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Latin School Register



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Latin School Register

VOLUME XXI., NUMBER 3

NOVEMBER, 1901

ISSUED MONTHLY

THE RECONCILIATION

MORE than one hundred and twenty-five years ago there lived not far from Concord, Mass., two men, Gilbert and Brown by name. They were accounted the richest men in the town, each owning a large farm adjoining his neighbor's. The two were associated together in people's minds for another reason besides their local pre-eminence. They were the heirs of an hereditary enmity which extended back as far as their grandfathers. This feud had arisen from a dispute regarding the title to a piece of land which lay between the two farms. Mr. Brown's grandfather had settled in the country first. A few years later Mr. Gilbert bought the adjacent land, which, he claimed, included the disputed lot. A lawsuit was the result, in which Mr. Gilbert won. Ever afterwards the Browns looked upon their neighbors as little better than robbers, and made many unsuccessful attempts to regain the land.

The two men showed their hostility in all possible ways. In the town meetings, those absolutely democratic assemblies, if Mr. Gilbert proposed a measure, Mr. Brown was sure to raise objections to it; and *vice versa*. It was certain to be a lively meeting when either was chosen moderator, for it was only by the most heroic exercise of self-control that one could submit to the authority of the other, even in such an august body as a New England town meeting assuredly was.

But, during the trouble with the mother country, which had now become acute, there were signs that a common cause would heal

the enmity of the two men, that private wrongs would be forgotten in the consciousness of the great public grievance. When, over a year ago — it was now April, 1775 — Gilbert had proposed sending to Boston an expression of sympathy, for the first time within the memory of man, Brown had not opposed him; he had been his most ardent supporter. More than this, they were both members of the same company of minute men, and were united in action, if not in affection, in many other ways. So the neighbors looked upon a reconciliation as not far distant, with some regret, I fear, for they were all split into the two factions, Brownites and Gilbertites, and the interaction of these parties gave a pleasing acrimony to the social atmosphere and afforded the town gossip a fruitful subject for conversation. Yet the prediction of Aunt Brown (she said she would never be friendly to the Gilberts), that her nephew would be shaking hands with a Gilbert within a week, was quite unexpectedly fulfilled. Unexpectedly, I say, for on Monday, April 9, 1775, something happened which showed that the apprehensions of the neighbors, so keenly aroused of late, were entirely groundless.

In one of the secret meetings of the patriot association to which the two men belonged, Gilbert proposed collecting into his own house whatever surplus amount of powder or arms there might be. His plan was to make his house a rendezvous for the farmers in case of trouble. Brown, of course, raised objections. He alleged the exposed situation of the Gilbert domicile, that it was not central enough,

and other equally unreasonable and false things. Gilbert was not satisfied with answering these assertions; he accused the other in bitter and immoderate language of allowing personal considerations to influence him in matters of public welfare, of being, in short, no true patriot. A storm of angry words was Brown's reply. He threatened to withdraw from everything in which he was associated with his enemy, and swore eternal hostility. Here the moderator called for order and put an end to the disgraceful dispute. The measure, however, was adopted.

All through the week the rivals saw little of each other. They avoided meeting; and the days were rolling on towards that day so fateful for our beloved country and for our two friends.

The sun of that memorable day shone brightly upon the retreating British soldiers, retreating from their encounter at Concord bridge, where the "embattled farmers stood and fired the shot heard 'round the world." Steadily they made their way along the road towards the home of the Gilberts, answering with volleys of musketry the scattered shots of the country folks hidden behind hedge, fence or barn. As they were passing the house there fell a veritable rain of bullets from the windows and from the hedge on the other side of the road. "Halt!" shouted the Major to his men, "fire!" The shot, without effect, sped to its destination in house-wall or hill-side, and for a moment, there was silence. Then, from a young, manly voice, rang the cry, "Let them have it once more, boys, now!" The close, red lines of the British were an excellent target as they gleamed in the morning sun. Many fell. There was a hasty reply from a few muskets, then they turned and fled down the road. In hot pursuit were the patriots. They ran from tree to tree, from shelter to shelter. Will the retreat turn into a panic? No; look, the major has halted his men, is

forming his lines, is preparing for another volley. This time it is not without effect. One of its victims is our friend, Gilbert, who lies at the foot of a tree, mortally wounded, with Brown holding a cup of water to his lips.

What had brought the two foes together? To answer that we must go back a little. Both had opposed the British at Concord bridge; both had followed the retreating column. It was Gilbert who had given the command to fire, as the company formed in front of his house, and Brown had been opposite, directing the action of a little squad of men, whose moral leadership he had won through his superior power of initiative and command. And when the red-coats had fled down the road they had followed, Brown crossed over on the other side of the road and ran to seek the protection of a large oak tree. But it was already occupied, and by his sworn foe. The tree was large enough to shelter two, and it would have been at the risk of his life to leave. So the young men remained together, sharing the peculiar feeling that somehow the antipathy that arose in their breasts at meeting, was contradicted by their common cause and natural determination to defeat the British. They did not speak, but loaded and fired side by side in uncomfortable silence. Then came the volley from the soldiers as they formed, and Gilbert, who had imprudently stepped from his place behind the oak in order to get a better aim, fell by the side of his foe. In his excitement, Brown did not immediately notice this. He was cheering vociferously as the soldiers again gave way. But as he started to pursue, he stumbled over the wounded body of his compatriot. "Water," murmured the white lips. A moment Brown stood over him, hesitating. Would it not be useless to give drink to a dying man; it would not help him; was he not needed in the pursuit? and then, and then, did he not hate this man? Hardly had his mind given form to these thoughts when a great revulsion of feeling came

over him. "No," ran through the depths of his soul, "This man is your countryman, you *may* save him, he calls upon your pity." Quick as thought, he ran to a well-known spring and brought back a tin cup filled with water. As he pressed it to Gilbert's lips a smile of thanks and recognition spread over his

face, and Brown smiled, too, and pressed the dying hand, but no word was spoken. Then a stray shot hit him and he fell across the other's breast, and thus, late that afternoon, the neighbors found them united in death, and guessed what had happened.

D. H. P.

THE ANIMAL CONFERENCE

THE other morning all the animals of the circus held a great conference in the large tent. The object of the meeting was to tell their troubles to one another, and plan for a better organization of their political system. For many years the animals had endured patiently the haughty commands of man, and had never before voiced their sentiments in public, having remained silent on all subjects.

An elephant was to preside and he spent the previous day in purchasing make-ups from the lady dancers and other feminine wonders. He managed to get a pair of spectacles from an aged lady who was examining his trunk, and he had his voice cultivated by a chiropodist who travelled with the circus.

All the others made similar preparations for the great day. The monkeys provided themselves with white kid gloves and tan shoes. The hyenas purchased sun bonnets, while the camels wore high collars and neckties. The lions had French flannel blouses and straw hats. The horses had bedecked themselves with various articles of dress from tall silk hats to two pairs of shoes apiece. The rest had made due preparations with the exception of Mr. Tiger, who had spent his pay for drink, still even he was able to get one of Mrs. Tiger's old bonnets, and thus presented himself.

The meeting was called to order at 10 o'clock sharp. Then the presiding officer announced the subjects about which they were to discuss. They were commanded to speak only

on those subjects, and when all had bellowed their assent, the elephant said "Amen."

First a large elephant with enormous dimensions stood up and received the floor. Then he spoke as follows: — "Oh! brother sufferers in this unending development of civilization, I beg to exhibit the extrinsic operations of those haughty creatures who learn the art of —." "Put him out." "Pack your trunk and go!" came from the rear row occupied by monkeys. "Order!" cried the presiding elephant. "Up, monks, and at 'em?" cried a monkey, but the wisdom and sagacity of the elders prevailed, and down sat the "monks" for the present.

The speaker made three or four attempts to resume his speech, but his inability as an animal orator was clearly seen, for even the rhinoceros began to mutter ominous words under his breath. The other elephants, fearing the same fate, held their places and kept silent.

Then an insignificant monkey rose and began to address the assembly without first obtaining the floor. He was removed from the meeting for his lack of parliamentary knowledge.

While that individual was being thus treated, there arose a contest of words between a hyena and a giraffe, each claiming the right to speak before the other. It was awarded to the giraffe, who thereupon began to deliver an excellent oration, which he had heard spoken at a certain school in Boston. The remarkable flow of language began to carry away the assembly;

the lion fell asleep - - whereupon a monkey tied his tail to a pulley, and passed the rope along the line — and when the giraffe perceived the lion asleep and the rest of the assembly spell-bound, he yelled out to Mr. Elephant, the presiding officer, to have Mr. Lion removed or put in condition to hear his eloquent words. The monkeys pulled the rope, and there was general confusion in his vicinity for a few seconds. When peace was restored the giraffe sat down amid the applause of the vast throng.

After him a camel rose and spoke in the following manner. (Mr. Camel was going to run for alderman of ward 01). “My dear friends, I am very glad to meet you gathered here to-day on such friendly terms, and I shall take pleasure in giving you what advice I can for the preservation and propagation of the animal race, and for the general destruction of our opponents. It has been my greatest desire since I entered the field of politics to see the animals of the world as well educated as that queer-looking, two-legged creature, called man, who made me carry his burdens and endure the hot sun and sands of the desert. What we want to do is to purchase a number of books, and hire a few teachers, and let us all study foreign languages, history, all the sciences and as a special study I shall teach political economy. All in favor of my proposition say aye.” “Aye!” rang out from the mouths of all except the monkeys.

The lion next took the floor without the slight-

est opposition, and maintained it till the dull murmurings ceased. Then he began, “Subjects! one and all, listen to my words of wisdom and command. I have conceived a wonderful plan, whereby all the animals shall live in glory and happiness forever if they but obey me. My idea is to have all contribute (where did we hear that word before?) a sum of money to buy a gold throne, which will be erected in my palace, and seated upon it I shall give just laws and settle all disputes so that you can avoid that monstrous custom of ‘fighting it out’ as those two-legged creatures, of whom Mr. Camel spoke, generally do. Therefore all who will pay me tribute and obey my laws say aye.” From the multitude rang out, “aye!—won’t.” The lion fainted and was removed to his dressing-room.

Then the horse came forward with a proposition that all abide by the constitution of the U. A. K. and let affairs run as they have done for thousands of years. He spoke of the foolishness of Mr. Camel’s idea, and since he is the wisest of beasts his plan was readily adopted.

The monkeys then lined up and said that they would obey none but the laws of the two-legged creatures, termed man, their nearest relation on this planet.

Action was about to be taken concerning these unyielding “monks,” when the presiding elephant announced that the meeting was adjourned till next pay-day,

W. J. A. B. '03.

Dr. Merrill has just completed his twenty-fifth year as head master of the school. The REGISTER extends its hearty congratulations to him, and wishes him many more years in the position which he has filled so ably. Dr. Merrill has been a teacher in the Latin School since 1858, when he became an usher in the school, then under Dr. Francis Gardner.

He became a junior master in 1867, a master in 1869, and head master in 1877.

W. Foster, B. L. S., '02, is a freshman at Harvard.

Discordia scissa palla vadit. Aen. VIII., 702.
Discord goes about in her divided skirt.

Battalions attention! march!

Latin School Register 7

M I L I T A R Y

Drill is now going on smoothly, and the companies are getting down to work. All the commissioned and non-commissioned officers, with the exception of the corporals, have been appointed, and are rapidly getting accustomed to their positions. We rather miss the drum and bugle corps, and very few of us hear the E. H. S. drums and fife without a rather uncomfortable feeling that we would like them, too; but on the whole, the work of the battalions is better than usual, and the outlook is very cheering. Below is the complete roster as it now stands.

Co. A.

Captain, W. J. Fitzpatrick
Lieutenants, L. A. Dougher
G. S. Leonard
Sergeants, Edwards
Corbett
Newcomb
McMichael

Co. B.

Captain, H. A. Bellows
Lieutenants, A. G. Barton
H. W. Brown
Sergeants, Littlefield
Melia
Ramsay
Nash

Co. C.

Captain, J. A. Flanagan
Lieutenants, T. H. Mahoney
E. Myers
Sergeants, Riordan
House
Ringer
Fletcher
Readdy

Co. D.

Captain, R. S. Richey
Lieutenants, A. T. Davison
E. F. Schwarzenberg

Sergeants, Hanley
Sullivan
Armstrong
Hanlon
Co. E.

Captain, H. J. Dyer
Lieutenants, J. D. Eliot
T. P. Grimes

Sergeants, Tucker
Wogan
Wilson
O'Donnell
Co. F.

Captain, E. H. Bonelli
Lieutenants, L. Strauss
J. W. Twombly

Sergeants, McCarty
Sullivan
Mahar
Freedman
Middleton
Co. G.

Captain, L. S. Hicks
Lieutenants, R. E. Tracy
W. H. Freeman

Sergeants, Shanahan
Graham
Taylor
Legg
Fitzpatrick

Quartermaster, C. B. Hibbard

Since going to press, in other words on Tuesday, November 12, an eighth company has been formed, thus making the two battalions of equal strength. G. G. Gatch is commander of the new company, which will be company H, and Wood, '02, has been appointed a lieutenant in the same company. Andrews and Walsh are first and second sergeants, respectively. There remain one lieutenant and three sergeants to be appointed.

LATIN SCHOOL REGISTER

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PERHAPS as a result of one of the editorials in the October issue of the REGISTER, class day has taken a definite farewell of Washington's Birthday, and, for this year at least, it will be held later in the year. The advantages of this change were set forth at length in the above-mentioned editorial, for which reason it would be superfluous to repeat them here. The present graduating class is responsible for the change; let it see to it that the change has good results. The responsibilities that are thus laid upon the shoulders of the senior class and of their representatives of the class-day committee, ought to make them see still more clearly the importance of having class exercises, such as befit the Boston Latin School.

During the discussion of the class-day question, one of the points most considered was: "If the class-day exercises are held later in the year, on what day shall they occur?" This question of the exact day is of some importance, and while the class agreed that the last of April or the first of May was the most suitable time, no one could give any reason for selecting one day rather than another. In this dilemma, one of our masters came to the rescue by proposing April 23 as the momentous day.

The 23d of April, as he explained, and as we, after consulting the encyclopedia, remembered, is, according to the old Julian Calendar, the "thirteenth of the second month"; and thus, in celebrating the graduation of one more class from B. L. S., we would also be perpetuating the memory of a day which every one of us ought to remember, the date of the founding of the Boston Latin School. This date has, heretofore, received absolutely no attention, and it certainly seems that the anniversary of the day which brought our school into being ought to be marked by something more than our daily failures in recitation. The new class-day, therefore, will occur on April 23, and besides celebrating the anniversary of the founding of the Latin School, it will serve to commemorate the birthday of the greatest of English poets and dramatists, William Shakespeare. "Here's to its good health and its family, and may it live long and prosper."

Our foot-ball team has had scarcely a triumphant season so far, and now that the championship is irrevocably lost, all eyes are turning in expectation to the Thanksgiving game with English High. Before the Hoppy game our chances for victory seemed very slight, for

E. H. S., though light, is very fast, and plays hard and snappily. The game with Hoppy, however, was very encouraging. Our team work up to that time was wretched; the line played high and faint-heartedly, the backs were slow and fumbled atrociously. In the Hoppy game, however, the team gathered itself together and played good, hard foot-ball. The line played fiercely and aggressively, and the backs worked together well and ran hard and low. Of the ends, Freedman, though the lightest, is the best. He follows the ball well and tackles surely, though he does not get down under punts well enough yet. White is heavier, and plays a hard game, but his tackling is far from perfect. At tackle, O'Donnell and Mohan are the best men. O'Donnell has been playing well ever since the season began, and is a good ground-gainer and a difficult man to hold. Mohan's work up to the Hoppy game was only fair, but on that day he played remarkably good foot-ball, though lined up against Southard, the giant of the team. His most dangerous rival is Tucker, who, however, will probably play back of the line. For the

centre trio, Roche, Littlefield and Witherbee are probably fixtures. All three are big men, and the two guards have the added advantage of being very tall. Witherbee's running with the ball is excellent, and he seldom fails to gain his distance. At quarter, Mahoney and Galvin are the two likeliest candidates. Galvin runs the team well, and tackles at times brilliantly; but his size renders him too uncertain, and he fumbles badly at critical moments. Mahoney is invaluable for his tackling, which is absolutely sure, and for his drop-kicking. He is also good at running back punts, and rarely fumbles. Sullivan, Some, French and Tucker are all good at half back, but the first two are, on the whole, the faster and steadier pair. Sullivan's work is generally brilliant, though he occasionally fumbles, while Some, though new to the position, is a strong man and a good sprinter. Hanley is practically sure of the full back's position, as his punting and line-bucking are excellent. With this team, provided the team work is good, we ought to meet High School on at least equal terms.

T H E M A N I N G R E Y

IT was a cold, stormy November evening, and the warmth and cheerfulness of the open fire-place in the club reading-room had attracted three or four fellows of a particular set. As they were all talking together around the fire, a tall, slender young man came in, and was greeted with boisterous and familiar cries from various parts of the room.

"We had a little extra work at the office, so I couldn't get around as early as usual," said the young man, whom we will call Jack Bentley.

He took off his coat and hat and joined the group laughing and joking around the fire.

"Have I ever told any of you about my ex-

perience with the diamond smugglers?" he asked, as he drew a chair up to the fire.

We all answered that we had not heard about it, and begged him to tell us.

Seeing that we all desired to hear the story, he began without more ado.

"In the spring of '98, our firm, which deals exclusively in diamonds, suffered a large falling off in sales, due, as they supposed at the time, to smuggling. On the other side of the street, directly opposite our store, was a shop run by a Jew, who was selling diamonds right along at a price below what we paid for them. Thus we were reasonably sure that he was the

offender. Yet he conducted his business with such skill and cunning that no well-founded charge could be brought against him. Detectives were employed without results, and our business continued to suffer.

“About this time I was sent to our London firm on an important errand. I took passage on a steamer bound for Liverpool, and was fortunate in getting a stateroom to myself. The first two days out, I must confess that I was seasick. The third morning I felt better, and came on deck for the first time since our departure. There were very few saloon passangers, only two of whom I took any notice of. These were a man and a woman. The man was tall, rugged, and very plain, almost homely, in his appearance. The woman was of medium height, slender, and very beautiful. I found that the man’s name was James Reed, and that he came from New York. The woman was his wife. After a passage of six days we reached Liverpool. I landed and went to London by train, and in a couple of days my work was done, so I went to Paris on a short visit.

“I returned to London in a few days, and thence went to Liverpool and engaged my passage home. This time I shared my stateroom with another man by the name of Alfred Potter. I was on hand early the day the steamer sailed, and went down stairs to see what Mr. Potter looked like. As I entered the stateroom he was opening his valise. I found Mr. Potter was a tall, stout man, with grey mustache and grey whiskers, dressed in a light grey suit. After a few commonplace remarks, I went on deck again. Something in his manner seemed familiar to me, yet I could not seem to remember him.

“We had a smooth passage till we were three days out, and then a storm arose and I soon had to retire on account of seasickness. The storm was soon over, but I did not recover for a couple of days after. One night,

just before I was well enough to go on deck, I was dozing in my berth, when I was aroused by my companion as he came in. From some impulse I lay perfectly still with my eyes shut. He came in softly, glanced at me, saw that I was asleep, as he thought, and began to undress. As I happened to be lying on my left side, I could see everything he did. He took off his coat and vest, and then from his head he removed a wig, disclosing a mass of black hair. He next took off a false mustache, and then followed a false beard. As he turned his head partially towards me, I recognized in him my former fellow-traveller, James Reed. His next act was to remove from his waist a large belt, which up to this time had remained hidden under his negligee shirt. He took it off and laid it on his trunk, and I had a good chance to look at it. It was about ten inches wide in front, tapering to about two in the back, and was three inches thick in front. Reed, alias Potter, opened the side of the belt and disclosed hundreds of diamonds, which sparkled brilliantly in the rays of the electric light. I knew now why he had seemed familiar to me, and but one question perplexed me. Where was his wife, if she was his wife, which I now strongly doubted? Was she also a smuggler? This question has always remained unanswered. But to return to Reed. Having seen that the gems were all in their proper place, he put the belt in his trunk, locked it, and went to bed.

“After thinking it over, I decided to wait till we reached port, and to find out for whom he was working before accusing him. The ship arrived on time, and we hastened to land. I saw Reed pass the custom-house inspectors without being suspected and enter a cab, which drove rapidly away. I followed in another quite a distance behind, and saw him enter an unoccupied house on a quiet side street.

I saw a policeman some distance away, and quickly decided what to do. I ran up to him

and told him the facts in the case. Of course he was excited at the prospect of arresting the smuggler, so together we went up the steps and silently entered the house. I was sure my man was somewhere in the house, but when room after room was explored and found empty, I began to feel that we had lost him after all. The cellar alone remained to be examined, and that was found to be empty. The officer now turned on me and asked what wild-goose chase I had led him on. My explanation served to mix up affairs more than to unravel them, and he was inclined to regard me as a suspicious character, and said that he had a good mind to arrest me instead of the smuggler. He finally let me off, and I made tracks for the store, where I told the boss my story. He was glad that I had found out the smuggler, but was displeased because I had not had him arrested on the boat. Of course it was out of the question for Reed to go on any more trips, as his description was in the hands of the detectives, and

as one result of my adventure we suffered no more from smuggling, and as the other result I was advanced in wages, but of course that is of no interest to you. A short time after the old Jew sold out and went to parts unknown."

After Bently had finished, one of the men asked him if he knew what became of the woman.

"Never saw or heard of her again," he replied; then he added with a yawn, "Well, boys, I've got to be up early in the morning, so I guess I'll say good-night."

Some of them lingered after he had gone, and one of them said, "I wonder if Bently ever had such an adventure as he told about to-night."

"It sounded very much like a yarn," but if it was one, he told it pretty well."

"At any rate, it has served to take up our time to-night," said another. "Come, it's getting late. Let's go."

E. E. H., '03.

THE FUNNY SIDE OF THE MINISTRY

MY father was a minister, and I consequently had numerous opportunities to be present as a witness at the private marriage ceremonies which he performed. Some of these are so highly ludicrous that they will not fail to amuse the most serious minds. Father had charge of a church in a small country town, tucked away among the green mountains of Vermont. The people in and about the town were, for the most part, intelligent, but among the hills on the outskirts of the town there were a few specimens of the old backwoods type. Among these were some candidates who came to be united in the bonds of wedlock.

One summer day, late in the afternoon, when the roads had been turned into a marsh by

heavy rains, I was standing in front of the church parsonage, when my attention was attracted by the rattling and squeaking of an old vehicle which must have been used for several generations. I looked and saw coming towards me a sulky, drawn by the most forlorn, dilapidated nag that I ever laid eyes upon. He was lame in all fours, blind in both eyes, and he was so thin that I could have counted every bone in his body. Perched on the seat of the sulky was a couple who, though evidently better fed, looked quite as forlorn as the quadruped they drove. The man wore an old derby which he must have pulled out of an ash barrel, his coat looked as though it had been a sportsman's target, his feet upheld the policy of expansion, and his trousers were one grand

patch, it being impossible to tell where the original trousers began and the patch left off.

Thus, covered from head to foot with mud, the horse panting and puffing, they drove up and halted their steed in front of our house, and inquired of me whether the parson lived there. Having found out that he did, the man managed, after beating around the bush for some time, to make me understand that they had some business with father. I told them to step into the house, and they immediately alighted from their rig, following me into the house, leaving their horse unhitched in the middle of the road, seeming to be perfectly confident that the animal would not run away.

Father came down from his study, where he was preparing his next Sunday's sermon, and looked them over. He was very reluctant about joining together such a "hard-looking" pair, and felt in his bones that their marriage would hardly be a "roaring success." The couple wanted to be married on the spot, and father scarcely knew how to get out of the dilemma. It suddenly occurred to him that the man might not have secured the necessary marriage license, and he inquired about the matter.

"A marriage license," the man replied, "what's that?"

Father explained what a marriage license was, and told him where he could get one. The couple immediately went out, climbed into their sulky, and made their way to the town clerk's office. As an hour elapsed and they had not returned, father's curiosity impelled him to go to the headquarters of the town officials to find out what was the outcome of the whole thing. The town clerk replied that when he asked the question, "Have you another wife," our former acquaintance replied:

"Yes, but she's drunk half the time, and has been in jail two or three times, and ain't no use any way, and I want another one."

Father had another experience, about six

months later, quite as striking as the one just related. On a cold night in January, when the ground was covered with two feet of snow, I was burning the midnight oil, cramming for "exams." Just as I was about to close up shop and go to bed, some one pounded most ferociously at the front door. I hesitated some time before opening the door, but finally concluded that a thief would neither make so much racket nor try to break into our house, as it is an established fact that country ministers are as poor as their parishioners proclaim themselves to be when asked for a few extra dollars. I therefore opened the door, and found before me a seedy, though not bashful, young man, who said that if the minister was in he would like to see him on important business. By this time I had espied at the side of the road a sleigh in which I easily recognized a young woman, and I instantly saw what was up. I ushered them into our parlor and then awoke father, who was snoring vociferously, and told him he had a chance to earn a dollar.

Presently, about half awake, he and mother appeared. With as short a prelude as possible, father went right to business and completed the ceremony. When all was over and congratulations were received, the bridegroom asked:

"Well, what's the damages?"

Father, whose bump for humor rarely failed him, replied:

"I hope I haven't done any damage, but the State allows me a dollar and a half."

"All right," says our midnight caller, "if the State gives you a dollar and a half, I'll give you fifty cents, and then you'll have two dollars in all."

Father, thinking that the bride was worth more than fifty cents, explained that the State allowed him to charge a dollar and a half, but that, however, he never made any charges. On hearing this, the groom counted out a dollar and a half, after which he and his wife bade us good night and took their departure.

E. E. B., '03.

A T H L E T I C S



C. L. S. v. B. L. S. Our ball on Cambridge's 15-yard line.

CAMBRIDGE LATIN, 6 — B. L. S., 0.

ON October 23, our team succeeded in dashing our hopes of the championship to earth by losing what was generally expected to be a sure victory for B. L. S. to Cambridge. The team played remarkably badly; the line played high and without fierceness, the backs fumbled continually, and tackled, as a rule, poorly. Cambridge, on the other hand, though outweighed, played a fast, snappy game, and worked our ends almost at will. Edwards kicked off for B. L. S. at 3.35, and Cambridge, failing to gain, punted to Galvin on their own 35-yard line. From here B. L. S. pushed the ball to Cambridge's 20-yard line, where Cambridge got the ball on a fumble. By end and tackle plays, C. L. S. forced the ball to the 40-yard line, where Latin School held. Tucker

and Witherbee made gains of eight yards each, and then B. L. S. lost the ball on a forward pass. Twice Cambridge sent a man around Sullivan with good interference, and both times Galvin dodged the interferer and nailed his man; but after B. L. S. had got the ball on downs, and lost it on a fumble, Hopewell circled White without interference for 40 yards and a touch-down. Taft kicked the goal at 4 p. m., the ball striking the bar and bounding over. Edwards kicked off to Taft, who gained fifteen yards before he was downed by Sullivan. Latin School held, and pushed the ball to the 4-yard line, where time was called at 4.11.

Taft kicked off to O'Donnell on our 25-yard line. Latin School advanced the ball about 20 yards, when Cambridge received the ball on downs. They failed to gain, and the ball went

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to B. L. S. at the middle of the field. Hanley punted to Taft, but on the next play Cambridge fumbled, and Latin School got the ball. However, they lost it again by a forward pass, and Cambridge punted at once. Latin School forced the ball to Cambridge's 15-yard line, where Hanley tried for a goal from the field, but he fumbled, and Galvin fell on the ball. Cambridge held for downs, and punted out of danger. Time was called at 4.50 P. M. The teams lined up as follows :

CAMBRIDGE LATIN.	B. L. S.
l. e., White (Holland) . . .	White, r. e.
l. t., Carroll	Hanley, r. t.
l. g., Cahir	Witherbee, r. g.
c., Bushway	Mohan, c.
r. g., Howe	Edwards, l. g.
r. t., Hopewell	O'Donnell, l. t.
r. e., Brennan	Sullivan, l. e.
q. b., Taft	Galvin, q. b.
r. h. b., Eaton	Somes, l. h. b.
l. h. b., Burns (capt.) . . .	French, r. h. b.
f. b., Doherty	Tucker, f. b.

Score, C. L. S., 6 ; B. L. S., 0. Touchdown, Hopewell ; goal from touchdown, Taft ; umpire, Holton ; referee, Lane ; linesmen, McCrehan and Shanahan ; timekeeper, Carstine ; time, 20 and 15-minute halves.

BROOKLINE HIGH, 20. B. L. S., 0.

On November 1, our team lost its second league game to Brookline at Charles River Park. Again, as in the Cambridge Latin game, our team expected to win, and again its expectations were shattered. This time, however, our team was clearly outplayed. Brookline's line was far superior to ours, her backs were faster and steadier, and the whole team was in better physical condition. Brookline kicked off at 3.22 to Hanley, who punted on the next play. Brookline fumbled, and Sullivan was on the ball. Hanley punted outside after a few short gains through the line, and Quigley returned, Latin School fumbling, however, thus losing the ball. Barndollar and Quigley made good gains for Brookline, and at 3.28 Quigley

was pushed over the line for a touchdown, Wilbor kicking the goal. Edwards kicked off. After a few minutes of play, Brookline punted. O'Donnell and Hanley by line plays pushed the ball to Brookline's 30-yard line, where Mahoney tried for a goal from the field, which fell two feet too low. Le Moyne punted to Edwards from the 25-yard line. Mahoney and Le Moyne exchanged punts and then Mahoney kicked to Wilbor, who ran 30 yards. Le Moyne again punted, but B. L. S. lost the ball for holding. Le Moyne punted to Hanley, who fumbled, and a Brookline man fell on the ball. Barndollar circled the end with good interference for 25 yards and a second touchdown. Wilbor kicked the goal at 3.43. Edwards kicked off to Talbot, and after two fumbles Le Moyne fell on the ball. Brookline gained 40 yards by end plays, and then Le Moyne punted, but the kick was muffed, and Thompson, Brookline's right end, picked up the ball and took it over the line for a third touchdown. Wilbor again kicked the goal. Edwards kicked to Talbot, who punted outside at the middle of the field, where time was called at 3.55.

In the second half, both teams adopted a kicking game. Edwards kicked off at 4.10. Brookline gained about 20 yards, and then punted to Mahoney. Latin School could not gain, and Brookline punted again to Mahoney on our 1-yard line. Hanley punted out of danger, but Brookline lost the ball for holding, and Hanley again punted. Brookline tried a fake kick, but Freedman broke up the play by a clever tackle. Then followed a succession of twelve punts, the ball finally remaining with Brookline, who gained 20 yards by hard line-bucking. Again there was an exchange of punts, ending with Mahoney's making a safety. Three more punts, and time was called at 4.45. For us, Mahoney was the one player who put up a brilliant game, though Freedman, in spite of his light weight, put up an excellent game at

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end. Mahoney tackled hard and surely, got off his punts well, and did some remarkable dodging in running back punts. For Brookline, Le Moyne played, on the whole, the best game, but every man on the team did excellent work. The teams lined-up as follows:

B. H. S.	B. L. S.
l. e., Cronin	Freedman (McCusker), r. e.
l. t., Floyd	Edwards (Mohan), r. t.
l. g., Le Moyne	Witherbee, r. g.
c., Perry	Littlefield, c.
r. g., Delano	Roche, l. g.
r. t., Cook	O'Donnell, l. t.
r. e., Thompson	Sullivan (White), l. e.
	(Edwards) (Corbett)
q. b., Talbot (Shine)	Mahoney, q. b.
l. h. b., Wilbor (capt.) (Talbot)	Somes, r. h. b.
r. h. b., Barndollar (Lincoln)	Tucker, l. h. b.
f. b., Quigley	Hanley, f. b.

Score, B. H. S., 20; B. L. S., 0. Touch-downs, Quigley, Barndollar, Thompson; goals from touchdown, Wilbor, 3; safety, Mahoney; umpire, Murphy; referee, Holton; linesmen, Wilcox and Shanahan; time, 20-minute halves.

B. L. S., 6. HOPPY, 0.

On Friday, November 8, our team effectually astounded the natives by defeating Hoppy by a score of 6 to 0; our first victory in this year's league games, by the way. Our team's playing was a revelation to those of us who had stood and wept profusely at the Cambridge and Brookline games. It simply outplayed Hoppy, a heavier team, and one that held Andover down to five points. Hoppy kicked off at 3.22. Latin School fumbled, and Hoppy got the ball on our 20-yard line. Latin School was playing much as she did at the Cambridge game, and Hoppy gained 15 yards without much difficulty, but then B. L. S. took a brace, and held. Hanley immediately punted, and Leatherbee carried the ball back 35 yards, and over the line, but the touchdown was not allowed on account of holding. Hanley punted again, and Hoppy fumbled, Mohan getting the ball. Latin School advanced the ball to the 35-yard line, where Hanley punted. Hoppy could not gain,

and the ball went to B. L. S. Hanley punted, and on the next play Hall returned to Mahoney. Hanley made 20 yards on a beautifully worked fake kick, then 20 more between end and tackle, Sullivan made 8 on a dive through the line, and Latin School had a first down on Hoppy's 1-yard line. Twice B. L. S. failed to gain, but on the third down Hanley was literally hurled over the line for a touchdown. Sullivan kicked the goal. Hoppy kicked to Hanley, who ran 20 yards before he was downed. Time was called with the ball in our possession at the middle of the field.

Mahoney kicked off at 4.12. Hoppy lost the ball on downs, and B. L. S. pushed the ball to Hoppy's 9-yard line, where she lost the ball, and Leatherbee took it 30 yards around end and out of danger. Hoppy fumbled, and Latin School gained 25 yards before she in turn fumbled. Again Leatherbee circled White for 30 yards, and Hoppy, desperately trying to even up the score, reached our 5-yard line before Latin School held and got the ball. The last five minutes of the game were absolutely terrific. Three times did Hoppy reach our 5-yard line, and each time Latin School held, and Hanley punted out of danger. Again and again Hoppy's heavy backs struck our line, only to be thrown back, and time was called at 4.55, with the ball in Hoppy's possession on our 15-yard line. Our entire team played well, and there was a unity and snap in the work that has not been seen before this year. Hanley and Sullivan are, perhaps, the ones whose names should be especially mentioned for good work, but Mahoney and Mohan were not far behind them. The line-up;

B. L. S.	HOPPY.
l. e., Freedman (French)	Goddard, r. e.
l. t., O'Donnell	Parker, r. t.
l. g., Roche	C. Pevear, r. g.
c., Littlefield	Barry, c.
r. g., Witherbee (capt.)	Davis, l. b.
r. t., Mohan	Southard, l. t.
r. e., White	Merrill, l. e.

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q. b., Mahoney Colley, q. b.
l. h. b., Sullivan . . . Hall (capt.), r. h. b.
r. h. b., Somes (Tucker) Leatherbee, l. h. b.
f. b., Hanley R. Pevear, f. b.

Score, B. L. S., 6; Hoppy, o. Touchdown, Hanley; goal from touchdown, Sullivan; umpire, Holton; referee, Pendleton; time, 20-minute halves.

B. L. S., 6. THAYER ACADEMY, o.

On October 16, our team played a remarkably dull game with Thayer Academy at South Braintree. Only one half was played, in which B. L. S. managed to score only once. In the intermission, a dispute arose as to changing referee and umpire about, B. L. S. refusing to play unless the change was made, and Thayer refusing to play if it was. The result was that B. L. S. left the field without finishing the game. The dispute was not only unfortunate, but was attended with credit to nobody. In our opinion Latin School should have given in rather than leave the field, although Thayer's action was scarcely courteous to the visiting team, to say

the least. For us, French and Galvin played as well as any, which is saying very little; while Carr did the best work for Thayer. The line-up was as follows:

B. L. S.	THAYER.
l. e., Sullivan	Carr (capt.), r. e.
l. t., O'Donnell	Arnold, r. t.
l. g., Edwards	P. Hammond, r. g.
c., Littlefield	Crawford, c.
r. g., Witherbee (capt.)	N. Hammond, l. g.
r. t., Hanley	Platts, l. t.
r. e., White	Riley, l. e.
q. b., Galvin	Winslow, q. b.
l. h. b., Somes	Remick, r. h. b.
r. h. b., French	Clark, l. h. b.
f. b., Tucker	Knight, f. b.

Score, B. L. S., 6; Thayer Academy, o. Touchdown, French; goal from touchdown, Sullivan; time, one 15-minute half.

POMFRET, 6. B. L. S., o.

On October 26, our team met defeat at the hands of Pomfret by a score of 6 to o. Latin School played, on the whole, a fairly good game. Mahoney went in at quarter for the first time, a position in which he will probably remain.

The boys should come out to the foot-ball games far more than they do. The attendance of B. L. S. men at the games so far has been very poor, and, consequently, no good cheering has been done. Every member of the school ought to consider it his duty to come to the Thanksgiving game with our old friend-enemy, E. H. S.

Retourner, to come back.

Revenir, to come back after you've got there.

ROOM 17.

Il coupa la tete au parlementaire.

He cut off the head of the house of Parliament.

Ils pouvaient s'y baigner tous les soirs.

They wished to bathe all their cares there.

Geminae stant vertice cristae.

Two feathers grow on his vertex.

Gaudent popularibus auris.

They rejoice in the popular airs.

Turnus fugit ocior euro.

Turnus flies swifter than an ostrich.

Enses recoquant.

They re-cook their swords.

During the very first week of the opening of the gymnasium, Pfeffer, '03, fell from the parallel bars, breaking his arm in two places. We wish to extend our sympathy to him, and trust that his line of conduct at "gym." will not become a settled custom.

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T E N N I S

The annual tennis tournament has at length been completed. The entries and results were as follows:

Singles.

Morrison	}	Gilbert	}	Gilbert	}	Gilbert	}		
Gilbert	}	Martin	}	Miller	}	McCarty	}	(6-1) (7-5)	
		Miller		Gatch		Bruce		(6-4) (4-6)	
		Barton		McCarty		(6-2)			
		Gatch		Packard					
		Freedman		Westfall					
		Pfeffer		Daly					
		McCarty		Bruce					
		Brown		Anderson					
		Packard		Pearson					
		Westfall		Thurber					
		Daly		Corbett					
		Bruce		Strauss					
		Anderson		Mansfield					
		Pearson		Middleton					
		Thurber		Kneeland					
		Corbett		Baxter					
		Strauss		Reed					
		Mansfield		D. Niles					
		Middleton		Somes					
		Kneeland		Bergman					
		Baxter		Mahan					
		Reed		Niles					
		D. Niles		Fullerton					
		Somes		Reardon					
		Bergman		Gibson					
		Mahan		Sweetzer					
		Niles							
		Fullerton							
		Reardon							
		Gibson							
		Sweetzer							

Doubles.

Bruce and Niles	}	Bruce and Niles	}	Bruce and Niles	}		
Daly and Reed	}	Hibbard and Fierson	}	Packard and Mahan	}	Bruce and Niles	
				Anderson and McCarty	}		
				Brown and Westfall	}		
				Davison and Hibbard	}		
				Baxter and Gatch	}		
				Martin and Folsom	}		

This closes what has proved to be the most successful tennis tournament ever held in the school.

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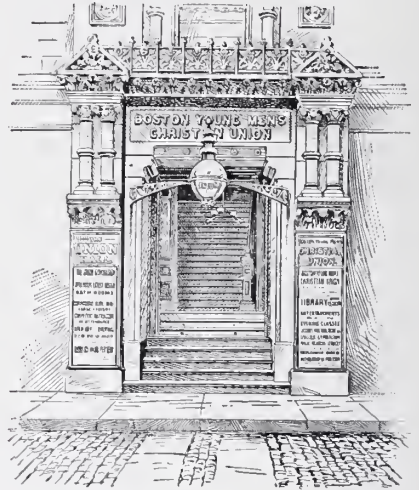
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