

The
Register

VOLUME XXV.

NUMBER 10



BOSTON LATIN SCHOOL

JUNE, 1906

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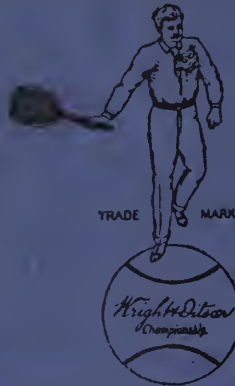
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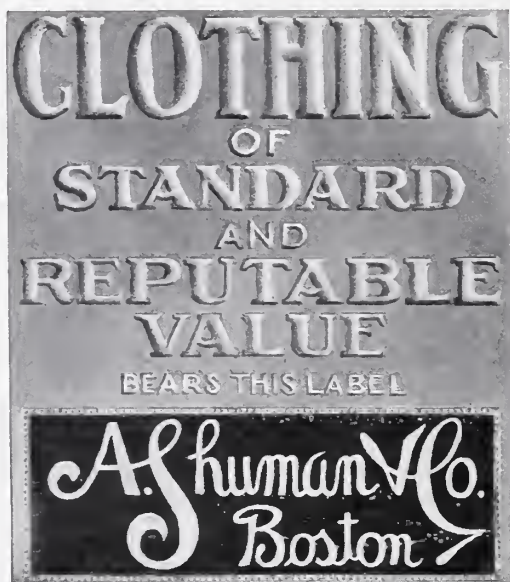
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THE REGISTER

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ARTHUR SWEETSER

W. A. CORLEY

S. B. FINKEL

REGISTER STAFF, 1905-06.

Latin School Register

VOLUME XXV., No. 10

JUNE, 1906

ISSUED MONTHLY

A W A R N I N G *

Through Death's dark melancholy gates
Man passed ;
Behold ! Before him spread an ocean vast,
In whose great depths the sun reflected bright,
Formed golden veins with wat'ry volumes dight ;
The wavelets lipped the gently-sloping strand,
Where wondrous white as silver was the sand.

An island in the distance did appear—
Far, far away, and yet with outline clear—
Enveloped in celestial, brilliant light,
So dazzling as to blind weak mortal sight ;
White, shapely souls, like flakes of snow immense,
And angels, beaming joy and reverence,
E'er floated in the atmosphere above ;
There Cupid reigned supreme, for all was love.
It was a spectacle that mortal eyne
Could ne'er behold, so wondrously divine ;
Such beauty e'en Elysium's charms defied.
" This must, indeed, be Paradise ! " Man cried.

As thus he spake, a dark and horrid mist
Spread o'er the ocean, and a harsh voice hissed,
" Yon place is not for thee ; look here below ! "
Man turned his eyes upon the ground, and lo !
Beneath him yawned a deep and dark abyss ;
How horrible a spectacle was this !
For ugly snakes, with flaming tongues and eyes,
Crawled hissing loud, and hoarse, heartrending
cries

Of mortals lashed to the red hot floor,
With flaming chains, their limbs besmeared
with gore,
Who slowly were consumed by tongues of fire,
Encompassed Man with fear and sorrow dire.

Here hovered countless demons, black and red,

And as Man gazed, transfixed with awful dread,
One beckoned to him ! Dank perspiration cold
Adown his furrowed features ceaseless rolled,
And from his limbs in torrents 'gan to flow,
As this fiend spake in accents firm and slow :
" Thou'rt doomed to bide here five and twenty
years,

Despite thy supplicating cries and tears,
For thus must thou thy mortal sins aby.
In days of yore didst counsel sage defy ;
Thou hadst two roads before thee ; one was
short

And wide, replete with base, immoral sport.
Before this road was writ in letters red,
' This way doth lead to ruin ! ' Here madly
sped

Vain, fickle youths, with bloated countenance,
Bent on lewd pleasures and intemperance ;
But headlong soon all crashed, with piercing cry
Adown a precipice surpassing high.
Long, steep, and narrow was the other road ;
No wanton joys here thoughtless youths to
goad.

Before this was inscribed in letters white :
' Advance ye here who cherish honor bright ;
This way doth lead to prosperous success,
To joy divine and boundless happiness.'
Full many entered this with hopeful hearts,
But Fear and Sloth and Crime, with wily arts,
Through by-paths most to t'other road allured,
For few the toils of this path e'er endured.
Thou, like the countless multitude, didst spurn
Success, and from the righteous road didst turn.
Now must thou, therefore, suffer tortures fell.

* This poem won the prize in the Annual Competition.

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What, mercy? There is no such word in Hell!"

He uttered thus, and seized Man's trembling hand
With might no mortal power could withstand,
Loud laughed in hateful, hoarse, heartrending tones,

And then, despite Man's piercing moans and groans,

Into the pit he thrust him headlong down;
As mighty father Zeus, with angry frown,
Hephæstus from the heavenly regions cast,
Or Satan, with his rebel army vast
The Lord to hellish habitation drove.

Thus Man was hurled into the awful grave,
Where living die, and yet their souls still live,
From cruel torture earning no reprieve.

As round Laocoon the serpents curled
Thus round Man's limbs the snakes their bodies twirled;

They darted at his eyes their bitter fangs,
And pierced his heart with agonizing pangs;
The light was clotted out, and all was dark;
Man's soul was racked with dire despair and cark.

But lo! the veil of darkness was withdrawn,
And through a film the isle i' the distance shone;

Bright seraphim their hands held up aloft,
And sang a hymn in accents clear and soft;

The notes were wafted on the fragrant wind,
Such music mortals' souls to heaven doth bind.
The anthem o'er, in sweetest nectared tones
An angel spake to Man, and calmed his moans;
"Behold, a warning vision hast thou seen,
That Wrong thy heart from justice ne'er may wean.

Arise then, mortal, for thou livest yet,
Nor e'er throughout thy days this dream forget."

Thus every man is warned by God on high
All vile temptations ever to defy,
To toil aloof from men's unworthy strife,
And traverse o'er the righteous road of life.
Few, very few, the kindly warning heed,
But in their wicked course most still proceed;
And if, perchance, to fame they e'er attain,
And countless wealth by means dishonest gain,
At honesty they ever scoff and sneer,
And at endeavor true they laugh and leer.
But ah! they still forget that earthly power
Is only as the bright, but short-lived flower;
Awhile its splendor great doth please all eyes,
And yet anon it droops, and fades, then dies;
But honest toil, what though it brings no gain,
And oft doth cause unceasing care and pain,
Yet through this very hardship and distress
Doth pave the way to heavenly fair success.

HENRY THOMAS SCHNITTKIND, '06.

C L A S S R E C O R D

GEORGE CARLETON ADAMS entered the sixth class from the Bennett School. He was captain of Company A, and won an honorable mention in military drill in 1905, receiving a medal as first sergeant of the company, winning second senior prize in the same year. He was a member of the prize drill committee and president of the chess club for two years. He was on the golf team of 1900-'01, the tennis team in 1905 and 1906, and the track team of 1906.

JOHN BERCHMANS BARRETT entered the out-of-course class from the Lincoln School.

PERCY ANTHONY BRODERICK entered the out-of-course class from the Dearborn School. He was a member of the Class Day committee.

JOHN PATRICK BUCKLEY entered the out-of-course class from the Harvard School. He won a fidelity prize in 1905. He was captain of Company E, and chairman of the pin committee.

AVERILLE DAILEY CARLISLE entered the sixth

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class; he prepared for B. L. S. at home. He won a classical prize in 1901, a fidelity prize in 1903, and in 1906 received honorable mention for good conduct during the six years of the course. He was lieutenant of company E, and a member of the Class Day committee.

AUSTIN WALTER CHEEVER entered the sixth class from the Tileston School. He won an approbation prize in 1901, a fidelity prize in 1903, and in 1906 was awarded a medal for excellency in bugling, and received honorable mention, 1906, for good conduct during the entire course.

HENRY JOSEPH CONROY entered the out-of-course class from the Phillips Brooks School. He was a member of the Class Day committee, and played right half-back on the foot-ball team.

WILLIAM ANGUS CORLEY entered the sixth class from the Mary Hemenway School. In 1901 he won a classical and an approbation prize, in 1903 a modern and an approbation prize, a modern prize in 1905, and in 1906 he received a prize for an English essay on "The Evils of School Athletics and How to Cure Them." He was a lieutenant in Company G, and chairman of the dance committee. In the second class he was associate editor of the REGISTER, and was made editor-in-chief for the next year. He was also the class orator, and president of the Interscholastic Press Association.

PIERPONT McCLASKEY COWAN entered the out-of-course class from the Washington-Allston School. He was a lieutenant in Company A, and a member of the dance committee. He was manager of the track team in 1905, captain in 1906, ran on the relay team for four years, and was captain and half-back of the foot-ball team.

RICHARD JOSEPH DOBBYN entered the out-of-course class from the Prescott Grammar School. He won a medal as first sergeant in the junior prize-winning company in 1906, and was captain of Company H. He was a member of the pin committee.

JOSEPH WARREN DOHERTY entered the sixth class from the Edward Everett School. He received a medal as first sergeant of the company, winning first senior prize in 1905, and Company C, of which he was captain, won first senior prize in 1906, thus making him lieutenant-colonel. He was a member of the photograph committee. He played back on the basket-ball team, and right-field on the base-ball team.

JOSEPH DANIEL DONOVAN entered the out-of-course class from the Warren School. He won second prize in individual drill in 1905, and Company F, of which he was captain, won the junior prize in 1906, and he became a major. He was a member of the dance and the prize drill committees, and manager of the basket-ball team.

FRANK ISADORE FALLON entered the out-of-course class from the Agassiz School.

SAMUEL BENJAMIN FINKEL entered the out-of-course class from the Martin School. In 1906 he received honorable mention for good conduct during the entire course. In 1905 he won honorable mention in military drill, and was lieutenant of Company H. He was business manager of the REGISTER and a member of the pin committee.

CHARLES JACOB GALE entered the sixth class from the Edward Everett School. He won a fidelity prize in 1901. He was captain of Company G and a member of the dance committee. He was also class prophet and a member of the REGISTER staff.

EMILIO GOGGIO entered the sixth class from the Eliot School. He won a modern prize in 1904, and a fidelity prize in 1906.

ARTHUR TIMOTHY GOOD entered the out-of-course class from the Lewis School. He won second reading prize in 1905, and first reading prize in 1906. He was captain of Company B, and a member of the Glee Club.

JAMES JOSEPH GOODE entered the out-of-course class from the Sherwin School. He played back on the basket-ball team during the season of 1906.

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ROYAL NORTON HALLOWELL entered the out-of-course class from the Lowell School. He was lieutenant in Company G, a member of the Glee Club, a member of the Class Day committee, and a member of the Banjo Club.

EDWARD VICTOR HICKEY entered the out-of-course class from the Thomas N. Hart School. He won a classical prize and a special prize in declamation in 1904, first prize in reading and third in declamation in 1905, and in 1906 the Derby medal for a translation into Latin of Lincoln's "Address at Gettysburg." He was quartermaster, and chairman of the prize drill committee. He was a member of the REGISTER staff, the photograph committee and the Glee Club. He was manager of the base-ball team.

LOUIS WALTER HICKEY entered the sixth class from the Henry L. Pierce School. He won a modern and an approbation prize in 1901, a fidelity prize in 1902, and a classical and an approbation in 1903. He was captain of Company D, which won second senior prize, and as a result became major. He was a member of the pin committee.

JAMES HUMPHREY, JR., entered the out-of-course class from the Phillips Brooks School. He won an approbation prize in 1903, and a modern prize in 1906. He was lieutenant in Company B, and a member of the pin committee. He was manager of the foot-ball team and a member of the track team.

ALBERT HUSSEY entered the out-of-course class from the Longfellow School.

EDWARD PRESCOTT ILLINGWORTH entered the out-of-course class from the Lincoln School. He won a special declamation prize in 1903, a modern prize, a second prize in reading, and a third prize in declamation in 1904, a second prize in declamation in 1905, and in 1906 the first prize in declamation.

IRVING WILLIAM JACOBS entered the out-of-course class from the Prince School. He was

lieutenant in Company C, and became captain as a result of its winning second senior prize. He was a member of the prize drill committee. He wrote the music of the class song.

FRANCIS STEPHEN KILILLEA entered the out-of-course class from the St. Francis de Sales School. He won a classical prize in 1905.

SAMUEL KRENSKY entered the out-of-course class from the Brimmer School. In 1906 he won a fidelity prize, and also secured honorable mention for good conduct.

DANIEL JOSEPH LYNE entered the out-of-course class from the Lawrence School. He has never been late or absent during his course at the Latin School. He was a member of the REGISTER staff, and chairman of the photograph committee.

JOHN EDWARD MAHONEY entered the out-of-course class from the Sherwin School. He was lieutenant in Company H.

JOSEPH JOHN MAHONEY entered the out-of-course class from the Quincy School.

CHARLES EDWARD VINCENT MANSFIELD entered the out-of-course class from the Bigelow School. He was president of the Class of 1906, end on the foot-ball team, and third-base on the base-ball team.

GEORGE FRANCIS MCCARTHY entered the out-of-course class from the Brimmer School.

JOSEPH LEO MERRILL entered the out-of-course class from the Thomas N. Hart School. He won second prize in individual drill as a corporal in 1904. He was lieutenant in Company C, which won first senior prize, and he thereby became a captain. He was a member of the prize drill committee, played quarterback on the foot-ball team, and was a member of the base-ball team.

STANLEY WINDSOR MOULTON entered the sixth class from the Guilbert Stuart School. He won a modern prize in 1902, a medal for excellency in drumming in 1905, and was drum-major in 1906.

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GARDNER MURPHY, 2nd, entered the sixth class from the John D. Runkle School. He won a fidelity prize in 1901.

WINTHROP SHAW NAY entered the sixth class from the Edward Everett School. He was lieutenant in Company A, member of the Glee Club, and chairman of the Class Day committee. He was on the track team, captain of the crew, and rowed bow on the All-Interscholastic crew. In 1904-'05 he was a member of the athletic advisory committee.

DAVID KOHN NEYHUS entered the out-of-course class from the Brimmer School. He was lieutenant in Company D, which won second senior prize, and as a result became adjutant of the First Battalion.

JOHN CARROLL POLAND, JR., entered the out-of-course class from the Robert G. Shaw School. He won a classical and an approbation prize in 1903, a fidelity prize in 1904, a modern prize in 1905, and in 1906 honorable mention for good conduct for the entire course.

JOHN TIMOTHY REARDON entered the out-of-course class from the Minot School. He won a fidelity prize in 1904. He won honorable mention in individual drill in 1905, and was lieutenant in Company C, the winner of first senior prize, becoming regimental adjutant. He was a member of the photograph committee and captain of the base-ball team.

CORNELIUS FRANCIS REGAN entered the out-of-course class from the Frothingham School. He won a classical prize in 1902. He was lieutenant in Company F, the winner of the junior prize, and became captain. He was a member of the dance and athletic advisory committees. He was a member of the track and base-ball teams.

HENRY THOMAS SCHNITTKIND entered the sixth class from the Phillips School. He completed the course in five years, omitting the fifth class. In 1902, 1903, 1904, 1905, and 1906 he won classical and approbation prizes, in 1906 also won a prize for an English poem and on any subject and honorable mention for con-

duct above criticism during five years. He was class poet, and wrote the words of the class song.

JOSEPH RAYMOND SHEEHAN entered the out-of-course class from the Adams School. He was lieutenant in Company F, and became adjutant of the Second Battalion when it won the junior prize. He was a member of the prize drill committee. He was captain and forward of the basket-ball team, and second-base on the base-ball team.

MICHAEL SISONSKY entered the out-of-course class from the Lyman School.

JOHN MICHAEL SPILLANE entered the out-of-course class from the Dwight School. He was secretary of the class of 1906.

ERNEST RUDOLPH WENDEMUTH entered the out-of-course class from the Guilbert Stuart School. He won a classical prize in 1904. He was lieutenant in Company E, a member of the photographic committee, and a member of the tennis team.

BERNARD JACOB WOLF entered the out-of-course class from the Dwight School. He was lieutenant in Company B.

In general, those who entered the Out-of-Course Class had graduated from grammar school before they entered the Latin School, while those who entered the sixth class left grammar school before completing the course and secured entrance to B. L. S. by examination.

By "classical prize" is meant the "prize for excellency in classical studies"; a "modern prize" is "for excellency in modern studies." The "approbation prize" is for exemplary conduct and punctuality, as judged by the number of the so-called approbation cards a boy receives. The "fidelity prize" is given for "exemplary conduct and fidelity" and can only be won once in the entire course, and cannot be received by a boy winning another prize in scholarship in the same year. The names of the other prizes are self-explanatory.

W. A. C.

C L A S S

P R O P H E C Y

LATE the other afternoon, wishing to get one of last month's REGISTERS, I hurried into the Sanctum, thinking that perhaps there might be a copy on the desk. As I entered the room, a huge paper bundle, of most irregular shape, attracted my attention. On investigation, I found that it was addressed to me. Astounded and curious, I decided to open the bundle then and there.

Removing yards and yards of string, and as many square yards of wrapping paper, at last the contents were exposed to view. A brand new phonograph! For me? Yes, for a re-examination of the tag removed every trace of doubt. And the box tied underneath? Full of records! I set the phonograph up on the table, took out the first record, wound up the machine, and then set it going. It began something like this: "Br—r—r. Upon examination of the records below you will find the names of some of your classmates. Upon the corresponding record you will find the future history of each. These records can be used but once, so, if you wish to preserve the information contained in them, you must take it down on paper as the machine talks." The machine stopped.

My curiosity thoroughly aroused, I hastily seized pencil and paper and put on the first record. I will read my notes just as I took them from the mouth — I mean the horn — of the machine.

George Carleton Adams and the late Gardner Murphy, 2nd: These two loving youths will establish a matrimonial bureau, "The Orange Blossoms," which will be patronized by Boston's most fashionable society.

John Berchmans Barrett: "Pyrrhus" will be hired by the U. S. Government to sit on the head of the Statue of Liberty, to light New York Harbor at night.

David Kohn Neyhus: On account of his gentle and affectionate disposition, Neyhus will obtain a situation as valet to a poodle of long pedigree, and will tour the country collecting Alice-Blue ribbons and leather medals.

Charles Edward Vincent Mansfield: The honored president of this unequalled class, Mansfield will make money. All his hair falling out before he is forty years old, he will retire to his country estate and devote the remainder of his time to horses and golf.

John Michael Spillane: Our hustling class secretary, better known as "Bug," will organize a labor union according to the Constitution of the United States, having for its motto "No Work and More Pay." In two days all New England will have joined, while in less than a week every man in the United States will be enrolled. Business will come to a standstill, as everybody will be on a strike. The inconvenience to all will be so great, however, that, by mutual consent, the Union will dissolve, and Spillane will leave for parts unknown before the Execution Committee can lay hands on him.

Edward Victor Hickey and Louis Walter Hickey: These two distinguished military gentlemen will provide rations for the annual field day on the common. Their hygienic menu will comprise green bananas, doughnut holes, renovated straw-matting sandwiches, with jelly-fish filling, and orangeade, one-half orange per tank.

Pierpont McClaskey Cowan and James Humphry, Jr.: alias "Pip" and "Foot-ball Team Jim," these two suspicious characters will become supervisors of the Franklin Square House, which they will remove to Somerville for convenience.

John Timothy Reardon: This husky ball player will become a professional, and in 1920

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he will retire and become an umpire. In this job he will last for exactly two days, and his mutilated corpse will be buried on April 1, 1920, at the ripe age of twenty-three years.

Cornelius Francis Regan: This young man, also a ball player, will obtain a position in a large bakery catching flies and putting them out.

John Carroll Poland, Jr., Irving William Jacobs, and Samuel Krensky: Poland, continuing his studious tendencies, will become a hermit, and one day will suddenly discover the solution of the problem of perpetual motion. Inviting Jacobs and Krensky to come to his cave and inspect the machine which he has made, Poland at last persuades them to get in between the spokes of the fly-wheel. By accident the machine is started, and, as no one can stop it, it will revolve forever, carrying with it the three unfortunates. Talk about your social whirl!

Henry Thomas Schnittkind: This dreamy youth will allow his hair to grow, and, when it is long enough, he will join the Poet's Union. His verses will become famous all over the world, will be translated into foreign languages, and will penetrate into Darkest Africa. His unique subject, never attempted before by any poet, will be the merits of that new breakfast food, "Lepadotemachoselachomelitosiraopterugon"—an abbreviation of the Greek word for hash,—a scientific mixture of sawdust, ground glass, and bird seed, served hot or cold, delicious with a dressing of equal parts of vinegar and cod liver oil. If there is no cod liver oil in the house, machine oil will do.

Winthrop Shaw Nay: Chairman of the Class Day committee, Nay will fulfil the great expectations of his class-mates. He will write a Greek treatise on the "Relation of Higher Mathematics to Advanced Physics," and, as no one will be able to understand this treatise, Nay will have his statue placed in the Hall of Fame. His world's record of 14 2-5 minutes for the mile will make him also well-known in the sporting world.

Austin Walter Cheever: A sad fate! He will become first bugler in the Fadette Orchestra.

Joseph Daniel Dovovan and Joseph Leo Merrill: Going into business under the name of Joseph Brothers, these captivating youths will establish a store on the Wellesley College Campus, where peanuts, postage stamps, nabiscos, and fudge, a smile with each piece, will be dispensed by Merrill, while Donovan looks after the money end of the business. Even now both have been training for their respective duties.

Samuel Benjamin Finkel and Francis Stephen Kilillea: Finkel will ask the man at the information office, North Station, so many questions that the railroad will have to put on an extra man, and Kilillea will get the position. Kilillea will devote his time exclusively to Finkel, and the latter will finally learn all he wants to know,—perhaps.

Henry Joseph Conroy: Who says foot-ball is not useful? Conroy will be a living proof that it is, for, hardened by his training on the gridiron, he will become a professional auto victim, getting run over, and then collecting damages.

Royal Norton Hollowell: An impassioned declaimer, his political stump-speaking will procure for him the position of city inspector of streets. His duties are to ride around the city in an automobile at least one hour a day, reporting once a week which street jars him most.

Stanley Windsor Moulton: "He's the the Leader of the German Band."

Joseph Raymond Sheehan: Joe will become a doctor, with his office in the reception room. He will have a large practice, during school hours, removing sinkers and petrified raisins from victims of the lunch-counter, and, after two o'clock, mending broken hearts for the big boys of the first class.

John Edward Mahoney and Joseph John Mahoney: Better known as the "Silver Dust Twins," these two will travel from city to city advertising soothing syrup.

John Patrick Buckley : Buckley will establish a country store, where he will have unlimited opportunity for using his supply of yarns and for explaining how he got worsted in the Prize Drill.

Frank Isadore Fallon : I wish to apologize to Fallon, because when I was not looking the Ourang-Outang,—the Sanctum guardian,—got hold of his record and began to eat it. I took it away from him as soon as I could, but when I tried it on the machine, the only result was a confused babel of sounds. I inferred, however, that Fallon must finish his career as a brakeman on the B. & M.

Emilio Goggio and Michael Sisonsky : Never separated, this pair will play the parts of Tweedledum and Tweedledee in an all-star production of "Through the Looking Glass."

Arthur Timothy Good, (without an "e"), and James Joseph Goode, (with an "e") : These two goody-goody boys from Roxbury, after graduation, will become reformers. Their proposition is "Peace by peaceful means" and with this as their motto they start out to reform the world. Soon after their journey's beginning, however, a slight dispute arises as to the merits and demerits of spelling each other's names. They will retire to the Desert of Sahara to settle the matter, and neither good nor peace will be heard of further.

Percy Anthony Broderick : Perce Anton will obtain a situation at the Colonial Theatre as a "supe," his part being that of a Continental soldier. The stage manager declares, however, that his acting is soupy, and he is not worth a continental.

Averille Dailey Carlisle : Putting to practical use his thorough knowledge of the Greek tongue, he will organize and become president of a fruit trust, which will control every licensed fruit dealer in the United States. Doubtless he will personally supply the trust with *one* fruit; I need not mention the kind.

Albert Hussey : This delicate sprite, in his cosy little home, will give a touching illustra-

tion of that classical ballad, "Everybody Works but Father."

George Francis McCarthy : First noticed on account of his running ability, McCarthy will soon become a well-known professional pugilist and athletic instructor of boys ; but in the very height of his glory, in the heat of the battle, McCarthy will fatally injure his opponent in a wrestling bout. For this deed he will be sentenced to prison for life. One of our most promising young men cut off in his prime—but such is Fate!

Richard Joseph Dobbyn : Dobbyn, on account of his extended experience with young children, will, in after life, conduct a kindergarten for small boys.

William Angus Corley : Corley, under the nom-de-plume of "The Wall-Flower," will conduct the social column of that widely-read lady's publication, "The Wash Day Gossip."

Joseph Warren Doherty : With his smooth tongue and engaging manners, Doherty will become one of the most successful confidence men in the business, "gold-bricking" on the average, twenty-three farmers per day. Many will testify that he is already an expert in this art.

Daniel Joseph Lyne : Dobby will become an expert Sissy-Phiz—I mean Physicist,—and will discover how to run an engine on compressed wrath.

Edward Prescott Illingworth : Glancing into the future of Illingworth, all that can be discerned is a question mark.

Bernard Jacob Wolf and Ernest Rudolph Wendemuth, Jr. : Wolf, having learned from his lunch-room experience how much the human stomach can endure, will become a so-called "hot-dog" man, Wendemuth being employed by him to catch the dogs.

This ended the collection of records, and, as they were now useless, I sold the phonograph to a telephone company.

At present it monotonously hands out advice, "The line is busy, please ring off," and, as everybody else always obeys, I think that I, too, had better heed its warning.

CHARLES JACOB GALE, '06.

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F I E L D D A Y

ON Friday, May 25, was held the annual parade and Field Day of the Boston School Cadets. The sky was overhung with clouds, and many of the streets were a bit too wet for comfort, but, all in all, no better weather from the parader's point of view could have been enjoyed.

Without the heat and the handicap imposed by a hot sun, the boys showed much more snap and interest in their work than would have been possible on a clear day. Everything went smoothly, and the work was, despite the absence of three organizations which usually parade, at least as good as that of any previous year.

The Second Regiment had the right of line, with the Third, Fourth, and First on its left.

Lieutenant-Colonel Doherty, Second Regiment, B. L. S., had command of the brigade as far as Winter street; Lieutenant-Colonel Mundo, Third Regiment, E. H. S., was commander to Broad street; from Broad street to the Common, Lieutenant-Colonel Woodward, Fourth Regiment, S. B. H. S., was brigade commander, and on the Common Lieutenant-Colonel Schell, First Regiment, E. H. S., took charge of the organization.

On the Common the usual lunch was served, but in addition, through the courtesy of the Mayor, the boys also received ice-cream. The Mayor also, beside reviewing the brigade at the City Hall, accompanied the Committee on High Schools in the tour of inspection.

N O T E S

W. A. Corley of the First Class has been chosen to read the Declaration of Independence at the Fourth of July exercises to be held in Faneuil Hall. It is customary to choose a graduate of some one of the Boston High Schools for this position, but it is now several years since a Latin School boy has secured this honor.

In the speaking for the Boylston Prizes for 1905-'06, held recently at Harvard, Joseph Woodbury Twombly, B. L. S., '02, won the first of two first prizes, and Frederick William Newcomb, '03, won the first of the second prizes.

Mr. Henderson attended the meeting of the instructors in modern languages held at Dartmouth College on May 4 and 5.

Buckley, of Class I., won the position of

first alternate to Annapolis from the Ninth Congressional District in a competitive examination held in the middle of June.

On Tuesday morning, May 29, Memorial Day exercises were held in the Hall. Mr. Richardson, himself a veteran, gave us a description of his experience in the battle of Fredericksburg, and through his eyes we caught a glimpse of what war really is.

Niles, ex-'06, successfully defended his title of tennis champion of Harvard University in the spring tournament. He also won both in the singles and in the doubles against Yale.

In the meet of the North End Athletic Association, held at Manchester, N. H., Humphrey was second in the half-mile, and Burns won third place in the 220-yard dash.

LATIN SCHOOL REGISTER

WILLIAM A. CORLEY	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Editor-in-Chief
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JUNE, 1906

WITH this issue the twenty-fifth volume of the REGISTER comes to a close, and now the members of the present staff take up the pen for the last time before they give way to the boys of 1907. On any school paper the position of editor is not exactly a bed of roses, but on the REGISTER the high standard attained by his predecessors makes his work doubly hard. The attempt to place the twenty-fifth volume on the plane of its predecessors has been a long, difficult struggle for us who now take our leave of the school. Whether we have succeeded in our attempt is for the school at large to judge; but it little matters now how dismal has been our failure or how bright our success. "Let the dead past bury its dead." It is for us, all of us, editors or not, to search out the errors and shortcomings of the past only that we may avoid them in the future; it is for us to resolve to make the REGISTER still better, and even if our names do not appear in the list of names on the editorial page to do all we can to enlarge and better the REGISTER in every way.

It has often been stated that the REGISTER ought not to be written by the editors alone, again and again have appeals been made to the school at large for assistance, both by securing advertisements and by contributions of various

sorts, but it would not be out of the way to speak again upon this subject.

You may ask, why should not the editors write the paper? There are two reasons. They have, it is true, been appointed to do this work, and they alone are rewarded for their exertions; few, however, save those actually on the staff, realize the amount of hard work entailed in bringing out the REGISTER. Were it not for the almost infinite number of details which must be looked after each month, every editor would be willing to do the work and do it unassisted. The reading of the proof, for each article is read at least three times before appearing, the arrangement of the articles, the weighing of the comparative merits of contributions, the allotment of space to the various departments, a thousand and one things like these render the editor's life a burden, and make it almost impossible for him to do much writing.

What is more important, however, is that the REGISTER is not so good when produced solely by the staff. The editors form a little coterie; their work and line of thought, because of constant companionship, have a certain similarity, a monotonous sameness, and the work of an outsider, even though to a degree inferior, is a welcome change.

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Above all, if you do write anything do not be discouraged by a lack of enthusiasm on the part of the editor, and do not be offended by any curtness or sharpness he may show. He is always under a certain strain where the paper is concerned; at the particular moment he may be worrying about something which has been delayed, or smarting under some unjust criticism; so make allowance for his little human weaknesses and try again.

To close, we present the staff for next year, the year of 1906-1907. We of the term of 1905-1906 heartily congratulate and wish them success in their attempt to make the twenty-sixth volume of the REGISTER the peer of the best of its predecessors in every way. The staff for next year is:—

Editor-in-Chief: Ignatius Gaynor O'Gorman.

Business Manager: Warren Joel Bloom.

Editors: Herman Siegmund Nelke, John Francis Aloysius Giblin, John Humphrey Keyes.

Associate Editors from Class II.: Herbert Winslow Smith, Ernest Charles Pickett, Thomas Gregory Goodwin.



The members of the First and Second Classes are now about to take their college examinations. In the next few days a few finishing touches will be given, a few weak points will be strengthened, and the whole structure of our preparation will be inspected for possible defects, but to all intents and purposes we are through, and all that remains is to take the examination itself. This is the most important thing of all, for, however well fitted we are, there is always some small chance that an accident, over-confidence, or the excitement of unfamiliar surroundings, will result in the loss of a grade, or even will prevent some of us from passing.

For the boys of the First Class, who have

already passed through one examination, there is not as great a danger of a falling-off as for those who take the examinations for the first time, but even they, such of them, at least, as take the examinations at Harvard, will find that the arrangement of the times of the examinations are not such as they might have chosen, and that their work will suffer from the severe nervous strain of having over eight hours of examinations in three days, and taking two long, hard tests in the same afternoon.

It would not be out of the way to say a few things about the examinations. All know, of course, that blank-books are furnished in which to write, and that no boy is permitted to bring papers or books into the examination room. No communication is permitted. Tardiness *may* be, but is not always, punished by exclusion from the room and consequent loss of the examination. Neatness is to be desired above all things, for when the reader, tired, hot, and cross, comes across a book with everything clean, distinct, and legible he is involuntarily prejudiced in the writer's favor, and it is our interest to take advantage of all such little things.

Do not write your name upon your book, but see that your *number*, which the proctor gives you, and the subject is upon every book which you hand in. Remember, too, to put down the full name of the subject, as "Elementary Latin," "Plane Geometry," "Advanced Greek," and thus avoid any chance of error.

Above all, keep cool while in the examination room. More grades have been lost by excitement than by any other one thing. If you do not know the answer to a question, if a passage in the translation is hard, skip it for the moment and return later. Read over every sight passage at least three times before you put a word on the paper, and, if you find the questions easy, let that arouse your suspicions, and exert yourself to find some hidden trap which you have

failed to see. Do not try to hurry through any examination; the time allotted is none too long to do really first-class work. Over-confidence and lack of confidence are the two things to be avoided; conquer these, and the examination may be considered as passed.



The examinations at Harvard which the Latin School boys take are held as follows:

MONDAY, JUNE 25.

8 a. m. All candidates report to the officer in charge of the examinations.

Final: 9-10. Elementary Physics.
2-3. Plane Geometry.

Preliminary: 10.30-12. Elementary French.

TUESDAY, JUNE 26.

Final: 1.30-3.30 Elementary English (α)
4-6. Advanced Latin.

Preliminary: 10.45-12.45. Elementary Latin.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 27.

Final: 1.30-3.30. Advanced French.
4-6. Advanced Greek.

Preliminary: 9.15-10.45. Elementary Algebra.

11-12.30. Elementary History.

THURSDAY, JUNE 28.

Preliminary: 9.15-11.15. Elementary Greek.

These examinations will be held in Sever Hall.



Though it is rather late to speak about the matter to the athletes of this year, it is not a bit too early to impress upon the minds of the prospective athletes of next year the necessity of keeping up in their studies. As almost all know, there is a code of eligibility rules for the Boston schools, and, as many know to their sorrow, the provisions of this code are strictly enforced.

Much has been said about this matter to the athletes themselves, but not enough stress has been

laid upon it before the entire school, and there are still some who do not realize the full significance of the set of rules; there are still some who think that the primary requisite for making a team is the possession of the necessary strength and skill, and that an athlete's only duty is to preserve and increase these. How utterly fallacious this view is, can be testified to by any one who has had experience with the code. An athlete's first duty is, not directly to the team, but to the school and his studies, and what he needs, first and foremost, is at least a passable mark in studies.

The athlete must look to his conduct, too. A censure, besides barring him from competition for any prizes and from holding any position in military drill, also prevents him from representing the school in any contest, and, if he runs for the captaincy of any team, has serious bearing upon his chance for the place. Not only for the interest of the team, not only for the honor of the school, must he conduct himself well, but also because his conduct helps or hinders him greatly in his struggle for the highest honor on any athletic team.

It surely is time for a reform when, out of the six teams by which the Latin School are represented, during the past year three suffered seriously, were crippled, to tell the truth, by the ineligibility of their members. At Harvard, the proposition has been made that the names of those fellows available for teams who are useless because of studies should be published; if things do not reform at the Latin School, some like step must be taken. It is only right and just that those who, by laziness or carelessness, cripple the teams which represent the school, and bring a certain measure of dishonor upon her name, should be made to suffer a disgrace as open as that which she suffers, and that they be no longer shielded by silence or euphemisms.



The Latin School Association has issued its usual call to the members of the graduating class

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to join the association, and though a few have replied, only a small fraction of those who should have handed their membership fee to Mr. Jones, the Secretary of the organization, have announced their intention of becoming members. Of course, there are many and great drains upon the pocket-books of the members of the graduating class about this time, but there are, I am sure, few indeed who cannot afford to pay the dues which the association asks, and fewer who will not be benefited by their membership.

Moreover it is every fellow's interest to become a member of this body. Though we are all glad to get through school, we also feel a sort of sorrow so we reflect upon what the separation means, and there are none of us who would willingly reject any reminder of the school and the happy days spent here. We all wish to keep in touch with it, and to know what goes on here, and there is no more potent or longer enduring bond than membership in this society.

If you intend to enter this association, you must do it now. If you put it off, if you wish to wait until next year, it will result in your not entering at all, or in becoming a member so late as to lose many of the pleasures and advantages to be derived from the membership. It is your duty to join the association, and to join now. Therefore, before you shut the door of the school behind you for the last time as a member of the school, hand your name to Mr. Jones.



During the parade before the manœuvres on the Common on Field Day, the heartiest welcome met our boys, and everywhere they were greeted with the most cordial applause. The enthusiasm and open good feeling of the specta-

tors left no cause for complaint, and in these we found one of the most enjoyable features of the entire day. It was because of this very thing that the one sin of the spectators appeared so grievous.

Perhaps it was because of that false shame which often makes a man conceal his true feelings, perhaps because of ignorance or carelessness, but, whatever the reason, it is certain that only about one in ten of those who watched the parade showed any respect for the flag as it passed along; a few, to be sure, did, and their action rendered the omission of the others all the more conspicuous.

It cannot be that these people did not revere and love the flag, that there were any who did not know what those colors signify: all knew, but they simply failed to realize what honors were due to the banner of their country. It is, then, for us who have been taught, in the school-room and in the drill-hall, how to show our respect and reverence, to act as we have learnt to act towards the flag, and to set a good example for others. Let us hope that no Latin School fellow will shame himself and his school by any carelessness in this regard.



We ran across a little book the other day which seemed of especial interest to men about to enter college. It was a collection of short talks to college men by two recent graduates of one of our American universities. Its contents and its method of treatment were such as appeal most strongly to the average college man, and we heartily recommend it to our readers. It is called "Not in the Curriculum," and is published by the Fleming H. Revell Company.



MR. JOSEPH WEBBER CHADWICK
SENIOR LATIN INSTRUCTOR

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JOSEPH WEBBER CHADWICK

JUST as we are about to leave the Latin School for the summer comes the unexpected news that our senior Latin instructor, Mr. Joseph W. Chadwick, after forty years of faithful service, has resigned and is going to retire to enjoy the fruits of his long years of labor.

Mr. Chadwick was born on May 8, 1836. He prepared for college at the New Hampton Literary Institute, whence he went to Bowdoin, where he received his Phi Delta Theta key. After obtaining his degree with the class of 1862, he returned to New Hampton, this time as principal. For four years he occupied this position, at the end of which, in the fall of 1866, he became an usher in the Latin School, and no Latin School boy is unfamiliar with his work here.

Mr. Chadwick's retirement is necessitated by no failing of his faculties. As we all can

testify, he is as well fitted as ever to teach. After so many years of hard and nerve-racking, though pleasant, labors, however, the attractions of quiet, of travel, of gardening, of fruit culture, of home study, and of a comfortable arm-chair, with freedom from responsibility for days, are strong, and he resolved to

“Crown in joys like these
A youth of labor with an age of ease.”

Mr. Chadwick's resignation is sincerely regretted by all; but we who have sat in his class-room and have enjoyed his exposition of the beauties and his explanations of the intricacies of Cicero and Virgil, rather hug the remembrance of our past good fortune. The REGISTER hopes that, in the quiet and peace of his retirement Mr. Chadwick may spend many long and happy years.

PRIZE DECLAMATION

ON Friday, June 1, came perhaps the most interesting of the events which break the monotonous round of studies at the Latin School, the Prize Declamation. As usual, the friends and relatives of the declaimers and the prospective prize-winners filled the Hall, and the heat, necessitating open windows, combined with the crowded condition of the room, made it difficult for the declaimers to make themselves heard in the remote corners of the Hall, but never has the occasion been more enjoyable.

The list of judges, a translation of the Latin of the fourth page of the programme, was as follows:

“To-day the candidates will be judged by a

man deeply versed in the philosophy of education, Stratton Duluth Brooks, whom, so happily returned, we joyfully greet; and the following eminent men, to all of whom the school was mother:

A man of high birth, Robert Treat Paine, Jr., in his own person deserving well of good citizens;

A Doctor famous for his skill, Charles Montraville Green, Class of 1870, to whom even now, after so long a time, the school is the dearest of cares;

A man uncorrupted and upright, Ezra Henry Baker, Class of 1877, devoted to great business enterprises;

A Lawyer learned in the disputations of

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Socrates, Samuel Warren Mendum, Class of 1881, who is always planning greater things for the citizens ;

An Advocate learned in law, Bentley Wirt Warren, Class of 1882, the strongest of barriers against evil-doers ;

Our City Treasurer, Charles Henry Slattery, Class of 1885, in whom all have the greatest faith ;

A Reverend Father, John Aloysius McCauley, Class of 1887, well remembered by the masters ;

A Second MERCURIUS NEGOTIATOR, Joseph Byron Groce, Class of 1889, who was wont to arouse our souls when declaiming before us ;

An Advocate assiduous in the study of law, a champion of the sports of the arena, Bertram Gordon Waters, Class of 1890, who applies his mind to law, and his heart to athletic affairs ;

A Doctor skilful in his profession, David Daniel Scannell, Class of 1893, who cheerfully and freely busies himself in the public service."

The declaimers spoke in the following order.

1. Reginald Alexis Cutting. "How Huldah Went to Church." — *Caverley*.

2. John Hector Gair. "The Death of Montrose." — *Aytoun*.

3. James Walker Webster Daly. "Patrick Henry." — *Brozon*.

4. Wilfred Frederick Kelley. "The Corporal of Chancellorsville." — *Paxton*.

5. Harvard Norton. "An Order for a Picture." — *Cary*.

6. Arthur Dexter Brigham. "The Assault on Sumner." — *Burlingame*.

7. Reginald Beach O'Callaghan. "The Fall of Wolsey." — *Shakespeare*.

8. Saul Sharfman. "Valley Forge." — *Brozon*.

9. Royal Norton Hallowell. "Vesuvius and the Egyptian." — *Bulwer*.

10. Warren Joel Bloom. "The Wreck." — *Dickens*.

11. Edward Victor Hickey. "The Death of Rodriquez." — *Davis*.

12. Joseph Daniel Donovan. "In the Signal Box." — *Sims*.

13. Gardner Dugald Howie. "The Groom's Story." — *Doyle*.

14. Homer Parke Griffin. "Ballad of the East and West." — *Kipling*.

15. Arthur Timothy Good. "On Judicial Tenure." — *Choate*.

16. Edward Prescott Illingworth. "The Swan Song." — *Brooks*.

The declamation prizes were awarded by Mr. Brooks, as follows :

First Prize: Edward Prescott Illingworth, of Class I. Second Prize: Gardner Dugald Howie, of Class II. Third Prize: Warren Joel Bloom, of Class II. Special Prizes: Harvard Norton, of Class IV.; Wilfred Frederick Kelley, of Class VI.

After the declamation, Mr. Fiske read the following list of prizes for good work in studies during the year:

I. For Excellence in Classics :

Henry Thomas Schmittkind, Francis Solomon Wyner, Samuel Isaac Shore, Fabyan Packard, Francis Ambrose Whiteley, Thomas Joseph Leonard, William Bigelow Appleton, Herbert Vincent Sexton, Robert Keyes Randall, Harry Benjamin Levine, James Arthur Toole, Leon Ernest Ramsdell, Max Leavitt, George Hussey Gifford, John Joseph Connelly, Jr., Bernard Nathan Versiloskey, Isadore Alfred Wyner.

II. For Excellence in Modern Studies :

James Humphry, Jr., Cornelius Anthony Guiney, John Humphrey Keyes, Charles Oliver Pengra, Almy Dwight Washburn, Arnold August Robert, Jr., Hamilton Vaughan Bail, Charles Williamson Moulton, Francis Pooler, John Hallock Woodhull, Myron Whitlock Adams, Wilfred Frederick Kelley, Morris Blackman Sanders, Coleman Silbert, Charles

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Paul Cullen, James Christopher Corliss, James Peter Cleary, Jr.

III. For Excellence in Reading :

First Prize: Arthur Timothy Good, of Class I.

Second Prize: William Hanson Bixby, of Class III.

Third Prize: Joseph Monteith Sanderson, of Class II.

IV. For General Excellence in Conduct and Studies :

Wilfred Frederick Kelley, Coleman Silbert, George Hussey Gifford, Francis Solomon Wyner, Leon Ernest Ramsdell, Samuel Newton Wyner, John Joseph Connelly, Jr., Henry Thomas Schnittkind, Cornelius Anthony Guiney, Joseph William Finkel, Joseph Monteith Sanderson, Albert Taylor Nesmith, Robert Earley Patterson.

V. For Exemplary Conduct and Fidelity :

Emilio Goggio, Samuel Krensky, Charles Joseph White, Max Levine, Arnold Noble Allen, Robert Wiener, Eli Charles Romberg, John Augustine O'Shea, Thomas Edward Fitz-

patrick, Frost Spaulding Rollins, John Stuart Ring, Robert Hall Brown, John Daniel Gallagher, Edward Joseph McLaughlin, Arthur Wallace Johnson, John Joseph Kirby, Joseph Michael Holland, Albert Leo Shaughnessy.

VI. (1) For an English Poem :

Henry Thomas Schnittkind.

(2) For an English Essay :

William Angus Corley.

(3) For a Translation from Latin Into English :

John Francis Aloysius Giblin.

VII. Gardner Prize.

No award this year.

VIII. Derby Medal.

Edward Victor Hickey.

Honorable Mention for Good Conduct during the Entire Course :

Averille Dailey Carlisle, 6 years.

Austin Walter Cheever, 6 years.

Samuel Benjamin Finkel, 4 years.

John Carroll Poland, Jr., 4 years.

Henry Thomas Schnittkind, 5 years.

T H E F R E S H M A N

IV.

THE Freshman, in beginning the last of these articles, wishes to make an apology to his readers. That he should have undertaken to write such a series of articles on college life during his first year in college must have seemed intolerable conceit to many. He wished, however, to give an accurate picture of the events and impressions of his first year at college in order that his readers might, in some degree, know what they themselves could expect. His opinions of the life about him have been steadily changing since September and he feels that only by writing from time to time through the year as he did, could he have given true expression to those opinions.

As he sits now in his room in the evening quiet, the words of the "Dartmouth Song" come softly to him from across the campus, and with the words of the old song in his ears, his thoughts are back in the stirring, legendary days of the seventies and eighties. Those days, when the student body never numbered more than four hundred men, were the typical days of the Dartmouth of story. Then everyone knew everyone else, and universally it was "Zeke," "Jack," and "Teddy." Fellowship was strong because the men were close to one another in interests and activities. There was many a wild prank and many a class rush, for those were the times of the hat rush, the salt rush, and the cane rush.

In the days when Norwich University was just across the river, there was more than one thrilling fight at the old, rickety bridge over the Connecticut between the Dartmouth and the Norwich men. There are tales, too, of secret feasts on stolen turkey in the upper halls of Old Dartmouth and of many jolly gatherings around the huge, crackling fireplace there. One daring band of Sophomores stole a corpse one night from the Medical School and put it in the Freshman chapel seats. Another class painted the same seats a fresh, vivid green, and the members of yet another drove a cow up into the chapel gallery and left her there. The great tradition, however, the tradition that binds together all others, that breathes the spirit of all, is the tradition of the broad, wholesome democracy and the frank good-fellowship of the men of the old days.

About those days there is a glamor, an irresistible charm, but they have passed beyond recall. And yet, despite her fine, modern equipment and her modern methods of instruction, despite her present place among the foremost American colleges, Dartmouth still clings to the old traditions; they are a living and powerful influence to her sons of to-day. Much of the

old life is still preserved, the football rush, the "wet down," the "nums." Still her sons celebrate their victories in the ways of their fathers, dancing the same zig-zag, the Dartmouth war dance, around the huge campus bonfire; and, best of all, still is kept fresh that chiefest and most prized of her traditions, the unquestioned democracy and the hearty fellowship of her sons. The men, roughly clad in corduroys and flannel shirts, who greet each other on the campus or gather in a friend's room between recitations, are living in that spirit of democracy and fellowship.

Some will ask what benefit the Freshman has received from a year at college. He has learned much that was in the curriculum, but he has learned more that was not. He has come in touch with many men, he has found new interests, and he feels that if it were necessary for him to leave college now, he could meet the world the better for this past year. Perhaps most important of all, he has learned to love the life here, with its autumn tramps, gun on shoulder, over glory-tinged hills, its winter evening fellowship, and its spring life and gladness when men once again scatter to the river and the hills.

M R . T U B B S ' V A C A T I O N

MR. Tubbs was a bachelor. That was one reason why he got into so many adventures; he had no one to think of but himself, no home, no family, nothing but his business and just his room at his boarding-house. His room troubled him very little, as he left his belongings wherever he wanted to when he went away, with the certainty of finding them neatly arranged on chairs when he returned at night. Up to within three or four years he had lived with his mother, but her death had left him alone in the world. His

business troubled him more, for he, wonderful to say, had sole charge of that, and everything depended on him.

These two interests did not occupy all of his time by any means, and he had much leisure. As a result he was a faddist. He had had several fads—swimming, fencing, gymnasium work, rowing, tennis, literature, and golf. He had been a devoted follower of each of these in turn, but he had never practised any one of them long enough to become expert in it. Some new hobby always displaced the old one as

soon as Tubbs chanced to meet a devotee of something else, and as a result his room resembled the store-room of an athletic club; it was strewn with dumb-bells, foils, indian clubs, racquets, sculls, and clubs, for he was a physical culturist faddist. Chest-weights decorated one side of his room, while a punching-bag was fastened to his closet door; this last was his pet. Usually, after a fad had had its day, he discarded all the implements and equipage belonging to it, but the bag was an exception. Quite frequently he would don the gloves and "have a go," as he expressed it, and he really had gained considerable skill in the "gentle art of self-defence."

"Say, you have quite a place here," remarked one of his business acquaintances, whom he had brought out to stay over night with him. "You seem to have samples of about everything in the athletic line. I miss only one thing, and you probably have that tucked away in the closet."

"What do you mean?" asked Tubbs, "the only things I keep in my closet are my clothes."

"Well, what I was thinking of was a pair of hob-nail shoes," answered the friend, whose name, by the way, was Dotman, "that seems to be the only thing necessary to make your collection complete."

"What do I want of a pair of old shoes? Golf souvenirs? or what?"

"Do you mean to say that you don't know what I mean?" asked Dotman, stopping in the midst of his examination of the foils.

"No, I don't know what you mean," spoke up Tubbs rather crossly, "I wish you would say what you want to and not go beating around the bush."

"Why, walking, of course! Did you think I meant driving? Walking is one of the best exercises possible; it freshens your mind, it exercises all your muscles, by indulging in it you will get close to Nature, you will become ac-

quainted with the surrounding country, and you will gain health and strength. It's the 'greatest ever' in my estimation, for absolutely safe exercise. You can't do too much of it. You can do it in all sorts of weather,—a good, brisk walk against a snow-storm is the best thing in the world for you. It has no costly equipage to go with it, and there is nothing to be looked out for but yourself and your heavy shoes. Any old suit will do to wear on a country walk. Get an old pair of boots tapped, with plenty of nails in the bottom, and there you are. It is cheap and beneficial, and you can enjoy it in your spare minutes or your spare days, just as you please. It is the best all-round exercise there is,—you really ought to try it."

"By George! I've a good mind to. There's nothing to prevent. Yes, sir, I will, if I can get some one to go with me. Say, don't you want to come yourself? Come on, I am going to have a two-weeks' vacation in a few days; I would like to spend it that way. Hey, Dotty, old man, you have saved my life. I had it all figured out that I was going to pine away during my vacation on account of pure idleness. Will you come with me?"

Dotman smiled at Tubbs' eagerness and asked, "Have you ever done any walking, before?"

"No," said Tubbs, doubtfully, "except in golf, I never have done any of it."

"Well, you want to have some idea of what you are steering up against. It is not all velvet. When your face is burning and your mouth is parched; when your feet are sore, and you feel as though you were walking on eggs; when the perspiration is dripping from the end of your nose, and you feel hot and sticky all over,—then is the time you curse walking and the person who got you interested in it; you curse the weather and the idiotic whim which made you leave your happy home, where you might sit on the piazza in a rattan chair and drink lemonade,—we'll call it lemonade—

through a straw ; you curse the highway and the automobilists who cover you with dust ; you curse everything in sight and whatever else you can think of, but nevertheless you plod along, step after step, and when you have finished you run around telling everybody what a fine walk you had the other day."

But Tubbs was not to be discouraged, and by dint of much persuasion and much bothering he wrung a reluctant promise from Dotman that he would join Tubbs in a walk of at least four days, probably longer. At last the fateful Monday arrived, and at about nine o'clock Dotman entered Tubbs' house, as the latter had refused even to take a train out of town. Some ten minutes later both appeared and started on their travels. Both wore golf suits, and Tubbs sported a straw hat, while Dotman wore a rather dilapidated felt, which he could coax into the most wonderful shapes imaginable.

For the first ten miles of their road nothing extraordinary happened, Tubbs bubbling over with good-nature and Dotman silently putting the miles behind him while he listened to Tubbs. Apparently something happened to Tubbs at about the tenth mile, for from that time on his conversation was gradually reduced to zero, and the two plodded silently along until the pedometer, which Tubbs had invested in and which he frequently consulted, registered eighteen and three-quarters miles. At this point the road forked, and there was nothing to indicate which was the route they desired — for they had settled upon a well-known seashore resort for their journey's end, and both desired to reach there as soon as possible.

"I'll go in and ask," said Tubbs, in answer to an unspoken prayer of Dotman ; "this house looks all right."

Tubbs entered the front gate, and started up the path. He heard a noise on the front veranda, and looked up into the eyes of an enormous mastiff, who glared at him like an

angry bull. Tubbs whispered to himself that it was proper to ask at the side door, anyway, so he hustled across the grass and in the side yard. The mastiff transferred his gaze from Tubbs to Dotman, who was lying on the grass outside the fence. Tubbs says Dotman then felt a wild desire to flee, but Dotman did not ; he just looked at the beast. Tubbs, meanwhile, reached the side door, a rusty screen door with the netting bulging outward, and knocked. The knock had instant reply, for, with a swish and a bang, a tangled mass of brown and black hair landed against the netting and began to yelp and growl as if it meant business. The netting sagged dangerously, and Tubbs did a sidewise jump that would have done credit to any professional. At a sharp word of command the mass of hair untangled itself, and a brown dog made tracks in one direction, while a black dog scuttled the other way.

Tubbs received the desired information, and started for the side gate, congratulating himself because the netting held, when a scurry of feet made him look around, and he gave a sudden jump just as a white streak shot under him. Tubbs did not await developments. He started for that gate with a burst of speed which lowered the unofficial record for fifteen yards by a quarter of a second. In his wild haste he almost knocked over the mastiff, who was waiting for him at the gate, but he caught sight of him just in time to clear both dog and gate, with one mighty leap, breaking, by the way, the record for the broad jump ; and some calumniators say Tubbs is no athlete!

Dotman came over and picked him up, brushed him off, and facetiously inquired if he had a nice call. Tubbs refused to answer any such uncalled-for question, but gave the mastiff a final glare, and started up the road.

Everything has an end, and a couple of hours later they arrived at Q——, where they immediately sought out a hotel and "fixed up."

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After supper they decided to go out and visit some of the amusement places. The first one which caught their eye was the "Steeple-Chase," and they paid their money and walked in. They had wandered aimlessly around for a while when Tubbs discovered a faucet labelled "Drinking Water," with a tin cup hanging from a chain nearby. He seized the cup and started to turn on the water, when he received an electric shock which almost knocked him over. Dotman tried it, and got "his," and before long quite a crowd had collected. Now the latest fad of our friend Tubbs had been electricity, or so he claims, and now he figured it out for the benefit of the assembled crowd that the earth was the return circuit, so if he were insulated from the earth he would receive no shock. He borrowed a newspaper from someone in the crowd, and placed it on the ground in front of the faucet.

"Now I get no shock," he explained to the admiring crowd, as he stepped on the paper and seized the cup and the faucet. He got no shock. Ah, no! Not at all. Why, in five minutes he had almost recovered from the results of his experiment. He had merely made a slight error. The cup happened to be one pole and the faucet the other, and when Tubbs gave his performance, one of the electricians belonging to the Steeple-Chase could not resist the opportunity to give a slightly larger shock than usual.

The crowd gave Tubbs the merry "ha! ha!" and Dotman took him off into a corner to recuperate. He suggested innumerable things to do but Tubbs rejected them with scorn. Finally Dotman suggested trying the slide. Well, Tubbs was willing to do that, so both walked over to the slide. There were

many young people using it, and Tubbs watched them scornfully. *He* could slide better than *that*. *He* would show them how. He walked some distance down the platform, then began to run. When he reached the slide, he was going rather fast, but the moment he received its added impetus he shot down the incline at frightful speed. Faster and faster he went, his foot caught in a sliver, and he was hurled headlong through the air, striking one young man in the side, knocking down three or four and bringing up against the wire-netting of the monkey's cage.

When he was picked up he was a sight to behold. He had numberless bruises, large and small, but the *chef-d'œuvre* was a life-size reproduction of the wire-netting, which covered his whole face, and made him look as if some one had been drawing geometric figures, using his face as a blackboard.

Under Dotman's guidance they took Tubbs to the hotel, and there, in a room ten by sixteen, Mr. Tubbs spent the rest of his vacation while Dotman was touring the country in an auto which had been lent him for a month. At the end of his confinement Tubbs also bought an auto, for use on a wedding tour, and the person whom he chose to save him from future trouble was the nurse to whom he owed his present recovery. But Tubbs got in his walking tour,—the auto broke down. Moreover, he doesn't speak to Dotman now, for, though he forgave him for abandoning him in a country town, as then for once he got the better of Dotman, not even a saint in heaven can be expected to forgive a man who laughs at him when he is exploring the interior of a balky automobile. Tubbs says so.

C. J. G., '06.

In the Intercollegiate championship meet, Ford, B. L. S. '99, won fourth in the 100-yard dash. He was third in both the 100 and the

broad jump in the Harvard-Yale dual meet, while Hanley, '03, won third place in the shot-put.

T H E S K I D O O - D Y - D O O

“Have you seen the Skidoo-dy-do?
Watch out for him; he’s looking for you.
Don’t let yourself get within his view.
Or he’ll give you much trouble. He’ll make you
skidoo.”

THIS is the song that the bird sang. It was a summer’s afternoon. I was sitting in my room, lost in thought. Suddenly a beautiful red-headed robin, full of life, and quivering with excitement, flew in through the open window and perched on my desk. I remember distinctly now that I was not surprised; as I have said I was lost in thought, and it seemed only natural that a bird should fly into my room. Soon he began to sing. The fresh air, blowing in through the open windows, rustled through my hair. I breathed in deep draughts, and half unconsciously I watched the robin’s beautiful breast heave, and saw the workings of his dainty throat as his voice filled the room with its harmonious notes. I felt lifted to a higher sphere; the air, the robin, the music, all intoxicated me. When the robin brought into his song the words with which I have commenced this story I smiled; it did not appear strange that a bird should sing in words. The song ceased, the robin hopped to the window-sill, flew out, and was gone. In a sort of daze, for some time I watched the window through which the bird had fled; then, with a start, I came back to earth. Was I dreaming? What had happened? Oh! I must have been dreaming. But those words, the song, the bird. What did the words mean? Were they a warning? Who was the Skidoo-dy-doo anyway? Was I asleep and dreaming or was I crazy?

That same night while I was preparing

for bed another bird flew into my room. He looked like a sparrow, but what a hideous sparrow! He had twenty-three eyes, his body was bent into the form of a hook, and his beak, instead of being short and straight, also resembled a hook. Naturally his appearance annoyed me. I picked up a shoe and threw it at him, but he, instead of being frightened, flew nearer to me. I heard him mutter in mournful tones these words: “Skidoo, skidoo, skidoo-dy-doo.” Immediately I found myself out in the street with neither hat, coat, nor shoes. To say that I was astonished and bewildered would be putting it lightly. I would not believe it; but I had to, for it does not take much to prove to a person that he is standing in his stocking feet on the sidewalk, especially if a big, burly policeman comes up and threatens to run him in. I made my way slowly back to the house, and finding all the doors locked I was compelled to crawl in through the window, which I have always kept open since I have found that at night an open window is much handier and less noisy than a door, especially when a fellow does not wish to disturb his parents. Having regained my room I sat down on the bed wondering if I had acquired the habit of sleep-walking; but when on the next day that same strange bird appeared, and I instantly found myself some distance from where I had been standing the moment before, then I knew that this strange bird was the Skidoo-dy-doo.

From that time on he continually annoyed me. At first I was terribly frightened, but soon saw that no danger was attached to these transportations; but I have always been puzzled to explain them.

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They caused me much annoyance, especially as I could never tell when or where the Skidoo-dy-doo would work his will on me. Suddenly he would appear, utter those hateful words, and I would find myself some distance away from where I had been. Sometimes he sent me four or five feet, sometimes a half a mile. I could not feel myself going; I just found myself there. He was visible to me alone, and never played his tricks on any one else to my knowledge. I had one consolation. He never bothered me more than once a day. Again and again I tried to reach him and kill him, but he was always able to transport me before I got near him.

One night about twelve o'clock, just as I was dropping off to sleep, I saw the Skidoo hovering over me. The next minute I was sitting on the ridge of the roof, one leg hanging down on each side; I was clinging to the chimney for support and was clad only in a pair of pajamas. The Man in the Moon smiled sardonically upon me, and the only living being in sight was a policeman gently sleeping on a neighbor's piazza. I felt lonely up there and determined to go back to bed. O gentle reader! did you ever sit on the ridge of the roof at night, one leg hanging down on each side? Did you, gently, oh! so gently, with your heart in your mouth, pull one leg over to the other side and then, lying on your stomach, commence to slide down the roof? Did all the bad actions you ever performed rise up like ghosts before your mind as you made that awful journey? Then did your feet touch the gutter, and carefully, very carefully, did you grasp the gutter with your hands? And hanging there for a minute, did you suddenly let go and striking the piazza below almost demolish the remnants of what were originally your feet? If you did not, do not try it. If you did, I don't need to warn you.

Another time I was running to catch a train. It was just pulling into the station. Down the street I ran. The people were just getting in. Up the stairs! The conductor had just given the signal. The top of the stairs! I had my hand out to take hold of the railing, but lo! the Skidoo transported me to the bottom of the stairs; again, while going from a Greek to an English recitation, I was suddenly transported to the middle of Warren Avenue. Hurriedly entering through the main door I hastened to Room 18, and arrived there just a moment before the bell rang. One beautiful evening, when calling on a lovely young lady of my acquaintance, just as I was holding her hand and telling her—O, dry up, never mind what I was telling her—the Skidoo-dy-doo transported me half way home. There is a limit to everything and that was the limit for the Skidoo-dy-doo—so I thought. Just then, as if to mock me I heard those hateful words, “Skidoo, skidoo, skidoo-dy-doo,” and instantly I found myself standing in Stony Brook, up to my eyes in water. Then indeed I raged. Perhaps I was crazy for the moment, I do not know, but I did know that those “short trips” forced upon me by the Skidoo must cease or I should go crazy.

It was my friend the robin who came to my aid. One day, when I was sitting in my room, he entered just as he had done before. But this time I was in no pre-occupied mood: I knew he had come to save me, and I watched his every movement as a cat watches a mouse. He hopped on the desk and broke into a song. His voice was as beautiful, his throat as pretty, and the air, blowing in through the windows, as exhilarating as they were the first time he came, but I neither saw nor cared for the beauty of the scene, nor did I feel myself lifted to a “higher sphere.” I was

most practical, my eyes were strained, my ears wide open, and my whole body tense, waiting for the words of help which I knew would come. This is what he sang:

“The Skidoo-dy-doo is harmless
If into his eyes you look,
And in order that you may do it
You need only this — the hook.”

He flew out, and on the desk I found a little silver hook covered with mystic signs. I understood; with the hook in my possession I was more powerful than my tor-

mentor. Oh, how gladly I would give Mr. Skidoo-dy-doo the hook! The next time he came I looked boldly into his twenty-three eyes. “Skidoo, skidoo, skidoo-dy-do,” he muttered. “Go chase yourself,” said I, holding out the silver hook. Immediately he commenced to fly around in a circle. Then I, wishing to test my power, said: “Skidoo, skidoo, skidoo-dy-doo,” and the Skidoo-dy-doo “skidooed” forever.

F. G. G., '08.

T H E S T R U G G L E

NEVER had Columbia's prospects of winning the intercollegiate meet looked so bright. With all save two of her victorious track team of the previous year still in the college, with such men as Edwards, holder of the quarter-mile record, Holden, who had won three firsts in the dashes, and O'Neil, one of the best two-mile runners the university had ever seen, it seemed scarcely possible that the Blue and White could lose, especially since the team had been rendered even stronger by the addition of three or four men who had made enviable reputations in preparatory school.

Nevertheless, the coaches decided to hold an open out-door meet, for some good men might appear, and even now the team was none too strong, for disquieting rumors were coming from Harvard concerning the strength of the men who were to wear the crimson sash. All in all, it seemed best to hold a meet, even though the outcome of almost every event was certain. In the mile, this was especially true, for though Columbia's milers had not made exceptionally fast time in the last intercollegiate meet, nevertheless they had succeeded in winning three out of the four places in that important contest,

and it was supposed that, since all four of the men entered in that race were to run in these class games, no upper-class man would be so foolish as to enter. Of course, there would be four or five freshmen in the race, but we expect such things from freshmen.

What was the surprise, then, of the entire college to see the name of Fred Evans in the list of entries. Evans was known throughout the college, for, over six feet tall, weighing one hundred and ninety pounds, he would be conspicuous anywhere. His reputation in the college, however, was not of the most desirable sort, for every one knew him as a failure. He had tried everything, he had succeeded in nothing. Foot-ball, base-ball, debating, studying, in everything he had tried to distinguish himself, and in everything he had failed. Moreover, he was known as one of the most unapproachable, uncompanionable chaps in Morningside.

After you became acquainted with him, Evans was not such a bad fellow, but few had enough persistence or the desire to break through the crust of self-consciousness beneath which his true self was hidden, and these few were almost

disgusted as they saw the splendid qualities which he possessed crushed down by his unsociability. Already a junior, he had but a score of friends, and there were only a few more with whom had a bare nodding acquaintance. He himself now began to realize that something was wrong, and, urged by his friends to make one more attempt in athletics, which he had entirely neglected because of a slight failure in his freshman year, with his usual, or rather, unusual, ability for blundering, he had entered the contest in which he seemed not to have the least opportunity.

Evans was better fitted for the race than he seemed. Large and heavy though he was, he was fairly fast on his feet; he took excellent care of himself, and had often shown that in endurance few of the college athletes were equal and none superior to him. In an ordinary field he might be reckoned as a dangerous competitor, but this was no ordinary field, for three runners in it, as we have said, wore the "C," and all were said to be capable of running the distance inside of 4 minutes and 20 seconds if pushed to it. Evans' chances seemed small indeed.

On the day of the meet, Evans seemed anything but an athlete. He looked more like a raw recruit about to enter his first battle than a man who is to run a race. One of his friends remarked, "He is scared blue," and nothing was truer. Fortunately the mile came early on the programme, or he would have been unable to run because of his nervousness.

At last the race started. At the pistol the new men, led by Evans, sprang into the lead, while the veterans, remembering the four weary rounds before them, dropped back about ten yards. With steady, machine-like regularity of pace they went on for two laps, and then the gait of the older runners was seen to quicken. One by one they cut down and left the others, until, at the end of the third lap in front of the four men who had ran for Columbia the prev-

ious year, only Evans appeared, and the other starters were scattered along the track for half a lap.

Faster still go the veterans, and the five yards between them and Evans begin to disappear rapidly. At the head of the back-stretch they are bunched; at the middle, with a furlong still to go, Maguire, followed close by the other three, shoots past the big junior, and — but then something happened. Like a shot out of a bow Evans sprang forth from the bunch, and like a sprinter he rounded the curve and raced down the stretch. In vain the wearers of the "C" strained every nerve in the pursuit, in vain did they summon their last atom of strength, for never before nor never since has such a burst of speed been shown on that track. On, on, on, sped the junior until at last, with twenty yards between him and his nearest competitor, he broke the the tape and fell into the arms of his friends beyond the finish.

Great as was the surprise at this unexpected outcome, greater still was the astonishment which greeted the announcement that the mile had been run in 4 minutes, 14 and 3-5 seconds. For a moment the stands were dumb, then they burst forth in mighty applause, for that meant that they had a man who could beat Morton, Harvard's wonderful miler, who was doing so well this year, and that Columbia was almost certain of winning the meet, despite the crimson's unexpected strength.

Evans was, of course, immediately taken to the training-table, and before the close and hearty companionship he encountered there his reserve commenced to melt a little, though the realization of how much depended upon him in the big meet weighed heavily upon his mind and spirits. Nevertheless so great was the change for the better wrought upon him by the companionship of those normal, healthy fellows, the pick and cream of the university, that after a month it seemed that this could hardly be the same fellow whose entrance in the mile had

afforded the university so much amusement. Nor did this running deteriorate, for he seemed to be doing better every day, and the trainer fondly predicted that the famous record of 4 minutes and 12 seconds was to last but little longer.

When he went up to Boston, three days before the meet, he fell back into his old state. Again he became uncompanionable; he did not eat or sleep well, and he seemed on the verge of a sharp relapse. The trainer knew the symptoms well however, and "stale" was his verdict, which meant that Evans should stay at Squantum until the very day of the meet.

One night by the sea-side had good effect on the runner, and it required many exertions to prevent him from doing something to ruin his chances for the race a dozen times the next morning. In the afternoon, to keep him out of mischief rather than anything else, his coach took him out for a sail, though the water was a bit rough, and Evans, raised at the very edge of the sea, thoroughly enjoyed himself and was heard more than once to express his wish that there was no such thing as a meet on the morrow.

As the sun began to get low they turned homewards. It was a beautiful day, the water was a deep, clear blue, there was a good breeze, and some hundred yards off was a cat-boat, a girl of some eighteen its only occupant, while beyond rose the cliffs of Hough's Neck. Evans was sitting, chin in his hand, drinking in the beauty of the scene, dreaming of his home, of the change in his life, of the—when suddenly a scream rent the air, the cat-boat quivered, went over on its side, half-regained an upright position, and then the mast snapped off short and the boat capsized completely. To Evans' ears came the scream, "Help! I can't swim!"

It took but a moment to turn the yacht's bow towards the place of the accident, while already a boat could be seen putting out from the shore, about three hundred yards away. Evans mean-

while, without a moment's hesitation, was pulling off shoes, coat, and vest, and as the yacht neared the cat-boat, he leaped up, preparing to dive for the girl, who had not yet appeared. His companion, until now half-stunned by the suddenness of the catastrophe, now recovered his full senses.

"Evans!", he cried, "Evans! stop! Remember Old Columbia and what you owe to her! Stop, Fred! The boat will come in time!"

For a moment Fred stood, not knowing what to do. He cared not for himself—but his duty to old Columbia? A thousand conflicting, changing ideas shot through his brain. His comrade could not swim. The boat was coming, but would it—it couldn't! His duty to Columbia—the new, strong, pleasant bands which he must break by the plunge. No, let the others save her. Then up came his sister's picture; he wavered; his mother's, his face worked convulsively; his father's, that grand old man, a Columbia graduate himself. What would he do? Evans plunged in.

No one has ever heard the story of that long, hard fight with death; the girl was unconscious, and Evans will not tell. But we do know that it was three minutes before the Columbia man came to the surface; that he plunged down again and stayed beneath the waves for a hundred and twenty more seconds; that the girl was literally wrapped up with ropes when he at last came to the surface; that the hero himself was so utterly exhausted that he was unable to walk, and his nails were almost torn out by the roots. The struggle must have been terrible.

The next morning it was necessary to tie Evans to his bed, so determined was he to run, even in his condition. At last he cooled down somewhat, and about one o'clock he became sane enough to ask for the girl, and to demand that the reports of the meet be brought directly to his bed-side as the events took place. At first the doctor demurred at this, but Fred soon brought him around.

It is needless to describe here how the meet went. In the mile, the second event, Columbia's team-work was broken up by the loss of her best man, and Harvard scored seven points in it, while Columbia only won three. The time was poor, for Morton had not been pushed at all, four minutes, twenty-seven and two-fifths seconds.

Poor Fred kept count of the points, and as the boy came in with the account of the pole-vault, and he saw that his failure to run had resulted in a victory for Harvard by the narrow margin of one point, he uttered one wild, despairing cry.

"O, how can I face the fellows at Morningside?" The grief of the poor fellow was pitiable, and to add to his agony on the next day the yellow journals printed full accounts of his brave deed, and instituted letter writing contests on the question of whether he was right or wrong in placing his duty to mankind before his duty to his college and his fellows. All this was exquisite torture for that high-strung, sensitive fellow, and time and again he reiterated his intention never to see Morningside again.

In vain his companions pleaded with him. His will seem inflexible, and though they called him every thing from a "good fellow" to a—well, a rather uncomplimentary term,—he absolutely refused to yield. When, a week after, the doctor said he was well enough to return to his studies, he went to his own home.

What his father said, or how he accomplished it, is a complete mystery, but at any rate in a week word was received that Evans was coming back to college. It seemed incredible, but it was decided that it must be true, and Fred's father was voted by each fellow to be the best father a fellow ever had—except one. Any one who knew Evans felt that the pater must be a fine man to induce that obstinate but sensitive spirit to yield, and to yield to such humiliating injuries as the boy felt that he must face.

Were he anything else, all who were at all acquainted with Fred knew he would run away and work in the street before giving in.

At any rate, Fred came back, and never had such a reception been seen as was accorded him. The whole college was decorated, all the fraternities held open house, and the streets were thronged. As the train pulled into the station, Fred, despondent and afraid,—afraid of the laughter and scorn which he was about to face, gave a sudden start as he heard the old college yell ring through the air. Why was it? there was no game, nothing of the sort, to-day. Again it rang out and this time,—or did his ears deceive him?—"Evans! Evans! Evans!" was the cry which came at the end of the yell.

The train stopped, and he stepped onto the platform. A score of husky young fellows, among whom he recognized the most prominent men in college, seized him, and commenced to carry him up the main street. What did it mean? Were they going to take their revenge to-night and run him out of the town? Would they tar and feather him? What was going to happen?

Now they reached the Delta Psi House, and in filed a part of the crowd. The tables were set for a big dinner, and they made him sit down at it. O, the rascals! what a terrible torture, to amuse their victim before they slew him. A hatred for Columbia and all within it took possession of the boy's breast. What right had they to do this? He felt he could not stand it much longer, and yet, if he ran, he would be the laughing stock of the university.

Just as he felt that he must do something or burst, a stranger, yet one whose features seemed familiar, arose, and in his hands was a little red box. The stranger began to speak, and Fred realized that he was the one addressed. As if in a dream, he heard the speaker say that, in behalf of the Track Team of Harvard University, he presented Mr. Evans with this medal, and then the Harvard captain, for it was no

one else, stepped forward and gave him the box. He opened it, saw a gold medal inside, a replica of those awarded to winners of races in the meet. Slowly a recognition of the meaning of the gathering came over him, and it overwhelmed him. He tried to speak, he attempted in vain to utter his thanks, when the Columbia captain called for "a cheer for Evans." Then Fred almost broke down.

With the tact natural to some, the Harvard captain led the way from the hall, and left with Evans only his most intimate friends. The boy could scarcely control his feelings. Again he tried to speak, but he seemed to have lost control of his vocal organs. Finally he blurted out, "Let's go to my room." Warning the

crowd aside, they led him gently, almost tenderly, to the room where he had spent so many weary hours before he had suddenly sprung into the lime-light of fame. A realization of the change in his condition swept over him, of a sudden he became a man, and though he burst into tears, they were the tears of a man, not of a boy. And there his friends left him, lying full length on his bed, sobbing; and as they tip-toed out, one said, "Now I'm glad we lost the meet. This is worth it," and it was the Columbia captain, who had labored for four long weary years to win the trophy. And the college assented, when they found the true Fred Evans.

W. A. C.

HISTORY OF THE REGISTER

IN September of the year 1881 the first number of the REGISTER was published. It was favorably received on all sides, and the Boston newspapers heartily welcomed the new-comer. The paper consisted of four pages, and the contents were principally small paragraphs about happenings around the school, together with accounts of doings at the English High School and the larger colleges, although, to be sure, an excellent metrical parody on the *Aeneid* appeared in this number.

Eight papers had been published by the Latin School boys before this. They were, to copy from No. 1 of Volume XXIII. :—

The Literary Journal, 1829.

The Rising Sun, 1845.

The Gleaner, 1845.

The Bedford Street Budget, 1846-48.

The Rivulet, 1846-48.

The Juvenile Gazette, 1848.

The Streamlet, 1848.

The Satchel, 1866.

Nothing daunted by this long list of failures, in 1881, as we have already said, several Boston Latin School boys, headed by J. H. Payne, established the REGISTER. Their purpose was to "edit a paper that will both benefit and amuse, that will bring the boys into closer relationship, and make them realize that they are in common the children of the oldest, grandest, and most renowned school in the world." Mr. Frye, the present State Adjutant-General, was military editor of this volume.

In the fall of 1882 Mr. Hamilton took charge of the paper as editor-in-chief, and Mr. Lewis, now Professor of Music in Tufts College, became business manager. They enlarged the size of the pages, at the same time reducing the subscription price from seventy-five to fifty cents. The general character of the paper was the same as before.

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W. P. Henderson, at present a master of the school, was the next editor-in-chief, while H. H. Turner was business manager. W. K. Norton, now a master also, and John F. Fitzgerald, the present mayor, were also members of this staff.

For 1884-85, S. R. Dunham was made editor-in-chief, but he resigned to take the position of assistant because of ill-health. L. S. Griswold succeeded him, and F. F. Cutler became business manager. The form and contents of the REGISTER still remained unchanged.

During the next year H. E. Burton, now Professor of Latin at Dartmouth, was editor-in-chief, while C. H. Taylor, now one of the proprietors of the *Boston Globe*, looked out for the financial side. He, however, did not have quite enough work to do, for we are told that the receipts for 1885-86 fell short of the expenses.

During the year of 1886-87 A. S. Hayes was editor-in-chief and C. T. Donnelly, business manager. They enlarged the paper by two pages, only to see it become a thriving little journal of eight pages under the guidance of Elias Grossman and C. A. Reed. S. P. R. Chadwick, son of our senior Latin instructor, was a member of the staff for this year.

Volume VIII. was the first volume of the REGISTER which bore the slightest resemblance to the paper as we know it now. Now, for the first time, it appeared in pamphlet form, and had more of a literary character than its predecessors. It was of sixteen pages, including the cover. F. G. Jackson was editor-in-chief, and W. H. Furber was business manager.

In 1889-90, little change was made, E. W. Capen was editor-in-chief, and L. F. Foss, business manager. In the next year, short stories were in evidence for the first time. The editor-in-chief was E. A. Bald-

win, and F. S. Frisbee was business manager.

In 1891-92, H. W. Prescott was editor-in-chief, and W. A. Wood, business manager, while in 1892-93, E. E. Southard and A. W. Hoitt occupied those positions. During these years the general characteristics remained unchanged. In 1893-94, under P. A. H. Van Daell and R. L. Chipman, the advance towards the literary paper was cleanly marked, and in volume XIV. "cuts" galore, a serial story, and many short stories appeared. The transition in regard to reading matter, except for editorials, had been practically completed.

In 1895-96, H. L. Seaver, now instructor in English in the Institute of Technology, was editor-in-chief, and C. C. Miller, business manager. In 1896-97 the editor-in-chief was Joseph O'Gorman, and the business manager, David Daley. No change appeared, though the tendency to shorten or omit news items and insert stories seemed strong. The essay, the stronghold of editors of a few years previous, had now almost completely disappeared.

In 1897-98, H. A. Noon was editor-in-chief, while the business manager was R. B. Whitney; in 1898-99, J. R. Clapp and A. J. Copp filled these positions, and in 1899-1900, J. W. Harrison was editor-in-chief, and Vincent O'Gorman, brother of the editors-in-chief for 1896-97 and 1906-07, was business manager. No change in substance appeared, but constant changes in form and "make-up" were evident.

In 1900-01, many great changes were made. In the first place, editors from Class II. were now chosen for the first time. In January, the paper was enlarged, both in size and number of pages, while in March of the same year, the system of

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double-column headings was adopted. This was the first issue of the REGISTER as we know it now. The editor-in-chief was J. N. Clark, the business manager, Curtis Lublin.

Since then, no great change has been made, and we shall simply name the editors-in-chief and business managers.

1901-02. Editor-in-chief, H. A. Bellows; business manager, T. F. Jones.

1902-03. Editor-in-chief, E. E. House; business manager, F. D. Littlefield.

1903-04. Editor-in-chief, Guy Emerson; business manager, T. B. Coolidge.

1904-05. Editor-in-chief, R. T. Pearl; business manager, M. S. Green.

1905-06. Editor-in-chief, W. A. Corley; business manager, S. B. Finkel.

D E S A N C T O

“**W**E have a nasty job ahead of us,” remarked the E. I. C. thoughtfully, as he walked up the corridor with the B. M. one afternoon in the middle of June.

“What’s the answer?” inquired the B. M., who was less careful of his English than was his esteemed chief.

“You know-er-the Ourang-Outang has got to be told about next year’s staff. He will never be able to get along with the new crowd, — he told me himself that the two 1907 kids gave him the ear-ache, and when he meets a whole crowd of such persons, I am sure I do not know what he will do.”

“He may get ugly,” said the B. M.; “the spring weather has been getting on his nerves lately, and he is irritable as the deuce. The other day he threw the staff dictionary at my head just because I remarked that it was a fine day for the race. I don’t see anything to get mad about in that. He didn’t give me a chance to say ‘human,’ either.”

The E. I. C. regarded the B. M. pityingly for a moment, but refrained from making any remarks lest the B. M. should refuse to aid him in bearding the Ourang-Outang in his den. Besides, the B. M. had the key to the cash-drawer. So they entered the Sanctum to-

gether, the E. I. C. doing some heavy thinking (!) as to how he could break the news most gently.

“Why, old ‘Rang-tang’ is not here,” exclaimed the B. M., gazing round the room.

“Huh? Oh! he’ll show up — I mean appear — shortly,” said the E. I. C., “but how in the name of Sneezer’s ghost I am going to tell him so that he will not get up and break things is more than I know. I might get one of the other members of the staff to do it, but — well, they’re almost human at times, and I hate to try it.”

“Cheer up. You won’t have to speak to him to-day, at any rate,” said the B. M., unlocking the drawers in the desk. “Tell you what you can do, though. Just stop a moment and kindly inform me how it happens that I have only fourteen forty-six in the cash box and a balance of thirty-two thirty-two on the books. If you can’t tell me how it happens, perhaps you can tell me how to fix it up.”

“Ask me something hard,” said the E. I. C. grandly, as he walked over to the desk. Seizing a pen, he scrawled, “Expenses, seventeen eighty-six” on the debit side of the ledger, drew a line under it, added it to the other total, and behold! the books balanced perfectly.

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“Two dollars,” he remarked, briskly. “If you had hired a lawyer it would have cost you five.”

The B. M. groaned, abstracted two silver dollars from the cash-box, made another entry, “Expenses, two dollars,” and then began to lock up lest anything else should disappear.

“No use. Nothing doing to-day. Guess you will have to wait till to-morrow,” said the B. M., suppressing a mighty yawn, and carefully trying all the drawers.

“I am perfectly willing,” replied the E. I. C., banging the inkstand down on a pile of “copy,” liberally sprinkling the whole pile in the operation, “come on.”

They got their hats and left the Sanctum, heard the fire-engines coming up Warren avenue, and made a sudden dash for the street, where they held the usual review. After the engines had passed they started up Warren avenue toward Dartmouth street, talking listlessly about that day’s happenings in school. As they reached the corner the E. I. C. turned and surveyed the farm to see—er—how the

plants were growing, of course; what else?

Suddenly he stopped, looked fixedly at the centre of the lot, squinted, and silently motioned the B. M. to look. There was the Ourang-Outang. But what a change. No longer was he the gentle animal of leisure, getting into a fight occasionally to keep in condition. He was now a common laborer, digging away with hoe and spade while a fair would-be school-m’am directed his efforts.

He stopped a moment to wipe the sweat from his brow with his tail and caught sight of his former associates.

“Hello,” he said, grinning cheerfully, “I’ve got a new job. No more REGISTER for me. I overheard the talk about a new staff, and I looked over the staff, then I thought I would get out before I was arrested for cruelty to dumb animals. So long, Mary.”

The E. I. C. looked at the B. M. and the B. M. looked at the E. I. C., then they both went their ways softly humming that classical ballad, “Everybody Works My Father.”

C. J. G., '06.

T E N N E I S

THE 1906 tennis team maintained the high standard set by their predecessors when they won the championship of the Boston Interscholastic Tennis League for the second year in succession.

With two victories to their credit, the team won their way into the finals by defeating the Newton High, 3-2, as Sweetser won his singles against the runner-up in the Harvard Interscholastic, and with Adams won the doubles. Daly lost in the singles and Adams, by a necessary default, met his first defeat in two years.

The championship now rested between the Latin School and the English High, but we were much too strong for them, and, though one of our men did not play, we won the match, 3-2, and with it the championship.

Covill (E. H. S.) defeated Adams, 6-4, 6-2.

Daly (B. L. S.) defeated Kennedy, 6-2, 6-2.

Devlin (E. H. S.) defeated Crane, 6-3, 7-5.

Adams and Daly (B. L. S.) defeated Covill and Devlin, 8-6, 6-1.

Sweetser, Adams, Daly and Crane received their letters in tennis, which are now among the best the school offers, as the tennis team won in 1904 first and second and point championships in the Harvard Interscholastic; in 1905, the singles and doubles and league championships, and this year the league championship again, while next year seems to be even more promising.

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B A S E - B A L L

B. L. S., 10. MARLBORO H. S., 2.

ON Saturday, May 19, the Latin School beat the Marlboro High, 10 to 2. Greene pitched for five innings, when Reardon relieved him, though at no time was Marlboro in the least dangerous.

Kane and Flaherty played well for Marlboro, while Kennedy and Fish excelled for Latin School.

The score :

	H	A	E		
B. L. S.	0	0	0	4	15
M. H. S.	0	0	0	1	2
				10	9
				15	2

Two base hits: Fish, Kennedy (2), Doherty, Drummy. First on balls: off Frye, 2; off Greene, 2; off Reardon, 1. Struck out: by Frye, 1; by Greene, 3; by Reardon, 1. Hit by pitched ball: Sheehan, Sweetser. Time: 1 hour, 50 minutes. Umpire: Regan.

After the game the B. L. S. team was entertained by relatives of Greene.

B. L. S., 13. M. A. H. S., 8.

On Monday, May 21, B. L. S. won her first league game, beating the Mechanic Arts High School by a score of 13 to 8.

Mechanics started off with four runs in the first inning, but Latin School tied the score in the second. After that Latin School failed to score only in the seventh inning, while Mechanics got four more runs in the eighth on loose playing by B. L. S. This was not, however, enough to overcome Latin School's lead.

The score :

	H	A	E		
B. L. S.	0	4	1	3	2
M. A. H. S.	4	0	0	0	0
				0	0
				13	13
				14	5
				8	7
				14	4

Two base hits: Graham, Sheehan. Three base hit: Sweetser. Home run: Regan. First on balls: off Reardon 2; off Hoey, 3. Struck out: by Reardon, 3; by Hoey, 3. Double play: Regan to Fish. Time: 1 hour, 35 minutes. Umpire: Murphy.

B. L. S., 8. NORWOOD H. S. 7.

On May 30 the Latin School beat the Norwood High, 8 to 7. Norwood held the lead up to the seventh inning, when the Latin School rallied and scored five runs. Norwood made a hard try for the game in the ninth and scored a run, but Reardon, Sheehan, and Kennedy pulled off a lightning double-play, retiring the side, and winning the game for us.

Corbett and Coleman played well for Norwood High, while Reardon and Doherty showed up for Latin School. Sheehan also played well, despite his playing a position new to him.

The score :

	H	A	E		
B. L. S.	0	0	0	3	5
N. H. S.	1	0	0	2	1
				2	0
				1-7	11
				8	13
				14	7
				10	3

Two base hits: Corbett, Reardon, Doherty, Kennedy. Three base hit: Mansfield. Home run: Sheehan. First base on balls: off Greene, 2; off Coleman, 1. Struck out: by Greene, 3; by Coleman, 10. Double plays: Regan to Reardon, Reardon to Sheehan to Kennedy. Time: 1 hour, 45 minutes. Umpire: Riddle.

Captain Woodward of the South Boston High was appointed lieutenant-colonel of the newly-organized Fourth Regiment. He was the first to hold the position.

Kullberg, '05, now of Dartmouth, qualified for the finals of the 220-yard hurdles in the New England intercollegiate meet.

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C R E W

NEVER has a Latin School team fought under such a disadvantage as did this year's crew, and more credit is due them, though they lost the race, than to many a team which has made a far better record. With three veterans of last year's crew, which was second in the finals, a coxswain of long experience, and a man who had had a year's experience on the second crew, besides much promising new material, it seemed impossible that we should not do at least as well as last year.

Our good luck was wholly at the first part of the season, however. Cleary and Amadon were forced to drop rowing early, and, though greatly weakened by their loss, nevertheless the crew rapidly developed and was considered by all to be a dangerous competitor. Our hopes were in vain, however, for, the day before the race, Flynn's knee gave out, and the crew

which bore the Latin School colors on May 29 had never rowed together before.

The Latin School rowed against De Meritte and the Roxbury Latin. Though last from the very start, but half a length separated her from the leader, and she held this position until the three-quarter mark had been passed. Here our fellows were unable to answer the spurt of the other two boats, and despite their efforts, were a length and a half behind at the finish. The crew rowed: Jowett, stroke; Ryder, 3; Keenan, 2; Captain Nay, bow; Daly, coxswain.

The loss of Keenan, who took Flynn's place on the first, necessitated the withdrawal of our second crew from the race.

Captain Nay, Jowett, and Daly are on the All-Interscholastic, Nay at bow, Jowett at seven, and Daly is coxswain.

T R A C K

ON Saturday, May 19, the Latin School track team defeated the Mechanic Arts in a dual meet, 37 to 35. In the dashes and jumps, B. L. S. had by far the best of it, but in the other events the Mechanic Arts men showed their superiority. In the eight events B. L. S. won four firsts, and in the high jump Sweetser and Adams tied with Malloy of M. A. H. S. for first place.

Our chief point-winners were Burns, 11, Sweetser, 7, and Cowan and Adams, 6 each, while Barnes of M. A. H. S. scored 8 and

Malloy, 6. Three B. L. S. records were broken; Burns lowered Kullberg's mark of 11 seconds in the 100 to 10 2-5 seconds, Cowan broke his own record in the broad jump by over a foot, doing 20 ft., 4 in., and Stanton set a record of 5 minutes, 12 2-5 seconds in the mile. Burns, also, broke the broad jump record, with a leap of 19 ft., 10 1-2 inches, while for some ten minutes Sweetser and Burns were the joint holders of a record of 10 4-5 seconds in the 100.

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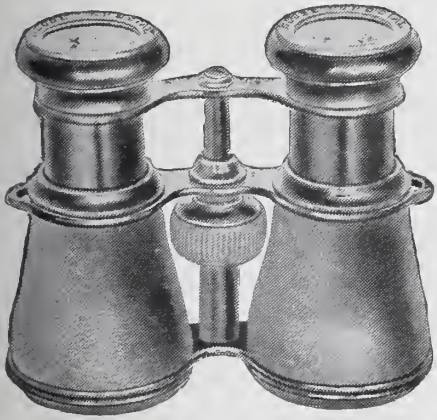
S C H O O L R E C O R D S

EVENT	MADE BY	YEAR	TIME
INDOOR			
30 Yards Dash	Kullberg, '05	1905	3 3-5 s.
30 Yards Hurdles	Fisher, '04	1904	4 s.
300 Yards Run	Burns, '09	1906	39 3-5 s.
600 Yards Run	Cowan, '06	1906	1 m. 29 s.
1000 Yards Run	Lincoln, '96	1896	2 m. 32 2-5 s.
One Mile Run	Nay, '06	1906	5 m. 35 2-5 s.
Running High Jump	Whorf, '01 ; O'Riorden, '01	1901	5 ft., 3 in.
Shot Put	Flynn, '09	1906	36 ft., 10 1-2 in.
Pole Vault	Marion, '04	1904	8 ft., 2 in.
OUTDOOR			
100 Yards Dash	Burns, '09	1906	10 2-5 s.
220 Yards Dash	Kullberg, '05	1905	24 3-5 s.
220 Yards Hurdles	Kullberg, '05	1905	26 3-5 s.
440 Yards Run	Atkins, '05	1905	56 3-5 s.
880 Yards Run	Regan, '06	1905	2 m., 13 2-5 s.
One Mile Run	Stanton, '08	1906	5 m., 12 2-5 s.
Broad Jump	Cowan, '06	1906	20 ft., 4 in.

These outdoor records are correct only to June 1, 1906.

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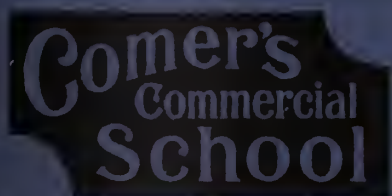
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