

THE CLARION

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Boston, Massachusetts

MARCH, 1917

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THE CLARION

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March, 1917

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A Race for Life.

Anyone is at liberty to doubt this story, but please remember that although you may disbelieve it, that does not indicate that the author is a member of the Ananias Club. As for myself, I do not say whether it is true or not. It all depends upon your credulity. I am neutral.

Many queer birds, beasts and reptiles live in our Rocky Mountains, and one of the queerest of the latter is the hoop-snake. You have, no doubt, heard of it. When angered, or when desirous of changing its location, it merely takes its tail in its mouth, finds a convenient place, and starts rolling. Momentum keeps it going. I once had the pleasure of encountering one of these most interesting of reptiles.

During the camping season a party, myself included, were camping in the Rockies, and one morning the conversation turned to the subject of snakes. One of the gentlemen of the party, an expert on that subject, began to tell some very interesting stories and he happened to mention a hoop-snake.

"What is that?" he was asked.

"Why, it's just what the name implies. When excited it takes its tail in its mouth and rolls. When brought to bay it fights—and strikes."

We all shivered deliciously and expressed the hope that we might not meet one. Nevertheless,—but wait!

That afternoon, by unanimous vote, I was elected to take my rifle and try to shoot a few squirrels for supper. (In the West all girls can use a gun as well as boys.) I went, but somehow I couldn't seem to raise even the flip of a bushy tail, and finally I struck the open road. As I walked along, engaged in more or less elevating and entertaining thoughts, I heard

a snap. A squirrel! I glanced upwards, sideways—and behind. There, coming at a speed of sixty miles an hour, or so it seemed to me, was what I knew unquestionably to be a hoop-snake! For a moment I gazed, stupified, then turned and ran. I found that my rifle bothered me, so I threw it aside. Once I looked behind, and at the sight of that gray hoop coming down the road I faced front and did not turn again. As I ran I tried to figure out my chances. Taking into consideration the fact that rolling friction is much less than other kinds I wondered if a person running, when his feet seemed to weigh tons, had any chance against a rolling snake which did not have to put forth any energy at all. I found the prospect so hopeless that I ceased to think about anything, except how fast I could run. And the snake came on. I knew it was coming. I was sure of it.

Suddenly ahead of me arose a great gray rock. I thought I saw a ray of hope, (figuratively speaking) in that rock. I reached it, and dashed around it and to one side, and up a little hill. I entertained the vague idea that the snake, in its mad rush, would strike the rock just right and dash its brains out. From my vantage point I watched the oncoming reptile. I saw it strike the rock, bound high in the air, and fall quivering, still in the shape of a hoop, to the ground. Five minutes I waited; ten, before I judged it safe to approach. Picking up a long stick I advanced cautiously until within about eight feet of the inert form. Gently I prodded it; it didn't move. Growing bolder I went up quite close and examined it. Somehow it didn't look like a snake. Then I gasped—it wasn't!

I blush to tell it, but that thing was nothing more nor less than a bicycle tire!

Slowly and thoughtfully I started for home; that is, for the camp. I wondered where I had left my gun. I had plenty of time to think of what I might have done. That's what we all do after everything is all over. I might have shot it. I might have avoided it by *trying* to climb a tree.

Well, I got to camp somehow, sometime.

I am still wondering how that bicycle tire came to be careering along the road by itself. I leave it to you; think it out for yourself. This is the first time I have ever told the story. Please don't come around and ask detailed questions which might prove embarrassing. I have no time, and, as I said before, I am neutral.

FRANCIS M. SMALL, '18.

A Show Window.

I'm going to wander a little from my title, inasmuch as I shall substitute the words "general store" for the word "shop." Any of us may walk idly up and down Boston's streets and gaze to our heart's content at displays of gowns, millinery, hosiery, and other dry goods in one window, and at toys and games in another, at hardware in still a third. But a country general store has "put it over" on a city store because it has managed to display all these things in one window, so that its patron is spared the exertion of moving from one to another.

In my country store, which is also the post office, one may buy anything from a paper of pins to a circus tent. In the window, salt codfish and smoked herring rudely jostle flaxen haired dolls, while gaudy posters of "Dr. Bliss' Corn Salve" looks scornfully at the less vivid but no less startling announcement that "Professor Curen's World Renowned Linament" is good for any of the ills of man or beast, including which are, bone spavins, toothache, cancer, glanders, consumption, gout, heaves, shooting pains, kidney trouble, headache, lameness, infantile paralysis, and sundry other troubles too numerous to mention here. Next to the dust-coated samples of crockery stand half a dozen

"Little Wonder" phonograph records. Over in another corner a set of Shakespeare stands haughtily beside a box containing garden seeds. A full set of tools lean stiffly against the background and an open bag of Bowker's fertilizer adds odor if not color to the scene.

In what space remains, the store-keeper has tucked in groceries and dry goods, while last but not least there is the familiar poster of Sharpless Cream Separator, which I think must be the one used by our milkman because his separator works with such marked success that never yet, in spite of careful and minute searching have we ever been able to discover the faintest trace of cream in the milk.

If, after gazing through the window at the somewhat fly-specked and dirty articles there displayed, your curiosity bids you enter, do so slowly, I beg of you. Because the odor of salt pork, molasses, fertilizer, oil-skin suits, tarred paper, rubber boots slowly melting on the red hot stove, while their occupants spit with uncanny precision, gained by long and studious practice, at the partly open lower draft, and when above all this the faint aroma of skunk, from the rabbit hound asleep in the corner, adds its charm to the other smells, a person of a very acute or critical sense

of smell might be forced to leave hastily. Once inside, however, you are surprised to find that milk and souvenir post cards are carried as side lines.

The establishment is not only a post office but also a mill and feed store, a drug store, a butcher shop and an agency for laundry. Crowning all this is a newly installed soda fountain which now, on ac-

count of its being winter, is beautifully and surprisingly draped with pink mosquito netting.

After careful inspection, I believe that you will agree with me that Jordan Marsh, R. H. White, and Wm. Filene are mere novices when it comes to carrying a full line of goods.

GEORGE E. LIBBY, '17.

Sights and Sites.

West Roxbury originally embraced Jamaica Plain and Pond, Bussey Farm, Canterbury, Roslindale, and Clarendon Hills, Muddy Pond, West Roxbury village, and Spring Street (as named for its springy characteristics), Corr Island and Brook Farm. Muddy Pond Hill, the highest elevation in Boston, has been rechristened Mount Bellevue. Benjamin Bussey, at his death in 1842, bequeathed his valuable property of more than three hundred acres to Harvard University for the establishment of a seminary for "instruction in practical agriculture, useful and ornamental gardening, botany, and such other branches of natural science as may tend to promote a knowledge of practical agriculture and of various arts subservient thereto and connected therewith." One-half the net income was to be applied to maintain the institution, the residue to be equally divided between the Divinity and Law Schools of the University.

The Bussey Institute is established at Forest Hills as a scientific school. Owing to changed conditions and the placing of an agricultural college at Amherst by the state, the practical farming part of the Bussey estate was discontinued, and within a few years the remnants were sold by

special act of legislature, and it is now being rapidly covered with houses.

The Arnold Arboretum, named for Mr. Arnold, who contributed money for the purpose, is the tree garden developed under Professor Sargent, and is the finest in the world of its kind.

Harvard University has this as part of its system, but has arranged with the Park Department of Boston so that the public may use it as a part of the Boston park system, in return for which the city keeps the roads in good repair. The hill in the Arboretum is historically interesting as being planned as a rendezvous for the soldiers in case of defeat in Siege of Boston during the Revolution.

On Centre Street, near South, in West Roxbury, is the site of the meeting house of the Second Parish. This church was erected in 1773, and is famous as being the scene of Theodore Parker's early ministerial labors. He lived in the house at the corner of Cottage Street, and writes as follows: "Well and cleverly am I settled. Our neighbors are pleasant. There are about a hundred worshippers in the church. We have a very pleasant house and garden, men-servants and maidens, a cow, a horse, and a pig."

Mr. Parker often walked to Brook

Farm, then at its trial stage, to call on his friends, Ripley, Channing, and others. After his removal to Boston, he spent his summer vacations in this beloved home in West Roxbury.

Surely no education is complete without a little knowledge of Brook Farm. This tract of two hundred acres was between Baker Street and the Charles River. It was purchased by George Ripley and others in 1841. These associated themselves together as the Brook Farm Institute, and were afterwards incorporated as "The Brook Farm Phalanx."

The Brook Farm experiment, though a failure, was a noble aspiration. It was an effort for practical co-operation, and it numbered among its members many persons of culture, since very celebrated. There were Ripley, Thoreau, Curtis, Dana, Mrs. Diaz, W. H. Channing, W. F. Dwight, and Hawthorne, who has written most entertainingly of the experiment

in his "Blithedale Romance." The heroine of this has been erroneously supposed to be Margaret Fuller, who lived near Forest Hills Station. Bussey Woods was her favorite retreat, and gave her many of the ideas which made her such a remarkable woman. Hawthorne writes about Brook Farm: "It is a beautiful place. The scenery is of a mild and placid character, with nothing bold in its aspect, but I think its beauties will grow upon us and make us love it. I could not have believed there was such seclusion at so short a distance to a great city."

After these famous men and women vacated Brook Farm it became the poor farm of the City of Roxbury. In 1861 Rev. James Freeman Clark gave the use of the farm as a recruiting ground for the Second Massachusetts Regiment. Now it is owned and used by the Lutheran Society as an orphans' home.

The Solution.

(In Two Parts)

PART I.

The street before the Roxton City bank was blocked with anxious-faced people. From time to time some of the bolder spirits hammered at its great locked doors.

The barred door and closely shuttered windows of the bank presented a grim aspect. It portended some disaster which the crowd vaguely felt. Suddenly the attention of the people was diverted. An auto stopped at the curb, and a gentleman, pale and wan, stepped out. He was quickly recognized as the president of the bank, a man of infallible integrity and honor. An expectant hush greeted him as he turned toward the closely packed mass.

"The bank has been robbed of forty thousand dollars. It occurred sometime last night. I wish you to go to your homes. The thief will be discovered." The president turned and, stepping into the auto, was driven away.

* * * * *

Seated in the office of President Lesson of the Roxton City Bank were three grave men. One wore the frank, open countenance of the worried president; the second was the honest cashier, the white-haired Newton, who had been with the bank for thirty years. The last had black, piercing eyes, a nervous manner, and a way of staring fixedly at a person, seeming to

bore him through with the concentration of his gaze. He was James Moreland, the founder of a new detective school. He believed that by the wonderful science of hypnotism crimes could be ferreted out. So Moreland had been procured by the president to solve one of the most baffling robberies in years.

"You see," began Lesson, "there is absolutely no clue to the thief. The safe, which is newly installed, is constructed of a special steel compound, and its great solid door is three feet thick. The combination is known only to the cashier, Mr. Newton, whom I trust absolutely."

"May I see the safe?" asked the detective.

In answer, the president led the way down stairs into the vaults of the bank. There they came upon the huge safe, built into the solid masonry of the wall. Its massive steel door was open, showing the rifled drawers, some hanging out just as the thief had left them.

Moreland examined the door minutely, but there was no sign of jimmy or explosive. Finger marks also were absent, the man evidently wearing gloves.

Then he turned to the old cashier. In a crisp, staccato voice he said:

"You tell me that you were working in the bank the night it was robbed?"

The cashier assented.

"Give me the exact particulars of that night."

"I was forced to work late balancing accounts," began Newton earnestly, "because we expected the U. S. Bank Inspector the following day. I worked steadily until about two o'clock in the morning, when, having finished my last account, I left the building, locking the door behind me. I went directly home to bed.

The next morning at nine we discovered the loss."

"Did you at any time feel drowsy or fall asleep?" questioned the detective closely.

"No, I did not; I am always able to keep awake when working late at the bank."

"I believe that will be all. Thank you for showing me the safe." The detective, after shaking hands with both men, quickly left the building. He went directly to his apartments, where he was wont to sit alone hour after hour, in company with his pipe, in silent meditation.

The shadows lengthened and soon the short, wintry day was over, but still the silent figure sat motionless. As midnight slowly boomed from a church steeple, the man arose and snapped on the light. Then the detective stepped to his well-furnished library and drew out a volume. He turned the pages over till he came to the faintly remembered passage.

"I have the solution," breathed Moreland softly.

(To be continued.)

SUPERSEDED.

The harp that once thro' Tara's halls

Sent forth its thrilling tone,

Neglected hangs on Tara's walls:

They've got a graphophone.

—*Magazine of Fun.*

An American lady at Stratford-on-Avon showed even more than usual American fervor. She had not recovered when she reached the railroad station, and remarked to her friend as they paced up and down the platform:

"To think that it was from this very platform that the immortal bard departed whenever he journeyed to town!"

Dear Editor:

Perhaps a little account of a trip to the desert would be of interest to you, so I will describe one I took to the ranch in the late summer.

We went to sleep in Los Angeles, setting the alarm for ten p. m., but before retiring we loaded the automobile with blankets, provisions, shot guns and ammunition. We started on time through the city, where crowds of people were still roaming the streets, and in less than an hour were in the country among the orange ranches. Then the road passed through the largest olive grove in the world, then wound up, up, up into the mountains, and all the time hundreds of jack rabbits jumped across the road in front of the head lights. In the mountains we crossed bridges and forded innumerable times a streamlet which, unlike any you can see back in New England, leaves the highlands only to sink into the earth and become an underground river.

At last, after about a four hours' journey, we reached a lake on the other side of the mountains, and spread our blankets on the shore to lie until sunrise. My, how cold it was! We had left Los Angeles in weather like early fall in Boston, but here the altitude and the wind coming from the higher snow-covered peaks to the north combined to make us shiver.

Soon, however, we were up again, lighting our fire and cooking our breakfast of flapjacks, coffee, and bacon. This finished, we rowed silently out among the bulrushes, and then—the wait.

Just as dawn was breaking came bang! bang! A moment more and a flock of eight or ten canvas-back ducks flew by. We certainly had our share of game—sprig, widgeon, and spoonbill. We watched

for a full couple of hours until we had the limit allowed by law.

Then back we went to the shore, repacked the automobile, and started down into the valley where the ranch lies. Imagine, if you can, an expanse of level land extending for miles and miles surrounded by snow-capped mountains on two sides and by lower ones on the others. This valley is twice the size of the State of Rhode Island. As far as the eye can reach you see perfectly laid out squares of green on the floor of the valley which, on your nearer approach, you find to be alfalfa fields.

In all this great plain there is not one drop of water in any natural form. Everyone who wants some to raise crops or to drink must bore a well from two hundred and fifty to seven hundred feet deep and pump it with a gasoline or electric engine.

We finally drove down into this valley and raced past miles of sage brush until we reached our ranch. Here one of the party was detailed to cook some of the ducks for dinner, while the rest of us told the news from the city and looked at the livestock. Then all ate their fill of ducks, potatoes, and corn.

Just before sunset we shot some jack rabbits to feed to the pigs and hens, and then retired to bed on the porch. If you have never gone to sleep in the open under a western desert sky, you have something to live for. Every star seems separately hung in the heavens, and you really feel as if, by stretching a very little, you could reach up and pull one down. Way off in the distance you see the headlight of the Los Angeles-San Francisco fast mail descending the heights, across the valley, and up the mountains toward Frisco.

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Editorial

Americans have always marvelled at the wonderful ability to use foreign languages which people of other countries possess. In Europe, almost everyone can use three or four tongues. To be sure, they know little grammar, but they can make themselves understood. Abroad, the people have been obliged to do this for generations, not only because of the many tourists, but also on account of trade, for the countries of Europe are so small and near together that a great deal of intercourse is necessary. They have, therefore, developed an aptitude which seems strange indeed to the English-speaking race.

And Europeans are not the only people who possess this rich gift. The inhabitants of the West Indies have it as well. This fact is illustrated by an anecdote told by Mr. B. W. Reed at one of his recent lectures:

It was his first day in a small Porto Rican high school, where he was to teach a little of everything, including Latin. Just for a start he asked a little fellow to begin to read the first book of Caesar. The boy asked whether he should do so in Latin, Spanish, or English. Thinking to make it easy for him, Mr. Reed suggested that he begin in Latin. The lad began,

first remarking that it was altogether too easy, and read with such rapidity and feeling that Mr. Reed was utterly dazed. He made some excuse to dismiss the class and betook himself to his room, where he put in some hours of good, hard study—harder than any he had ever done in school. By dint of such work, he now is able to derive a little pleasure from reading Latin, and is no longer put to shame by a little Porto Rican boy.

Hitherto in America we have been so isolated and self-supporting that we have had no occasion to follow the example of our European neighbors. We have all learned the elements of at least one language, but, as for speaking it, most of us are quite incapable of so doing. It is, however, daily becoming more necessary for us to be able to carry on our negotiations with strangers in their own tongue, and the

only way to do this is to practise! The man who will succeed in the future is he who has a useful knowledge of at least one foreign language.

“But how can I obtain the opportunity?” you may ask. The answer is, “Right here in West Roxbury.” Was not the French Club organized for this very purpose? Why not take advantage of your opportunity and help to make it a success? If you will, some other teacher may give you a similar opportunity to learn some other language, and then West Roxbury graduates would indeed be noted as fine linguists. It all rests with you, though—you must do your share, and so not only better your own chances, but also help the great movement which is slowly but surely rising in America to take pattern by others and learn to speak foreign languages.

Camps.

Last season the training camps for boys were so successful that the Association is working hard on plans to continue the good work this summer.

Two of these camps are to be held near Portland, Maine, and two at Plum Island, off New London, Connecticut. The first camp in both localities will be from June thirtieth to July twenty-eighth, and the second from August second to August thirtieth.

So far there are ten thousand boys enrolled, and if more apply than can be accommodated at these camps already planned, extra camps will be located. The boys are between the ages of fifteen and eighteen. Unfortunately, these camps are not free, but the expenses, consisting of transportation, subsistence, and uniforms (these become the property of the boys),

are covered by a fee of forty-five dollars, and this sum excludes many boys, otherwise eligible in every respect, because they or their parents have not the means to pay their way.

Parents and teachers are so much impressed with the benefits derived from these encampments that they hope some way may be found to enable every boy, whether rich or poor, to take advantage of such a training.

Although the fundamentals of military training are taught, making a soldier is not the main object of these camps. The aim is to give the boys moral, mental and physical qualities, and teach manliness and obedience to discipline. As can readily be seen, the gaining of the foregoing qualities is an education in itself for any

(Continued on page fourteen)

News and Notes

On February 12 West Roxbury assembled in the hall during the fourth period to celebrate Lincoln's Birthday. The boys honored the occasion by donning their uniforms and marching in true military style. Mr. Gallagher introduced the speaker, Colonel John E. Gilman, a past commander of the Grand Army of the Republic. His address was most interesting and much appreciated by his listeners. He belonged to the 12th Massachusetts Regiment, which was nearly annihilated during the battle of Antietam, which fight is recorded as the bloodiest of the Revolution. His anecdotes were most amusing and he held his audience spellbound during the hour by his stirring words.

The Freshman Dance.

Merriment reigned supreme at the second dance of the season held by the freshmen in the gymnasium February 8. Most of those present availed themselves of the opportunity to trip the light fantastic, and the grace and ease of motion displayed indicated that the young ladies have devoted considerable attention to this pleasurable exercise.

The costumes, as on the previous occasion, were of varied hue and invariably appropriate.

Not the least charming feature of the occasion was the grouping of the girls between dances, exchanging reminiscences and planning for the work that lies ahead.

The affair was a brilliant success, and our next dance is looked forward to with the keenest anticipation.

FRANCES B. McCARRON, '13.

There is an A. A. Dance every few weeks which is much enjoyed by those who attend, but we would suggest that these dances be advertised in advance so that more might take advantage of them.

French Club.

At a November meeting of "Le Cercle Francais," which met in Room 24, the following officers were elected:

Vera Stackpole.....*President*
Marguerite Quesnil...*Vice President*
N. Elizabeth Lyons.....*Secretary*
Winona Brooks.....*Treasurer*

Executive Committee.

George Rowen Eleanor Cowen
George Libby Dorothy Nickerson
Charles Smith Winifred Norton

Since our organization this year we have held meetings every Tuesday the 7th period. Very often these meetings are in the form of concerts, when we have vocal, violin, and piano selections, and sometimes a dialogue.

These concerts are given entirely unannounced, and some day, dear friend, if you persist in staying away, you may miss the best concert of the season.

Believe us, and come next Tuesday, the 7th period.

The West Roxbury Alumni Association, organized three years ago by Alfred Muller, '08, is constantly increasing in size and enthusiasm. On February 9 a reunion was held in the school hall, which the members of the class of '17 were invited to attend. Needless to say, they accepted, and enjoyed themselves immensely.

After a short concert, a business meeting was held, during which the officers for the coming year were elected. It was decided that the annual meeting will be held hereafter the second Friday evening in February, and that the award of a cup yearly for athletic skill is to be continued. Mr. Frank V. Thompson of the Boston School Committee gave a short account of the changes in educational ideals and the consequent changes in the high school curriculum, and Miss Adams read a message from Mr. Gallagher expressing his regret that he was not able to be present. The rest of the evening was spent in dancing. The only regret was that so few of our teachers were present, but it is hoped that next year more will be able to attend.

Major Bogan of the 9th Regiment and a member of the School Committee gave the cadets, on January 3, a very interesting talk on Camp Sanitation and Military Hygiene. He explained several preventative hygiene laws that we could easily apply to protect our health in school and at home.

Major Bogan comes from a military family. His father died on a Cuban battle-field as Colonel of the 9th Regiment. An older brother served with distinction in the Spanish War. At the Mexican border Major Bogan did valuable service. We sincerely hope he may give us another interesting talk before long.

Wanted.

West Roxbury High School pupils, young and old, big and small, to purchase a copy of THE CLARION. Price only 15 cents. Apply to your Room Treasurer.

Girls and boys to show up at the athletic dances, but not as wallflowers.

Some contributions from students at

West Roxbury—especially from room reporters.

A breeze to fan our tiny spark of school spirit into a wholesome flame.

Maybe you think it is very easy to remember the number of days in a month by reciting the rhyme beginning: "Thirty days hath September," etc., but it is far easier to do it the way French children are taught. Double up your fist and, beginning with the knuckle of the little finger, name the months in order, pointing to the little finger knuckle for January, the space between for February, the next knuckle for March, and so on until you come to July on the knuckle of the fourth finger. Then return to the little finger knuckle for August, and continue as before. Each month that comes on a knuckle has thirty-one days. Each that falls between has thirty, save February, which, of course, has twenty-eight, except in leap year. Try it and see if it isn't easy.

The senior class must enjoy its meetings, but as for parliamentary order—What do those wild shrieks of mirth mean? When the freshmen are seniors, there will be no such goings on.

EDITOR'S NOTE.

(Continued from page seven)

At last we slept until morning, and then were up with the sun. Just before breakfast four cowboys dropped in and joined us. Before returning to the city we spent an hour or two rounding up a bunch of cattle with them.

We arrived home in the afternoon, refreshed, but, oh, how homesick for the next few days for life in the open!

S. G.

Track

The track team this year is one of the most promising that West Roxbury has had for years. Our juniors and intermediates are especially strong, as the results in the dual meets show.

"Ted" Lyons, Hogan, Thompson, McDougall and "Tom" McHugh are the mainstays this season, and are strongly supported by Carmichael, Rowen, Barron, Merton, O'Donnell, Smith, Blass, Johnson and many others.

On Friday, January 5, 1917, the season opened at Curtis Hall with a victory for us over Mechanic Arts. Every first place was taken by our men, and after the first few events the issue was never in doubt. At the end of the day Mechanics found themselves with only 19½ points, compared with 89½ for West Roxbury.

The following Friday Charlestown was tucked away without any trouble, having been able to run up only 21½ points to our 120½ points. Johnson, Lyons and McHugh starred for West Roxbury and McMannus for Charlestown. The latter captured the only first place Charlestown received.

On the 26th we met East Boston and won easily. The reason for the small score was due to the fact that all the field events were eliminated. The feature of this meet was the 220-yard dash, in which Lyons of West Roxbury and Nolan of East Boston fought to a very close finish, the former winning by a scant margin.

February 2 we kept our slate clean by swamping Hyde Park, 85 to 17. The meet was contested only by the juniors and intermediates. Every first place but

one went to West Roxbury. Carmichael, Lyons and McHugh starred for West Roxbury and Fulton for Hyde Park.

The following week Brighton High was added to our list of victims, being beaten 122½ to 58½. The meet was interesting, though not close. The main feature was the 300-yard run, in which Hurly of West Roxbury managed to finish slightly ahead of his opponent, Fuller. Brighton was much disappointed in McArdle's failure to "come across" in the high jump.

On February 16 our juniors and intermediates held a dual meeting with Dorchester at Curtis Hall, which they won after a hard struggle, as the result, 68¼ to 51¾, shows. The shot-put, in which we took first, second and fourth places, was an extra feature in the intermediate division. Lyons, McDougall, and McHugh featured for West Roxbury, and Williams starred for Dorchester.

At the B. A. A. meet on Saturday, February 24, our senior relay team, consisting of McDougall, Lyons, Hurley, and O'Connell, won from East Boston and Dean Academy. At the same meet our Midgets lost to Quincy High and East Boston High.

Exchange.

The Fram, Sandusky High School; *The Tiger*, Little Rock High School; *The Coyote*, Phoenix (Arizona) High School; *The Scimitar*, Lorain High School; *Ypsi Sem*, Ypsilanti High School; *The Cardinal*, South Division High School, Milwaukee, Wis.; *Commerce Life*, High School of Commerce, Columbus, O.

Alumni Notes

Ruth H. Smith, '12, Posse, '14, is the gymnasium teacher in sixteen grammar schools in and about Seneca Castle, N. Y.

Lawrence M. Levin, '13, is at present completing his course at Harvard College. For the present year he has received a scholarship of \$250.

Emma Daisy, '16, attends Boston University evenings, and during the day does bookkeeping for the Aetna Insurance Company.

Mr. William Levin, '07, Harvard, '12, is at present an instructor at Michigan University. He secured his M. S. degree last year, and is to get his D. P. H. in June.

Mathilda Hettinger, '14, is training at the North Adams Normal School.

Marie Gebhardt, '16, is a stenographer for the Hartford Steam Boiler Company.

Annie Wetzler, '16, is a secretary for the Loyal Order of Moose.

Miss Gertrude Cohen, '12, Radcliffe, '16, is doing settlement work on Salem Street.

Mary O'Rourke, '16, is doing clerical work for the Desmond Publishing Company.

Elsie Hanson, '16, is employed as a stenographer by Cyrus Brewer & Company.

Regina Travers, '16, is doing clerical work at the Credit Clearing House.

Mildred Eaton, '16, is a stenographer at the Roslindale branch of the Hyde Park Bank.

The Misses Marie Hener, Nora Thompson, Esther Thlander, Rosa Hoffman, Gertrude Feeney, Mary Ralston and Arlene Child, all of class '16, are stenographers.

More Scared Than Hurt.

Late one winter afternoon I was sitting in my room reading a book. Suddenly my thoughts were interrupted by a piercing scream. Thoroughly frightened, I dropped my book and stood up, though I couldn't seem to move when I tried to run out of the room. Again that piercing scream sounded, starting me into action. The cry came from the next room and there I ran. On pushing open the door, I saw my sister standing on a chair, the picture of misery. She was pointing and screaming at a small creature circling about the room. The dreaded mouse! I also hopped nimbly on a chair and took up the chorus. Then I remembered that we were alone in the house, with the exception of my younger brother. Where was he? I called and called, but received no reply. What was to be done?

We stood in this predicament for a few minutes still yelling for help, when I thought I heard a noise. I listened again and heard a low snicker. The mouse had disappeared and we were just about to jump to the floor when my brother stepped from behind the door, an impish grin overspreading his face. He advanced to the middle of the room, dangling before our eyes a gray celluloid mouse, which, in the gathering twilight, we had not closely observed.

"I told you I'd get even with you for not letting me take your water pistol. Teach you not to be so selfish," he said.

My sister and I faced each other feeling rather foolish. Why hadn't we used our eyes? Since then my motto has been, "Look before you leap."

ALICE M. O'ROURKE, '20.

CAMPS.

(Continued from page nine)

boy, and very fortunate are they who can for a few weeks lay this splendid foundation for their future life.

Not only is this of value to the future man, but the training is of inestimable value to our country in securing the right type of future citizen.

The present system of education with the many electives and vocational work is founded on the idea that a pupil works only when interested, and altogether ignores the value of *duty* as a motive force. Discipline from study, therefore, is rare. Boys of the present day, though possessing as fine qualities as their parents and grand-parents, are handicapped by not having the good old-fashioned respect for authority, and the present-day boy does not like to obey unless obedience is obviously to his advantage.

These camps go far to correct these present-day ideas in the mind of a boy by giving him just what he needs at an age when he most needs it, and training him to become a good citizen of a republic founded on ideals for proper respect for law and order.

Again, these camps serve as melting pots, bringing all kinds of boys together in a common interest. Boys from the far west, middle states, south and east all work together and learn that sterling qualities of mind and heart are not confined to any one locality.

(Applications for these camps may be made at the Committee office, 42 Water Street, Boston, Mass.)

Franklin Medals.

Benjamin Franklin says: "I was put to the Grammar School at eight years of age. In not quite a year I had risen gradually

from the middle of the class to the head of it, and further was removed into the next class above it, in order to go with that into the third at the end of the year." Benjamin's father thought he could not afford to allow his son to finish, so took him from the Grammar School and sent him to a school for writing and arithmetic kept by the then famous Mr. George Brownell. Under this teacher Franklin acquired fair writing ability, but failed in arithmetic.

Thus began and ended all the regular tuition Franklin ever received, but he never forgot its benefits. In his will was this clause: "I was born in Boston, New England, and owe my first instructions in literature to the free grammar schools established there. I therefore give one hundred pounds sterling to my executors, to be by them . . . paid over to the managers or directors of the free schools in my native town of Boston to be by them . . . put out to interest, and so continue at interest forever, which interest annually shall be laid out in silver medals, and given as honorary rewards annually by the directors of the said free schools belonging to the said town, in such manner as the discretion of the selectmen of said town shall deem meet."

The first medals, dated 1792, were given in January, 1793, three to Latin Grammar School, three to North Reading School, and three to North Writing School.

Not to omit the girls, a City Medal was given to them from 1821 to 1857.

The Grammar Schools becoming too numerous to supply with rewards from Franklin's legacy, the medals were transferred to the High Schools. At the present time not all of the High Schools receive medals. Among the favored few are the English High School for Boys and the High School of Commerce.

It was contemplated by Hon. Robert C. Winthrop to form a society of Franklin Medal holders, but this was not done. All students honored by these medals are extremely proud, for it has always meant the highest scholarship. Undoubtedly some day some energetic "medal man" will form the wished-for club.

My First Punishment.

Whenever, in my travels, I happen to meet a person engaged in getting up a Larkin order, I always think of my own sad experience resulting from this very scheme. It came about something after this fashion. As you probably know, eleven or so years ago there was a craze for starting Larkin Clubs. Every house contained either a member or an interested contributor, and our house was no exception. My mother had lassoed nine victims and had, with their united efforts, obtained a twenty-dollar order. Finally the great day arrived and the huge box was tenderly deposited in the side hall amidst the ohs and ahs of the assembled audience.

However, the packages were rapidly delivered until but one remained. Everything might have been all right had it not been for that last remaining package containing that twenty-cent bar of sweet chocolate.

Now, I have often heard of people having one sweet tooth, but it was my misfortune to be born with a whole set. Candy in any shape, form, or manner, from cough drops to gum drops, is to me just like honey to a bear. I devour it regardless of whose it is. Well, as I said before, this bar of chocolate lay temptingly in the bottom of the basket for one, two, yes, three days; and all the time a tremendous struggle was going on between my sweet

teeth and my conscience. Briefly, my sweet teeth won, and the chocolate lost, at least all but a tiny piece, for the little imp which prompted me to eat of the forbidden fruit did not finish his job and prompt me to conceal the evidence of my crime. Instead, I left a small tell-tale corner, just big enough to find.

I will slip over the intervening time and come to the great judgment day. Early in the morning Mother had donned coat and hat preparatory to delivering this last order. All was in readiness and she hastily placed the articles in her bag, checking from her notes as she went. All that forenoon the forecast of oncoming disaster had shadowed my conscience, until, driven by its gentle prickings, I hid behind the door.

Starch, blueing, mustard, chocolate, but where was the chocolate? Alas! the little chewed piece was unearthed in all its littleness. No words of mine can describe what followed.

I was yanked unceremoniously from my seclusion and cross-examined. Denial was useless. The evidence confronted me. I confessed with trembling heart to the theft; and then it happened: In all my young life I never received such an unmerciful spanking as that which ensued in that dark hour. My howls for mercy fell on deaf ears, but the blows descended as unceasingly as a summer rain. My parent was scandalized that a child of hers should exhibit such traits. With every spank her indignation waxed hotter, and I, more tearful. Yet, even the worst torture cannot last forever, and I was finally released. Released, did I say? Oh, no! I was whisked off to bed bearing with me a vivid impression of my recent punishment and my supper of bread and milk.

Thus ended, in forgetful slumber, my first taste of justice. GLADYS MORRIS, '17.

A Call to the Colors.

Friends, school-mates, fellow sufferers—
lend me your ears.

I come to right a wrong—not to make
one.

The evil of homelessons lives on,
The good has ne'er been found by anyone.
Shall we, an enlightened body, now endure
The havoc wrought by over-taxed brains?
Shall we submit to having our lov'd stud-
ents

(Well renowned in facts of "higher life"),
Roam through our halls while murmuring
dazedly:

"Gallia est omnis divisa in partes tres?"
Or, "Three spoons of sugar contain 100
calories,"

And then to have them amble dreamily
Into Room 10 to study with nervous zeal?
Never!!

This school must start a reform, and start
it soon.

Refuse to do your homework, oh, ye stu-
dents.

Perchance, if this state of things shall
come to pass,

The faculty will see that something is
amiss,

And will then reduce the work assign'd to
us.

(Or, better still, send us "subs" who know
Absolutely nothing concerning the sub-
jects they teach!)

ANNIE DICKERSON, '17.

For the French Student.

Miss W.: Comment allez-vous, Mon-
sieur X?

Brilliant Pupil (after a moment of pro-
found thought): Tres beau.

Miss W.: That may be, but perhaps
you had better let someone else say it.



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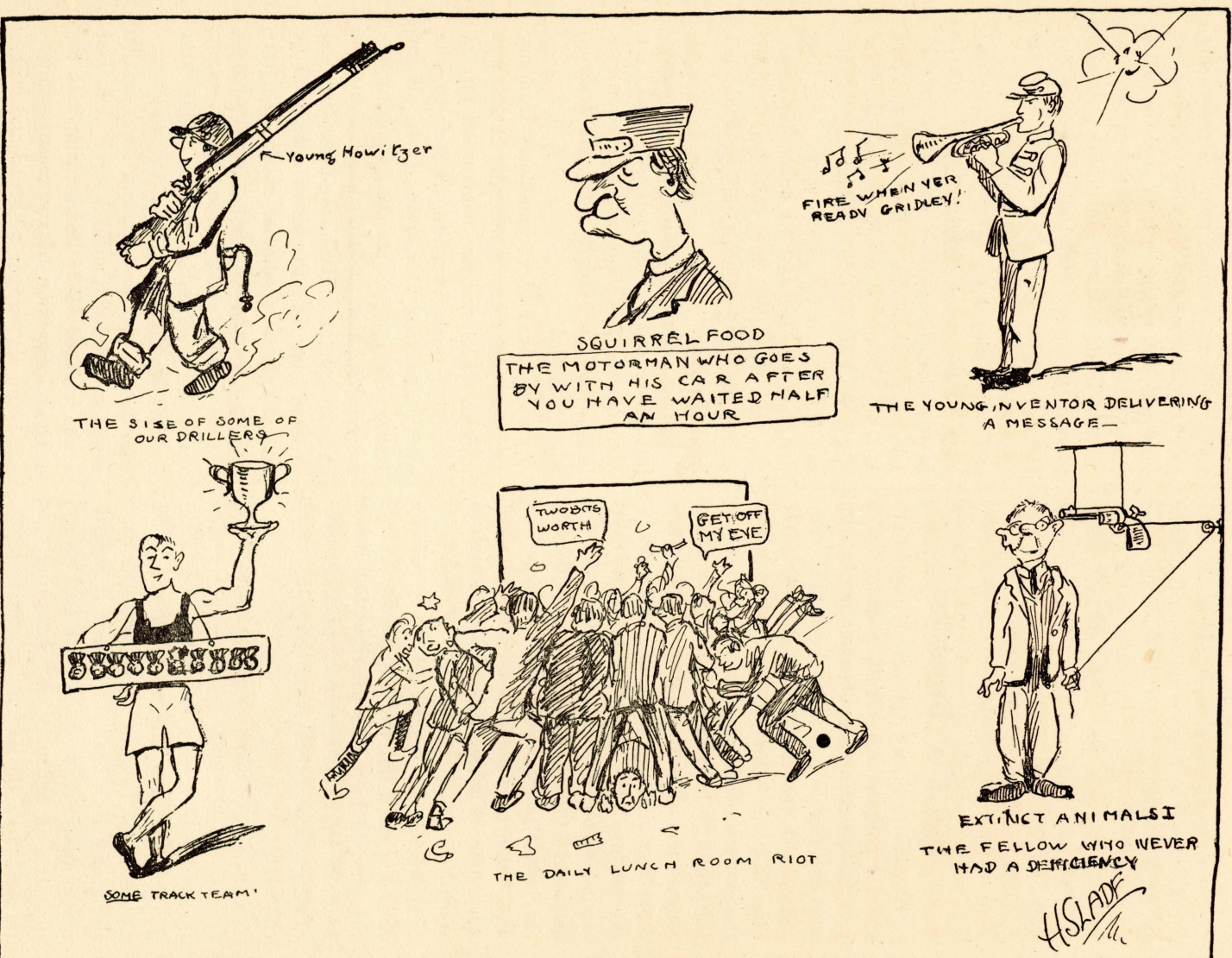
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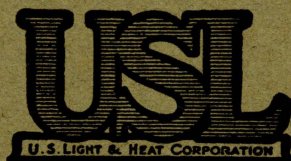
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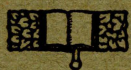
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