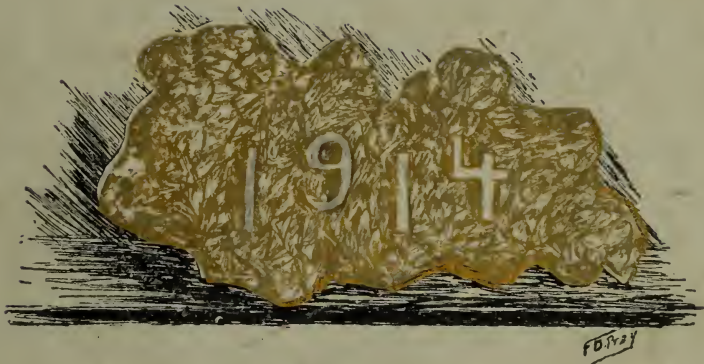


W E Y M O U T H
H I G H
S C H O O L



WEYMOUTH HIGH
SCHOOL

Telephone Connection

Justice of Peace

H. A. TIRRELL

1883-1914

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School/Technical High
WE



The Nugget

WITH much misgiving do we offer this little "NUGGET" to our critical friend, "The Public."

We have given it that name, not for its great value, but because we realize it is in the rough and lacks the finish and polish of skilled workmanship; still, into it we have put our best endeavor, and we trust it will meet with your approval.

"Think not a trifle, though
it small appear;
Small sands the mountain, moments
make the year,
And trifles life."

— *F. D. P., '14.*



BOARD OF EDITORS

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1913-1914 Organizations

CLASS OF 1914

President	Harold Gloster	Secretary	Edith Hollis
Vice-President	Leo Fraher	Treasurer	Norman Walker

CLASS OF 1915

President	Reginald W. Bates	Secretary	Norman Dizer
Vice-President	Almon Deane	Treasurer	Avis Loud

FOOT-BALL

Captain	Parker Whittle	Manager	Cornelius Condrick
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BASKET-BALL

Captain	Almon Deane	Manager	Arthur Sampson
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BASE-BALL

Captain	Leo Fraher	Manager	Anthony Cassese
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ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

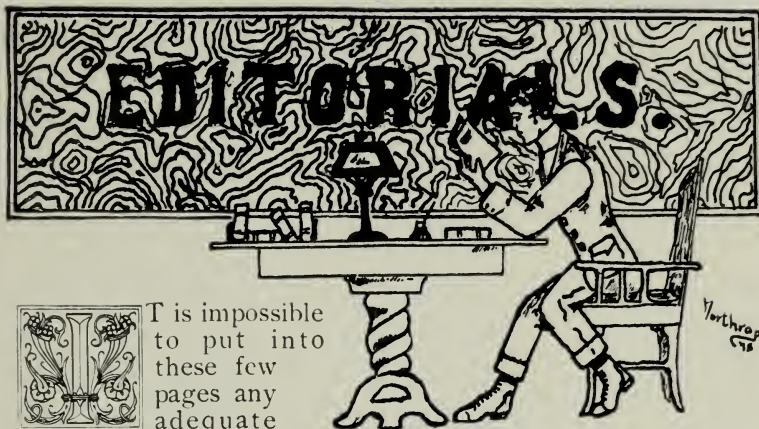
President	John W. Cosgrove	Treasurer	Mr. F. W. Hilton
Secretary	Robert Ryan		

GIRLS' DRAMATIC CLUB

President	Margaret Reidy	Secretary	Marguerite Beals
Vice-President	Ethel Cain	Treasurer	Florence Murphy

"W" CLUB

President	Leo Fraher	Secretary	Harold Gloster
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It is impossible to put into these few pages any adequate account of the advantages of our work here as students. School life is indeed a "nugget," and we chip from it what we will. If we are looking for those things which tend toward higher ideals and a broader outlook on life in general, we have within these walls an ample opportunity to find them. It has been said that we get out of anything whatever we put into it, and nowhere is that saying better exemplified than in school work.

With the beginning of spring we begin to realize more and more the possibilities, still latent, I am sorry to say, of our High School grounds. Alumni, as well as undergraduates, could do much towards beautifying what nature has already so richly endowed. We would suggest, not only the planting of class trees by the different classes as each Arbor Day comes around, but that money could be raised by entertainments and subscriptions to further carry on the work of grading and beautifying the school grounds.

The increase in enthusiasm in the different departments of the social side of school life must be very gratifying to those who have the interest of the school at heart. The Athletic Association certainly has taken a new lease of life. The school orchestra and special chorus have given the musical part of the school an enviable reputation while various clubs seem to be making themselves known. It is hoped they will grow still stronger as time goes by.

Two Assists: Two Errors



ITTING idle at her desk, the teacher gazed up and down at the rows of seats with rising emotions. The slight breeze, coming in at the window, flicked the curtain to and fro and stirred the papers in the file. Faintly a distant, crashing cry came from the close-cropped diamond, where active candidates gamboled on the green.

Robert Montgomery Mckee was draped over the back of the third seat in the fourth row, in a state midway between oblivion and consciousness. To the left, to the right, behind and beyond him rose grim blackboards where a great deal of knowledge had never found its way, and within which the memories of pleasures without, seemed hazy and indistinct in the gloom. Giant windows adorned the eastern side and above their panes the pigmy world arose in the distance, giving fresh food for disconsolation, grief, and youthful sadness. Long rows of seats ran down to the teacher's platform. Enthroned there, Madam Hart, the Ancient and Honorable, was opening the lesson. Mckee gazed dreamily at the expressionless legs of Bugs Sawyer, in the opposite seat, and listened to the usual sermon.

"La leçon pour demain — Chardenal, page cent-trente-huit. Écrivez la français." Now we will take up today's translation. As I have told you before, this class is very far behind the other classes at this time of the year and we must hurry exceedingly to finish the allotted course. That means you, Mr. Brown, as well as anybody else. In order not to waste any time please tell me beforehand whether you have done your lesson or not, and if you have not, please come in after school and tell me the reason why. Mr. Brown! Pay attention! You need to hear this as much, if not more than anyone in the class. We will now take up the translation on page sixty-two. *Traduisez, M'sieur Harris.*"

Harris scorned to rise, but gave an immediate, vivid, convincing excuse.

"Don't you think you are going too far, Mr. Harris? This is the third time this week that I have called on you and you have been unprepared. Sawyer, you go on."

Sawyer, by several spasmodic efforts, rose to his feet, and cocking an eye on his book, he half sat on his desk while he painfully translated.

"Lisez la français," said Madam, warningly.

Sawyer did so. Somehow, when he came to the deeper maze of the translation, he began to breathe hard.

“*Sur la route, et parfois une orfraie* —

“On the roof, and sometimes by an-a-a—I couldn't find that in the vocabulary.”

“Did you look for it?” demanded Madam Hart over her glasses.

“Huh?” Sawyer looked at the word as though it was a suddenly discovered continent.

“Did you look for it?”

“Well! It wasn't in the vocabulary.”

“How do you know?”

“There's a page of O's missing from my vocabulary.”

“Never mind,” said Madam, scanning her other victims. “Brown! Tell him what it is.”

Brown withdrew his gaze from the depths beyond the window and looked at her sadly.

“Miller!”

“Osprey,” said Miller, grabbing his chance.

“Oh! Yes! On the roof, and sometimes an osprey, surprised in his sleep”—Sawyer halted before: “*deployer ses ailes et plonger dans l'abime noir de la tempête*”—“deploys his—er—er—Oh—a—and plunges into the dark a—abyss of the tempest.”

“Have you studied this lesson?” demanded Madam sourly.

Sawyer looked at her with mild reproach, and sat down.

“Yes?” Madam raised her eyebrows slightly as she put down a mark, and then said in usual octaves, “Tucker, go on.”

“I took home the other book last night,” said Tucker, “and studied the wrong lesson.”

“Well, you come in and see me tonight.”

Tucker objected; but being a teacher, and therefore confident, Madam Hart over-ruled.

“Hawkings,” she said, “*Lisez la français.*”

“Please, m'am,” said Hawkings, who was a meek little boy, “What's the construction of *defiler* in line two?” This was merely a meandering to gain time.

“Never mind, sir, we will come back to that later.”

At this, Robert Montgomery Mckee sat up and took notice. Such vindictiveness was not usual in the French teacher and it made him wonder about his own fate. Besides, he was acutely aware of the approaching limited—very limited—portion of the lesson that he had studied. So he stirred, sat up, sighed, and looked anxiously at the clock. There was only one way for

Robert Mckee to be a credit to his name and his country, and he took it. He glanced out the window, then he coughed, moved restlessly in his seat, and looked at the clock as though it might be walking away with the wall. Failing in this, he began a series of fidgetings, and evinced a sudden interest in one of the pictures that hung before him. The teacher eyed him over her book, but paused in doubt, and called on Donk Brown to recite. Mckee sighed ponderously — an unmistakable sigh of relief — but resumed his anxious bearing when Donk faltered, held his head above water for a few seconds only, and then sank despairingly to flunker's depths. Madam Hart took a mental stock of her scalps, waited, and then finally said, "*continuez, M'sieur Mckee.*"

Robert gave a very creditable start, considering that he had been watching her from beneath his lids for the last two minutes. But he remained motionless in his seat. At last he rose.

"That's it, Mr. Mckee," said the teacher, "It won't cost you anything to try."

Then Mckee gave an exact translation.

"Why, Mr. Mckee! I'm really surprised," said Madam, when he had sat down.

Mckee pinched himself, and said under his breath, "Took a fall out of you that time, Madam."

"It's somewhat of a novelty to have you respond at all, but — this — How'd you do it?" Her tone was wholly agreeable.

Mckee replied languidly that he didn't know.

"Possible! Possible!" murmured the teacher, "Now turn over to page 108. Yes! Page 108, and apply your talent to the translation there. What? Can't do it? Not prepared? Why, Mr. Mckee, this certainly is curious. How do you account for it? Thought the lesson ended on page 107? Well, I'm sorry. I don't see why you can't do page 108 after such a beautiful translation."

Mckee swore under his breath.

"Well, you come in tonight and see me. No, a dentist's appointment won't excuse you. Come immediately after school."

When Mckee dragged himself into the room that afternoon it was empty, save for the teacher. She was sorting papers, and bade him sit down. He did so for one hour. The breeze came in at the window and on its breath the scents of spring. Shouts came up from the diamond, cries from the walk below. The tramp of feet grew less and less heavy in the corridor and finally died away altogether. The school grew as silent and as

(*Continued on page 25*)

We're Off



ARGE bodies move slowly, and the final preparations for the departure of the 1914 caravan proves quite complicated and confusing. After a long HUNT the whip is found to be missing, but HOLLIS, with his ever handy knife, says he will WHITTLE a new one. "Wait for IRENE," calls EDITH, "She stopped to call for WINIFRED." "Oh FLORENCE, I just know we'll be too crowded when we get the RY-AN the WHEAT-ON," moans LILLIAN. Well, by the POWERS, we have a YOUNG passenger. Let him be a WALKER. "Here's a CAIN to help you," shouts DWYER. "Wait for us at the herring brook." "They say the (w)HOL(e)BROOK is R(E)ILLY," moans SUSIE to GRACE. "SCOOT, TOBY, to the BAKER. We'll want a lunch." "We can call on the GARDNER at NASH'S Corner for fresh lettuce," volunteered TIRRELL. "He's a NEW-MAN and ROSNELL says he's fine." "PRAY tell us if we look presentable," CATHERINE M(E)USES. "Shall we find any wild flowers?" "I can see a MARGUERITE that's not only WILD(E), but WILDER," chuckles CATHERINE, but she's such a TRAINER, no one heeds her pun. "Here come RUTH and ELEANOR. Now we're REIDY. All aboard! My, don't we 'SHINE '! — *F. D. P., '14.*



TO THE STARS

- "Little Stars, O tell me, pray!
Who are you, that sparkle so?"
- "We are but the host of angels
Sent to Heaven, from earth below."
- "Little Stars, what is your purpose
In God's Heaven, in the sky?"
- "We are sent here by our Father
To be shining lights on High."
- "Little Stars, so bright and holy,
Shall I be with you some day?
Shall I shine so clear among you
And light the wanderer on his way?"
- "Little sister, you shall join us,
You shall come some future day
When the dear, kind loving Father
Shall have taken your soul away."
- "Then, O stars, I'm now contented
Here, on earth, with friends to be,
For, through deeds of loving kindness
My dearest wish is promised me."
— *H. B. H., '14.*

The Agassiz Museum



BEFORE one can enjoy the Agassiz Museum to its fullest extent it is necessary to become acquainted with the man who made it possible— Jean Louis Rodolphe Agassiz, better known as Louis Agassiz. Louis was born in 1807 in the little village of Motier, Switzerland. His love for nature was shown very early. When he was a little fellow he turned the stone basin back of his home into an aquarium ; there he made his first collection of fishes. When he was ten years old he was sent to school at Bienne. Later, Agassiz studied medicine, but before taking his degree he changed his course of study to that of natural history.

His first position was that of Professor of Natural History at Neuchâtel. Agassiz left this position to accept the Professorship of Geology and Mineralogy at Geneva. He held this position until his departure for the United States in 1846. This journey to America was to be one of exploration in connection with his scientific work. When Agassiz left Europe, he expected to return in about two years, but he did not return until 1859, and then only for a visit. Soon after his arrival in America Agassiz became Professor of Natural history at Harvard University. From this time he was closely identified with Cambridge. When Agassiz accepted the professorship at Harvard there were neither collections nor laboratories to aid him in his work. The use of an old wooden shanty on the bank of the Charles River was allowed him however, and he soon had it fitted up for his collections. It also served as a dissection room. This fact is worth noting, for here was the beginning of the Museum of Comparative Zoölogy at Harvard.

Agassiz's great ambition had been to have a zoölogical museum that should be systematically arranged. He was able to carry out this desire to a marked degree by the legacy of Mr. Francis Gray for a Museum of Comparative Zoölogy with the provision that this money should not be used for buildings or salaries, but simply for the scientific needs of such an institution. The will also stated "that neither the collections nor any building which may contain the same shall ever be designated by any other name than the Museum of Comparative Zoölogy at Harvard." This provision has not been carried out for the museum is now commonly known, and justly too, as the Agassiz Museum.

This contribution received, Agassiz went industriously to work to influence the Legislature to grant money for a build-

ing. He obtained a grant of one hundred thousand dollars from this source on condition that a certain sum should be raised by private subscription. The sum of seventy-one thousand, one hundred twenty-five dollars was soon subscribed by people around Boston and Cambridge. The University granted land for the building site. As a result of persistent effort, the Museum was dedicated in 1860. The collections were immediately transferred to the new building, lecture rooms were opened, and laboratories were occupied by eager students. From this time the lecture rooms were open to women as well as men for Agassiz always seemed to have a sympathetic understanding of woman's desire to learn.

The museum was supported by legislative grants and private subscriptions but these were inadequate, especially during war.

The collections were increased in various ways. Agassiz obtained the aid of consuls in foreign lands, fishing fleets were asked to search for specimens, Agassiz's brother-in-law, Thomas Carey, aided him in collecting material. In 1863, Agassiz began collecting fishes from the rivers of the world, and was successful to a surprising degree. The Emperor of Brazil aided him in this enterprise by sending him a collection of fishes from the Brazilian provinces.

Additions to the Museum have been built from time to time, the latest one which joins the Agassiz and Peabody Museums was completed recently.

The Museum is of advantage, not only to students, but to the public as it is open to visitors every day of the week.

Since Agassiz's time the Ware collection of glass flowers has been added to the Museum. In this collection are both native and foreign flowers which look so natural when one looks at them that one is with difficulty convinced that they are not freshly picked blossoms. Adjoining the room devoted to these flowers is a room which contains the New England birds. There is also a large collection of humming-birds from all parts of the world. In the basement, enormous skeletons of extinct animals are to be seen. One of the most interesting rooms is the one which contains minerals. Some of the most beautiful specimens are the collection of agates, the sulphur stone from Mount Vesuvius, the meteorites, and the large group of amethyst crystals of a very deep, beautiful color.

Agassiz and his wonderful personality continue to live and exert their influence through this Museum, his interest in which is demonstrated by these words spoken a short time before his death: "Oh my Museum! My Museum! Always uppermost, by day and by night, in health and in sickness—always—always!"



School Calendar

- Sept. 2, 1913. School Opened.
Sept. 11, 12, 1913. Weymouth Fair.
Oct. 13, 1913. Columbus Day Celebrated.
Oct. 23, 24, 1913. Exams.
Oct. 30, 1913. Junior Hallowe'en Party.
Nov. 1, 1913. School Convention.
Nov. 11, 1913. Senior-Sophomore Party.
Nov. 21, 1913. Athletic Association Dance.
Nov. 27, 28, 1913. Thanksgiving Vacation.
Dec. 18, 19, 1913. Exams.
Dec. 22-29, 1913. Christmas Vacation.
Jan. 1, 1914. Senior New Year Party.
Jan. 23, 1914. Senior Dance.
Feb. 9, 1914. Monday Club Lecture, Lucia Ames Mead.
Feb. 19, 20, 1914. Exams.
Feb. 20, 1914. "The Egyptian Princess."
Feb. 23, 1914. Washington's Birthday Celebrated.
March 13, 1914. "The Egyptian Princess" repeated.
April 1, 1914. Mrs. Mary Chandler Atherton.
April 15, 1914. Junior German Surprise Party.
April 20, 1914. Patriot's Day Celebrated.
April 23, 24, 1914. Exams.
May 29, 1914. Memorial Day Exercises.
June 11, 12, 1914. Exams.
June 18, 1914. Graduation.



BASE-BALL TEAM

G. Langford E. Condrick F. Vender L. Callahan L. Fraher (Captain)
 V. Gorman C. Condrick R. Talbot K. Richardson R. Reilly A. Cassese (Mgr.) H. Gloster F. Mauro J. Cosgrove (Coach)

The success of the Base-ball Team seems to warrant its heading the list of School athletics this year. This spring, under the guidance of Mr. John C. Cosgrove, a team was developed that defeated some of the most powerful High School teams in the state, and which deserves the championship of southeastern Massachusetts. The team was successful, in a measure, through the work of the steady and experienced men who played last year, and the efforts of the Captain and the Coach. The games:

APRIL

- 11. Weymouth, 6; Thayer Acad., 0.
- 17. Weymouth, 11; S. Boston, 2.
- 20. Weymouth, 11; Rockland, 2.
- 22. Weymouth, 6; Braintree, 3.
- 29. Brookline, 5; Weymouth, 2.

- 14. Rockland, 2; Weymouth, 1.
- 16. Cambridge Latin, 5; Wey., 2.
- 19. Weymouth, 12; Quincy, 6.
- 22. Weymouth, 2; Hingham, 1.
- 23. Weymouth, 4; Car Men, 3.
- 25. Weymouth, 9; Brockton, 0.
- 29. Weymouth, 14; Hingham, 6.

MAY

- 2. Everett, 3; Weymouth, 2.
- 7. Weymouth, 9; English High, 8.
- 9. Weymouth, 2; Mech. Arts, 0.
- 12. Wey., 6; Brockton, 3, 14 innings.

JUNE

- 5. Winthrop, 5; Weymouth, 2.
- 10. Medford, 4; Weymouth, 0.
- 12. Quincy at Quincy,
- 13. Alumni at Weymouth.



BASKET-BALL TEAM

Weymouth Times

Richardson (r.f.) Newhall (coach) Baker (l.b.) Whittle (sub.) (Rosnell sub.)
 Reilly (l.f.) Deane (c. capt.) Condrick (r.b.)

In basket-ball this year the team had a very successful season, since a foundation for a good team was laid last year, and many men were on hand who had played in other years. Every home game, with the exception of one, was a victory. Record :

DECEMBER

30. Wey., 31 ; Oliver Ames, 15.

JANUARY

2. Winthrop, 35 ; Weymouth, 15.
 6. Weymouth, 30 ; Rockland, 11.
 9. Melrose, 30 ; Weymouth, 26.
 13. Wey., 54 ; E. Bridgewater, 18.

17. Weymouth, 44 ; Watertown, 21.
 23. Rockland, 25 ; Weymouth, 15.
 27. Brockton, 43 ; Weymouth, 33.

FEBRUARY

3. Weymouth, 114 ; Cohasset, 4.
 6. Wey., 33 ; E. Bridgewater, 19.
 10. Watertown, 28 ; Weymouth, 22.
 13. Brockton, 39 ; Weymouth, 9.



FOOT-BALL TEAM, 1913

Whittle (q.b., Capt.) Holbrook (f.b.)

Condrick (l.h.b.) Deane (r.h.b.)

Baker (l.e.) Talbot (l.t.) Rand (l.g.) Hughes (c) Tirrell (r.g) Young (r.t.) Rosnell (r.e.)

Foot-ball at Weymouth High School has always been a secondary proposition. Year after year its interests have been sacrificed to better the base-ball team. Never to my knowledge has the foot-ball team been provided with suits. Last fall foot-ball pants were provided for the last four or five games, but they were flimsy affairs and furnished little or no protection to the player, who had to supply the rest of his suit, even to stockings. The fact that from three to five dollars must be expended by a candidate to properly equip himself, has a tendency to discourage many fellows who would be of great assistance in making a strong team. It is my firm belief that if the team was properly equipped, more candidates would show up for practice, which would mean a better team. Let us hope that next year we may equal our base-ball record.—*C. P. W., '14.*

SEPTEMBER

- 27. Watertown, 11 ; Weymouth, 0.
- 30. Quincy, 41 ; Weymouth, 0.

OCTOBER

- 6. Norwood, 26 ; Weymouth, 0.
- 17. Hingham, 26 ; Weymouth, 12.
- 24. Abington, 18 ; Weymouth, 0.
- 31. S. Boston, 11 ; Weymouth, 0.

NOVEMBER

- 4. Whitman, 7 ; Weymouth, 6.
- 7. Hingham, 26 ; Weymouth, 0.
- 11. Weymouth, 18 ; Rockland, 0.
- 14. Weymouth, 12 ; Class of '12, 0.
- 27. Weymouth, 19 ; Whitman, 0.
- 27. Alumni, 21 ; Weymouth, 0.

Class of 1914

- MARGUERITE BEALS, Washington St., East Weymouth.
"Though learned, well-bred; and though well-bred, sincere."
- RUTH BLAKE, 87 North St., North Weymouth.
"Serene and resolute still, and calm and self-possessed."
- ELEANOR BLANCHARD, 886 Washington St., East Weymouth.
"She speaks, behaves, and acts just as she ought."
- ETHEL CAIN, King's Cove, North Weymouth.
"The grass stoops not, she treads on it so light."
- WINIFRED CONANT, Pleasant St., South Weymouth.
"True to her work, her word, and her friend."
- IRENE DONOVAN, 29 Foye Ave., Weymouth.
"Thy modesty's a candle to thy merit."
- MARY GARDNER, 42 Adams Place, South Weymouth.
"It is good to lengthen to the last a sunny mood."
- CATHERINE HANLEY, 6 Raymond St., East Weymouth.
"To plague me and to please me, she knows a thousand arts."
- LILLIAN HARLOW, 55 Front St., Weymouth.
"On with the dance, let joy be unconfined."
- EDITH HOLLIS, 15 Baker Ave., Weymouth.
"Around her fair young head there ever gleamed an aura bright as the sunset sun."
- SUSIE HUMPHREY, Middle St., East Weymouth.
"The joy of youth and health her eyes displayed."
- HELEN HUNT, 59 Front St., Weymouth.
"Thou sayest an undisputed thing in such a solemn way."
- DOROTHY MEUSE, 24 Center St., East Weymouth.
"Hearts that feel, and eyes that smile, are the dearest gifts that Heaven supplies."
- FLORENCE MURPHY, Pleasant St., East Weymouth.
"Good goods come in small parcels."
- BERTHA NASH, 458 Commercial St., Weymouth Heights.
"Naught of delay is there, or of repose."
- LUCIA NASH, Pleasant St., South Weymouth.
"The world delights in sunny people."
- EDITH NEWMAN, 14 Sterling St., Weymouth.
"Almost to all things could she turn her hand."
- GRACE PIERCE, Main St., South Weymouth.
"'Tis true that she is much inclined to chin and talk with all mankind."
- RUTH POWERS, 363 Common St., Belmont, Mass.
"Her voice was ever (?) soft, gentle, and low — an excellent thing in woman."
- CATHERINE PRATT, Washington St., East Weymouth.
"A sweet, attractive kind of grace."

FLORENCE PRAY, 97 Broad St., Weymouth.

"Let us then, be what we are, and speak what we think, and in all things keep ourselves loyal to truth, and the sacred professions of friendship."

MARGARET REIDY, Pleasant St., East Weymouth.

"She smiles, and smiles, and will not sigh."

SUSIE TRAINER, King Ave., Weymouth.

"For if she will, she will, and there's the end of it."

EDITH WILDE, 37 Prospect St., Weymouth.

"Sincerity is an openness of heart; we find it in very few people."

CLARA WILDER, Cedar St., East Weymouth.

"Come, give us a taste of your quality."

MILLS BAKER, 511 Randolph St., South Weymouth.

"Young fellows will be young fellows."

HENRY DWYER, 324 Washington St., Weymouth.

"With solemn mien as a screen, he hides his inner self unseen."

LEO FRAHER, 168 Middle St., East Weymouth.

"Push on, keep moving."

EVERETT FRENCH, 5 Liberty Square, South Weymouth.

"Let your light so 'shine.'"

HAROLD GLOSTER, 31 Bryant Ave., Weymouth.

"A man, he seems, of cheerful yesterdays and confident tomorrows."

KENNETH HOLBROOK, 403 Pleasant St., South Weymouth.

"God bless the good-natured, for they bless everybody else."

RALPH HOLLIS, Front St., South Weymouth.

"Politeness is the flower of humanity."

RUSSELL REILLY, 26 Foye Ave., Weymouth.

"Cheerfulness, sir, is the principal ingredient in the composition of health."

EMIL ROSNELL, 85 Grant St., East Weymouth.

"Men of few words are the best men."

ROBERT RYAN, 1105 Commercial St., East Weymouth.

"The value of education, like that of gold, is valued in every place."

LORING TIRRELL, Main St., South Weymouth.

"Now let it work; mischief thou art afoot, take thou what course thou wilt."

NORMAN WALKER, 190 Middle St., East Weymouth.

"An honest man is the noblest work of God."

CHARLES WHEATON, 16 Station Ave., East Weymouth.

"And if there's a lady in the case, you know all other things give place."

PARKER WHITTLE, 115 Front St., Weymouth.

"We must bring you to our captain."

RALPH YOUNG, 456 East St., East Weymouth.

"As the sun towers above the earth, so does he above the rest of us."



THREE OF THE PRINCIPALS IN THE HIGH SCHOOL OPERETTA

Miss May Allen (Dancing Slave)

Miss Mary Cassese (Princess Aida)

Miss Flora MacDonald (Alva)

Weymouth Times



HE Seniors held a Christmas-New-Year Party in the gymnasium January 1, 1914. The feature of this party was the huge Christmas tree which held a present for every one. Mr. Fraher was lucky enough to receive two. This merry-making was remarkable on account of the absence of nearly all of the faculty, our invited guests. Mr. Hilton, Miss Dwyer, and Mr. Cosgrove however did their best to make up for the absence of our other guests. Games, music, and dancing were enjoyed during the evening.

Weymouth High School has a very strong baseball team this year, due largely to the school spirit. The girls are supporting the team in a remarkable manner, first, by drawing large crowds to the games; second, by attending to the financial side—that is, presenting the team with one hundred and thirty-six dollars which they earned by giving “The Egyptian Princess”; and third, by collecting gate receipts. It is indeed hard for a person to “get by” nowadays without paying his admission. The young ladies should be commended on their earnest efforts. Also the boys are in pretty good form, and seem to really desire to come off victorious. This is a change for the better from some former years when the teams assumed an “I don’t care attitude. It is all in a life time whether we lose or win.” Our Manager has booked games with several of the best teams engaged in High School athletics. Let all do their part in helping onward “Our Team.”

The Class of 1914 held their first party of the year in the Assembly Hall on Tuesday, November 11. The members of their sister class of 1916 were the honored guests on this happy occasion, which took place in the afternoon because our principal thought the “Sophs” were too young to be out evenings. Games in which all partook occupied the first part of the afternoon. The remainder of the afternoon a select orchestra fur-

nished popular music for dancing. The committee in charge were: Ethel Cain, Edith Newman, Helen Hunt, Parker Whittle, Russell Reilly, and Norman Walker.

Have you noticed that the books in the library have been neatly arranged? Each book is numbered and assigned to a particular shelf. Following this new order of affairs is the command that every student shall ask permission if he wishes to procure a book, also that no one shall take a book from the library without first making out a slip for it. This is a warning to all to observe these laws. A word to the wise is sufficient.

The Senior Dance was held in the High School Hall January 23, 1914. Four hundred invitations were issued to the friends of the Seniors. Room Six was prettily transformed into a dainty bower by the 1914 Class. Rugs, flowers, basket chairs, soft couches and banners made the stern old class room quite unrecognizable. The matrons were Mrs. Hanley, Mrs. Hilton, Mrs. Conant, and Mrs. Gloster. The music was furnished by Shaw's Orchestra of Weymouth. The only discordant note in the whole evening's enjoyment was the fact that our principal, delaying his farewells too long, missed the last car to his destination and was obliged to walk home. Of course that spoiled his evening. We, the Seniors, express our regret at such a misfortune for which, too late, we learned that we were responsible.

The Senior German Class gave a surprise party to the Junior German Class in the gymnasium April 15, 1914. The Seniors, aided by Miss Sheehy, had prepared a German programme to be followed by German "eats." Then the third period the astonished Juniors were summoned to the "gym." German songs, games, stories, passed away the time, and all spent two most enjoyable periods. Mr. Charles Wheaton provided jonquils for the occasion.

The Class of 1916 held a Beauty Contest the first of this year. The object of this contest was to decide upon the best looking girl in the class. How conceited the children are! Each member of the class and each teacher was requested to cast a vote, truthfully revealing their opinion. The decision was awarded to Miss Margaret O'Connor of South Weymouth.

The Monday Club held a lecture in the High School Hall February 9, 1914. Mrs. Lucia Ames Mead spoke on "The Common Fallacies of Peace and War." Miss Flora MacDonald, accompanied by Miss Marjorie Keith, sang a solo.

The Annual Dance for the benefit of the Athletic Association was held in the High School Hall November 21, 1914. The music was furnished by the High School Orchestra, consisting of sixteen pieces conducted by Mr. James Calderwood. Mrs. Hilton, Mrs. Bullock, Mrs. Bauer, and Mrs. Alden received the friends of the pupils.

The Juniors held their first class party on All Hallow's Eve. The gymnasium was artistically decorated with black and orange streamers. The host who presided on this occasion died long ago. In other words, a skeleton welcomed the guests. An auction, with Mr. Cosgrove as auctioneer, provided a great deal of amusement. Games, followed by refreshments, occupied the first part of the evening. An orchestra, consisting of Miss Helen Hunt, Miss Catherine Pratt, and Mr. Howard Richards, furnished music for dancing. All passed a most enjoyable evening.

The Operetta, "The Egyptian Princess," was successfully presented to the public twice under the auspices of the High School; on February 20, at Odd Fellow's Opera House, East Weymouth, and on March 8, at Fogg's Opera House, South Weymouth; once under the auspices of the Ladies' Cemetery Circle, at Odd Fellows' Opera House, East Weymouth. The net proceeds amounted to two hundred dollars, which is to be spent to benefit the School. Much gratitude is due Miss Inez Wheaton and Mr. James Calderwood, who were largely responsible for its success.

Honor List

Number of Times from September, 1913, to June, 1914

CLASS OF 1914	
Helen Hunt 4	Emil Rosnell 3
Florence Murphy 1	Robert Ryan 1
Ruth Powers 4	Norman Walker 2
Margaret Reidy 4	Catherine Hanley 1
CLASS OF 1915	
Harry Granger 1	Olive Sylvester 2
CLASS OF 1916	
Ruth Ford 4	Fred Abel 3
Dorothy Halnan 4	Agnes Lyons 3
Arthur White 4	
CLASS OF 1917	
Velma Abbott 4	Malcolm Canterbury 4
Evelyn Ashton 1	Marion Howe 2
Napoleon Bergeron 4	Wallace Whittle 2
Leon Record 1	

Mike Stoops to Conquer



MICHAEL Flynn was Irish; anyone could tell that. While twisting his arduous way through life, Mike also twisted his adopted tongue. When anyone at the barns heard him say, early like in the morning, "How are ye the marnin'?" they would laugh and say, "There's the wild Irishman now," and then later, "Sure, Mike, I'm fine-like this morning."

Steve Casey was Irish, and Mike knew Steve in the "Old Country." That's why they got a job on the same road gang and later on the same street car line. Steve was breaking in behind the controller at the same time that Mike was bossing his first crew. Whenever Steve happened to pass Mike, and see him first, he would shake his fist, and whenever Mike saw Steve coming he'd wave insulting-like with his fingers. For all that, they were good friends as befitted two from the same sod.

One morning Michael Flynn arrived at his work—a wash-out—a little ahead of time (an unusual occurrence). Mike slowly laid down his pick and shovel and took out his pipe to have a smoke. He stood still—a favorite pastime of his—and admired the scenery, wondering every now and then where the Polacks were.

Mike stood quite a while listening to the birdies singing and admiring the wonderful mansion across the fields. It was the summer home of Sandys, the money-master of whom Mickey had heard it said that, with other men, he hunted bears in the market. Mike admired the place very much; in fact, when he had first come over he had hired Tim Carroll's boy to write back, describing the wonderful mansion and its still more wonderful master to brother Denny across the water. And the message Denny sent back! Mike still remembered it. Remember? Would he ever forget it? It was as sage and as wonderful as the words of O'Connell. It ran thus:

"Deer Michael i got your letter this morning & iam glad to her your saf. Remember wat i tolld you, Michael. i am glad to her your near this Sandys for i red in the papers that he is a grat man, a fine man. Make this man your frend, Mikey i see by the papers he is the gratest man in America. Stick to this man and be a gud boy that your mother and i will be prwod of. Ex cuse this writing Mikey because Matthew Hardigan (me) is doing it for me. Remember what i tolld you. DENNY."

Yes, that was sage and wonderful and Mikey tried to follow its advice, yet he almost failed in his first test.

He was fast learning that there was a great difference between the folks over the water and the folks here. Some folks that he had known all the time over there he found to be different here, somehow. He couldn't understand it. Coming home of an evening it happened.

A disabled touring-car was drawn up at the side of the road, and the car stopped beside it and then went on again. There was a general craning forward of necks and a buzz of conversation. Mike only glanced at the two men who came up the aisle, seeing that they were both young and neither laborers and resolved to keep his seat. At a second glance, however, he rubbed his eyes in doubt. He had seen that face before in the headings of newspapers. It was Sandys of whom Denny had said, "He is a grat man, a gud man Make this man your frend."

Denny had not brought Mikey up in vain, for he rose, doffed his hat, and said with an awkward bow, "Mister Sandys, tak' my seat." It was a tribute, straight from the heart, but the man did not see it as such, for he only turned a dull red and looked puzzled, and said to his companion, "Who is this fellow?"

Mike was terrified, the voice was so cutting. That such a manner could go with such a record as this man had was beyond him. But he was fast learning that a good record in this land sometimes means only a path builded on the dead hopes of others, and strewn with the broken shafts of their lives. So all the way home the two stood there, the empty seat between them. When Mike swung off at the barn he was cold and blue from his first experience with millionaires.

Mikey was listening to the birdies that sang, and to the wind that sang, and to the trees, and other things that were sharing the bounties of Nature's voice, that was making itself heard loud-like. He had just scraped the dying remains from his pipe, and the dead thoughts from his mind, when a new, more vibrant note introduced itself into the song. Looking up, he saw the first car of the day coming down the track with Steve at the brake and forty Polacks hanging on behind.

Steve never ought to have gone on to that piece of track over that wash-out. He didn't know that the rain had been undermining those ties for a week, but he never thought of danger, having wrapped himself in God's mercy. Anyway, he came swinging along, with the street door shut and the inner door open. On the step was a man preparing to alight.

Then, as the car struck the wash-out where the rails sagged, it lurched and Steve had need of God's mercy for fair. That is, God's mercy and Mike Flynn.

When Mikey saw the car make as if to jump the track he breathed a short prayer and promptly jammed his shovel under the wheel to keep the car on. The wheels spit fire but clung to the rail, with Mikey running along and shoving the shovel under at critical moments. Men inside shouted and the one outside screamed. The wires sang hot overhead. Steve dropped on to the step to go back and pull off the trolley. Mikey jumped at each effort. The veins stood out like whipcords on his brow, and his breath came in quick, heaving gasps.

"Are ye c-c-coomin' down noow, Steve Ca-a-sey? Steve, are ye —"

The grit flew into his mouth and choked him, and the electricity sparking from the wheels blinded him. At each step every muscle in his body throbbed. And the man was holding Steve Casey on the step in a terrified embrace. Mike was dead tired, numb, blue in the face.

"Are ye c-coomin' down noow, Steve? Look out! Steve! Look out!"

The spread rail, the leaning pole, both spelled death to the men on the step. It would crush them to an insensible mass when the car jumped — and they realized it. And so did God — and Mikey Flynn. And He nerved Micky.

To thrust in the shovel and keep the car on meant a broken arm, or a broken leg, or a broken life. And Mikey was as ready as any other man could be to do the right, as brother Denny gave him to see the right. He distinctly realized that as he thrust it. Then he realized no more.

Mike awoke to the sound of soothing words and rough caresses, and broken shouts, and to the feel of blood that matted his hair, and stained his face, and covered his body. His head was in a professional man's lap and Steve Casey was saying exultantly, "Sure, an' he says as you'll live, Mikey."

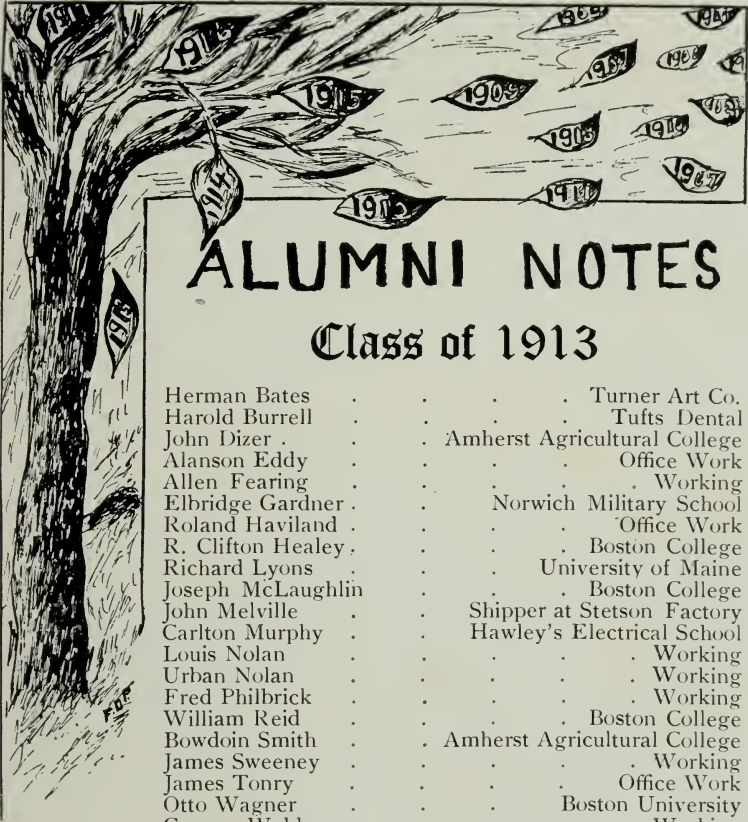
A mob was raging around one end of the car which was crash up against the pole with its motors buried in mud. Mike could hear the shouting of honest Irish words, and Tim Carroll and Jim Casey came around one end leading a man. When they came nearer, Mike almost fainted. It was Sandys.

Jim Casey, who knew the whole story, was loath to bring him at all, but finally let him come to a point near Mike from where he yelled something about "life, hero, reward, money, grateful."

"Is that all?" asked Jim grimly, when he had finished.

Sandys mumbled something about shaking something.

It was a great moment for Mikey Flynn. Raising his head he said weak-like, "James, who is this fellow?" Then he shook hands, which certainly proves that he was Irish.— 1915.



ALUMNI NOTES

Class of 1913

Herman Bates	Turner Art Co.
Harold Burrell	Tufts Dental
John Dizer	Amherst Agricultural College
Alanson Eddy	Office Work
Allen Fearing	Working
Elbridge Gardner	Norwich Military School
Roland Haviland	Office Work
R. Clifton Healey	Boston College
Richard Lyons	University of Maine
Joseph McLaughlin	Boston College
John Melville	Shipper at Stetson Factory
Carlton Murphy	Hawley's Electrical School
Louis Nolan	Working
Urban Nolan	Working
Fred Philbrick	Working
William Reid	Boston College
Bowdoin Smith	Amherst Agricultural College
James Sweeney	Working
James Tonry	Office Work
Otto Wagner	Boston University
George Webber	Working

Alice L. Bentley	Bridgewater Normal
Edith C. Bicknell	Mt. Holyoke
Una Carlton	Office Work
Frances Denlinger	Office Work
Ethelyn Doble	Office Work
Helen Field	Office Work
Isabelle Griffin	Private Secretary
May Hanley	Studying Violin
Helen Hanley	Studying Music
Irene Higgins	At Home
Madeline Hunt	Office Work
Agnes Kelley	Office Work

Dorothy Leavitt	Teaching
Helen Lincoln	Normal Art
Eva MacDonald	Office Work
Mildred Magee	Traveling Companion
Miriam McGrory	At Home
Mildred Newcomb	Hingham Bank
Alice O'Connor	Office Work
Velma Richardson	Office Work
Adella Rix	Office Work
Hester Swan	Studying Music
Martha Tirrell	Teaching
Sarah Trainer	Office Work

Junior Initialgrams

Mamma's Little Angel.
 Races Past Cars.
 Reports With Buoyancy.
 Always Looks Correct.
 Can't Fool "Connie."
 Chats Along Corridors.
 Accomplishes Extraordinary
 Dancing.
 Capable Useful Girl.
 Very Lucky at Games.
 Manipulates With Keys.
 A Candy Kid.
 Always Ragtimes Lightly.
 Ever Merry.

Always Keeps Moving.
 Talent For Note-writing.
 Has Southern News.
 Keenly Enjoys Retaliation.
 Often Does Studying.
 Always Enjoys Talking.
 Fans Like Vender.
 Really No Girl.
 Reports Tomorrow.
 Doesn't Hide Merriment.
 Excusable Miss Tease.
 Ever Loves Adornment.
 Little Helping Comrade.



Graduation Honors

Valedictorian	Margaret Reidy
Salutatorian	Norman Walker
Essay	Helen Hunt
Class Ode	Edith Newman
Historian	Florence Murphy
Prophets	Ruth Powers, Henry Dwyer
Dance Committee Chairman	Norman Walker
Banquet Committee Chairman	Susie Humphrey

CLASS MOTTO — *Spectemur Agendo*

Class Play — "My Lord in Livery"

CHARACTERS

Lord Thirlmere (H.M.S. "Phlegethon")	<i>Mr. Parker Whittle</i>
Spigott (an old family butler)	<i>Mr. Emil Rosnell</i>
Hopkins (a footman)	<i>Mr. Harold Gloster</i>
Robert (a small page)	<i>Mr. Russell Reilly</i>
Sybil Amberly (daughter of Sir George Amberly)	<i>Miss Ethel Cain</i>
Laura } (her friends)	{ <i>Miss Dorothy A. Meuse</i> <i>Miss Edith K. Newman</i>
Rose }	

TWO ASSISTS: TWO ERRORS

(Continued from page 6)

dismal as a tomb. And still Mckee sat on. Wild thoughts of bloodshed and murder came into his mind, only to be succeeded by ones of greater carnage. And still he sat on. Finally, when he had given up all hope, the teacher stirred in her seat and looked toward him.

"Well, Mr. Mckee, what explanation have you to offer for your failure today?" she asked.

Mckee said nothing.

"It isn't only for today that I made you report. I wanted to warn you. I'm getting tired of your silly, childish attitude in class. Lately, you have been trying to amuse the others by little tricks that don't amount to anything. If they were only funny, it would be all right. By they are n't even funny. They're only the antics of someone who tries to be funny and can't. I want you to stop. Will you?"

Mckee looked genuinely sincere as he answered, "I'll try."

"I'm glad to hear it, for you're too big a boy now to be wasting your time the way you do. You're way down in your studies, and I know it's not from lack of brains. A boy with your ability ought to make a great deal more out of himself than you do. You're wasting time. Today, you did recite fairly well and you could do so every day, because you have the ability. I wouldn't waste my time if I were you, but would try to get more out of it. Will you try to get more out of it?"

"Yes," answered Mckee, the picture of determination.

"Now from here on, I want you to take some interest in your work. That's what you're here for. What are your parents sending you here to school for if it's not to study? Aren't they putting themselves out to accomodate you? And you are not justifying their efforts in the least. Mckee, from here on, I want you to pay attention to your studies and make your parents and your school proud of you."

"I will," said Mckee, in a voice that had that of any prodigal son skun a mile. And then to carry out his good intentions and to show that he was in full faith he meekly inquired, "What's the lesson for tomorrow?"

Ten minutes later, Madam Hart was preparing to leave the room when she heard through the open window the sound of the basement door open and bang shut. Simultaneously, the corridor door opened and some one passed out.

"Yay, Bugs!" came a greeting.

"Yay, Mac! Where you been?" "Reporting to Dame Hart."

"No," quoth "Bugs" Sawyer, "You don't say. Moral lecture? What'd you get it for? Dunn just gimme one."

"A boy with your ability, and all that stuff?" asked McKee, wearily.

"Yup, and give your parents some return for sending you here."

"Same here. I got that too."

"Well," said Bugs, "I got one thing out of mine."

"What's that?"

"I got my mark changed from 60 to 72."

"Huh!" snorted McKee, the penitent, in derision, "That's nothing. Do you know what I did?" "What?"

"I got the marks of everyone in the division for this term. Book laying right in front of me. I got all of 'em. My own made me weep though."

Sitting idle at her desk, the teacher gazed up and down at the rows of hackneyed seats with rising emotions. The slight breeze, coming in at the window, flicked the curtain to and fro, and stirred the papers in the file. Faintly in the distance came the joyful snicker of youth.— 1915.



"W" Men

Those who have earned their "W" for Base-Ball (not including the season of 1913) are: Cornelius Condrick, '15; Leo Fraher, '14; Harold Gloster, '14; Vincent Gorman, '15; Vance Monroe, '15; Russell Reilly, '14; Frank Vender, '15.

Those to whom the Track "W" have been awarded are: Leo Campbell, '17; Robert Hyatt, '17; Gerald Procter, '16; Bryant Sprague, '17; Edward Sweet, '16; Ralph Talbot, '15 (Captain).

Those who are entitled to the Foot-Ball "W" are: Mills Baker, '14; Louis Borlenghi, '15; Anthony Cassese, '15; Cornelius Condrick, '15; Almon Deane, '15; Henry Dwyer, '14; Harold Gloster, '14; John Hughes, '17; Kenneth Holbrook, '14; Philip Haviland, '16; Charles Palmer, '17; William Rand, '15; Emil Rosnell, '14; Ralph Talbot, '15; Loring Tirrell, '14; Parker Whittle, '14 (Captain); Ralph Young, '14.

Basket-Ball "W" men are: Edward Bates, '15; Mills Baker, '14; Cornelius Condrick, '15; Almon Deane, '15 (Captain); Leo Fraher, '14; Russell Reilly, '14; Kenneth Richardson, '15.

FOOT-BALL SCHEDULE, 1914

Sept. 25. Rockland at Weymouth.
Oct. 2. S. Boston at Weymouth.
Oct. 9. Rockland at Rockland.
Oct. 14. Dedham at Dedham.
Oct. 16. Hingham at Hingham.
Oct. 21. Watertown at Weymouth.

Oct. 30. Abington at Abington.
Nov. 6. Hingham at Weymouth.
Nov. 13. Abington at Weymouth.
Nov. 20. Milton at Milton.
Nov. 26. Alumni at Weymouth.

ROSSELL
HARLOW

YOUNG
BEALS

MEUSE
BAKER
MURPHY
PRATT
REIDY
POWERS

PIERCE
BLANCHARD
BLAKE
HOLLIS
NASH

HOLLIS
FRAHER

CONANT
WILDE
HANLEY
WILDER
GLOSTER
REILLY
WHEATON
CAIN

NASH
HUNT
RYAN
DWYER
PRAY
NEWMAN
GARDNER

FRENCH
HOLBROOK
HUMPHREY
TIRRELL
WHITTLE
TRAINER
WALKER
DONOVAN

Corridor Echoes

Heard in the Hall — Deane's tie.

MISS C-RT-S — "Perhaps if you removed what is in your mouth we might be able to understand you."

STUDENT, brusquely — "It's only my tongue."

"... *magno fletu... petere coeperunt.*"

G-LLM-R — "He cried with many tears and then began to weep."

Giggles rose from all sides of the French IV Class when Miss D-st asked for the imperfect subjunctive of *venir*. It's "Vance" (*vinse*). One pupil blushed. Do you know why?

"Joe, you gotta joke for th' Paper?"

"Yeh! Here's a picture of th' Senior Class."

"... *polliciti sunt...*"

"... there are the politicians..."

MISS SH---Y — "What makes you think Echo was a female spirit?"

T---T — "Oh! She was always answering back."

MISS D--H---T (On the first day of school) — "Are there any J's in this class?"

How could you ask that of the Seniors?

"Now, Daniels, tell me why the word *hasta* is the subject of *est*."

"Because it begins with a capital letter."

Of course it was the Freshman, on the first day of school, who walked up to the Senior and asked, "Are you the Headmaster?"

Just imagine! It was the Captain of the Nine.

MISS C-HAM — "An optimist is a man who can see the doughnut, while a pessimist can only see the hole in it."

Dwyer appreciated Miss Sm-th's solicitous regard for his welfare in so earnestly advising him not to inconvenience himself in any way about giving his special topic.

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Man is Dust! Be a Man!

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Now, tradesmen in Weymouth will help give Weymouth High a good paper because it is their sons and daughters who make up the High School. But no tradesman anywhere, at home or abroad, will help an institution that gives no returns; and returns mean "increased trade"; and increased trade is obtained only if every member of Weymouth High School patronizes our advertisers. Therefore our slogan and plea for the year is *Patronize Our Advertisers*.

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Games Called at 3.30

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