

THE NEWTONIAN



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THE NEWTONIAN



NEWTON HIGH SCHOOL

1915



CAST OF THE SENIOR PLAY



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CHARLES D. MESERVE

TO
MR. CHARLES D. MESERVE
HEAD OF THE DEPARTMENT OF MATHEMATICS
AN INSPIRING TEACHER
A WISE AND JOVIAL FRIEND
THE CLASS OF
1915
DEDICATES THIS BOOK
WITH TRUE AFFECTION



THE ANDOVER PRESS
ANDOVER, MASS.

Contents

Dedication	5	Fencing	88
The Newton High School	8	Midget Relay Team	90
Foreword	9	Field Hockey	92
<i>Newtonian</i> Board	10	Basketball	94
The Faculty	12	Girls' Track Meet	96
The Senior Class	15	Literary	97-120
Heading	15	The Pony Girl	98
Class Day Officers	16	The Clenched Hand	103
Class Officers	17	" If "	106
The Class	18-52	Tommy	107
History	53	A Tangled Code	111
Statistics	55	Excuses	114
Honor List	56	A Norwegian Love Song	115
Wearers of the "N"	57	Faith	117
Junior Class	58	The Flower of Peace	118
Sophomore Class	62	Sonnet	119
Freshman Class	66	N. H. S. Fifty Years Ago	120
History	67	Organizations	121-131
The Abandoned City	68	Debating Club	122
Athletics	70-90	Portia Club	124
Athletic Committee	71	Der Deutsche Verein	126
Football	73	English Club	127
Baseball	76	<i>Review</i>	128
Track	78	Glee Club	130
Hockey	80	The Technical High School	132
Tennis	82	Grinds	133-139
Golf	85	Advertisements	140-152
Relay Team	86		



Foreword

WITH the publication of this volume the seventh issue of our school year-book is offered to the gaze of a critical, but we hope, admiring world. The first issue, published by the Class of 1909, and called the *Annual*, was a bound volume of less than a hundred pages. The following year the name of the publication was changed to the *Newtonian*, which it has ever since continued to bear. Every year an attempt has been made to increase the size of the volume, but it has not always been possible. Although this book is not the largest which has ever been published, it is the same size as the *Newtonian* of 1913 and eight pages larger than that of 1914.

The Editors do not present to you much writing which is original with themselves. Our task has been merely collecting material from others, who have often required much urging and reminding, although, theoretically, the book is supported voluntarily by the Senior Class. We may also add that we have had no little trouble in making corrections in the productions of genius, which have been at last secured by us. We hope that you can now find no mistakes, and that if you can, you will treat them leniently, when you consider all those mistakes which we might have made but have not.

To the School Board; to our faculty, collectively and individually; to the management of the *Review*; and to the writers of the various class histories, we offer our thanks for the invaluable assistance which they have rendered us in making the *Newtonian* a success.

This edition consists of four hundred copies, and is issued at a cost of six hundred dollars for printing, engraving, and binding. It will be seen, therefore, that the *Newtonian*, at the price you pay for it, is not supported by its subscribers alone, but to a considerable extent by its friends who advertise in it; to them, therefore, we also extend our heartiest thanks.



SPALDING OYLER CORSON HORNE
 MISS THOMPSON MISS VAUGHAN KEPNER, *Manager* MISS SPEARE
 MISS WHITE MISS MASON RANLETT, *Editor* MISS WILLIAMS WEAVER

THE NEWTONIAN BOARD

Newtonian Staff

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Assistant Managers

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PHILIP N. HORNE

JOHN V. SPALDING

The editorial board in charge of the preparation of this book was chosen primarily by the Class of 1915, to act as their agent and representative in issuing the records of their school course. At a meeting of the Seniors held in October the Editor and Business Manager were elected. The Editor then consulted with a representative of the faculty who recommended various persons on the basis of their good scholarship and their efficiency in this line of work. The separate departments were assigned to these assistants according to the subjects which they respectively preferred. The Business Manager selected, to help him, those persons who he thought would render the best service.

To Our Teachers

Honor and reverence and the good repute
That follows faithful service as its fruit.

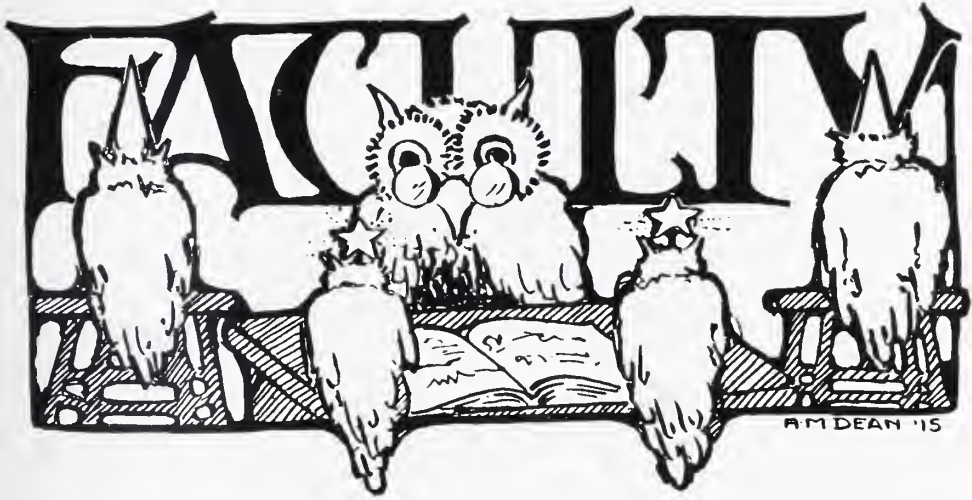
H. W. Longfellow

I could be overlong, both in showing just causes, and reciting true
examples, why learning should be taught rather by love than by fear.

Roger Ascham

Let the soldier be abroad if he will, he can do nothing in this age.
There is another personage,— a personage less imposing in the eyes of
some, perhaps insignificant. The schoolmaster is abroad, and I trust
to him, armed with his primer, against the soldier in full military array.

Lord Brougham



Principal

ENOCH C. ADAMS, *Latin*

Heads of Departments

S. WARREN DAVIS	<i>Latin</i>
MARGARET MCGILL	<i>History</i>
GERTRUDE MYLES	<i>French</i>
FRANCES P. OWEN	<i>German</i>
WALLACE E. RICHMOND	<i>Science</i>
CHARLES SWAIN THOMAS	<i>English</i>

Teachers

ESTHER BAILEY	<i>German, History</i>
MAUDE E. CAPRON	<i>Chemistry</i>
ALICE CAREY	<i>English</i>
DELPHA COOLIDGE	<i>French</i>
ALFRED W. DICKINSON	<i>History, Mathematics</i>
MARTHA M. DIX	<i>Drawing</i>
MARGARET S. EVERTS	<i>French</i>
ALBERT FARNSWORTH	<i>History</i>
MAIDA FLANDERS	<i>Physical Training</i>
MAY B. GOODWIN	<i>Latin</i>
GEORGETTE GRENIER	<i>French</i>
ISABELL HILDITCH	<i>History</i>

THE 1915 NEWTONIAN

H. ANNA KENNEDY	<i>Science</i>
MINERVA E. LELAND	<i>Mathematics</i>
OSCAR MARTIN	<i>Physical Training</i>
CAROLINE H. MILLS	<i>English</i>
HARRIET P. POORE	<i>Latin</i>
ARTHUR W. RUFF	<i>Mathematics</i>
ETTA M. RICHMOND	<i>English</i>
CARRIE E. SILLOWAY	<i>Mathematics</i>
MARIAN B. STORY	<i>French</i>
IDA M. WALLACE	<i>Latin</i>
FRANCIS L. WARNER	<i>English</i>
COLLIN WELLS	<i>Special English Assistant</i>
ELIZABETH M. WESTGATE	<i>Physical Training</i>
EDITH A. WIGHT	<i>Laboratory Assistant</i>
KATHERINE WILDER	<i>Special Assistant in Science</i>

BERTHA HACKETT, *Librarian*

RUTH C. WISE, *Secretary*

of 330 Mt. Auburn st., Watertown, commanding officer of a cadet squadron at the Nashville Army Air Center, has just been promoted from the rank of first lieutenant. Captain Avantaggio is the son of Mrs. Amilia Avantaggio of Newton, Mass. Captain and Mrs. Avantaggio and their two children are now residing in Nashville at 2111 Belmont Blvd.

SENIORS

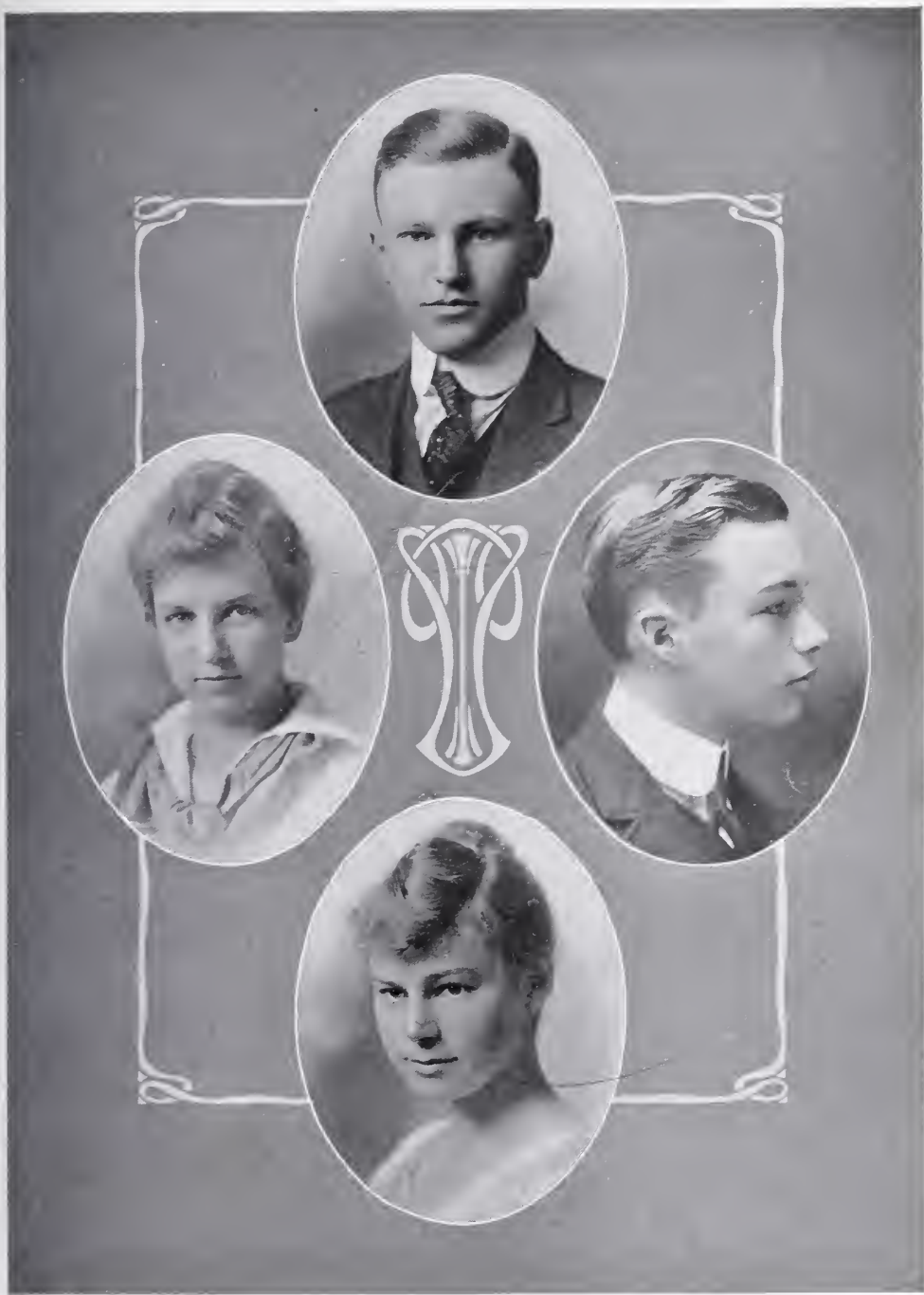




MISS H. L. WHITE, *Valedictorian*
MISS M. WILL, *Poetess*
MISS D. SPEARE, *Historian*

H. G. HAWKS, *Orator*
MISS P. WILLIAMS, *Prophet*
C. CHAPIN, *Statistician*

CLASS DAY OFFICERS



MISS K. REYNOLDS, *Secretary*

HORACE HAWKS, *President*

L. F. RANLETT, *Treasurer*

MISS E. SHUMWAY, *Vice-President*

SENIOR CLASS OFFICERS

CLASS OF 1915



MARGUERITE ANDERSON
162 Mt. Vernon St., Newtonville
"BILLY"

Born October 12, 1896.
General Course.
Entered from Horace Mann School.
College Intentions: New England Conservatory
of Music.



BEATRICE K. BEANE
126 Cornell St., Newton Lower Falls
"BEA"

Born September 14, 1897.
Classical Course.
Entered from Wellesley Grammar School.
College Intentions: Wellesley.
Girls' Debating Club, 1914-15.
English Club, 1913-15.



LILLIAN ALBERTA BECK
127 Cornell St., Newton Lower Falls
Born September 17, 1898.
General Course.
Entered from Hamilton Grammar School.
College Intentions: Fitchburg Normal.
Glee Club, 1914-15.
Girls' Debating Club, 1914-15.
English Club, 1914-15.



MARGARET FULLER BELCHER
20 Norwood Ave., Newton

Born January 18, 1898.
Classical Course.
Entered from Mason Grammar School.
College Intentions: Wellesley.
English Club, 1913-15.
German Club, 1914-15.



GLADYS AUGUSTA BURDICK
52 Nonantum St., Newton
"GLAD"

Born September 22, 1897.
Classical Course.
Entered from Bigelow Grammar School.
College Intentions: Wellesley.

CLASS OF 1915

MYRTLE BENJAMIN
400 Newtonville Ave., Newtonville
"MYRTLE"

Born Baycentre, Washington, 1898.
Classical Course.
Entered from Lincoln High School, Seattle,
Washington.
College Intentions: Wellesley.
English Club.

WINIFRED JOSEPHINE BIRCH
16 Austin St., Newtonville

Born April 21, 1897.
Classical Course.
Entered from Clafin School.
College Intentions: Simmons.
Class Hockey, 1911-12; 1912-13; 1913-14;
1914-15.
N. H. S. (Sub.) Hockey, 1913-14; 1914-15.
English Club, 1913-14.

KENNETH MOORE BOUVÉ
46 Plymouth Road, Newton Highlands
"KEN"

Born November 17, 1898.
Classical Course.
Entered from Hyde Grammar School.
College Intentions: Amherst.
Review Staff, 1914-15.
Senior Play, 1915.
English Club, 1914-15.

MARION MILDRED BREITZKE
228 Langley Road, Newton Centre
"(BRIGHT) SKY"

Born May 18, 1897.
General Course.
Entered from Mason Grammar School.
College Intentions: Framingham Normal.
Glee Club, 1913-14; 1914-15.

FERDINAND BENNETT BRIGHAM
38 Ballard St., Newton Centre
"BIG"

Born June 16, 1898.
Classical Course.
Entered from Mason Grammar School.
College Intentions: Williams.



CLASS OF 1915



HELEN BRIMBLECOM
25 Breamore Road, Newton
Born February 8, 1898.
General Course.
Entered from Bigelow Grammar School.
Glee Club, 1913-14; 1914-15.



EUGENIE STAFFORD BROWN
105 Summer St., Newton Centre
Born May 1, 1897.
General Course.
Entered from Mason Grammar School.
Class Basketball, 1912-1915.
Class Hockey, 1911-14.
School Hockey, 1913-14.
School Basketball, 1915



CARLETON WIRES BROWN
75 Berkeley St., West Newton
"BRUNE"
Born June 20, 1897.
Classical Course.
Entered from Peirce School.
College Intentions: Harvard.



HELEN ELIZABETH BROWN



MEYLERT BRUNER

CLASS OF 1915

LOUISE JACKSON BACON
 10 Fairview St., Newtonville
 "LOUIE"

Born July 14, 1897.
 Classical Course.
 Entered from Bigelow Grammar School.
 College Intentions: Simmons College.
 English Club.

ELIOT M. BUFFUM
 1545 Beacon St., Waban
 "BUFFY" "PEANUT"

Born July 15, 1897.
 Scientific Course.
 Entered from Roger Wolcott School.
 College Intentions: Massachusetts Agricultural
 College.
 Member of the Fife and Drum Corps of Room 2,
 1911-12.
 Freshman Hockey Team, 1911-12.
 Junior Baseball Team, 1914.

PRISCILLA BUNTIN
 60 Temple St., West Newton

Born July 21, 1896.
 General Course.
 Entered from Peirce School.
 College Intentions: Simmons.

MARION EVELEEN BURRAGE
 12 Fairfax St., West Newton
 "MEB"

Born September 7, 1897.
 Classical Course.
 Entered from Peirce Grammar School.
 Class Basketball, 1913-14.
 Class Volleyball, 1912-13; 1913-14.
 English Club, 1915.

EDGAR SEAVERNS BURKHARDT
 45 Everett St., Newton Centre
 "TURK"

Born November 30, 1897.
 Classical Course.
 Entered from Mason Grammar School.
 College Intentions: Dartmouth.
 Baseball Manager, 1911.
 President of Class, 1914.
 Football Team, 1914.
 Hockey Team, 1914-15.
 Assistant Manager of Baseball, 1914.
 Manager of Baseball, 1915.



CLASS OF 1915



FREDERICK THATCHER BURROWS
93 Eldridge St., Newton
"HACKENSCHMIDT"

Born September 7, 1900.
Classical Course.
Entered from Bigelow School.
College Intentions: Yale.
Newton Midget Team, 1913, 1914, 1915.



ABBIE ALICE CADY
37 Clyde St., Newtonville
"A B K D"

Born November 27, 1896.
Classical Course.
Entered from Claffin School.
College Intentions: Smith.
Class Volleyball, 1912-13.
Tennis Team, 1913-14; 1914-15.
"Betty Barker" in play "Cranford".
English Club, 1913-14; 1914-15.



ANNIE MARGARET CALDEN
660 Grove St., Newton Lower Falls
"ANNE"

Born March 7, 1898.
General Course.
Entered from Hamilton School.
College Intentions: Framingham Normal.



HARRY GRAY CARLEY
48 Adella Ave., West Newton
"DINGBAT"

Born November 11, 1896.
I Scientific Course.
Entered from Peirce School.
College Intentions: Massachusetts Agricultural
College.
Class Football, 1912.
Class Football, 1913 (Captain).
N. H. S. Hockey, 1913-14.
N. H. S. Hockey, 1914-15 (Captain).
Cheer Leader (Football 1914).
Debating Club, 1914-15.



JOHN EDWIN CARLSON
91 Bishopgate Road, Newton Centre
"FRITZ"

Born July 9, 1897.
Classical Course.
Entered from Mason Grammar School.
College Intentions: Harvard.

CLASS OF 1915

DOROTHEA CARY

136 Washington St., Newton
Born September 9, 1897.
Classical Course.
Entered from Medway High School, 1914.
College Intentions: Wellesley.
English Club.
German Club.

CLARENCE CHAPIN

25 Highland Ave., Newtonville
"MIKE"
Born April 20, 1899.
Classical Course.
Entered from Mason Grammar School.
College Intentions: Harvard.
Class Baseball, 1913.
English Club, 1913-14-15.
Debating Club, 1915.
Class Statistician.
Senior Play.

PAULINE WENDELL CHELLIS

6 Harvard St., Newtonville
"PAUL"
Born December 25, 1897.
General Course.
Entered from Claffin Grammar School.
College Intentions: School of Gymnastics.
Hockey, 1915.

ELIZABETH RICH CHESTER

EUNICE SHEDD CLARK

205 Crafts St., Newtonville
Born January 21, 1897.
General Course.
Entered from Horace Mann School.
College Intentions: Simmons.
Class Hockey Team, 1911-12-13-14.
English Club, 1913-14; 1914-15.
Portia Club, 1914-15.
Girls' Debating Team, 1915.



CLASS OF 1915



FREDERIC WINGATE CORSON
63 Elm Road, Newton
"CORSEY"

Born February 28, 1898.
Classical Course.
Entered from Claffin Grammar School.
Debating Club, 1914-15.
Alternate, Debating Team, 1913-14.
English Club, 1913-14.
Newtonian Board, 1914-15.
Class Baseball, 1913-14.



EDYTHE ESTELLE CLARKE
32 Willow St., Newton Centre

Born April 11, 1896.
General Course.
Entered from Mason Grammar School.



FRANCES KNEELAND CONNEARNEY
1267 Beacon St., Waban
"CONNIE"

Born August 26, 1896.
General Course.
Entered from Roger Wolcott School.
Glee Club, 1914, 1915.



MORTIMER BLAKE CROSSMAN
97 Lake Ave., Newton Centre
"MORT"

Born June 20, 1897.
Classical Course.
Entered from Mason Grammar School.
College Intentions: Bowdoin.
Debating Club, 1914-15.
Secretary of the Nut Club, 1914-15.



THOMAS EDWARD CUTLER
11 Maple Ave., Newton
"CUT"

Born July 3, 1896.
Classical Course.
Entered from Bigelow Grammar School.
College Intentions: M. A. C.
Class Football, 1911, 1914.

CLASS OF 1915

MARY DABOLL

65 Walker St., Newtonville
Born August 17, 1897.
Classical Course.
Entered from Waltham High School.
College Intentions: Mt. Holyoke.
English Club, 1914-15.
German Club, 1914-15.
Portia Club, 1914-15.

GRACE ADELLE DARLING
27 Duncklee St., Newton Highlands
"ARTIE"

Born October 18, 1897.
Classical Course three years; General, one year.
Entered from Hyde School.

ANNA MARGARET DEAN
32 Chesley Road, Newton Centre
"ANNE" "NANCE" "ANNABEL"

Born May 15, 1897.
Classical Course
Entered from Mason Grammar School.
College Intentions: Museum of Fine Arts School.
Class Volleyball, 1912-13· 1913-14.
Class Basketball, 1914-15.
English Club, 1913-14.
Glee Club, 1914-15.

NISHAN M. DEMIRJIAN
67 Union St., Newton Centre
"NASH"

Born August 2, 1897.
Scientific Course.
Entered from Sanassarian School.
College Intentions: M. I. T.

ELEANORE FLORENCE DENNETT

115 Windemere Road, Auburndale
Born August 1, 1897.
Classical Course.
Entered from Charles C. Burr School.
College Intentions: Mt. Holyoke.



CLASS OF 1915



VIOLA MABEL DENNIS
2122 Washington St., Newton Lower Falls
"TED"

Born October 5, 1897.
General Course.
Entered from Hamilton School.
College Intentions: Sargent.
English Club, 1914-15.



LOUIS DILUZIO
173 Langley Road, Newton Centre
"LOUISE"

Born September 2, 1898.
Classical Course.
Entered from Mason Grammar School.
College Intentions: Harvard.
Class Baseball, 1913.



ELEANOR DODGE
326 Highland St., West Newton

Born November 1, 1896.
Classical Course.
Entered from Claflin School.
College Intentions: Wellesley.
Class Hockey, 1911-12; 1914-15.
N. H. S. (Sub.) Hockey, 1914-15.
English Club, 1913-14; 1914-15.



J. FRANK DORNEY
21 Claflin Place, Newtonville
"TOODLES" "PEP"

Born June 24, 1897.
Scientific Course.
Entered from Horace Mann School.
College Intentions: Dartmouth.
Captain Class Football, 1911.
Class Baseball, 1912, 1913.
Class Basketball, 1912-13.
N. H. S. Football, 1913, 1914.
Class Basketball, 1914-15.
Member Debating Club, 1915.



VIRGINIA DREW
95 Dedham St., Newton Highlands
"GINGER"

Born April 10, 1898.
General Course.
Entered from Hyde Grammar School.
Glee Club, 1911-12; 1912-13.
Manager Glee Club, 1913-14; 1914-15.

CLASS OF 1915

LOUISE MABEL DUCLOS

251 Grant Ave., Newton Centre

Born April 14, 1896.

General Course.

Entered from High School of Practical Arts,
Boston.

ELIZABETH PATRICIA DUNCAN

43 Robin Hood Road, Auburndale

"LEET"

Born May 13, 1898.

Classical Course.

Entered from Charles C. Burr School.

College Intentions: Boston Normal School.

Girls' Baseball Team, 1913.

MARION EDITH EARLEY

28 Eliot Ave., West Newton

Born October 30, 1895.

General Course.

Entered from Horace Mann School.

College Intentions: M. A. C.

PRISCILLA CLARK EDDY

85 Bigelow Road, West Newton

Born September 6, 1896.

Classical Course.

Entered from Peirce Grammar School.

College Intentions: Smith.

German Club, 1913, 1915.

FANNIE ELEANOR ELLIOTT

1110 Walnut St., Newton Highlands

"BUSTER"

Born August 14, 1897.

Scientific and General Course.

Entered from Grant School (Watertown, Mass.)

College Intentions: Plymouth Normal.

Class Basketball, 1915.



CLASS OF 1915



LUTHER HILL ELLIOTT
1110 Walnut St., Newton Highlands
"SIMPLEX"

Born December 24, 1895.
Fourth Year of General Course.
Entered from Newton Technical High School.
College Intentions: Museum Art School.



ELEANOR ISABEL EVANS
11 Plymouth Road, Newton Highlands
"L."

Born November 22, 1894.
Classical Course three years, General, one year.
Entered from Brookline High School.
Brookline High German Club, 1912, 1914.
Brookline High Class Day Marshal, 1913.
Der Deutsche Verein, 1915.



MADELINE CHILTON EVERETT
68 High St., Newton Upper Falls
"DICK"

Classical Course.
Entered from Ralph Waldo Emerson School.
College Intentions: Wellesley.
English Club, 1913-14; 1914-15.
German Club, 1914-15.
Debating Club, 1914-15.
Class Basketball, 1914-15.



BARBARA FARLEY
Weston
"B"

Born September 13, 1898.
Classical Course.
Entered from Charles C. Burr School.
College Intentions: Miss McClintock's School.



ARTHUR FRANCIS FARLEY

CLASS OF 1915

RACHEL FARWELL
59 West Central St., Natick
"RACH"

Born July 3, 1897.
Entered from Natick High School.
College Intentions: Smith.

PAUL FAXON
17 Winthrop St., West Newton
"FAX"

Born March 12, 1898.
Scientific Course.
Entered from Peirce Grammar School.
College Intentions: M. A. C.
Class Basketball, 1912, 1913, 1914, 1915.
Class Football, 1913, 1914, 1915; Captain, 1914,
1915.
Class Baseball Captain, 1913, 1914.
Manager Class Track Team, 1914.
Member of Room 2 Fife and Drum Corps, 1912.

SUSAN LANE FESSENDEN
West Newton

Born September 17, 1899.
Classical Course.
Entered from The Fessenden School.
College Intentions: Vassar.
Class Hockey, 1911-12; 1912-13; 1913-14.
School Hockey, 1913-14; 1914-15.
Manager School Hockey, 1914-15.
Class Basketball, 1913-14.
English Club, 1914-15.
Review Staff, 1914-15.
Class Photograph Committee, 1914-15.
Senior Play.

GEORGE ADAMS FISKE
99 Aspen Ave., Auburndale
"FISKEY"

Born January 16, 1897.
Classical Course.
Entered from Charles C. Burr School.
College Intentions: Dartmouth.
Class Hockey, 1911-12.
Class Football, 1912-13.
Class Baseball, 1912-13.
Class Football, 1913-14.
N. H. S. Hockey Team, 1914-15.
Athletic Committee, 1914-15.

VERA FORSITH
263 Church St., Newton
"VE"

Born August 13, 1898.
General Course.
Entered from Bigelow Grammar School.
Glee Club, 1914-15.



CLASS OF 1915



IRENE WINIFRED FORTÉ
133 Webster St., Newton
Born August 4, 1898.
Entered from Peirce Grammar School.



WILLIAM MORTON BREAKEY FREEMAN
66 Highland Ave., Newtonville
"BILL"
Born November 16, 1896.
Scientific Course.
Entered from Allen School.
College Intentions: M. I. T.
N. H. S. Golf Team, 1914.



BEATRICE ELIZABETH GARRITY
27 Hillside Road, Newton Highlands
"B"
Born July 10, 1897.
Classical Course.
Entered from Peirce Grammar School.
College Intentions: Radcliffe.
English Club, 1913-14; 1914-15.



HAROLD WINSLOW GALLISON
52 Harrison St., Newton Highlands
"GALLY"
Born July 23, 1897.
Scientific Course.
Entered from Hyde Grammar School.
College Intentions: M. A. C.



LEVERETT STONE GLEASON
125 Vernon St., Newton
"NECKTIE"
Born February 25, 1898.
Classical Course.
Entered from Bigelow Grammar School.
College Intentions: Harvard.

CLASS OF 1915

JOHN RUYTER GOODNOW

424 Main St., Natick
Born August 5, 1898, Sioux City, Iowa.
Classical Course.
Entered from Natick High School.
College Intentions: Harvard.



MARION LOVEJOY GORDON

38 Otis St., Newton
Born June 22, 1896.
Classical Course.
Entered from Claffin Grammar School.
College Intentions: Simmons.



MARY RUTH GREELEY

10 Emerson St., Newton
"JOHN"
Born December 26, 1895.
General Course.
Entered from Stearns School.
College Intentions: Framingham Normal.



SUSAN ELIZABETH HALPIN

204 California St., Newton
"SUE"
Born October 24, 1895.
Entered from Stearns School.
College Intentions: New England Conservatory
of Music.



LOUISE HARRINGTON

37 Elm St., West Newton
"OUSA"
Born January 3, 1898.
Classical Course.
Entered from Peirce School.



CLASS OF 1915



HELEN CECILIA HARTEL
274 Otis St., West Newton
"HUNKA"

Born March 23, 1897.
Classical Course.
Entered from Peirce School.
College Intentions: Wellesley, 1916.



HORACE GILMORE HAWKS
20 Furber Lane, Newton Centre
"HAWKA"

Born July 31, 1897.
Classical Course.
Entered from Mason Grammar School.
College Intentions: Dartmouth.
Debating Club, 1915.
Hockey Team, 1913-14.
Class Orator, 1915.
Athletic Committee, 1913-14.
Class Basketball, 1912-13.
Gym Team, 1912, 1913.
Class Football, 1914.



HELEN HAYNIE
17 Devon Terrace, Newton Centre
Born February 22, 1898.
Special Course.
Entered from Mason Grammar School.
College Intentions: Berlin Hochschule.
Deutscher Verein, 1914-15.



HELEN FELICITE HEALY
46 Curve St., West Newton
"PEG"

Born August 29, 1895.
General Course.
Entered from Peirce Grammar School.
College Intentions: Trinity.
Glee Club, 1913-14; 1914-15.



MARJORIE HENDERSON
16 Walnut St., Watertown

Born May 22, 1897.
Classical Course.
Entered from Bigelow School.
College Intentions: Vassar.

CLASS OF 1915

FRANCES MARY HENDRICK
330 Newtonville Ave., Newtonville
"FRANKIE"

Born May 25, 1898.
Classical Course.
Entered from Claffin School.
College Intentions: Framingham Normal.

MILDRED BEATRICE HILTZ
6 Columbus St., Newton Highlands

Born April 9, 1897.
General Course.
Entered from Hyde Grammar School.
College Intentions: Framingham Normal.

THOMAS J. HOAR
1133 Beacon St., Newton Centre
"BOMPY"

Born June 7, 1896.
Scientific Course.
Entered from Hyde Grammar School.
College Intentions: Tufts.
N. H. S. Football,
Class Baseball, 1913, 1914.
Class Football, 1913.

JOSEPH J. HOLDEN
45 Morseland Ave., Newton Centre
"JOE" "JOKER"

Born October 5, 1896.
Classical Course.
Entered from Mason Grammar School.
College Intentions: Boston College.
English Club, 1913, 1914, 1915.

PHILIP NORMAN HORNE
19 Maple Ave., Newton
"PHIL" "TOOT"

Born February 15, 1896.
Scientific Course.
Entered from Bigelow Grammar School.
College Intentions: Harvard.
German Club, 1914-15.
Debating Club, 1913, 1914, 1915.
Debating Team, 1914-15.
Newtonian Board, 1914-15.



CLASS OF 1915



MARION LORRAINE JACKSON

82 Arlington St., Newton
Born December 28, 1895.
Classical Course.
Entered from Bigelow School.



MARTHA CROWE JACKSON
77 Hartford St., Newton Highlands
"PEGGY"

Born July 1, 1897.
Classical Course.
Entered from Hyde Grammar School.
College Intentions: Wellesley.
Class Basketball, 1911.
English Club, 1915.
Portia Club, 1915.



LEONARD JACKSON
34 Ballard St., Newton Centre
"JACK"

Born January 14, 1897.
Classical Course.
Entered from Runkle School, Brookline.
College Intentions: Harvard.
Class Hockey, 1910-11.
Class Baseball, 1911.
N. H. S. Tennis, 1914-15.
N. H. S. Hockey, 1914-15.



MADELINE CATHERINE JONES
116 Auburn St., Auburndale
"MARDI"

Born March 21, 1898.
Classical Course.
Entered from Charles C. Burr School.
College Intentions: Framingham Normal.
Glee Club, 1914-15.



HILDA DEWEY JONES
4 Gay St., Newtonville

Born February 4, 1898.
Classical Course.
Entered from Miss Carroll's School.
College Intentions: Mt. Holyoke.
Class Hockey, 1912, 1913, 1914, 1915.
N. H. S. Hockey, 1913, 1914, 1915.
Class Basketball, 1913, 1914, 1915.
N. H. S. Basketball, 1914, 1915.
Captain Basketball, 1915.
English Club, 1913.
French Club, 1913.

CLASS OF 1915

MIRIAM KEELER

35 Oak Terrace, Newton Highlands
Born September 30, 1897.
Classical Course.
Entered from Hyde Grammar School.
College Intentions: Mt. Holyoke.
English Club, 1912, 1913, 1914, 1915.
Vice-President German Club, 1915.
Portia Club, 1915.
Girls' Debating Team, 1915.
Review Staff, 1915.

SCOTT KEITH

20 Hartford St., Newton Highlands
"SKIT"
Born February 18, 1898.
Scientific Course.
Entered from Hyde Grammar School.
College Intentions: M. I. T.
Debating Club.

LEWSON CHASE KEPNER

43 Grove Hill Ave., Newton
"KEP"
Born April 5, 1897.
Classical Course.
Entered from Bigelow Grammar School.
College Intentions: Williams.
Chairman N. H. S. Athletic Committee.
Manager N. H. S. Hockey Team.
N. H. S. Tennis, 1915; Manager, 1914.
N. H. S. Debating Team 3 years; Captain, 1915.
President Debating Club, 1914, 1915.
President Triangular Debating League, 1915;
Secretary, 1914.
Triangular Athletic League Representative,
N. H. S.
Class Baseball, 1913.
Class Basketball, 1913, 1914.
Review Staff, 1915.
Business Manager of *Newtonian*.

MARY BENNETT KIMBALL

347 Cabot St., Newtonville
Born November 22, 1897.
Classical Course.
Entered from Dorchester High School.
College Intentions: Mt. Holyoke.
Class Hockey, 1912, 1913.
Class Basketball, 1914.
Manager N. H. S. Basketball, 1915.
Class Volleyball, 1913, 1914.
English Club, 1914, 1915.

RICHARD ELLIS KIMBALL

32 Oxford Road, Newton Centre
"DICK" "KIM"
Born May 20, 1898.
Classical Course.
Entered from Mason Grammar School.
College Intentions: Harvard.
Fencing Club, 1914-15.
German Club, 1914-15.



CLASS OF 1915

ESTHER DIANNA KLEIN
47 Kensington St., Newtonville
"Es"

Born May 25, 1898.
Classical Special Course.
Entered from Horace Mann School.
College Intentions: Framingham Normal.
German Club, 1915.
Glee Club, 1911.
N. H. S. School Chorus, 1912.

FRANCIS C. KNEELAND
1249 Beacon St., Waban
"FRANK"

Born September 3, 1897.
Scientific Course.
Entered from Roger Wolcott School.
College Intentions: Tufts Engineering School.
German Club, 1913.

HELEN FRANCES KUNTZ
66 Webster St., West Newton
"KUNTZIE"

Born October 4, 1897.
Classical Course.
Entered from Warren High School.
College Intentions: Framingham Normal.
English Club, 1914, 1915.

MARY DOROTHY LEACH
15 Chilton Place, Newton Upper Falls
"Dor"

Born August 15, 1898.
Classical Course.
Entered from Emerson Grammar School.
College Intentions: Normal School.
Basketball, 1911-12; 1912-13.
Basketball, 1913-14; 1914-15.
School Basketball, 1914-15.
Debating Club.
English Club, 1913-14; 1914-15.

ABIGAIL ELIZABETH LEETE
365 Cabot St., Newtonville

Born July 10, 1897.
Classical Course.
Entered from New Haven High School.
College Intentions: Mt. Holyoke.
English Club, 1913-14; 1914-15.
German Club, 1914-15.
Class Hockey, 1913.
Senior Play.



CLASS OF 1915

EMERY NELSON LEONARD
23 Forest St., Newton Highlands
"EM"

Born January 9, 1898.
Classical Course.
Entered from Hyde Grammar School.
College Intentions: Amherst.
Class Football, 1911, 1912.
Orchestra, 1912, 1913, 1914.
N. H. S. Gym Team, 1914.
English Club.
Editor-in-Chief *Review*.
Senior Play.

MURIEL BABCOCK LOCKE
1155 Boylston St., Newton Upper Falls
Born February 5, 1897.
Classical Course.
Entered from Emerson Grammar School.
College Intentions: Wellesley.
Debating Club.
Orchestra, 1911-12; 1912-13.

MARION GERTRUDE LYONS
221 Walnut St., Newtonville
Born February 17, 1898.
Classical Course.
Entered from Clafin Grammar School.
College Intentions: Wellesley.
Class Hockey, 1911, 1912, 1913, 1914.
Captain Class Hockey, 1914.
N. H. S. Hockey Team, 1914.
Volleyball, 1912-13.
English Club.
Senior Play.

ELEANOR DEWEY MASON
24 Pelham St., Newton Centre
Born March 18, 1898.
Classical Course.
Entered from Mason Grammar School.
College Intentions: Mt. Holyoke.
English Club, 1912, 1913, 1914, 1915.
Treasurer English Club, 1913-14.
President English Club, 1914-15.
German Club, 1914-15.
President Portia Club, 1914-15.
Girls' Debating Team, 1914-15.
Newtonian Staff, 1914-15.

SHIRLEY MAY
661 Commonwealth Ave., Newton Centre
"SHIRL"
Born December 2, 1897.
Classical Course.
Entered from Dana Hall School.



CLASS OF 1915

JOHN M. T. MCGOVERN
57 Duncklee St., Newton Highlands
"TERRY"

Born October 31, 1897.
Classical Course.
Entered from Hyde Grammar School.
College Intentions: Boston College.
Class Football, 1912, 1913, 1914.
Class Baseball, 1912, 1913, 1914.
N. H. S. Golf Team, 1913, 1915.
Captain Golf Team, 1915.
Class Track, 1914.
N. H. S. Track, 1915.

FRANK GILBERT MACNAMARA
67 Marlboro St., Newton
"GIL" "MAC"

Born June 16, 1897.
Classical Course.
Entered from Bigelow Grammar School.
College Intentions: Amherst or Williams.
Review Staff, 1915.
Debating Club.
Class Football, 1912, 1913.
Manager Class Football, 1913.
Class Baseball, 1913, 1914.
N. H. S. Baseball, 2nd Team, 1914.
Class Track, 1914.
N. H. S. Track Team, 1915. - /

EMILY HALL MERCER
48 Erie Ave., Newton Highlands
"EM" "TINY"

Born September 20, 1898.
Classical Course three years; General, one year.
Entered from Hyde Grammar School.
German Club.

GLADYS EVELYN MILLER
48 Churchill St., Newtonville

Born December 24, 1895.
General Course.
Entered from Horace Mann School.
College Intentions: Emerson School of Oratory.
Orchestra, 1915.

WILLIAM HENRY MITCHELL, Jr.
533 Commonwealth Ave., Newton Centre
"MITCH"

Born May 25, 1897.
Classical Course.
Entered from Roxbury Latin School.
College Intentions: Harvard.
School Track Team, 1915.



CLASS OF 1915

DONALD STEPHEN MOORE
173 Oakleigh Road, Newton
"DON"

Born June 15, 1899.
Scientific Course.
Entered from Bigelow Grammar School.
College Intentions: Harvard.
English Club, 1913, 1914, 1915.
President of German Club, 1914-15.
Class Baseball, 1914.

THOMAS CUSHMAN NATHAN
518 Commonwealth Ave., Newton Centre
"CUSH"

Born January 21, 1897.
Classical Course.
Entered from Mason Grammar School.
College Intentions: Dartmouth.
Football, 1915.
Track, 1913.

DORIS NELSON
91 Lenox St., West Newton

Born October 17, 1897.
Classical Course.
Entered from Miss Carroll's School.
College Intentions: Vassar.
English Club.

CHARLES CASPER NOBLE
119 Lincoln St., Newton Highlands
"CHAS"

Born January 1, 1898.
Classical Course.
Entered from Hyde Grammar School.
College Intentions: Boston University.
English Club, 1914-15.
Debating Club, 1913-14; 1914-15.
Class Baseball, 1913, 1914.
Vice-President Debating Club, 1914-15.
Class Football, 1914.
N. H. S. Debating Team, 1913-14.

KARL L. NUTTER
1174 Boylston St., Newton Upper Falls
"NUTS"

Born April 20, 1897.
Scientific Course.
Entered from Emerson Grammar School.
College Intentions: M. I. T.
Class Football, 1914.
English Club, 1914-15.
German Club, 1914-15.
Assistant Manager of *Review*.
Senior Play.



CLASS OF 1915



GEORGIA MERRILL NUTTING
44 Montvale Road, Newton Centre
"GEORGE"

Born April 11, 1897.
General Course.
Entered from Mason Grammar School
English Club, 1914-15.



ALOYSIUS FRANCIS O'DONNELL
3 Kimball Court, Natick

Born December 5, 1897.
Scientific Course.
Entered from Natick High School.
College Intentions: M. I. T.
English Club, 1914-15.
German Club, 1914-15.



MARION CHASE PARKHURST
107 Central St., Auburndale
"PARKIE"

Born November 18, 1896.
General Course.
Entered from Everett High School.



GRETCHEN PEABODY
119 Waban Ave., Waban
"GRET"

Born July 23, 1897.
Classical Course.
Entered from Roger Wolcott School.
College Intentions: Wellesley.
English Club, 1913-14; 1914-15.



ARTHUR E. PIERCE
658 Watertown St., Newtonville
"ART"

Born September 26, 1896.
Scientific Course.
Entered from West Denver High School.
College Intentions: Dartmouth.
Class Basketball, 1912, 1913, 1914, 1915.
Class Baseball, 1912, 1913, 1914.
Class Football, 1913.
Debating Team, 1914.
Debating Club, 1915.

CLASS OF 1915

RUTH ELIZABETH POLLEY
50 Everett St., Newton Centre
"PAUL"

Born February 18, 1898.
Classical Course.
Entered from Mason Grammar School.
College Intentions: Framingham Normal.
Class Volleyball, 1912, 1913, 1914.
Class Basketball, 1912, 1913, 1915.
N. H. S. Basketball, 1915.

ESTHER PREBLE
27 Marshall St., Newton Centre

Born April 4, 1898.
Classical Course.
Entered from Mason Grammar School.
College Intentions: Framingham Normal.
Class Basketball, 1912, 1913, 1914, 1915.
Class Volleyball, 1912, 1913, 1914.

LOUIS FELIX RANLETT
357 Central St., Auburndale
"FE" "FE J"

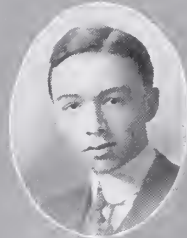
Born December 18, 1896.
Classical Course.
Entered from Charles C Burr School.
College Intentions: Harvard.
Fencing Club, 1913-14.
President Fencing Club, 1914-15.
Fencing Team, 1914-15.
Class Treasurer, 1914-15.
Vice-President English Club, 1914-15.
Secretary-Treasurer German Club, 1914-15.
Review Staff, 1914-15.
Editor-in-Chief of *Newtonian*, 1914-15.
Debating Team, 1913, 1914, 1915.

KATHARINE REYNOLDS
14 Bowdoin St., Newton Highlands
"KATH"

Born December 10, 1895.
General Course.
Entered from Malden High School.
Class Secretary, 1913, 1914, 1915.
Class Hockey Team, 1914.
English Club, 1914-15.

LAWRENCE BRIDGES RICE
106 Summer St., Newton Centre
"LAURIE" "WINKUMS" "PUCK"

Born June 6, 1897.
Classical Course.
Entered from Mason Grammar School.
College Intentions: Yale.
Tennis Team, 1914.
Tennis Team, 1914, 1915.
Manager Tennis Team, 1915.
Track Team, 1915.
Hockey Team, 1915.



CLASS OF 1915



DORIS PAULINE ROBINSON
12 Kimball Terrace, Newtonville
Born May 17, 1897.
Classical Course.
Entered from Claffin Grammar School.
College Intentions: New England Conservatory.
English Club, 1914-15.



WALTER CARLYLE ROBERTS
174 Ward St., Newton Centre
Born September 4, 1897.
Scientific Course.
Entered from Mason Grammar School.
College Intentions: M. I. T.
German Club, 1914-15.
Author of German Play.



ARTHUR S. ROBERTS
141 Webster St., West Newton
Born May 15, 1896.
Classical Course.
Entered from Peirce Grammar School.
College Intentions: M. A. C.
N. H. S. Track, 1913, 1914, 1915.
Captain Track, 1915.



CARL WILKINS ROGERS
36 Park St., Newton
"BONY"
Born May 4, 1895.
Scientific Course.
Entered from Bigelow Grammar School.
College Intentions: Dartmouth.
Class Football, 1912, 1913.
Captain Class Track, 1912, 1913, 1914, 1915.
Class Baseball, 1912, 1913.
Cross Country, 1913, 1914.
N. H. S. Track, 1914, 1915.
All-Scholastic Track Team, 1914.



MARGARET SEYMOUR SAMPSON
957 Washington St., Newtonville
"PEGGY"
Born October 17, 1897.
Classical Course.
Entered from Horace Mann School.
College Intentions: Framingham Normal.
English Club, 1912, 1913, 1914, 1915.
Portia Club, 1915.

CLASS OF 1915

MADELEINE MARIE SCHROEDER
305 Lake Ave., Newton Highlands
"MADIE"

Born August 21, 1895.
General Course.
Entered from Hyde Grammar School.
College Intentions: Simmons.

OLGA HILDA SCHULT
123 Otis St., Newtonville

Born March 6, 1897.
General Course.
Entered from Winthrop Grammar School.
Orchestra, 1913-14.

ALFRED MULLER SEXTON
600 Beacon St., Newton Centre
"AL"

Born March 22, 1896.
Classical Course.
Entered from Medford High School.
Class Track, 1914.

MARGARET SUMNER SHEDD
38 Ridge Ave., Newton Centre

Born August 20, 1896.
Classical Course.
Entered from Mason Grammar School.
College Intentions: Wellesley.
English Club, 1913-14; 1914-15.

ELEANOR SHUMWAY
29 Bowdoin St., Newton Highlands
"SHUMMY"

Born August 8, 1895.
General Course.
Entered from Hyde Grammar School.
Class Basketball, 1912, 1913, 1914, 1915.
Class Hockey, 1912, 1913, 1914, 1915.
N. H. S. Hockey, 1914.
Captain N. H. S. Hockey, 1915.
Vice-President of Class, 1915.



CLASS OF 1915



HAZEL ROWLAND SANDS
Orchard St., Newton Centre
Born April 13, 1898.
Classical Course.
Entered from Peirce Grammar School.
College Intentions: Paulhaber School of Dancing.
Senior Play.
English Club, 1913-14; 1914-15.



DOROTHY JANE SANFORD
1564 Beacon St., Waban
"Dot"
General Course.
Entered from Evanston (Ill.) Township High
School.
College Intentions: Miss Wheelock's.
English Club.



J. BRADFORD SARGENT, JR.
15 Claffin Place, Newtonville
"BRAD"
Born February 13, 1896.
Scientific Course.
Entered from Horace Mann School.
Class Baseball, 1913, 1914.
English Club.



HELEN WENTWORTH SEAVEY
70 Page Road, Newtonville
Born April 1, 1897.
Classical Course two years, General, two years.
Entered from Horace Mann School.
College Intentions: Framingham Normal.
English Club, 1913-14-15.
German Club, 1914-15.
Portia Club, 1914-15.



DOROTHY WOODSIDE SEGERSON
73 Fisher Ave., Newton Highlands
"DOT" "DOTTIE DEAR"
Born November 22, 1897.
Classical Course.
Entered from Webster School, Cambridge.
College Intentions: Smith.
English Club, 1913-14; 1914-15.

CLASS OF 1915

FRANCIS ALBERT SKELTON
35 Lakewood Road, Newton Highlands
"FANNY"

Entered from Newton Technical High School.
College Intentions: Dartmouth.



ALFRED LORING SKINNER
144 Hancock St., Auburndale
Born February 4, 1898.
Classical Course.
Entered from Maine Central Institute.
College Intentions: Harvard.
German Club, 1914-15.



CALVIN BABBITT SMITH
Bradford Court, Newton Centre
"CAL"

Born in Roxbury
Classical Course.
Entered from George Putnam School.
College Intentions: Williams.
Treasurer Sophomore Class, 1913.
Picture Committee, 1915.
Manager Class Football, 1913.
Class Track Team, 1913.



JOHN V. SPALDING
38 Paul St., Newton Centre
"JACK"

Born December 8, 1898.
Classical Course.
Entered from Mason Grammar School.
College Intentions: Harvard.
Manager Freshman Hockey Team.
N. H. S. Orchestra, 1912-13.
N. H. S. Debating Team.
Assistant Manager of *Newtonian*.



DOROTHY SPEARE
19 Montval Crescent, Newton Centre
"DOT"

Born December 13, 1897.
Classical Course.
Entered from Mason Grammar School.
College Intentions: Smith.
Review Staff.
Newtonian Staff.
Author Senior Play.
Class Historian.
English Club.



CLASS OF 1915



RUTH KATHLEEN STRUM
6 Remick Terrace, Newton
"KIT"

Born February 13, 1896.
General Course.
Entered from Bigelow School.



GUILFORD BRUCE STUART
183 Lake Ave., Newton Centre
"BICK"

Born January 22, 1899.
Classical Course.
Entered from Mason Grammar School.
College Intentions: Harvard.



BENJAMIN THOMAS
Mt. Vernon St., West Newton
"TIM"

Born July 1, 1896,
Entered from N. T. A. S.
College Intentions: Harvard.



EMILY LOUISE THOMPSON
125 High St., Newton Upper Falls
Born September 12, 1897.
Classical Course.
Entered from Emerson Grammar School.
College Intentions: Wellesley.
English Club, 1912, 1913, 1914, 1915.
Secretary of English Club, 1915.
Portia Club, 1915.
Newtonian Board.
Review Staff.



MILDRED FLORA THOMPSON
51 Lakewood Road, Newton Highlands
"MILLY"

Born October 28, 1897.
General Course.
Entered from Hyde Grammar School.
German Club, 1915.

CLASS OF 1915

MARION E. THORN
274 Auburndale Ave., Auburndale
"NEWT"

Born March 31, 1898.
General Course.
Entered from Charles C. Burr School.

ANNA PRISCILLA TRACEY
35 Chestnut St., West Newton
Born November 8, 1896.
General Course.
Entered from Peirce School.

ALFRED WILLIAM TURNER
30 Floral St., Newton Highlands
"YERRY"
Born October 19, 1893.
Scientific Course.
Entered from Hyde Grammar School.
College Intentions: M. A. C.
Class Basketball, 1912, 1913.
Class Football, 1911, 1912.
English Club, 1915.
Debating Club, 1915.
Football Team, 1913, 1914.
Fencing Team, 1915.
Captain Class Track Team, 1912, 1913.

REGINALD WILLIAM OYLER
"REX" "BILL"
Born June 12, 1897.
Classical Course.
Entered from Bigelow School.
College Intentions: M. A. C.

CATHERINE TYLER
39 Gray Cliff Road, Newton Centre
"CATO"
Born February 25, 1898.
Classical Course.
Entered from Mason Grammar School.
College Intentions: Mt. Holyoke.
Class Basketball, 1912, 1914, 1915.
N. H. S. Basketball Team, 1915.
Class Hockey Team, 1913, 1914, 1915.
Volleyball, 1914.
English Club, 1914, 1915.



CLASS OF 1915



VIRGINIA ISABELLA VAUGHAN
"TOODLES"

Classical Course.
Entered from Horace Mann School.



VERNA MARION VINING
Newton
"VEE" "VERNE"

Born November 15, 1897.
General Course.
Entered from Bigelow Grammar School.
College Intentions: Emerson College of Oratory.
Glee Club, 1914-15.



ELIZABETH WALKER
93 Bowdoin St., Newton Highlands
"BETTY" "BET"

Born September 27, 1898.
Classical Course.
Entered from Hyde Grammar School.
College Intentions: Mt. Holyoke.
English Club, 1914-15.



FLORENCE WALLIS
91 Newtonville Ave., Newton
"FLOSSY"

Born July 20, 1899.
General Course.
Entered from Bigelow Grammar School.



NORMAN ARTHUR WEAVER
34 Winthrop St., West Newton
"BUCK"

Born July 12, 1897.
Scientific Course.
Entered from Peirce Grammar School.
College Intentions: Dartmouth.
Manager Freshman Football, 1911-12.
Newtonian Board, 1915.
Senior Play, 1915.
Member of Room 2 Fife and Drum Corps.

CLASS OF 1915

WINSLOW WETHERBEE

47 Terrace Ave., Newton Highlands
Born June 1, 1899.
Classical Course.
Entered from Hyde Grammar School.
College Intentions: Harvard.
Class Baseball, 1913.
Fencing Team, 1915.
Secretary-Treasurer Fencing Club, 1915.
Debating Club, 1915.
English Club, 1915.

FLORENCE WEINBERG

55 Pembroke St., Newton
"FLOSSIE"

Born January 14, 1898.
Classical Course.
Entered from Lincoln School, Everett.
College Intentions: Wellesley.
English Club, 1913-14; 1914-15.
Senior Play.

RUTH WELLINGTON

81 Church St., Newton

Born February 7, 1898.
Classical Course.
Entered from Bigelow Grammar School.
College Intentions: Vassar.
Class Hockey, 1913, 1915.
English Club, 1915.

MADLINE FLORA WENTWORTH

238 Lincoln St., Newton Highlands
"TAD" "MADDIE"

Born June 2, 1898.
General Course.
Entered from Hyde Grammar School.
German Club.

MARION C. WHEELER

60 Otis St., Newtonville

Born May 30, 1898.
Classical Course.
Entered from Passaic (N. J.) High School.
College Intentions: Mt. Holyoke.



CLASS OF 1915



LENTHION WHEELER
U. S. Arsenal, Watertown
"LONTY"

Born August 5, 1898.
Scientific Course.
Entered from Legate's School.
College Intentions: Harvard.
Class Football, 1912.
Class Treasurer, 1914.



WILLIAM B. WHIDDEN
39 Sterling St., West Newton
"BILL"

Born January 1, 1898.
Entered from Peirce Grammar School.
College Intentions: Williams.
Gym Team, 1913.
I. W. W.



HELEN LOVELL WHITE
149 Warren St., Newton Centre
Born September 25, 1897.
Classical Course.
Entered from Ralph Waldo Emerson School.
College Intentions: Radcliffe.
English Club, 1913-14; 1914-15.
Newtonian Board, 1914-15.
VALEDICTORIAN.



JAMES DUNCAN WILEY
1548 Beacon St., Waban
"Doc" "GUM"

Born December 24, 1898.
Scientific Course.
Entered from Bigelow Grammar School.
Debating Club, 1915.
Class Baseball, 1914.
Cross Country, 1913, 1914.
Drummer on the Fife and Drum Corps, Room 2,
1911, 1912.



MARGARET ADAMS WILL
West Newton
Classical Course.

CLASS OF 1915

BRADFORD DURRELL WILLIAMS
589 California St., Newtonville
"BRAD"

Born March 30, 1897
Classical Course.
Entered from Horace Mann School.
College Intentions: Harvard.
English Club, 1911-12-13-14-15.
President English Club, 1914-15 (resigned).
Orchestra, 1912-13.
Assistant Editor *Review*, 1913-14.
Fencing Club, 1913-14-15.
Fencing Team, 1913-14.
Manager and Secretary-Treasurer Fencing Club,
1914-15 (resigned).

LAURA LEGATE WILLIAMS
41 Hyde St., Newton Highlands

Born April 21, 1898.
Classical Course.
Entered from Hyde Grammar School.
College Intentions: Vassar.
Class Basketball Team, 1912, 1913, 1914, 1915.
School Basketball Team, 1915.
English Club, 1915.
Volleyball Team, 1913, 1914.
Girls' Baseball Team, 1914.

PRISCILLA ALDEN WILLIAMS
11 Glenwood Ave., Newton Centre
"PRIS"

Born April 14, 1897.
General Course.
Entered from Mason Grammar School.
College Intentions: Abbot.
English Club, 1915.
Art Editor *Review*, 1915.
Art Editor *Newtonian*, 1915.
Class Prophet, 1915.
German Club, 1915.

GUY EDWARD WYATT
234 Upland Road, Newtonville
"DEACON" "WEEIT"

Born October 6, 1895.
Scientific Course.
Entered from Horace Mann School.
College Intentions: Business.
Leader of Room 2 Fife and Drum Corps, 1911-12.
English Club, 1913-14.
Fencing Club, 1913-14.
Assistant Manager of *Review*, 1913-14.
Manager of *Review*, 1914-15.

CATHERINE WYND
1136 Centre St., Newton Centre

Born October 2, 1896.
Classical Course.
Entered from Mason Grammar School.
College Intentions: Wheaton.
German Club.
Portia Club.





CLASS OF 1915

RODERIC M. BLOOD
20 Orient Ave., Newton Centre
"Rod"

Born January 21, 1898.
Post-Graduate Special Course.
Entered from Newton Technical High school.
College Intentions: M. I. T.
Newtonian Staff.

THE FOLLOWING DID NOT HAVE THEIR PICTURES
IN ON TIME

GERALD VICTOR CLOSE
552 Newbury St., Boston
"GENERAL" "CURLEY" "HAPPY"

Born July 2, 1895.
I Scientific Course.
Entered from Staunton Military Academy.

CLIFFORD F. GREEN
228 Lincoln St., Newton Highlands
"JAKE"

Born November 30, 1896.
Scientific Course.
Entered from Hyde Grammar School.

SYDNEY BOWERS HOLDEN
24 Braeland Ave., Newton Centre
"SID"

Born July 16, 1897.
Classical Course.
Entered from Mason Grammar School.
College Intentions: Dartmouth.
Boys' Debating Club, 1915.

THOMAS HENRY KING
941 Walnut St., Newton Highlands
"Tom"

Born September 5, 1895.
Scientific Course.
Entered from Hyde Grammar School.
College Intentions: Tufts Dental.
Baseball Team, 1912, 1914.
Football Team, 1914.

BARBARA FANNIE KLEIN
47 Kensington St., West Newton
"FAN"

Born March 21, 1895.
Classical Special Course.
Entered from Horace Mann School.
College Intentions: Framingham Normal.
English Club.
German Club, 1914.
Glee Club, 1912-13.

GEORGE ALBION LITCHFIELD
75 Bellevue St., Newton
"LITCH"

Born March 18, 1895.
Classical Course.
Entered from Bigelow Grammar School.
College Intentions: Brown.
Class Football, 1910.
Class Baseball, 1910-11.
Class Track, 1910-11.
N. H. S. Track, 1911, 1912, 1913, 1914, 1915.
Captain Track, 1914.

RICHARD FRANCIS McOWEN
260 Elliott St., Newton Upper Falls
"DICK"

Born June 29, 1896.
Scientific Course.
Entered from Ralph Waldo Emerson School.
College Intentions: Tufts Dental.
Sophomore Football.
Junior Football.

* ROBERT ARMSTRONG NAGLE
83 Kirkstall Road, Newtonville
"BOB"

Born January 17, 1897.
Classical Course.
Entered from Horace Mann School.
College Intentions: Williams.
President of Class, 1913.
Class Baseball, 1912, 1913, 1914.

manship in Newton Lodge:
1 Murphy, William Joann-
obert Bonner, Thomas Mur-
Augustus Bashe, George
Christopher Sciarappa, How-
osburgh, William Ryan,
1 Wodlock, George Walters,
fulcahy, Michael Sullivan,
McIntyre, Norman Burke
t. Coleman Conroy of the
rmy.

exalted rulers present were
D. Childs, Bernard Haffey,
7 Hurley, William E.
Carl Escholtz.

15 Captain Frank L. Nagle of Kinsdale road, Newtonville has sent word that his son Robert A. Nagle has been promoted to the rank of Colonel of Aviation. "Bob" as he is known to his many friends is a graduate of Newton High and served in the first world war also. Col. Nagle is the commanding officer at the Daggett Army Air Base, Daggett, California. He is the son-in-law of the late Ernest Alley of West Newton.

West Newton

The History of the Class of 1915

“I MOVE that we move to the movies.”

“Second the motion,” chimed in the half-dozen of young people who were reclining in various graceful positions on my piazza. It being a unanimous vote, we all started off for the movie theatre and were scarcely seated before a new and most entertaining play was started:

THE CLASS OF NINETEEN FIFTEEN

IN FOUR REELS

Featuring the Class of 1915 of the Newton High School.

The first reel showed the pupils in their early “teens”, entering the school building with frightened looks. They hurried up one corridor and down the next, vainly searching for their allotted rooms. Wicked Seniors informed inquiring waifs that Room Twelve was on the fifth floor, or told similar untruths.

“Isn’t it fun to watch them? Doesn’t it seem just ages since we were there?” exclaimed one newly-graduated fifteenite.

The second reel displayed those same pupils, no longer the tiny waifs of 1911, in a highly elated frame of mind. The only reason why they wandered through the corridors was to watch and possibly mislead some trusting Freshman. Soon they were seen going to the Assembly Hall to hold their first class meeting, a momentous event, which resulted in the following elections (as a cut-in told):

President: ROBERT NAGLE

Vice-President: ELEANOR BARBER

Secretary: KATHERINE REYNOLDS

Treasurer: CALVIN B. SMITH

Not long after, they had another class meeting, and the results were flashed on the screen in the form of a good-looking class-pin.

NEWTON HIGH SCHOOL

Both boys and girls were shown at practice at their various sports, but the athletic event of the year was exhibited when the pictures of the girls' gymnasium meet appeared. How we cheered when we saw Mr. Adams announcing that 1915 had won!

The third reel appeared and another class meeting was one of the first events. The cut-in this time showed the election results to be:

President: EDGAR BURKHARDT

Vice-President: ARTHUR HARTLEY

Secretary: KATHERINE REYNOLDS (again)

Treasurer: LOUISE SMITH

The English Club and German Club were there as a source of entertainment for some of the more fortunate pupils. The Boys' Debating Club also received support from those oratorically inclined. Athletics were emphasized more than before, many of the pupils distinguishing themselves. Football, hockey, track, and baseball were all pleasurably filmed. Again the girls became famous by winning the annual interclass gymnasium meet.

The fourth reel proved the most interesting of all. The elections were soon settled.

President: CALVIN SMITH

Vice-President: ELEANOR SHUMWAY

Secretary: "K" REYNOLDS (third time)

Treasurer: LOUIS F. RANLETT

It was easy to see that the class thoroughly approved of its secretary. Later, owing to the resignation of Smith, HORACE HAWKS was elected president. Many class meetings followed, much to the mystery of the lower classmen. They always wondered what it was those Seniors did when they went to the Assembly Hall alone.

It was up to the Seniors to bring out the best *Review* ever, which, without any doubt, they did. The cover design, so envied by the Exchanges, was flashed on the screen much to the admiration of the audience.

The German Club and English Club flourished under Fifteen's guardianship, also the Portia Club. This last-mentioned society had been suffering neglect for two years, but was saved from completely perishing by some enterprising

THE 1915 NEWTONIAN

girls. One pupil soared high enough into the literary realms to write a play which was produced by members of the class.

The section devoted to athletics was a treat. Newton had a habit of winning in almost everything. Every cut-in bore words similar to these: "Newton won 57-3". "Newton walked away with the victory". "Newton completely outclassed this school." Thus it ran in all the sports. The girls came in on the honors, too. They established the record of winning the gymnasium meet three years in succession.

Finally, a group picture of all these illustrious pupils of the "grand old class" was shown, bearing the title, "The Best Class There Ever Was in the Newton Classical High School."

EUNICE S. CLARK

Honor List

Highest Honor: HELEN LOVELL WHITE

Girls

Lillian Alberta Beck
Margaret Fuller Belcher
Mabel Bundy
Priscilla Buntin
Abbie Alice Cady
Dorothea Cary
Eunice Shedd Clark
Mary Daboll
Eleanor Florence Dennett
Eleanor Dodge
Madeleine Chilton Everett
Irene Winifred Forté
Beatrice Elizabeth Garrity

Helen Cecilia Hartel
Helen Haynie
Hilda Dewey Jones
Miriam Keeler
Mary Bennett Kimball
Helen Frances Kuntz
Abigail Elizabeth Leete
Eleanor Dewey Mason
Gretchen Peabody
Anna Priscilla Tracey
Virginia Isabella Vaughan
Elizabeth Walker
Florence Weinberg

Laura Legatt Williams

Boys

Ferdinand Bennett Brigham
Eliot Mansfield Buffum
Frederic Thatcher Burrows
John Edwin Carlson
Clarence Ardell Chapin

Richard Ellis Kimball
Emery Nelson Leonard
Donald Stephen Moore
Karl Locke Nutter
Louis Felix Ranlett

Benjamin Elwood Thomas

Wearers of the "N"

SEASON OF 1914-1915, TO MAY 1

BASEBALL

Keller	Vachon	King	Bryson
--------	--------	------	--------

HOCKEY

L. C. Kepner	D. E. Putnam	R. W. Buntin
L. Jackson	R. LaCroix	G. Fiske
E. Stickney	H. Carley	E. Burkhardt

FOOTBALL

F. Dorney	Cormick	Turner
Brady	Harris	A. Turner
T. C. Nathan	Bryson	Mellor
Hoar	Caverley	King
Vachon	Burkhardt	Hughes
	Fay	

TRACK

G. H. Banchor	A. S. Roberts	G. Litchfield
C. F. Gilman, Jr.	W. E. Wheeler	R. Adams
H. F. Mitchell	W. H. Mitchell	P. Newhall
P. S. Kelley	J. McGovern	Hayes
M. Bruner	T. F. O'Brian	H. C. Pierce
F. G. MacNamara	C. Rogers	L. S. Woodworth

GIRLS' FIELD HOCKEY

Eleanor Shumway	Hilda Jones
Eleanor Edwards	Marion Lyons
Mary Buckley	Rosamond Huntress
Susan Fessenden	Emily Howard
Caroline Fisher	Helen Woodward
Winifred Whittelsey	

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

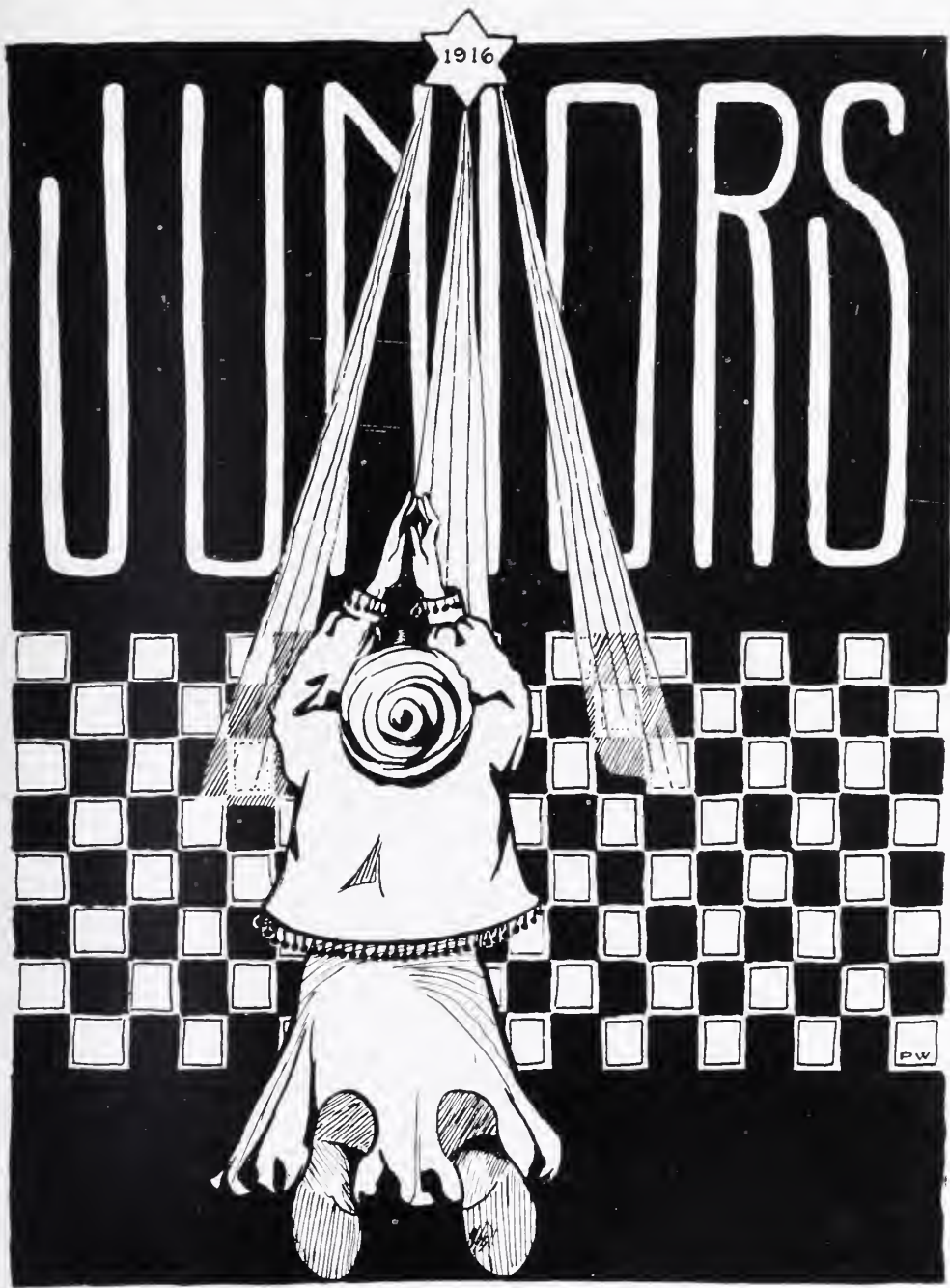
Hilda Jones	Catherine Tyler
Eugenie Brown	Ruth Alexander
Nora Gulian	Dorothy Leach
Laura Williams	Ruth Polly
Margaret Considine	

Class Statistics

The close contest for the most popular teachers is a great compliment to our faculty, and the majorities of Miss _____ and Mr. _____ were very small.

Our class is composed of — boys and — girls, with an average weight of — pounds and an average height of — feet — inches. The nearest approach to a giant is _____ standing — feet — inches, while _____ is the shortest member. Ours is a very athletic class, — boys and — girls having won the "N", but Miss _____ and _____ are our foremost athletes. _____ was elected class grind and _____ is thought to be the teachers' pet. The hard guy of the class is undoubtedly _____ while _____ qualifies for class farmer. Our class fusser is easily _____, with Miss _____ as the class flirt. There is no mistaking the dude, for who could hope to outshine _____ in splendor. The number of beauties in our class made the election of the prettiest girl and handsomest boy very exciting, but Miss _____ and _____ were picked. The class, however, was united on the subject of its most popular members, Miss _____ and _____ obtaining the positions.

CLARENCE A. CHAPIN



Junior Class



JUNIOR PRESIDENT

Officers Class of 1916

President

F. FOREST DAVIDSON, JR.

Vice-President

MARY I. WEST

Secretary

H. WARREN JACKSON, JR.

Treasurer

O. CARLISLE FROST

Junior Year of Class of 1916

IT wasn't the star member's fault but her misfortune that she had to spend the winter in Florida instead of in the dear old Newton High. The girls had promised to write, but their notes and cards were fragmentary and unsatisfactory as far as school matters were concerned. Finally she exclaimed to one of her newly-acquired friends with whom she was visiting, "If only I might know how my own class was getting on, I'd not worry about the rest of the school, although I am very much interested in all the classes."

"Shall I do some crystal gazing for you?" questioned her friend.

"O you dear old seventh daughter of a seventh daughter," cried the star member, "do you own a crystal and are you truly a clairvoyant?"

The outcome of it was that the crystal was placed on a small mahogany table, and as one girl focused her gaze on the shining ball, the other tensely awaited developments.

Five minutes passed slowly and, then—"I see," said the former, "a school assembly hall nearly half-filled with pupils. Evidently a class meeting is in progress for the election of class officers. A dark-haired youth goes to the platform and advances to announce from a slip of paper the results of the ballot. The writing is poor, but I can distinguish: President, Forest Davidson; Vice-President, Mary West; Secretary, Carlisle Frost; Treasurer, Warren Jackson."

(The star member clapped her hands noiselessly.)

Her friend continued: "The lunch-room is crowded." ("I can smell chicken soup!" thought the star member). "At one of the tables sit two girls with '1916' on their white sweaters. They are reading in the *Review* the names of the girls chosen for the Junior field hockey team: Peg Spaulding, c.f.; Marie McCarthy, l.i.f.; Eleanor Edwards, r.i.f.; Marjorie Smith, c.h.b.; Helen Woodward, l.h.b.; Rosamond Huntress, r.h.b.; Margaret Gould, l.f.b.; Emily Howard, r.f.b.; Winifred Whittlesey, g.; Dorothy Brooks, l.w.; Hazel Carley, r.w. They laugh with delight as they read, and pat each other on the back as they review the *school* team list with one more Junior name in it than Senior."

("Hurrah!" said the star member under her breath).

"I see an athletic field now and on it an excited crowd of girls. Probably this is the inter-class field hockey game. Yes—the yellow ribbons are winning over the red. I can almost hear the shrieks of delight.

"The same field—the same yellow ribbons—but this time they are pitted against the blue. Ah! again the yellows are victorious."

("Oh joy! we have won the *inter-class* championship!")

NEWTON HIGH SCHOOL

"What do I see? Your school gymnasium crowded with boys from all the classes evidently to watch a school-meet. The boys with the 1916 numerals are now subdued and saddened. Others are doing the cheering. The forms of the boys grow shadowy and scores of girls in middies and bloomers take their places. The instructors walk about and three ladies with huge bunches of violets command positions of importance. One of the latter passes a paper to a scholastic-looking gentleman who reads from it the winners. The group with the yellow ties applaud, but the applause is plainly for some other group.

"A recitation room with the number fourteen on the door comes next before me, and within a class of 1916 pupils. The instructor is evidently congratulating them on an achievement in English work, for the room, elaborately adorned with pictures, is clearly sacred to the English studies. On a table before him lies a pile of magazines, the work of the class. On the cover is printed plainly *The Harlequin. 1916.*"

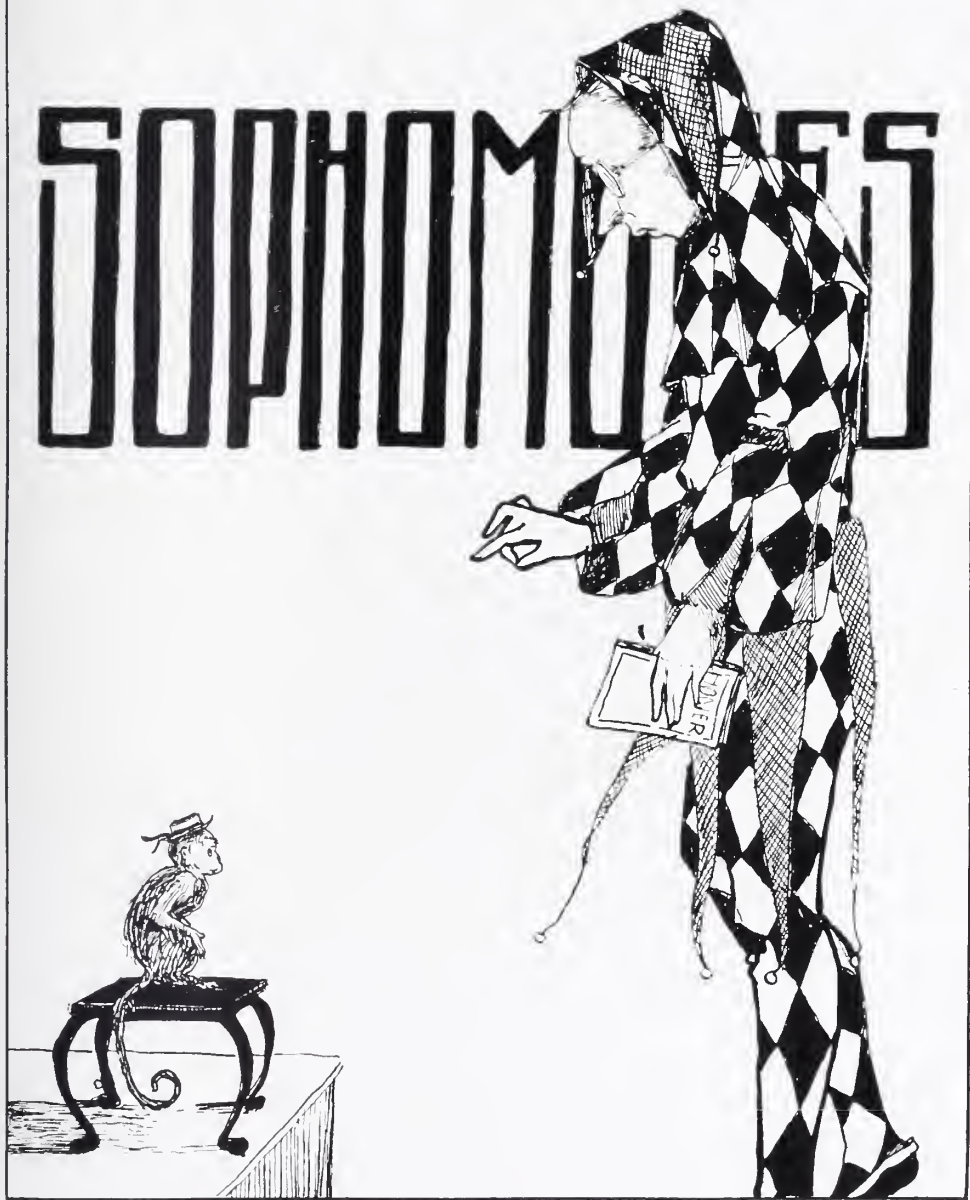
("O my!" breathed the other, "there has never been anything of that sort before except the Senior *Newtonian*. What a successful year this has been. Mary West, secretary of the Girls' Debating Club; Warren Jackson, manager of next year's track team; Juniors flourishing in the English and Debating Clubs; W. Jackson and D. Putnam winning sweaters with block N's; and Evangeline Huntley and Merrill Campbell distinguishing themselves by reciting in the "hall" selections appropriate to Washington's and Lincoln's birthdays. What a shame I had to miss it.")

At this point the star member became aware that the crystal-gazer had been talking for some time and was still describing the girls' Field Day. So vivid was her description that the star member pressed forward to see if she too might not catch a glimpse of the exciting sports, when — crash! down went the crystal ball from the table against which she had leaned too heavily, and the fragile glass broke into a thousand pieces.

"I am dreadfully sorry about — the crystal", she said, "but I do hope that the Class of 1916 will continue to make history."

SIBYL H. WARDWELL, '16

SOPHOMORES



Sophomore Class



SOPHOMORE PRESIDENT

Officers Class of 1917

President

Vice-President

Secretary

Treasurer

MARTIN HENRY GARRITY

ELEANOR DODD

BARBARA COOKE

ELIZABETH CLAPP

Sophomore Class History

IN early September, a crowd of happy pupils entered the Newton High School, glad to be past Freshman days, and proud to be known for the school year, 1914-15, as "The Sophomores".

One of the dignities allowed Sophomores is the privilege of being an organized class. Therefore, after what seemed a space of months, though in reality it was early fall, they had their first class meeting to elect officers. At this meeting, at which Mr. Adams was present and gave some good suggestions, M. Henry Garrity was elected president by a unanimous vote, and after spirited balloting Miss Eleanor Dodd was made vice-president, Miss Barbara Cooke secretary, and Miss Elizabeth Clapp treasurer. Two weeks later, now the possessors of a Constitution, the class again met, chose class-pins or rings, and soon each member was the proud possessor of a gold "N" with a blue "17", the class color, upon the crossbar.

Field hockey for the girls and football for the boys were the next things that took their attention. In field hockey the girls, under their captain, Miss Virginia Speare, defeated the Freshmen and almost took the honors from the Juniors. Two of their members ably represented their class on the sub-school team and one Sophomore was on the school team. In football the results of the inter-class games, under the captain, Sibley Littig, were about the same, as the boys beat the Freshmen, and almost — the Seniors.

Report cards came after the first ten weeks. Many received good marks, but some felt the need of giving more time and energy to their studies, to win higher marks in the future. It is to be hoped that the good resolutions they made brought good results. Some of the class obtained the required rank and were asked to some meetings of the English Club.

After Christmas, basketball raged. Not many of the Sophomore girls went out, but those who did go, under the captaincy of Miss Caroline Fisher, were very able players.

Unfortunately the boys did not do much on the track, though the relay team defeated the Freshmen. Better results are hoped for next year. In the girls' gymnasium meet, the Sophomores came to the front, winning second

NEWTON HIGH SCHOOL

place, entirely defeating the Juniors. Good results are hoped for in boys' baseball, which is yet to come.

At the end of the third quarter more good resolutions were made, and everybody settled down earnestly for the few remaining weeks. The History of the Class of 1917, has progressed so far; the remaining chapters will be written in future years. May those chapters show the class to be better than any other in scholarship and athletics, and an honor to the Newton High School.

MABEL STIMPSON, '17



*It is the policy of this school not to
allow the Freshman Class
to organize*

Freshman Class History

NOW it came to pass, that on the sixth month of the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and fourteen, the chiefs of the tribes of the city gathered in their respective places and spake unto their children saying, "On the ninth month, thou shalt ascend unto the temple of learning called High." And lo, on the ninth month, the children of the tribes, being assembled in the halls of the temple, called High, received the name of Freshmen, and a new chief was set over them.

Now at the time of the ringing of the bell, out of these tribes were formed four divisions, and new rulers were set over them. These were the children of the chief of the temple. On the second day of the week, even on Monday morning, the children of the Freshman class assembled in the great hall of the temple, and with one accord lifted up their voices and sang. And the fame thereof spread throughout the land.

Now they were told to take diligent heed to do the commandments and laws, which the head chief, Adams, commanded. Then those that did evil in the sight of their chief rulers were detained from the second hour after midday until the third.

And the Freshmen went out to battle, and suffered defeat in the battles of Hockey and Basketball, and there was great lamentation. But, behold, in the course of time they grew in stature, and waxed strong, and in the Athletic Meet were more powerful than some other of the children of (Adam)s, and there was great rejoicing.

Now the children of the tribes grew not only in stature, but in wisdom and in knowledge. Nevertheless, when the space of five weeks was past, their hearts were heavy within them. And the chief rulers taught them diligently, and they discovered many wonderful things for themselves. And when the fullness of time had come, the elders of the temple spake unto them saying, "Arise, and get thee up higher."

And they went away pondering in their hearts the things which they had seen and heard.

RACHEL KIMBALL, '18

The Abandoned City

ONE summer, when I was on my way to my camp in Maine, I was compelled to spend a night in New York. I arrived late and went to a small hotel not far from the Pennsylvania Station. I was very tired, and, after leaving orders to be called at seven o'clock, I went to bed.

The strange noises of the large city made it hard for me to get to sleep. I finally did so, and it seemed only a minute before I woke up again. It was so quiet that it reminded me of a Sunday morning at home. I looked at my watch and found that it had stopped. I thought that this was the probable explanation of the fact that it was so quiet, and gave no further thought to the matter.

I rang a bell to inquire the time, but no one came. As I could not go to sleep again, I dressed and went down stairs. I saw a clock in the corridor, and noticed that it was after eight. I was much incensed at not having been called, and determined to give the clerk a piece of my mind.

I entered the lobby and found it was empty, so I concluded that everyone had gone to breakfast, but on going into the dining-room I found no one there.

As I was waiting, it suddenly occurred to me that some of the guests ought to be putting in an appearance. As no one came, I began to be alarmed.

I went upstairs to see what had happened to everybody, and became much worried when I found all the rooms empty.

I went into the street, thinking that the house was haunted, and was utterly astounded when I could see no living creature, no matter which way I looked. I wondered if there was a big fire somewhere, but after a second thought on the matter, I knew that not everyone would have gone to it.

I wanted to get out of that part of the city, so I looked for a trolley car to convey me uptown. One was soon found, and I entered it, but, as there was no one to run it, it didn't do me any good.

I ran into a garage to hire an auto, but no one was there. There were autos enough, but I couldn't run one, so they were useless to me.

As I left the building I was trying to think what had happened to everybody, but fear soon drove every possibility of thought from me. The cause of this was a noise I heard from somewhere. I grew paralyzed from fright and stopped walking; the noise stopped also. I went on again, and the noise started again. This nearly drove me crazy, until I realized that the noises were my footsteps on the pavement.

I wondered what time it was, so, after remembering that my watch was broken, I went into a jewelry store to get a new watch. I found the store all opened up, with the watches, precious stones, and all the rest of the stock on the

NEWTON HIGH SCHOOL

counter, but not a person in sight. I left my watch and took another one in place of it.

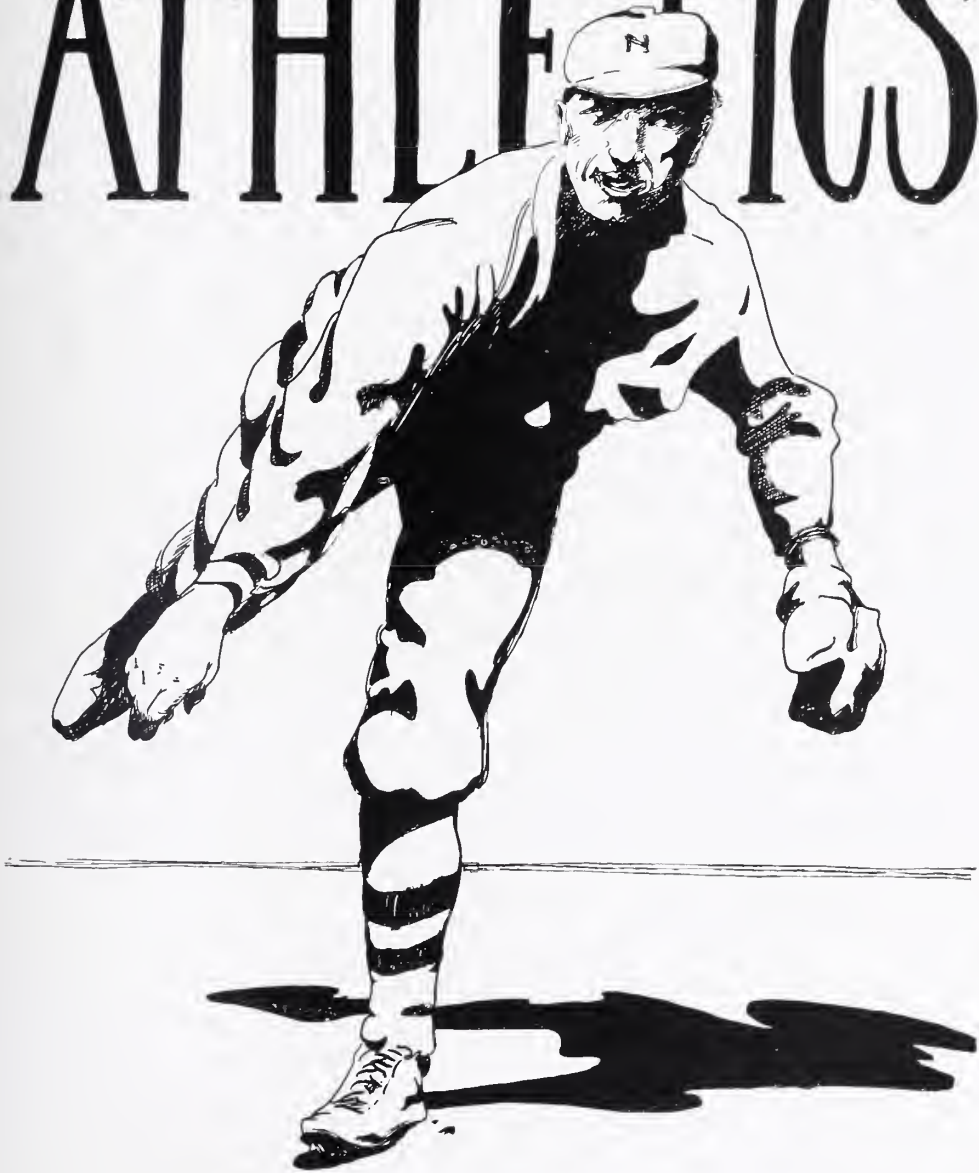
I rushed to the Grand Central Station to see if I could get a later train, but when I got there, there were trains enough, with their steam up, but they couldn't go without some one to run them, so as far as I was concerned they were useless.

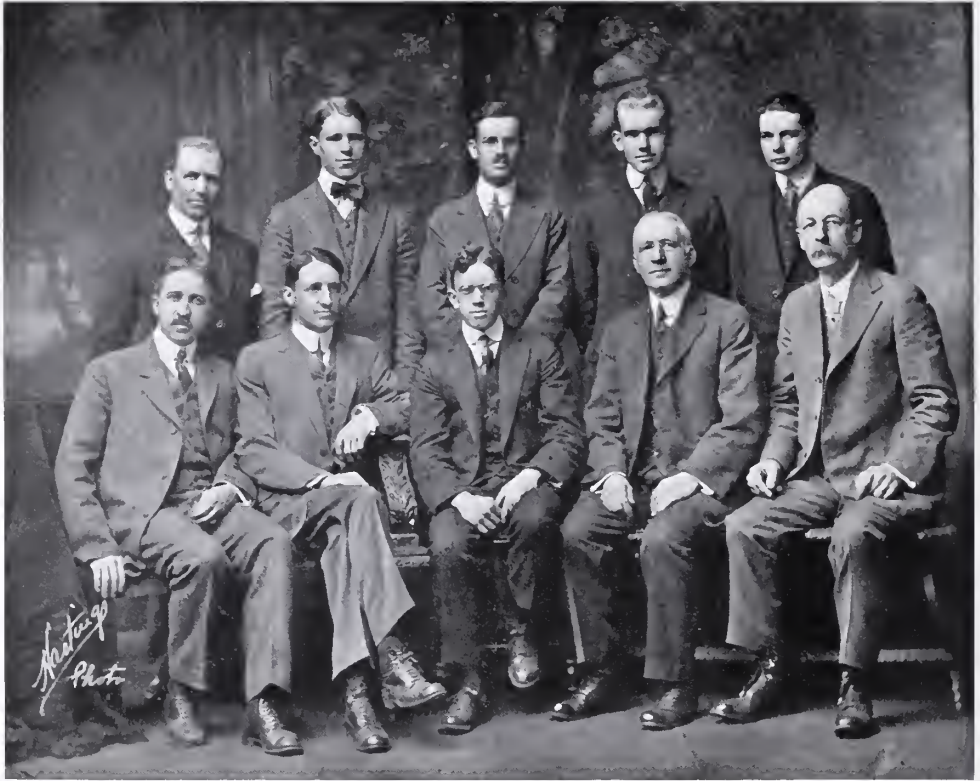
I ran around like a madman, but soon found that I could accomplish nothing by this. I decided that I must get out of that terrible city in some way, so I started to cross the Brooklyn Bridge. I was about half-way across, when suddenly ——

“Seven o'clock, sir.” It was the night clerk.

GEORGE W. DAVENPORT '18

ATHLETICS





MARTIN
MURRAY

FISKE
MAXIM

FARNSWORTH
KEPNER

QUICK
ADAMS

CONNORS
PALMER

ATHLETIC COMMITTEE

Athletic Committee of the Newton High School

President

LEWSON CHASE KEPNER

Secretary

DR. OSCAR MARTIN

Treasurer

CHARLES D. MESERVE

Representatives of the Classical High

ENOCH C. ADAMS

CHARLES D. MESERVE

L. CHASE KEPNER

GEORGE ADAMS FISKE

Representatives of the Technical High

IRVING O. PALMER

M. MAXIM

J. K. CONNORS

F. E. QUICK

Representatives of the Vocational School

M. W. MURRAY

W. S. SMITH

J. R. FARNSWORTH

Representative of the Physical Department

OSCAR MARTIN



STICKNEY, Mgr.	FAY	WELLMAN	NATHAN	KING	MELLOR	DICKINSON, Coach	VEO, Assl. Mgr.
A. TURNER	HUGHES		P. TURNER	VACHON	BURKHARDT	BRADY	CAVERLY
HOAR	BRYNEN	DORNEY	NASH	VAN TASSEL, Capt.	LEONARD, Assl. Mgrs.		CORMICK
							HARRIS

FOOTBALL TEAM

Football

COACH DICKINSON'S call for football candidates, on September 15, 1914, was answered by a squad of only about thirty. The veterans, about whom the team was to be built, were: Captain Van Tassell, Bryson, Brady, Harris, Dorney, Mellor, and Turner.

After two weeks of hard practice the team met and defeated Quincy, 7 to 0. The latter school had a much stronger team than usual and Newton failed to play up to expectations.

On October 7, Needham was beaten, 79 to 0, in an uninteresting game.

Boston Latin surprised us on Columbus Day by winning, 3 to 0. Newton had several chances to score, but lacked the necessary punch to put the ball over.

The Wellesley game was a big disappointment. Newton fought hard and held, but was unable to make headway through their opponents, who advanced the ball by wide shifts and forward passes. The first touchdown was made on a forward pass from Kuhlewein to Delaney. Later Finnerty intercepted a forward and scored Wellesley's second touchdown. Final score, 13 to 0.

On November 6, Newton defeated Brookline, 33 to 0, by using the open game. Forward passes from Wellman to Harris and Bryson were good ground-gainers, while the wide shift was also worked to great advantage.

The Triangular League Championship was captured on November 13, when we defeated Cambridge Latin 21 to 0, in an interesting game.

Arlington was beaten by one more point on November 18. The game was played chiefly by substitutes, as the first team men were being saved for the Thanksgiving Day game.

When Newton met Waltham on November 26, there were 10,000 people present. However, a certain small person who has attended this game for the past ten or fifteen years, was absent. Some people call him "Jinx" and others "Hoodoo". Whatever his name may be, he was not there, and before the game had progressed ten minutes Mellor carried the ball across Waltham's goal line. Harris failed to see the referee's signal and lost the try for a goal. When Jones of Waltham intercepted a forward pass and ran 60 yards for a touchdown many people thought that the "Jinx" had returned. They were mistaken, for the Newton boys fought harder than before. However, the field was a mass of mud and neither team could gain much ground during the second half. When the final whistle blew the score stood 6 to 6. Newton was the only team to cross Waltham's goal line this year and clearly deserved a victory.

Although we dropped two early games, the season of 1914 was a very successful one. Every player deserves a great deal of praise for his work, especially in the Waltham game. Let us always remember this 1914 team as "the eleven without a 'Jinx'."

ELLIOT STICKNEY



DICKINSON, *Coach* BURKHARDT, *Mgr.* DOHERTY, *Asst. Mgr.*
 DALTON HARRIS
 MACNAMARA COMICK TURNER GILMAN BRYSON KING VACHON STICKNEY NEWELL KELLER BLUE

BASEBALL SQUAD

Baseball

THOMAS KING, *Captain*

EDGAR S. BURKHARDT, *Manager*

THE Baseball season of 1915 has begun with prospects for a record-breaking team. The first call for candidates was issued in the first week of March, when battery practice in the gymnasium was begun.

Among the numerous candidates, three veterans of last year's battery have reported, namely: Keller and Cormick on the pitching staff, and Newell in the catching department. It is thought that Turner, with a little more experience, will develop into a good backstop, while Faxon, Macomber, and Stubbs are also promising candidates for the same position.

Indoor battery work continued until the last of the month, when outdoor practice was called at Cabot field. Sixty odd candidates reported, among whom were: King, captain of this year's team; Bryson, Harris, Vachon, and Gilman — all veterans of the 1914 team; while, MacNamara, Adams, Stickney, and MacDonald of last year's second team, are promising men. Garrity, Edwards, Dalton, Blue, and Coleman are other candidates who are showing up well.

Manager Burkhardt has drawn up a splendid schedule of twenty-four games, while the second team also has a schedule of fifteen games. This will do much to arouse the interest of many fellows who would be otherwise indifferent to the sport, and thus increases the possibilities for a good first team.

The season tickets this year are being sold at the fabulously low price of fifty cents, for eleven games. Surely at this price there are none who cannot "afford" to go to the games and it is hoped that the attendance at least at the games played at home, will be large.

On the whole, Coach Dickinson and Captain King are, we think, justified in feeling confident of victory over our league rivals, Cambridge and Brookline

This year's schedule up to going to press is as follows:

			N.	Opp.
Sat.	Apr. 10	Charlestown Center H. S. at Charlestown	14	0
Wed.	Apr. 14	Melrose at Newton	2	4
Mon.	Apr. 19	Boston Latin at Newton	17	2
Tues.	Apr. 20	Roxbury Latin at Newton	15	3
Thurs.	Apr. 22	Weymouth at Weymouth		
Sat.	Apr. 24	Thayer Academy at Newton		
Wed.	Apr. 28	Huntington School at Boston		



DICKINSON, <i>Coach</i>	BRUNER, <i>Mgr.</i>	JACKSON, <i>Asst.</i>	DAVIDSON, <i>Asst</i>
HAYES	NEWELL	H. MITCHELL	O'BRIEN
WHEELER	ROGERS	BANCHOR	WOODWORTH
ADAMS	LITCHFIELD	W. MITCHELL	MACNAMARA
	KELLY	ROBERTS, <i>Capt.</i>	
		PIERCE	

TRACK TEAM

Track

ARTHUR ROBERTS, *Captain*

MYLERT BRUNER, *Manager*

F. F. DAVIDSON, JR., *Assistant Manager*

THE excellence of this year's track team, which is admittedly the finest all-round team that ever represented Newton High, reflects great credit on Coach Dickinson.

Owing to the resignation of "Tip" O'Neil, the season was begun without a captain. However, Roberts was finally elected after considerable delay and innumerable ballots.

At the Coast Artillery games, Newton was represented by a relay team composed of Litchfield, Adams, MacNamara and Woodworth, the two former being members of the 1914 record-breaking quartet. This team defeated Brookline and made the fastest High School time of the meet.

The following week at the interclass meet, the Seniors won by a margin of sixty points over their nearest rivals, the Juniors. The 30-yard dash was won by Wheeler, a former Exeter man, in four seconds. The relay race was won by the Seniors in the remarkable time of 2 minutes, 29 seconds. The high jump record of 5 feet 7 $\frac{3}{4}$ inches, made by Very, which stood for thirteen years, was broken by Captain Roberts who placed the mark at 5 feet 9 inches.

On February 5, Newton defeated Volkmann School by a score of 46 to 17, in a rather uninteresting (as the score shows) meet. In this contest Litchfield, Roberts, W. Mitchell, Adams, Wheeler, Gilman, Rogers, O'Brien, McGovern, H. Mitchell, and Pierce won their "N's".

The next week Dorchester was defeated 42 to 16. In this meet four places were counted, and although this handicapped Newton, she won all but one point in three events and all the places in one. Adams captured the first place in the six hundred in a fast race.

Newton next met her only defeat of the year, at the hands of Boston College High. On account of the steep banks, low ceiling and incompetent officials, the meet was something of a farce. Rogers and Litchfield ran good races, defeating their respective opponents. Kelly and a new man, Hayes, did wonders in the broad jump, the former jumping over 10 feet 1 inch, and the latter just under 10 feet. Both received their letter.

The next afternoon Newton secured third place in the Huntington School meet with only four men entered.

At the B. A. A. Games our relay team, with Banchor in place of Woodworth, won over Brookline in 3 minutes 19 seconds.

Under the leadership of Captain Adams we expect a successful season for 1916.



PUTNAM BUNTIN KEPNER, *Mgr.* FISKE STICKNEY
BURKHARDT CARLEY, *Capt.* JACKSON

HOCKEY TEAM

Hockey

WITH the record of having won first honors in the Triangular League and second honors in the Interscholastic League, at the same time defeating the holders of first place, the hockey team for 1914-15 completes the most successful season ever known at Newton High. Out of thirteen games played, the team won nine, tied one, and lost three. But to have defeated the champion Melrose team is glory enough in itself, as now Newton enjoys the distinction of being the only school to have overcome the "champs" throughout the season, and for several seasons back.

There is no doubt but what this year's team had a lot of "hard luck". At times the outlook was very bright, but then almost without warning the high hopes were rudely dashed to the ground. For this reason still more honor is due the team and its captain. The scores for the year were as follows: Boston College High, 1-0; English High, 4-1; Arlington, 2-3; Somerville, 5-1; Medford, 0-4; Cambridge Latin, 4-3; Powder Point, 16-1; Rindge Tech, 2-2; Brookline, 2-1; Milton Academy, 2-3; Milton High, 6-3; Melrose, 2-1; Rindge Tech, 5-3.

The team was composed of the following men:

Captain Carley, playing at cover-point throughout the season, except when he was needed elsewhere, gained an enviable reputation for himself. "Harry" always worked hard and he played to win. As a proof of his excellent generalship, he was chosen by the Boston papers as the Captain of the Second All-Scholastic Team.

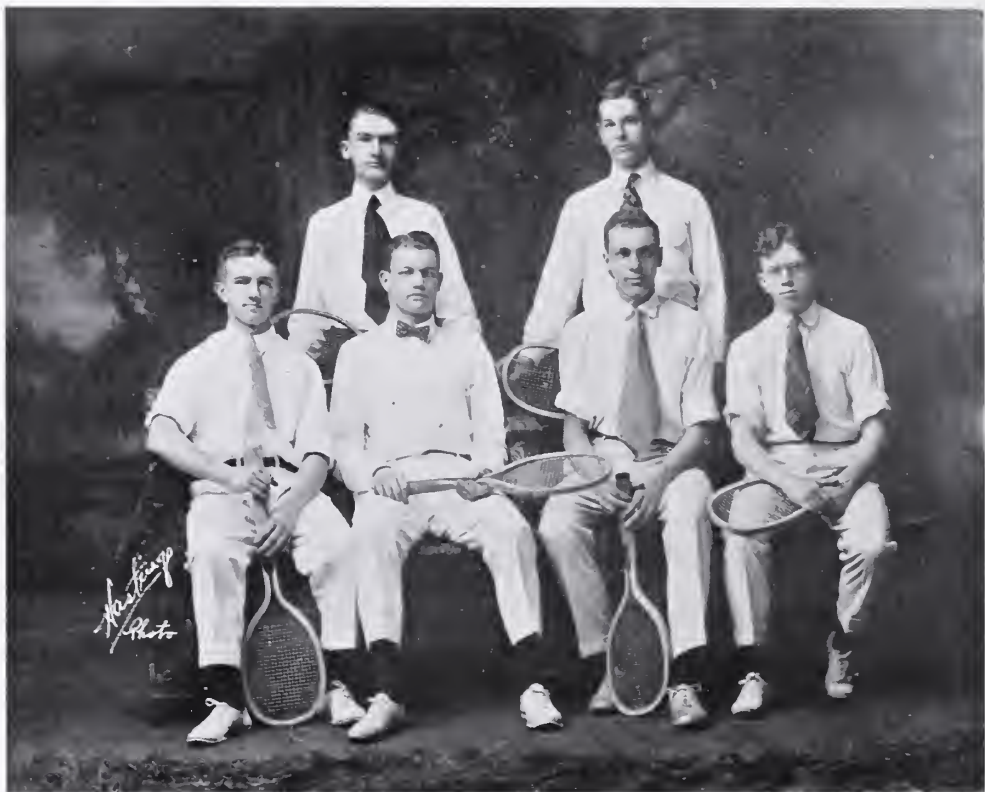
Captain-elect Burkhardt, '16, was awarded a place on the First Interscholastic Team by many of the papers.

Lacroix, '17, as goal-tender was the sensation and "find" of the season. Though he had his "off" days, he was steady when points counted the most, viz: the Melrose game, and for this reason was awarded the position of goal-tender on the Interscholastic Team.

Stickney, '16, at left wing, though not playing a sensational game, was a steady player, only missing five minutes of play throughout the season. "Stick's" motto was and is, "You can't make me mad."

Fiske, '16, otherwise known as "Hooses" Fiske, was an able partner for Captain Carley and played throughout the season at point. "Fiskee" was good at stopping opponents who were about to shoot a goal. In the last game, however, he surprised everybody, including himself, by skating through the whole Rindge team and scoring a goal.

Buntin, '16, Putnam, '16, and Jackson, '16 also played.



NOBLE

DAIGER
BROWN

JACKSON
RICE

KEPNER

TENNIS TEAM

Tennis

STAFFORD L. BROWN, *Captain*

L. B. RICE, *Manager*

THE Tennis Team this spring will in all probability be one of the strongest that has ever represented the Newton High School.

From the result of the annual fall tournament, the following six men were chosen to represent the school: Stafford L. Brown, captain; Leonard Jackson, Mark Noble, Gerald Daiger, Robert Knowles, and Lawrence Rice. As Knowles left school, Chase Kepner was selected to fill his place. Of these six men, Jackson, Daiger, and Rice were members of last year's team.

The schedule, as arranged to date, is as follows: May 4, Huntington School at Newton Centre; May 7 or 14, Brookline High School (pending); May 19, English High School at Newton Centre; May 22, Andover at Andover; May 28, Arlington at Newton Centre; June 4, Quincy at Newton Centre; June 9, St. Mark's School at Southboro; June 11, Quincy at Quincy. Each match will consist of three singles and two doubles.

The annual spring tournament will soon be well under way and a large number of entries are expected. The school will be represented at the Harvard Interscholastics on May 15, and we think that the team will make a good showing.

L. B. RICE



McGOVERN

ULLER

W. DALEY

COCKRAN

E. DALEY

GOLF TEAM

Golf

McGOVERN, *Captain*

E. DALEY, *Manager*

THE calling forth of candidates by Dr. Martin, on September 26, opened the golfing season in the Newton High Schools. The trials for the team were held on the Commonwealth Country Club course, and the following players were chosen: McGovern '15, E. Daley '15, W. Daley '17, Uller '17, Cockran '16, and Greeley '15; with the honor of lowest score going to Cockran.

A special match was played with Exeter Academy at Exeter last fall. This resulted in a draw, each team winning three points. A few other matches of minor importance were played and won during the fall season.

A spring tournament is to be held some time in April, and should bring together fifty or more contestants.

For the spring season the captain and manager have arranged a strong schedule which includes such teams as St. Mark's School, Exeter, Andover, Worcester, Harvard, and Watertown.

There is every hope of a successful spring season, and since the "Junior Golf Championship" is to be played on the Albermarle course, the school should be strongly represented.



RELAY TEAM

ADAMS

LITCHFIELD

DICKINSON, *Coach*

BANCHOR

MACNAMARA

Relay Team

THE High School Relay Team this year was almost as good as last year's, but as the Rev. Mr. Parks said, there are a lot of "almosts". However, the team was victor in all but one of its races; scored Newton's only point (and one-half) at the B. A. A. meet; and came within three-fifths of a second of the school record, so that some praise ought to be given it.

The team was composed of Woodworth, Litchfield, Adams, MacNamara, and Banchor, the last four winning in the B. A. A. meet. The team was first victorious over Brookline at the Coast Artillery meet on January 22nd. It next defeated Somerville's quartet by a lap, coming one and one-fifth seconds from the record in the Inter-Class meet. On February 12th it won over Dorchester in time three-fifths seconds slower than the record. The following week Boston College High came in three yards ahead of the Newton team. Many think it would not have lost its race in its own gymnasium. The final triumph was over Brookline (again) in the B. A. A. meet, when they won by one-fourth of a lap, in fairly good time.



RANLETT
A. TURNER

ALBERTE, *Asst. Coach*
DREW, *Capt.*

CUNNINGHAM
WETHERBEE

FENCING TEAM

Fencing

LOUIS F. RANLETT, *President*

WINSLOW WETHERBEE, *Secretary-Treasurer*

WILLIAM DREW, *Captain*

INTEREST in fencing has increased in the Newton High School, as is shown by the large membership of the Fencing Club.

The Club has been enthusiastically coached by Clark Hayden, and it owes much to him for his faithful, efficient work.

The fact that High and Preparatory Schools are but beginning to recognize the value of Fencing and to give it a place in school athletics, has made it difficult to arrange for meets with other teams. From January through March, competitive bouts between club members resulted in the choice of the first five competitors as members of the Fencing Team.

The final standing was:—

Position	BOUITS		POINTS	
	Won	Lost	For	Against
1 W. Drew	7	1	36	10
2 W. Wetherbee	8	2	46	24
3 A. Turner	5	1	45	24
4 R. Cunningham	5	7	41	38
5 L. Ranlett	5	9	51	62
6 F. Edmands	2	1	10	11
7 F. Allen	0	9	9	48
8 R. Kimball	0	2	5	16
9 J. Armstrong	2	2	27	23



BURROWS

DUDLEY

PALMER

MARSHALL

MIDGET RELAY TEAM

Midget Relay Team

MARSHALL, *Captain*

THE Newton High School Midget Team had a most successful season this year.

About fifteen responded to the call for candidates and reported for regular practice. From these, a team of four was chosen, namely: Dudley, Palmer, Marshall, and Burrows. Marshall was elected captain.

The first race was in the Interclass meet, with Belmont. The Belmont four was entirely outclassed by the Newton team, the first runner taking the lead and the others increasing it.

In the Dorchester meet the Newton team maintained its good reputation. They kept a long lead over the Dorchester quartet throughout the race. Through some mistake, a second, and much larger midget team came over with the Dorchester track experts. The Newton midgets, after defeating the regular Dorchester team, took on this combination also, and won out by a few feet, in a close race.

The Boston College High meet was disastrous for the whole school, even the Newton Midget Team being defeated by a few yards. This is no place for excuses, but ask any track enthusiast about that race.

But the Newton Midgets retrieved their honor in the B. A. A. Schoolboy Meet, when they raced the Huntington School. Newton's anchor man broke the tape a full half-lap ahead of the opposing team.

Much praise for this success must be given to Mr. Dickinson, the school coach. A team may have the best of material, it may have the best equipment obtainable, but without good coaching it will be beaten. Mr. Dickinson has given the Newton Midget team careful attention, and the best of coaching.

Now a word to some of you speed-merchants: if you weigh in under eighty-five pounds, come out next year and try for the team. You will get a lot of fun out of it.

Besides the regular 85-pound midget team, there was a 105-pound team composed of Belcher, Hunt, Trowbridge, and Hovenden. Under the coaching of Mr. Dickinson the team met with success in all the competitions which it entered.

Finally, let us all hope that next year's Newton Midgets will make a record even better than that of the 1915 team.



WOODWARD
WHITTELSAY

HOWARD
LYONS

HUNTRESS
SHUMWAY, *Capt.*

BUCKLEY
FESSENDEN

FISHER
EDWARDS

FIELD HOCKEY TEAM

Field Hockey

ELEANOR SHUMWAY, *Captain*

SUSAN FESSENDEN, *Manager*

NOTWITHSTANDING the fact that only seventy-five girls reported for hockey practice, Miss Flanders (coach) and Eleanor Shumway developed a fine team.

The game with Radcliffe was hard contested, but Newton finally emerged the winner, the score being 3 to 2. The Alumnae also fell before us with a score of 4 to 0. As this is only the second year that the Boston School of Physical Education has had a team, we were able to defeat them, 4 to 2. The best game of the season was with Lexington High School. It was a fight from the beginning and ended in a tie, 3 to 3.

The girls who have won their "N's" are:

Eleanor Shumway, '15	center forward
Eleanor Edwards, '16	left inside forward
Mary Buckley, N. T. H. S., '17	right inside forward
Susan Fessenden, '15	left wing
Caroline Fisher, '17	right wing
Hilda Jones, '15	center halfback
Marion Lyons, '15	left halfback
Rosamond Huntress, '16	right halfback
Emily Howard, N. T. H. S., '16	left fullback
Helen Woodward, N. T. H. S., '16	right fullback
Winifred Whittlesay, '16	goal

The class of '16 won the championship. After the Sophomores had defeated the Freshmen they were beaten by the Juniors.

As seven of the School Team are returning next year, Rosamond Huntress (captain) and Winifred Whittlesay (manager) ought to have a very successful team.



CONSIDINE GULIAN MISS SHEPHARDSON, *Coach* KIMBALL, *Mgr.* TYLER WILLIAMS
 LEACH BROWN JONES, *Capt.* POLLY ALEXANDER

GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

Girls' Basketball

HILDA JONES, *Captain*

WHEN the Basketball season opened this year, 136 girls reported as candidates for the various teams. There were two veterans left from last year's team, Hilda Jones and Ruth Alexander.

After many weeks of earnest effort on the part of our captain, Hilda Jones, and our coach, Miss Shephardson, the following team was announced: Goals, Hilda Jones, Eugenie Brown, Nora Gulian; guards, Laura Williams, Catherine Tyler, Ruth Alexander; centers, Dorothy Leach, Ruth Polly, Margaret Conside.

Four games were played with other schools: one with Radcliffe Freshmen, two with Cambridge, and one with the Alumnae.

We started our season well by beating Radcliffe with a score of 19 to 17. The game was most exciting, for until the last minute there was doubt as to which would win. The teamwork of both sides was very good, although we considered Newton a trifle better, taking into consideration the fact that we were playing on a strange floor.

We lost both games to Cambridge, but do not feel that this was due to our lack of good playing or players, but we credit our loss to circumstances.

We evened up our loss to Cambridge by winning from the Alumnae, 24 to 21. We are certain that this was due to our own good playing, and not to their lack of practice, for almost every one of them had been having steady coaching at colleges or other schools.

In the class games, the Sophomores beat the Freshmen, the Seniors beat the Juniors, and finally the Seniors also beat the Sophomores, thus winning the championship.

The girls have also shown a great deal of enthusiasm by their presence at the games, and we owe a large part of this to the hard and earnest work of our cheer-leader, Peggy Spaulding. We certainly owe her a vote of thanks, for she has done much to help along our victories.

Altogether we feel that this year has been most successful, and we earnestly hope, and sincerely feel that, with Eugenie Brown as next year's captain, and several veteran players, we may have a most successful team next year.

The Girls' Track Meet

FOR the third successive year the Seniors won the meet with a score of 50, the Sophomores second with 38, the Freshmen 5, and the Juniors 3. The meet was followed by folk dances done by the different classes. After all was over Mr. Davis announced the decisions of the judges.

Floor work—Won by the Seniors; 2nd, Sophomores.

Rotary hand travelling—Won by Eleanor Shumway, Senior; 2nd, Lillian Jefford, Senior.

Plain hand travelling—Won by Kathrine Gruener, Sophomore; 2nd, Elizabeth Hardy, Freshman.

Rope climbing—Won by Alice Davis, Sophomore; 2nd, Hazel Campbell, Junior.

Window ladder—Won by Olga Schult, Senior; 2nd, Catherine McCarthy, Senior.

Horizontal ladder—Won by Elizabeth Spinzola, Senior; 2nd, Cathrine De Rusha, Senior.

Oblique vault—Won by Hazel Sands, Senior; 2nd, Eleanor Shumway, Senior.

Saddle vault—Won by Nataline Ham, Sophomore; 2nd, Marjorie O'Callaghan, Freshman.

Box vault—Won by Mabel Stimpson, Sophomore; 2nd, Marjorie Chellis, Sophomore.

Parallel bar vault—Won by Edna Reynolds, Freshman; 2nd, Rachel De Rusha, Senior.

Ball relay race—Won by Sophomores.

Relay race—Won by Seniors.

Arch-goal ball—Won by Sophomores.

LITERARY



The Pony Girl

“LET’S go home.”

“But I don’t want to go home, Buddy!”

“I don’t neither, but you know we’ve got to be whipped, and we might’s well get it over now.” The speaker, a solemn little boy dressed in tattered corduroy, pushed his worn cap back over his unruly brown curls, and looked at his little brother anxiously.

“Oh, Buddy — it doesn’t seem’s if I *could* g’back!” wailed Tad, planking himself down in the dust of the road. “I’m sick of home — let’s run away.”

This suggestion was made but half-heartedly, as if he already knew the answer.

“Mother would send James after us again, you know. It’s no use. I hate mother”; this last calmly, as Buddy tried to kick a stone to the other side of the road.

“So d’I,” agreed Tad. “I wish brother Norman would hurry up an’ get through college, don’t you, Buddy? I like him.”

Buddy nodded dolefully. “Norman says we mustn’t hate,” he said, without conviction. “He says a — a nine-year-old should know better. But I don’t know better!”

“I don’t hate father,” rejoined Tad. “He’s a — a *lonely* man, don’t you think so, Buddy? Sometimes, when mother is sayin’ about how — how *insufferable* we are, he looks at us behind his paper, sort of — *friendly* like. But he never says nothing;” with a sigh.

“Never says *anything*,” corrected Buddy painstakingly. “What would mother have done if she could have heard you say that?”

“I dunno — probably no dinner.” With a sigh, Tad dragged himself from the dust and began to brush his ragged suit carefully. “I wish mother would give me a nice suit. She says as long as we act ragamuffins, we can — we can — what is it, Buddy?”

“‘Dress the part’,” supplemented Buddy mechanically. “Oh — oh-h, *Tad*, look at the Pony Girl!”

Around the bend of the lonely road where the two had stolen off to pick spring violets, came dashing a small brown horse, with — the Pony Girl. Buddy and Tad gazed with all their small might. In truth, the Pony Girl was wondrous fair, with her cheeks stung pink by the wind in her face, her sparkling brown eyes, her mane of thick brown hair whipped around her enchanting, witch-like face. As she saw the two little boys standing in the middle of the road, staring in frank, delighted admiration, she reined in with a humorous question in her eyes.

"Hello, Pony Girl!" cried Buddy.

"Hello, Pony Girl!" echoed Tad.

She smiled; it was a beautiful smile, and they realized that she was one of these delightful persons — rare but unmistakable — who never grew up.

"Where are you going, Pony Girl?" asked Buddy, dragging Tad out of the road to make room for the impatient, pawing, little brown horse.

"Over the hills and far away!" she replied gaily, all the ecstasy of the glorious spring morning in her fresh, young voice. And away she went, in a flash of brown and the green of her suit, enveloped in the dust of the way. Around the curve of the lonely road she clattered, at a breakneck speed, and, as she disappeared, the little boys felt suddenly very much alone.

"She was a lovely — Pony Girl — wasn't she?" asked Tad, wistfully. "I wish — do you suppose mother was ever like the Pony Girl?"

"How ridic'lous!" disdained Buddy. "Of course not. Mother was always big — and fat — and with funny little white and red streaks on her face. And ear-rings."

"She couldn't have been," argued Tad, "else papa wouldn't have married her."

"He mightn't have been able to help it," offered Buddy lamely, as they picked their way down the road. "'T anyway, she never was like the Pony Girl. She would of — would of *stayed* so."

"Of course mens can help it," argued Tad again. "They does the asking — Norman told me so."

"Norman had a picture like the Pony Girl on his bureau," said Buddy, "only — only all dressed up, with ear-rings, and things. And — and one day I came in there, and he was putting it 'way away in his drawer. And I said, 'What are you doing to your Pretty Lady, Norman?' And he said: 'She is no longer my Pretty Lady, Buddy; I — am — not — worthy of her'. And I said: 'What does that mean?' He sort of sighed, and looked away from me; and then he said, in an awful choked voice: 'Please God you'll never have occasion to know, Buddy. Run away now.' So I did, but I wanted to ask him what he meant some more."

They had come to the turn in the road, and Tad cried in dismay: "Oh-h! There's James in the auto. That means we'll be whipped and have no sup — I mean *dinner*, besides."

There, sure enough, down the road revealed by the turn was the fat, stolid James dismounting rather hastily from the Denison's big Packard. But what was he hurrying to — the green, crumpled up heap in the middle of the cruel, stony road?

NEWTON HIGH SCHOOL

"It's the Pony Girl!" exclaimed Buddy. "She didn't neither go 'over the hills and far away'. SHE FELL!"

"Hurry, Buddy — gentlemen always helps ladies," said Tad superbly. "James is not a gentleman."

"Gentleman" or none, James had lifted the sorry little heap and carried it gently to the car, by the time the boys' short legs brought themselves to it.

"What happened, James?" piped Tad.

James finished installing the Pony Girl carefully in back, before replying.

"Is — is she dead?" breathed Buddy, an awed quiver in his voice.

"Oh, it's you two, is it?" said James cordially, turning a glassy eye on them. "Do you happen to know who this party his? I come around the corner, a-lookin' for you two himps, an' I sees this party layin' 'ere, with a horse a-gallopin' away. Course she ain't dead — just stunned."

"Take her home, I would," said Buddy sagely. "We're nearer there'n anywhere, an' she's prob'ly a great friend of mother's. It would be a—a social blunder not to."

"You do beat hall!" commented the chauffeur, starting up. "Ride in front 'ere, you two. Anyone would think you was a thousand years hold, to 'ear you talk!"

In a very few minutes the car whirled up to the great pile of white cement which Mrs. Denison had named "The Castle". The two little boys effected a noiseless back entrance, rushed up the back stairs, and hung over the banisters leading to the First Reception Parlor. An excited buzz and clatter was going on below. Mrs. Denison's high-pitched voice was audible —

"James, why did you bring this — this *person* HERE? Well, I suppose we shall have to take her in. Why *must* these people persist in bespattering themselves over the landscape so? Come, Chadwick, you and James take her up to the Rose Room. Estelle, you telephone immediately to Dr. Eames, and see that everything is all right for her up there. Oh, what a *nuisance!*"

Her voice trailed querulously away as she moved off.

"Anyway," Tad whispered, "she didn't remember us."

"No, but when she does it'll be twice as worse," said Buddy mournfully. "If only brother Norman gets home before she remembers! She's never mean to us when he comes home for Sunday. The Pony Girl may have her arms and legs broken."

Just then they heard a furious voice below calling them. She had remembered. . . .

II

Sore at heart and aching of body, the two little boys crept up to the Rose Room late in the afternoon. The doctor was outside, talking to a white-capped, white-aproned nurse.

"Yes — there is absolutely no cause for worry, Miss Briggs, you may 'phone her sister. Only a bad sprain in the ankle and the numerous bruises, besides her severe shaking up. Permit me to say that I have seldom seen a more ideal patient. She is a very rare young lady — is she not?"

The nurse smiled guardedly, being a woman herself, and human — for, although the doctor was spectacled and pale and homely, he was young. As she turned to speak to him, Buddy and Tad slipped by her into the room.

The Pony Girl was in the great, rose-colored bed — a very pale Pony Girl, with her lovely face all drawn with pain. She smiled wanly as she saw the two little boys, and half sat up, then sank back, wincing. They stood awkwardly in the middle of the room, as they had stood in the middle of the road, before her.

"We live here," said Buddy, looking at her wonderingly. Was she the same Pony Girl, so white and still? Ah, yes; the same brown eyes smiled at them so bravely; the same dark, cloudy hair covered the stiff pillow and shaded her face.

"Yes, and we came to see how you were," chimed in Tad. "We are sorry you fell from your pony."

"So — am — I!" she sighed, her brow wrinkling for a moment in pain. "I didn't get very far away over the hills this morning, did I?"

"No. We are sorry," repeated Buddy.

"Tell me, kiddies," she said quickly; "what is your last name? Who is the lady that has taken me in here? I — I forgot to ask the doctor — he was hurting me — a little."

"Mother was hurting us, too," said Buddy, winking hard. "She whips us. For most anything. She takes a little horsewhip and just cuts into our shoulders."

The white face framed in the dark masses of hair smiled incredulously. "You are making up just a little now, aren't you, dear?" she asked gently. "Mothers don't do things like that. They love their children."

"Mother doesn't love *us*," said Buddy, unmoved. "She has told father lots of times that we are 'little beasts', and 'encumbrances to the true expression of oneself'. Show her your shoulders, Tad, an' she'll believe us."

Tad obediently pulled his shirt open for an instant. The Pony Girl gazed in horror; then her eyes filled, and pity brought tears, which pain had failed

NEWTON HIGH SCHOOL

to do. She sat up, forgetting her injuries, and gently put her arms around their shrinking little bodies.

"Oh, you — you poor little, half-starved children!" she cried, with a sob in her voice.

"We are making the Pony Girl cry, Tad," said Buddy, wriggling out of her embrace. "We must go. I shouldn't ought to have told her."

Buddy went as far as the door, then turned to the Pony Girl, who had sunk back upon her pillows once more: "The nurse is telephoning your — your sister — Why, there's Norman! Norman! come here! There's a Pony Girl here, presactly like the picture, who fell off her horse out on the road!"

"*Norman!*" gasped the Pony Girl. "Norman who?"

Her question was answered by Norman Denison himself as he came to the door.

"*Norman?*" she gasped again. "Why — *you* — is this *your* house?"

Buddy and Tad stood off and watched brother Norman come to the side of the Pony Girl in three long strides.

"You!" he breathed. "Oh, my dear, my dear — what has happened?"

"Nothing — much," she smiled bravely. "Just bruises and shaken up from my fall I have not seen you for so *long*, Norman."

He was trembling. "Can it be — oh, can it be that you have forgiven me?"

She put out her hand, wincing with the pain, and touched his gently. "Long ago!" said she.

"Come out, Tad!" said Buddy; and they stole out, together. Their mother, with their Silent, Lonely father, were on the other side of the hall, approaching; but the little boys did not see them.

"So it *was* the girl whose picture Norman had!" said Buddy, triumphantly. "Oh, isn't she lovely — lovely, Tad?"

The mother and the Silent, Lonely father looked in the room for a second.

"Yes, it is she," said the Silent, Lonely father. "Let's hope, Rose, that Norman half deserves her!"

"I wish I had known who she was before," said the mother pettishly. "I could have treated her differently."

The Silent, Lonely father took his cigar from his mouth, and spoke quietly. "Rose, don't you think we have lost sight of Love for a long time? We might treat it differently, if we could start over again."

The mother was trembling now. "Oh, Victor, do you mean that? You were so silent, and so cold — I thought you had ceased to care. — — — And nothing seemed to matter any more. Do you — *love* me still?"

"What's *love?*" asked Buddy timidly. The voice — the words — all were strange and new.

"Love?" The Silent, Lonely father stretched out his arms to Buddy and Tad. "That's what we're all going to learn now, together!"

The Clenched Hand

FOR one hundred and fifty years the Clenched Hand had hung over the Temple door, and for one hundred and fifty years the people had regularly, day by day, worshipped it. It was so mean and shrivelled to behold, that one would never believe that it had once been the strong, right-hand of a brave South Sea islander. This is the story of the strange hand, as it was recently told to me:

Many, many years ago when the Gospel was first brought to the South Sea islands there lived a good man, a missionary, by the name of Rokora. Having once been a fearless sailor, he fitted up a ship and together with a small number of friends set out to enlighten his less fortunate neighbors on a distant island. But hardly had they started when one of the terrible, tropical hurricanes overtook the ship; and soon it was drifting about, a helpless wreck.

The people on the island, however, whose grandparents had been cannibals, were already on the beach, watching greedily for any valuables which they might find on the bodies of the shipwrecked missionaries. Not finding any jewels on the men, they were about to burn the bodies when one of them noticed how strangely tight was clenched a certain right hand. The strongest man on the island was not able to open out the stiff fingers of the missionary, so what was inside of the hand remained a mystery.

Now these savages were quite a superstitious people, and having recently been in great need of food, they thought this hand must surely be some good omen from one of their gods. Thereupon the chief drew his sharp knife, cut off Rokora's hand, and hung it over the temple entrance for his people to worship. And there it hung, in fair weather and in foul, slowly rotting away, but with its fingers still tightly folded over something. What that something was, the people were destined soon to find out.

* * * * *

It was during the long rainy season and already a third of the natives had died of fever, when the rest were holding a religious rite on the top of the island. They were all in ceremonial dress, dancing wildly and uttering piercing shrieks about a rude, stone altar, over which hung the Clenched Hand. They were trying to please the Hand so that the fever might not spread. At a sound from the chief everyone became quiet. They were about to offer up a living sacrifice. Not a sound could be heard except the distant roar of the waves beating high upon the cliffs at the far end of the island. At a sign from the old chief a young girl, his only daughter, approached leading several animals from the edge of the circle towards the altar. Selecting the largest among them, a white ram, the chief led it by the horns to the foot of the altar. With one thrust of his knife

NEWTON HIGH SCHOOL

the beast was killed, and then placed upon the burning coals, while the screeching of the excited worshippers rose to a higher pitch than before.

At this point in the ceremony there suddenly appeared three strangers — young men dressed in queer clothes, with their leader carrying a book and a cross.

“Hold!” he cried in a voice that rang out above the yells of the savages. “Hold, and listen to me, for I bring to you, Truth, Happiness, and Everlasting Life if you will but listen and believe.”

Then he and his friends explained their message to the chief. But the chief was not easily turned, so after consulting his men he said to Mbenga, the Feejee leader:

“I will give you permission to stay on my island if you wish to, but you cannot live among the people. Your religion may be all right, but we are not ready yet to accept it. Go down to the beach and make your huts there.”

So without losing hope, Mbenga went down to the beach to make his mud home. The missionaries had hardly been there an hour, however, when half a dozen curious children were staring at them. The number increased from half a dozen to a score as the day wore on, and taking advantage of this chance, Mbenga gave them several little trinkets. Delighted with these, the children grew less shy and asked for more. Mbenga told them to come the next morning and he would teach them how to make some pretty beads. The next morning brought still more and Mbenga’s little school of sparkling, black-eyed children had fairly begun. The class grew larger every day. More than once Mbenga had seen the figure of an older girl, with a wistful, pretty face, half hiding, half watching, near by. But if he ever came towards her she would vanish as mysteriously as she had come. One day he asked the children if they knew who the girl was who always stayed near, but was afraid to come nearer.

“Yes, that’s my sister,” said the chief’s son. “She wants to come to your school and learn your ways. She saw you the day you came, when she led the ram to the altar. But my father won’t let her come near you. She has got to marry the son of the temple keeper.”

For many weeks the school flourished, then the fever started up again. Gradually, one by one, the children grew sick and stopped coming. Mbenga longed to do something for them, but was forbidden to. He had seen almost nothing of the older people, but he knew if he waited that a chance would come to help and to teach them.

He went out in the evening to walk up the beach with his friends. The day had been unbearably hot, but now the moon and the stars shone down out of the deep blue sky, and the ocean was still. Suddenly a sound broke the quiet. The men stopped to listen. It was the sound of some one weeping bitterly.

It came from the woods only a few rods away. Motioning his friends back, Mbenga ran to the place and there, lying flat on her face, was the chief's daughter. Startled and somewhat frightened, she tried to rise, but fell back weakly.

"Don't come near me," she cried, "I am sick with the fever and you will get it. All of my father's people have it and everyone is dying."

"Then there is no time to be lost," he said quickly, helping her up "I have something which will relieve you all."

The girl's face brightened at this.

"Go then, and get it. I will lead you to my father."

Mbenga sent one of his companions after his meagre supply of medicine, and together they went up to the stricken village. Every hut contained the sick and dying, and Mbenga knew that now at last, after such long waiting, he would be received with open arms.

Many long days and nights these three brave Feejee men worked over their patients before the people began to get well, but get well most of them did before very long. Gradually Mbenga had won the love and respect of the people, so that now the old chief depended almost wholly on him.

"Mbenga," said the chief one day when a large assembly had gathered around him, "I have been talking to my people about you. You seem to us like a man of worth whom we can trust. If it had not been for you all of my people would have died. When we were sick you did not take advantage of us at any time, in any way. Therefore I have a proposition to make to you."

Mbenga bowed, but said nothing.

"Here is what I have to say. I have not much longer to live, and now that the temple keeper's son is dead, there is no one to take my place. Listen, Mbenga. If you will become chief and marry my daughter, we will promise to worship your God."

"Upon one condition, O chief, will I agree to your request. I realize what an honor you and your people have bestowed upon me, but I feel I cannot accept it unless you will do one thing."

"Speak on, Mbenga, and tell us what you would have us do."

"Unless you will promise to give up entirely your worship and sacrifices to that Clenched Hand over that door, I cannot become your chief."

"That is a great thing you ask of us. For one hundred and fifty years that Hand has been our one help in all our troubles until you came, and to give up that would be to give up much."

"Then I cannot think of your proposition, and my mission here will have failed." He turned as if to go, but the chief called him back.

NEWTON HIGH SCHOOL

"Wait! We will do what you ask us. I am an old man, but if all that you have told is true, it is well. Satoky, go, bring the Clenched Hand to me. First of all I will force open the Hand and discover the charm."

The weird, uncanny thing was brought to him. Carefully and with trembling fingers he drew out a yellow scrap of paper which for so many years had received the prayers and gifts of these heathen people.

"There are queer signs upon it which I do not understand. Take it, Mbenga. You will know. Read it to us."

Not a sound broke the stillness as Mbenga took the paper and scrutinized the faded print. Suddenly a great light shone on his face.

"Wonderful!" he cried throwing up his arms. And turning to the old Feejee chief he cried in a loud voice:

"I will be your leader! Listen, friends, one and all of you! For one hundred and fifty years your people have been worshipping the very same God that I have tried to tell you of. This paper is from the same Book as mine here. I will read what it says."

And opening his Bible to the passage that was indicated on the paper, he read, in a voice filled with awe, from the third chapter of John, the sixteenth verse —

"For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in him should not perish but have everlasting life."

CATHERINE TYLER

"If"

If you can keep a sober face when all about you
Are cutting up and blaming it on you;
If you can prove yourself when teachers doubt you
But make allowance for their doubting too;
If you can write and not be tired of writing,
Or, being called upon, don't fail to score,
Or, having failed, do not repeat the failing,
And yet say just enough nor talk no more;
If you can fill each passing moment
With sixty seconds' worth of knowledge won,
You'll pass your tests and get your credit,
But, sad to say, you'll lose a lot of fun!

MARION WHEELER

Tommy

WHIR-R-R-R, sounded the whistle of the firing officer; the command, "Cease Firing", rang out down the long line of trenches, and the stiff, cold men readily gave way to the new shift which had come from the bomb-proofs to relieve them. It was fatiguing work, this fighting in water sometimes up to your knees, though of late the engineers had installed a pumping-station, which, through a system of pipelines, kept several miles of trenches drained. They now poured joyfully into the bomb-proofs, for they had three things to look forward to every night: something to eat, some tobacco, when there was any, and Tommy's and Ainsley's music, mostly Tommy's. The music was by far the most important and enjoyable event of the evening and was eagerly looked forward to by all. Even the Germans often cheered the songs, as the trenches at this point were only about seventy-five yards apart, and seemed to enjoy the music, though it was the Allies'.

Tommy, for this was the name given him by the English soldiers, had walked into camp one evening in a rough suit of clothes and with a battered violin case under his arm. The camp was a joint French and English village of bomb-proof shelters, situated in Belgium, a little west of Lille at the point where the English and French armies joined forces in holding the line of defense against the German invaders. The violin was evidently his passport, as it won him his supper and night's rest in one of the bomb-proofs. The next day the officer in charge of the detachment with whom he had spent the night turned him over to the division commander. The commander was astonished that the youth, for he couldn't have been over eighteen, should have been able to penetrate the lines and pass to the front without any papers or passports whatsoever. It suddenly passed through my mind that this must be the "Boy Angel", of whom we had heard so much. He certainly was a beautiful picture standing before the commander, really too beautiful for a man; his black, curly hair, brown, luminous eyes, delicate features, with rosy cheeks slightly browned by the wind, were certainly out of place in a boy. I vouched my information and the boy looked up smiling and said, "Yes, that is what they call me."

"You see," he said, turning to the commander, "when the war broke out, my brothers all joined the regiments and went to the front, but I was not strong enough to endure the privation and exposure and they would not let me enlist; so I took my violin and went into the trenches before Mond Di Dier, and have played to all the soldiers from there to here. They are foolish and call me the "Boy Angel", for you see the real angels are women."

On the face of this explanation Tommy was allowed to stay. He went down in the trenches, and at the lulls in the firing he played for the soldiers.

NEWTON HIGH SCHOOL

The place he chose to play from was between the French and English divisions so that on one side he had a Frenchman and upon the other an Englishman. The Englishman was a huge chap, rather silent and quiet, but always doing something for one of his comrades, and was one of the most popular men in the company.

That night we had our first taste of real music for many months, and it was worth waiting for. Tommy had a glorious high tenor; and Ainsley, whose voice seemed to be a discovery of Tommy's, for he had never sung with us on previous times, had a rich baritone. These two sang innumerable songs perfectly together, accompanied by Tommy's violin; and it was marvelous that two strangers could sing so well in unison. Tommy, at variance with his usual custom of moving on after two or three days at the most, lingered; he seemed to be invariably with Ainsley, and the two were practically inseparable. It was after he had been there three or four days that one of the men asked him his name, and looking up at Ainsley with a slight flush on his face, he smiled and said, "Tommy Atkins". The name stuck, and he became known thereafter as Tommy.

The friendship between Tommy and Ainsley was odd in a way. Tommy was lively and full of fun, while Ainsley was slow and quiet, but no one in the company was more generous with whatever they had than these. Tommy especially was most thoughtful of the men's personal comfort; he would bring pails of hot soup to the men who could not leave their post on cold days and he would often take off a comrade's shoes and chafe his feet until the circulation was started, after they had been standing in cold water on sentry duty. When there were wounded to be given first aid treatment, he was very skilful and tender in putting on dressings, or if the wounds were slight, he mothered the men and looked after them. He grew more beloved every day, and crept deeper into each man's heart every hour on account on his thousand and one little kindnesses. One night, after he and Ainsley had finished their songs, one of the men said: "What would we do if anything should happen to him?" The suggestion was received by all in horror. What would they do? But the Germans wouldn't hurt Tommy; they also enjoyed his music.

"I think the big 'un would go over and clean out the whole German army if they did," remarked another of the men. For perhaps these men might not understand you if you spoke of Damon and Pythias, but tell them that they were such comrades as Tommy and Ainsley and it would be clear. It was funny to see the two take care of each other. Ainsley watched the boy as a lioness her young, attempting to send him in when the firing grew hot, keeping him out of the wet and well bundled up when it was cold. Tommy would scold Ainsley for taking dangerous chances and look after him like a little mother. The two were constantly together and were never at odds, except, once or twice, I saw

Ainsley scolding Tommy; and on one occasion I heard a part of the conversation, from which I surmised that Ainsley was trying to make him go to the rear; but Tommy didn't go, so the matter was dropped.

One gray, foggy night, after a hard day in the trenches, a truce was arranged with the Germans and all the men, English, French, and German, for two hundred yards either way, gathered between the trenches to hear the music. That it was magnificent does not begin to classify it. Think of it; between four and five hundred men grouped about in a large circle, completely shut in by the low-hanging fog. Not even a whisper arises from the group; silence reigns absolutely, unbroken save by the deep boom of the distant artillery and the crackle of rifle-fire. Then suddenly from this profound quiet come the pleading notes of the violin and the two voices, clear and sweet, in perfect harmony, commence singing one of your mother's favorite old songs, or perhaps a song that brings back pictures of your wife and children at home or the sweetheart you left behind, and other fond recollections of things dear to you, as they were before this barbaric war broke forth on Europe, scattering every vestige of civilization before it. There were many wet eyes when these were played. Then the tunes changed to national and martial airs and the English and French roar out "The Marseillaise" or "Rule Britannia"; again, they sing some neutral air, or popular music hall piece. Suddenly Tommy whispered in Ainsley's ear. Evidently he did not agree, for he shook his head violently. Nevertheless, Tommy seemed to pay no heed to his words and gently drawing his bow across the violin he played "Die Wacht am Rhein". The Germans roared out all four verses with all their hearts; but at the end of the last note dead silence ensued and the quiet seemed ominous. Tommy, however, was equal to the occasion and commenced "Auld Lang Syne". Everyone sang it; in English, French, and in German; it could be heard for many a hundred yards around and all the soldiers within hearing distance took it up. It touched many and it was overwhelming to think that we should shortly go back to the trenches and shoot at each other, but such were the fates.

The next morning it happened. The Germans, after keeping up a terrific fire with machine guns for several hours, suddenly charged. It had been trying on the Allies, as they must watch the Germans and yet keep out of range, and Tommy had just been around with pails of hot soup and returned to his usual place by Ainsley, when they charged. Ainsley fell, shot through the chest, and Tommy started to drag him to shelter when the Germans entered the trench. He picked up Ainsley's rifle and assailed the invaders with the fierceness of a tiger. He was all at once wiped from my sight and thought by the attack of a huge German upon myself. Luckily, reinforcements arrived, and we drove

NEWTON HIGH SCHOOL

them out. The ambulances came, and I detailed men to help the surgeons attend to the removal of the wounded. Suddenly the cry went up that Tommy was wounded. Our hearts fell and we all crowded to the spot, for we felt we would more willingly have lost the trench than Tommy. We found them side by side, Ainsley unconscious and Tommy feebly trying to stroke his comrade's head. He had been bayoneted through the body. We rushed them to an ambulance and put them in. As we reached it, Tommy cried, "Goodbye, Boys", and then, "My violin". Some one rushed to the bomb-proof in which they lived and returned with the violin, putting it in Tommy's hands as he fainted.

We had never before hated the Germans so bitterly as at that time; each bullet shot had more power behind it from hatred than from powder. Yet, when we told the Germans, I think they felt the loss nearly as greatly as we; for, although they had only heard his music, and that at a distance, with the exception of once, he had won all their hearts by playing "Die Wacht am Rhein". We had no music that evening and the camp seemed like a funeral.

The next morning the field telephone rang. I answered.

"Is this Section 128, Trench 7, Captain Royal speaking?"

"Yes".

"Hold the line, please; this is the field hospital."

Then, in a broken but clear voice I heard: "Captain Royal, this is Ainsley speaking. I cannot live but a short while. Give my regards to the boys, and the Germans h—ll. My wife wishes to speak to you. Goodbye. God save the King!"

"Hello, Captain Royal," came a sweet, low, but very familiar voice. "This is Tommy."

"Why—er — I thought."—

"Never mind, Robert was right. I wouldn't and couldn't stay away. Neither of us can live. I want to play one more piece to the boys." Faintly at first, then gradually gaining strength, the notes of "Auld Land Syne" crept over the wire. Everyone crowded around and the music could be heard by all as clearly as though she was playing in the trenches. Suddenly the sound of sobbing was heard from above; and looking up, we saw the Germans, unarmed, listening from the opposite trench. She played it through once and nearly through again, but broke off at, "Should auld acquaintance be forgot." There was a silence for a moment and then a nurse's voice said, "They have both passed on together." Sobs tore at the breasts of many of these war-hardened veterans, and tears streamed their way down the grimy faces of all. The word went down the lines, "The 'boy Angel' was a real Angel", and "She is dead". Once again had we as enemies been called together by Tommy, only to part enemies, as before.

T. CUSHMAN NATHAN

A Tangled Code

FARNHAM sat looking blankly at the wall, too busy with his thoughts to notice that Miss Denver was waiting to take his dictation. Turning to her, at length, he said:

"I forgot that I wanted you. I've just received word from Melville that my father is very ill. I'm going now and I don't know when I'll get back. I shall have to leave you in charge here. We can't close the office."

"I am very sorry," she answered. "I hope he will soon get well."

"Thank you. I'll telegraph the New York office and if anything important comes up, try to get me on the long distance."

Having dictated a few letters of pressing importance, Farnham telegraphed an explanation to Rawlinson, the head of the New York office; and half an hour later Gertrude Denver found herself in charge of the Chicago branch. As he was hastily leaving, Farnham informed her that she would find the company's code-book in the upper right-hand pigeon-hole of his desk, and that she must use this code-book if she found it necessary to telegraph Rawlinson. He forgot that this particular code-book was an old one and that the one he meant to have the girl use was hidden away in one of the drawers of the desk.

On the day after Farnham's departure, a cyclone swept through the country between Chicago and Melville, wrecking buildings and twisting wires into a jumbled mass that made communication, except by mail, impossible. It was while matters were in this condition that Rawlinson wired from New York to Miss Denver:

McDermid returned, Cleveland matter adjusted. Inform Farnham.

No wire from here.

When Rawlinson's telegram was received she tried to communicate with Farnham, but soon found she could not reach him, either by telegraph or telephone. She copied the telegram and forwarded it to Farnham by mail. Then she took the code-book from the upper right-hand pigeon-hole and began to prepare a reply.

It was very unfamiliar work, but at last she found the word "lonesome", which in the code meant, "Have sent particulars by mail." So it happened that Rawlinson, in his New York office, received this message from Chicago:

All southern wires down. Lonesome.— Gertrude Denver

He read the words several times, and then laid the telegram aside intending to take up other matters; but a moment later he picked it up again.

"Lonesome?" he said, half aloud. His thoughts wandered back to the first time he had seen Miss Denver. He had thought her much too pretty to work

NEWTON HIGH SCHOOL

in an office. He lighted a cigar and watched several rings of smoke slowly mingle with the air.

At length he reached for his code-book and looked for the word "lonesome". It was not to be found. He got up, and with his hands in his pockets, walked over to the window, where he stood for a long time looking out over a wilderness of roofs toward the big spider-web which hung between New York and Brooklyn. Finally he returned to his desk, found a telegraph blank and wrote:

Lonesome here, too. Coincidence.— William Rawlinson

It did not take Miss Denver long to find the word "coincidence". In her code-book it meant: "There is no reason why we should not proceed at once."

"Proceed at once?" she mused. "What does Mr. Rawlinson mean? What is there to proceed about?"

The more she studied the matter, the more mystified she became. She thought that she had done something wrong, so she telegraphed Rawlinson again, saying:

Don't understand "coincidence". Is it important? Hope I have made no mistake.

In a surprisingly short time she received this answer:

Quite important! You are not mistaken. Frankness delightful.

What could he mean? She had made some terrible mistake. *What* was important? She found that "frankness" according to the book, stood for "Disregard new venture", while "delightful" meant "Sell five thousand July". What new venture was he talking about? Where could she get five thousand July? What was it, anyway? If she did get it, whom could she sell it to?

"Oh, I have made some horrible mistake. Oh, what *shall* I do? Perhaps the company will be ruined! If I could only reach Mr. Farnham!"

Finally she decided to throw herself on Rawlinson's mercy — and trust him to help her out of the predicament into which she had stupidly fallen. It was nearly noon when he received her third wire, which read:

Disregard former message if anything in it concerning new venture, provided not already gone too far. Let me know at once. Terribly anxious.

Rawlinson rumbled his hair in perplexity. What was she acting like that for? Had it gone too far! He sent her this answer:

Venture not entirely new. Others have preceded us. Think we have gone too far to turn back now, dearest. Am writing.

When she read this, the paper fell from Miss Denison's fingers and the desk seemed to rise and float away from her. She clung to a chair, fearing it, too, would escape.

She took up the code-book and began to turn its pages with trembling fingers, looking for the word "dearest". She found that its meaning was "Execute order at earliest possible moment."

Her last hope fled. There was no further doubt that she had made some terrible blunder. While she sat wondering how long it would be before she could know the extent of the calamity, another message was delivered to her. She opened it somehow, and read:

Am adjusting matters so can come to Chicago soon. Answer if happiness mutual.

It was time to close the office when Rawlinson received her reply, which he read and then read again. It ran thus:

Explain. Happiness mutual. Will wait not in my book.

As a matter of fact, Miss Denver had written:

Explain "happiness", "mutual". Will wait. Not in my book.

But telegrams sometimes curiously change in punctuation, and Rawlinson had no means of knowing that the telegram he received was very different in meaning from the one Miss Denver sent. He thought that she wished him to understand that in her vocabulary there was no such word as "wait." He decided quickly. Calling McDermid, his assistant, he said:

"I shall have to be away for a few days. You can reach me at the Chicago office if anything important turns up."

Then to Gertrude Denver he wired:

Am starting at once.

When he reached Chicago it was late in the afternoon and fearing Miss Denver had gone home, he went directly to the office. He was conscious of a pang when the girl, pale, and evidently the victim of some great trouble, faced him in the manager's office.

"Well!" he said, after they had stood silently gazing at each other for a moment. "You see, I have come as quickly as possible."

"I hope," she said with a frightened expression he could not understand, "it is not terribly serious — nothing which you cannot easily set right?"

"If it were not serious, I should hardly be here, should I?"

"I — I don't know. I'm so sorry!"

He looked at her curiously for a moment, and then said, smiling:

"Come, little girl, let us cast ceremony to the winds. You haven't even shaken hands with me."

"But the five thousand July?" she answered. "Is that what is causing the trouble?"

"Five thousand July what?"

NEWTON HIGH SCHOOL

"I don't know. I couldn't get you to tell me. Every answer you sent made it worse."

She looked so frightened that he drew the telegrams from his pockets and spread them out on the office table.

"It is evident," he said, "that there has been a misunderstanding of some kind between us. Let us try to straighten it out."

Half an hour later, when they were preparing to leave the office, she said: "I shall always keep that old code-book as my dearest treasure!"

"No," he replied, "we will keep it as *our* dearest treasure!"

SUSAN C. HALPIN

Excuses

It's strange how some folks seem so smart,
While others can't get by
Though they may dig, and cram, and burn
The midnight oil for aye.

They hear their fellows glibly cite
The lessons for the day.
Alas! they thought 'twas something else,
They claim with dire dismay.

"I had a cold." "I couldn't read;
My head was aching so."
"I didn't hear you give that out."
"My thoughts?" "The movie show."

"That page 's not in my book at all."
"Mine's covered up with ink."
"I couldn't use my book last night,
I dropped it in the sink."

All these the teacher hears each day
From some one in the class,
And still they wonder why it is
They never seem to pass.

EUNICE S. CLARK

A Norwegian Love Song

A SOUTHEASTER was on! The rain pelted down and the wild waters were being turned to foam which, in turn, was caught up by the howling winds and tossed upon the great gray boulders. Only dim outlines of distant islands could be seen through the mist and from afar off came the weird moanings of a fog siren.

In the midst of it all, on some rocks close to the great deep, stood the solitary figure of a young girl. The wind whirling about her, made a shroud of her long, hooded cape. The sparkling spray covered her, wetting her pink cheeks and making little ringlets of her brown hair. Long she stood there, gazing towards the open ocean. A loon gave a weird, wild wail. Then all was quiet save the raging of the wind, rain, and waves as they battled in awful conflict.

Suddenly the girl gave a low cry. "Oh!" she exclaimed, "How wonderful is all this, how glorious! How great must be the Power which guides these waves, the rain, and the wind as they rage in this wild storm!"

She caught her breath. A thrill of ecstasy ran through her. She stood rapt for several moments, watching the storm in all its grandeur and power. The wild freedom filled her; she was part of the storm — a creature of the elements.

"Oh, to be a wild sea bird," she cried, "and to soar through the heavens in a storm like this!— But come! If I'm going to see Captain Bjorsten and get him to tell me some more of those wonderful sea tales, I must hurry along!" With these words she darted off over the rocks in the direction of her friend's home.

The girl skirted the little harbor and soon reached the point where the captain's cottage stood. It was a quaint affair, as it was part of an old ship which the captain had formerly sailed. Above the door in white letters were painted the words "The Sea Bird"— the name of the ship. Sweet peas grew in abundance about it and nasturtiums crept up its sides — for the old sailor was fond of color. Today, as the girl approached, it looked quite desolate, for the flowers were bedraggled and the gray clapboards had turned black in the rain. The house was situated near a cliff where far below the waters raged. The ocean spread out as far as eye could reach, without an island to break the expanse. On a sunshiny day, the blue waters which sparkled and glittered as they danced, were one of the charms of the cottage; but now the wild, turbulent deep was one of its fascinations.

Without knocking, the girl opened the door and entered. A gust of wind whirled in with her and fanned to flames the wood burning in the fireplace. Inside, the cabin was truly "ship-shape". In one corner was a table full of bright flowers, flourishing in shiny tomato cans. On the floor there were a few

rag rugs. The walls were hung with some highly-colored pictures of ships and one large portrait of a young woman — the wife of Captain BJORSTEN, whose loss he had, for many years, so tenderly mourned. At one end of the room, there was a great brick fireplace, and above it on a shelf were high drinking-cups, and trophies gathered from long years of seafaring.

Before the fire stood a Norwegian of about twenty-one — the captain's grandson. He was a perfect young giant, with fair hair and blue eyes. When the girl entered, he was standing gazing into the fire, his violin in his hand, playing a sad, melancholy strain. As the gust of wind eddied through the room and he heard the light footsteps, he gave a slight start and turned. When he saw the tall, womanly girl before him, a deep crimson rushed over his face and he exclaimed in a low tone — "Mein seevogel!" (my seabird)

"Olaf!!" cried the girl. "Why, when did you come? Why, how much you've cha —! Why didn't you let me know that you were coming? — What *is* the matter? Have four years at Heidelberg changed you so, that you cannot be friends with me as of old, instead of standing there with that queer look on your face?"

At these words the man seemed to collect his senses a little, and said confusedly — "What an absurd idea! Of course, I'm very glad to see you again.— You've grown up quite a little — that's all. Here, take off that wet cape and sit down and get warm by this fire. How thoughtless of me to leave you standing!"

"Your last letter told me of the farewell your German friends gave you. Tell me about your trip over. Was it stormy? How did you happen to come so soon? When did you land? I was never so surprised in my life as when I saw you standing there before the fire. I was so afraid we were just going to miss seeing you, as your grandfather told me you were not to return until the middle of September and we go home the first." The girl poured forth these questions, after she was comfortably seated near the glowing fire.

When Olaf had finished answering her and they had talked enthusiastically of some of the wonderful things which Olaf had seen, and had dreamed of his prospects in the New World, the girl said, "Olaf, you were playing on your violin when I came in. Play some for me, of the sea in this wonderful storm."

The man took up the instrument and began to play. At first he played gently of the rain as it starts to drop at the beginning of a storm; then, as the wind blew and the waves pounded, the notes became deeper; the storm grew — the violin wailed, thundered, and screeched; the tempest was at its height — suddenly the sound of a human cry seemed to be heard above the confusion — a cry of anguish. The storm quieted, but from that quiet, came the call of a heart —

a heart full of passion and adoration. The strains grew deeper. The song told of a beautiful woman. There came a note of joy and gladness, then of the wild ecstasy of love. The notes became tenderly pleading and finally died away.

All was still. Outside the storm had abated and the wind had quieted. Inside the last embers of the fire were dying out and there was not a sound until finally the girl, who seemed as if she had been transported to another world, spoke:

“Olaf!” she breathed, and with that word she looked into the young man’s face which had been intent upon her.

The man bent forward in his eagerness, his eyes searching hers — “Oh, mein seevogel! mein liebchen! don’t you see? Don’t you understand——”

At that moment the sun broke through the clouds and shone on the man and girl, who, in that hour of love, were transfigured.

* * * * *

Years after on evenings when the wind was howling and beating the rain against the windowpanes, Olaf would take down his violin, and standing before the great fireplace in their city home, would play to the girl of the ocean in a wild storm,— of his love for her — the song by which years before in his grandfather’s cottage by the great deep, he had won her — his Norwegian Love Song.

E. L. T.

faith

“The day is done; the sun is lost!”
Shame, Melancholy, say not that to me;
I think not of the fading beam, but of
The light that’s yet to be.

I will not think of sorrows that have been,
Nor those that may beset me as I pray,
But, God, let me look upward, onward
To Joy that’s sure to follow my Today.

If I can live my life with Faith, and strongly,
What right have I to weep for cares that were?
But I shall keep the trust to my great Master
And look *beyond* the Cross, without demur.

Set my concern not solely in *believing*,
That I may trust in God, and rest secure,
But take my share in *partnership* with Him,
And love, live, help, endeavor, and be pure.

PRISCILLA A. WILLIAMS

The Flower of Peace

LONG, long ago, there dwelt among the mountains of a far country, a child of twelve summers and her grandsire, a man of threescore years and ten. Strong were the ties which bound these two together, but strongest of all was the bond of love. Often would the man sit in the doorway and watch her footsteps as she played about in the sunshine, and often was his heart troubled within him, for he knew that his course was almost run and that soon she would be all alone in the great world. But the child, absorbed in her little pleasures and fancies, played on, and brightened every hour of the old man's life with her sunshine.

Another summer passed, and another, and still another. The child became a maid, beautiful and full of grace. And ever did the old man fix his gaze lovingly upon her as she passed in and out, always busy, always happy, shedding the light of her pure soul over all who came within the circle of her radiance. And ever, as he gazed upon her, he seemed to hear a voice which cried, "She is not thine, but another's." And when he tried to shut out the voice, he could not, for it repeated itself again and again, until the thought was stamped upon his heart, "She is not mine, but another's."

Now there dwelt, over across the little valley on another mountain, a shepherd lad, whose heart was as pure and simple as a little child's. And every day, at sunrise and at sunset, the youth gazed across the valley and beheld the maid as she went in and out about her day's tasks, and ever, as he sat among his flocks, he kept her image before him, and at night, as he lay under the protecting light of the stars, she flitted in and out among his dreams, always busy and always happy. And when at last he could restrain his love no longer, he strode across the valley to the little cottage on the other side, and there he laid bare his heart before the maid and her grandsire. And the old man looked upon the lad, burning with the glow of life and love, and his heart warmed toward him, and he loved him even as his own son. Then did he turn his gaze upon the maid, and he saw in her eyes that which she could not conceal, the love of a maid for a man.

And the old man hid his face that they might not see his tears, but at last, in a voice choked with emotion, he gave them his blessing, and bade them go forth to live lives of purity and unselfishness, that they might lessen the pain and sorrow of their fellowbeings. Then did the maid kneel down before her sire and weep tears of gratitude for the love which he had shown her, but once more he bade her go, and as she tripped down the mountain-side, hand in hand

with the youth she loved, he gazed after her, straining his eyes until the last tiny speck disappeared in the distance.

Then did it seem that there was a great emptiness in his heart which he could not fill, and slowly he rose to enter his lonely cottage. But lo! on the spot where she had last knelt before him and where her tears of love had fallen, there had sprung up a tiny white blossom, as pure and spotless as her life, and with a fragrance as sweet as that of her soul. And it seemed to the old man as if this were a part of her spirit, which she had left to comfort him in his loneliness, and he plucked the flower and held it to his heart. And as the sun in all its splendor sank behind the mountain whither they had vanished, the little flower seemed to speak a message of love straight from the heart of her who had departed, and filled his soul with comfort and peace.

ELEANOR D. MASON

Sonnet on the Superiority of Literature Over Art

A treasure of inestimable wealth,
A monument to peoples dead long past,
In fragments (Time hath handled it by stealth,
Yet left it beauty even to the last.)
In fragments, but what lustrous gems they are;
Lacking their settings — ancient Greece and Rome,
Whose builders thought no time nor age could mar,
Or rob their many gods of temple home.
Material things have crumbled slow away;
These, the great creatures of the lordly mind,
Amongst the nations of the present day
In influence and glory still we find.
Write, people of this structural age, therefore,
Your thoughts, not build them. — Aye, it profits more.

LOUIS F. RANLETT

The Newton High School Fifty Years Ago

FIFTY years ago! Surely in that time wondrous changes must have taken place. Indeed they have, for when in 1859 a resolution was passed recommending the building of a "free High School to be located at Newtonville", the minds of many were filled with misgivings concerning the expediency of this project. However, as time passed and the number of scholars increased, those who had advocated this realized the fulfilment of their desires.

The school was a rectangular gray building three stories high. As there were no electric cars then, the pupils were brought to school in barges. All carried lunch-baskets with them, for there was at that time no such luxurious lunch-room as we now enjoy. After the boys and girls had entered by separate doors they immediately proceeded to the third floor where there was a large hall which served as a "home-room" for all classes. At the back of the room sat the highest class, now known as "dignified Seniors", and so on down to the lowest class in the front of the room.

In the curriculum of those days were two courses,—the three-year, which is our general course, and the four-year or college course. Especial stress was laid upon Latin, Greek, and higher Mathematics — perhaps it is lucky that some of us did not attend the school then. English, however, was not of much account, which seems strange when one considers the prominence of its position nowadays. One of the studies was the art of declamation, and all were given ample opportunity to engage in that delightful task.

Of course, no fraternities or school teams were organized, but often the boys formed teams and played among themselves.

The system of ending recitations was very unusual, for as there were no bells, the scholars were supposed to watch the clock, even closer than we do now, and pass at the appointed time. (I wonder if that would work well now!)

In 1865, although still a comparatively small school, it had gained great prominence on account of its efficient curriculum, and those six students who graduated that year had more reason, even, to be proud of their honor than has the Class of 1915. The names of the girls of that class were as follows: Hannah Edes, Charlotte Hyde, and Cora Small. The boys were William Gould, Frederick Schoff, and Edward Mason.

But no matter how small or how large the school may be, the spirit of comradeship and enthusiasm will always be the same. If great changes have taken place in fifty years, what can we not foresee in the future? Perhaps the scholars of 1965 will learn their lessons from phonograph records and will come to school in aeroplanes!

HELEN LOVELL WHITE

ORGANIZATIONS





CORSON RANLETT SPALDING KEPNER FRANCIS HORNE — *The Team*

DEBATING CLUB

Boys' Debating Club

L. CHASE KEPNER, *President*

CHARLES C. NOBLE, *Vice-President*

PHILIP N. HORNE, *Secretary-Treasurer*

THE Boys' Debating Club has had one of the most successful years in the history of that organization. At the first of the year it was announced that points would be given for debating, to those who showed interest in the club. About forty persons came together at the first meeting, but a few dropped out, making the total number thirty-three.

Debates between teams picked from members of the club were held, on Monday mornings, throughout the year. These debates developed at times great interest and much heated discussion. On one occasion, Mr. Brewer Eddy, the noted missionary of the Far East, gave us a most interesting talk on "Conditions in the Near East." He began at the beginning of history and traced Mohammedanism down to the present war.

The trials for the two debating teams were held in December, with results as follows: Charles Parlin, L. Chase Kepner, Louis F. Ranlett, Dalton E. Francis, Philip N. Horne, and John V. Spalding, in the order of their efficiency; with Frederic Corson and Charles C. Noble as alternates.

The first debate was that with the Cambridge High and Latin School on the question, "Resolved: that the Federal Government should own and operate the steam railroads of the United States." Corson, Ranlett, and Parlin (as captain) upheld the affirmative of this question, but though their manner of speaking and stage presence was wholly in their favor, the argument was against them, with the result that Cambridge won with two of the judges' votes.

The triangular debate also did not result in a success for Newton. The question debated was, "Resolved: that Women should have equal suffrage with the Men in Massachusetts." The teams were as follows: Kepner (captain), Francis, and Spalding, affirmative at Brookline; Parlin (captain), Ranlett, and Horne, affirmative at Newton. Both teams lost by unanimous votes of the judges.

The debating club meetings continued partly through May, when it was deemed advisable to discontinue them. All members must feel that they gained something from the club this year, for the practice in debating is a valuable asset to any man, regardless of his future work in life.



HUNTLEY

SEAVEY
MASON

KEELER

ADDITON

CLARKE
WEST

GIRLS' DEBATING TEAM

The Portia Club

ELEANOR MASON, *President*
MARY WEST, *Vice-President*

PHYLLIS ADDITON, *Secretary*
MARY DABOLL, *Treasurer*

THE Portia Club of 1914-15 is the first Girls' Debating Club since that of 1911-12. Therefore, the work of this year has been almost entirely that of organizing, and laying the foundations of the more efficient club of the future. The written constitution has been drawn up, fees assessed only when necessary, and the team chosen. The trials were held in the lecture hall, with Miss McGill, Mr. Richmond, and Mr. Farnsworth as judges, and the team and alternates were chosen as follows: Team — Miss Mason, Miss Huntley, Miss Keeler; Alternates — Miss Clark, Miss Additon, and Miss Seavey.

Throughout the year Miss McGill has acted as adviser of the club and has coached the team.

Up to April 15, 1915, no debates outside of the club have been held because of the inexperience of the girls, but a debate is being planned with three girls from the Technical High School, and also one with the Boys' Debating Team of this school, in which all should sincerely desire that the courageous girls may win!

Between the members of the Portia Club, however, there have been frequent debates, both extemporaneous and prepared. The spirit and interest which the girls have displayed in these debates show that the Portia Club intends to be a club worth while.

Long may it live, and often may it win!

A Triangular Debating League, of which Miss Mason is vice-president, has been formed between the girls' debating societies of the Newton, Brookline, and Somerville High Schools. A triangular debate, similar to that of the boys' league, will be held annually. If any school can succeed in winning the shield for three successive years, it may keep the shield. Isn't it about time that the girls of the Newton High School did their share toward collecting trophies?

Der Deutsche Verein

DONALD C. MOORE, *President*

MIRIAM KEELER, *Vice-President*

LOUIS F. RANLETT, *Secretary-Treasurer*

THE *Deutscher Verein* was brought to life again, in December, 1914, by a vote of the third-year German Class, which decided to make the membership of the club open only to its own members, but to be generous in inviting all the other German classes to its entertainments. Following this decision a meeting was held on December 4th, at which the club was organized and officers elected.

Since that time five meetings have been held. Two of these were solely for business and the other three for entertainment. At some of these meetings games were played, and the players were conditioned to speak only German. Penalties were imposed upon those who broke the rule, and these penalties were a source of great amusement and afforded as well a severe test of one's knowledge of the language.

The final meeting, which was open to all students of German in the school, was the climax of the year's entertainments. Two plays, written by members of the club, were presented. The first play, *Der Pfannkuchen*, by Walter Roberts, had a cast of thirteen brilliantly-clothed German peasants (?). The costumes and the action, rather than the story, which is well known, were the principal features. Miss Judd's, *Das Osterfest*, on the other hand, depended upon the story for its chief interest.

English Club

ELEANOR D. MASON, *President*
LOUIS F. RANLETT, *Vice-President*

EMILY L. THOMPSON, *Secretary*
BARTLETT BOYDEN, *Treasurer*

THE first meeting of the English Club was held November 20, in the Assembly Hall. The club made a good beginning for the year, as there were a hundred members present — the largest number on record. Miss Mason and Miss Warren had prepared a very interesting meeting on Epigrams.

The next was a Christmas meeting held December 11. The program for the afternoon — “Christmas Customs and Legends” — was in charge of Miss Thompson. Refreshments, consisting of doughnuts, apples, and candy canes, were served in the library.

The January meeting was in charge of the Post-Graduate girls. Miss McKerrow read “The Other Wiseman”, and Miss Additon, Lowell’s “Courtin’,” while Mr. Thomas ran the stereopticon. At this meeting a very important business matter was brought before the club. Up to this time Bradford Williams had been president. Since, on account of severe sickness, he found it impossible to return to school this year, his resignation was received. Miss Mason became president and Ranlett, out of three candidates, was elected vice-president.

The fourth meeting was an open one, held in the Assembly Hall, February 19. Mr. James B. Thrasher entertained the club greatly by telling stories in French-Canadian dialect. This was especially delightful as Mr. Thrasher entered so thoroughly into the spirit of his readings.

There are to be three more meetings: one in charge of Boyden, another in charge of Ranlett, and the third is the annual business meeting.

The Senior Play is to be given as usual under the auspices of the English Club. It is entitled “The Emerald of the Shamrock” and is written by Dorothy Speare. According to all indications this will be an unparalleled success.

Thus the fourth year of the English Club closes, and may the classes to come get as much enjoyment and knowledge from the meetings as we of this class have.

“The Review”

THE *Review* has had a pleasant and prosperous year,—pleasant in that the staff has undertaken not a wearisome task, but has coöperated in giving to the school the liveliest, most interesting paper possible;—prosperous from both literary and financial standpoints. Contrary to precedent, the *Review* has had throughout the year an abundant supply of material, and it is only to be regretted that many excellent contributions had to be omitted through lack of space.

The secret of the *Review's* success this year lay in the unity not only of the staff, which was certainly remarkable, but also of the faculty and of the school.

The purpose of the staff was to make the *Review* a magazine of features. Perhaps the most noticeable of these, and one which lasted through the entire year, was the cover. We have received many compliments from other schools for its design as well as for the whole work of the Art Department.

For the first time in many years the *Review* has been illustrated with photographs and cartoons. The first of these, it will be remembered, was a picture of the football team, published as a supplement to the Christmas Number, and other illustrations followed in later issues.

For the first time in the history of the *Review*, a continued story was published. “The Mystery of the Overshoe” kept us all eager and excited to the very end, and we should offer deepest thanks to the class dramatist, editor, historian, and novelist, for amusing us with a rare treat.

During the school term, two feature issues were planned,—a Faculty Number, and a Girls' Number. This is the first year when the teachers have written extensively for the school magazine. The Girls' Number added still another novelty which we hope will be long remembered.

Each department underwent a decided change. The Athletics were made more up-to-date, the staff funny-man brightened the Base Hits, the Alumni Notes were made interesting,—and so we might name each department, and praise the work of its editor, but the year's success may all be summed up in the one word — coöperation.

EMERY N. LEONARD
Editor-in-Chief



COLBY FORSYTH Vining KINLEY CARLSON SIMPSON
 BRIMBLECORN HEMEON WALTON, *Director* ARMSTRONG BAILEY
 HEALEY MCADAMS V. BARRY DREW, *Mgr.* GRINSPOON MOORE, *Pianist* JONES BECK
 G. BARRY BREITZKE BARRETT

GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

Girls' Glee Club

IN November 5, 1914, the first meeting of the Girls' Glee Club was held. At the second meeting, November 12, Virginia Drew was elected manager, and twenty-five members were enrolled. Since then the club membership has been increased to thirty, and there is an average attendance of twenty-five at each meeting.

Instead of following the usual custom and learning five or six songs, it was decided that we should learn an operetta. The choice fell to "The American Girl", composed by Charles Vincent. The play is as follows:

"Eva Hope, an American girl, is traveling in England with her father, when he is called to Germany on business, and arranges for Eva, accompanied by her maid, to stay with his sister, Lady Melton, at Belford Hall. By some mistake Eva comes to Belford House, a summer school kept by Miss Carew, who is expecting a new pupil from Ireland. Eva arrives during the temporary absence of Miss Carew and soon discovers her error, but agrees with two of the girls to stay for a day and impersonate the Irish girl. This leads to some amusing incidents, as Miss Carew, who is slightly deaf, is completely deceived."

Under the able instruction of Mr. Walton, the Club feels that its year's work has been a success.



GRINDS



Class Alphabet

A 's for Alumni of old Newton High,
For that's what we are since we laid our books by.

B is for Burrows, who's still in short pants,
While Bouvé's the fellow who knows how to dance.

C is for Chapin, quite short but not fat,
And also "Beans" Cutler, a very tall chap.

D is for Dorothy, historian fair,
Who can write novelettes in a way that's quite rare.

E is for Emery; Leonard I mean,
Who says the *Review* isn't what it might seem.

F is for Faxon, the blonde-headed bloke,
Who thinks that a five-week report is no joke.

G is for Georgia, a belle of the class,
And all other Girlies, whose names I must pass.

H is for Hawks, our President true,
While Helen, our "valedict", comes in here, too.

I is a letter that's better left out,
For you know I'm quite modest (without any doubt).

J is for Jackson, at hockey a star,
While Jerry the janitor looms up afar.

K is for "Kep", with the auburn-hued hair,
When it comes to debating, he's always "right there".

L is for Litchfield, a star of the track,
In the relay and sprints he is surely a crack.

M is for "Gil" MacNamara, you know,
In track and in baseball he's quite the whole show.

N is for Nathan and Nagle, O dear!
How the teachers will miss him when he leaves them this year.

O is for Oyler, a fellow quite bright,
Just look at the jokes and you'll see I am right.

P 's for Ruth Polly and Es' Preble, too,
While Pierce is the boy who will always come through.

Q is for Quid, which means why, as you know,
It comes from the Latin we all enjoyed (?) so.

R is for Ranlett, a wise-looking guy,
The teachers cheer up when they see him go by.

S is for Smith, with hair like a dude's,
The styles never change but he's "there with the goods".

T is for Turner, at football a wonder,
On Thanksgiving Day he ripped Waltham asunder.

U stands for Us, Class of 1915,
We are proud of the fact. That can surely be seen.

V stands for one Miss Virginia Vaughan,
She's really been known to dance until dawn.

W 's for Wetherbee; on mischief he's bent.
If he ever gets caught, he'll surely repent.

Y is for Young, a "regular guy",
It's a mystery to us how he ever gets by.

C. N.

Old Quotations Rightly Applied

A proper man, as one shall see in a summer's day *Kimball*
They have been at a great feast of languages, and stolen the scraps.

—*Wheeler*

—*Bouve*

You two are book-men.

—*MacNamara*

—*Ranlett*

Men of polite learning and liberal education *Mitchell, Noble*

Oh, what men dare do! what men may do! what men daily do, not
knowing what they do. —*Burkhardt, Turner, Nathan*

The most senseless and fit man. —*Skelton*

Almost as like as eggs. —*J. and S. Holden*

The rankest compound of villainous smell that offended nostril.
—*Safety-first*

Some Cupid kills with arrows, some with traps. —*Ruth Wellington*

A lion among ladies is a most dreadful thing. —*Smith*

He doth nothing but talk of his horse. —*Count de Vignoles*

This ornament is but the gilded shore to a most dangerous sea.
—*E. Brown*

All that glitters is not gold. —*Kepner*

A rose with all its sweetest leaves yet folded. —*E. Shumway*

Maidens, like moths, are ever caught by glare. —*"Litch"*

Fair as a star when only one is shining in the sky. —*S. Fessenden*

Thou wert a beautiful thought. —*H. Kuntz*

Sweet, grave aspect. —*Dot Speare*

Oh, who can tell save he whose heart has tried. —*Mabel Bundy*

Ever fair and ever young. —*Shirley May*

With just enough of learning to misquote. —*Oyler*

HISTORY

MISS M.—“What did the Secretary of War do?”

MARTIN—“He put the Indians on the Indian preserves.”

NEWTON HIGH SCHOOL

ENGLISH

ENGLISH TEACHER—"What is a double-faced boy?"

BRIGHT SOPHOMORE—"One who has eyes in the back of his head. Like Smith."

TEACHER—"If he has eyes in the back of his head why is he always turning around to look at the pretty girls?"

BRIGHT SOPHOMORE—"Because he hasn't a mouth in the back of his head and has to turn around to return their smiles."

CHEMISTRY

MISS C.—"What is the caustic potash in these two bottles for?"

OYLER—"Er-ah-oh — a reducing agent."

MISS C.—"No!"

OYLER—"Well then — oxidixing agent."

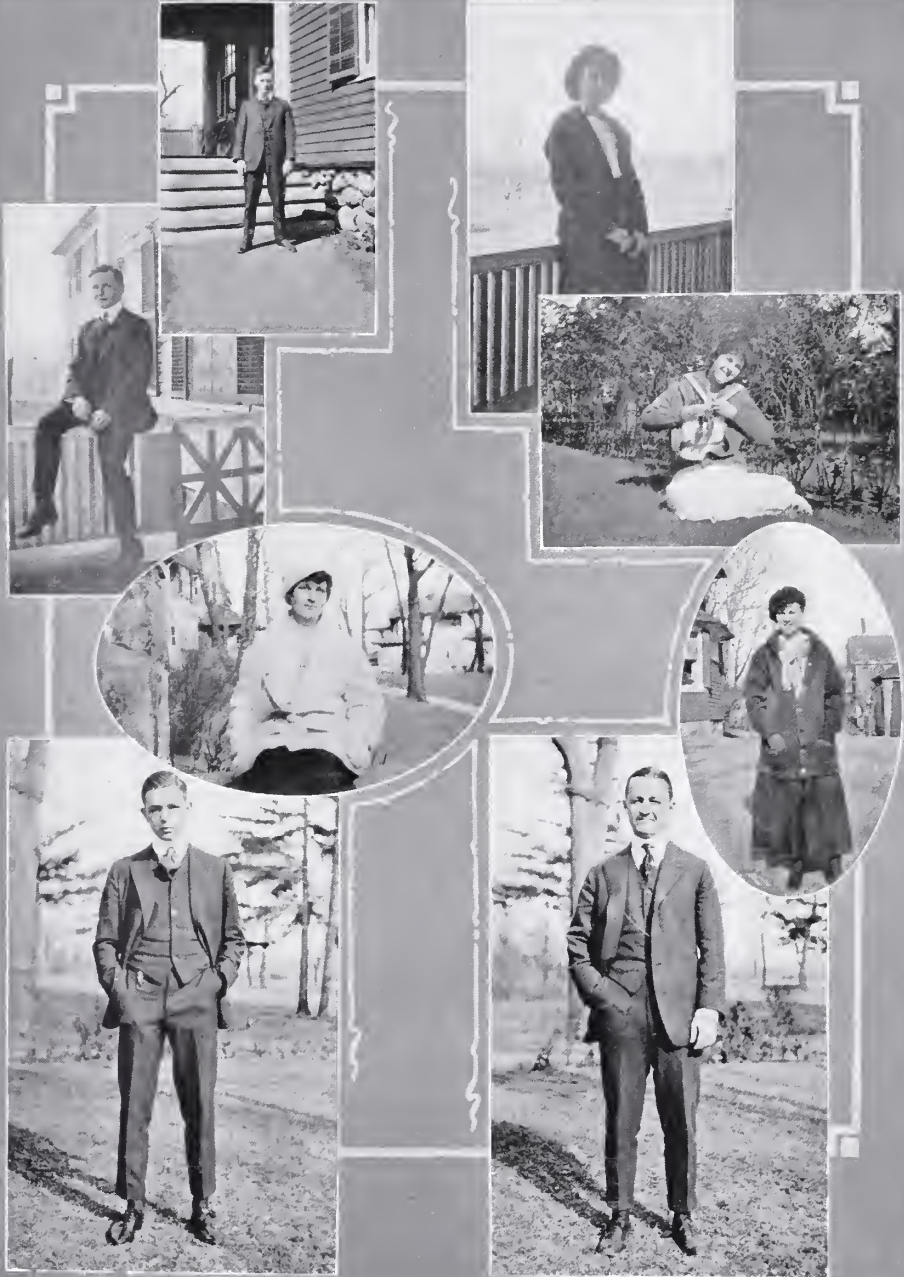
MISS C.—"No, Oyler!"

OYLER (*in despair*)—"I know it's some kind of an agent."

MISS C.—"Book-agent, perhaps?"

I Wonder

- How* Horace felt when he was elected president. Keep up the good work, Hawks, we're right with you!
- What* Dorothy Speare will spring on us next. Yes, Dorothy, some people do appreciate the latest fashion, but — oh, my!
- Who* is the prettiest girl in the Senior Class. No telling! There are so many! Ask the boys — they don't know!
- Where* the "seargent" wishes the boys in the "bleachers" would go.
- How* they can afford to sell us such fine (?) food at such moderate prices.
- Who* "Litch" is with now. (Others might be substituted)
- When* "Staff" Brown will go to Heaven. Cheer up! Airships are becoming more and more competent.
- If* Burrows will ever be as tall as Cutler.
- Why* Mr. M. doesn't part his hair in the middle.
- Which* could use the worst language, Mr. T. or Mr. D. (Sh! !)
- What* game "Rod", "Al", "Cush", and "Bick" like to play the most.
- Who* can "make-up" the best excuse.
- Why* "Jake" Green is never arrested for driving his — "car" — too fast.
- Who* will translate my French, German, and Latin next year.



OUR PRESIDENT
 OUR BROTHER EDITOR
 OUR BUDDING YOUNG ACTRESS
 OUR GLORY

OUR SECRETARY *Par Excellence*
 OUR PRIDE
 OUR POPULAR VICE-
 OUR MUTUAL FRIEND

A Page from the Afternoon-Session Book

PRISONER	CRIME	TERM
L. WHEELER	Disregarding a girl	30 days
G. MACNAMARA	Unprepared lesson	9 hours
EMILY THOMPSON	Insubordination	doubtful
PRISCILLA WILLIAMS	Painting ? ? ? ?	2 weeks
JOHN SPALDING	Renting "Flats" without license	12 months
HAZEL SANDS	Outshining the sun	2 hours
FLORENCE WEINBERG	Recklessly casting her eyes about	1 week
SCOTT KEITH	Instigating a riot	10 weeks
CARLETON BROWN	Translating correctly	3 months
M. CROSSMAN	Breaking a heart	10 years
R. KIMBALL	Impoliteness	3 weeks
E. WEEKS	Absolute silence	life
M. BRUNER	Chasing trouble	indefinite
W. ROBERTS	Entering room through keyhole	6 years
W. WETHERBEE	Acting suspiciously good	2 weeks
ALAN HODDER	Wearing a smile	4 days
D. MOORE	Improper language	6 months
EDGAR BURKHARDT	Dancing after two	2 months



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Memories of Newton High School.

Whene'er I think of dear old Newton High
So many views are brought to memory:
The Lunch-room in the basement I can see,
Ah! me; and I can scarce suppress a sigh;
Old Claffin Field once more comes to my eye,
The shouts now wake me from my lethargy,
Orange and Black surge on to victory,
And, "Touchdown! Touchdown!" I can hear them cry.
Still I remember, how, on Wednesday morn,
The hall was filled with merry girls and boys:
And mild reproof for paper on the lawn
At recess: all their happiness alloys.
But from such memories I soon am torn,
So farewell, Newton High, and all your joys.

Don't Use Big Words.

In promulgating your esoteric cogitations, or articulating your superficial sentimentalities and amicable philosophical or psychological observations, beware of platitudinous ponderosity. Let your conversational communications possess a clarified conciseness, a compact comprehensibleness, coalescent consistency, and a concatenated cogency. Eschew all conglomerations of flatulent garrulity, jejune babblement and asinine affectations. Let your extemporaneous descantings and unpremeditated expatiations have intelligibility and veracious vivacity, without rhodomontade or thrasonical bombast. Sedulously avoid all polysyllabic profundity, pompous prolixity, psittaceous vacuity, ventriloquial verbosity, and vaniloquent vapidty. Shun double-endredres, prurient jocosity and pestiferous profanity, obscureant or apparent.

In other words, talk plainly, briefly, naturally, sensibly, truthfully, purely. Keep from "slang"; don't put on airs; say what you mean; mean what you say; and

DON'T USE BIG WORDS

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As the garçon came in with his tray,
A lady in blue said in French, "Parlay voo
You can bring me some *fried seal rooplay*."

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GIRL (*disdainfully regarding would-be "hecker"*) "Go along with you. What do you take me for? An agricultural experiment station?"

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What she meant when she said,
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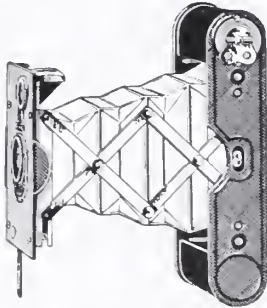
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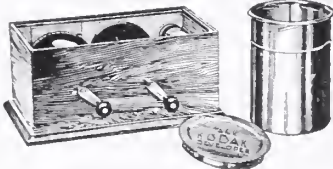
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Miss C.—“Stubbs, you don't estimate your weight in gallons, do you?” Stubbs had been struggling with a chemistry problem.

It was about the time of the Waltham game. One of our players was called upon, suddenly, to give the formula for sulphuric acid.

“48, 52, 70”, was his hurried response



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