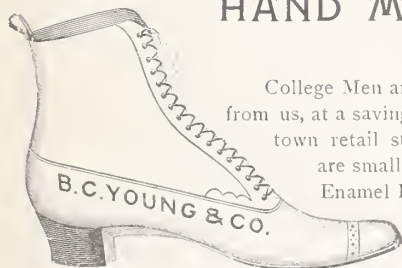
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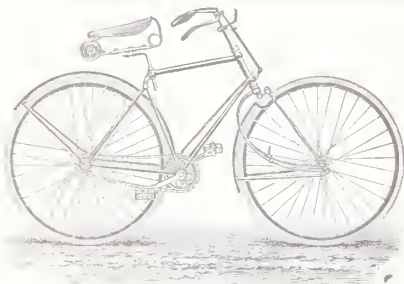
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## EDITOR'S DESK.

THE formation of a tennis club, which we urged last fall, has been necessitated by a new regulation of the committee in charge of this year's interscholastic tournament. The tournament is to be held May 7th, under the auspices of the National Lawn Tennis Association, though it will be under the direct supervision of the Harvard Tennis Club and will be played on the University courts. In order to strengthen this event, the committee in charge has compelled each school desiring to enter the tourney to form a tennis association, and no member of a school is allowed to compete unless he is a member of some such association. We are glad to notice that our own school has been amongst the first to execute the new regulation, and, as we go to print, a tennis club is being formed which bids fair to have a large membership. According to the published report, the winner of the tournament will be the interscholastic champion of the United States; surely, the prospect of acquiring such a title as this ought to arouse some enthusiasm even within our studious precincts.

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WE regret to announce that the reports concerning Mr. Emery's health are not so satisfactory as we should wish. His deafness seems to cause him considerable anxiety, but

he writes cheerfully and is eager to return to his teaching. We quote from a letter recently received from him from Escondido, California, in reply to a request for an article for the REGISTER:

"When you assure me that the boys, the Latin School boys, are anxious to hear from me, I am moved, and deeply moved, for, for long years, my greatest satisfaction and pleasure has come from yielding to their wishes when possible, and helping upward and forward in every way that lay in my power the boys of Boston.

"Please tell them that the old 'yes, certainly,' would surely be forthcoming, for to serve them in every capacity in which I am able ever affords me the greatest pleasure, but that rest and freedom from care now are imperatively demanded, if I would, as is my earnest hope, be able to work for them and their brothers in the years to come."

---

THIS seems to be one of the few years in which every school in our association claims to have a good ball team. We do not propose to be behind the others in our claims, even if it should turn out that we do not secure first place. Since there were but three men of last year's team to depend upon, it must be confessed that the outlook was somewhat discouraging. However, by the hard work of the captain and by practice every school-day for the last month, a nine has been developed which has every prospect of being an excellent one in every respect.

The admission of the Somerville High School into the association by the committee of donors puts a new phase on the contest, as this school has the reputation of having a strong team. Still, this fact is offset somewhat by the refusal of the committee to admit the Cambridge Manual Training School. The refusal was based on the ground that the school does not prepare students for college, and we hope that this decision will hold good in the case of foot-ball next year.

THE SECOND ANNUAL DINNER OF  
THE CLASS OF '91.

Thursday, the 24th of March, the Class of '91, B. L. S., met at the Copley Square Hotel at their second annual dinner. About thirty members were present, and C. E. Noyes presided. Before the dinner a short business meeting was held in which the officers for the next year were elected. They were: President, E. W. D. Merrill; secretary, T. B. Hapgood. R. E. Gregg was elected orator; H. H. Yeames, poet; M. H. Baker, toastmaster; and N. H. Laughton, historian.

The Class then "adjourned to the banquet hall" and "partook of a sumptuous repast." After the dinner President Noyes spoke a few words appropriate to the occasion, and then presented N. H. Laughton as toastmaster. E. W. D. Merrill responded to the toast "Alma Mater." After speaking of our pride and love for the old school he dwelt at some length on the duty of a graduate to the school. He spoke of the Harvard Boston Latin School Association and pointed out the great opportunities that society had of giving active assistance to the school and its new graduates, and ended by urging every member who was in Harvard to join the society without delay. J. E. Molloy followed with the toast, "The Teachers," and called up many pleasant and amusing memories. M. H. Baker replied very wittily to the toast, "The Ladies." F. B. Hapgood and W. L. Harrington also spoke. The speaking was followed by the informal exchanging of stories and reminiscences.

— ◆◆◆ —  
ETON COLLEGE.

In 1440, King Henry the Sixth founded a college in the parochial church of Eton in Windsor, which was to be called, according to the royal proclamation, "The King's College of our Lady of Eton beside Windsor." Thus, four centuries and a half ago were laid the foundations of this great college, which has attained such a reputation in all parts of the world and has graduated so many of the greatest men of England. Eton is not, perhaps, so famous as some other English schools for classical excellence, since its pupils are, for

the most part, the sons of the English nobility, but, as we have said, the fame of the college is due to the large number of leading men who received their education within its precincts. On the old desks and tables, which have been carefully preserved, may still be found the names of great English statesmen, clergymen, and jurists. Among the most noted of its graduates may be mentioned the Earl of Derby, Henry Fox, William Pitt, George Canning, William E. Gladstone, Dean Milman, Percy Bysshe Shelley, the Marquis of Salisbury, and G. W. Balfour.

The early history of Eton was comparatively uneventful; it had its prosperous epochs and its periods of comparative dulness. The early part of the present century, perhaps, constitutes the most interesting part of its history. In the latter part of the preceding century life at Eton was more agreeable than it was in the beginning of the present century.

We learn that, in 1775, the school hours lasted from eight to nine, from eleven to twelve, from three to four, and from five to six; that Tuesday was a holiday, Thursday a half-holiday, and Saturday a "play at fours." However, on the advent of Dr. John Keate as head-master, the curriculum was entirely changed. Dr. Keate was by nature a kind and benevolent gentleman, but the exigencies of the times, that is, the waywardness of the boys, transformed him into a cruel tyrant. "I'll flog you, sir," was his constant declaration. Many are the stories told of this master's discipline and teaching. The following was the Doctor's comment on the sixth beatitude in chapel one morning: "Blessed are the pure in heart's mind that! it's your duty to be pure in heart. If you are not pure in heart, I'll flog you." But the most significant story of his dealings with the boys is that of his flogging eighty in one night. On the 30th of June, 1832, a penalty was inflicted on the fifth form for some act of disobedience; this penalty the boys refused to receive. The Doctor accordingly waited until they were all comfortably in bed, and then sent his masters to bring the boys to him in squads of eight or ten to be flogged. The operation lasted until after midnight, when Dr. Keate announced that an "incipient rebellion" had been suppressed. Keate

was a great master of oratory, and the hints he gave the boys of the sixth form proved to be invaluable to them in their subsequent careers as statesmen and jurists. The pupils numbered about three hundred, most of whom were oppidans, so called because they lived outside the college grounds. It is evident that it could have been no easy task to keep track of such a large number of boys. In order to have them constantly under the watchful eyes of the masters, the ceremony of "absence" was instituted. At different times during the day the pupils were compelled to report within the quadrangle and answer to their names, and the frequency of the "absence" calls depended upon the conduct of the boys. Dr. Keate was anything but popular, as might be expected from his disciplinary measures; indeed, the boys declared that his name was derived from two Greek words, one meaning "to shed," the other "woe."

Of Etonian customs and traditions, we have space to treat of only one — montem. This curious and, undoubtedly, very injurious custom was instituted as early as 1561, and was discontinued only about forty years ago. The main incidents of this triennial celebration were as follows. At daybreak on June 4th the Captain of montem breakfasted the fifth and sixth forms; after this breakfast "absence" was called in the quadrangle. All the boys wore gala dresses, and held a titular rank corresponding to their position in school. The senior collegier was Captain, and the King's Scholars, as they were called, acted as Salt-bearers, Marshals, Ensigns, Stewards, Sergeants, and Corporals. All those who bore military titles were dressed in red-tail coats, white trousers, cocked hats with feathers, and regimental boots. The boys of the lower forms wore blue coats and brass buttons, white waistcoats and trousers, and carried white poles, from which they derived their name of Polemen. When "absence" had been called, the boys fell into their appointed order; then the Corporals drew their swords and cut the staves of the Polemen asunder. After this, they all proceeded *ad montem, i. e.*, to Salt Hill, accompanied by several regimental bands. On arriving at the top of Salt Hill, the Ensign waved his flag, and with this the cere-

mony ended. "Absence" was called again on the hill in the middle of the day, and after this the party adjourned to an inn near by, where the Captain feasted the boys. But this was not the curious part of the ceremony. The collection of salt-money from the large crowd of visitors constituted the remarkable feature of the day's work. For some reason which only an old Etonian can understand, this pageant attracted an enormous crowd of spectators from all parts of England; some representative of the royal family was usually present. From this crowd the Eton boys demanded money, originally in return for a quantity of salt, but in later times they made no return for the money, except by giving receipts in the shape of small cards bearing the motto "*mos pro lege*" or "*pro more et monte.*" The amount of money raised was generally very large, usually aggregating about \$5,000. This money was given to the Captain for his private use, so that a captaincy, it seems, was a more lucrative position than it is in our own school. However, from this large amount the Captain had to pay for the breakfast and the dinner, together with innumerable minor expenses, so that he cleared a comparatively small amount. The evils of montem were very apparent, and, notwithstanding the strenuous opposition of old Etonians, the custom was discontinued in 1847.

The system of "fagging," which is prevalent in nearly all English schools, has always been in force at Eton. Imagine our sixth class boys serving the first class on every conceivable occasion! But to the English boys of the lower forms this custom is not so distasteful as one would suppose. In fact, one bright little English fellow at Rugby replied to an American who asked him if the duties of fagging were not irksome: "Why, no! it's all right that we should work. What do they do to the little American boys when they're fresh?" We give a short account of fagging as reported in "Reminiscences of Eton by an Old Etonian":

"It was a curious point in the discipline of the school that, after lock-up time, order was left entirely in the hands of the all-powerful sixth form; and right well and successfully they exercised their authority when they had

to 'sap' in the evening, or when some grand signor was seated before the fire, with feet on the hob, cigar in his mouth, perhaps a lower form boy brushing his hair, while he himself was absorbed in the latest novel. Sometimes a pin might have been heard had it dropped anywhere down the long chamber. 'Be quiet' was the warning, if a rustle or a whisper was heard; after that came out a sonorous 'Stubbs and Grubbs, epigrams.' Stubbs and Grubbs might, perhaps, be boys high up in the fifth form, for the authority of the sixth form, at night, extended over all. These epigrams were four lines in verse, which must have a joke in them or they were torn up and had to be done over again; they were shown up when the sixth form assembled for supper, and were often the cause of great amusement. We submit one of the best:

'One Larney, in his frantic hours  
Endowed with great poetic powers,  
Last week or else the week before  
Parsed "*Niger Amor*" blackamoor!'

It rouses the envy of an American youth to read and hear of the encouragement afforded to physical development in all English schools. At Rugby, for instance, on one side of the "close" — our campus — are the recitation rooms, the chapel, and the museums, on the other the gymnasium, the swimming tank, the cricket field, the "fives" court, and the tennis courts. The interest of the masters as well as of the pupils in all athletic sports is great. Dr. Waugh, the present head-master at Eton, has for the last few years coached the school crew, a crew which last year competed with the 'Varsity crews of Cambridge and Oxford and was defeated only by a half-length. It must be remembered, however, that the intimacy between the masters and the pupils is very great, since the boys live in their masters' houses, and, in some colleges, each boy has a master who is his particular friend and adviser. Eton, perhaps, is more noted than any other English school for its cricket and boating. Its location on the Thames gives it a great advantage. No boy is allowed to go on the river until he has learned to swim and has passed an examination before competent judges. Eton has also a military organization, which, however, is not much like that of our American military

schools, since the soldiers form a part of the regular army and are subjected to military discipline. Of Eton games, cricket is, of course, the most popular. There are several tennis courts, but the English boys are afraid to play the game much, lest it should supersede their beloved cricket.

We wish it were possible to show our readers some of the pictures shown by Mr. Fox in his Lowell Institute lecture on Eton; these illustrated the beautiful scenery of Eton and the surrounding country. The magnificent trees, the beautiful buildings, the "distant spires" and "antique towers," the Thames, Windsor Castle, all make Eton delightful to the American boy who has been educated within four brick walls, and cause the visitors to the college to exclaim with the old Etonians:

"*Donec oras Angliæ  
Alma lux fovebit,  
Floreat Etona!  
Floreat! Florebit.*"

H.

---

#### NOTES.

MR. ROLLINS' new edition of "Madame Thérèse" will be used in the Second Class course hereafter.

MR. JACKSON has a short paper on "Flying Machines" in the March number of the *North American Review*. He supports the theories of Mr. Langley of the Smithsonian Institute.

*Pressum lac* — "condensed milk."

ROGERS, ex-'92, and Dreyfus, '91, are playing first and second base respectively on the Harvard Freshman nine. Gilmore, '91, is the regular pitcher.

POLUPHLOISBOS: "Mr. C——, is the passage in the supervisors' examination taken from Latin we have read or from some that we have not seen?"

J——(in an undertone): "What difference does it make, anyhow?"

APROPOS of recent experiments in physics, the following auction room incident which occurred not far from the school may be of interest:



Auctioneer (holding up a silver watch): "This watch, ladies and gentlemen, is a stem winder, Waltham movement, best make in the country, warranted not to be affected by heat, cold, or isochronism."

PRONOUNCE, but don't attempt to translate *jubet vicissim*.

Now that our Greek sight passages are over, the following parody is somewhat *passé*, but it can be appreciated just the same.

Ho! Trumpets, sound a war note!  
Ho! Lictors, clear the way!  
The air is filled with groans and sighs,  
For this is our sight passage day.

A YOUTH in the First Class actually stood up and confessed before the unsympathizing mob of his classmates that he didn't like love-stories.

T—— has discovered what to do in case his looking-glass should break. He will follow the example of Corydon in Virgil's eclogue, "*in litore se videbit cum ventis placidum steterit mare*."

THE debate between the Cambridge Latin School and the Brookline School suggests a similar debate between our Second Class debating club and our *quondam* First Class debating society.

THE schedule of base-ball games is as follows: April 29, Brown and Nichols; April 30, St. Mark's; May 4, C. M. T. S.; May 6, Hopkinson; May 7, Melrose High; May 11, Roxbury Latin; May 14, Bridgewater Normal; May 17, Somerville High; May 18, C. M. T. S.; May 21, E. H. S.; May 24, Allen School; May 27, Cambridge; May 28, Dean Academy; June 1 (?), Harvard, '95.

H. S. PORTER, JR., '88, and G. F. BROWN, '88, are members of the First Tennis League at Harvard.

C. E. NOYES, '91, was one of the principal disputants at the bi-monthly debate of the Union, Friday, April 15; he took the negative

on the question, — Resolved, that the President should be elected by popular vote.

D. S. MUZZEY, '89, is the first one of the first eight elected to the Phi Beta Kappa society from the junior class.

AT the undergraduate dinner of the Phi Beta Kappa, W. F. HARRIS, '88, will be toast-master, and D. S. Muzzey, poet.

B. L. S. beat the Crescents 14 to 7, April 16.

THE officers of the new tennis association are O. H. E. STARR, president; H. S. JOHNSON, vice-president; J. HEWINS, secretary-treasurer; the above and Beale, Lewis, and Chipman, executive committee.

ADAPTED from Eclogue V., 43-44: "G. C. H—— *ego ad sidera notus formosorum militum custos formosior*."

B. L. S. beat Groton 8 to 3, April 23. Twombly pitched and struck out sixteen men.

TRANSLATION offered by F. B. J——: "*Quo fonte relictum clamassent, ut litus Hyla! Hyla! omne sonaret*." Eclogue VI., 44.

"(He relates) at what (soda-)fountain they cried out he had been left, and how the whole shore resounded with the cry—Huyler's! Huyler's!"

SPEAKING of the confusion existing with regard to the Latin names of trees, a teacher unconsciously said,—“What was alder with them may be pine with us; that's where all-der trouble is.”

*Aret ager*—“let the land dry up!”

“BOOKS IN THE RUNNING BROOKS.”

I had been working over my Geometry, Physics, Botany, Geology, and Astronomy, until I was tired. Suddenly a longing seized me to go out to the woods. Having taken up an armful of books I went to the bank of a stream running through a shady nook; casting my books into the stream, back to their original

elements, I threw myself down upon the bank.

There was no dullness here. Here all was activity. Here might we find our books in living illustrations. Here stood a rock, against which the waters washed. Then they dashed wildly by each side, sinking into a calm below, not before the water had given us a hint of the science of hydraulics and hydrostatics. Whence comes the rock itself? What are its component parts? Are all rocks like this? Questions similar to these lead us on to the discovery of the truth of geology.

Here was a bed of water-lilies, the blue pickerel weed, and a little farther away, as we looked beneath the surface, we saw the slimy grass which, under the microscope, yields such rich results. Could they be bound by common laws to other plants? Here we will study our botany. No dry descriptions will show us the beauty of coloring, or the wonders of the life of these plants so well as these living specimens.

The shining perch went gliding by. I sympathized with Isaac Walton in his affectionate consideration of them in his "Complete Angler." I wished to see how one fish differs from another, and arrange them into classes, as did Agassiz.

A little up the stream, rocks made a tiny waterfall, which separated the sun's rays into blue, yellow, red, and violet colors. Was it telling us the secret of the sunrise, sunset, and the rainbow?

As I watched the stream, thinking of its source, then following it to the ocean, seeing the little side streams which fed it, I pictured to myself a thought which, insignificant at first, increased, fed by smaller ones, until it swelled into a most noble plan, which benefited the world. I saw a leaf fall on the water, into an eddy, whirl around a few times, then disappear beneath the surface, like a person, who, starting out on the stream of life, with a firm purpose to withstand the calamities of the world, is overcome by the whirl and is buried from the human gaze.

By the side of the stream is found health, both of body and mind, and health gives us energy to do our duty well, and cheerfulness in doing our duty.

Nature has resources for every one and

these resources are arranged in such a way that they cannot fail to be comprehended.

I can never forget the beauty of the scene reflected in the water. It reminded me of Him who is the author of everything beautiful and noble. Who can help having pure and noble thoughts as he recalls this scene?

Happy is the man who has stored in his mind pictures like these to be recalled in time of loneliness.

D. T. '92.

### BASE BALL.

The ball season was opened early in the month by out-door running and gymnasium exercise, under the direction of Captain Twombly. The following presented themselves as candidates for the team: Rand, Bearse, O'Malley, Hunt, Slattery, Houghton, Wilde, Small, Evans, McMann, Katzmann, Rogers, Beale, Boodro, Scannell, Hovey, Dow, Davis, Herrick, Vincent, Lewis, Farrar, Adams, Starr, Carney, and Gould. After a few days of gymnasium work, practice was begun on the Clover Field and has been continued nearly every day since. The first practice game was played on April 9th, with Tech, '95. The day was too disagreeable for good ball playing, and our team was defeated by the score of 13 to 3. On the following Tuesday we played Tech, '93, and beat 8 to 6. The first regular game of the season was played at Belmont with the Belmont Academy nine on April 13th. There was but little fielding required of our fellows, though what little was done was very creditable; the batting was weak on both sides. Rand and O'Malley worked together excellently, and Lewis distinguished himself by a clever backing-up of first base. The game was called at the end of five innings; the score is as follows:

#### BOSTON LATIN.

	A. B.	R.	B. H.	T. B.	S. H.	P. O.	A.	E.
O'Malley, c. . .	4	2	1	4	0	6	2	1
Katzmann, c. f. .	4	2	0	0	0	0	0	0
Twombly, 3b. . .	4	0	0	0	0	1	1	1
Slattery, 1b. . .	4	1	0	0	0	4	0	1
Small, 2b. . . .	4	1	0	0	0	3	1	0
Rogers, s. s. . .	3	0	0	0	0	1	0	1
Beale, l. f. . . .	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0
Lewis, r. f. . . .	3	0	0	0	0	0	1	0
Rand, p. . . . .	3	1	1	2	0	0	2	0
Totals. . . . .	32	9	2	6	0	15	7	4

BELMONT ACADEMY.

	A. B.	R.	B. H.	T. B.	S. H.	P. O.	A.	E.
Swords, c. . . . .	3	0	0	0	0	10	0	0
Ricketson, c. f. . . . .	3	1	0	0	0	2	0	0
McClintock, 3b. . . . .	3	0	1	1	0	0	0	1
Hoffman, 2b. . . . .	3	0	0	0	0	1	1	0
Tucker, s. s. . . . .	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	2
E. Horton, 1b. . . . .	2	0	0	0	0	2	0	0
Hill, p. . . . .	2	0	1	2	0	0	1	0
Jones, l. f. . . . .	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
K. Horton, r. f. . . . .	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Totals. . . . .	22	1	2	3	0	15	2	3
Innings . . . . .				1	2	3	4	5
B. L. S. . . . .				0	0	2	7	0-9
B. A. . . . .				0	0	1	0	0-1

Earned runs, B. L. S., 0, Belmont, 0; stolen bases, O'Malley (4), Katzman (3), Twombly (2) Slattery, Small, Beale (3), Lewis, Rand; base on balls, Ricketson, Hill, Katzman (2), Twombly (2), Slattery, Small, Beale, Lewis; first base on errors, B. L. S. 3, Belmont, 4; struck out, Twombly (2), Slattery (2) Small, Rogers, Beale, Lewis (2), Ricketson, E. Horton, Jones (2), K. Horton (2); passed balls, Swords, 6, O'Malley, 1; wild pitch, Hill, 1.

TO THE TOP OF MT. MONTGOMERY.

We were spending a short time in a village in Northern Vermont, within sight of Canada. The place was a little old village closed in on three sides by mountains, but open on the fourth towards the Mesisquo Valley. Though the life of the place was very dull, yet the wild, romantic scenery, the opportunities for long, interesting tramps, and for humpy, bumpy, thumpy rides, the ease with which the onlooking villager could be inspired by the city visitor with admiration, terror, and delight kept us busy. We had been in the place about a week, and our interest had been aroused in a portion of the country toward the setting sun. Each evening, from the hill on which the house where we were staying stood, we watched the sun set in his glory. saw some (very) splendid sunsets while there. Almost on the place of setting there was an opening between two mountains, one of which ran off towards the southwest, the other, Mt. Montgomery, the one most interesting to us, rose abruptly at this opening to a good height and then, running for a number of miles northwest, cut off from our view all but the extreme top of that very peaked mountain, Jay's Peak. The opening between the mountains was called Montgomery Notch. It obtained this name from the fact that Montgomery on his ill-fated expedition to Quebec took advantage of this passage to transport

his troops to Canada. It is also known as Hazen's Notch. There early settlers of this region found convenient passage through the mountains, as the ascent at that point is comparatively easy. The place looked so inviting, and the excitement for climbing the mountain was so eager, that, when a friend offered to take us to the spot and climb with us, we were impatient to start.

One bright morning we gathered together and met our friend. He had procured a mule team, a lumber-wagon, and a driver. There were ten of us, and we just filled that lumber-wagon. It happened that some of us had not shoes stout enough for the climb, so heavier ones were procured. Two of the boys wore heavy-legged boots, but, since they had used these for a little time preceding, they had become used to the blisters on their feet. My brother and another boy were loaned some countrymen's heavy shoes. There was an abundance of room in each shoe, and the boys had an amusing time when they started to go quickly. We all had put on our worst clothing, and I had on a pair of patched pants which need to be mentioned later. We started off quite merrily, but had not got far when it was discovered that, either from the severe jolting or from premeditated design, our coffee can was leaking. The coffee could not be lost and there was but one way to save it. The can was passed around and the coffee went to the "Notch." The road, though it was exceedingly rough, was very pleasant. We passed through forests, through stumpy land, past farms, rode over mountain streams, down hill and up, and by log cabins. All along the way the mountain springs were sparkling and running along the road-side. We were delighted at the magnificent and beautiful scenery. The journey was rather uneventful. Now and then we would see crows which would immediately caw "see you later" when a gun was aimed at them; and it seemed as though they were playing games with us. We would meet them at one spot and they would wait until we were almost near enough, then they would fly away and turn up again a little farther on. At last we saw a crow who waited till we were upon him and about ready to open

fire, when to our exasperation he was found to be a tame crow belonging to a neighboring farmer. It had rained some days before this and in spots the road was quite muddy. At the foot of a hill the two boys who occupied the last seats in the wagon, a friend and myself, got off to ease the mules' load. No sooner were we off than we discovered we were on the wrong side of a muddy spot that went across from either hedge on the sides of the road and extended for some distance up the road. As the driver had whipped up his mules, we were forced to wade, almost knee-deep, through the mud, much to the amusement of the dry shod riders.

When at last we reached the "Notch," we unhitched in the quiet, shady glen where the sunlight glinted through the green trees, and where all was cool and pleasant. After drinking at a clear, cold spring we reconnoitred. Facing the "Notch," Montgomery's side was a steep precipice with the bare rock showing out from among the shrubs and plants clinging to the side. All the rest of the mountain was densely wooded, and gave indication that without any doubt it could be the home of the "b'ars on th' maountane," as we were told. We decided to strike through the woods straight upward from the road.

After lunching, we started on the ascent. There was no path to guide us, so we started straight upward and tried to keep on thus.

Mountain-climbing was new to us, and so some began to go at full speed, trying to get ahead of the rest. But after a short time the way became so rough that those who took it more slowly at first soon left them behind. During the first half of the trip we kept within a short distance of each other, but on the last half we became divided into three parties. Three of us, myself included, made a spurt for the top; three others who were sure we were going in the wrong direction, came next; and bringing up the rear were the other five, who were taking things easy. For a long time we kept working hard. The woods became denser, the sun's light dimmer, and the path rougher and rougher. The air was close, and the day very warm. When quite near the top, though we did not know it, I became so exhausted that I lay, breathless and panting, at full length on the damp earth, and my inside anatomy seemed hopelessly mixed up. My two companions, leaving me, pushed on and joined the second group, who had gone in another direction to look for the top. At length the third group found me and rested with me. The muleteer, a very tall, lank man, going upward a short distance, informed us with a shout that we were within a few feet of the top. At this, we bounded forward and were soon on the top. We had been overcome by a tormenting thirst when resting, but now, though we had nothing to drink, we

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were refreshed by the strong cool breeze blowing.

Repeated shouts failed to bring any response from the boys who had gone off in the other direction, and we became anxious, fearing lest they should be lost on the mountain, along the ridge of which they were unconsciously travelling. For a mile or more the forest completely covered the mountain, and one might wander for days without coming to the verge of the woods. Joining our voices we shouted again and again, and fired off a gun which one of us of cow-boy tendencies had brought along. At length, faint shouts were heard from a distance; nearer and nearer they came, replying to our calls. When at last the lost ones burst forth from the forest into the little open space they sank down exhausted.

The top of the mountain, so-called, was the bald spot which we had seen six miles away, and from which the bare rock descended precipitously to the notch below. Small shrubs,

stunted trees, mosses, tasteless berries, and little blue bell-shaped flowers grew upon this bare spot.

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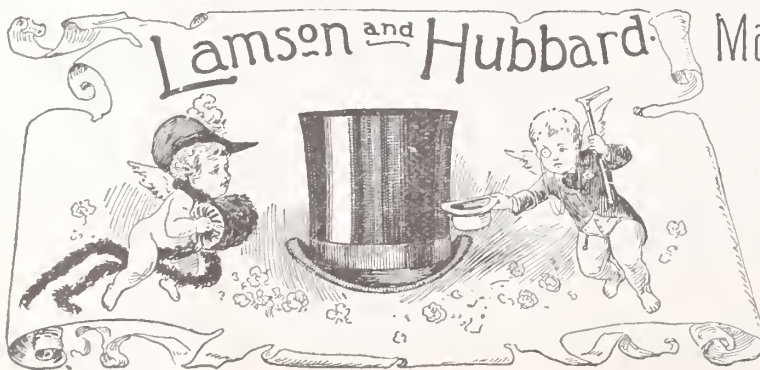
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visible. The ranges of the Green Mountains, the White Mountains, and some Canadian mountains were in sight. Looking straight downward everything was greatly reduced in size. The road, running here and there among the trees, appeared as a decayed log such as one sees lying in the forest. After registering on hostess Nature's record-book, the birch-trees, I began the descent. I was the last to leave the summit, and as the others seemed for some reason to be making a rapid departure, I had to hasten. Soon I found that it was not of their own accord that they hastened; they couldn't help themselves. I quickly followed them. Then began the exciting part of the day's fun. The woods were thick, the underbrush close, the fallen trees and branches numerous, and the rocks thickly scattered. After my first run, I lost all control over myself. For a time I was battered against this tree and that, thrown headlong into the underwood, swirled around and tossed to and fro, here and there, and everywhere. Then I was taken off my feet, thrown on the ground, rolled over, pitched sideways, with my arms whirling round me like windmill arms. Thus I was borne over rocks and stumps which I had toiled over in the upward trip. At length I became more settled in my motions, though the path was worse than ever. Lying on my back, with my arms shielding my face, I slid downward, feet foremost. Thus I went on. Once I came to a fallen tree that completely blocked my way. There was no escape, I must either slide under, risking scratches as I passed, or be thrown upon the sharp stakes. With the speed of a Cross-town electric on Tremont Street I slid under, and was borne along with a heap of dust, dirt, stones, small boulders, and whatever was in the way. My companions were faring no better, and they were continually complaining

of the number of stones that were coming on them from above. From the easy travelling which it afforded, much to the disadvantage of my clothes, I kept up the recumbent posture for a considerable portion of the way. In a short time we came to more open woods and finally to the road. Here we quenched our thirst from the ice-cold spring, and compared notes. It had taken us something like an hour of hard work to climb to the top. We had been just about ten minutes coming down.

Over the jolting roads we returned to the village. At the village store our friend had provided some refreshments. For these my companions had rushed from the wagon, and in the back part of the store they regaled themselves on lemonade and crackers. But alas for me, though I was hungry as a bear and thirsty as a sponge, I must remain seated in the wagon; for in my tobogganing on the mountain I had left most of the seat of my trousers for the birds to use in making their nests. Now as the store piazza was, as most country store piazzas are, lined with its fringe of loungers, and as, quite near the lemonade, there were some rural maidens, it was not seemly for me to meander around. So I sat in the wagon, with the tantalizing spectacle going on inside the store, and no one offered to furnish me refreshment. Finally I became desperate and, seizing a tin-pail cover—a large one.—I placed it over my rent and gingerly entered the store. There I got under the shelter of the counter and, with my back to it, I edged my way to the lemonade. It is needless to say that I amply repaid myself for the delay. Again mounting the wagon, most of us were carried over the road up Perspiration Hill—so named from the amount of perspiration required to ascend it—to our stopping-place. That night and the next day a tired set of boys nursed their bruises and rested.

J. C. S. A.



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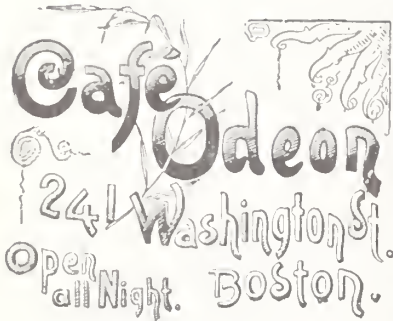
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