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REGISTER

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Latin School Register

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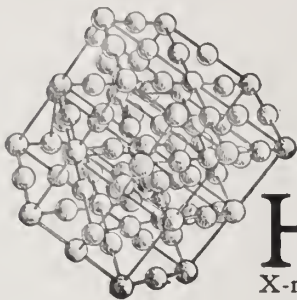
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Who Was Moseley?

HE was a young Oxford man, only twenty-seven when he was killed at Gallipoli. Up to his time, man had never seen the inside of an atom. He turned the X-rays on matter—not figuratively but literally—and made them disclose the skeleton of an atom just as certainly as a surgeon makes them reveal the positions of the bones of the body. Moseley proved that all atoms are built up of the same kind of matter. He saw, too, just why an atom of copper is different from an atom of gold.

Atoms are built up of electrons. Each atom consists of a nucleus, a kind of sun, with a certain number of electrons grouped about it, like planets. Moseley actually counted the number of electrons of all the metals from aluminum to gold.

When you discover what gold is made of or a new fact about electricity, you open up new possibilities for the use of gold or electricity. For that reason the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company are as much concerned with the “how” of things—atoms and electrons, for instance—as they are with mere applications of the electric current.

Hence Moseley’s work has been continued in the Research Laboratories, with the result that more has been learned about matter. How does water freeze? What is lead? Why are lead, iron, gold and tungsten malleable? Such questions can be answered more definitely now than ten years ago. And because they can be answered it is possible to make more rapid progress in illumination, in X-ray photography, in wireless telegraphy, and in electrical engineering as a whole.

There would have been no coal-tar industry without the vast amount of research conducted in organic chemistry, and no electro-chemical industry without such work as Sir Humphrey Davey’s purely scientific study of an electric current’s effect on caustic potash and caustic soda. Sooner or later research in pure science always enriches the world with discoveries that can be practically applied. For these reasons the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company devote so much time to the study of purely scientific problems.

General Electric
General Office **Company** Schenectady, N. Y.

Latin School Register

APRIL, 1921

Our Constable

By A. George McGovern '22

"Jim," called mother, "run out front and catch Dolly, will you? She's got out of the barn." I chased the calf all through the apple orchard—knee-deep in snow—before I caught her. I grew rather careless as I was tying her up again in the barn, and she gave me a farewell butt that sent me sprawling against the wall. When I turned to look at her, she was staring at me—eyes wide with curiosity—wondering why I had moved so hastily. I had to laugh.

I went back to the house; mother gave me my lunch box, and told me "Hurry, and meet the barge." It was a half-mile walk through the snow to meet it. The barge was a large sleigh covered by a huge, black top, and drawn by an equally huge, black horse. When I had tucked the blanket around me, and my feet were buried in the hay which covered the bottom of this sleigh, one of the boys confronted me with the question, "What do you put in the old man's soup?" We played this game every morning while the barge carried us three miles to school.

All did not go serenely that day, and besides having my knuckles warmed by a ruler, (that hurt, despite the heavy, protecting coat of rosin my hand bore), I was kept after school. When I was dismissed at three-thirty, there was no barge waiting to take me home; so I had to walk three and a half miles back.

As I was passing along the state road through the town centre, a few buildings grouped around a stone fountain, and two huge elm trees, a Ford skidded from the road and stuck in a snow drift before the post office. I sat down on the office steps to watch the driver work, but Mr. Shattuck, our constable, came along, glared at me, and ordered me to "get along, quick."

Since the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of Northboro last year, he has seemed to delight in nagging me; for, on that day, after he had made an eloquent speech on the early history of our town to an admiring crowd, some one had ruined the back of his spotless blue uniform with a red, juicy tomato—and ruined his dignity, too. He thought he knew more about the early settlers of Northboro and of their struggles with the Indians than any man living. He needed that tomato.

It was such a beautiful day that I decided to follow the old cow-path over Valentine hill, instead of walking the roads.

I followed the path through the woods that stood and seemed to beckon, pausing, now and then, to examine tracks in the snow, or to listen to the cawing of a distant crow.

As I was examining the tracks of a rabbit, I happened to glance up and saw a full-grown red fox watching me. He

seemed to laugh for a moment and then disappeared.

Just for curiosity, I followed his tracks to see where they went. After tramping half an hour, I found that they led to a large hole at the foot of a chestnut tree, half killed by blight. I stooped and dug away the snow and leaves for a better look. As I was digging away the latter, I uncovered a silver article that looked like a lady's ornamental comb. It was of very curious pattern and workmanship—but much tarnished.

As soon as I got home, I showed it to father, and he, thinking that it might have belonged to some early settler because of its old-fashioned pattern, decided to take it to the constable. It seemed rather curious that it had been so well preserved, and had only been covered by a few leaves, but that didn't matter.

The next day was Saturday, and as father and I were at Ross's to get grain, we stopped at Mr. Shattuck's to show him the comb.

He was having a cup of tea and some pie in the dining room when we came in. He shook hands with father and glared at me. He didn't offer me any pie, either.

Before father showed him the comb, Mr. Shattuck finished his tea. He had a large, spreading mustache which he kept in wonderful disorder. He drank from a mustache mug. I was interested to watch him. He raised his upper lip, placed his mustache tenderly on the guard, and then drained his tea noisily through the hole provided. When he had finished, he licked the mustache, and ended the operation with a loud, resounding smack of his lips. I was so impressed that I tried to lick my imaginary mustache as he had done, but only succeeded in getting a glare from Mr. Shattuck and a word from father.

When father had given him the comb

Mr. Shattuck hemmed, squared his shoulders, and sat up importantly in his chair.

"You know, John"—he called father, John—"I think this belonged to the Douglas family that used to live where the old Bates place is. They had considerable silver before that raid. You know, back there in 1763, one day, the Indians from Quinsigamond rushed every cabin in the settlement. Douglas was killed in his fields. What makes me think this was theirs is that Mrs. Douglas took to the woods, chased by some red demon, and while she was running, this might have fallen from her hair, or perhaps she was tomahawked there. I think she *was* tomahawked there; nobody knows, you know," nodding his head with conviction. "Hope Adams was killed in that raid." (We had heard all about this raid on anniversary day.) "Just the other day I got a letter from a Douglas out west who is trying to trace his—er—ancestors. I'd like to keep this thing until I notify him." Father said he might, and we left him.

The next day there was a long story in the Worcester Telegram minutely describing *Mr. Shattuck's* find, and telling of his intentions of writing west. It also lauded Mr. Shattuck's accurate knowledge of Northboro's early history.

Two days later there was a startling announcement in the same paper which said that "Mr. Shattuck's wonderful find" had been claimed by a Miss Foster of Worcester; and it twitted the constable sarcastically about his "infallible knowledge of Northboro's early history."

I told the entire story to my delighted school chums, and soon it was a cause for chuckling and laughter all over town.

Two weeks later the snow had disappeared, and Mr. Shattuck, spotless in his new uniform and adorned with his badge and a pair of white gloves, had

stationed himself in the middle of the state road "to direct the traffic." As father and I drew near on our way for grain, Mr. Shattuck stopped to talk to fellow-gossips. When he saw us, he spoke to father; and glared at me. He knew I had spread the true story of the comb.

Suddenly a brilliant thought struck me. I pointed to an arrow sign nailed to one of the elm trees, which read:

HOPE ADAMS
Killed by Indians—1763
2 Mi.

and yelled at Mr. Shattuck, "How are the Indians, Mr. Shattuck?" Then I ha-ha-ha'd at him with more noise than humor, and found echo in the group near the fountain.

"Ha! Ha!" someone roared, "That's one on you, Charlie!" but "Charlie" did not reply. His dignity was shattered.

Laughter is a peculiar thing; when I sit on the post office's steps now, Mr. Shattuck passes me with his usual glare, but does not stoop to send me on my way "quick."

Bonus, bona, bonum; boni, bonae, boni,
And so the bloomin' Latin goes thruout
eternity.
It certainly gets on our nerves, as thru
the school we go
To hear but 'cusative in "um" and abla-
tive in "o".

And then again we strike a part that's
awful hard for us
And to solve the mystery therein—it
can't be done by us.
So when next day we enter school, in
mind an awful mess,
Answer me correctly now—Do we get
called on?—"Yes!"

Each day we go into the class to get our
daily plum,
And each day we come out of there,
feelin' kind o' glum.
We study all the night, by heck, to try
to get an A
But when we get in school next day, do
we get called on?—"Nay!"

And so the weary work goes on—goes on
and on and on
While we poor little shrimps in school
have almost crazy gone;
But when the last day finally comes and
we say "Good-bye school"
Believe me boys, we'll gladly say, "We've
finally reached our goal."

Aubrey Tuttle Hatch '21

Initiation Stuff

D. R. Gates '21

The night had fallen damp and dismal over the little town of Deptford and the black gloom, shutting down like a close, suffocating shroud, had blotted out the high outlines of the buildings, seeming to settle in dusky pools of black in all the nooks and byways of the village. Overhead, the moon and stars were hidden by scudding banks of clouds, for with the coming of darkness there had risen a boisterous, blustering wind, which now swooped around the corners and drove lustily along the streets. It tugged at the legs of belated wayfarers, seeming to try to raise them aloft, as it caught up and whirled away the eddying leaves. No light showed in all the village except where the creaking street lamps swayed back and forth in the gale, causing weirdly dancing shadows to flicker across the walls of the dwellings. Withal, it was a night for honest folk to be safe indoors and one to encourage and further dark deeds.

Perchance, then, had you sharp eyes, you would have perceived two dark forms which scurried past the circle of radiance cast by a lamp and were swallowed up in the gloom beyond. Their gait was hurried and they shunned the light. Theirs was a hunted and stealthy air and ever and anon they peered furtively behind as if to assure themselves that they were not being followed.

Now, gentle readers, if you have made up your mind to a tale of bloodshed and murder, of slaughter and of sudden

death, you must needs be disappointed. These two skulking shadows were not vicious and hardened miscreants bent on some dastardly crime, they were merely two cringing and forlorn freshmen from the college on the outskirts of the town.

For be it known that Martin Bratcher and Phil McCune were undergoing the process of initiation to the Skull and Bones fraternity and that the council of this worthy organization had decreed that for their task, they must remove from a certain hen roost at the far end of the village a few of its feathered occupants. As a proof that they had accomplished their mission, they were to present their plunder at the fraternity house that night.

These two boys were great friends, for together they had come from the same town to the college. So, now, they took mutual comfort in each other's presence as, indeed, it is said that misery loves company. They had long debated as to what they should do for, although their quest seemed criminal, yet they feared that by disobeying the decree of the fraternity, they would be denied admittance to that select body. In the end, therefore, they had decided to comply and, though deeming themselves little better than chicken thieves, they had set out and were making their way through the village to rob an unknown man of his hens.

As they went, stepping softly and starting guiltily at each sound, they considered the best means of attack.

"I say, Martin," said Phil, "one of us must enter the roost and pass out the birds to the other." "Well, what of it?" queried Martin suspiciously. "Why, just this," was the reply, "you are the very one to go in, because"— "Not a chance," interrupted Martin shortly—"because you have such a charm with birds and animals. Don't you notice how they always take to you?" "That's all right but I will not go into that roost. Why don't you?" "What, I?" "Yes, you're the smaller and if we should be surprised, you would be harder to find in the dark." There came only a disgusted grunt from his companion. After a short silence Martin said "After all I might as well be the goat and do as you say. You know the fellows said that there was absolutely no danger." "That's right," assented the other, "but see, isn't that the place?"

The house with the hen roost in back stood at the edge of a large meadow, through which coursed a fair-sized brook. Skirting the darkened dwelling, the boys approached their goal and, after a whispered conversation, began their work. Already two drowsy birds had been handed forth when the silence was broken by a vicious shout followed by a shot which seemed to the two culprits like the discharge of a cannon. For one long moment they stood rooted to the spot, frozen with terror, while the hens fled squawking into the darkness. Then, shaking off their apathy, they turned in mad and headlong flight. Theirs was no thought of direction. One overwhelming desire only possessed them and that was to put as much ground between them and destruction as possible. On they raced over the uneven ground of the meadow, now and then falling, but ever struggling to their feet and continuing their breakneck speed. Nor do I think they would ever have stopped, had not Nature interposed a barrier.

For suddenly, the speeding couple disappeared with a great splash, followed by much thrashing and floundering.

Brought somewhat to their senses by this sudden ducking, they crawled from the brook and set out in all haste for the college and safety. They reached this haven unmolested and, keeping to the shadows, sought the fraternity house with their tale of woe.

Here, on entering, they beheld a great crowd of students, lounging about a crackling fire, and at their appearance a mighty roar of laughter rose, for they were, indeed, sorry-looking figures. Their coats were wet and clinging and their bagging trousers flapped dismally about their ankles, while their shoes gave forth marshy sounds as they walked. They were in no mood to join in the merriment of the assembly and, even yet very much shaken, they babbled forth the story of their misfortunes while the mirth of the gathering grew ever more pronounced. When they arrived at the end of their hairbreadth escape from death, the increasing joy grew uncontrollable and once again a shout of laughter burst forth.

At this the chosen spokesman, seeing how they gazed on the gathering with indignation and surprise at the reception accorded their story, smilingly arose and addressed them after this fashion:

"Comrades! We, the fraternity, wish to commend you for your heroic endeavor and recognize the courageous spirit with which you set forth in the execution of your high and noble resolve. Although you did not bring back the bacon, nevertheless we credit you with having exhibited a spirit of due obedience to the mandates of your all-wise superiors, who sent you forth on your perilous quest. Know, then, that though you are expecting and doubtless deserve a visit from the town sheriff and immediate incarceration in

the local Sing-Sing as plain ordinary hen thieves, yet that fate will be happily averted, for I hereby introduce you to our esteemed brother Mr. Faulkner,

whose hen roost you sought to pilfer and whose hand fired the shot that sent you hastening to your Water-Loo."

D. R. Gates

Spring

By A. George McGovern '22

The warm, lazy breezes are laden with the fragrance of the apple and pear blooms. How beautiful they are, those myriad pink and white blossoms, whose delicate petals are stolen by the air! Too, they are being robbed of their sweetness by that busy thief, the bee, who buzzes remorselessly to their very hearts.

Beneath the trees, a robin has paused on a rock, and now pours forth his song to the little calf near him, who is kicking up his heels with the very joy of living. At the edge of the woods, a bluebird can be seen flitting silently among the trees which, clad in robes of the freshest green, reach to meet the smiling blue of the sky.

Farther off, in the forest that borders the old corn field, a flock of noisy, restless crows are waiting their opportunity to feed upon the yellow grains that are being planted, for they know that "the leaves of the oak are as large as rats' ears." Even the cows, grazing near-by, raise their heads with curiosity, and look at the planters.

From the distant barnyard comes the shrill answering bleat of a calf sniffing at a pair of cocks who, with lowered heads and half-spread wings, hop over each other with foolish vindictiveness.

Smiling knowingly and lovingly upon all these children, Mother Spring passes on to caress the bobbing violets that have made the meadows splendid with their beauty, so that the brook gurgles and laughs as he passes.



A Snap-Shot

By James A. S. Callanan '21

She was very discontented. She had counted on this supreme moment for more than three weeks—and it had come at last. She couldn't avoid being unhappy—who could when one was compelled to reject a man one was desirous of marrying with all one's heart? If only she had never gone to Madame's fortune-telling parlors; now it was too late, the die had been cast—she couldn't change the course of the stars. Thus, she contemplated.

Eventually, she came to herself and suddenly realized that this was one of THE moments of a girl's life. A good-looking, clean-cut, young man was sitting beside her in a hammock, pressing her hand. He was pouring forth a splendid flood of oratory (incidentally, he had carefully memorized it beforehand) as to why she should marry him. Appreciating the fact that actions speak louder than words, he seized her in his arms and exclaimed passionately, "Won't you marry me?"

Releasing herself rather reluctantly, she smoothed her locks and, sighing deeply, whispered (for you know talking isn't absolutely necessary between two persons when the person of the first part is sitting on the knees of the person of the second part and her head rests on his shoulder so that he inhales a blonde

curl every time he breathes), "No, I can never, never marry you."

"Why not? I can dance, play golf fairly well and I'm positive dad will buy us an automobile and supply us with tires. What's the matter? Don't you love me?"

"Ye-es, but I can never, never marry you."

"Why?"

"Because."

"Because why? Doggone it, give me the reason or I'll go into the garden and cast myself to the goldfishes."

She looked at him adoringly and wondered if he would actually spoil those lovely white flannels. Then she cooed, "I can't marry you because the fates forbid it. Madame says my stars clash with yours and it would mean unhappiness for both of us. You are light and the stars tell me I must marry a dark romantic-looking man."

* * * * *

Get some more pep into that scene Stuart, you act as if you are dead. It would have done ten years ago but it won't go now. Movies have changed and you've got to show the goods. We'll take the scene again and be sure you do it right. Let's go!"

"Camera?"

"Shoot!"





VOLUME XL. No. 7.

APRIL, 1921

ISSUED MONTHLY

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P. FLYNN.....	CLASS III EDITOR

Character

George Eliot said, "Children may be strangled, but deeds never; they have an indestructible life both in and out of our consciousness." Thus every act we do or word we speak, as well as every act we see or word we hear, keeps with it an influence which extends not only over our whole life but makes itself felt by our associates. A life well spent, a spotless reputation, and an upright character are no small things for one to leave. No doubt most of us would like to be able to say, as Pope did, "I think it enough that my parents, such as they were, never cost me a blush, and that their son, such as he is, never cost them a tear." The crown and glory of life is character. It is the noblest thing a man can possess. Men of good character are in demand everywhere. Men of

good character are, in every well-governed nation, the most important and the ruling faction. The strength, industry and civilization of a country depend on the character of somebody. Honesty in word and deed is the backbone of a fine character. Be what you seem. There are many fakers as regards character, but the genuine article is not easily mistaken. A true gentleman is one whose character is fashioned after the best models. The qualities of a true gentleman do not depend on style and manners but on moral worth; he must be a man of character, true in his word, chaste in his life, just in his dealings, chivalrous, industrious, and cheerful. He who possesses all of these qualities carries with him a power which is irresistible. Do you possess these?

Cross Currents in Europe

The Versailles treaty, which every book and article I have read has called a tremendous blunder, has demanded that Germany hand over nearly all her ships of every class, more coal each year than she can possibly give and keep her industries alive, and about three-fourths of all her iron ore each year—besides an indemnity of money.

It has been admitted by all that Germany, in the condition in which she now is, can not pay.

Lloyd George, directing England's policy, wishes to help Germany recover her former prosperity, and then force her to pay the limit; but how can she recover, burdened as she is by these indemnities? "Aye, there's the rub."

"France fears a thriving Germany," said a lecturer whom I heard recently. "She sees in Germany an ever-present danger, threatening, as always, to overwhelm her." France has proposed to

establish a "string of small, catholic states from the Baltic to the Euxine," rather than exist beside Germany—although the indemnities are attractive and she needs them.

That would break up the economic center of Europe, Germany, and how long would it take France to shift that center to her own cities, as she wishes? "Upon the prosperity of Germany depends the prosperity of Europe," said the Englishman Keynes in his "Economic Consequences of the Peace."

"It looks at present," continued the above-mentioned lecturer, "as though the policy of England would prevail. England is still the most powerful nation in Europe, and her policy carries great weight. France is hardly in a position to argue." Which policy will prevail can only be guessed at, but "there's history in the making."

A. George McGovern '22

The Irony of Fate was disclosed in the story of a man who tried to escape a trolley car and automobile, and was run over by a hearse.

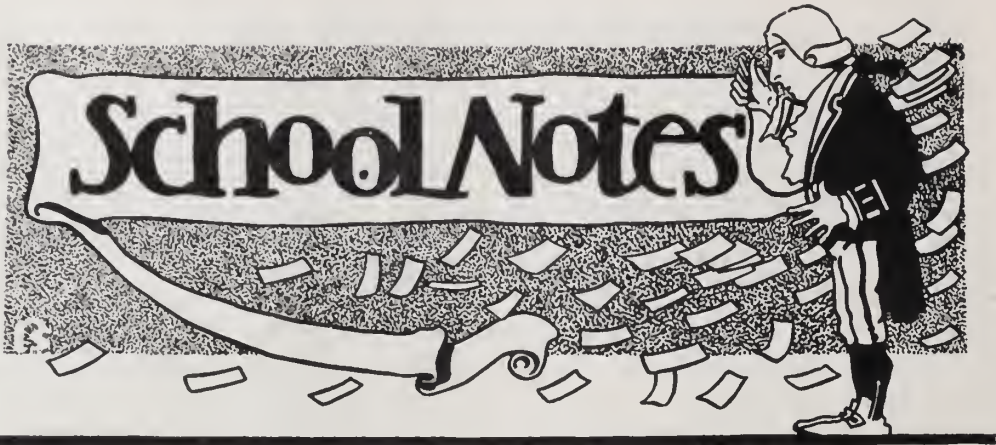
The street car was crowded but little Willie had a seat to himself. When the conductor came around, he said to his mother, she must either take Willie on her lap or pay for him. Willie, who had heard him, looked across the car at his sister and her beau and said: "I don't like sitting on your lap; let sister sit on Mr. Susan's lap. I saw them practicing it last night."

"My first patient called on me today," said the young doctor. "He's rich too."

"Congratulations!" replied the elderly doctor. "What was the matter with him?"

"Nothing, I couldn't find a thing wrong with him."

"Ah! my boy, you still have a great deal to learn about your profession."



The Register gratefully acknowledges the words of praise in favor of the Annual Alumni number, appearing recently in the Boston Globe. We consider the dedication to our Headmaster but a small token of our esteem for him and thank the Globe for printing it and the other good things they said about us.

* * * *

Edward L. Lane and Everett H. Lane, who graduated from Latin School last year, recently won the fencing championship at Harvard.

* * * *

Among the holders of Scholarships in Harvard College for the year 1920-1921, we find the following Latin school boys:

GROUP I

(Very high academic distinction)

Karl Watson Baker '19 Slade
Harry Levy '17 John Harvard
Edward Roberts '18 Price Greenleaf

GROUP II

(marked excellence)

Carl Arthur Benander '17
Richard Manning Hodges
William Abbott Hefler '17
Harvard College
Joseph Kruger '18 Price Greenleaf
Benjamin Arthur Trustman '18
Bowditch

GROUP III

Samuel Abrams '19 Sever
Vincent Immanuel Benander '19 Story
Arthur Berlin '19 Borden
Max Davis '18

Clement Harlow Condell
Robert Bulman Drummey '17

C. L. Jones
Harry Freeman '20

Harvard Club of Boston
Eugene Chellis Glover '20

N. E. Federation of Harvard Clubs
Arthur Edward Hurwitch '18 Bassett
Philip Francis Kenney '19 C. L. Jones
William Joseph Reycroft '20

Harvard Club of Boston
Joseph Schneider '20 Boston Newsboys'
Richard Oscar Spero '17 Bright
David Stearn '18 William Royal Tyler

* * * *

Among the eight scholars of the first rank for the first term at Yale College is Josiah T. Phinney of the Latin School class of '18, the only Latin School graduate now at Yale. His general average was at least 90 or over.

* * * *

Mr. Stacey B. Southworth, until last year connected with our faculty, now Head Master of Thayer Academy, was recently appointed to the Committee of Relations with Secondary

Schools at the meeting of the New England Federation of Harvard Clubs. Henry M. Williams '81 was appointed to the Committee on the Nomination of Overseers.

* * * *

Isidore A. Wyner '09 was recently married to Miss Amelia Murl Green, of St. John, N. B., at the Copley Plaza Hotel.

* * * *

The original manuscript of "America," written by Samuel Francis Smith '25, was recently put on exhibition in the Treasure Room of the Widener Library. In the same case with "America" is the original of Longfellow's "Excelsior" written on the back of a letter from Wendell Philips '27. There are many other original manuscripts on view: Dickens' "The Uncommercial Traveller," and the "Roundabout Papers," written by Thackeray.

Four decorations given to President Eliot '49, by foreign governments are also displayed: The Order of the Crown of Italy; the Medal of an Officer of the Legion of Honor of France; the Grand Cross of the Order of the Crown of Prussia; and the Imperial Order of the Rising Sun.

* * * *

An interesting editorial appeared in the "Boston Transcript" of March 19, 1921, written by Captain Thomas G. Frothingham '83, entitled "Saving the American Horse." It concerns the good work being done by the Army Remount Service.

* * * *

The first day of spring found the school regiment drilling on Warren Avenue. This is perhaps the earliest date that the Captains have had to drill outside for years.



Cronin—"I have an uncle who makes big money from his pen."

McCabe—"That so? There are not many writers who can make a decent living from their pens."

Cronin—"But he isn't a writer. He raises pigs."

* * * *

Caffrey—"Do you know any good jokes?"

Donovan—"Plenty."

Caffrey—"Name one."

Donovan—"Your face."

"My dear sir," said the salesman courteously, as he handed the customer his package and no change, "you will find that your suit will wear like iron."

And sure enough it did. The man hadn't worn it two months when it began to look rusty.

* * * *

Honey: "I took a run up to my old home town the other day."

Bunch: "Is that so? How did you find the place?"

Honey: "Oh! I knew where it was."

Senior: "By jove, that test taxed my guessing ability."



Following a week's vacation which was endured by the whole school (I cannot say enjoyed because there was too much snow for that), our track team defeated Mechanic Arts, 158-62. It was an uninteresting meet because of the superiority of the Latin School runners.

Hill, because of illness, was unable to run the 1000. Latin took all four places, however, in a slow race, which was won by Parkinson.

Captain Hull, in Glickman's absence, won the senior 600-yards in decisive fashion in fast time. This further goes to show his versatility in track sports. Watson also ran well. Crosby won the 300 in an easy manner, with Sullivan also running in fine form. Gilson and Sullivan placed in the dash, which was won by Raynor of Mechanic Arts.

Jacobs won the intermediate 600-yards again, running away from his field, which action seems to have become a habit with him.

Kennedy, as usual, won his beautiful race well ahead of his field.

Hagerty placed in the intermediate dash. Nolan ran the 160-yards in record time with Dwyer following him closely. Nolan is a wonderful little running machine, and it is always a treat to watch him. McDermott, as usual, won the junior dash together with

the shot-put. Gilson won the senior high-jump, Kennedy the intermediate high, and Shapiro the junior high. All jumped well.

Raynor of Mechanic Arts won the senior broad-jump with Doherty of Latin second. Gordon and O'Brien placed in the intermediate broad and Nolan in the junior broad. Myers placed in the senior shot-put. Elton won the intermediate shot-put with Jacobs second. McDermott won the junior shot-put.

Paul Myron won the senior hurdles in a fast race.

* * * *

Although English High finally defeated us by virtue of her overwhelming strength in the field events by the score of $122\frac{2}{3}$ — $97\frac{1}{3}$, Latin School first demonstrated her superiority in the running events, which were held at the East Armory, Wednesday, March 9, by 63-58. The meet was a typical Latin-English contest. No matter what branch of sport is concerned, these two old rivals always on this occasion outdo themselves. It was nip and tuck all the way with first one team leading and then another. The rival cheering sections shouted themselves hoarse, Latin School retaining just enough voice to cheer Crosby as he won the 300.

Captain Hull started things when he

won the senior hurdles, closely followed by Myron. O'Brien duplicated in the intermediate hurdles, easily defeating Lynch of English.

The 1000 was a wonderful race between Kirley of English and Hill. Considering his condition, Hill gave a game exhibition. Taking the lead at the start, he set out at a fast pace, closely followed by Kirley. Kirley passed him on the straightaway on the second lap, but Hill regained the lead again on the third lap. Kirley started out to regain the lead on the second last corner of the fourth lap but Hill here started to sprint and maintained the lead. His condition began to tell on him now, his stride weakening considerably so that Kirley passed him. On the last corner Hill lost his stride altogether and Kirley won the race. All agreed it was a wonderful exhibition.

Jacobs showed his heels to McCafferty of English, the holder of the schoolboy intermediate 600 record, made at the State Meet, in a well-run race in very fast time.

Peirce was the surprise of the day when running for the first time this year. He set out and beat Manian of English, the favorite because of Glickman's absence, in exceptionally fast time. Peirce beat Manion on the backstretch to the finish in a wonderful spurt. Crosby won the 300-yards easily over Flahive of English. His win was the deciding feature of the meet. Kennedy won the 220-yards in fast time over Goldberg of English, who offered him competition at the start which made him hustle.

Gilson and Sullivan placed in the senior dash which was won by Miller of English. English took all four places in the intermediate dash while McDermott won the junior dash. Doherty managed to place third only in the

senior broad-jump. Gordon duplicated in the intermediate broad and Nolan likewise in the junior broad. Gilson placed second in senior high-jump with Hull third, and Burke tied for fourth. Kennedy as usual won the intermediate high-jump with Treanor tied for third. Shapiro placed second in the junior high-jump with Dunn fourth. Myers won second place in the senior shot-put. Elton, second, and Jacobs third, in the intermediate shot-put; and McDermott second, and Dwyer third, in the junior division.

* * * * *

Special mention should be made of the work of Kennedy, who has won the intermediate high-jump and 220-yards in all four dual meets this year for a total of forty points. As clean and as fair an athlete as ever donned a Latin School track suit, he is one of the most popular fellows in the school.

* * * * *

BASEBALL

With football a thing of the past, and track at an end, baseball, as the third major sport, is claiming its due. Mr. O'Brien has hopes for a good season although we have lost through graduation such stars as Campbell, first baseman; Ryan, second baseman; Malley, shortstop; Phinney, pitcher; Collins, outfielder; Koplów, outfielder; Gorman, third base; Burns, pitcher, and Colton, pitcher. We are also without the services of Cronin, our pitching star of last year, who has suffered from sickness and has not as yet returned to school. We have as nucleus of a team such veterans as O'Neal, the captain, already a three letter man, a catcher of the first rank; Samuels, catcher and outfielder; Doherty, outfielder; Robinson, outfielder; Myron, third baseman; Kane, shortstop; Brooker, pitcher; Glickman, pitcher; McDermott, pitcher;

and Hull, outfielder. These fellows are all good players and should make a formidable team.

Mr. O'Brien called a meeting for all candidates for pitcher and catcher in Room 15, Wednesday, March 16. Many boys reported and received instructions from Mr. O'Brien. Those who are most likely candidates for pitchers are: Lyons, Dalton, Collins, Kalodny, Norton, Harris, and Crosby. Those out for catcher are: Mahoney, Halleran, Jacobs, Samuels, O'Neal, Sullivan, Learson, and Taft. Other candidates who should show up well are K. Hill, outfielder; A. C. C. Hill, Jr., infielder; and J. Doherty, first base.

Everybody is urged to come out and join in this sport. Some fellows cannot play football, some cannot run, but who is there who doesn't play base-

ball? It is a game in which all have an equal chance. The team will play on the average of three games a week so that candidates will all have a good chance, much better than in football, where a game a week or maybe once in two weeks, is played.

* * * *

A. C. C. Hill, Jr., is manager of the baseball team and has arranged an excellent schedule.

* * * * *

P. Norton, coverpoint of this year's seven, has been elected Captain of the hockey team for next year. He is a very steady player on both the offense and the defense. We hope he will be able to lead a team which will do as well as this year's team has done.



"Miss Fish claims that her face is her fortune."

"Well, let her not worry; no one will marry her for her wealth."

* * * *

"Be sure and get the right tooth, doctor."

"Don't worry. I'll get it if I have to pull out every tooth in your head."

You young rascal, what are you doing up my apple tree?

Howdy, sir, I'm frightening away the birds, they're such awful thieves.

* * * *

He (as the team goes by): "Look! There goes Ruggles, the halfback. He'll soon be our best man."

She: "Oh, Jack! This is so sudden."

LATIN SCHOOL

Friend: "I suppose the baby is fond of you?"

Papa: "Fond of me? Why, he sleeps all day when I'm not at home, and stays up all night just to enjoy my society."

* * * *

Wentworth—I don't believe there is any sugar in this cocoa.

Smith—I suppose a little birdie told you that.

Wentworth—Yes, a swallow.

* * * *

Senior—"You told u
Master—"I'm asha
what you've done;
record by rememberin

* * *

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen
The saddest are these
I've flunked again."

* * * *

"Sleep is one of the greatest luxuries."
"For heaven's sake, don't say that or they'll tax it."

* * * *

She: "I want you to see my piano the next time you call."

He: "When do you expect to get it?"

She: "Oh, in about six months."

* * * *

Aviator: "Here, take this chicken away."

Waiter: "What's the matter with it, sir?"

Aviator: "It's all wings and machinery."

* * * *

Fendall (reciting English theme)—"A squirrel makes his home in a tall, oak, pine tree."

THE NATIONAL GAME IN MEXICO

"Pedro! You're two hours late for dinner."

"Yes, Chiquita! But the revolution today wasn't called till 3.30, and the score was 0 to 0 up to the eleventh battle, and I just had to stay and see who won."

* * * *

"And we'll grow old together dearest."

Voice from head of stairs: "Well, you don't have to do it down there, do you?"

* * * *

A quartette is where all four think the other three can't sing.

* * * *

"The doctor felt the patient's pulse and declared that there was no hope."

L REGISTER

French chauffeur (to a deaf man on a Maine road): "Can you tell me sare, vare I gat some of ze gasoline?"

Farmer (with his hand to his ear): "Hey?"

French chauffeur: "Non, non, non, not ze hay, ze gasolin. Ziss iss a motor car, not a horse."

* * * *

Musk—"Can you tell me what's good for a stiff neck?"

Smith—"Soap and water."

* * * *

He—I see that a couple got married in an aeroplane yesterday.

She—If I couldn't catch him any other awy, I'd remain single.

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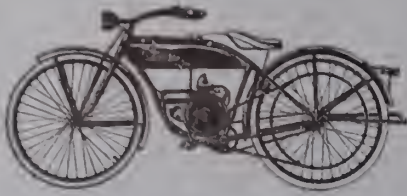
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