

THE GOLDEN ROD



G.v.C.



B. H. NERSES

Class Photographer

. . . OF . . .

Q. H. S.

1908 - 1915

¶ The Class of 1914 has approved the decision of its six predecessors, and Mr. Nerses thanks each individual member for this testimony of appreciation. You have pleased him! He will please you!

¶ Students and Teachers of the School will be accorded the usual special rates.

STUDIO

1507 Hancock Street, Quincy, Mass.

Music Hall Block

Telephone Connection



The Golden-Rod—January, 1915.

Contents.

Quincy's Interscholastic Players	Frontispiece
	PAGE
Editorials	1
Billy Pratt's Christmas	3
Calendar Sentiments for January	3
New Year's Roses	5
The Coldest Day	6
Constance's Inheritance	7
The Escape	9
Raffles	10
School Life	11
Alumni Notes	14
Exchanges	17
Athletics	18
Jokes	21
Cartoon	22

Compliments of . . .

F. W. BENT

**Automobile
Supplies.**

**1058 Hancock St., Quincy
near High School.**

C. M. PRICE & CO.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

**Ice Cream
Manufacturers**

WASHINGTON SQUARE

R.T.S.

WEYMOUTH, MASSACHUSETTS

Telephone 340



"DUNN" HAMLIN
Captain 1915-16



"VENUS" FOY
"The Royal Guard"



PAUL LARKIN
Captain 1914-15

QUINCY'S INTERSCHOLASTIC PLAYERS

This shows that the seniors and sophomores, especially, are not thinning out as much as in 1913 and predicates a larger school in the future. Keep up the good record! Stay in school as long as possible, for this is one of the best times of all your life.

School spirit in the High School, as has been previously commented, has differed decidedly this year from that of other years. In one of last year's numbers of the *Golden-Rod*, one of the best cartoons pictured a salesman standing beside a keg filled with school spirits. His remark, "Business is dull this year," was indeed justified. The good football team of last year was only moderately encouraged. The rooting was greater at the baseball games, but not great enough for the second best team in the state. In basketball, school spirit was noticeable by its absence, and anyone starting to cheer was quickly silenced by the jeers of his comrades.

This state of affairs has vanished during the past fall. Quincy has had one of the greatest teams in the state and a flood of cheering to help along that team. Let us hope that, although our basketball and baseball teams *should not* make a great name for the school, our cheering will continue in victory and defeat.

17:—Where were you yesterday?

18:—Sick.

17:—Of school?

18:—Good guess.

Miss O'NEIL (after frequent use of "puella" by the freshmen in Latin):—You're getting sentimental! What will you do when you become seniors?

Miss O'Neil must know Hunt, Simmons, Browne, Larkin, and all our other heart-breakers.

We all wonder whom Miss Dawes thinks "Simmie" is going to elope with.

This year, as in previous years, fines are in force as a penalty for marking upon or defacing school property, principally desks. Last year, by this form of internal revenue, the school collected considerable money. The reason for this fine system is that the graduates like to leave their marks behind them, carved in the desks of the school, as one of our famous poets suggests, leaving "footprints in the sands of time." It is hoped that the present graduating class (1915) will not debase itself to a greater extent than it already has, in such matters, which are decided so finally and so finely in this fine system of the Q. H. S.

ARTHUR BLAKE, '15.

FRESHMEN:—You are a large, intelligent looking class and Quincy High School expects great things from you. When you are seniors, you will have charge of the *Golden-Rod* and to prepare yourselves for this task you must buy the *Golden-Rod*, study it carefully, and notice how the editorials, exchange, and alumni notes are written up. Then when your turn comes you can make it one of the best school papers in Massachusetts.

A. P. STEARNS, '14.

Extract from the chemistry notebook of Lester Jones, '16:—"While performing experiment No. 34, I caused the action to go too rapidly, and as a result will have a tailor's bill to pay."

Mr. Aschenbach was showing the freshmen how to print "G"s.

"Now, boys, try not to make those little whiskers on the end."

IMPERTINENT SENIOR:—Nor moustaches, either."

Miss ZELLER:—In German, we never say: "It is I;" we say: "I am it."

BILLY PRATT'S CHRISTMAS.

CHAPTER I.

IT was the night before Christmas in Williamston, a small fishing city on the Atlantic coast. Billy Pratt, a good natured old bachelor, who earned his living by catching and selling fish, lobsters, and crabs, decided he would go to the village to do some Christmas shopping. Now Billy had lived for years on the beach in the same little cottage, warm, secure, and "comfy," but not elegant. He, himself, had been maid and man-of-all-work ever since his mother had died, leaving her son alone in the world. Since his mother's death, he had never bothered to have a real Christmas with presents, a turkey, and a tree, although he could well afford a luxurious one. But some how he felt that he must have a tree, presents, turkey, and all that goes with Christmas this year; so he set out like a happy child, clothed in a heavy ulster, puffing away at an old T. D. pipe, with a basket on one arm. It was not long before he reached Cobb's, the village store, where one could buy anything from a needle to a table. Here he purchased a turkey, nuts, raisins, broken candy, a necktie, and a new shirt—presents for himself—for there was no one to remember him on Christmas. When he started to leave the store, he noticed a small

fir, which brought the idea. How nice it would be to have a Christmas tree, for it would remind him of his younger days, when all his relatives used to come to his father's farm for the holiday. So he took the tree and tramped off, heavily laden, but never more happy.

As he stumbled along, through the driving snow, in a kind of reverie, wishing all the time that he had some friend with whom he could spend Christmas, suddenly, he hit something soft with his foot.

Stooping over he picked up a little girl of about five years old, clad in a ragged and torn dress, with one tiny foot protruding from a well-worn little shoe, her golden hair falling over her thin little face, which was blue with cold. She did not move when Billy picked her up, not even stir, but lay as if dead.

Oh, surely, she wasn't dead, this little mortal, who had come to heal Billy's long-

ing, for it seemed as if she had dropped from Heaven in answer to his prayer. He took his coat off and wrapping it around her, rushed as fast as possible to his home. Having laid her on a small couch in the corner of the main room, that served for dining and living room, he soon had a fire blazing in the old fireplace. Then having pulled the couch up in front of the fire, he rubbed her hands

From Mr. Collins' Christmas calendar, the work and the gift of the school, come these two sentiments for January:—

**Let us start this new year
with good resolutions and let
each month as it passes on
make our resolutions stronger.**

ODILE LABRECQUE.

**January not only begins a
new year on the calendar but it
also begins a new year in the
life of every individual. The
new chance gives opportunity
for a complete change for the
better.**

EDITH CAIRNS.

and arms, until slowly her eyelids opened. Then she breathed a deep sigh and reached up to pat Billy's rough cheek, saying "Oh, I'se so warm." Thus in no time they were well acquainted and Nancy, which was her name, was soon sitting up on Billy's knee, clutching, in one small fist, a large piece of broken candy, that often traveled to her mouth.

CHAPTER II.

CHRISTMAS morning Billy Pratt rose bright and early, put-up his Christmas tree, placed his presents on it, and then realized he had nothing for the little girl. He thought a while, then remembered his little yellow dog "Nip." He had always cherished "Nip" very dearly, but this little girl must be made happy on Christmas day, so he went and got the dog, which was sitting by the kitchen stove, brought him in, and placed him beside the tree, where he was compelled to stay in spite of his whimpering, a Christmas present for Nancy.

A short time later the little girl came bounding into the room, crying "Oh, Uncle Billy," for that is what he had told her to call him, "where did you get that Christmas tree and a dog? Oh—!"

Then ensued a joyful scene, for Uncle Billy of course pretended that Santa had come in the night and left him the necktie and shirt, and Nancy the dog and tree, while Nancy could not shout enough she was so pleased.

CHAPTER III.

THAT noon Nancy sat down to the best dinner, by far, that she had ever eaten. There was turkey, cranberry sauce, mashed

potato, nuts, raisins, broken candy, and many other luxuries.

After Billy, Nancy, and "Nip," for he had to be set up in a chair to eat with the family, had eaten to their hearts' content, Nancy crouched down in front of the fire, one tiny arm thrown around "Nip," while Billy sat rocking back and forth, happily watching her.

"Now, Nancy, you haven't told Uncle Billy how you happened to be on Main Street last night, when he came along."

"Why, Uncle Billy, I has too; I told you all 'bout it, how when my mammy and daddy died I had to live with Aunt Jane and Aunt Jane just 'bused me, made me go out every day, so's I wouldn't be in her way, while she was workin' for her own chilluns. Then yestiday I sought I'd run away an' I got losted an' cold an' hungry an'— well I'se here, so there. And Uncle Billy, you's not gon' ter send me back to Aunt Jane, is you?"

"Why, of course not, Nancy; I guess I never was so sure of anything as I am of that. I'm going over to see that Aunt Jane tomorrow." And Uncle Billy went. He didn't find it very hard to persuade Aunt Jane, who was a poor, hard worked woman with seven children of her own, to allow him to adopt Nancy.

Thus they lived on together in the little cottage by the sea, the little girl and the man. But when Billy returned from his day's fishing to his home, he did not return with a heavy heart, for his "little Christmas present," his pet name for Nancy, was always there to meet him, to throw her arms about his neck and cry "Uncle Billy, my Uncle Billy."

HELEN M. DAY, '16.

GUILHOP:—Did I tell you about the frosted window?

BROWNE:—No.

GUILHOP:—Well, if I told you, you wouldn't be able to see through it, anyway.

UNEASY PASSENGER:—"I say, steward, doesn't the ship tip frightfully?"

DIGNIFIED STEWARD:—"The vessel, mum, is trying to set a good example to the passengers."—Ex.

NEW YEAR'S ROSES.

A little chorus lady of the X—— Company was sitting in the somewhat untidy dressing room, which she shared with several other girls, awaiting her turn. The curtain had risen for the last act, and in a few minutes she would be gaily tripping amongst that maze of scenery and actors, commonly called the stage, and looking out into the sea of strange faces that were so easily displeased and not so easily pleased. It was her duty to be joyful and glad, and to impart to the audience the idea that she was full of the joy of living; but as she sat at her make-up table, daubing on finishing touches of paint to her naturally attractive face, she was not happy.

It was the night before New Year's, when gay New York was at the height of its gaiety, and every one was entering into the spirit of a jolly good time. But she was not happy. She was thinking of home, and wondering if they would think of her as they watched the dawn of the new year upon the world. She wondered if Bobbie, who had tried so hard to dissuade her from leaving the peaceful country town, would perhaps think of her. The quarrel had been about her leaving home, but she had been so ambitious and full of hope that she had become angry at his cautions and fears. Angry words had followed, and they had parted, leaving two hearts aching.

It was just a year since Ann Warren had left Ralville and come to New York, so full of hope and ambition. Positions were harder to find than she had ever imagined, and finally she turned to the stage. She had natural ability and talent in dancing, although she had received scarcely any instruction, and readily obtained a position in the front row of the chorus in a successful musical comedy then playing at the Kickerbocker Theatre, in New York City. The girls were not as a whole, a bad lot, and Ann, or Anna de Brontelle, was happy. The excitement and

novelty of the life fascinated her, and she tried to be convinced that this, after all, was what she was destined for. As the novelty wore off, so did her enthusiasm, although she still tried to convince herself that she was happy and contented; but she was not. She was homesick.

Only yesterday Anna had been given a small solo-dance, and she wondered why she was not more enthusiastic, or why she was not happy. As she sat there, thinking of all this, she wished above all else that she were home.

A knock at the door. Yes, it was the call-boy. Quickly assuming a winning smile, Anna de Brontelle danced gaily onto the stage. She danced well, there was no doubt of it, and the manager, watching her, was delighted. "She'll get there," was his only remark.

In the stage box sat two men, one of perhaps twenty-five, the other of thirty. As she tripped daintily on, the younger man gave a start. "Is it? It can't be! It is!" he murmured, and glued his eyes on the little dancer. As she finished, generous applause filled the house, and she came back again, bowing and smiling. There was nothing of coarseness or commonness in her performance, and the younger man nodded his head approvingly and whispered, "Ann."

At the end of the performance the two men approached a waiting automobile, evidently the property of the older man.

"Guess I won't go home with you now, Frank," said the younger man. "I have a little business to attend to. See you tomorrow. Good night."

With quick strides he fairly ran to a nearby florist shop, came out with a large box, and hastened to the stage-door. Handing the box to the door-man he asked to see "Miss Brontelle."

In the dressing room, Anna de Brontelle was hurriedly dressing. A knock! and a

large box was thrust in. Whom could it be from? She wondered as she unfastened the twine, while some girls interestedly crowded around her. A huge bunch of dark red roses lay there, perfect in color and beauty. There were dozens of them, breathing out their sweet fragrance. She caught them to her breast with almost a sob. "Oh, you wonderful things," she murmured, "and red roses, too." A card fell to the floor. One of the girls picked it up and handed it to Anna. She started, and gave a gasp of—was it of joy or pain—they could not tell. One of the girls told me afterwards that the name on the card was Robert Jameson.

"Bob, Bobbie! He has come to take me home!" she whispered.

It was Ann Warren who fairly flew into her clothes and hurried to the waiting room. The young man who sat there silently gazing into space started when she came in, and rose to meet her.

"Bob! you have come to me?" she said softly, and held out her hand which he crushed in his large ones.

"Yes, Ann, I have come," he answered;

smiling down at the upturned face.

"And you really cared? I had hoped so, but—I had almost given up hoping."

"Dearest!" was all he said, and opened his arms, and she came, roses and all, while the door-man considerably continued his writing, smiled, and said to himself, "God bless 'em."

As they left the theatre together, Bob said, "Tomorrow is New Year's, Ann. Let's have dinner together at the Waldorf."

She looked at him shyly. "Bobbie dear, I want to go home, home to Ralville and Father. I guess Bobbie, I don't quite belong here. I am so tired. Come, we'll go and send them a telegram telling them that we are coming."

So they did, and her eyes were shining as she said good-night, while the pealing bells announced the departure of the old year, and the coming of the new. And as they listened, the chimes seemed to foretell for them both a new joy. They listened and were glad in the promise of the New Year.

K. F., '15.

THE COLDEST DAY.

It was the coldest day the town had ever experienced; at least that was what the oldest inhabitants of North Dewey claimed. The cutting, biting, chilling northeast wind whistled over the low hills on the north side of the town, freezing solidly everything freezable, including the mercury. Although the houses were well built and had always before withstood the severest knocks of wintry "Jack Frost," and although the inmates clustered around the almost red-hot stoves, they could feel the cold shivers play up and down their backs. The waterfall was a solid mass of ice and the river below it was covered with a twenty-two inch layer of ice, which, in turn, was covered by seven feet of

light dry snow which swirled and drifted with each fresh gust of the intensely cold and stormy wind. Great icicles hung from the eaves of every house. The icy coats of many swaying trees might be heard cracking and dropping off. A half-dozen sparrows were attempting to warm their numbed bodies in the lee of a broad brick chimney. A horse which looked half frozen in spite of his heavy blanket was slowly hauling a creaking, squealing wagon along the road which had, ten or twelve hours before, been cleared of snow but was now cut here and there by deep ridges of ice cold snow.

ARTHUR H. BLAKE, '14.

CONSTANCE'S INHERITANCE.

"To-day I am nineteen, mother," announced Constance Morriss one morning when she came down to breakfast.

"You were going to tell me all about the letter which Uncle David sent to you eight years ago."

"Yes, my little girl, I will," answered Mrs. Morriss. "Come here, and sit with me."

Constance drew a chair up close to her mother.

"He said when you were nineteen you should know the contents of this letter; so you may read it."

She handed Constance the letter. When she had finished reading it, she exclaimed, "Oh, mother! To think that I am to stay with Uncle David for two whole years, and at the end of that time become an heiress!"

"That depends on what he wants you to do. If you do not do it you will not become an heiress," warned Mrs. Morriss.

"I wonder what he wants?" mused Constance. "Is Uncle David cross, mother?"

"I don't know how he is now, dear; I'll admit he had a bad temper when I last saw him," she answered, "but it may have worn off now."

"When am I going?" asked Constance.

"Well, if I can get you ready, you may go next week."

The rest of the week was spent in getting ready for the journey. On Monday Constance was ready to start. Mrs. Morriss followed her to the station to see that she got the right train, for Constance had not traveled much. As the train started she called out, and asked her mother if she was sure that her uncle would be there to meet her. Mrs. Morriss answered, "Yes," and then the train went out.

Constance had many magazines to read; so she settled herself comfortably, and, with a large box of chocolates on the seat beside her, started to read. At one o'clock she went into the dining car, and ate her

lunch. She had started at eight o'clock in the morning and would arrive at three o'clock. The rest of the time after lunch was spent in reading.

As the train puffed into the station, and Constance alighted, she did not see her uncle anywhere in sight. She went into the waiting room, and sat down. She had waited about an hour, when she heard the sound of an automobile.

As she ran to the window, an elderly man burst in with a "How do you do, my dear?"

"Oh! Uncle David, I have been waiting for over an hour!"

"I'm so sorry; but there was a mistake in the letter. It said you were coming on the four o'clock train, and you came at three. Come, and we'll get home as quickly as possible."

He led the way out to the waiting auto, and Constance followed.

The ride in the auto to his home was enjoyed immensely by Constance, who had never before ridden in one. As they approached the residence, Constance cried, "Oh! what a beautiful place! And this is to be my home for two long years!"

"Yours to keep, I hope," said Mr. Brown.

"What am I to do?" asked Constance.

"You shall stay here for a short time and enjoy yourself; then I will tell you."

Four months passed, and Constance had enjoyed herself immensely.

One day Constance was summoned to Mr. Brown's library.

"Constance!" said Mr. Brown as she entered, "Come here, and I will tell you my secret."

Constance sat down next to her uncle, and he began:

"About eight years ago my only son left me. He wanted to go to sea. I would not consent; so he said he would go without my consent. We had a quarrel, and at the end of it I lost my temper, and said I would

not leave any of my money too him, that I would find I some one else who needed it more than he. This happened eight years ago, and I have not seen him since. I want you to promise this: if my son comes back before I die, I want you to marry him: if he does not come back, I want you to promise that you will never marry any one else. Do you promise?"

"I don't know, Uncle," she said slowly. "Let me have time to think it over."

"All right. At the end of the next month you will have your answer ready, will you not?"

"Yes, I will, Uncle David," she answered. So no more was said about it then.

During this four months' stay with Mr. Brown, Constance became acquainted with a young lawyer by the name of Richard Bowen. At the end of this time they had become quite friendly. Constance had told her uncle nothing of this.

At the end of the month Mr. Brown again summoned Constance to his library, and wanted her answer.

"Uncle," she said, "I have decided. I am in love with Richard Bowen, the young lawyer. You really cannot expect me to marry a man whom I have never seen. When he comes back, if he ever does, he might take a fancy to some other girl, and marry her. Anyhow, Richard has asked me to marry him, and I intend to very soon. I would rather have love than anything else

in the world." She ended emphatically.

Strangely enough, Mr. Brown took this very calmly.

"You are as stubborn as my Dick," he said, "but remember, I shall find some one else to inherit my money. When are you to be married?"

"I am going home to mother, and we'll get married very soon, but I don't know exactly when."

The next morning she was ready, and Mr. Brown drove her to the station in the auto. As they were nearing the station, Mr. Brown asked, "Is Bowen going to meet you here?"

"Yes," answered Constance, "Oh! here he is! Oh, Richard come here, and meet Uncle David," cried Constance.

"Dick! Why Dick, my boy!" gasped Mr. Brown.

"Why, father!" cried Richard.

Then he explained that he went to sea but did not like it, and came back to study for a lawyer.

"Jump in children, and I will take you home."

"But Uncle—," began Constance.

"Never mind about the train. You're going to have a grand wedding at home, and we'll send for mother," said Uncle David.

So Constance became an heiress after all; but she shared her money with Dick.

SYLVIA RAND, '18.

HOST:—It's beginning to rain. You'd better stay to dinner.

GUEST:—Oh, thanks very much; but it's not bad enough for that.—*Yale Record*.

IN THE DARK AGES.

When Rastus Johnsing's son arrived,

He looked just like his poppy.

In fact, the doctah done declared

He was a carbon copy.

—*Cornell Widow*.

The study of chlorine gas is strangulating as well as interesting. Ask any chemistry pupil.

Mr. ROACHE (after radiator has been clanking for several minutes):—That will do, Miss Stevens.

Miss Dawes draws a rough triangle on the board.

"What kind of a triangle is that, Browne?"

"WET":—"A lop-sided one!"

THE ESCAPE.

THREE long days without food, without sleep, and without rest. The Eskimo, tired and hungry, plodded wearily after the empty sled, drawn by the last three of the gaunt, snarling team. Everything was silent and everything was white. White snow to the left, white snow to the right, white snow behind, white snow ahead,—all under a grim, white moon. Oh, how he hated that moon, the moon that had silently watched his dogs devour the last bit of food! How he hated the snow that had hidden his cache! He shivered with the biting cold, his teeth chattered, and a shudder passed through him as he glanced at the bare sled. He wanted to rest, but he had to move. Hunger and fatigue were fighting that longing for life. A deep, heavy cough broke the silence and small, red spots appeared on the snow, relieving the hated white. This urged him further onward, but failing strength insistently demanded rest. A frenzy seized him, and he lost his senses.

* * * * *

He chewed ravenously at the frozen meat.

How glad he was to find the cache! He patted the dog that had found his provisions and shared the food with his three growling comrades.

* * * * *

Suddenly he came back to his senses and to the bare sled, drawn by the limping three. A curse broke the silence and his thin frame fell once more on the ice-covered sled.

* * * * *

Oh, how good that greasy blubber tasted! How warm it was! It was good to be among his own Eskimos again, and good even to feel the pain of blood returning to his half frozen fingers. Was this another dream? He started and looked around. He stretched his hand towards the flaring lamp. Yes, it was real, for another hand held his back and an Eskimo friend was telling how luck alone had led the sled to the little igloo village, where the saviors and the saved were now celebrating the arrival with a feast,—a feast of warm, greasy blubber.

WILLIAM MACMAHON, '15.

23:—What word have we in English that is directly derived from the German language?
CARLSON:—Frankfort.

Miss Kennedy (describing “vendor” and “vendee”):—I’ve got them mixed up, but, anyway, one’s one and the other’s the other.

Fred Cutler, '18, is taking a course in “Flirtation” under the direct supervision of Mr. Collins. His tours of the school, waving at all the pretty girls (as well as others) are watched with interest by the rest of the school.

23—What do you use for a salutation in your letter, Browne?

“WET”:—“Yours truly.”

We notice that Stearns, Watts, Reynolds, and other distinguished seniors are forgetting their matutinal ablutions quite often.

Miss Dawes was arguing about a German spy with one of the class.

“Just because I had a flock of hens with three guinea hens in it, it wouldn’t mean that I am a German spy, would it?”

“WET” BROWNE:—“No, a Guinea spy.”

Mr. French is starting a course in shooting baskets. (Waste baskets). For further particulars, see Russell Ford, '18.

EMERY (in Room 23):—As I was listening, a great silence was heard that filled the room!

RAFFLES.

"SAY, Johnny, bet cha don't know what I got," cried small Ted Jackson as he trudged by his friend, who hung over the gate watching a new house going up across the street, his black and tan dog sitting on the gate post beside him.

Johnny stared down at the basket on Ted's arm, and his eyes grew big, for he could hear little squeaks and squeals coming from under the lid.

"Guinea pigs?" guessed Johnny.

"Naw!" cried Ted, his rosy cheeks shining.

"Kittens?"

"Naw!"

Johnny became impatient. With a quick jerk he opened the basket. In a second a streak of brown with a question mark of a tail, scampered across the street and made for the new house, the black and tan following at high speed.

"Raffles," screamed Ted, his eyes filling with tears, "come back!" But the little monkey was now scrambling along the ridge-pole of the house.

Ted and Johnny entreated that stubborn little monkey to come down, but he would only sit on the roof and make faces at the Italians who were at work below. And there he sat with his tail curled up over his back, the tip touching his tiny head and making him look like a pitcher with an extra long handle.

"But I want him," sobbed Ted as one of the men proposed leaving him to come down of his own free will, "I want him." Then to the monkey, "Come, Raffles, come home and get your supper." Then Ted, a happy thought striking him, dragged a banana from his pocket and held it aloft. In a second Raffles was on the ground and in another he and the banana were shut up in the basket.

Victorious, Ted trudged home, his face beaming, to tell his mother how funny Raffles looked seated on the ridge-pole of the Browns' new house.

DORIS CONDON, '17.

SILVIA.

How beautiful Silvia looked that morning! The clear Virginia sunlight played upon her, and her brown hair seemed almost golden. Her great gray eyes, twin stars, looked straight into mine, and I wondered what thoughts they hid. Nearer and nearer I draw to Silvia, and I could feel her breath, sweet as a clover field in June, on my warm brow. We were alone.

"Silvia," I began, as I bent over her, "Silvia—"

A harsh voice rang out.

"You want to be keerful o' that there Silvia," it said, "'cause she kicks wus'n any cow I ever milked."—*Harvard Lampoon*.

Mr. Paulson is *some* prestidigitator with his litmus paper and methyl orange.

Mr. PAULSON:—Now, Melendy, if you have 110 apples, and three quarters of them are good, how many are sour?

Mr. ROACHE:—What great war have we had in the past few years?

MELENDY:—Er-er—one quarter!

D. CROCKER:—Mexican war!

Arrived at last—school spirit!

SCHOOL LIFE.

DEBATING SOCIETY.

THE fifth regular meeting of the Quincy High School Debating Society was held on Wednesday, November 25. The question for the evening was:—Resolved, that the United States should assume a protectorate over the Western Hemisphere. The affirmative on the debate was: Hatch, Marr, and Kidder; the negative: Von Colln, Bowen, and MacMahon. The judges decided in favor of the negative. Several applications for membership were accepted at this meeting.

The next regular meeting of the society, scheduled for December 9, was postponed because of the closing of the High School upon that day. The meeting was finally held on Wednesday, December 16. The debate for that evening was: Resolved, that there should be a large and immediate increase in the United States Navy. The debaters were: (affirmative) Favreau, Smith, and Pope; (negative) Brokaw, McDonald, and Rasmussen. Mr. Fuller, the chairman of the judges, on giving his decision, said that he had just listened to one of the closest and best debates that he had ever heard. The judges slightly favored the negative.

The next meeting of the society will be held on Wednesday, January 6, 1915. At this meeting the question, Resolved, that there is no place for a third party in American politics, will be discussed by the following members: (affirmative) Burgin, W. Crocker, and Favreau; (negative) Dennehy, Blake, and Goodwin. This should prove a very interesting debate.

THALIA CLUB.

The Thalia Club has elected the following officers:—

President—Louise Churchill.
 Vice President—Elizabeth Reed.
 Secretary and Treasurer—Margaret Park.
 Athletic Committee—Margaret Atwood, Beatrice Rogers, and Margaret Park.

Dramatic Committee—Florence Crowell, Pauline Brogan, and Anna Campbell.

Literary Committee—Bertha Fuller, Lydia Keyes, and Dorothy Stevens.

The Club wishes to announce the election of the following new members: Annie Bartlett, Anna Campbell, Annie Cary, Helen Day, Marion Hardy, Hester Harkins, Mildred Harrison, Margaret Hogan, Emma Kendall, Pauline Randall, Elizabeth Sayward, Dorothy Stevens, Helen Townsend, Ethel Vaughn, and Marion Walther.

The girls are planning to present a play entitled "A Jack of Hearts" on the afternoon of January 29, in the school hall. That the boys are to be excluded from attending the entertainment causes us to believe that the play will, no doubt, be very interesting. A small admission will be charged the girls of the school in order to cover the expenses.

The cast is as follows:—

<i>Mary Hart</i>	MILDRED HARRISON
<i>Winthrop Hart</i>	HELEN DAY
<i>Dr. Hart</i>	MARY CASEY
<i>Mary Robinson</i>	ELIZABETH REED
<i>Billy Dwyer</i>	PAULINE RANDALL
<i>John Ames</i>	MARION HARDY
<i>Jack Bolsford</i>	MARGARET HOGAN
<i>Maid</i>	ANNIE BARTLETT

A number of the girls took a short hike around the quarries on the afternoon of December 17. Lunches were carried and a jolly good time was enjoyed by all. Margaret Atwood had charge of one group and Helen Day was leader of a second group.

Plans for a Club basketball team, to be coached by Miss Anderson, are being formed.

SCHOOL.

A form of entertainment, new to most of us, was introduced to a rather small audience on the evening of December 4, in the school hall. It consisted of the reading of one of the popular English comedies, "The Importance of Being Earnest," by Professor Thomas

Crosby of Brown University. The play was full of humorous incidents, which, combined with the ability of the speaker, formed a "rare treat," indeed.

The entertainment was given under the auspices of the Debating Club for the benefit of the Athletic Association. Those in charge of the affair were Fred Roache, Fred Rasmussen, and Hilton Marr.

Breaking the custom of past years, Q's were given to the football squad before the assembled school by Mr. Collins. In presenting the members of the teams with the school insignia, he praised the boys for their sportsmanship and season's record.

The gymnasium certainly presents a busy scene during basket ball practice. The outlook for a fast team is promising. Let us keep up our school spirit in supporting this team by attending its games.

Thanksgiving saw the departure of Miss Kirmeyer from the faculty of the school. May she enjoy her new life. Miss Anderson of the Washington School has been selected to fill the vacancy.

A rather small number of pupils qualified for the honor list of the first quarter's report.

1915.

Thomas Barstow, Herbert Carlson, Edna Gray, William MacMahon, Rose Meda, Edith Murray, Margaret Park, and Beatrice Rogers.

1916

Paul Brown, Warren Crane, Marion Hardy, Mildred Harrison, Eunice Leach, Hilton Marr, and Annie Schlenker.

1917

Noemi Abiatti, Harry Diamond, Hildegard Ducey, James Greenhalgh, Ruth Higgins, Hugh Nixon, Henry Peterson, Isaac Wainon-paa, and Priscilla White.

1918

Henry Carlson, Madeline Coulson, Law-

rence Curtin, David Gesmer, Flavia Gustafson, Esther Johnson, Marjorie Leach, Sara McCabe, Muriel Matalack, Aubrey Nicholson, Mabel Roache, Lillian Walters, and Mary Waterman.

The school extends its congratulations to Mr. Fenner of the faculty. Here's to the youngster!

The Glee Club gave an excellent account of their work at Professor Crosby's reading.

The annual Christmas concert was held in the school hall after the regular school session of December 23. At this time the Messiah was rendered by the Glee Club and Orchestra assisted by three Boston soloists, Mrs. Rose Blair Delano, Miss Alma Igleman, and Mr. George Kels, whose services were secured through student subscription. The following program was thoroughly enjoyed by the school.

Handel's life and the story of the Messiah.
CHARLOTTE, D. BARSTOW.

Selections from the Messiah

Miss IGLEMAN, Soprano
Mrs. DELANO, Contralto
Mr. KELS, Bass

Chorus—"And the Glory of the Lord."
GLEE CLUB

Recitative—"Thus saith the Lord,"
BASS.

Recitative—"Behold a Virgin Shall Conceive."

Aria—"O Thou that tellest Good Tidings to Zion."
CONTRALTO

Recitative—"For, Behold, Darkness shall cover the Earth."
BASS.

Pastoral Symphony—Orchestra

Recitative—"There were Shepherds Abiding in the Field."
"And lo! the Angel of the Lord came upon them."
"And the Angels said unto them."

SOPRANO

Recitative—"Then shall the Eyes of the blind be opened."

Aria—"He shall find His Flock."

CONTRALTO

Aria—"Come unto Me."

SOPRANO

Aria—"Why do the Nations."

BASS

Aria—"I know that My Redeemer Liveth."

SOPRANO

Hallelujah Chorus—

HIGH SCHOOL CHORUS

CLASS 1915.

The Senior class has chosen Mr. Nerses for class photographer.

Miss Atwood was explaining the standing of the great wheat countries of the world:—"Austria-Hungary, 6th—they may go Hungary this year."

HOTEL CLERK:—I found that "Not to be used except in case of fire" placard which those college boys stole from the corridor.

MANAGER:—Where did you find it?

CLERK:—They'd nailed it up over the coal bin. —Penn State Froth.

TEN DAYS FOR THIS ONE.

Mr. FRENCH:—Miss Danielson, give a definition of "consideration."

Miss DANIELSON:—I know it, but I don't know how to express it.

Mr. FRENCH:—By parcel post!

Gold has been selected as the class color. Arthur Blake and Arthur Bowen have been chosen to fill the vacancies in the class motto committee.

Westley Browne has been elected to fill the Senior vacancy in the Athletic Committee.

1917.

The Sophomores have elected the following class officers;

President:—THEODORE HIGGINS.

Vice President:—PRISCILLA WHITE.

Secretary:—GRETCHEN HORST.

Treasurer:—RUSSELL JOHNSON.

Athletic Committee:—GEORGE PROUT.

Pin Committee:—JOHN CUMMINGS.

GERTRUDE DRISCOLL.

SADIE FILES.

Motto Committee:—ANNA CREMINS.

FRANCES HORTON.

DOROTHY RUSSELL.

ARTHUR BOWEN,

News Editor.

MISS THOMPSON (to Brokaw):—You never go around to Atlantic in order to get home to Wollaston, do you?—that is, unless there is a special attraction?

How about it, Sherm?

MISS PERRY (in shorthand):—Always hook gentlemen.

Mr. FRENCH (describing "bailment"):—Kelly, as a favor, agreed to take some money from Catler to keep until next day. (aside) Five cents.

MISS DAWES:—Please erase all marks from your books.

"SIMMIE":—Mine is clean.

MISS DAWES:—Yes, you haven't used it much!

ALUMNI NOTES.

At last, our Alumni Association has been formed and promises to fulfill the dream of many a Quincy High School graduate.

The first real mass meeting was held in the High School Hall on Wednesday, Nov. 18th. The attendance was very large, practically 500 graduates being present. The speakers were Arthur W. Newcomb, '81, of the School Committee; Dr. Fred E. Jones, '88; Joseph H. McPherson, '06, of the School Committee; Ernest L. Collins, Albert L. Barbour, Superintendent of Schools; Arthur B. Foster, 1900, of the School Committee; and John D. Mackay, chairman of the School Committee.

The constitution was read by Paul Blackmur of the Organization Committee. A hot discussion on whether there should be any distinction drawn between an active and an associate member, ensued. Finally, the constitution was accepted, and the balloting for officers commenced.

As a result, Lucien H. Thayer, '06, was elected president and Frank F. Prescott, '77, Harry Hooper, '06, and Miss Dorothy Fay, '06, vice-presidents. Miss Clara Thompson, '86, was elected secretary, and Miss Margaret Lennon, '09, recording secretary. Joseph McPherson, '06, was elected treasurer. The two committees chosen are as follows:

Athletic Committee.

William Nolan, '08
Russell Bates, '10
Harold Hill, '11
Richard Larkin, '13

Entertainment Committee.

Max Pinkham, '07
Bessie Brookes, '09
Dorothy Packard, '09
Paul Blackmur, '11
Eleanor Whittemore, '12
Edwin Brown, '13

Preceding the meeting, reunions of the different classes were held in the rooms of the school.

The class of 1914 remembered the enjoyable time they had at their class banquet at Hotel Thorndike last June, and they all voted to hold a reunion at the Quincy House, Boston. The date was made December 28, so that those who were home from college on their Christmas vacation would have a chance to be there. The committee in charge consisted of Pres. Harry Burr, Margaret Magee, Florence Crowell, Fred Atwood, and James Jenkins.

"Stan" Smith, '14, is working as a draftsman at the Fore River Shipbuilding Co., Quincy Point.

Roland Estey, '13, is taking a course at Burdett Business College.

Dora Grabowsky, '14, is studying at the Faelton School of Music, Boston.

An interesting letter has recently been received from Lillian Oliver, '14, who is now located in San Francisco. She writes that her home is so near the fair grounds that she has visited there several times.

Guy Shaw, formerly of the class of 1915, has entered Bryant and Stratton Business School.

Earle Bates, who left Quincy High at the beginning of the year, is playing right forward on the basketball team for Thayer Academy.

Louise Wilson, '14 and Dorothy Kitson, '14, have begun training at the Peter Brigham Hospital, Boston.

The Alumni Editor wishes to rectify an

error made in the last number of the *Golden-Rod*. Miss Kathleen Gavin is not working with Rice and Hutchinson, but is staying at home.

Irene Potterton, formerly of the class of 1914, is working at the Sue Rice Studio, Hancock St., Quincy.

Ernest Gelotte, '14, is a surveyor for C. W. Branch, Quincy.

Thelma Holt, '13, has accepted a position with the Brown Bag Filling Machine Co., Fitchburg, Mass.

Carl Viden is now in the hardware business.

Beatrice Costello, '13, who entered Radcliff this fall, is now a member of the Mandolin Club.

The *Golden-Rod* will be extremely pleased to receive any news in regard to the graduates. As it is rather difficult to reach everyone, many interesting notes are lost.

The second regular meeting of the Alumni Association was held in the High School Hall, Friday evening, December 18.

A few amendments to the constitution were adopted. Russell Bates, '10, reported for the athletic committee and urged the members to purchase season tickets for the basketball games.

William Nolan, '08, reported that the Alumni Association would give a play during the winter for the benefit of school athletics and the Association.

Following the business meeting there was a varied entertainment. Acting mayor, Joseph L. Whiton, spoke on municipal affairs in Quincy. Mr. M. A. Hight, of the class of '56, spoke on the school in those days. Mr. H. Brooks Keyes gave some reminiscences of the school of fifteen years ago. Mr. Frederick A. Tupper, Principal of the Brighton High School and a former principal of this school, spoke on "Opportunities for an Alumni Association." "Cliff" Hill gave a monologue, and G. Edwin Brown, '13, a one-man minstrel show.

At the closing of the meeting, the following Alumni song was sung:

A TOAST TO QUINCY HIGH.

(TUNE—*It's a long way to Tipperary.*)

We stand loyal to Quincy High School,
 Staunch as in days of yore;
 For the service that she renders
 We have realized more and more.
 Loyal she'll ever find us,
 Prompt to do or die;
 As Alumni we will work together
 For dear old Quincy High.

Give a cheer, folks, for Quincy High School,
 For the red and the blue,
 For victorious and triumphant
 Our team is going through.
 Work hard for Quincy High School,
 Shout the battle-cry;
 Let us fight, fight, fight!
 To win the victory
 Root, root for Quincy High!

Oh, good times we've had a plenty
 At the school of our youth;
 We remember that cut-ups sometimes
 Foiled heels that were sound-proof.
 At Butler's the ice we've broken—
 In the furnace room we'd dry
 Though the studies bored, we've had full
 many
 Good times at Quincy High.

Drink a toast then to Quincy High School,
 To the pride of our hearts;
 Drink a toast then to Quincy High School
 Whose sweet mem'ry ne'er departs.
 Firmly we stand together
 Bound by Friendship's tie;
 Though the years are flown since we have
 left her
 We'll stand by Quincy High.

J. HARRY HOOPER, Q. H. S., '06

LOUISE CHURCHILL,
 Alumni Editor.

THE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.

THE next best thing to forming a Quincy High School Alumni Association is keeping it. That is the problem that confronts the officers of the new body organized in November.

I think it was Disraeli whose precept, oft quoted to his friends, warned that in order to solve a problem there is necessary a proper understanding of the nature of the situations to be met. What are the situations to be met in this case?

First, there must be overcome a popular prejudice which presupposes that an alumni association cannot exist in the Quincy High School. Facing squarely the fact that other alumni associations have been born and died, what are we going to do about it? This is a matter which concerns primarily the older members. The young care nothing for precedent. They have the necessary enthusiasm. It is the older ones who have seen these things who are more liable to shake their heads in doubt, and lag through lack of courage. The Alumni Association wants none of such sentiments and can get along much better without them. If you are a calamity howler, keep away from the Alumni Association, for you will find no quarter there. A few of the older ones have already indicated their enthusiasm, their faith and their willingness to work. Of such people we want all we can get.

Another situation that presents itself is the decentralized nature of Quincy's population, and its peculiar geography. There are several different sections which, as they grow, are becoming less interested in the activities of the whole and more in the part. To bind these together it will be necessary to deal in terms of the people and things which have a place in every section. Perhaps a good start in this direction has been made in the choice of the members of the Executive Committee which includes, beside the principal of the school, three people from Quincy, two from Quincy Point, two from Wollaston, one from South Quincy, one from West Quincy and one from out of town. The idea must be carried further, when dances, dramatics or other

events are conducted by the Association, but choice will necessarily be limited to those who have at least shown their interest by joining.

It is like dotting another's "i" to say that the Alumni Association seeks the favor of the pupils of the school and intends to do all in its power for them. Probably nothing interests the pupils more than athletics, and the members of the Alumni Association, realizing this fact, intend to make the best of it and help the athletics of the school in all possible ways. An entertainment to be given late in February, possibly a dramatic production in which popular favorites of high school days will take part, is now contemplated, the proceeds to be divided between the High School Athletic Association and the Alumni Association.

Even before that it is planned to inaugurate a campaign for membership which will cover the entire city and put proper funds at the disposal of the Association. Already more than 300 have signed application blanks, though many have not paid their membership fees. Further blanks may be obtained from Clara Thompson, corresponding secretary, 109 Upland road, Quincy, or at the High School.

The first regular meeting, held on Dec. 18 last, appeared to be successful from all points of view. There were addresses by Mayor J. L. Whiton, J. Brooke Keyes, '00; former Principal Frederick A. Tupper and Paul Larkin, '15, captain of the football team. Entertainment was furnished by G. Edwin Brown, Clyffeton Hill, graduates of the school, and J. Harvey of Winthrop, and music by William Weston and Max Pinkham. Something good may be expected at the meeting in June.

The officers of the Association are:—

President—LUCIEN H. THAYER.

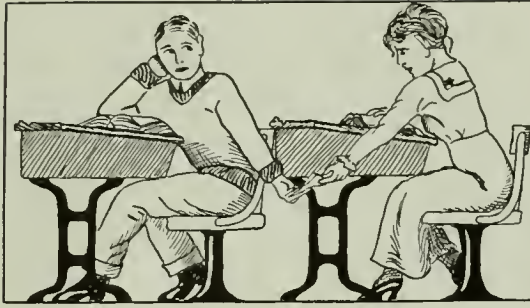
Vice President—J. HARRY HOOPER, FRANK F. PRESCOTT, DOROTHY FAY.

Recording Secretary—MARGARET LENNON.

Corresponding Secretary—CLARA THOMPSON.

Treasurer—JOSEPH H. MCPHERSON.

Executive Committee—Mrs. GEORGE PFAFFMAN, CLARA V. BUSHNELL, Dr. FRED E. JONES, Principal ERNEST L. COLLINS.



EXCHANGES

G. v. C.

SINCE the first edition of the *Golden-Rod*, we have received the following papers. In some instances, they are later publications of those acknowledged in our December issue; in others, they are entirely new arrivals.

The High School Herald—Westfield, Mass.

The Rindge Register—Rindge Technical School, Boston.

The Smith Academy Record—St. Louis, Mo.

Salmagundi—Presque Isle, Me.

The Marion High School Survey—Marion, Ind.

The Jabberwock—Girls' Latin School, Boston.

The Blue and White—Franklin, Mass.

The Goldenrod—Wayne, Nebraska.

The Register—Boston Latin School.

The Imp—Brighton, Mass.

Lasell Leaves—Auburndale, Mass.

The Oracle—Bangor, Me.

The Archon—So. Byfield, Mass.

School Life—Melrose, Mass.

The Marion High School Survey—You are an exceedingly bright and witty paper.

The High School Herald—Don't be discouraged! Perhaps your basket-ball season will atone for the hard luck your soccer team has had.

Lasell Leaves—Your departments are written and arranged especially well.

The Smith Academy Record—You are certainly an interesting paper. "When Greek meets Greek" is clever. Your collection of ads is fine.

School Life—Your "Theatrical Notes" are certainly bright.

Salmagundi—You are a well-filled, interesting paper. Your quantity of ads is splendid.

The Jabberwock—In compactness of departments and the arrangement of them, you are one of the best among our Exchanges.

The Oracle—For a monthly paper you have

an abundance of fine material. It surely shows the heavy backing you must receive from the students. Your cover design is a "dandy."

The Imp—We think it would improve your appearance very much to place your Editorial Column before your literary department. Can't you make more of your column—Class Room Notes?

The Goldenrod—Well, namesake, we are glad to make your acquaintance! Your cuts and headings are very clever. We should advise that you place your "Editorial" nearer the front of your paper.

We wonder just how many students of Q. H. S. appreciate the real value of an Exchange column. It is true that every edition of "*The Golden-Rod*" contains an Exchange column wherein a few papers are acknowledged, a few comments are made, and a few jokes with "Ex." after them given. But beyond that,—“what is the good of having the column?” you will probably ask. It is just this: we have an opportunity, through this column, to see what other schools are doing and see how we compare with them. We have a chance to recognize their ingenuity and we are able to profit by it. Many of our new ideas come to us from our Exchanges. But these are just a few reasons why an Exchange column is valuable. If these don't convince you of the fact, please take some spare moment and visit the school library. There you will find our "Exchanges" on the same shelf as the newspapers. You will not regret the time you take, for there are many clever stories and jokes that you will enjoy. But remember, after you are through with the papers, be obliging and leave them where you find them.

LOUISE CHURCHILL
Exchange Editor.



QUINCY High has just closed a most successful football season, having won seven out of the ten games played. Our boys started poorly, losing three out of the first four games; this was probably due to the playing with heavy teams before our boys had become well hardened for the season. But this poor beginning must be overlooked when the splendid finish is considered. Quincy rolled up a total of 152 points against their opponents' 63 points.

Coaches Mansur and French deserve all the credit coming their way for rounding out such a powerful team. From end to end the line was one of the strongest in school circles and in every game offered a stone wall defence. Not a team could gain consistently through it,

Captain Larkin at left end was a tower of strength to the team; his punting and all-around playing were features of every game. As a result of his fearless tackling very few gains were made in his territory, and he was picked for inter-scholastic end by every paper.

De Senso at the other end played a fast and fearless game throughout the season. His mainstay seemed to be in recovering blocked punts.

Arthur and Reynolds held down the tackle positions, each starring in his turn. Both men figured prominently in the "tackle around" plays.

Simmons, Brundage, Anderson, and Foy played the guard positions in faultless style,

charging low and hard, and alert every minute of the game.

Reardon covered the pivot position in such a way as to keep the team always on the go. His passing was excellent and his steady nerve saved many an "offside" penalty.

The back-field was one of the fastest in years.

Bogan, at quarter, kept the team working with such a varied attack that he baffled the opponents. He ran off his signals with vim and snap which kept the team always on the jump.

Hamlin and Sanborne at left contributed many long gains to Quincy. Hamlin was especially effective in the delayed pass and in running back punts.

Crosscup and Browne picked the holes on the straight bucks through the center with remarkable speed and strength.

Jepson and Rasmussen at right half showed their wonderful ability to twist, squirm, and sprint through the enemy's line, netting many long games for the Red and Blue.

Willard Crocker had a very unlucky time this year. He wrenched his knee in the Wellesley game and was, therefore, out of the game for the season.

Waltham, fearing that they might spoil their beautiful record of not being beaten this year, decided that the field wasn't in good

condition, therefore cancelled the game with our boys. This is what people of other cities think of it:

They refused to play the Everett boys,
 They gave a poor excuse;
 Then Wellesley sent a challenge there
 And they said, "O, what's the use?"
 The field was wet, they could not play
 The lads from Quincy High;
 Now on the level, Waltham,
 That was some alibi.

Somerville, '09.

Quincy High was honored this year by having three of its number chosen to play with the pick of the Greater Boston school-boy stars in an all-star game at Waltham. Capt. Larkin, Hamlin, and Foy were the players receiving this distinction. Larkin played with such speed and fight that he showed himself to be the star of the All-stars. He blocked many punts and forwards, tackled surely and hard, in fact he showed such clever playing that his team-mates presented him with the ball with which they had been playing. Hamlin made many long gains and decisive tackles. Foy played the whole game for the losers.

The following players received their "Q's" for good work on the football field: Capt. Paul Larkin, John Jepson, Glen Arthur, Daniel Brundage, Iva Anderson, John Rear-don, Earle Simmons, Robert Foy, Raynor Reynolds, Arthur DeSenso, Fred Rassmussen, Henry Bogan, Gilbert Hamlin, Westley Browne, Lincoln Crosscup, Russell Sand-borne, and manager Thomas Barstow. The following received second "Q's": Willard Crocker, Herbert Atkins, Hugh Nixon, and George McDonald.

Gilbert Hamlin has been unanimously elected Captain of the 1915 football team. Joseph Barber was appointed manager of the next year's eleven.

Alvah Reynolds has been elected as the freshman member of the Athletic Council.

The call for Basket-ball candidates met with a good response. Coaches Mansur, French, and Thompson have chosen likely looking men to make up this year's squad. They are: Geo. Prout, Fred Rasmussen, Arthur Favreau, Harold Baker, Lawrence Beaton, William Welsford, Gilbert Hamlin, Willard Crocker, Lincoln Crosscup, David Morrison, Robert Davis, Westley Browne, Thomas Barstow. Willard Crocker was unanil mously elected Captain of the Basket-bal-team.

The candidates for the hockey team are anxiously waiting for the pond to freeze over. A fine schedule is promised this season.

Willard Crocker was elected captain, and Thomas Barstow manager of this spring's tennis team. Manager Barstow is arrang-ing a fast schedule.

ROBERT E. FOY,
 Athletic Editor.

SHOW

S	SCHOOL	PUPIL	S'
C	ATHLETIC	S	P
H	SHOULD	RESPOND	I
O	SHOW		R
O	OUR		I
L	LATENT	EN	T

and help
 COACHES FRENCH and MANSUR

R. H. GAY, '15.



H. W. FRENCH



FRANK L. MANSUR





G.v.C.

Life may be a grind, but grinding sharpens things.

Many a failure has been caused by mistaking rainbows for opportunity.

The sure thing often proves the most elusive of all investments.

RIGHT ON HER JOB.

HUGGINS:—They tell me Mrs. Henpeck is a neat and tidy housekeeper.

GUGGINS:—Why, yes, her husband can't even drop a remark at home but what she picks it up immediately.—Ex.

"It's the little things in life that tell," said a certain third year girl, as she pulled her little brother out from under the sofa one evening.—Ex.

Mrs. A:—So your son is home from college?

Mrs. H:—Yes, and he has the strangest ideas! He says he's descended from a monkey, but I'm sure I don't see how that can be unless, of course, it's on his father's side.

MOTHER:—"Johnny, see if the clock is still running,"

JOHNNY (returning):—"No, ma, it's standing still, wagging its tail."—Ex.

Jimmy stole a penny,
And to jail was sent,
The jury said, "Not guilty."
So James was in-a-cent.—Ex.

IN MEMORIAM.

A SENIOR—
Deep wisdom—swelled head,

Brain fever—he's dead.

A JUNIOR—
Fair one—hope fled,
Heart busted—he's dead.

A SOPHOMORE—
Played football—'nuf said,
Neck broken—he's dead.

A FRESHMAN—
Milk famine—not fed,
Starvation—he's dead.—Ex.

He stood on the bridge at midnight,
Interrupting my repose;
HE was a big mosquito,
And the bridge was that of my nose.
—Ex.

"Willie," said the mother sorrowfully,
"every time you are naughty I get another gray hair."

"Gee!" said Willie, "you must have been a terror. Look at grandma."—Ex.

THE BIRD AND THE HYPHEN.

A teacher in a lower grade was instructing her pupils in the use of the hyphen. Among the examples given by the children was "bird-cage."

"That's right," encouragingly remarked the teacher. "Now, Paul, tell me why we put a hyphen in 'bird-cage'."

"Why, it's for the bird to sit on," was the startling rejoinder.—Ex.

THE SAME OLD STORY.

The young man led for a heart,
The maid for a diamond played,
The old man came down with a club,
And the sexton used the spade.—Ex.

R. H. GAY,
Joke Editor.

Verwaldtätterseedoppelschraubersalondampferactiongesellschaft




"Vic" Hultin is trying to raise a red beard. It is rumored that he uses some kind of powerful hair-tonic on his chin.



One of those new-fangled tomashantas

How are they coming Luke?



HIST!

CHEESE IT!

WATTS

AH! THERE

ZIP! GOES ANOTHER BUTTON.



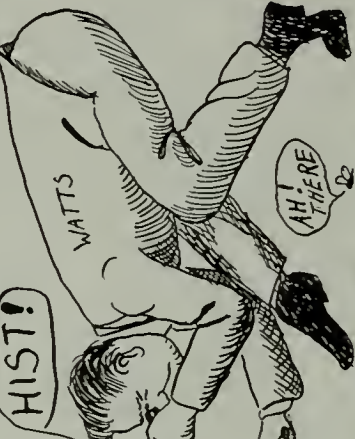
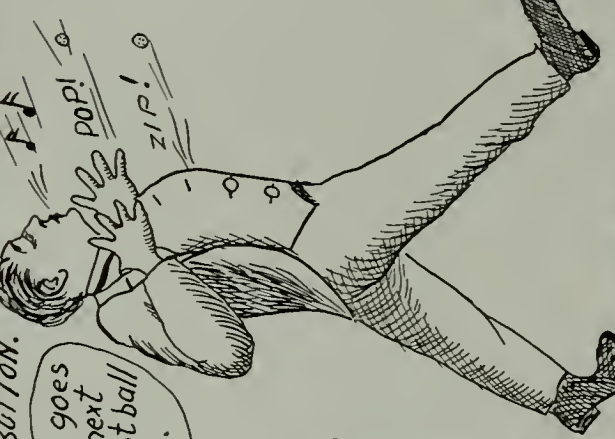
There goes Hamlin, next year's football captain.

GOSH!

ZIP!

POP!

Behold Luke McGlue and his famous bug exterminator.

PHEW!

AFTER THE FUMIGATION

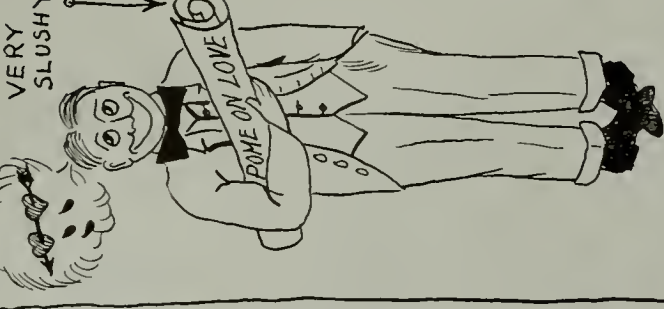
freshmen are sorely in need of something to cut their teeth on. The average freshman's pencil.

This is one of Miss Zeller's pet words. **CAUTION!** Don't try to pronounce it. We will not be responsible for broken jaws.




We notice that the

VERY SLUSHY



STEARNS IS SOME POET!




The average freshman's pencil.

We love our Teacher



Seen on the blackboard in Room 26.



MISS FOLLETT WEARS HER HAIR "A LA OLD MAID".



WE NOTICE THAT TOM BARSTOW HAS WOODROW WILSON'S CHIN.

PIPE THE FEATHER DUSTER IN THE BACK OF FRED RASSMUSSEN'S KANOOONEY.

G. Van Solth

Patronize Our Advertisers.

F. W. Bent.
Brown Crowell.
W. A. Carey.
City Flower Store.
Seth Sears Crocker.
R. E. Foy.
Granite Shoe Store.
Grosman's Clothes Shop.
Charles C. Hearn.
George W. Jones.
Kincaide Theatre.
Macullar Parker.
Oscar A. Minot.
B. H. Nerses.
A. E. Painter.
C. M. Price & Co.
Quincy Dept. Store.
Quincy Savings Bank.
Ralph Coal Company.
Williams, Optometrist.
C. E. Wood.

It's here that you will find the utmost satisfaction on every count that enters into the matter of the purchase of groceries and table provisions.

The high quality of our goods and the low prices asked for them, combined with our prompt service, cannot fail to please.

Adams Market

Phone 1980

R. E. FOY & CO.

TWO STORES

Water St. Market

Phone 117

C. E. WOOD

Confectionery, Soda & Ice Cream

also

Home Baked Beans, Bread, Cake & Pies.

No. 103 Newbury Ave.

Atlantic.

Compliments of

BROWN CROWELL

QUINCY ADAMS

City Flower Store

Carl Johnson, Prop.,

Cut Flowers and Plants

Decorating, etc.,

Telephone 275-W

1361 Hancock St. City Square

Quincy, Mass.

KINCAIDE THEATRE



**MATINEE DAILY
AT 2.30 P. M.**

**Same Program as in the
Evening.**

Changed Mon. & Thur.

2 HOUR SHOW FOR 10c

Evenings at 7.45

10, 15, 25c

REGULAR ORCHESTRA

Quincy Savings Bank

QUINCY, MASS.

Incorporated 1845.

JOHN Q. A. FIELD, Pres.

RICHARD D. CHASE, Vice Pres.

CLARENCE BURGIN, Treas.

BANK HOURS 8:30 A. M. to 3 P. M.

SATURDAYS 8:30 A. M. to 12 M.

Mention THE GOLDEN-ROD when patronizing our advertisers



NOBBY SHOES

For Young Men and Women
Dress Shoes—Gym Shoes

Party Slippers

In Great Variety.

GRANITE SHOE STORE

We give legal stamps.

**FOR
YOUNG
FELLOWS**

FASHION CLOTHES
SOCIETY CLOTHES

HART, SCHAFFNER & MARX

Good Clothes

Correct dress for Young Men.

Quincy Representative W. A. Carey

The Continental

Washington & Boylston Streets, Boston, Mass.

SWEATERS

HAND LOOM KNIT MADE

ESPECIALLY FOR US

\$3.50 to \$8.00

JONES JUST AROUND THE CORNER
1 GRANTIE ST., QUINCY

MACULLAR PARKER COMPANY

Give Special Attention to Clothing Boys
and Young Men for School and College.

*Garments in Latest Styles and Fabrics.
Made in Workshops on the premises.*

FULL LINE OF FURNISHING GOODS.

STETSON HATS

400 Washington Street - Boston, Mass.



Self-Filling Non-Spilling
CROCKER'S INK-TITE

FOUNTAIN PEN

It is different from the
others—and better.

Fountain Pen

Send for Circular—

Seth Sears Crocker, Prop.

258 Washington Street
Boston, Mass.

SHUR-ON

SHUR-ON EYEGLASS

*High School Pupils Need Strong
Eyes*

Consult Williams

EXPERIENCED OPTOMETRIST

1473 Hancock Street - Quincy

Tel. 987-W

Res. 1122-W

Mention THE GOLDEN-ROD when patronizing our advertisers

THE QUINCY DEPARTMENT
STORE

Complete line of
~~~~~  
Student's and Teacher's Furnishings  
~~~~~

1435-1437 HANCOCK STREET
QUINCY - - MASS

Compliments of

OSCAR A. MINOT

HAIR DRESSER

Children's Hair Cutting a Specialty

335 NEWPORT AVENUE

WOLLASTON, MASS.



Exclusive
Agency
for the only
Guaranteed
Waterproof
Hats
on the
market
MALLORY

GROSSMAN'S CLOTHES SHOP

New Kincaide Block.



CHARLES C. HEARN

We carry the largest line of high
grade candies in the city. Try us
and see.

QUINCY SQUARE.

RALPH COAL COMPANY

Weston Ave.,

Wollaston,

Tel. Quincy 839-W

Have your shoes repaired at

A. E. PAINTEN

337 Newport Ave., Wollaston

First class work

ANGEL GUARDIAN PRESS
90-100 RUGGLES ST.
BOSTON, MASS.
