

Review 1/14

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REGISTER
 JANUARY



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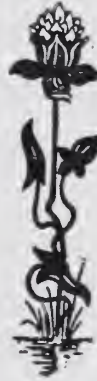
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R E G I S T E R

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Latin School Register

VOLUME XXXI., No. 4.

JANUARY, 1912

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HIS FIRST CASE.

THE Wellingtons practically owned the city of Athos. The large department store, the leading newspaper, the street-car line, and even the railroad that ran through the metropolis were controlled by the Wellingtons, and Wellington gold furnished the capital.

As a growing and thriving city of the Middle West, Athos was proud of its capitalists, and the share they practically owned in its government. But there were men in the city, who were not proud of the Wellingtons, and they

rather resented their interest and control of municipal affairs.

The story goes back twenty years. It was during the mayoralty campaign of 189 —, when the Hon. James Wellington opposed Harry S. Clarke for the office. The former was of the burly, blunt type, and, with his dollars, he managed to win good support. The latter was just the opposite, a quiet, versatile man, whose radical views won him the support of the masses. The fight was close, and a bitter enmity

marked the campaign, which finally came to an end with Harry S. Clarke the winner by two hundred votes. It is said that James H. Wellington never got over that defeat. He carried his personal hatred for Clarke to the grave, and, from that time on, the Wellingtons were bitter enemies of the Clarkes.

Harry S. Clarke owned a fine mansion in the heart of the city, and, as he saw his neighbors' fine mansions being torn down and their land being divided into building lots to meet the demands of the ever increasing population of Athos, he set to thinking. Some day his land and house were likely to become the property of real-estate magnates. While he was alive, therefore, he planned to offset any possible infringement on his property after his death. This he did by placing restrictions on the property, and he so arranged it with his friends that in the case of a sale of the house or land, they would purchase it and hold it until his heirs would be able to buy it back. Under no circumstances should his property be molested.

So Harry Clarke died, after serving two successful terms as mayor, and the mansion and grounds passed into his son's hands. Bob Clarke was a lively chap, about twenty-two years old, just out of college, and, frankly, he didn't care a "rap" about keeping the old house. He had lived with several of his college chums in bachelor apartments since his parents died, and was making his way as a clerk in a large business house. He cared little about keeping the old house, as it was too big for him to live in, and the money from its sale would help him to build up a practice as a lawyer. He had studied for this end while at law school, and, even now, he was studying outside, and sometimes inside, of business hours.

The Athos Rapid Transit Company was abolishing a grade crossing near City Square. The place in question had been a menace to public safety for

some time, and finally the Transit Company, in conjunction with the railroad, had commenced operations to abolish the crossing by building a bridge for the railroad over the surface line. Operations had already begun, and Chief Engineer Felton, was holding a conference with George Wellington, the President of the road, in the private office of the latter.

"You see," said Engineer Felton, "it will be necessary to divert the street-car line for about four months while the grade is being lowered. There are two possible sites for the diverted line:— on one side, is the old ash dump, on the other, the Clarke estate. Personally, I recommend the former, as it will cost us practically nothing for construction and damages, while if we go through the Clarke estate it means considerable expense installing a road bed, and we would have to pay excessive damages."

"One moment—" it was the President's voice— "do I understand that the Harry S. Clarke estate is a possible site for the diverted tracks?"

"Yes,— but—"

"Enough. Have the tracks go through there at all costs. Understand?"

"But the ash dump—"

"Never mind the ash dump. Those tracks *must* go through the Clarke estate. That's all for to-day."

The Chief engineer bowed, and went out. George Wellington was left alone and a grim smile lit his face.

"So you thought that nobody would ever touch your precious estate, Harry Clarke! I've got you where I want you now. You defeated my father for mayor, but, if you thought that you were going to get off at that, you were mightily mistaken. We'll see about this."

* * * * *
Bob Clarke had just reached his apartments and was seated comfortably in his favorite arm-chair when a servant announced a caller, who proved to be

Mr. Bradford, President of the First National Bank. It was evident from his manner that his business was important, and Bob gave him every opportunity of disclosing it.

"I didn't suppose that you had heard, so I came over as soon as possible to tell you. The Rapid Transit—and that means George Wellington—is going to run the spur tracks for the grade crossing through your estate."

"Well, what of it," rejoined Bob. "I guess the old place can stand it. Besides the road will pay damages, and I need the money."

"But, my boy," Mr. Bradford protested warmly, "have you no respect for your father? Do you not know that he made every provision for keeping the estate unmolested? Don't you realize that it is George Wellington that is doing this? He hasn't forgotten that old mayorality defeat. He sees a chance whereby he can break up your father's estate, and he is not going to let it slip. Where is your spirit, my boy? Protest the selection in the court-house tomorrow. I am with you. I'll get a lawyer to-night."

"Enough!" said Bob. His blood was up. "I'll fight it to the finish. But you will get no lawyer. I'll be my own lawyer."

"You——"

"Yes, I've studied law, and I know what I am about. We'll show George Wellington that it takes two to play his little game. Shake!"

The two men clasped hands.

Bob Clarke rose early next morning, and was at the court-house before the doors were opened. He filed his protest against the route chosen by the Transit Company, and went to work, awaiting developments.

At ten o'clock that morning when the representative of the Transit Company called to have the site ratified by law, he was politely informed that Robert J. Clarke, sole heir to the estate of the

late Harry S. Clarke, had protested against the selection. George Wellington, when he heard the news, stopped smiling. He was having more trouble than he anticipated.

The case was called for the 17th, four days distant. Meanwhile, Bob was mapping out his case, and he felt sure that he would win it. If he did, it would put him on his feet, and his success as a lawyer would ultimately follow. To win his first case is the ambition and aim of every young aspirant to the bench.

Next morning the court house was filled to overflowing by eager townfolk to see another great battle between the Wellingtons and the Clarkes. The lawyer for the Transit Company was discussing the whys and wherefores of the case. He pointed out that municipal improvements were always made for the public good, and that each citizen should, if need be, sacrifice his property for the benefit of the public. He said that the road would pay the Clarke estate damages to the full value. He closed his address by saying that he hoped that Mr. Clarke would see the matter in the proper light, and allow the Company to proceed in the work without delay.

Bob was smiling when he arose. He plunged bravely into his argument. He said that he was perfectly willing to sacrifice a part of his estate for the public good, but that to allow the Transit Company to run a spur track through his father's estate was not for the public good; that there were two points of location to consider, of which his estate was NOT the better for two reasons: first, the Clarke estate was worth three times as much as the dump ground opposite; secondly, the cost of construction through the latter was one half of what it would be through the former. He produced engineers as witnesses, and proved by actual figures which route was the cheapest. He then showed what the company's real object was;

he told of the private enmity between James H. Wellington and his late father, of the restrictions on the estate, and the real motive of George Wellington. Finally in summing up, he said:—

“And so, your honor, as I have said before, I go on record as being perfectly willing to sacrifice a part of my estate for the public good, but I will not sacrifice my estate to the whims of George Wellington! He knows perfectly well, and all those who are here present know, that the ash dump is the shortest, cheapest, and most economical site for the spur track. Yet, why does he choose the other site? Because his father hated my father, and he sees an

opportunity whereby he can break up my estate. Therefore, your honor, I strongly protest against the using of my estate for a road-bed. It is unnecessary, it is indefensible, and I urge you not to allow it!”

The crowd was on its feet cheering wildly as the judge raised his arm for silence. No one doubted the outcome, and yet they hushed and listened breathlessly. The judge spoke slowly and clearly: “The selection of the Clarke estate for the site in question cannot be ratified by law. Court stands adjourned!”

Bob Clarke's success was assured.

R. C. K. '13.

THE CASE OF JOHN HENRY PENDLETON, JR.

It was Promotion Day in the Classical High School of that great metropolis, Paris, Maine. Among the many who slowly wended their way to school, that bright June morning, with fear and trembling, was John Henry Pendleton, Jr.

John was a likeable fellow, popular among his schoolmates, and a boy of great natural ability who, with little effort might easily have stood at the head of his class. But he was lazy, oh! so lazy. However, he had always managed to “get by” by hook, or by crook, mostly by the latter. Lately his tactics had failed and he feared that the results of the final examinations would cause him to be asked to take his Junior year over again.

At last, after the school had been assembled, the names of those who would constitute the various classes for the following year were read. Among the Seniors, the name of John Henry Pendleton, Jr. was missing. He

restrained his tears, thinking that possibly a mistake had been made. This faint hope was further augmented by the fact that Pendleton was not among the P's in the list of Juniors, but it was dashed to pieces when his name was read at the very end of the list.

John rushed from the building where his companions were congratulating each other on their various successes. On reaching home he vowed that he would die before he would go back to spend two years more in that school and be ridiculed by his comrades. This was the ultimatum that he delivered to his father. Since *ultimata* seemed to be the style, Pendleton, Sr., delivered one too. This was: that little John Henry should, after an interval of four weeks, to be spent rusticated in the country, decide either to go back to school and take his medicine like a man, or go to work. It was also stated that no other opportunity would be given him to go back to school.

The four weeks passed all too quickly and on the Saturday night which completed the time allotted, John was asked for his decision. He set his teeth and said, "I'll go to work!" He was then told to be ready to take the six-thirty A. M. train for Paris, the following Monday. As soon as he arrived at his father's office he was told that it would be best for him to look for a position at once.

John looked in the "Male Help Wanted" column of the newspapers, but, seeing nothing advertised which paid over five dollars per week, he decided to wait till another day. But no, this was not to be permitted, he must keep hunting until he should obtain a place. He visited some fifty or sixty employment offices, but found that there was no call for Bank Presidents, Mill Superintendents, Store Managers, not even for chauffeurs. He then decided that perhaps it would be better to seek for some humbler position. At the seventy-fifth office he was told that if he should go to "So and So's" wall-paper store he might, possibly, get a place as office-boy.

After answering innumerable questions he was told that if his references proved to be satisfactory, he, perhaps, would be allowed to come to work the following morning at seven. His hours were to be very short, seven till seven, with fifteen minutes at noon for luncheon. The work was to be very light, such things as cleaning the store once a day, delivering three or four thousand rolls of paper, and packing three or four thousand more for the next day's delivery. For these trifling duties, he would receive, although he really wasn't worth it, the princely sum of two hundred and fifty cents per week — and the prospects for advancements! Why! by the time he was thirty years old he might be a wall paper salesman with the magnificent emolument of twelve

dollars "per"! This was a bright outlook indeed.

However, having taken a stand, he was man enough to maintain it, and he eagerly accepted this opportunity. For six weary weeks he worked like a slave.

During the first week of September there appeared in the newspapers, the annual cartoons depicting the sorrowful return to school of the youth of the country. Statistics were printed telling how many pupils were to be accommodated in the various departments, the number of new buildings, and many other similar items. All these things served to remind John of what he had deprived himself. He realized for the first time in his life the great privilege that had been accorded him, but which he had thrown away: the chance to become trained for something higher than manual drudgery.

Another week went by; the schools were to open in three days. John could stand the strain no longer. Going to his father, he pleaded almost on bended knee, for the privilege of going back. He was told that the matter would be taken under consideration and that a decision would be rendered the following evening. The next day Pendleton, Sr., sought out the Head-master of the Classical High School who was his personal friend, having sat behind him in his "prep" school days at Andover twenty years before. He told of the change in his son's attitude, and requested that an opportunity be given him to "make good" in the Senior Class. At first, the answer was, "Impossible!" After much persuasion, however, the Headmaster, said that he would grant this very irregular request as an experiment, the success of which he doubted very much.

That evening John was told that he was to be allowed to return to school. He fairly flew to work the next day, reaching his place of business for the first

time at the appointed hour. He wasted no time in preliminaries but, going directly to his "boss," he said, "I'm through!" The store has since had to worry along without the services of him who might, one day, have been the greatest wall paper salesman ever produced.

The next morning he was up bright and early, looking actually with pleasure on his return to school! His joy knew no bounds, when, after arriving at school, to his great surprise he was told that he had been assigned to the Senior

Class on trial. He plunged into his work with great vigor, and, as a result, to his own great joy and the stupefaction of every one else, he carried off first honors at the end of the year, in a class consisting of over one hundred members. He never forgot the privilege that had been granted to him to get an education, and he followed his father's footsteps by later becoming a Doctor, acquiring, in time, the right to write half the alphabet after his name, in token of his many distinctions.

F. E. A. '12.

NEW YEAR

'Tis twelve o'clock; the church bells swing with cheer,
With shrills and roars the engine-whistles scund,
All seem to rise and spread the news around
That to begin his course has come New Year.

O, dear New Year, what dost thou bring?
Is't joy or care that gave you birth?
Wilt thou make us sad music sing,
Or wilt thou give us endless mirth?

All sounds have died, the bells resound no more;
The wind alone is breathing o'er the snow,
Long, gloomy shadows are cast to and fro,
But there remains the New Year at the door.

O, good New Year, what dost thou bring?
Art messenger of grief or mirth?
Dost thou prepare sad songs to sing,
Or dost thou bring joy down to earth?
A. L. '12.



"CAP."

THE death of our Janitor is keenly felt by all. Mr. Walsh had a cheerful word for every one, and his jolly face and open heart made him the friend of all. When the doors were thrown open for the first time after the Christmas vacation, his "good afternoons" were missed. The truth was made known at the assembly of the school in the exhibition hall, by Mr. Pennypacker:

"In the last thirty-one years, a faithful man has been going up and down in this place, a man weighted down with years. He has passed out of the life here into the great unknown beyond— I refer to Mr. Walsh, our janitor. He will be missed. He was a kindly man, and years ago, in the hour when his country needed him, he answered as befits a man!"

STORIETTES.

THE MORNING DASH.

Now this is not a tale of the dash we all "pull off" every morning for the 8:30 car. Oh! no! Neither is it about that dash which occurs every day in school about 12:22. No! indeed! This is about that celebrated dash which some husky teacher, who perhaps never in his life had the moral courage to stand up and take one, will preach to you about. This is the dash which doctors with yellow-streaked beards, in which more germs are sporting than you could find on a dozen school boys, will advocate as a panacea for colds, rheumatism, asthma and so forth, without end. I think some day I shall insert an advertisement in the daily paper which shall announce that I, while still a student, have discovered a means by which the whole population may be kept in perfect health. Then when I have received several thousand answers to my "ad",—with a dollar bill in each answer,—I will neatly print on a card:

"This cure is backed by all leading physicians,
"Take a cold dash every morning,
immediately after rising."

Now every student knows that the first thing to do on hearing the alarm-clock go off in the morning, is to hop out of bed, and shut it off before anybody else hears it. The second thing to be done is even better known. That is, as soon as you have stopped the pesky alarm, hop back to bed, pull up the covers, and feel at peace with everybody while enjoying "a little folding of the hands."

Now eminent medical men say that

the growing school boy should not hop back to bed, but should run straight to the shower bath, stand under it, and tura on the *cold* water. Ugh! Imagine — if you can — the icy water rolling down your back, sending shivers up your spine. Why! you're simply freezing and cannot move. What can be done! You put your hands to your mouth to halloo for help, and presto!—having let go of the faucet, of course the water ceases to flow.

Now isn't this a fine thing for a boy to do! Just imagine how monotonous it would become after doing it every morning for several years. We agree it is all right — in theory. It is an excellent thing — for teachers. But for a student, a real, hard-working student, the good old "hot" once a week is enough. So, any time you feel like joining the "cold dash" crowd, enter a gymnasium, and pick out the weakest-looking lad in the place. As he puts on his heavy flannels, ask him if he belongs to the few who take cold morning baths. Undoubtedly he will answer that he does, since his doctor orders it. Then select the brawniest-looking young giant in the assembly, and as he puts on his B. V. D's, summer ones, even if it is the middle of January — ask him if he ever "pulled off" the cold dash stunt. Rest assured! He will say he never did. So take your choice, but once you join, remember that you can't "come back". Either join the cold-dash "few," and wear big, heavy flannels, or stick to the army of the great "unwashed," and attain proportions similar to those of Sampson.

F. J. G. '12.

CANDY KISSES

WHAT you do when you sell candy kisses to a pretty girl, and the way in which the fair maiden conducts herself, is really strange. "All dollied up" in a spotless white coat, with a pink in your button-hole, you think that you are deserving of some notice from one of the aforesaid representatives of concentrated "cuteness," and, when the longed-for customer does appear from among the crowd, you put on your most gracious manner and step forward inquiringly. Raising her head so that you can actually see one of her eyes from under her hat, she informs you that she would like one pound of *molasses* kisses. You smile sweetly, and say "certainly, you may have some kisses;" but she ducks her head, and makes a feint at fishing for a purse in a pocket of her big polo coat, incidentally hiding a smile behind her hat. Of course when you smile as you pass her the confections, and your eyes meet hers, you are smiling merely to be agreeable to your customers and to show your happy, Christmas feelings. Alas! Just as you feel that you are about to be rewarded by an answering smile, she works that "hat trick" again, but this time she pulls up a couple of yards of chain, and, from a hand-bag at the end of it, daintily selects a neatly-folded bill. Somewhat crestfallen, but still hopeful, you pass her the change. She keeps her eyes carefully turned away from yours, places the money in her hand-bag, lowers it, and, picking up her parcel from the counter, looks to see if you are properly impressed. If her verdict is favorable, she flashes one of those half-smiles to you, which makes you nudge your fellow "candy-slinger" and say, "Oh! you kid!" as you pass along to sell a package of Spearmint Gum to the dame with the bleached puffs and the extra-tight hobble skirt, who has just skipped over from the

telephone exchange across the street.
W. B. D. '12.

* * * * *

A CLOSE SHAVE

ED KILEY was the station master at Bethel, a little town far out in the prairie. One stormy night, he found himself in a very dangerous situation. Five very suspicious-looking men were outside, clamoring for admission to his office, and if, as he suspected, they were railroad thieves — he shuddered to think what would happen when the door gave way. He saw, however, that their scheme was to overpower him and hold up the midnight train, so he immediately flew to his telegraphic instruments and sent a message of warning to Gillead, the next station above Bethel. Scarcely had he formulated a dozen words, however, when, with a great crash, the door fell in, and the foremost man struck him a blow which knocked him off his feet. He was immediately bound and carried to the freight shed. In vain he tried to untie his hands, but it suddenly occurred to him that there was a bundle of scythes in the shed, and knowing where they lay, he rolled over and over until he reached them. Feeling of the blades, he soon got the cord which bound his hands across one of them, and sawed it backward and forward until it was cut through. In a short time his hands were free, and then he loosened his feet. Even now, although free to act, he could accomplish nothing, for it was impossible for him to get out of the building without being seen by the men. How he listened as he lay and waited, his heart beating furiously, and how he longed to burst out! But he knew the foolishness of such an action.

Ten minutes passed, and, above the noise of the storm, a far-away whistle sounded faintly. Soon there was a hurried movement in the outer room — the villains were crowding out upon the

platform. Ed now sprang to his feet, and stood against the side of the building next to the track, listening. Did they get his warning? Did they understand? He had not long to wait, for presently the train drew up with the usual rumble and roar, and the hissing of steam. The thieves, fully expecting to have everything their own way, rushed forward shouting, "Hands up, all of you!" They were mistaken, however, for they were met by men armed with revolvers. It was an exciting moment, but the confusion was soon over, and the thieves were lying upon the platform bound securely.

Ed Kiley was overjoyed the next morning when he received a message from the president of the road offering him a position as his private secretary, but he always regretted that he had not had a greater share in the actual capture of the thieves.

R. D., JR. '12.

THE BRICK

THE brick is a very useful article. For instance, our friend, the suffragette, wishes to damage Mr. X's property, since Mr. X is opposed to woman's suffrage, or to hear a speech which a mere man is making. She takes a brick, promptly smashes a window, and listens to the speech, until some kind policeman persuades her that a cot in a cell is a more comfortable place. Again, it is useful for the striker who, lurking in some half-darkened alley-way, sees his enemy, the man who now has his job, driving down the street. A broken brick is always near at hand, and soon the man on the team has a broken head. O, useful brick! Besides these very important uses, it is used to make sidewalks and build walls.

J. L. A., JR. '12.

A SENSATION

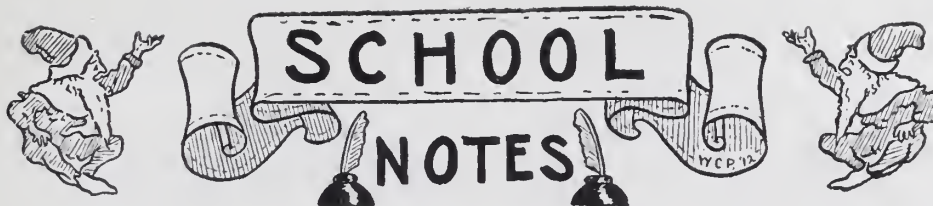
ALTHOUGH I have never taken a ride in an aeroplane, I have often attempted to conjecture what sensation such a ride would give. I have imagined that those great glides and dips, without which an aeronautical exhibition is never complete, would give to one that unpleasant feeling in the pit of the stomach which one experiences in a speedy elevator. I have thought that looking from such a lofty height would give one an unendurable feeling of dizziness. But I am told that these guesses are wrong, and that the feeling is really very much akin to that exalted, dreamy, easy feeling that one often has in a Latin recitation just before a certain person is heard to say, "Now look out boys — remember, I'm translating!"

F. E. A. '12.

SUNRISE ON LAKE WINNISQUAM

THE sun was rising. As the golden orb showed itself above Mt. Belknap's pine-covered slopes, the mist on Lake Winnisquam vanished, disclosing a scene of rare beauty. The mirror-like surface of the lake reflected the scene above, rendering the picture doubly charming. The resplendent sky with the fluffy, delicately-tinted clouds, formed the background. The summits of the Belknap range were tinged with gold; the white, clustered hamlets, which dotted the landscape, shone forth distinctly against the green of the hills. As Aurora ascended, the delicate tints vanished, leaving the features of the landscape standing out in cameo relief. The sun had risen!

P. H. D. '12.



THE gruelling months are now at hand, and all the good resolutions we have made are being put sorely to test. Although we find it rather inconvenient to rouse ourselves from slumber as early as eight A. M., still we feel better to get to work again, more especially since we have an abundant collection of gaudy socks and parti-colored cravats — remnants of the holidays — to flash among our comrades. It is, indeed, a pleasant sight to see a long troop of lusty youths with their heads in the air, strutting proudly down the corridors without so much as a glance to right or left, decked out in all their finery, and yet it is sad to think how completely style controls us. It seems to us altogether outrageous that fashion should so get the start of the world as to turn people's minds to vanity and foolish pride. What will not a person sacrifice to satisfy "fad"? It sickens us even to think upon it! (We shall not say that we were not graced with a gorgeous necktie, nor shall we tell of our disgust at not receiving a showy pair of socks for Christmas.) However, in spite of all our vanities, everyone has a smile and a cheery countenance, which signifies a good beginning of a long month, and a most profitable year to come.

* * * *

SPEAKING of the importance of the coming term, Mr. Pennypacker stated that, unless a boy should prove himself a success for the year in these following months, it is not probable that he would remedy his failure during the last few months of the year. "For the next three months, the weather outside will probably be unpropitious: it will not

invite you to wander about in the fields. The days are short, the nights are long — a favorable time for study. These months are the greatest months for you. Now, make success sure! Let every boy take full advantage of this best time in the whole year's course."

* * * *

WE are cautioned about talking in the hall, and are reminded that the exercises taking place there are devotional. The first class should set an example to the rest of the school.

* * * *

THE first class has sent a parchment of appreciation and thanks, bearing the names of its members, to Mr. W. T. Campbell, recent head of the Department of Mathematics, and always a favorite with his pupils. They express their deep sorrow that he has been forced to give up his teaching.

* * * *

THE dance committee, chosen from the first class recently, is composed of Vinal, Robinson, Dukeshire, Crowley, and Cleveland.

* * * *

A COMMITTEE of five was chosen to look after affairs relative to Class Day as follows: MacKinnon, Allison, Daly, Harrington, and Vaccaro.

WE are warned by our Head Master to be sure to get out of doors every day, and to take extreme care of our bodies at this time of the year when a great liability exists of catching cold. The cold morning plunge is recommended as one of the best ways to fortify the body against taking cold, "it is also one of the most efficient means in the world to rouse the sluggish boy. Have the receptable ready, get out of bed and plunge in. That prevents the 'folding of the hands;' oh! yes, if the water is cold!" Br-r-r!

* * * *

DIG long, dig deep, and if that don't work, get a pick-axe! Yes, we must get that two bits before the first of February.

* * * *

J. J. O'HARE, of the first class, has been chosen for West Point, where he

will enter next fall. We are sorry to lose him, but, as the saying is, "If you want a fight, join the army!"

* * * *

There are several relations in which we like to remember "Cap." We shall certainly never forget the scraping of his basket along the corridor, announcing his approach, the sly look in his eyes as he trudged into the room, with his finger warning us not to neglect our work, and in going out with the parting nod of his head. Many of us have heard him tell his great experiences, which, although perhaps a little exaggerated in the haze of time, won the admiration and awe of many! *Requiescat in pace!* He will be remembered kindly by many.

* * * *

POTTER, Munroe, Nightingale, Conlon, and Burnett, all of last year's class, visited the school recently.

ALUMNI.

THE following Latin School boys received scholarships at Harvard for the year 1911-1912:—

Group I., G. H. Gifford, '09, and H. J. Rosatto, '09.

Group II., Thomas Coggeshall, '09, E. T. Cohen, '10, T. G. Goodwin, '08, A. W. Hanson, '09, W. H. J. Kennedy, '08, A. R. McCormick, '09, C. O. Pengra, '08, J. D. Ryan, '10, H. W. Smith, '08, Robert Wiener, '08, and S. N. Wyner, '09.

The "Harvard Alumni Bulletin," comments as follows:

"Of the schools whose pupils appear on these lists the Boston Latin School justifies its long and honorable history

by easily standing first."

* * * *

W. C. WOODWARD, '08, had a prominent part, and H. A. Packard, '11, a minor part, in the fall production of the Harvard Dramatic Club.

* * * *

S. PERCY H. CHADWICK, '88, who for a number of years has been at the head of the History Department at Philips Exeter Academy, is in Germany this year as the Academy's Prussian-exchange instructor.

THE *Register* apologizes for its mistake in announcing the death of Major Henry L. Higginson, B. L. S. '51, President of the Harvard Club of Boston. He still lives to serve and bless.

Long may he honor Boston, and be honored by her as a noble, most patriotic, and always helpful citizen.

It was Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson — not of our number — but a man of distinction in literature as well as a citizen, whom we had in mind, in chronicling the death.

* * * *

GEORGE N. TOWLE was elected president of the class of '85, Boston Latin

School, at the twenty-seventh annual reunion dinner of the class, held at Young's Hotel. H. D. Warren, the retiring president, presided; E. J. Bromberg was toastmaster; and C. F. Cogswell, class poet. About thirty members of the class attended. Other class officers elected were: A. R. Smith, vice-president, F. W. Faxon, secretary-treasurer, G. W. R. Morse, toastmaster, G. W. Sargent, orator, and A. C. Kilgoun, poet.

* * * *

THE class of 1908 held its fourth annual dinner at the Bellevue, with an attendance of twenty members. Mr. Pennypacker and Rev. Ruben Kidner, '71, were the guests of honor. Secretary-treasurer Fabyan Packard presided.

THE CRISIS



TRAGIC DECLAMER: "Give me liberty, or give me death!"

YOUTHFUL FINANCIER: "Say, Clarence, how much have we got in the treasury?"

ATHLETICS.

HOCKEY

Now that basket-ball in the Boston High Schools has been abolished, hockey has come to the fore, and is yearly gaining importance as a mid-winter sport. Its chief advantage over basket-ball is the fact that the High Schools usually play it in the open air, and not in dusty school gymnasiums.

In the past few years hockey has not been in favor at the Boston Latin School, but during the past year interest in it was revived and the present team bids fair to be one of the best that has represented the school. There are four or five veterans, around whom will be built a new team; their experience will help the newer men.

Among the players are Cheney, Wescholofsky and Madden, all experienced players, and Cleveland, Doherty, King, Cahill and Nash.

The schedule is as follows:

- Jan. 4, Marlboro at Franklin Field.
- Jan. 9, Wellesley at Wellesley.
- Jan. 13, Brookline at Brookline Reservoir.
- Jan. 20, Boston College High at Franklin Field.
- Jan. 23, Cambridge Latin at Franklin Field.
- Feb. 2, English High at the Boston Arena.
- Feb. 12, Somerville at Somerville.

* * * *

MARLBORO 1

B. L. S. 0

THE first game of the season, that with Marlboro, proved the Latin School's ability to play hockey. Snappy team work was the feature of a game which, although lost, was remarkably well played. Cheney "dodged the puck" with the greatest skill, while Dukeshire and Wescholofsky warded off

many dangerous attempts for a goal. The Latin school's line up was as follows: Cheney, f., McLellan, f., Cahill, f., Winn, f., Ruggles, cp., Dukeshire, p., Wescholofsky, g. The summary: Marlboro 1 — Boston Latin 0. Referee, King. Umpires — Foss and Lomasney. Time — 10 minute periods.

* * * *

The players on the First Class teams take this occasion to thank Mr. French for his kindness in refereeing their games.

* * * *

TRACK

ON or about December 20, there was issued a call for track candidates, and the school's quick response was gratifying. There are, however, some positions which will need to be strengthened by the addition of new men, and to make the track team a success a fully-rounded organization is necessary. Men are needed for the shot-put and the high-jump, and good distance men are few.


It is not merely for the sake of winning a prize that one should get out in running togs, but the exercise is a healthy one, and an especially valuable one in these short winter days, when the weather is for the most part unsuited for outdoor exercise. The fellows should also be looking forward to rowing and baseball, and they will find that any little track work they have done during the winter will be a great help to them in spring athletics.

It is rather early to pass judgment upon the track team, but the candidates seem to measure up to the standards of past years' teams, and with the efficient coaching they will receive, they should be easily able to hold their own with their numerous rivals.

H. M. H. '12,

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