

WOODSTOCK ACADEMY GLEANER

Vol. 1

July, 1895.

No. 3

CONTENTS.

Editorial Notes	1
Treasurer's Report for Ninety-Five	2
The Alumni Meeting of Ninety-Four	2
An Alumnus' Recollection of His Teachers	3
A Poem, Beginnings	4
A Trip to Sand Creek	4
A Letter from Colorado	7
A Poem, Definitions	8
Graduating Day Exercises	9
Sarah J. Lester Memorial	10
Halsey G. Bixby, Memorial	11
Address to the Graduating Class	12
Alumni Items	15
Sunrise, Midday and Sunset	18
Academy Sunday	19
Athletics of '94-'95	20
Class Poem	21
Quotations Made upon Presentation of Diplomas	22
Ivy Ode	22
Items from Younger Alumni	23
Two Songs Sung at the School Social	24
Programs of the School Year '94-'95	25

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PUTNAM.

Woodstock Academy Gleaner

Vol. I

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The Academy Gleaner of '94 was received with such strong expressions of approval and pleasure, that we are almost reluctant to send forth our present number. Not that we think that the issue of '95 is without its own intrinsic merits; but the reception which any publication is to meet, depends so much upon the tastes and anticipations of its readers, that every number must be sent forth with great uncertainty. But one thing is sure. The readers of the Gleaner are mostly the alumni and pupils of the Academy. We speak to friends, and, remembering their loyalty to their Alma Mater, we gladly await from them criticism and suggestion, as well as appreciation and support. Let the number of '96 be a choice one. Let it receive your early and hearty attention. What item of news can you furnish? What wholesome and inspiring thought? What bright and interesting article?

Nothing new can be said upon the "Uncertainty of Life." The theme has had its full play of words. But new *experiences* of death are constantly met. The past year has brought to us fresh lessons of the inexpressible sadness and the awful suddenness with which death may come. The loss of Mr. Carlo May, the last speaker at the reunion of '94, was perhaps simply the falling of ripened fruit. The death of Paul Bowen, tho within the limits of what might reasonably have been expected, was full of sadness, and stirred the community to sympathy. With the death of Bixby we enter more deeply into the lessons of the inexplicable. Why should so sound a body, such a strong and well-trained mind, such a simple and noble character, in the vigor of youth, become the victim of carelessness or ignorance? And Miss Sara Lester, what of her death? She always seemed to *act* in life because she *thought*. So logical was her nature that under given conditions we felt we could determine what her line of action would be; and yet with a little more presence of mind, with a little more per-

fect poise of thought, it seems that her cruel death might easily have been avoided. So we must ever live in the presence of great mysteries. But back of mystery is the Divine. Not only Divine Knowledge, but Divine Love. And beyond the realm of sight lies the Kingdom of Faith.

By a vote at the last business meeting of the Association, it was decided to leave to the executive committee to determine the frequency of the Alumni Reunions. In the judgement of this Committee, it seems best to pass over the Reunion this year. This conclusion is reached in order to make a trial of holding the reunions once in two years instead of annually. If the experiment proves satisfactory, there will be a large saving of work and anxiety. For such occasions always cost a few persons a large amount of effort and care.

The Academy has enjoyed another year of prosperity. The attendance has been large, for us, and unusually regular. Improvements have been made in the interior. Gifts have been received from friends, and interest and enthusiasm have been manifested, showing the appreciation on the part of friends at home and outside. But this old institution, which has gotten such a strong hold upon the affections and interests of the community, must somehow be placed upon a permanent basis. Its present position is only maintained by continuous and anxious lift and pull of friends. The enlargement of our permanent fund is our crying need. What is more sensible, what more patriotic, what is a better investment, than a gift of fifty dollars, or hundred dollars, yes, even of thousands in life or by bequest, to the institution, which is to determine largely the intellectual and moral life of this rare New England community? A good start has been made in this direction. A generous response to this demand at this period of the Academy's growth, will insure for it a career of high and far-reaching usefulness.

Treasurer's Report.

From August, 1894 to August, 1895.

Received as Gleaner fees and for	
badges,	\$30.28
from solicitors,	2 86
balance from '93,	.17
Total Receipts,	33.31
Cost of Gleaner above adver-	
tising,	\$6.40
badges,	2 00
paper wrappers,	5.99
supper, Aug. '94,	11.53
help, Aug. '94,	.42
Total expenses,	\$26.34
Balance in treasury,	\$6.97
Respectfully submitted,	
ORILL B. GREENE, Treas.	

The Alumni Meeting of '94.

A United States Senator, who attributes much of his success in life to the influence of an early teacher, has recently said, that next to the word mother the dearest name in the English language is teacher.

If this be true, is it not equally true that next to one's home, one of the dearest places on earth is the spot where "Still sits the school house by the road"?

Just as no family reunion is quite complete unless held at the old homestead where the fathers have lived, so any Alumni gathering loses much of its charm unless held amid the same surroundings which once made a part of the very life of each individual connected with the institution.

Recognizing the fondness with which one instinctively clings to early associations as connected with places and things, the Alumni Association when first formed, voted to hold its meetings in the Academy grounds.

The meeting for 1894 was held August 8th. The heat of an August sun was not sufficient to detain at home the devotees of our Academy, and very early in the afternoon it appeared from the approaching teams, not that "All roads lead to Rome," but that all roads in the vicinity surely led one to the Academy on Woodstock Hill.

During a century's existence this institution has received as pupils several generations of the same families, and, as the loaded teams arrived, the whole affair seemed to take on much of the appearance of the home coming on a New England Thanksgiving day.

So home-like was the general appearance of the building and the grounds that each tree and grass blade seemed to breathe out a welcome, while the flags and Japanese lanterns as they swung in the breeze gave added charm to the surroundings. Principal and Mrs. Hall extended to each visitor a most cordial welcome, and were evidently in touch with everything and everybody connected with the Academy.

On reaching the grounds, trustees, teachers and old pupils, impelled by a common loyalty to the school colors, donned their badges of "blue and gold."

The early part of the afternoon was spent in a very social way; names were registered, old acquaintances renewed, and many youthful memories revived.

The Academy building, with wide open doors, invited inspection, and as the company moved about from room to room, all were impressed with the feeling that the efforts of the teachers and pupils to make the place pleasant and home-like had been very successful. Not least among the recent attractions was the beautiful etching presented to the Academy by the class of '94.

At 4 o'clock a business meeting was called in the Hall. The assembled Alumni showed their appreciation of the faithful work of the officers of the association by a general re-election. The time of a future meeting was left discretionary with the executive committee. A very general approval of the annual publication of the Gleaner was expressed.

All present were then provided with seats on the lawn and served with sandwiches, cake and ice cream.

After the collation Principal Hall, acting as toast-master, invited some of the gentlemen and ladies present to respond to several suggestive toasts.

A vocal duett was very acceptably rendered by Misses Alice and Agnes Child, and a song by Mr. A. E. Hosmer was listened to with pleasure.

Mr. Holt, of Yale, spoke for College Athletics.

George McClellan, M. D., Wells Partridge, A. T. Child, C. H. Potter, and others made brief addresses.

Mrs. Bingham very touchingly alluded to those who, during the year, had crossed "over the river."

Early in the evening the company began to disperse suddenly on account of the falling rain. This abrupt ending of the Alumni meeting came while Mr. Carlo May was speaking. Mr. May was one of the oldest members of the Association, and has since been called home.

Thus ended the Alumni meeting of '94, and another page in the history of Woodstock Academy is written. C. S. C.

An Alumnus' Recollections of His Teachers.

I feel as though I would like to pay a tribute to some of my old teachers, and were my lines as well written as my gratitude is full and sincere, they would be worthy of a place in the Gleaner.

Without disparagement to others I wish to speak especially of three—Mr. Cook, Miss Atwood, and Miss Beach. To have been taught by such a trio was rare good fortune.

Coming to the Academy a full grown, awkward, self-conscious, self-depreciating boy, Mr. Cook's kindness and his confidence in my integrity and appreciation of such few evidences of ability as he either saw or created in me, did much for me at the very start. That he thought I could do a thing, while a surprise to me at first, soon made me feel that I could do it,—really caused me to be able to do it.

Seemingly unimportant things, such as "spelling for the head," "dictation exercises" and mental arithmetic for the oldest as well as youngest scholars, he made the best of mental discipline.

But most of all do I gratefully remember his suggestions which led to the choice of my vocation.

One day in the old Academy Hall he said, "C—, what are you going to do for a living?" I gave him the usual school boy answer, "I don't know." "Why

don't you become a civil engineer? It will keep you out of doors a good deal which will be good for your health. It is largely mathematical which suits your taste. It's just the thing for you." The die was cast. The adverse advice of trusted friends, the lack of health, the lack of means, the inability to obtain a first-class technical education,—nothing caused my determination to waver.

While Mr. Cook gave the initial impulse, Miss Atwood taught valuable lessons in thoroughness, taught the great difference between doing a thing just right and "about right."

How the "Geometry Class" in their ignorance criticized their teacher the first day and the second day, but the third day (we had the same lesson each of the first three days) we learned that it was nearly as easy, when one became reconciled to it, to do things just right as to do them about right, and further that it was lots more fun.

We thought we were making no progress at first, but later found that in those first three days we really did a half-term's work. Everything was easy after that.

This was just the discipline for an engineer. The preacher with none to cross-question him may be illogical, if his thoughts are expressed in graceful language; the journalist may deal in glittering generalities; and the lawyer can appeal to the sympathy of the jury; but the engineer works in cold stone and iron and colder mathematics: his theories are skillfully cross examined and his structures are tested by the fiercest elements.

How much good must Miss Atwood have done in those "first days" with many classes!

As Mr. Cook and Miss Atwood were not alike so was Miss Beach like neither, and in nothing was she less than either.

What enthusiasm she could inspire while teaching the driest subjects! How we used to question her and get her to talking so that perchance she would fail to notice the hour and we might thus get more than our share of her delightful presence and conversation. But precious few extra minutes could we get. She was as conscientious and free from par-

tiality as she was entertaining. The next class was entitled to their share of her, and their share they must have.

But it is the indescribable and unmeasurable personal equation that counts for more than all else in our memory of those we love. How very sad that Miss Beach should find an ocean grave in the prime of a useful life, devoted to the best interests of the many people with whom she came in contact! While my personal relations with all the others were naught but pleasant, these three had the most far reaching influence on my life, and I shall always hold them in grateful remembrance. C.

Beginnings!

"He will perfect that which concerneth me."

You gaze upon the pictures
That hang upon my wall,
Unfinished and unsightly,
And you gaze upon them lightly,
Seeing only faults in all.

You see but colors misty,
But outlines dim you trace,
Faint shadows, fainter growing,
Of the hues so rich and glowing,
That burn on Nature's face.

But I can see the vision
That spread before my sight,
When sea and land were smiling,
My inmost soul beguiling,
With witcheries of light.

And I can see that woodland,
So richly, deeply green,
All June's fair verdure showing
No faintest zephyr blowing,
That finished perfect scene!

And toil and patient labor
Shall clear their beauty bring.
Forth from their place of hiding,
Amid these lines you're chiding
The pictures true shall spring.

So will the mighty Master,
Who holds us in His hand,
See through our failures dreary,
The purpose shining clearly,
Pure in His sight to stand.

And surely will He finish
The work He finds begun;
By sorrow or by gladness,
In sunshine or in sadness,
At dawn or set of sun,

Out of the tangled mazes

In which we weave our life,
He will bring perfect beauty,
Knowing that love and duty
Went with us through the strife.

SARA A. PALMER.

A Trip to Sand Creek.

We started, my friend C. and myself, on June 23d, at about 6.30 o'clock in the morning.

We had a pair of horses, good ones, and a fairly heavy spring wagon. Our outfit consisted of our mess chest, containing three loaves of bread, some lard, pepper, salt, sugar, coffee, corn meal, and a little bacon, a few plates, cups, knives, forks and spoons, and a towel or two for the dishes. In our wagon besides our mess chest, we carried a camp kettle and frying pan, four blankets apiece, a sack of oats for the horses, nose bags to feed them from, rope lariats and picket pins, a curry comb and brush, wrench and oil for the wagon, and a wagon shut or cover of canvas to protect our load from bad weather. I have gone minutely into these details in order that you can better understand the nature of our excursion. We had beside our messing and camping outfit, our complete set of fishing tackle and a suit of old worn clothing to put on while wading in the stream. The morning looked promising at the start, and we hoped for a pleasant ride to the creek; in this however we were mistaken, as a heavy shower of the day before had left the roads so heavy and slippery that the horses could go scarcely out of a walk, and we made no more than five miles an hour for a long time. We had been out for an hour or so when the clouds began to gather, and in a short time the rain fell. We spread our wagon cover over our property, put on our overcoats and splashed slowly through the mud and wet almost wishing we had stayed at home.

The roads in this vicinity are quite hilly and frequently slope laterally also, and the soil when wet becomes almost as slippery as grease, so that on this occasion with the most careful driving possible, at times it seemed as though the wagon would get in front of the horses. At noon we reached

the little town of Spearfish, so called from its possessing a beautiful stream of water which originally abounded with suckers. We here added a pound of butter to our supplies and jogged on, the rain still falling. About one o'clock, or soon after, we considered that as we had now made about thirty miles, our horses needed rest and food. The rain having now nearly ceased we turned aside a little from the road, unharnessed our team, watered them from a small stream near by, fastened the lariats to their halters, drove the picket pins in the ground, and left them to graze while we ate a lunch we had brought with us for the occasion. After the horses had grazed and rested for about an hour, and also eaten about four quarts of oats apiece from their nose-bags, we harnessed them to the wagon, and again set forth, the rain having now entirely ceased, and the blue sky beginning to appear. The road had also dried up considerably so that we rolled along much more rapidly. At about four o'clock we reached the creek, distant from home about forty miles. We now had to go up it about six miles, and this was by far the most toilsome part of the trip, as the fords and hills were numerous, and the road stony and rough. We reached Mr. Boyden's ranch at the head of the creek about five o'clock, having made between forty-five and fifty miles since morning over hard roads, yet the horses seemed as fresh as at starting out. They were, as I said before, good ones.

Sand Creek heads in several large springs within a mile or so from each other. Mr. Boyden's ranch is on the principal one, and he controls the stream for a distance of three or four miles, and is thus able to protect the fish that were placed there about six years ago, and as he makes a reasonable charge for the privilege of fishing, he derives quite a little money each season, and this makes it an object to him to give visiting sportsmen a cordial welcome. We camped close by this big spring, turned the horses out in his fenced enclosure on the side of the canon, where the land seems literally set up on edge and both sides utilized, and hastily arranging our tackle we set out for trout for supper.

The stream is the most beautiful by far I have ever seen. The walls of the canon are high and precipitous, crowned with dark pines. The bottom of the canon is filled with enormous oaks and elms so as to nearly exclude the sun in many places. The stream itself is a succession of beautiful pools four to six feet deep, twenty to forty feet across, overhung with large trees and connected with rushing, foaming "riffles" which cause large eddies and whirlpools where they enter the pools below, and frequently leave them in little cascades of three to four feet fall, and all things considered making as nearly an ideal trout stream as one will ever find in nature. We were disappointed regarding our trout for supper, as the stream usually so bright and clear was now dark and muddy owing to recent hard showers in the mountains, and though we cast and played our flies to the utmost of our skill it was no use, not a fish rose to the surface, and after about an hour of such fruitless endeavors we went back to camp resigned to bacon instead of trout for supper. On trips of this kind one usually drives and cares for the horses, the other cooks and washes the dishes. While C. built his fire, cut up his bacon and bread, and prepared his coffee, I filled my nose bags, caught, fed, and groomed my horses and again turned them out on the steep sides of the canon for the night. I soon heard C. calling out the old soldier mess call, "Come and get it," and I hastened to enjoy his open air meal of fried bacon, coffee and bread and butter, with a mountaineer's appetite. Supper over, the dishes and mess outfit put away, we piled the fire high with oak sticks, spread our blankets near by and in the cordial glow and crackle of our camp fire reviewed over old scenes in the Geronimo campaign of '85 and '86, till the fire burning low we rolled up in our blankets and slept as tho' the hard ground were a bed of springs.

The next morning I arose early and while C. still slept I took my rod and again visited the stream in the faint hope of trout for breakfast; again I was disappointed, the water being still dark and muddy, though perceptibly improved over the previous night. We breakfasted off bacon and bread, and then when the sun was well up in the sky, so that it would

illumine the dark water to a greater degree, we put on our old wading clothes, went to a greater distance and less visited part of the stream, got into the swift rushing water up to our waists, and began fishing in earnest. One has to wade in the stream in order to accomplish much trout fishing; no matter how careful he may be on the banks he is pretty certain to be observed there by these wary and suspicious fish, and if once seen by them he stands little chance of catching one. We worked down the stream, casting our flies well ahead of us, allowing them to float along in the shallow rapids and playing and working them with great care in the more attractive places for the trout. The fish soon began to come to the surface in search of food, and we soon had enough for dinner of smallish ones, such as would weigh from one-fourth to one half a pound. These are a nice size to eat but not large enough to furnish much sport. We now ceased the capture of ordinary sized fish and sought only in the most inviting places for those that would make our reels hum. Owing to the water still being dark these larger fish bit rather slowly, by hard work, however, by dinner time I had succeeded in capturing six that would weigh over a pound a piece, one of them over two pounds, and as these were all taken in a strong, swift current where the fish possess every advantage for getting off the hook, and where it takes several minutes of skillful handling before you can bring one of these active customers within reach of your landing net, I felt that I had had sport enough for the morning and longed for my trout dinner. I had fastened my six large ones as I had taken them in secure places by strings to keep them alive till we should be ready to start back for home. I had also about a dozen nice pan fish in my basket. I wended my way back to camp and found C. had come home before me, cooked and eaten his dinner, and gone to sleep under the shade of the trees. I soon cooked five of my fish and ate them all with such a relish that when I finished I was in doubt if I ought not to cook some more. I then lay down and took a nap likewise, for although it's great sport, there is no use denying the fact that fishing in the midst of one of these brawling turbulent mountain

streams, burdened by a fish basket and its contents, and holding your rod in one hand and landing net in the other, brings a pretty good strain on one's physical powers.

That evening after a supper of nine trout, Boyden came over and sat around our fire with us, entertaining us with his experiences, which, as he had been a hunter and miner for years in this country, were quite interesting. I will omit them here however, lest they might cast suspicion on my veracity as a contributor to the Gleaner. The next morning we again set forth to fish, wading the stream as before, and soon to our pleasure we found the water much clearer, the fish biting well, and the "music of the reel" almost continuous. About two o'clock we concluded we had had enough, and went back picking up the fish I had fastened out the day before, that is we picked up some of them; some one else had picked up three and failed to return them. We had plenty without them however, so didn't waste any time in mourning their loss. We cleaned and packed our fish carefully in fresh leaves and grass in a box brought for the purpose, wiping each one dry, and salting them slightly before packing. When we were all done we found that we had forty-nine nice trout packed for our journey home, beside enough saved out to eat meanwhile.

The next morning we wrapped our fish box carefully in our wagon cover and stored it away out of the sun under the seat, packed out our camp and set out for home about 8 o'clock in the morning. The roads were dry and the weather delightful, with a fresh breeze blowing in our horses faces to keep their spirits up. We halted and rested about an hour in the middle of the day, and reached home about 4 p. m., our fish as fresh as when we started, and having had a delightful trip in every way. I wish those of my old companions at Woodstock that enjoy such pastime could accompany me at some time to another "Trip to Sand Creek."

W. F. F.

—♦—
"Manners are the shadows of virtues."

"God divided man into men that they might help each other."

A Letter from Colorado.

Your kind note asking me to write something for the Gleaner, has lain for some days accusingly on my desk. My professional work is exacting, and leaves me scant time and strength for literary occupations. There are a good many invalids too in this western Spa, who need a cheering word, and altogether I lead a busy life. Still I do not feel like denying myself the pleasure of a word from this far off point as it doubtless seems to you, a word of greeting to old friends, and a word of Godspeed to the Old Academy.

Possibly it may interest pupils and friends of the Academy to know how a New England trained man looks at educational affairs here, or rather how educational methods and conditions seem to one bred East.

New England has been the nursery of schools, and her academies have been famous. I think it would be a revelation to most New Englanders to see the material equipment of our western schools, especially Colorado schools. Outside of Boston, Denver has the best school building—a high school—in America.

Here in Colorado Springs, a town of 15000 people, nestled under the mountain, we have a magnificent high school building, costing \$100,000. Built of red sandstone, its outward comeliness, which is great, is no greater than its inward beauty and completeness. In addition to ideal material equipment we have a corps of college, trained teachers which it would be hard to match in any Eastern city.

Beautiful buildings, five in number, of brick and stone serve for the lower grades.

Besides we have a flourishing college in which a high standard of scholarship and work is maintained. I think the remark that Colorado is the most "New England" of all the western states is true. Certainly her schools would honor any Connecticut city. How far that is due to women is hard to say. They have always had a vote in school matters. Last year they got the full franchise. Our city is the

most highly cultured city of its size in the country. There are probably 300 university bred people here, and the place is a delightful one in which to live. Its fame extends no doubt to Woodstock, and I need not tell of 300 sunshiny days per year, and such sunshine as perhaps is unknown except in Greece or Italy, coming down through our rare dry air and making it a delight to sit out of doors or go picnicing in the winter season. Nor need I tell of the famous soda and iron springs, palatable and healing, the beautiful drives, the electric cars, taking one in a few minutes into canons of marvelous beauty and grandeur.

The charm of the town has been much talked of and written about, but no one who has not lived here can understand it.

Let me invite you all to come and see. Woodstock faces are occasionally seen. Poor heroic Henry Morse here made a great fight for his life and hundreds more are fighting and conquering a life denied by a sicker eastern skies.

You will gather that I am an enthusiastic Coloradoan. I am. Loving my ancient mother, New England, I feel the inspiration of living where towns are born and grow apace, instead of growing old and decrepit.

Towns like people grow old,—some gracefully; New England is riper and mellow in her culture; but Colorado culture while young is high and growing. Not to have been born in New England, and in a rare old town like Woodstock would have been a regret, but to live in this western land is an inspiration. From it I extend cordial greetings and good wishes for a long and honorable career for Woodstock Academy.

CHAS. W. HAINES.

In this *fin de siècle* age, when the "new woman" is taking so prominent a place in the press of the day—there seems danger of forgetting some of these better things that belong to true womanhood. In the headlong race for power and place and "equal rights" the true meaning of these terms is fading out of sight, and the great possibilities that the noble women saw

who took the first great stand for "woman's rights" at a cost that those who are walking now in the path opened by them, can never realize, are being lost sight of amidst the mass of outside issues that are crowding in. I am a "woman's woman." I love my sex and I believe honestly in its capabilities, and yet I tremble for the future unless with all else that we are striving for and gaining, we gain the power to hold ourselves in check—to work for the general more than the individual good. Will you let the following poem tell you what the phrases, "Woman's Rights" and "Woman's Sphere" mean?

Definitions !

The "sphere of woman" is, that very place
Which God has given her power and
might to fill.
The place which, using all her brain
and will,
She may attain, and crown with light
and grace ;
The place wherein her highest gifts
find play,
Wherein the fullest measure of her
soaring soul,
Pulsing and throbbing toward the
highest goal
May find expression, and have widest
sway,
The place where most of God's life she
may live.
Most good may do, most victories may
gain
O'er powers of evil ; life's rich wine
retain,
And strive her best for other's weal to
give !
This is a woman's sphere ! In it she
stands
A goddess, showering gifts from out-
stretched hands.
The "rights of woman" are to be and
do
All that is noble, helpful, strong and
brave ;
To guard and guide, to strengthen keep
and save ;
To toil and suffer, and to love be
true.
To stand for right, in face of every
foe.

To walk unsullied through temptations
sore,
To hold truth's banner high forever
more,
Clear as a crystal, pure as the drifted
snow ;
To walk serenely on, amidst the
war
Of adverse voices, toward the highest
place ;
To face the crowds that jeer, with un-
moved face ;
To calmly wait, until, the tempest
o'er,
The world applauds the courage, that
has won
The place due to her since the world
began.
The "rights of woman" are to take her
stand
As equal with her brother, in the
strife,
To make earth purer and to brighten
life ;
To rule and serve, to listen and com-
mand ;
To wage her war with every evil
dire,
That wandered rampant o'er this dark-
ened world ;
To plead the cause of right, when darts
are hurled,
That almost make the flickering lamp
expire,
To set a fair example, that all men
may see,
Justice may temper mercy, right may
win
In the long fight gainst far encroaching
sin,
The fight of night 'gainst light, evil
gainst purity,
To win her way through all opposing
foes ;
To conquer life with all its joys and
woes !
These are the rights of woman, this her
sphere,
And well she justifies her claim to-
day
To stand full armored in the fiercest
fray,
To war for all humanity holds
dear,
For home, for honor, and for the right
to be

All that her being prompts, whate'er
 the way
 Her genius bids her eager feet to
 stray,
 To tread the path marked out by des-
 tiny!
 These are the rights of woman, let who
 dare
 Lay claim to this inheritance so
 great,
 Enter this widening sphere, through
 gateway straight,
 And look toward a future gleaming
 fair,
 When woman, as she may be great and
 grand,
 Shall be the crowned queen of this
 fair land.

SARA A. PALMER.

Graduating-Day Exercises.

Graduating exercises of secondary schools have come to occupy a position of importance. This importance, when the exercises are kept within the proper limits, is real. The satisfactory completion of any work brings a moment of genuine interest and may well be emphasized. And there can hardly be found a line of work more generally recognized as good, than a systematic course of study for mental training. There is an impressiveness also in the occasion of graduation. It may be a turning point in life. It is the infancy of manhood and womanhood. Nor is the graduation of a class of young people without its peculiar beauty. Parents and friends will never cease to find a delight in the sight of young people on the occasion of graduation. But whatever goes beyond these and gives rise to display and expenditure, and thus attaches fictitious importance to the occasion, is not genuine, and must result in extravagant and false ideas. Our Academy must ever be on its guard to give the true significance to these closing exercises, never running to extravagance, nor display, never simply mimicking college customs. The exercises of the class of '95 were fully in accord with these ideas. We may congratulate our-selves upon the fortunate circumstances under which they were held.

Fortunate in the day, fortunate in the speakers and helpers, fortunate in the interested audience, and in the fine young people of the class itself. That June afternoon is one long to be remembered. The tastefully adorned room, the array of worthy and prominent men upon the platform, the friendly audience, the entrance of the school, led by the graduating class, in step to music, made an impressive and beautiful scene. The exercises, from the invocation to the benediction, maintained a high strain of impressiveness and interest, appealing as they did, to ideas and feelings, alive in mind and heart of all hearers. The principal address was by Rev. A. R. Merriam, Professor of Homiletics in the Hartford Theological Seminary. His subject was "The Enthusiasms of School and College Life." Mr. Merriam's address was rich in thought, happy in reminiscence, and delightful in diction. But beneath all, was an undercurrent of perfect sympathy between speaker and words, which was apparent to all. Indeed Mr. Merriam's presence, during all the exercises of the day and evening, was the embodiment of the spirit of his address. Mr. Merriam was followed by United States Senator Platt who fortunately happened to be present. Mr. Platt was gladly heard, as he always is by a Woodstock audience. His remarks were upon his early school life, and his tender words of praise of his teachers in school and academy were touching because simple and genuine.

Congressman Russell had been invited to present the diplomas, and he did this in a very pleasing and satisfactory manner. His address forcefully presented our indebtedness to the school system, and our obligations toward it, and included a few impressive words to the Graduating Class itself. The class then went upon the platform, and Mr. Russell, addressing them individually, presented the diplomas with a very happy and apt quotation for each.

After these exercises, the class received, informally, the congratulations and kind expressions of interest from their many friends.

At five o'clock the class ivy was planted

in front of the building and the ivy ode was read.

In the evening a social gathering was held, to which the class had invited all teachers and pupils of the Academy with whom they had been associated during their school life here. The Class Prophecy was read, and the Class Poem recited.

Vocal and instrumental music, prom-nading, and various other forms of sociability made three hours pass rapidly away. At eleven o'clock the good nights and good-byes were said, and the class of '95 severed the last tie which bound them as pupils to their dear old Alma Mater.

Sarah J. Lester Memorial.

The peaceful Sabbath quiet of Woodstock Hill, at the close of a perfect June day, was suddenly broken, a few weeks since, by the heart-rending tidings that Miss Sarah J. Lester had met with almost instant death by accident at Brooklyn, N. Y. Throughout the community Miss Lester was well known and highly respected, and her successful career of untiring activity had been followed with interest and pleasure by a host of loving friends, who now, with her sadly bereaved family, most deeply mourn her death.

The alumni of Woodstock Academy have lost from their number one who, though connected with the institution for only a short time, always remembered that period as a happy portion of her life and who at several reunions had honored us by her presence and inspired and cheered us by her hopeful encouraging words. After leaving the Academy, Miss Lester continued her studies at Mount Holyoke Seminary, graduating in 1876 and in the autumn of the same year accepted a position as teacher in Stellenbosch Seminary, Cape Colony, Africa, where she labored devotedly for four years, going from there to Transvaal and with one assistant opening a school and successfully maintaining it until the war between the Boers and the English compelled her departure from the country. This withdrawal was only accomplished after many thrilling adventures often at the peril of her life. Before returning to America, she travelled extensively in England and

Europe. Her next field of labor was among the Mormons in Utah where she taught for eight years only laying aside the work that she might present the needs of that people to the churches of New England, and so render her efforts more extended. Two years ago she assumed the duties of Assistant Secretary in the Young Womens' Christian Association at Brooklyn. Concerning her position there Mrs. Charles N Judson, president of the Association, writes thus:—"Miss Lester was a very unusual woman and one of a great deal of Christian character. She had been with us for two years and had become invaluable to us in our work. We shall miss her very much. She came to us from her home in Woodstock, in every way fitted for the position which we offered her. She was a remarkably versatile woman and while her duties here were originally as an assistant secretary, she made her influence felt in every department. She took charge of the gymnasium, assisted in the library and was a bright mind in the Bible class. She was able to do anything and had one of most remarkably developed characters on every side that I have ever met. She was of a very bright and sunny disposition and expressed herself frequently as being glad she had come with us. She was very much interested in the elevation and the higher education of women and was beloved by all the girls who were thrown into contact with her. She was an earnest Christian and while she did not connect herself with any church in Brooklyn, was a regular attendant at Plymouth. She had become a German scholar and had intended going to Germany for a course of study there."

We close with a tribute paid Miss Lester by a classmate in Mt. Holyoke Seminary:

"In this sudden close to a noble life it is hard to understand the 'frowning Providence,' but we know,

"He liveth longest who can tell

Of true things truly done each day."

In that sense her life was indeed long. She has lived long enough to give a better impetus to many others, and we know that her cruel death was but the gateway to a freer, fuller and happier existence."

Memorial of Halsey Greene Bixby.

The Academy has been called, this year, to sustain the loss of its youngest alumnus. Halsey Greene Bixby was a member of the class of '94 by whom his sudden death was most keenly felt. His preparatory course had been marked by successes in many lines, and he entered his chosen college at the early age of sixteen with the fond wishes of a wide circle of friends. His brief career there, though quiet, was a bright one. He was respected by all the class and loved by the few who knew him best.

A few words with respect to his sad death will suffice. He had been very well during his stay at Amherst, till shortly before his death. Scarlet fever had been among a few of the students. Bixby's room-mate had the disease and was for some length of time severely ill with it. Bixby was advised by the college physician to get some one to care for his room-mate. He, however, would not leave, taking the sole care throughout his room-mate's illness. He at last began to show signs of breaking down himself, and was told that he had better go home as soon as possible. His sickness progressed more rapidly than was expected, and he reached home in a very critical condition. The disease, taken doubtless in caring for his friend, presented itself in a very malignant form. His constitution seemed worn out and unable to make any resistance to the force of the disease. His death occurred after a week of severe sickness at his home in East Woodstock.

His sudden death caused great grief throughout the vicinity, and universal sympathy was felt for his bereaved parents. At Amherst his classmates drew up a set of resolutions which we insert, showing how keenly his death was felt there.

The following resolutions were drawn up and accepted at a special meeting of the freshman class and a motion made that a copy of the resolutions be sent to the parents of the deceased, and that they be printed in the STUDENT.

"Whereas, in the all-wise providence of God, our classmate, Halsey Greene Bixby, has been called from us;

Resolved, that we, the class of '98 of Amherst College, express our deep sorrow and sympathy for his parents and friends in their great bereavement.

Identified with the Christian interests of his class, and the undergraduate body, a friend and student on whom no reproach rests, his death makes a sad break in the bond of friendship existing between him and his classmates."

For the Class. { Alfred T. Child
Harry P. Greely
W. Harold Hitchcock

A memorial service was held in the college church the Sunday following his death. The service was simple and impressive. The class occupied the body seats of the house, entering in double file and going out in the same manner. Suitable responsive readings were read by the pastor, and a few earnest words spoken by him. It should be mentioned that our friend took a decided stand in the church of which he was a member by letter, and was to have led his class prayer meeting on the Sunday on which he left Amherst. At his home church in East Woodstock, a memorial service was observed about a week later.

Letters of sympathy were read from many members of the Amherst faculty. Few of the members of the class of '94 were able to be present at this service, but a large assembly of former schoolmates and friends gathered to do honor to his memory. To his near and dear friends here at Woodstock who have known him long and well, the loss is most keen. We know as no others can, his strong and true character. We know his fidelity in his tasks, and his patience and modesty in his daily life. His teachers well knew he could always be depended upon for the faithful work his tasks required. His classmates knew that no one was more ready to lend willing aid than he.

Not in his studies alone did Bixby excel. He had a lively interest in all school athletics. In the last number of the Gleaner, a very interesting and well written account of the Academy's past year in Athletics was contributed by him. In base ball he took an especial interest. He filled various positions on the Academy team through his entire course. In the

autumn at college he played on the picked nine from the Freshman class, and doubtless would have gained a position in the Spring, had he been spared. His most marked talent in his studies seemed to be in mathematics, for which he evinced a remarkable aptness from a mere child. In the yearly rhetoricals he held a prominent part. We who were so closely united as a class, know and feel what an important link has been broken from the chain, whose incompleteness will be so marked at all class reunions and festivities. But best of all, we have his bright and honorable career before us, to remind us of what even a brief, upright and steadfast life is worth as an inspiration to all right living.

A. T. C.

Address to the Graduating Class.

The following address, by Rev. A. R. Merriam, is fragmentary. We wish space permitted us to give it entire. Enough, however, is given to show its essential thoughts and its admirable qualities:

If I were asked what things stand out most prominently in the recollections of my school and college days, I should mention two—the traditions of conquest or defeat that memory has handed down in my life; and the outgoing sentiments of loyalty and enthusiasm that I cherish for life's work.

A man forgets very much that he has learned in books at school. It would be difficult for many a graduate of ten or twenty years even, to get into college without a good deal of study. A man, too, is unconscious of very much of the discipline that has gone into him. It is perhaps the most valuable, but generally the least conscious result of his school days.

There are many other elements in a man's school and college life, which have entered into his mental and moral character, like strong metal into the fissures of the rocks. But none of the things are so prominent, I might say visible, in the thought and talk of student days, as certain impressions we call memories, and a certain ineradicable spirit of conduct we may call enthusiasm.

One reason why the great majority of college men, who may have been, perhaps, indifferent scholars, and not very eminent in any respect, yet succeed in life, is that that their college traditions and sentiments have spurred or shamed them into some life enthusiasm after they got out. To an outsider it sometimes looks absurd to see two college fellows, when they get together, immediately begin their reminiscences of college life, or appropriate with enthusiasm the victories of the present college nine or eleven—as if they were still “in it” as they say. This does not mean that the social side of college is necessarily the most important, nor that athletics is the one absorbing interest of students today; but it *does* mean the immense importance of that large, common, mutual life of soul with soul, man with man, which makes up your *social world* here, now; and your school and college memories years hence.

It is these two things which every good preparatory school or college gives a man for life, if he gets anything; these two things, so catholic because everybody breathes them, in a large common life; these two things, a sort of liberal education in themselves, and a rallying spot all through life—Memories and Enthusiasms, which are banners!

Let this be our subject this afternoon—the value of so living in school and college, that we shall have memories to treasure, which shall become enthusiastic traditions all through our later years. In other words: “Make Friends of Your Memories, so that you can be Enthusiastic over them.” In this way an enthusiastic memory of every victory will shine from end to end of a battling but a triumphant life. All the associations of memory in life—the traditions of the past—help to make or mar what lies ahead, but none so much as the memories or traditions of early defeat or of early victory. Let these be our subject this afternoon.

How strong this power of memory is! We all know something about it already. It seems to people the world for us wherever we go. There is nothing, for example, which grief so longs for, as a change from the scenes which call up the old sorrow. All the sweet possessions of a dear

life no longer with ours, all the little reminders of love, and all the suggestions of endearment become banners or bars to faith and courage; or associations of disappointment often embitter some spot, while memories of yielded temptations make us recoil from others. An odor, a sound, a face, a word, a song sometimes so pricks conscience in retrospect or rouses enthusiasm in recollections, that we are crushed in joys, or encouraged in adversities.

True of all associations, however small, yet this power of reproduction is proportionate to the vividness of the original impression. Deep feeling, or a powerful mental decision, or an acute experience, becomes proportionately mightiest powers in the life, just as the great decision of eminent jurists make up the body of common law, and as England's Constitution is the result of the crises of her eventful past. Every life has these rallying points of memory, these relay batteries of enthusiasm or shame. Nothing makes a life for man, or school or nation like its great traditions—traditions of victory, traditions of defeat. Every great event in life, especially every moral event, is not only a seed but a memory; not only a cause but a monument. We appeal to this principle in everything. Study to fill the minds' galleries; travel, that you may visit over and over again and again cathedrals and Alps.

Prof. Blackie tells of a friend of his who, making the ascent of a mountain in Scotland, when he had reached what he imagined to be the top, found that the real peak was two miles further on to the north, and that the road to it lay along a rough, strong ridge, not easy for weary feet. The peak was being enveloped in mist, and it was only an hour to sunset. He descended. But what did he do the next day but ascend the mountain again, and take his dinner triumphantly upon the topmost top, *in order*, as he said, that the name of this most beautiful of Highland mountains might not seem forever to be associated in his mind with bafflement and defeat.

Now, if this power of memory is so great; if associations are moral forces: if early enthusiasms are life inspections—

why not use them in building character? Why not consciously provide for them in an anticipation of the future? Let us see to the traditions of life. They all return to bless us like David's sword. Every resistance to sin, every fresh spiritual experience, every new insight into truth, every recollection of duty done, every moment of real prayer, and every enthusiastic outgo of a soul-sentiment to God or man: every such occasion is a crisis—it becomes a memory, a tradition, a power, a sword of Goliath, which you took in the valley of Elah! Every man in school or college has had many such experiences already. Some of them are open conflicts and experiences known to others besides yourselves—fires for others to light torches of memory from.

Across more than a generation of school and college days do the moral lights of some men—the heroic stand of Andover boys, of Yale men—shed on yet their holy traditions, as the candle throws its beams. I remember how, in the middle of religious doubt when I was at Yale, and with pressing studies such that he could not grapple with religious difficulties, many a fellow yet clung to one fixed fact—that President Woolsey believe these great truths; that he had gone through a bitter struggle with doubt, when a young man, and had come out with Goliath's sword.

But most of these beacons of memory are our own; something in a boy's or girl's own inner life—some experience no one knows but God and himself.

I shall never forget in my life hearing Dr. Bushnell once say, in the old cottage chapel, amidst a hushed assembly: "There is a story hidden in the little bedroom of one of these dormitories, which I pray God the recording angel may note, allowing it never to be lost."

Just exactly in moral as in other traits of character, the greatest and best men never lose their boyish sympathies. The dew of our youth is in us all. Some men crush it or disfigure it, or can't believe that we ought not to oppose it and put it beneath us; but it is there. It is in us. The right life cherishes it. The right life knows its dignity.

But I do not forget that I am speaking this afternoon to young men and women

in their school days. Your lives here will not only be memories for yourselves, but will leave behind lasting traditions for the school. It is as true of a school as of an individual, that in large measure its traditions make it.

You, graduates of this year, have already had your part in forming the tone of coming years in this school, and your own loyalty and that of hundreds yet to come here, will light or quench its zeal by the memories you pass down.

Some one asked me once what I thought was the greatest secret of the power of Phillips Andover, for whose dear name I would throw my hat in air today with us much ardor as I did when a school-boy. I replied at once: "The secret is, the noble traditions of the school—traditions and memories of loyalty, good conduct, and school pride, and high scholarship, that have been handed down for a century, treasured by the boys as their own."

Do that for Woodstock! Every great school has its tone—an indescribable something which it stamps upon its men; they breathe it in and unconsciously are moved by it. What makes that tone? The great teachers like Dr. Arnold, Samuel Taylor, Mark Hopkins, President Woolsey? Yes. But after all not they so much as the young men and women themselves, who catch their spirit, respond to their ideals, are governed by their standards, and pass down to others the traditions of good order and scholarship, and loyalty they have learned, and have helped to form. I have in mind a young man in one of my parishes, who was as listless, supercilious, skeptical, conceited and disagreeable a youth as you could find. I never saw such a change in any boy in my life as in him, after he had been a year at Phillips. He had caught the tone of that school—he had got some enthusiasm; a new loyalty, and his soul had caught fire for something higher.

When I was a teacher in the Hartford High School, there came one day a letter from Senator Hawley, asking for a nomination to the Naval Academy. He said he wanted a boy who was afraid of telling a lie, and was not afraid of anything else. The Principal and I both exclaimed at once, "*Harry Knapp!*" He was a boy

that gave us some trouble by his mischief—but who never concealed it, never hid behind another, never wheedled out of a tight corner by a falsehood, and scorned an underhanded act. That story is one of the traditions of the Hartford school. It will make moral tone there for generations. The story may do for that school what Tom Brown did for Rugby, when he flings his shoes, you remember, at the bully coward who sneered at little Arthur as he knelt to pray, then knelt himself, and soon saw half the fellows of his room follow where his moral courage led.

Now I think you will find, if you ask any school or college graduate what things stand out most prominently in his recollections of school days, he will mention these two: the traditions of conquest or defeat that memory has handed down, and the outgoing sentiments of enthusiasm and loyalty he cherishes for the institutions he loved.

We have said a word about memories; now another word about *enthusiasm*. Don't lose your school and college enthusiasms. "We live by admiration, hope and love," says Wordsworth. This is true. It is a fine thing to know how to admire well, and to go out in enthusiasm for something. It is an education in itself. But the *object* of our admiration measures us. Said a great man, "Tell me a man's favorite poet, and I'll tell you the man's character." But that is true of other objects besides poets. We are insensibly formed by the character of our standards. We can never rise higher than our highest ideal.

Now there is one thing I know about all here this afternoon. We all hate an *indifferent* man, who has no enthusiasms. We all have our heroes. We every one are often very illogical, I know in our choice, and often have very faulty ideals. But *we have them*. We instinctively dislike a fellow who takes no earnest interest in things; who isn't a Democrat or Republican already, before he can vote; who doesn't like classics better than mathematics, or mathematics better than classics, or who honestly says he doesn't like business better than either? We would rather see a classmate commit an enthusiastic blunder than slide into a me-

rit, as if he did not care much about it either way.

Now *do* keep this generous spirit, and help make this sort of a tone wherever you go. You are going into a world of push and self seeking. You are going where they discount sentiment; where it is getting dreadfully fashionable in parlor or street or market place to appear bored. There is a great deal of sneering in the world, and far more skepticism about man than about God. Carry some refreshing zeal with you. But you cannot do it unless you look back to *good memories* and forward to high ideals. You have a sword in your hands with a cross for a hilt. So had the Crusaders; but they sometimes held it up before them for a crucifix, and fought all the better with the sharp edge in battle. "Unless he rise above himself, how poor a thing is man!"

Young gentlemen and ladies: You have been making history every day here in this school, and your associations, habits and will are all weaving life traditions and facts into memories. The great question is: Shall the record of these crises create memories for the good name of Woodstock Academy? You, young men are forming the traditions of life, fixing the beacons of memory, setting up the banners of a life-enthusiasm. Make friends of all your memories now, associate them with such company that they will swell into an army of victorious traditions, start new habits of holiness, which will be the garments of memory forever and ever. Fix principles in your mind, by whose strength you shall defy the hosts of evil all through your life.

"Blest is the man whose heart and hands are pure,

He hath no sickness that he shall not cure,

No sorrow that he may not well endure;
His feet are steadfast and his hope is sure."

"Oh blest is he who ne'er hath sold his soul,

Whose will is perfect, and whose word is whole:

Who hath not paid to common-sense the toll

Of self-disgrace, nor owned the world's control."

"Through clouds and shadows of the darkest night

He will not lose a glimmering of the light;
Nor, though the sun of day be clouded quite,

Swerve from the narrow path to left or right."

Alumni Items.

Hon. Wm. T. Harris, LL. D., '50, U. S. Commissioner at Washington, delivered an address at the dedication of the Normal School in Willimantic.

Frank Bowen spent the winter traveling in Greece, Egypt, and Spain.

The wife and child of the late Paul Bowen are spending the summer in Woodstock.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Penniman, '48, are living in Putnam, where he has opened a fish market.

Albert M. Bannister, '83, has gone into the bakery business in Putnam.

Clarence Bowen gave a short address on Decoration Day, at Woodstock.

May Blackmar, '89, has been in Providence, working at the milliner's trade.

Albert Hosmer, '86, is taking lessons in vocal music, and teaching the same in the Academy and public schools.

Miss Roena Campbell, '47, of Providence, spent several weeks with her sister, Mrs. Gordon, in Woodstock.

Howard Peckham, '85, is foreman for Mr. Henry C. Bowen, Woodstock.

Mrs. Bailey, (Ida Leonard, '70,) resides in New Bedford, Mass.

Mrs. Herbert Keith, (Lillie Davenport, '76,) lives in Braintree, Mass.

Irving Chapman, '77, and wife, Fannie Bassett, '77, live in Tilton, N. H.

Mary Burdick, '77, married Mr. Blake of Brooklyn, Conn.

Mrs. Edward Swan, (Alice Wells, '72,) lives in Providence.

Caleb Potter, '65, is in the office of the City Water Works, Fall River, Mass.

Mrs. E. Hollenshead of Pemberton, N. J., (Hettie Woodward, '65,) has been visiting Mrs. Woodward of Woodstock.

William R. Barber, treasurer of the Academy for many years, and manager of the Putnam Foundry, is a representative in the legislature from the town of Putnam.

Dea. Hosmer has sold his house to Mr. Lindeman. Four of his family have been pupils at the Academy. We regret that they are to leave Woodstock.

Mrs. Eaton (Susie Medbury '70,) lives in Detroit, Mich.

Mary E. Low, '75, is a milliner in Putnam.

Mrs. William Flynn with her three children, have gone to join her husband, Lieut. Flynn, '76, at Fort Meade, South Dakota, after an absence of nearly two years, spent in Woodstock and Putnam.

Charles E. Chandler, '72, has been city civil engineer in Norwich for eighteen years. He is also one of the directors of the Chelsea Savings Bank.

James E. Pike, '73, is agent and manager of a large dyeing and finishing mill at Sterling, Conn.

Jerome Douty, '71, has a gentleman's clothing store in Putnam.

Dr. and Mrs. James Randall are living in Colpn, U. S. of Colombia, where the Doctor has a growing practice. He is also employed by the Panama Railroad Co., having charge of two hospitals.

Clara Dennis, '81, of Foxboro, has a position as overseer in one of the rooms in a large straw manufactory in Foxboro.

Amy Warner, '87, is in Boston, employed by the Boyd & Corey Boot and Shoe Manufacturing Co. as a stenographer.

Edwin Perrin, '87, and Arthur Calkins, whose wife was Lizzie Perrin, '87, have bought out Mr. Sheldon's grocery business in West Woodstock.

Mrs. George Heyworth, (Mary Fenner, '77,) lives in Providence.

In January, Dr. Gideon C. Segur, '68, addressed the ministers of Hartford on the subject "A Medico-Theological Study."

Arthur Bill, '70, is a lawyer and Judge of Probate for the town of Killingly.

William Pomeroy, '71, lives at Nyack, N. Y.

John Tripp, '76, is teaching in an Indian school in the Rosebud Agency, South Dakota.

Joanna L. Gaylord, 88, expects to teach next year in Bellewood seminary, Anchorage, Kentucky.

Florence A. Child, '78, after ten years of successful teaching in the grammar school in Danielson, has resigned her position.

Dr. Joseph Spaulding, '62, has purchased the place in Woodstock recently owned by Dr. Gaylord, and has set about making many improvements.

Edward E. Fuller, '69, is Secretary of the Tolland County Mutual Fire Insurance Co. and Senator from the 24th district.

Mrs. Dwight Burrett, (Gertrude Way, '83,) spent the winter in Woodstock. She is living in Rockville, Conn.

Dr. George A. Bowen is Surgeon General on Gov. Coffin's staff, and also master of the State grange. He was a pupil in the Academy for a short time in '50.

Wallace P. Dick, '75, a former professor of ancient and modern languages in the Pennsylvania Normal school, has accepted the presidency of Metzgar college, Carlisle, Penn.

Eben Y. Backus, '71, is stage manager for Charles Frohman at the Empire theatre, New York.

Mrs. Carr, [Lizzie Carroll, '76,] spent the winter with her mother in Woodstock.

Mabel P. Haskell who writes and illustrates fashion articles under the nom de plume of Marie Jonreau, is spending the summer in traveling abroad.

Mrs. E. C. May [Lottie Chandler, '68,] lives in North Woodstock.

Mary Barrett, '70, is the wife of Henry L. Burt, druggist, Putnam.

Mrs. Charles P. Grosvenor's [Emma Tucker, '70,] home is in Abington, Conn.

Mr. Henry T. Child, '65, married Ella Fitts, '70; their home is in Woodstock.

Mrs. E. M. Estes (Emma Fisher, '72,) lives in Holyoke, Mass.

Charles A. Bowen, '76, is living in New Bedford, Mass. He is employed by the American Supply Company.

J. F. Chandler, '65, has opened a grocery and hardware store in East Woodstock.

Warren Blackmar is running a bakery in Nashua, N. H.

William E. Buntin, principal in '83, has taught twelve years in Ulster Academy, Rondout, N. Y.

Edward E. Mann, '73, is in business in San Miguel, Cal.

Lilian Pike, '73, is the wife of Claramon Hunt, a member of the present State Senate. Their home is in Sterling, Conn.

Alice Hosmer, '86, is attending a training school for teachers in Nashua, N. H.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarendon Greene, '65, have moved to Putnam, Conn.

Willis W. Wells is in the lens manufacturing business in Newark, N. J.

Louis A. Chandler, '76, has withdrawn from the law firm of D. H. Chandler & Seymour, New York, and formed a co-partnership with Henry C. Johnson.

Harriet Stanley, instructor in '88-'91, has been appointed librarian of the Southbridge, Mass. public library.

Mrs. John Haskell [Nellie Mathews, '79,] lives in Wakefield, Nebraska.

Mrs. J. Newton Greene's [Mary Lizzie Child, '65] address is 15 Lancaster street, Worcester, Mass.

Addie Shumard, '68, married Mr. Lillibridge, Central Village, Conn.

Sidney N. Morse, '76, has taught five years in Williston Seminary, Easthampton, Mass.

Edward Swain, '73, is one of the masters of the University Grammar School in Providence. He spends his summers in Pomfret.

Emma Fenn, '70, is now known as Mrs. C. C. Brown. She still resides in Putnam and teaches music.

Mrs. Fayette Wright [Addie Chandler, '72,] is living in Pomfret Landing, Conn.

Sara A. Palmer, instructor in '72, is living at 338 W. 56th street, New York City.

Ada Bartholomew, '77, 's the wife of

Dr. Strahan, a well known dentist in Putnam.

Eric H. Johnson, '73, is a lawyer in Putnam.

Clara Maynard, '89, goes to Moody's school for Christian Workers this fall.

Cyrus Bestor, '76, is in the meat business in Rockville, Conn.

Fred E. Wilcox, '78, is a physician in Willimantic, Conn.

Florence Tourtellotte, '92, has a position as bookkeeper in the Providence Furniture Company.

Mabelle Hammond, '92, is working in the Commercial National Bank, Providence.

Sara Bowen, '87, has been sick with diphtheria, and is home for a vacation, but expects to return to the training school for nurses in Boston.

William Goodwin, '83, has taught seven years in the High school at Pittsfield, Mass. He with his wife and two children are spending the summer with parents in Woodstock and Putnam.

Prof. Lord, principal in '85-'87, has gone to Germany for a year's study. He was accompanied by Mrs. Lord. They will visit Paris and Athens.

Mrs. Herbert Wade [Anna Mann, '70,] is now living in Rockville, Mass.

Martha C. Woodruff, instructor in '88, spent a couple of months at her home in Northampton, Mass. She has returned to her work in Denver, Col.

Mrs. Chauncy Morse (Hattie Chandler, '65,) lives in Putnam, Conn.

Mrs. Medbury (Mary Bugbee, '72,) is employed in the office of the Tolland Mutual Fire Insurance Co., Tolland, Conn.

Mrs. Norman Chapin [Mary Scrogy, '72,] lives in Amherst, Mass.

Frank Randall, '72, is paymaster in the Hamilton Woolen Company, Globe Village, Mass.

Harry Beckwith, '89 and '90, has just graduated from Exeter Academy. He delivered the class poem at the graduation. He intends entering the Leland Stanford University of California, next fall.

Arthur Chandler has left the Review of Reviews and become one of the owners of

the Cassier Magazine, devoted to engineering industries, and steam and electricity powers. The Niagara number is a marvel of information and artistic beauty.

Gilbert A. Harrington is bookkeeper in the Rhode Island Hospital Trust Co. He lives in Olneyville, R. I.

Who is the oldest living alumnus of Woodstock Academy? Is it Mrs. Caroline Searls of Thompson? There are three alumni in Woodstock, each over 80 years old, Mr. H. C. Bowen, Dr. McClellan, and Miss Lizzie Flynn.

Miss Francis Butler may well be regarded as one of the honorary members of the Alumni Association "cum laude." Every year sees some new gift quietly made by her to the Academy. Among other things, she has given during the past year a fine collection of stuffed birds representing the kinds of Connecticut. Whoever fails to avail himself of the opportunities offered in this community, for bird observation and study, is shutting his eyes to a great source of delight and instruction.

Dr. I. Tisdale Talbot, a pupil of this Academy in 1847 has been Dean of the medical department of the Boston University for twenty-two years, or since the founding of that institution.

Henry Martyn Rawson died at his residence on Fountain street on Saturday. He was born at Killingly, Conn., 1830, and was educated at the Woodstock Academy, becoming in later days an instructor of the institution. For the principal part of his business life he was engaged in insurance enterprises, having an official connection with the Atlantic and Travellers companies of this city, and the Home Insurance Company of New Haven. At the close of the war to him was entrusted the reorganization of the business of the latter company in the South, a mission requiring tact and diplomacy, in meeting strong adverse prejudice. His last business association was with W. H. Fenner & Co., failing health confining him to his house more or less since 1884. Mr. Rawson was a man of literary tendencies, and at times a contributor to social and scientific journals. He was an assiduous read-

er and took great pride in the possession of a well-appointed library. He was a member of St. John's Lodge, No. 1, Calvary Commandery, and for many years Secretary of the Royal Arch Chapter. He leaves a widow, son and three daughters. —Providence Journal.

Sunrise

"Where did you come from, baby dear?
Out of the everywhere, into the here.

Where did you get your eyes so blue?
Out of the sky, as I came through.

Where did you get that little tear?
I found it waiting when I got here.

Whence that three-cornered smile of bliss?
Three angels gave me, at once, a kiss.

How did all this just come to be you?
God thought about me, and so I grew.

But how did you come to us, you dear?
God thought of you and so I am here.

Born in Putnam, a son to Mr. ('78) and Mrs. Sabin Carpenter.

Born in New York, July 9, 1895, a daughter Roxanna, to Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Bowen.

Born in South Woodstock. July 8, 1895, twin daughters to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Wells.

Born, Oct. 9, 1894, a daughter, Helen Louise, to Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Fitts, Providence.

Born, Oct. 9, 1894, a daughter, Leslie Lyon, to Mr. ('76) and Mrs. G. H. Sumner, Woodstock.

Born, Dec. 25, 1894, a son, Wilton Gerald, to Mr. and Mrs. Justin Green, '86, Woodstock.

Born, Jan. 9, 1895, a daughter, Pauline, to Mr. and Mrs. Paul Bowen, San Diego, Cal.

Born, May 25, a daughter, to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Blackmar, Putnam, Conn.

Born, Aug. 18, 1894, a daughter, to Mr. and Mrs. William Gorden, Southbridge, Mass.

Mid-day.

"This rolling sea before us
Is the mighty sea of life;
Man is the boat upon it,
And the anchor is his wife;
The cable that unites the two—
A cord of love and should be true.

—Rachel B. Ray.

Married in Brooklyn, N. Y. Apr. 18, 1895, Grace L. Worcester to Armin E. Brunn.

Married in Woodstock, Conn., May 14, 1893, Sadie S. Gorden to George Sampson, both of Woodstock.

Married in Providence, Frederick A. Turner to Mamie Furguson.

Married, June, 19, 1895, Edwin Perrin, '87, to Minnie Bates, of Thompson, Conn.

Married in Worcester, June 15, 1895, Dr. Cook to Lillie Bemis of East Woodstock.

Married, Nov. 17, 1894, Emma Fenn, '70, to C. C. Brown, both of Putnam, Conn.

Married in Central Village, Feb. 14, Minnie Sheldon to Harris Sanger, '77, of Woodstock.

Married in East Woodstock, Conn., Nov. 14, 1894 Mary L. May to William R. Barber of Putnam.

Married in Golden, Colo., Nov. 21, 1894, L. May Arnold to Frank A. Wells, of S. Woodstock.

Married in Southbridge, Mass., Feb. 20 1895, Bertha Brown to Irving Paine of North Woodstock.

Married in Woodstock Valley, Flora Redhead, '94, and Frank Witter.

Sunset.

Ah! Yes, but we falter, and sore is our need,

For the world-paths are dreary and long,
As tearful we miss them whose footsteps
could lead

'Mid the blossoms and bloom of sweet
spirit and deed,

Soul-fervent, abounding, and strong.

But, oh the sweet marvel! their footprints
revealed.

Still guide to the soul-richest sod,

Where the seed of high purpose gives
holiest yield,
For they have but passed further on in
that field

'Mid the glorified children of God.

—Walter J. Phelan.

Died in Hanover, N. H., Oct. 9, 1894, Griffith Bowen Lord, only child of Prof. and Mrs. Lord.

Died in San Diego, Cal., Jan. 17, 1895, Paul Holt Bowen.

Died in East Woodstock, Conn., Feb. 25, 1895, Carlo May.

Died in East Woodstock, Conn., March 3, 1895, Halsey G. Bixby.

Died in West Stafford, Conn., March 14, 1895, Mrs. Davis [Carrie Breed, '74.]

Died in Putnam, Conn., May 4, 1895, Louis B. Cleveland, '70.

Died in Brooklyn, N. Y., June 9, 1895, Sarah J. Lester, '71.

Died, in North Woodstock, Dec. 21, 1895, Irving May, '47.

Died in Providence, March 23d, 1895, Henry Rawson, '46.

Academy Sunday.

[From Putnam Patriot]

The morning of Academy Sunday dawned the perfection of a day in June. As we climbed the hilltop to the village church, the air was filled with the song of birds and the thousand perfumes of a perfect vegetation. All nature was in unison with the bright young faces of the students, filled with the possibilities of the future, opening before them, as they marched from Academy in a body, and occupied the front pews in church which was beautifully decorated with banks of white and pink laurel and white peonies. The choir rendered some artistic music finely, Miss Mary Bingham and Miss Anne Hall returning in time to take the part of soprano, which they did to the perfect satisfaction of the audience.

The sermon of Mr. Viets was based upon the words of David, "I shall be satisfied." His discourse was a thoughtful, well-studied effort, of which only a few thoughts can be given. He introduced his subject with the idea of the value of life, how it is cherished from infancy

to old age, with what care and tender solicitude the last flickering spark is watched until it ends in death, speaking further of the happiness of this life so priceless. He paid a fine tribute to the work of the teacher, the word coming next to that of father and mother in the affections, and a very precious one in the memory of our youth. The influence of his work is lifelong, "where the most was given and the least received." True happiness is never found by seeking it. Work is to be sought by all, and if that of a congenial kind cannot be found, be satisfied to do for a season that which presents itself. Anything is better than an idle life seeking for happiness. The body should be carefully strengthened and tended, but better overwork than underwork.

The subject was finely illustrated by the life of Goethe, which contained all that heart could wish, but after leading a dissolute life, he said at the age of 75, that he could not look back upon four weeks of happiness in his whole life. Perfect happiness and satisfaction is summed up in the words of Scripture, "I shall be satisfied when I awake in thy likeness."

The Athletics for '94-'95.

The athletics of the Academy, during the past year, have compared most favorably with those of neighboring schools. The Class of '94 took away many of the best supporters of football and base-ball, and the outlook in this direction seemed very discouraging. What could be done without Boyden and Burd, without Bixby and Merwin and Rockwell? Where was the head to be found, and where the skill and muscle? But the opening of the Fall Term brought new material, and a foot ball eleven was soon in practice with Upham as captain. Weight and muscle were somewhat lacking but enthusiasm was way up. In fact there was spirit enough left over, after the regular eleven was chosen, to form a Junior Team, who did plucky and effective work in spite of their light weight.

The first game was played with Dudley. When the two elevens took their positions, anything but a thrill of en-

couragement ran along the lines at sight of Haskell, Dudley's burly captain and full back; and many a story of his prowess on the Amherst College eleven passed from one to another. But determination soon brought hope, and hope gave place to the joy of victory, for when the game ended the score was four to nothing in Woodstock's favor. The next game was with the Southbridge Y. M. C. A. team and we were beaten badly. The score was so large against us that we have tried ever since to forget it. The Pomfret team however was easily beaten in the next game, played on the home grounds, by a score of ten to four. Other games were to have been played, but an early snow made it impossible to carry out the plans, and our boys had to be content with winning two games out of three, a record by no means to be ashamed of.

The Junior Team played one game with the Putnam High school Juniors, and were beaten after a close contest.

At the beginning of the Spring term, the outlook for a base-ball team was far from good. Our old reliable battery was gone, and many other places had to be filled. At last a nine was gotten together, and set to practicing with a will. The first game of the season was with the Putnams on their grounds, and resulted in our defeat with the score of twenty four to five.

Memorial day the return game was played on the Academy grounds, and the lost honors were retrieved by a victory of nine to seven.

The Academy team next arranged for two games with the Pomfret School. Our boys went to Pomfret with dubious looking faces, for they had heard large accounts of Pomfret's achievements. The result, however, was as surprising as it was welcome, for the wearers of the blue and gold won with the score thirteen to eight. Then the Pomfrets played a second game here and were easily defeated. The score was ten to twenty.

This game closed the season and left the Woodstocks victors in three games out of four.

Tennis has come in for a large share

of attention and interest, and never more than in the Spring Term. A tournament for singles was played and many of the games aroused a great deal of interest. Miss Constance Holt easily won the girls' singles, and Plant Fitz Gerald the boy's.

In looking over the Athletics then for the year of '94 and '95, we find the result favorable and encouraging. Perhaps we might have been more con-

siderate and more gentlemanly under provocation. Yet even in this direction praise is due for much that was manly and courteous. Keeping in mind that the true objects of Athletics are out-of-door amusement, manly physical exercise and prowess, quickness of insight and readiness of action, always tempered by self control and manly politeness we cry, "All hail to School Athletics! Long may they flourish in our midst."

Class Poem.

Hear how the wild wind is shrieking, and see how the black clouds are gathering, Darkness has filled all the sky, and afar the deep roar of the ocean Comes thro' the storm. Far above in the clouds are the mountain tops hidden Bearing destruction to all, comes rushing the fierce mountain torrent.

On the steep mountain side climbing, and fighting the wind and the torrent, Struggles a lonely youth, almost o'erwhelmed by the tempest. Bravely he pushes along, in the midst of the terrible tumult. Peril and death are awaiting, but yet from these dangers he turns not.

Now he approaches the brink of some yawning abyss, which is opening, Eagerly watching to seize him and hurl him far from his pathway. Now he is creeping along amid numberless thickets and brambles, Which, winding about in his pathway, form an almost impassable net work.

Aged oaks which, eternal, have raised their tall heads toward the heavens, Torn from their roots lie crushed, and become but as toys for the tempest; And the huge boulders, which long have rested in peace on the mountain, Now rushing on to destruction seem madly to vie with each other.

Why does the youth struggle on in the midst of this conflict and peril? On the high top of the mountain, there stands his refuge long sought for, A land where all is just, and where wrong never enters its gateways. As he advances the tumult grows less, but dangers still threaten.

Suddenly forth from the sky breaks the sun, in bright radiance shining, And all along his path the gay flowrets spring up in profusion. Songs of birds come thro' the air, and his sad heart within him grows joyful. Distant and faint to be heard comes the sound of the sweetest of music.

Onward he hastens and inexpressible joy fills his bosom; All is as peaceful now and as calm as the light summer breezes Which wave the tall grass in the meadow and ruffle the water's still surface. Now he is reaching the goal which long he has labored and toiled for.

Under the shade of the trees, with the soft, green grass as a pillow Close by the shores of a lake on whose surface so peaceful and sparkling Numberless lilies lie sleeping and nodding their heads on the wavelets, Quietly he sinks to repose, with a joy undreamed of, unmeasured.

Thus the reward of one who patiently seeks to attain it Comes to him with a joy that is almost too deep to be spoken, Lifting him far from the hardships and trials of all that is earthly. Bringing him into a world where sorrow and pain cannot enter.

Classmates, the time will soon come when we forever must sever, Leaving the quiet of these walls, where we often have labored together; For some of us, school-days are o'er, and gone are the long hours of study, For others, the visions of college with pleasures and sorrows are rising.

Forth let us go in life's battle with hearts that swerve not nor falter,
Striving ever to reach that goal of honor which fails not.
And planted firm in our hearts let us cherish the memory of Woodstock
Where, in peace and in joy, we have spent our bright school-days together.

SARA HALE COLVIN.

Woodstock Academy '95.

Quotations Made Upon the Presentation of Diplomas.

The following quotations were made by Congressman Russell as he presented each diploma to the members of the class of '95:

It was a saying of Aristotle that education was an ornament in prosperity and a refuge in adversity.

Lowell, in his "New England Two Centuries Ago," declares that "It was in making education not only common to all, but in some sense compulsory on all, that the destiny of the free republic of America was practically settled."

In one of his poems Young transcribes the object of education thus:

"How empty learning, and how vain is art,
But as it mends the life, and guides the heart."

Ruskin says: "The man's duty, as a member of a Commonwealth, is to assist in the maintenance, in the advance, in the defence, of the State."

To correct a too generally accepted idea that a man's duties are public and a woman's private, Ruskin finds "The woman's duty, as a member of the Commonwealth, is to assist in the ordering, in the comforting, and in the beautiful adornment of the State."

As we grow in wisdom so should we show the better view of life, for Cowper sings:

"Wisdom and goodness are twin born, one heart
Must hold both sisters, never seen apart."

The fullness of education should lead us not to profane but to reverence the divine, for it is written, "Counsel is mine and sound wisdom."

Steele has thus portrayed noble and true womanhood: "Though her mien carries much more invitation than command, to behold her is an immediate check to loose behavior, to love her was a liberal education."

Ivy Ode.

Come, round me gather, youth and maid,
Who bid farewell to all the cheer,
The happy life, the friendly aid,
Of school days to our hearts so dear.

And with me, invoke the kindly aid
Of heavenly Muse, this ivy fair
To sing, that 'neath the staid wall's shade,
We've planted now with tender care.

O Ivy, we must go away,
But thou art blest in staying here;
We leave the dear old school today,
We pray thou'lt grace it many a year.

The shouts and jests of romping boys,
Gay girlish voices, laughing sounds,
The Common, busy with its joys,
The hill, that calls to cheerful rounds,

The snow's deep white, the Spring's new green,

Spread o'er the town and hills well known,
Are joys thou yet canst revel in;
Soon naught for us but memories lone.

O Woodstock winds, blow fair, blow free!
O Woodstock suns, shine soft, shine warm,
And let cool showers fall fresh on thee,
Thou ivy fair, to nurse thy form.

And may the azure hills and skies,
And Nature's lavish beauty rare,
Lend thee their loveliest charms. Arise
And spread thy tender leaflets fair,

Thou little plant, these kind walls o'er,
For thou art here to symbolize
This class of Ninety-Five, of yore
That here did toil, but now their lives

Elsewhere they spend. May these abound
In noble use. We wish for thee,
Small ivy, here e'er to be found,
A fair fit memoir grown to be.

E. H. H.

"A talent is perfected in solitude; a
character in the stream of the world."

"Live with wolves, and you will soon
learn to howl."

"The friends thou hast, and their adop-
tion tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of
steel."

"The only happiness a brave man ever
troubled himself about, was happiness
enough to get his work done."

Items from the Younger Alumni.

Miss Myrtie Chaffee occupies a very
good position as teacher in the graded
school at Grosvenor Dale.

Mr. Edward S. Boyden, '94, has been
admitted on certificate to Amherst College
and will enter in the fall.

Miss Florence M. Morse has been teach-
ing school in the Chandler district during
the year.

Miss Clara S. Green occupies a position
as book-keeper in a wire shop in Worces-
ter.

Mr. Alfred T. Child, '94, has finished
his first year at Amherst and is spending
his vacation at home in Woodstock.

Miss Bertha White has been teaching
in the Sawyer district, Putnam.

Mr. John Grosvenor has been attending
the Pomfret School the past year.

We are all glad to welcome among us
for the summer, Mr. Robert Gaylord, who
left the Academy in 1890 and has
been living in Pasadena, Cal., since that
time. He has been taking a course in elec-
trical engineering at Throop Institute
during the year.

Mr. A. D. Merwin, '94, has been a stu-
dent at Trinity College during the past
year.

Mr. Harold K. Morse, '93, acted the
part of Zeke Devotion in the Opera "Char-

ter Oak" last winter. During the spring
he has followed the carpenter's trade.

Mr. Winfield Hibbard is at work in
Boston.

Miss Sara H. Colvin, '95, enters Brown
college next fall.

Mr. Winfield Houghton was married
last summer and is now in business with
his father-in-law in Thompson.

Miss Estelle Tompkins, '95, returns to
her home in Tonic, Ill., next September.

Mr. Charles H. Johnson is at work in a
carriage manufactory in Worcester.

Miss Edith H. Hall, '95, will enter Smith
college in September.

Mr. Clifford I. Stoddard, is studying
law at the Yale Law School and is also in
the office of his father, Judge Stoddard.

Mr. Prescott Lyon is at work in the
spectacle factory in Southbridge.

Mr. Harry Hicks is in the employ of
Mr. C. H. Child of Woodstock this sum-
mer.

Mr. Edward L. Child will enter the
Poughkeepsie Business College in the
fall.

Mr. Stuart Holt has been pursuing a
Post Graduate course of study at the
Academy the past year. He enters Yale
in the fall.

Marquis Green has removed to Putnam
and is now a student of the High School
there.

Mr. Maxwell Rockwell, '94, who has
completed a successful year at Yale is
spending his vacation among the mount-
ains as a private tutor.

Miss Carrie Bosworth has been teaching
in Eastford the last spring.

Mr. Burton T. Fitts, '95, has been to
New Haven to take his final examinations
for Yale. He will enter that college in
the fall.

Mr. Clarence Weaver went to New Haven
to take the preliminary examinations for
Yale, and was successful in passing, not
only his preliminaries, but also most of
his final examinations. He expects to en-
ter Yale Scientific School in the fall of
1896.

Mr. Frank Clarke has a good position
as clerk in a drug store in Worcester.

Miss Adrianna Hutchins, because of poor health, was unable to continue her studies at the Academy this year, and therefore could not be graduated with the class of '95. She is now devoting her time to music and painting.

Mr. Wallace Leavitt has been attending school at Nichols' Academy, Dudley, Mass.

Mr. John A. Boyden has closed a successful year of teaching in one of the Woodstock district schools.

Mr. Howard Williams is engaged in a boot and shoe manufactory in Webster, Mass.

Mr. Chas. G. Burd, '94, has finished his first year at Amherst. He has been on the freshman base ball team.

Mr. Frank H. Winslow has been attending a business college in Worcester during the year.

Miss Edith Newton has been attending the Southbridge High School.

Mr. Halsey Weaver was graduated from Yale Sheffield Scientific School in June.

Miss Mary A. Goodwin has completed her second year at Middlebury College and expects to return as a Junior next year.

Mr. Robert K. Safford is in the employ of W. W. Sheldon in So. Woodstock.

There has been formed during the year a literary society among the young ladies of the school called the "Amicae Musarum." They have met once each week from quarter to seven until quarter to eight in the evening. With one exception, a literary and musical program has been arranged for each meeting. Original papers on various subjects have been read, vocal and instrumental music has been rendered and several debates upon subjects of interest have taken place. Miss Evelyn L. Dean is president of this society.

The following two songs were sung at the social after the Rhetoricals at the close of the Winter term. They are printed as memorabilia, because of associations connected with them more than for their merits as poems:

No finer spot in all the state is found than
Woodstock hill,

Where scholars come from all around to
work with ready will.

In Latin, Greek and Sciences we each
would foremost be,

But yet we never work too hard in our
Academy!

In Autumn months the foot-ball games
our anxious thoughts divide,

And all with loyal hopes await a victory
for our side;

And when the victory is won, we joyfully
agree,

To give the loudest shouts and cheers for
our Academy.

At Christmas time like birds we flew o'er
ice and frozen crust,

Without a thought of accidents, for slide
we would and must.

We welcomed in the glad New Year with
laughter gay and free,

Just as the great clock struck the hour in
our Academy.

When, lessons over for the day, we wish to
have a talk;

In merry groups of schoolmates dear we
seek the concrete walk,

And looking from their windows all the
people smile to see,

In twos and threes, the boys and girls of
the Academy.

For many weeks we eagerly have waited
for to-night,

Have thought of declamations grand, of
dresses new and light,

And of the shouts and sallies that will
ring through all the halls,

When we all meet for a good time after
Rhetoricals.

And now our lessons over and our work
for this term done,

Let us gather round with music, all anx-
ious care to shun:

We'll forget our Greek and Latin, as
they've rung from classic walls,

And only think of a good time after
Rhetoricals.

The Dudley team was coming down fast,
U-pi-dee, u-pi-da,

To beat us on our grounds at last,
U-pi-dee-i-da.

Their Captain was from Amherst too,
Which made our boys feel very blue,

U-pi-dee-i-dee-i-da, etc.,

Right soon the ball was put in play,
 U-pi-dee, u-pi-da.
 Towards Dudley's goal it made its way,
 U-pi-dee-i-da,
 The first half showed us nothing done
 But many a scrap and lots of fun,
 U-pi-dee, i-dee-i-da, etc.,
 The second half was played with skill,
 U-pi-dee, u-pi-da,
 Determined both to win or kill,
 U-pi-dee-i-da,
 And when the game was safely o'er,
 'Twas Dudleys nothing, Woodstock four,
 U-pi-dee-i-dee-i-da, etc.,
 The Pomfret team came o'er in drags,
 U-pi-dee, u-pi-da,
 Blowing horns and waving flags,
 U-pi-dee-i-da,
 Their fine new suits were very neat
 And all their signals were complete,
 U-pi-dee-i-dee-i-da, etc.,
 Our team's hard play and Upham's run
 U-pi-dee, u-pi-da,
 Soon soiled their suits and spoiled their
 fun,
 U-pi-dee-i-da.
 So home they went to come no more,
 Score, Woodstocks ten and Pomfrets four,
 U-pi-dee-i-dee-i-da, etc.,
 Next term we'll have a base-ball nine,
 U-pi-dee, u-pi-da,
 That'll win the victory every time,
 U-pi-dee-i-da.
 And in our plans there'll be no hitch,
 For Ross will catch and Upham pitch,
 U-pi-dee-i-dee-i-da, etc.

Public Rhetoricals, Friday Evening, March 22d, 1895.

1. Chorus—Greeting Song, E. P. Hidden.
2. Recitation—The Mosque of the Caliph, Austin Dobson
Constance Holt.
3. Declamation—Preservation of Old South Church, Phillips
James J. Meehan.
4. Recitation—De Tar Baby, Joel Chandler Harris
Joseph P. Catlin.
5. Piano Solo—Gavotte in B Flat, Ruth L. Williamson. Handel
6. Declamation—The New Goddess, Chester Robie
Ralph A. Pike.
7. Recitation—The Forsaken Merman, Matthew Arnold
Esther H. Trowbridge.
8. Male Quartet—O, I Am a Merry Sailor Lad, I. B. Woodbury
9. Recitation—The Philosopher's Scales, Jane Taylor
Ruth A. Cahoon.
10. Declamation—Pulpit Patriots and the War, C. E. Bolles
Clarence E. Weaver.

11. Chorus—We Hail Thee, Glorious Spring, L. O. Emerson
12. Recitation—The Song of the Cosack to His Horse, Berange
Jessie S. Bowen.
13. Recitation—The Leper, N. P. Willis
Evelyn L. Dean.
14. Piano Duet—Suits Modern, Nos. 1 and IV, W. Goldner
Miss Lucy G. Ames and Miss Mary E. Boyden.
15. Declamation—Abraham Lincoln, J. M. Thurston
Burton T. Fitts.
16. Recitation—The Jackdaw of Rheims, R. H. Barham
Estella M. Tompkins.
17. Declamation—Spartacus to the Roman Gladiators, E. Kellogg
Edith H. Hall.
18. Violin Solo—Faust, Opera de Ch. Gounod, J. B. Singelee
Ethel C. Phillips.
19. Recitation—Fra Luige's Marriage, Helen Hunt Jackson
Sara H. Colvin.
20. Declamation—The Pilot's Story, W. D. Howells
Everett L. Upham.
21. Recitation—The Broomstick Train, O. W. Holmes
Edward L. Child.
22. Treble Quartet—Good Night, John C. Warren

Graduating Exercises of the Class of Ninety-Five

Three o'clock, p. m., June 20, 1895.

PROGRAM.

1. Prayer—Rev. W. N. T. Dean.
2. Piano Solo—Miss Mary H. Bingham
3. Address—Rev. A. R. Merriam.
4. Violin Solo—Miss Ethel C. Phillips.
5. Presentation of Diplomas, by Hon. C. A. Russell, M. C.
6. Duet—Miss Agnes Child, Mr. A. E. Hosmer.
7. Benediction.

Graduating Class 1895.

"Non Nobis Solum"

CLASSICAL COURSE.

Sara Hale Colvin, River Point, R. I.
 Edith Hayward Hall, Woodstock, Conn
 Burton Thomas Fitts, Ashford, Conn

LATIN SCIENTIFIC COURSE.

Alice Eliza Sharpe, Pomfret, Conn
 Mary Estella Tompkins, Tonica, Ill.
 Edward Lyman Child, Woodstock, Conn

ENGLISH SCIENTIFIC.

Jessie Spencer Bowen, Eastford, Conn
 Everett Lyman Upham, East Woodstock, Conn.

Academy Sunday, June 16, '95

Sermon by Rev. F. H. Viets, at Congregational church at eleven o'clock, a. m.

At ———
Burt's

PHARMACY

You will find a Fine assortment of

**Drugs,
 Medicines,
 Chemicals,
 Perfumery,
 Toilet Articles** of all kinds,
**Wallace Confectionery,
 School Books,
 School Paper,
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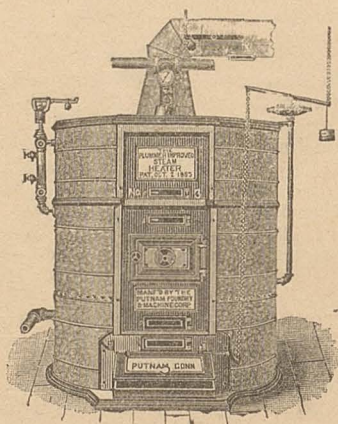
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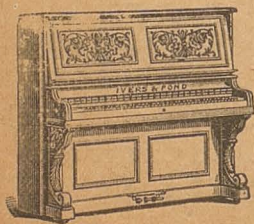
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