

L A T I N

S C H O O L

R E G I S T E R



Volume XXVIII

May, 1909

NEW YORK STUDIOS

1177 Broadway Near 28th St. 158 West 125th Street 522 Fulton St. Brooklyn

Otto Sarony Co.

Photographers

146 Tremont Street, Boston

Photographers for the Class of 1909, Boston Latin School.

TELEPHONE CONNECTION



College Clothes

With just the dash and go desired by the best dressed young men. Original Youths' Styles, made up in our own shops.

Al Shuman Co.
Boston
Shuman Corner

Dancing School

Mr. and Mrs.

HARRY E. MUNROE

Lithgow Hall Codman Hall

Beginners' Class, Tuesday Evenings

Advanced Class, Thursday Evenings

WINTHRÖP HALL

Upham's Corner

Beginners' and Advanced Class

Friday Evenings

Mr. Munroe is the recognized teacher of Latin and High School Pupils

If You Don't Get

PROMOTED

OR PASS

Your Examinations

TUTOR!

Phone Me—Brighton 219-1

W. H. BONELLI

B. L. S. '96 HARVARD '00

1287 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston

TAKE AUBURNDALE CAR

HARVARD DENTAL SCHOOL

A Department of Harvard University

A graduate of the four-year course in this school admitted without examinations

Unusual facilities for practical work. A three years' course, leading to the degree, Doctor, Dental Medicine. New buildings. Modern equipment. Large clinic. Write for Catalogue.

EUGENE H. SMITH, D.M.D., Dean

283 Dartmouth Street, Boston, Mass.

Boston Latin School REGISTER

CONTENTS FOR MAY

1. THE ADVENTURES OF JOHN SOUTHBY	Page 3
2. 'TIS SPRING	8
3. EDITORIAL	9
4. GOOD HEALTH FOR BOYS ...	10
5. SCHOOL NOTES	11
6. THE CIRCUS HERO	13
7. ATHLETICS	14
8. PRIZE DRILL	15

Advertisements

Tufts College Medical School Tufts College Dental School

Offers a four years' graded course, including all branches of Scientific and Practical Medicine. The Laboratories are extensive and fully equipped. Clinical instruction is given in the various hospitals of Boston, which affords facilities only to be found in a large city.

Three year graded courses covering all branches of Denistry... Laboratory and scientific courses given in connection with the Medical School... Clinical facilities unsurpassed, 30,000 treatments being made annually in the infirmary.

The diploma of the Boston Latin School is accepted in lieu of entrance examinations. For further information or for a catalog, apply to FREDERIC M. BRIGGS, M. D., Secretary, Tufts College Medical and Dental School, 416 Huntington Avenue, Boston, Mass.

CHAMBERLAIN'S PANAMAS



5.00
AND
7.00

STRAWS, \$2.00 and \$3.00

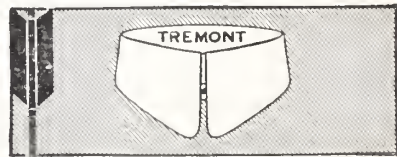
TWO STORES

637 Washington Street, CORNER OF Boylston Street
659 Washington Street, UNDER THE Gaiety Theatre

I. B. ARONSON

Up-to-Date
TAILOR

339 Washington Street
Room 5, Boston, Mass.



"TREMONT"
The style of the season
—it's an
ARROW
COLLAR

15 cents each — 2 for 25 cents
Cluett, Peabody & Company, Makers



Prizes

IN
CUPS, MEDALS,
STEINS AND
Trophy Shields

Manufacturers of
SCHOOL ...
... COLLEGE
... FRATERNITY ...

.. PINS ..
Maker of Boston Latin
08-09 Pins

Wm. C. Dorrety 387 Washington Street, Boston

THE ADVENTURES OF JOHN SOUTHBY

CHAPTER. I.

John and William Southby were sons of rich parents. They were as different in character as any two brothers one could possibly imagine. Each was equally supplied with pocket money; John spent his as soon as he got it and had a glorious time; William put his in a savings bank and stayed at home reading. Just previous to the time they entered college, William had unexpectedly developed a remarkable athletic ability. His performances at short dashes during his last year at high school were remarkable and he was hailed by track prophets as a future record breaker.

They graduated from high school, William with high honors. Strangely enough, both selected the same college, Osborn University. Here began John's downfall and here likewise began William's rise to scholarly pre-eminence. John "got in" with a crowd of young men of his own calibre and led a riotous life. Theatres, dances, cards every night in the week, for two solid years. It took little persuasion on the part of one of his boon companions to tempt him, one cold winter night, to stop in at a saloon while returning from a dance and taste a little whiskey. It tasted so good that he repeated the experiment the next evening, and by the time his third year in college expired, he had become an habitual drunkard.

It chanced during the spring of this last year of college life that a dual track meet was held between Osborn and Fenton Colleges. With a great deal of hard work, the manager of the track team

finally persuaded William to give up some of his study time and go into training for the meet. He had come from the same preparatory school as John and William and therefore knew something of William's ability as an athlete. At the meet, "the hundred" which generally is run off first was shifted to the last event on the program. The meet was very close and when it came time for "the hundred," the score stood just as Osborn men had figured, 36 to 36. The hundred yards was to be the deciding event. In one of the prettiest races ever witnessed on the track, "Bill" Southby won the meet for Osborn, clipping a fifth of a second from the intercollegiate record.

For almost the first time in his life, John's heart felt a flutter of ambition. If he could only do something like that for Osborn. How he envied the gold medal that William showed him that night in his room.

"I wish I had something like that to show," John said, gloomily. He then left the room.

"Going to some spree somewhere, I supposed," mused Bill.

The next day Bill had occasion to borrow a book from John whose room was directly opposite his. He crossed the hall and rapped on the door. No answer. He rapped again. Still no answer. He turned the door knob and was surprised to find the door open. He walked in and looked around the room. It was empty. This was strange indeed. He made anxious inquiries throughout the college among those whom he knew to be John's most frequent companions,

4 *Boston Latin School Register*

but could learn nothing. After two months of vain inquiry, he gave up and admitted to his parents, who had wondered at receiving no communication from John, that John had disappeared.

CHAPTER II.

It was a glorious afternoon in spring, one of those that make a man feel glad he is alive. The long rays of the declining sun, sifting through the breeze tossed leaves of the broad elms, cast their playful shadows upon a well-kept, mossy, lawn, which fronted the little railroad station of the town of Lanning. The afternoon train from the city was due and the small platform was dotted with people awaiting friends. The train steamed in slowly, came to a stop, and started unloading passengers and baggage. For a few minutes all was bustle and excitement. Then the conductor signaled to the engineer, the fireman pulled the bell-rope, and with a few angry snorts, the engine rolled on, pulling behind it its carloads of human freight.

The station became deserted in a few moments, with the exception of one man. He was very thin, with a rather refined though worn face. He advanced and stopping the station master, asked where he could find a boarding-house. Following the station master's instructions he arrived at a cozy little cottage on a quiet street. The door was opened by a quaint little lady who asked him to step inside. He handed her a card, which bore the name of "Mr. John Barstow." He was ushered into a small waiting room and invited to take a seat.

His thoughts were interrupted by the appearance of the lady of the house. She was a tall, beautiful woman, probably

not more than twenty-eight years of age, with jet black hair, large, kindly eyes, and altogether strikingly attractive.

He told her briefly that he wanted board and lodging: but that he was unable to pay excessive prices. She assured him that she could show him a room at moderate prices, which would be exactly what he wanted.

"Mary," said the lady, "please show the gentleman to the room on the second floor,—the one facing the garden."

On the second floor, the maid showed him a room, nicely furnished, overlooking a pretty little garden, full of beautiful spring flowers. After a short examination, he returned and announced himself as very much pleased with the room.

The financial part of the deal concluded, he hastened to his room, put on a clean collar, brushed his hair, and came down to a very inviting supper.

Supper done, he excused himself and went out to buy a newspaper. Returning to the house, he went directly to his room, lit the lamp and started to read the paper.

In one of the middle sheets, down in one corner, he came across a notice which, for a moment, startled him. But after finishing the reading of it he smiled bitterly.

On the next page in one column was a short list of "positions for young men." He scanned the column eagerly and since no one seemed any better than any other he resolved to try his luck at each of the places advertised.

There were few people about, and he wandered around waiting for the factory to open which he had decided to visit first. Promptly at 7 o'clock, he presented himself at the office of the manager. The offices of the factory stood

about 50 rods from the factories themselves. He was informed that the manager would not arrive till 8 o'clock.

He waited and, at 8 o'clock the manager, had a long talk, and, at nine, was employed as a clerk in the managing office.

CHAPTER III.

All went well with Barstow for a few months after his employment as manager's clerk. But soon a craving for liquor seized him and he was unable to withstand the temptation.

After the first drink he relapsed into constant drinking habits, and he fell in with a crowd of ruffians, and his midnight revelries defy description. All his salary was spent on liquor and gambling.

Naturally his employer began to suspect that something was wrong. A careless attitude toward business on Barstow's part where formerly strict attention had existed, put him on guard and he decided to examine the results of his clerk's labors, but he said nothing.

His landlady, Mrs. Jameson, was very lenient with him. But patience will not endure forever, and although she was long suffering yet she can hardly be blamed when, after a period of ten weeks had elapsed and no payments had been forthcoming, she told him gently but firmly that he must leave.

The very next day, the manager of the firm satisfied that there was to be no change in his conduct, and having perceived through careful observation that his work had so deteriorated as to be an obstacle to his business, discharged him.

Now, indeed, he was in a pretty fix. Those with whom he had associated in his revelries refused to have anything to

do with him. He wandered aimlessly about for over a week, sleeping in barns, empty houses, or even in the public parks. He was forced to beg his food. Sometimes, however, he got an odd job at a farmhouse, doing chores for which he was rewarded with a square meal.

Drinking and card playing were the nightly program. But now he began to drink much more heavily than ever before; so heavily in fact, that he frequently became subject to fits of insanity.

One morning after one of these insane revels he appeared at work dressed in a new brown suit. The next morning he did not appear at work. His employer thought that possibly he was ill, but when several days passed and he did not put in an appearance, he called at Barstow's house but was informed that he had not been seen for over a week. He now informed the police of the strange disappearance, and they inserted a notice in the newspapers.

CHAPTER IV.

The streets in that section were very little frequented, and accordingly Barstow was very much startled on that particular evening before his mysterious disappearance, when someone accosted him with,

"Hello Jack! how are ye?"

Barstow grasped the extended hand, but it took him almost a minute to recognize the face of one of his boyhood friends.

"Hello Ed!" he answered, "I'm pretty well, thanks. I didn't know you at first it's so long since I saw you last."

"Are you in a hurry?" asked Ed, whose principal business seemed to be to ask questions.

"No, not especially."

6 *Boston Latin School Register*

"All right, I'm game."

"Well, what do you say to a drink?"

They strode off arm in arm to the nearest saloon. There, seated at a table talking over old times, they swallowed glassful after glassful, and, becoming overheated, they quarrelled over some school-boy story which one was relating. Finally they grew so boisterous that the proprietor and his assistant lifted them bodily out of the establishment. They continued their quarrel in the street and at last Ed lost his temper and, striking Barstow a stunning blow on the temple, felled him into the gutter. Then, fearing that he had killed him, he took to his heels as fast as he could. A street urchin, passing by and observing the unconscious form, searched the pockets and relieved John of what little was left of his week's salary.

When he awoke from his stupor, he was unable to comprehend what had transpired, but from the pain in his head had a vague idea that he had been struck. He got to his feet as best he could, and wobbled along in the gutter for a short distance. Then he crossed the street and stumbled on through an open field, in one corner of which were some railroad tracks. Stumbling blindly along, he bumped squarely into one of the cars and for a moment, he stood still, dazed. Then, with much awkward struggling over into a corner, and, throwing himself into a pile of rubbish and straw, fell into a sound sleep.

When next he awoke he gazed through the open door upon an unknown landscape. He arose, and, going to the door, found himself in an isolated freight car in the middle of a prairie; the nearest approach to civilization that he could behold was what looked like a town, per-

haps three miles distant. Getting down out of the car he started to walk to the town. It took him nearly an hour and a half to walk a little over three miles. He felt very weak in the knees and his head pained him. Arriving in the town he was amazed at the strangeness of everything and everybody. Inquiring the name of the place he was surprised to discover that he was among total strangers. He begged his way for a few days; but one night, entering a saloon where a real wild-west game of poker was going on he borrowed some chips from one of the players and resolved to try his luck. He played until late in the night and when he arose from the table, he had gained \$100 and a few cowboy friends.

He now started life in real cowboy fashion. He got along famously with most of the cowboys and always won at the game. He lived thus for ten long years and amassed a considerable fortune. But after this long lapse Barstow's luck began to wane. He lost steadily but figured that he could afford it, and so kept on playing.

He was always rash in his betting and often he was so badly under the influence of liquor that he could barely see the cards. Within one year of the time when he began to lose, his fortune had dwindled down to almost nothing. Finally, one night, driven to desperation, he started cheating. He covered it up nicely at first but the third time he tried it he was caught and at the point of several pistols he gave up all his money (with the exception of enough to carry him out of the town a good distance).

He took the train "eastward" as the station agent told him, now thoroughly disgusted with life. He firmly resolved

that wherever he arrived he would no longer live honestly but would live by foul means.

His money did not hold out and for days he tramped the railroad. At last he arrived in his old town of Lanning. He wandered around for a few nights staying indoors day times on account of his cowboy uniform. At length he hit upon a house which he decided to break into. So the next night with no tools, except his bowie knife and six shooter, he started from the barn where he had been sleeping daytimes since his arrival in the city, at about 7 o'clock in the evening. It was snowing hard and had been snowing for some time. He reached Frankville, where the house was situated, at about 8 o'clock.

The snow was quite deep and very few people were to be seen. A little girl tripped across the street through the snow and entered a drug store. He glanced at her and was looking away again when something in the face caught his eye. He looked again at the face which now seemed very familiar.

As she came out he remarked:

"Rather wet for you to be out, little girl, isn't it?"

"Oh no," she replied in a voice that startled him, "I live right near here, and Mary,—she's our girl you know,—sent me to buy some chocolate so's she could make me some fudge."

"Well," he said, "better look out crossin' them tracks."

"Oh I'll be all right."

She started out and got half way across the street, when a fire engine bell rang and round the corner at full speed came the plunging horses. Quick as a flash Barstow leaped into the street seized the child and hastened back with

her. His foot slipped near the curbstone and, just barely clearing the horses hoofs; he fell and struck his head against the curbing. The child was uninjured.

Tying a dirty handkerchief around his head he said good-bye to the child and left her. Returning home, the child told her tale in an excited voice, praising "the man with the funny clothes" who had saved her.

Barstow wandered around until midnight and then, coming through a quiet street, he stopped before the beautiful mansion. All was silent as death. Mounting the piazza, he snapped the lock with his bowie knife, and was inside the house almost in the time it takes to tell it.

This was the first experiment in burglary, and now he stopped in fear, listening. After a few moments he advanced cautiously. In the dark, he bumped against a table; his heart thumped violently, but no fatal result was forthcoming.

He turned on the electric lamp on the table, disclosing a beautifully furnished room. On the table he described something that looked like gold.

"Ah," he cried hoarsely, "I can melt that down and sell it."

He took it off the mantle and brought it nearer the table. It proved to be a gold medal in a gold frame.

On the medal were these words: "Osborn vs. Fenton, 100 yard dash. First prize William Southby. Time, 9 3-5 seconds. April 11, 1888."

With a sharp cry, he dropped the medal upon the floor, where it bounded and rebounded making a loud clatter. Almost at the instant he dropped the medal, his eye fell upon two portraits side by side on the table. One was the

picture of a tall, stalwart man in athlete's garb; the other, of a very beautiful woman.

Hardly had the medal struck the floor, when a pistol shot rang out, and he fell to the floor with a loud groan.

The man who had fired the pistol hastened down the stairs, and turning on the lights, rushed to the body and rolled it over.

He started back in horror. The body on the floor was that of John Southby, his brother.

CHAPTER VI.

"Say mamma," remarked little Nellie, one morning about a week later, to her mother who was preparing breakfast.

"Yes dear," answered "mamma."

"You know the man upstairs?"

"Yes dear."

"I mean the one that's sick. You know him?"

"Yes, why?"

"Well, you know how I nearly got run over, one night?"

"Yes, what about it?" queried the mother now thoroughly interested.

"Well, I think that man upstairs is the one that saved me."

"Why, child, you must be dreaming. What makes you think that?" asked the mother, feigning a matter-of-fact air.

"Well, I saw those funny clothes he

wore hanging out on the clothes-line in the yard today. And so they must be his, 'cause no one else ever wore such funny clothes."

Realizing that the child must be right, the mother clasped her to her bosom, sobbing quietly. To think that her child had been so near death, and had been saved by a man whom the rest of the world considered worthless. She kissed the child and setting her on the floor, said:

"There, child, run and call papa to breakfast."

* * * *

Seven months later, John Southby, fully recovered, takes his place as a junior partner to his younger brother, in the firm of "Southby Bros."

Under the careful guidance of Mrs. Southby as nurse, and Nellie as play-mate, he had recovered quickly. Nellie is his pet and she never tires of sitting on his knee and listening to his stories of the wild and woolly west.

Before he left his bed, he solemnly promised Mrs. Southby, and later swore to his brother, that he would never again touch a drop of liquor; and it is safe to say that he will not break his promise. Card playing he now abhors; and it is only with difficulty that he is persuaded to join in a friendly game of whist.

T. J. F. '09.

'TIS SPRING!

A blaze of limpid air is Day;
And soft the breath of breezes blows,
While birds on brown and dancing spray,
That freshly budding grows,
So loud, so gay, and sweet they sing;
They seem to say, "'Tis Spring! 'Tis
Spring!"

The fields and leas, once darkish ground,
Which bare of herbs have been,
Are now recovered all around
With turf of smiling green;
And so enraptures everything
That in the heart we feel, "'Tis
Spring!"

A.L. '12.

Boston Latin School Register

VOLUME XXVIII,

MAY, 1909

No. 9

GEORGE H. GIFFORD Editor-in-Chief
HAMILTON V. BAIL Business Manager
ELI C. ROMBERG Assistant Business Manager
H. B. MERRICK }
J. J. MCGINLEY } Editors
R. G. WILSON }
R. B. LIBBY } Associate Editors

Terms:—Fifty cents per year; by mail, sixty cents. Single copies, ten cents. Advertising rates on application.

Contributions are solicited from undergraduates.

All contributions must be plainly, neatly, and correctly written, and on one side only of the paper. Contributions will be accepted wholly with regard to the needs of the paper and the merits of the manuscript.

Published by the STUDENTS OF THE BOSTON LATIN SCHOOL, Warren Avenue, Boston, Mass.

Entered at the Boston Post Office as second-class matter.

The Sunday editor of the *Herald* recently conceived the idea of devoting a page to the school papers of greater Boston, giving pictures of the editors, facsimiles of cover designs, and descriptions of the various papers and their objects. The REGISTER, among others, was asked to furnish material. With the exception of one too emphatic statement, the *Herald's* account left nothing to be desired, and we are much obliged to it for its kind notice of us.

In one respect, however, the *Herald's* article gives the reader a wrong impression, for it gives to the Dorchester High School the honor of having the oldest school paper in Boston. We believe that our claim to such distinction is better than theirs.

The Dorchester *Item* claims 1851 as its birth-year. Yet, according to the *Herald's* account, the paper published in that year, called the *Shrine*, had only a brief career, while the present *Item* has been in continuous existence only since 1902.

The *Register* was founded in 1881, and

since then it has had an uninterrupted existence. This was the earliest date which the editor claimed for the paper in his letter to the *Herald*. But if as the *Item* has done, we had taken as the date of the foundation of our paper the year when the first Latin School paper was published, regardless of name and continuity of existence, we should have gone back as far as 1829.

Thus we may make a double claim for our paper. It is both the oldest in Boston, and the one that has been longest in continuous existence.

There is in the school library a bound volume of the "Literary Journal," which was published weekly by the boys of the Latin School from May 9 to August 8, 1829 (school kept during the summer in those days). It is very interesting to look over this old school paper. Its literary articles compare very favorably with ours, and in one respect at least it is our superior. Every week there was nearly a page of poetry, school-boy poetry of course, but very creditable.

GOOD HEALTH FOR BOYS

Upon a day set apart for the consideration of good health, it would be well for us to meditate upon what has been the attitude of other peoples and what our attitude ought to be toward this subject.

It is well known that *all* the ancient Greeks spent a portion of their day in exercise; *all* took some part in athletic contests, or training of some kind. The time thus allotted was generally in the morning, after a light breakfast, before the hearty meal of the day. They then turned their attention to their several duties. As a result of their action they became a strong, healthy race. The Athenians most happily blended their exercise with their study, and were enabled to produce some of the greatest workers of all times. The Spartans were inclined to devote more of their attention and time to exercise than was necessary, thereby neglecting the training of their mental faculties.

It is absolutely necessary to have a healthy body in which to carry a well-developed mind. Nearer a fool than a wise man is he who neglects his body for his brain; for what good is a marvelous intellect if it has no fit receptacle in which it may be carried? Why should a man devote all his attention to acquiring knowledge, when, just as he is prepared to benefit others by his learning, and to enjoy it himself, he suddenly becomes aware that he is ready for the grave? He who has an extraordinary brain, yet possesses a body which has been entirely neglected, and thereby has become an unfit instrument for the mind, is in no better plight than the ignoramus who has

a strong, healthy body but nothing more. One extreme is as bad as the other. One should strike a happy medium in combining good health with sound learning.

Allow me to mention some of the necessary helpers to healthfulness. Exercise is absolutely essential. For this express purpose athletics for all and not for the few are encouraged in the schools, and boys are urged to partake in athletic contests that they may make better students.

Too often, however, boys are apt to over-exercise; this is as bad as the other extreme, if not worse. There are few things which are used which may not be abused. In this instance we may turn good into evil by simply overdoing it.

Another contributor to good health is rest. Boys in high schools require more sleep than at any other time in after life. Henry Ward Beecher says that "whoever by work, pleasure, sorrow or any other cause, regularly diminishes his sleep, is destroying his life. A man may hold out for a time, but Nature keeps close accounts, and no man can dodge her settlements. We have seen impoverished railroads that could not keep the tracks in order, nor spare the engines to be thoroughly repaired; every year tracks and equipment deteriorated; by and by comes a crash; and the road is in a heap of confusion and destruction. So it is with us."

From early rising many benefits to mind and body may be derived. John Milton writes of himself that he was at his studies "in winter, often ere the sound of any bell awakes men to labor or devotion; in summer, as oft with the bird that first rouses, or not much tar-

Boston Latin School Register II

dier, to read good authors till attention be weary, or memory have its full fraught."

Too little attention is paid by the average school-boy to what he eats. "One's food plays a tremendous part in the embellishment of the wonderful building in which God has placed a personal human will." Whenever a person becomes ill the first thing a doctor does is to restrict him to certain foods.

Besides these positive virtues of exercise, regularity, and good diet, there are negative virtues which are needed. These would include the avoidance of all practices which tend to injure the human engine. Apart from the graver evils which all boys must abhor, there are commoner faults which we are apt to treat too lightly.

Some do not look with positive disfavor upon drinking and smoking in men who have reached maturity, but all authorities agree that for the growing boy nothing so surely cripples his body and stunts his mind. This is shown clearly

in the preparation for all athletic contests, for the first thing the coach does is to forbid the members of his squad the use of alcohol and tobacco. A boy may smoke and the young man may drink and still seem to flourish as athletes, but when the day comes that brings them face to face with opponents of equal power who have refrained from these vices they are sure to be defeated. There is a further point in this connection which should appeal to boys. If you are a member of a team, and, while all the other members train faithfully, you indulge your fondness for tobacco, and at the critical moment your weakness renders all their honest efforts of no avail, what ought they to think of you, and what ought you to think of yourself?

Let us therefore determine in all ways to care for and perfect the body which God has entrusted to us, and store up for ourselves the blessings which comes only through perfect health.

H. H. C., '09.

SCHOOL NOTES

Two important changes have recently been made by Harvard in its entrance examinations. The examination in Geometry is to be allowed two hours and a half instead of one and a half, but the paper will be of the same length as formerly. This should be of great advantage to the boys who are to take the examination, for they should now have plenty of time to think.

The other change is that made in the Greek and Latin examinations. In these

subjects, the elementary and advanced examinations have been condensed into one, for which a paper three hours in length is given. It seems as if this might occasion some little confusion to those who have already passed the elementary examinations. We think, however, that they will not have to take the whole examination, but only that part which corresponds to the former advanced paper.

12 Boston Latin School Register

Prize-reading, held on the morning of prize-drill day, reflected great credit upon the school. The judges, Rev. Father Flaherty, B.L.S. 1882, Mrs. Emma Tuttle James, and our own Mr. Capen, unanimously agreed that the contestants were the best set of readers they had ever been called upon to judge. It took the judges an hour and a half to pick the winners. The names of the prize-winners will not be announced, however, until prize-declamation day. The contestants were: Class I, Thomas Coggeshall, Henry Hitt Crane, James Joseph McGinley, Harvard Norton, Eli Charles Romberg, Coleman Silbert, Isador Albert Wyner, Samuel Newton Wyner; Class II, Christopher Augustus Connor, Ray Wilson Guild, Lawrence Otto Schwab, Hugh Lyle Starker, Jr.; Class III, Earnest Roscoe Caverly, William Bruno Kroetsch, Jr., Paul Henry Munn, Trevor Washington Hitchcock Swett, Reginald Alex Cutting.

Mr. J. M. Kagan, Master in the Roxbury High School, whose death was reported a few weeks ago, was a Latin School graduate of 1890. He was head of the German department in the Roxbury High School, and had raised it to a high pitch of excellence.

The verses which appear elsewhere in this number were written by an Italian boy eighteen years old, who has been in this country for three years, and studied English for two. Yet his work shows a facility of expression which might be envied by some of us who have had better opportunities than he.

The Annual Alumni Meeting was held on Wednesday, May 5. All of the old officers were re-elected for another year. Mr. Jones has kindly offered us the following letter for publication. It was

written by Horatio R. Storer, an old Latin School boy, who entered the school in 1840. He is a graduate of Harvard, and has there taken the degrees M. D., and L. L. B.

Dear Sir: Newport, R. I., May 3, 1909.

I regret that age and its increasing *vis inertiae* will prevent my attending the meeting on Wednesday.

My recollections of the old building on School Street and the good fellows who were my classmates there seventy years ago, becomes, as is general with old people, more and more vivid with every year. The fondness for Latin that I acquired, through the patient persistence of Masters Dixwell, Francis Gardner and Frank Parker, (we used to make this difference in their personal names) has always been a pleasure to me. It gained me the distinction (I did not consider it such at the time) of having to write a Latin poem for our Commencement at Harvard in 1850, sixty short years ago, and many times abroad I have found it of use when trying to converse with learned persons who knew no English, although I must confess that in my own case, French, German, Italian, and even Greek words often struggle in my mind for the precedence of Latin.

I have often regretted, I do still, that this tongue has not continued to be the true vernacular, the shibboleth of all real scholars and scientists. Its possession necessarily renders us more completely in control of English speech, and, I may say, of American also. May your pupils—and my younger brethren of the present day—ever remember and appreciate that this is really so.

For you and them, the old and cordial salutation,—*ad multos annos*.

Sincerely yours, HORATIO R. STORER.

THE CIRCUS HERO

There was great excitement in Glendale among the boys. Barnum's Great Circus, in its triumphant progress from state to state, was near at hand. Immense yellow posters announcing its arrival were freely displayed on fences and barns, while smaller bills were put up in the post-office, the hotel, and the principal stores, and others distributed from house to house.

It was the largest circus that had visited Glendale. More than a dozen elephants marched in the preliminary procession, while acrobats, clowns, giants, dwarfs, fat women, and hairy savages from Thibet and Madagascar were among the strange wonders to be seen at each performance. Admission for adults, fifty cents, children, half-price. For weeks the young people had been looking forward to the coming of this great collection of curiosities.

Two boys passing down the main street, stopped to read one of the large yellow posters that had been put up near the grocery store. They were Rob Kelley and Jack Downey.

"Are you going to the circus, Rob?" asked Jack.

"I would like to go, Jack, but I can't spare the money," replied Rob.

"Never mind about that, I'll pay your way in."

"Thank you."

"Shall we go to the afternoon or the evening performance?" asked Jack.

"The evening performance would be better for me."

"All right! I'll meet you at the post-office tomorrow evening at seven o'clock."

"Very well! Good night."

Both boys parted and went home anticipating a fine time the next evening.

At seven o'clock the next evening, the boys met and proceeded towards the circus. Jack had been asked by his aunt to buy some snuff for her. Coming to the drug store he went in and bought the snuff. He put it in his pocket and then he and Rob proceeded to the circus. After walking a short distance, they reached the tent. The band was playing as they took their seats.

At eight o'clock the performance commenced. First came a procession of elephants and horses, the latter carrying the bareback riders. Then came two bareback riders who jumped hoops and over banners, much to the delight of the boys. Then in preparation for another act, gaudily dressed clowns entered the ring. Suddenly there was heard a deep baying noise which frightened everybody. It was the lion. In an instant a dark cat-like form, rushing down the aisle, sprang into the ring.

The great Numidian lion had broken from its cage. Then everybody looked for a place of escape.

Striking down the clown and standing with one foot on his breast, the lion let his eyes wander over the whole assemblage. Only ten feet away were Rob and Jack. Jack, pale and excited, rose; he had thought of a way to vanquish the lion. Danger was imminent. Jack approached the arena, Rob trying in vain to hold him back. Tearing himself away from Rob's grasp, Jack leaped over the parapet and stood facing the monarch of the wilds.

"Come back for your life!" exclaimed the people. Jack did not heed them. Six feet away was the lion. Knowing that the lion needed a space to leap, Jack remained where he was.

For a few seconds the people were spellbound. Then Jack drew a small parcel from his pocket. He opened it and without a moment's delay, he flung a handful of the snuff into the animal's eyes. Then turning around, he leaped over the parapet and went back to his seat. The lion, blinded by the snuff, re-

leased the clown and rolled around on the sawdust in agony, uttering the most hideous roars. Then the trainer and a half dozen men rushed into the arena and overpowered him.

Mighty applause arose in the tent and Jack was led into the middle of the arena by the proprietor, who, after a brief speech, presented him with a purse of money. Jack resumed his seat until the end of the performance and then he and Rob returned home satisfied with the evening's entertainment. H. A. B., '10.

ATHLETICS

B. L. S. 2-C. H. S. 1.

On April 29, the Latin School defeated the Commercial High base-ball team by the close score of 2-1. On account of the cold, the game was called after the sixth inning, but in the six innings that were played, both teams played fast and snappy ball. Heyer, Murray and Tehan excelled for the Latin School, while Norton, an ex-member of our team, excelled for the Commercial High.

B. L. S. 7-W. R. H. S. 0.

Latin played the initial game of its League games with the West Roxbury High at Locust Street, May 5, defeating the visitors decisively by the score of 7-0. The game was too one-sided to be interesting, the main feature being the fast base running of Halligan, the Latin's third baseman, who had a total of 7 stolen bases.

B. L. S. 4-S. B. H. S. 3.

Our second League game was played, May 12, with the South Boston High,

and in one of the best games of the season, the Latin School won 4-3. In the ninth inning the South Boston High made a grand rally getting men on bases, but good pitching by Prendergast and fast playing by Halligan, allowed them but one run. Fish and Nelson excelled for the Latin School.

B. L. S. 2-W. H. S. 14.

The Latin School met its worst defeat of the season on May 15, when the Waltham High managed to pile up the score of 14-2. Up to the seventh inning the game was close, the Latin out-batting their opponents, but in the seventh the opposing sluggers began to find the ball and when the smoke had cleared away, Waltham had 10 runs. Heyer, Fish, Murray and Halligan played well for the Latin School.

The Track Team held an out-door inter-class meet May 18th, at the Charles-Bank Track.

Fred Burns of Exeter Academy, ex-captain of our track team, won the 100-yard and 200-yard championships at the Harvard Inter-Scholastic meet.

Amadon '08 is a member of the University of Maine Track Team.

The Out-Door meet of the Boston Schools will be held June 5th, at Wood Island Park.

O'Hare '07 played guard in the spring practice of the Harvard Football team.

Jowett '07 is captain of the Class '11 crew at Harvard.

Elcock '07 is on the Dartmouth B. B. team.

Manager Crane of the track team has arranged dual meets for this spring with Dedham, Milton Academy and Dorchester.

Our base-ball team will badly miss the crack infield of last year's team, only one of whom is back in school.

Get out your nets and rackets, fellows, and get in trim for the Spring Tennis Tournament.

F. P. M., '10.



PRIZE DRILL

Thursday, May 6, was one of the best days that we have ever had for prize drill. The fine weather brought out hosts of friends and relatives of the drillers and many were the fair damsels that crowded the balcony. The drill was better attended this year than ever before, but for some reason the enthusiasm did not reign as high as usual.

The regiment assembled in the drill hall shortly after one, and after much

bustle and confusion began its usual march to Mechanics Hall to face the fire of the judges.

Sharply at two o'clock Co. K, under Capt. J. C. Corliss, marched on to the floor amid the stirring notes of Carter's band, and the drill had begun. In spite of the size and inexperience of his company Capt. Corliss made an excellent showing, and evoked hearty applause. Co. K was followed by Co. H, under

Capt. J. A. O'Shea, Jr., Co. I, under Capt. C. Silbert, and Co. G, under Capt. Lewis E. Shaw; the latter Company was easily the favorite. The drilling of the junior battalion was concluded by Co. F, under Capt. E. C. Romberg.

The junior competition was followed by the first round of the Individual Drill, which was marked by its extremely long duration. This was followed by an exhibition of the Drum Corps under Drum-major W. H. Foster, which, as usual, did itself full justice.

At the completion of the drum-corps' drill every one knew that the real battle of the day had begun when Co. E, Capt. Robert M. Ahern, came to the floor. He was followed by Co. B, under Capt. T. J. Fitzgerald, Co. D, under Capt. R. S. Simmons, Co. C, under Capt. R. O. Eleock, and Co. A, under Capt. E. F. Murray. Every company in the Senior battalion drilled well, and it was a question where the prizes would go; but the superior finish and snap displayed by Capt. Murray's Co. told that he was to be the winner.

After the last of the Senior companies had passed off the floor the concluding round of the individual drill took place. The havoc of the judges' pencils was here clearly seen; for out of the long line of

thirty that proudly marched on to the floor at first, only eleven remained.

It took the judges a long time to arrive at a decision concerning the Senior battalion, and so the regiment spent a long time drawn up in line waiting for the appointment of a colonel. When this decision was finally known and Quartermaster Bail handed over the command of the regiment to Colonel Murray, the whole hall "went wild." There then followed a salute to the colors, and the award of prizes, which were given as follows:

JUNIOR COMPETITION.

First prize: Co. G, Capt. Lewis E. Shaw; second prize: Co. F, Capt. E. C. Romberg.

SENIOR COMPETITION.

First prize: Co. A, Capt. E. F. Murray; second prize: Co. B, Capt. T. J. Fitzgerald.

INDIVIDUAL COMPETITION.

First prize: Serg. Sisonsky, Co. F; second prize: Serg. Cotton, Co. B; honorable mention: Serg. Higgins, Priv. Harrington, Corp. Packard, Priv. Sullivan.

DRUM CORPS COMPETITION.

Prize for drumming: J. A. Runey; honorable mention: I. A. Jackson; prize for bugling: R. S. Devine; honorable mention: E. R. Van Pelt.

F O W N E S G L O V E S

The way they're made
has a good deal to do
with the way they wear

Advertisements

Physical Training

IS NEEDED BY

EVERY YOUNG MAN

Whether an Athlete or not, to correct physical defects and to guard against disease

Why Get Interior Training

When you can get the best at moderate cost at the

Boston Young Men's Christian Association

458 Boylston Street

ALSO A FINE

EVENING INSTITUTE

Largest in New England

SIX DISTINCT SCHOOLS

Commerce and Finance, Preparatory, Polytechnic Electrical, Automobile and Law

Prospectus Furnished on Application

GEORGE W. MEHAFFEY, Gen'l. Sec'y.

FAELTEN

PIANOFORTE

... SCHOOL ...

CARL FAELTEN, Director

30 Huntington Avenue, Boston

RECITALS THURSDAY EVENINGS



Athletic **W. READ & SONS.** Outfitters
 TRADE MARK
 Established 1826
 "BOSTON, MASS."

HEADQUARTERS FOR FINE ATHLETIC GOODS, BASKET BALL, TRACK, HOCKEY AND BASE BALL SUPPLIES.

Special prices given to Schools, Colleges and Academies. Send for our Spring and Summer Year Book.

Our Sweater Jackets are the best in the Market.

Liberal Discount Given to Students upon presentation of discount cards which may be secured from the various Team Managers.



U. HOLZER BOOKBINDER

Binds and Repairs all kinds of Books

25 Bromfield Street

MEMBERS' CIRCULATING LIBRARY
 GYMNASIUM
 ENTERTAINMENTS PRACTICAL TALKS
 SOCIALS LECTURES EVENING CLASSES
 EMPLOYMENT BUREAU
 DEBATING CLUB CAMERA CLUB
 WALKING AND OUTING CLUB

BOSTON YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN UNION

MEMBERSHIP

GENERAL \$1.00 PER YEAR
 WITH GYMNASIUM 8.00 PER YEAR
 WITH GYMNASIUM,
 EVENINGS ONLY 5.00 PER YEAR

48 Boylston Street

Near Tremont Street

FRANK L. LOCKE, Pres.

EDWARD A. CHURCH, Sec.

Please mention The Register when you patronize advertisers.

A. Howell Co.
24 Winter St.
Jewellers
and
Importers
of
Novelties

1852 1909
TUFTS COLLEGE

Frederick W. Hamilton, D.D., LL.D.
President.

DEPARTMENTS

- The College of Letters
Degree A.B., and for courses in Chemistry, General Science, and Medical Preparation, B.S.
 - The Crane Theological School.
Degree B.D.
 - The Engineering Department.
Degree B. S., in Civil, Electrical, Mechanical, and Chemical Engineering.
 - The Bromfield-Pearson School.
A Technical School, connected with the Engineering Department.
 - The Medical School.
416 Huntington Ave., Boston. Degree M.D.
 - The Dental School.
416 Huntington Ave., Boston. Degree D.M.D.
 - The Graduate Department.
Degrees A.M. and M.S.
- For catalogues or any information concerning the college, address

PHILIP M. HAYDEN, Secretary,
Tufts College P. O., Mass.



Spring Style

HATS and CAPS

FOR STUDENTS

A. B. CURRIER CO.

Cor. Washington & Elliot Streets

Also Handlers of

**Trunks, Fine Bags,
Gloves and Umbrellas**

OPEN EVENINGS