

Woodstock Academy

GLEANER

Vol. 2

August, 1904

No. 6

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PUTNAM, CONN.

Woodstock Academy Gleaner

Vol. 2.

Woodstock, Conn., August, 1904.

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Editorials

If the publishers of the Gleaner were confident that, as a general thing, the copies sent out reached the persons to whom they were addressed; and if it could be known that they were read and enjoyed, that they stirred up old associations, that they helped to sustain the vitality of the old Academy, this twelfth annual number would be sent out with greater encouragement. To get up a magazine like this involves a great deal of trying work, at a time of year trying for mental activity. But it is not our intention now to throw emphasis upon this work, except only so far as it may move more readers of the Gleaner to help by promptly acknowledging its receipt and by furnishing the personal items so much needed to maintain the interest in each issue. Thanks to all who have responded.

The history of the Academy for the year 1903 1904 has been without striking features or incidents. The attendance of students has been about the same as during the previous year. The total number enrolled was fifty-nine. Three fifths of the students have been girls. All but six of the fifty-nine came from Woodstock. The average age of the students in attendance is a little over sixteen years. This estimate does not include the two men above thirty years of age who have attended recitations in the school.

The most important feature of the school life, however, is its study. Say what we will about the number in attendance, the age of the students, the athletics, the social life, and the loyalty to the institution, these are of value only as they subserve the moral and intellectual life of the students. To maintain a high quality of intellectual work along the best lines of study must always be the prime purpose of our Academy.

During the past year, several influences against good scholarship have been felt in the school. The idea that graduation is the ultimate goal, instead of scholarship, and that this is to be attained as a result of time instead of as a result of mental effort, seems to have been widely entertained. A desire to work along lines of least resistance, to pursue studies that are easy or agreeable, instead of those that offer the greatest advantage, has been evident in many cases. The failure to realize that, continued absence or short absences often repeated are destructive of good scholarship, has proved itself an influence hostile to vigorous study.

To counteract these influences is a work largely upon the teachers' hands. It is not however, their work alone. Unless in the home study is constantly set forth as the main purpose of the school life, and other things made to conform to this idea, success in school work will fall short. Of course this does not mean that worthy young men and women, who must be frequently absent from school, can not keep up their studies; but it does mean that they can do so only by determined and persistent effort.

The public exercises of the year have fully maintained the standard set by those of former years. The work upon the Public Rhetoricals brought out manly and womanly qualities in the young people of the Academy that were highly gratifying, and gave promise of high order of service in life.

The address of Dr. Martin at graduation was so pleasurable as to be long remembered and enjoyed, and so forceful and uplifting as to carry a lasting influence for good.

The athletics of the year when estimated by the number of contests won, have been disappointing. But when estimated from the stand point of exercise and

play, they have certainly been of immense value to the school. In the fall, the foot ball playing was entered into heartily in one form or another by almost all the boys of the school. In the winter, the public hall was fitted up so that basket ball was played every noon by either girls or boys; and base ball began early in the spring and continued throughout the term. Perhaps it is an excellent thing for us, to come back a little in the direction of play for play's sake, and not for practice. In our schools and colleges for several years now, Athletics have consisted of a more or less rigid training of a comparatively small number of students, to the end that they may win victories. The real pleasure of play has been lost in the agony of the struggle for first place; and the chief share which the students in general have in these athletics, is to loyally root their teams on to victory, and to aid in defraying the expenses. Perhaps these unfavorable features should now be noticed; though we are still loyal to the true athlete with his enthusiasm, his plucky endurance and courage, his love of fair play, and his manly physical development.

The graduating class of 1904 numbered ten. Seven of these were young women and three young men. All of them were from Woodstock homes. It is a satisfaction to see that the Academy is doing this local work, and is receiving the support of the community so heartily. Their average age was a little over eighteen years. And it is worthy of notice that their attendance at the Academy was long enough to make an average for each one of nearly four years.

Every issue of the Gleaner must needs speak to the living through the voices of its dead. Nor is it alone from those who have died in advanced years, that these lessons come to us. We sometimes almost feel, that finished lives like that of Jonah T. Morse, chosen a trustee of the Academy in 1859 and that of W. B. Lester also a trustee elected in 1865, might reasonably be expected to end. The same is true of E. S. Converse, one of the school's most

generous patrons, and of Harriet Payson Budd, remembered as one of the Academy's most excellent students. But that Frank Clark, on the threshold of a successful life should be suddenly killed; that Asa Hibbard and Reuben Fitts, young men of vigor and promise, should be taken away by unexpected illness; that Susan Leavitt, whose every acquaintance was a friend, should endure so much to regain her health, and yet lose it all; these are things inexplicable. We dare not attempt,

"To justify the ways of God to men", but we can certainly say that the voices of these dead friends speak to us, that we catch the spirit of all that was high in their living.

The Gleaner extends its thanks to the representatives of Woodstock in our State Legislature, that they have been wide awake to further the interests of Woodstock Academy. A bill was passed in the last session by which it is possible for boys and girls of the neighboring towns to attend the Academy with the expenses of tuition and transportation paid by the town and state under the same conditions as exist in the case of High Schools. This opens up an opportunity of which it is hoped many will take advantage. An increase of attendance at the Academy is looked for as a consequence.

Back numbers of most of the Gleaners may be procured by sending address and ten cents to the Gleaner, Woodstock, Conn.

Report of the Treasurer of the Alumni Association

1902-1903.

RECEIVED	
August 1903 Balance on hand,	\$15.80
From Sale of Gleaners,	28.80
From advertisements,	69.75
Total,	\$114.35
PAID	
For envelopes,	\$1.50
For stamps,	9.55
For publishing Gleaner,	78.20
Total,	88.25
Cash on hand,	\$26.10
MAY BLACKMAR SAFFORD,	
Treasurer.	

Bird Study.

Bird study is sometimes called a fad, but it is no trifling fad. There are many reasons why everyone ought to be interested in it. Our bird life represents a public property, and bird study has an important economic value. We must first ask, What do birds do in the world? The answer is that the great practical service of birds lies in their power to destroy insects. Certain birds live almost entirely on animal food, caterpillars, beetles, spiders etc. These birds are the house wren, cuckoo, chickadee, vireos, swallows, swifts, martins, fly-catchers, and perhaps others. We could not have too many of these birds. Another class of birds takes 50 per cent or over of animal food. Even those that take but a small per cent of insect food may still destroy insects which would damage fruit and crops much more than the birds themselves. The gypsy moth, which can possibly strip the continent of its forests forms an article of food for dozens of birds, among them the robin, bluebird, brown thrasher, cat bird, blue jay and wood peckers. The potato beetle is eaten by the wood thrush, rose-breasted grosbeak and cuckoo, the elm beetle by the cedar bird and phoebe, and mosquitoes are devoured by swallows. Birds that come early, like the blue bird, robin, redwing and grackle, may be of especial service by destroying insects before they have laid their eggs for the season.

The charge is often brought against birds that they destroy or injure the farmer's fruit and crops; therefore they are persecuted and slaughtered. This charge is true in a measure, but the birds are compelled to use cultivated fruits, because we have hitherto paid no attention to the natural sources of food supply for our birds, and in clearing the land have destroyed the native trees and shrubs upon which they depended. It is now well known that birds prefer wild to cultivated fruit. Therefore the best way to protect our fruit is to leave or plant such wild or valueless fruits as ripen at the same time. Men who know consider it bad policy to put scarecrows in their cherry trees to frighten the

birds from their gardens until they have planted wild cherries, mulberries and Juneberries for the birds to feed upon.

All who have taken up bird study in any form will be ready to tell how much pleasure it has given them. Probably most people like birds in a general way, but real appreciation of their beauties of form, color and song comes only when one has learned to know them and can greet them as friends when they return in the spring. There is much that might be said in regard to the educational value of bird study, but it is self evident that a real, lifelong interest in something worthy and ennobling is of inestimable value. "To find such an interest in some worthy nature love is to discover the fountain of youth." And what in nature is more worthy of our interest and love than the birds?

We who live in Woodstock have exceptional opportunities to develop an interest in birds. We must first learn to recognize the birds by sight; and to help us in that we have in our library a number of the best bird books. Most of them are illustrated, but even more helpful than pictures is our collection of the birds of this locality, placed where all who wish can see them. Finally, we have all out of doors. We live in the country, where the birds come close to us. We might have greater numbers and have them very tame, if we would all unite in an effort to provide them with food, water, suitable nesting places and protection from their enemies.

FAITH SANBORN.

Obituary of Susan A. Leavitt

Susan A. Leavitt, a former student of Woodstock Academy, died of tuberculosis of the bone, at her home in North Woodstock, October 14, 1903.

During her illness, which was long and painful, she was attended by local physicians, and specialists from Worcester. It was decided that amputation of the leg was necessary, so she was taken to Putnam Hospital where the operation was performed. After this operation she lived for a little over a year.

She was born in North Woodstock in January 1885. She attended the district

school and there prepared herself for Woodstock Academy, which institution she entered in September 1900. She remained a pupil in the school until the spring of 1902, when she was obliged to leave on account of ill health.

Being a bright and earnest student, she was successful in her work at the Academy. For her sweet disposition and courtesy, her unselfishness and helpfulness to others, and her loyalty to the school, she was loved by her teachers and her fellow pupils.

The deepest sympathy of the entire school is extended to the bereaved family.

ELSIE W. BATES.

Obituary of Reuben S. Fitts

Reuben Slade Fitts, who graduated from the Academy with the class of 1902, died at his home in Pomfret on February 18th, 1904. The second child and oldest son of Arthur L. and Emma F. Fitts, he was born at Pomfret on July 19th, 1884. From the district school he entered Woodstock Academy, where he completed the four years course, making a good record in scholarship and winning the affectionate regard of all his schoolmates. Among his large circle of friends at home he was a leader and deservedly popular. Unassuming in manner, his simple life was a positive influence for good among the young people.

His cheerful disposition and thorough trustworthiness of character endeared him to old and young alike, and gave promise of a broadly useful manhood. At church he served as usher, sang in the choir, was vice-president of the Christian Endeavor Society, and secretary of the pastor's class of young men. He was always in his place. While somewhat distrustful of his own abilities, dependableness was perhaps his foremost quality.

He took the keenest interest in all the social activities of the young people. Music was his delight. He was rapidly developing a good voice and was one of those natural musicians who can play any instrument readily.

His death, following a brave struggle against pneumonia, was a great shock to the whole community.

Reuben's many friends must ever be the better for having known him.

"Under the influence of an absent soul the heart softens, and man goes forth each day more of a friend to his race, and more of a worshiper of his God. Sorrow must ennoble duty, not end it."

REV. W. B. GREEN.

The Woodstock Academy Alumni Association.

Some of the younger graduates of the Academy have learned this year for the first time, that there is such an organization as the Woodstock Academy Alumni Association. We may reasonably infer from this fact that the constitution of the association may be with advantage printed in this issue and a few words said in regard to the organization.

The first regular meeting of this Association was held August 10, 1892, and the constitution as then presented, was with some amendments, unanimously adopted. It reads as follows:

ARTICLE I. This association shall be known as the Woodstock Academy Alumni Association.

ARTICLE II. The object of this association shall be to keep alive the memories of school life, and to promote in general the interests of Woodstock Academy.

ARTICLE III. All persons shall be considered members of this association, who have at any time been students of Woodstock Academy. Also all officers and teachers of said Academy shall be honorary members of this association. Also any person may be made a member of this association by a majority vote of the members present at any annual meeting.

ARTICLE IV. This association shall hold a meeting each year, on the second Wednesday in August at the Academy Building or elsewhere.

ARTICLE V. The officers of this association shall consist of a President, one or more Vice Presidents, a Secretary, a Treasurer, and a Committee of Three, who shall act with the other officers, the whole to form an executive committee, which shall hold office for one year, and shall have entire charge of the annual reunion following their election.

ARTICLE VI. To defray the current expenses of the association a fee of twenty-five cents shall be charged the members of the association attending each annual meeting.

AMENDMENT I. All honorary members shall be entitled to hold office and cast votes the same as active members.

AMENDMENT II. The members of the executive committee shall invite the First Congregational Church of Woodstock, to allow a sermon to be preached annually in their house, by some pastor of the vicinity or else where, upon the general subject of Education, and the work and needs of the Academy.

AMENDMENT III. Under the auspices of this association a magazine shall be edited and published annually by the students and alumni of Woodstock Academy, and shall be called the "Woodstock Academy Gleaner." Its purpose should be to publish all facts about the Alumni and Academy worthy of circulation and preservation, also to provide a field for the exercise and display of literary talent. It shall be the duty of the secretary of the association to see that a complete file of this magazine be preserved in the Academy library.

AMENDMENT IV. Article IV should be amended to read as follows: This association shall hold its meeting whenever in the judgement of the executive committee, it seems to be for the interest of the association: and all officers and committees elected or appointed at any meeting of the association shall hold office until the next meeting of the association. But the day for holding the alumni meeting shall be the first Wednesday in August instead of the second Wednesday.

It will be seen from this constitution that in addition to the general duty of maintaining good-fellowship and loyalty among the Academy Alumni, three specific duties are undertaken by the association: first, to hold a Reunion as frequently as it seems advisable; second to maintain Academy Sunday; third to edit and publish the Annual Gleaner.

It will also be seen that the association has placed all the work in the hands of a committee of not more than seven members; and that this committee may be left for several years to carry on the work.

This concentration of responsibility into the hands of a few was thought to be advisable. How successful it has proved in the working, is a question ever open to consideration. The younger alumni, with their fresher blood and enthusiasm, may see other objects for the association to accomplish, other methods to be employed, and perhaps other principles of organization. For discussion in

any of these lines the pages of the Gleaner are gladly open. The Gleaner feels sure that the older learn many good things from the younger, and she is always expectant of a better future.

E. R. HALL.

Annual Public Rhetoricals

The Public Rhetoricals have grown to be a part of the bone and sinew of the Academy.

For more than thirty-five years the students have never failed to give a program similar in nature and scope to the one before us. Always given in the month of March it has grown to be a time honored feature in our public entertainments, looked forward to, and planned for, with the same interest, if not the same enthusiasm, by the constant attendant.

Were it possible, how interesting it would be to follow the history of the different speakers for all the year. I am sure if they could voice their conviction, all would attest to the life long benefit of these appearances "in public upon the stage." For the years 1904 the usual large audience greeted the speakers under unusually auspicious conditions, wind and weather being favorable, which is always an important feature for a country audience.

This year the Academy had received the gift of the portrait of Mr. Bowen. It had been hung upon the stage and was now seen by the general public for the first time. Very few present could trace a familiar feature as it was painted in the early 50's, but the few declared it a good likeness in the years of his prime. It was taken at very nearly the time when his first efforts were made toward the reviving and upbuilding of this institution, and is therefore the more valuable as a memento of those momentous years of our history. While it may not be a work of art in the eyes of a critic, it is of special interest to our towns people as the artist was long and familiarly known among us as Mr. Sawyer, his home being here for many years.

The exercises were opened, as in several previous years, by musical selections given by the Morse Orchestra of Putnam,

though this is a revised edition of the old Morse orchestra so familiarly known. We see the same able leader and some other familiar faces, but methinks we see the son of our own John Morse among the performers and we are glad, for talent in music is a great gift to be transmitted from father to son and we wish him all possible success in this desirable attainment.

The program is unavoidably long. It is therefore a very useful, as well as an enjoyable feature, to listen to music of a high order of excellence between the different parts.

The opening number by the school choir "Tripping o'er the Hills" had just the movement to place the audience in spirit with the program; its execution was admirable and this may truly be said of the entire musical program giving the assurance that the innovation in the musical training for the year has been a great advantage to the students, yielding gratifying results which have been a credit to Miss Leavens, their instructor.

There is never a backward movement in the richness of the program presented from time to time, the new literature of the year is closely scanned for suitable selections adapted carefully to the individual elocutionary ability.

Now and then it has been interspersed with familiar declamations always pleasant for the old timer, but none are found upon the one before us. But it is rich indeed in lofty sentiment and noble thought. From the popular book Rebecca is culled three selections, and the beautiful pathos of the writings of Henry Van Dyke is well set forth in the extract from "The Lost Word;" and again from Dr. McKenzie's writings are selected some of the grandest truths of all ages; then we enjoy another of the inimitable tales from Brer Rabbit and other mirth provoking selections. Love of country is well portrayed from several authors, old and new, and other selections equally good follow, varied in sentiment, making an attractive whole. But far be it from the writer's task to judge the comparative merit of the different speakers. The plaudit well done was fully merited by each

one, for each apparently did his level best, and the perfect memorization deserves high commendation.

Each member of the graduating class of ten was represented upon the program, and as we looked into their faces our thoughts took a sadder tinge at the probability that we should not again listen to their voices in the same capacity, and could but breathe the petition that Heaven would be very kind to them in their unknown future opening before them.

A very happy conclusion was given to the program by the company of young lady students giving in perfect rhythm a wand drill under the leadership of Miss Warren, the teacher in calisthenics.

The delighted audience forgot all fatigue and encored them to the echo which was very complimentary to their instructor, who only a few years since was a pupil here.

And now to the last sweet strains of orchestral music the audience departed to their homes, the students of the year remaining for the ever popular reception which is given annually so hospitably by Mrs. E. R. Hall.

MRS. HENRY T. CHILD.

September

[The following little verses were written in 1893 in one of the upper rooms on the north side of the Academy as the writer looked out on the beautiful hills. They have just come to the knowledge of the Gleaner, and seem worthy of publication]

The sunshine is lazy and mellow and hazy,
And here in the valleys in patches of gold;
The summer is old,
'Tis the dreaming month of September.

Yellow leaves adown sifting through the
still air are drifting
Yellow apples and red fall thudding to
ground,

Wild grape smells all round.
'Tis the harvest month of September.

Through the soft silent gladness, there's
mingled a sadness
A hint, a surprise, that strikes the heart
dumb;

The winter will come
'Twill follow the golden September.

ANNE H. HALL.

Graduating Exercises of 1904.

Fair Woodstock was at its fairest on the afternoon of June seventeenth when a large number of people gathered to witness the graduation of another class from the Academy. The exercises in the hall, of which the program is printed elsewhere, were of the usual order and exceptionally interesting. We have been more favored than most similar institutions in our Commencement speakers. For this reason our standard is high. Dr. Martin, of Lowell, who was our speaker this year, more than met the requirements of the most critical listeners. Like so many former speakers Dr. Martin is a '72 man of Yale. The younger alumni feel as if the Academy was a protegee of this class and our respect for her was increased after listening to Dr. Martin's address.

We are unfortunate in that Dr. Martin used no notes so that his address cannot be printed in *The GLEANER*. He spoke on "The True Education". He said, in brief, that as the knight of olden days was trained in body and mind so ought the people of today to secure physical as well as mental training. "A sound mind in a sound body" should be the modern ideal as well as the ancient. Dr. Martin laid emphasis on the fact that in all ages, from the times of Savonarola and Martin Luther until today, no man has had a true education until he has attained a full and symmetrical development of body, mind and soul. A true education is a Christian Education; and the man who has secured christian training has developed body as well as mind.

The diplomas were presented by Judge Russell, of Putnam. We were all glad to welcome him as a loyal son of our Alma Mater and the personal friend of many in the audience. Judge Russell, when presenting the diplomas, made some very practical remarks bidding the class pay especial attention to their employment of time. An appropriate quotation was given each member of the class with the diploma.

At the completion of the exercises in the hall the audience went to the East

lawn where the ivy was planted. "Fair Woodstock" was sung by the school and an Ivy Oration and Poem read by Miss Elizabeth Perrin. The Ivy Oration was a particularly interesting one. All the Alumni and Alumnae of the Academy are proud of the many famous men who have brought honors to their Alma Mater. Our pride in them and in her was deepened by Miss Perrin's appreciative comments.

The afternoon closed with the singing by the classes by the audience and the school and an informal reception on the lawn by the graduating class.

The reception in the evening was most enjoyable. This is always an occasion of especial interest to the more recent Alumni as they are afforded an opportunity of greeting old friends, some of whom are rarely seen at other times. After the reception by the class and the patronesses, Mrs. Henry T. Child, Mrs. E. R. Hall, Mrs. C. C. Gildersleeve and Miss Jessie T. McClellan, promenades were enjoyed. Much entertainment was afforded by the class history by Mr. William Nelson, statistics by Miss Elizabeth Perrin, prophecy by Miss Pearl Ailton and poem by Mr. Spencer Child.

The music for the evening was furnished by Mr. Walter Dodge, an old school-mate whom all were glad to welcome once more. After the singing of "Good-Night Ladies" we separated, more loyal than ever to the old Academy which has so many pleasant associations for us all.

PHOEBE WARD RANDALL.

The Reformer.

They called him "schemer!," "fool!" "infidel!"; they cried

"Down with him! He would overthrow
'What has been since Time is; and sow
'Rank discontent 'midst those now satisfied!"

But he would not be silenced, nor pressed aside:

So they ignored; jeered; cursed—until he died.

And in an after-age their children came,
With such full hearts as silent tears betray
And built a monument where he was laid away,

As a small tribute to an honored name.

F. W. ROCKWELL.

An Honored Benefactor of Woodstock Academy.

In the death of Elisha Slade Converse, of Malden, Mass., another of the benefactors of Woodstock Academy has passed away. The story of his long life was remarkable in many of its aspects; but it is not with his brilliant career in the business world, or with his magnificent gifts to Malden and Boston, which, amounted to fully \$600,000, that we have to do, but would rather pay a tribute to his loyalty to Woodstock. The more remarkable because only a few years of his life were spent here.

His parents coming to town, when he was at the age of four years, in humble circumstances, occupied the house now connected with the Senexet Green House. Here his childhood was spent receiving training in habits of industry and integrity: here he received the essentials of an English education. At the age of thirteen, he was sent to Boston to attend school, where he remained three years. Then he returned to his home for a short time, but soon went to Thompson to engage in business, the beginning of a successful business life.

Benevolence followed closely his business success. He loved best the quiet unobtrusive gifts, frequently remembering those of his own family; and even those farther removed in ties of blood, he did not forget in his prosperity, but often sent substantial tokens of his regard.

Excepting Mr. Bowen, Mr. Converse has been the largest donor to Woodstock Academy during the years of the financial stress in the Academy's history. Mr. and Mrs. Bowen recalled the early connection of Mr. Converse with Woodstock. Being an intimate friend, an appeal was made to him through Mrs. Bowen, and he responded with hearty generosity adding again and again to the amount until it reached the sum of \$10,000; but with the gift came the proviso that it receive no public mention. Private appreciation fully satisfied his ambition. But it is most fitting that through the columns of the GLEANER the circumstances and

amount of his gift should be acknowledged, and this tribute be paid to his many nobler characteristics. May it be an incentive to the "generations following" to go and do like wise.

MRS. HENRY T. CHILD.

A Composition of 1844.

A "composition," written in the Spring term of 1844, by a twelve year old girl, has recently come to light. The original document is valued for some pencilled lines of commendation, written by Miss Curtis, who was one of the first assistant teachers after John P. Averill became principal. This funny combination of crudeness and brightness reads as follows:

THE HISTORY OF A DICTIONARY

I rise to plead my own case. I have have never made a noise in the world and perhaps my history will not be uninteresting. We ere 26 brothers and can trace our family from Z to A who appears at our head. The nobility of our family are A E I O U and Y, especially U and I who are the true aristocracy. We make words and put meanings to them, but we never meddle with dates.

Did you ever hear of old father Dillworth? He brought us through the old saxon language and Walker made us walk up to the true orthography, but to Noah Webster was left the honor of bringing us to our present use and importance.

HARRIET G. ATWELL.

The Child in Recent Fiction

The child might almost be called a discovery of the nineteenth century. He has always been here, but, like the precious radium just made known, he has lived his life down through the centuries little noticed and never scientifically investigated. We have loved him, toiled for him, made him better and finer, as one generation followed another, but not until recent years have we appreciated him. We have thought of him as a little grown up. "Little Men" and "Little Women" were significant titles to Miss Alcott's works. It seems that it is only recently that we have believed that the child,

as a child, regardless of the fact that he or she would be a man or woman some day, was an individuality, a being only partly in touch with us older folks, with powers and a code of ethics quite his own.

The causes of this revolution in our notions about children are multitudinous, but not hard to see. They are connected with our entire development, our new science, our popular education, and our American home-making. We do not concern ourselves with them here however, but with just one fact that is most significant, namely, that we are now-a-days exceedingly interested in children. The interest is almost always unconscious, I believe, but nevertheless vital. When we see a group of college girls laughing over Edward Lear's Nonsense Book, or a company of college instructors and students reading on Sunday evening Kipling's Just So Stories, we feel that, without perceiving it, these grown up people have for the moment become children and so in the most real way have appreciated and understood a child's mind.

This delight in reading about children is certainly new. Take any of the older novelists, Jane Austin, Charlotte Bronte, George Eliot, Thackeray, Dickens, Hugo and even Hawthorne and Dumas, and where do you find a child figuring as a conspicuous character in their plots? Even Shakespeare, though he dwells repeatedly upon the passion of parental love, as in King Lear, for instance, never introduces or develops a child in his plays. The very idea of it is strange to us. Yet how strong has the impulse been in recent years to study children! What revelations have been made as to their physical and mental characteristics! Dr. Holt in New York and Prof. Baldwin in Princeton have revolutionized our ideas concerning them. They are becoming more and more an essential part of our life and enjoyment, and I doubt not that if some second Shakespeare shall arise, there will be some tiny Horatius and Ophelia romping and philosophizing through his pages.

The children that were brought into

the old stories were types. In almost every case they were the embodiment of some influence either for good or evil that was to work itself out upon the real characters of the plot. Pearl, in the Scarlet Letter, for instance, was a bewitching child indeed, but she was the fleshly representation of her father's and mother's sin. Every characteristic attributed to her was the inheritance of her parents' unholy love. She is not a child, but the embodiment of Hester's and Dimmesdale's union. So also in George Eliot's Silas Marner, Eppie is the instrument in the plot that brings the old miser back to his noble nature. Little Florence in Dombey and Son, too, though less of a type, is interesting entirely because of the love other people have for her, not as a study of child life. The same is true of Eva in Uncle Tom's Cabin. They were children of situations and in every case the situation was more interesting than the child.

Such being the case, it is with considerable surprise that we notice the large number of stories written recently for adults that contain studies of children. By studies, I mean the development of a child character so natural that it interests us because of its humanity and not because of its place in the plot. Kipling was one of the early ones who wrote such stories. Wee Willie Winkie and other short sketches scattered through his books are stories about children for adults to read.

Mary E. Wilkins Freeman in the Portion of Labor describes the vicissitudes of a lonely little child soul. Such children as this little girl walk our streets daily and look into our faces with a wistful longing to understand this puzzling world. They do not know us nor we them, though Mrs. Freeman has helped us to, and in a most entertaining way.

Two books published within two years, Daniel of the Blessed Isles by Irving Bachelor and The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come by John Fox Jr., in their opening chapters introduce us to two delightfully natural boys. Both are wilderness boys, one

from an isolated farm region, the other from the Kentucky Blue Grass country. By far the most charming part of the latter is the treatment of the "little shepherd" and his dog in their struggle to establish themselves in life. Eben Holden began in the same way, the incidents of the story being told as they impressed the boy who was carried across New York State "out west" in a bushel basket on old Eben's back.

In Glengarry School Days, Ralph Connor created some boys and girls that thousands of us have thoroughly enjoyed, boys who swam and fought and dreamed and filled us unathletic and practical adults with delight.

I suppose that a century ago such men as Peter Newell and Lewis Carroll would have bored the sober readers of sense and sensibility. But who now is too dignified to love the Jabberwocky? Yet I wonder if our grandmothers would have liked the following:

"Of what are you afraid, my child?" inquired the kindly teacher,
 "Oh, sir, the flowers, they are wild," replied the timid creature."

Josephine Daskam has done a remarkable work in her child books. The *Madness of Philip* is as true as Shakespeare. The *Imp and the Angel* is like wise perfectly natural. Both are entirely about children and both are for grown-ups. Her children usually belong in homes of comfort and good breeding but they show most natural traits in the process of being trained and educated, and are as full of fun and originality as most American children of opportunity are.

It is impossible to even name the books that have found their way into our hearts through the children in them. There are two that are pre-eminent, perhaps; both are very recent and both are destined, I am sure, to a long life. First *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm*. It is the story of a bright farm girl, one of seven children, adapting herself to the restrictions of the home of the fussiest of New England spinsters, and developing by the strug-

gle a charming womanly personality. The wit and the pathos in this book add much to its charm but the child heart and its experiences are what really hold us.

And lastly comes *Emmy Lou*. The world has been waiting for you, Emmy Lou! Our hearts grow warm at your gilt wrapped slate pencil, your bottle of cologne water and sponge and your dangling slate. We do not understand any better than you why if b is b, b-e should be b, and worse still b-e-e. Our hearts thrill with yours at your first valentine, for was not that delicious ecstasy once ours? We know, too, precisely why you chose to go to dancing school rather than to the literary society.

A door has been slowly opening in our hearts for years. It is not wide open yet, but Mr. Martin has led Emmy Lou to it and her tiny self has passed through and in, never to depart. It will be long before a more charming and a more human child will live in a book. But the story writers in the meantime will answer this new demand of our natures and as more and more books are written on our children, we shall come to feel ourselves more a part of them; and instead, perhaps, of conceiving of them as little men and women, we shall be able to think of ourselves as grown up children, and I doubt not we will profit by the change.

There are two poems, one written in 1798 by the great master Wordsworth, the other in 1898 by a great master Robert Louis Stevenson, which are conspicuous illustrations of the change in our attitude toward children brought about in one hundred years. I will quote a few stanzas of the first and all of the second.

WE ARE SEVEN.

I met a little cottage girl;

She was eight years old, she said;

Her hair was thick with many a curl

That clustered round her head.

"Sisters and brothers, little Maid,

How many may you be?"

"How many? Seven in all," she said,

And wondering looked at me.

"And where are they? I pray you tell."

She answered, "Seven are we;
And two of us at Conway dwell
And two are gone to sea.

Two of us in the church yard lie,
My sister and my brother;
And, in the church yard cottage, I
Dwell near them with my mother."

"You run about, my little maid
Your limbs they are alive;
If two are in the church yard laid,
Then ye are only five."

"Their graves are green, they may be seen,"
The little maid replied,
Twelve steps or more from my mother's door,
And they are side by side.

My stockings there I often knit
My kerchief there I hem;
And there upon the ground I sit
And sing a song to them."

"How many are you then," Said I
If they two are in heaven?"
Quick was the little Maid's reply,
"O Master! We are seven."

ESCAPE AT BEDTIME.

The lights from the parlor and kitchen shone
out

Through the blinds and the windows and bars;
And high overhead and all moving about,
There were thousands of millions of stars.
There ne'er were such thousands of leaves on a
tree,

Nor of people in church or the park,
As the crowds of the stars that looked down
upon me,
And that glittered and winked in the dark.

The Dog and the Plough and the Hunter, and
all

And the star of the Sailor, and Mars,
These shone in the sky, and the pail by the wall
Would be half full of water and stars.

They saw me at last and they chased me with
cries,

And they soon had me packed into bed;
But the glory kept shining and bright in my
eyes,

And the stars going round in my head.

ANNE HALL GAYLORD.

Our Chemist in the West

Eilers Plant,

American Smelting & Refining Co.

Pueblo, Colo., May 25, 1904.

MY DEAR GLEANER: Some time
ago one of the glorious class of '94
wrote to me asking for some account

of the wicked pursuit of getting money from "the deep places of the earth," which is the work in which I am engaged. Scientifically we speak of it as "the economical extraction of metals from their ores," and it is a very wonderful industry to any one who is interested in science or geology or business; for it has taken all of the modern knowledge in each of these lines to enable the big trusts to successfully work out the problem.

One of the greatest smelting centres of the west is Pueblo. If any of you could stand upon the top of Pike's Peak, and look straight toward the south, about forty miles away you would see an immense volume of grey smoke rising from the banks of the Arkansas River. That is where Pueblo lies, "the Pittsburgh of the West," and one of the greatest smelting centres of the world. Besides containing three large lead smelters, it holds also an immense steel plant, and a large zinc smelter, as well as numerous kindred industries. The town itself is of an irregular straggling growth, spread out in all directions from the banks of the river. The frame house predominates, characteristic of a town still in a transitional stage. Many people on the outskirts of the town even live in a kind of portable canvas house, called a tent house, merely paying ground rent till they get out of money, then pull up stakes and try another spot. An easterner often thinks of this town as a pretty wild place. It has seen some wild times too in its early days. Long ago it held the record for gambling houses, but we are thankful to say, that it is a thing of the past. We can hardly boast of herds of buffaloes or other fierce animals roaming about us. The only unusual animals that we see here are the famous tribe called burros. These animals have no doubt been made familiar to every one by the "Burro-Book." He is a patient little creature and meets more needs than any other animal in the west. As a serviceable pack animal or the patient bearer of three children astride of him at once, he is indispensable. No trail is too rough or steep for him to travel,

and he is so sure footed that he can go safely through very dangerous places. They tell many amusing stories about burros. One which illustrates his patience and resourcefulness is as follows:

A train of loaded burros was winding down a rocky trail along the very edge of a precipice. One of them, with their ever present instinct to eat anything tempting in sight, leaned toward the edge after a juicy looking bit of grass; but he slipped from the trail and was saved from a horrible death merely by getting his hoof caught in the gnarled roots of some quaking aspens growing on the edge of the cliff. He was found by the driver lying on his back half way down the precipice with no apparent chance of life, but contentedly nibbling the grass he started for in the first place. Surely his motto must be "*Lætus sorte mea.*"

But to get back to the smelters. I am connected with one of the lead smelters, in the department where the chemical analysis of the ore is made. A lead smelter treats almost any ore containing gold, silver, lead or copper. Its product is crude lead, which also catches the gold and silver, with which they alloy in all proportions. This product must be sent to the refinery where the lead is refined for the market, and the gold and silver separated from it. The copper is saved in the form of a copper matte, a sulphide of copper, which must in turn be sent to a refinery to be refined. Our equipment consists of six blast furnaces, fifteen roasting furnaces and a sample mill. At the sample mill the ores are crushed when necessary and an accurate sample is obtained on which to base the settlement for the ore. Many ores contain too much sulphur to be smelted direct. The work of the roasters is then to drive off this sulphur with heat. The ore ready for the furnace is bedded in immense bins and fed from them into the furnaces as needed. At the furnaces the ores are mixed with coke and fluxes in such proportion as to form a fusible slag. The coke, made incandescent by the blast, reduces the

lead from the ore, which sinks to the bottom of the furnace, and it is there tapped out into pigs. The copper matte and slag, being lighter than the lead, are tapped off at a hole above the lead. The matte is separated in an iron box directly in front of the furnace, where the fact that it is heavier than the slag causes it to sink to the bottom, where it, in turn, is tapped off into pots, and is then sent to the refinery. The slag runs off at the top into pots, and is thrown away. My special work consists in finding how much there is to pay for in the ores. This is done in the laboratory and assay office. The ore is paid for on the figures turned in by the assayer and chemist.

Most of the ores treated at Pueblo come from the great gold field at Cripple Creek and Victor. This is the most remarkable gold field in the world. Electric cars at Cripple Creek run over the very tops of the mountains to the doors of the mines themselves. The silver and lead ores come to us from Leadville. Siliceous ores come from Creede in the southern part of the State. Most of our heavy lead ores come from Northern Idaho, in the Coeur d'Alene country, the panhandle of the state.

I wish you could all come out here this summer. Some of you will, no doubt, taking in the St. Louis fair en route. Then you will stop here and I shall be glad to take any of you through the smelter. Of course, if you come out, you must see Colorado Springs and Cripple Creek. The "Springs" is our favorite resort for rest and relaxation. There the great canyons seem to enthrall new life into us after this smoky dusty town. The great hoary mountains lend us of their eternal strength.

The trip to Cripple Creek is over one of the most wonderful tracks in the world. The scenery is grand beyond compare. At the autumn season the glory of light and shade on the mountains is so wonderful that it alone is worth a trip to Colorado to see. The engineering feat of constructing this line right across the mountains, com

pare with the wonderful work done in building the Brooklyn bridge. The track rises often with three different points in full view at once, one above the other. One curved tunnel gives you the rare treat of seeing both ends at once. At the "Creek" you must be prepared for snow storms at any time. It is over 10,000 feet high and practically well up in the clouds.

There are many other delightful trips to take in Colorado, but if I told you more about them perhaps you would not feel that you needed to see them for yourselves, so I will bid you good bye, dear Gleaner readers, and hope that you will all follow Horace Greeley's advice, "Go West, young man."

Very sincerely yours,

ALFRED THURSTON CHILD.

Our Archæologist Abroad.

Deepsand Harbour, Crete, June 12, '04.

My Dear Gleaner: Though our Academy has sent out her students before to Greek lands, and they have already come back and told their story, I think she is kind enough to listen patiently again to some account of a beginner's experiences in a first season of excavating. I have been spending two months at Deepsand Harbour, Crete, where Miss Harriet Boyd is excavating on the hill Gournia, a Mycenaean Town, which flourished some fifteen hundred years before Christ. Gournia is not the Mycenaean name; it means 'Troughs', and is only one of those names which the modern Cretans are in the habit of giving to every hill and dale. A little girl driving a medley flock of cows, pigs and goats, told me the other day, in reply to my question, that she would pasture them at Gournia. And an hour later I saw her encamped with her knitting hardly a stone's throw away from the excavations. The ancient name of the town is lost.

The questions which are asked most often in regard to the work and our life here, run something like this: How did Miss Boyd know where to begin to dig? What sort of things do you find? How deep must you dig? How many men do you employ? How do you talk to them? In what sort of a house do you live?

Perhaps the answers to these questions will be of interest to you.

The problem of finding a site is indeed an important one. I can tell better of how we did not find a site, when making a tour of Western Crete, than I can of how Gournia was found. The method is the same whether it ends in success or not. We started on horseback, and travelled from village to village, asking everywhere if antiquities were found in that place, and in return, receiving for inspection a whole series of objects ranging from modern glass bottles to Mycenaean seal stones and including Byzantine coins, Roman gems, bits of Greek statues, and inscribed stones. Our next step was to pick out the man of the village who appeared most intelligent and to ask him to show us the exact place where the things were found. There is a crucial point. If one is lucky he will be shown a place where ancient walls peer up above the ground, and fragments of pottery are as thick as stones on a Connecticut hillside. If one is unlucky, the man will point with perfect self satisfaction to a spot between two rolling stones in a travelled road. Walls and fragments of pottery are generally enough to show how old the site is; if they are of the right period, trial trenches are in order, and a day or so of digging will probably show whether or not the site is promising. The first fragments of pottery found at Gournia were painted in the best Mycenaean style, and the first trial trenches brought most satisfactory finds to light.

To describe all we find in excavating would task your patience, but in brief, there are the paved streets of the town, hardly wide enough for a loaded donkey to pass, and flanked on either side by houses, the walls of which, though standing to an average height of only three or four feet, yet reveal pretty clearly the plan of the rooms. Inside the houses, we find all the furnishings which were made of imperishable material. Generally there is enough to give a vivid picture of the life lived there thousands of years ago. There are the flat lamps of clay or stone by which the house was lit, the delicate painted cups and bowls and pitchers, perhaps for rarer use, the

kitchen pots still black from the fire, and today, to add the last touch to the pleasure, in the end of a little narrow room, (shall we call it a pantry?) a quantity of peas, burnt, it is true, to charcoal, but unmistakably peas. I could not resist eating one so as to say that I had eaten a pea grown fifteen hundred years before Christ. As witnesses to the industries of the household, there are vats for washing oil, mortars for grinding corn, and stone grinders to grind it with, weights for looms and fish-nets, bronze chisels and awls and weaving hooks.

The depth to which it is necessary to dig varies. On the top of a hill where nearly all the earth has been washed away vases may be found a foot or so below the surface. Farther down the slope it may be necessary to dig sixteen feet before a single find is made.

Miss Boyd employs about a hundred men and boys, and a few girls to wash the fragments of pottery. They are a fine race, big, stalwart men, and as honest and courteous as any men I have ever seen anywhere. When they line up Saturday nights to get their pay, a long row of them dressed in loose blue trousers to the knee, tight jackets and big sashes, they are always perfectly quiet, and as they come in one by one they doff their kerchiefs, bid us good evening, and take their money with as polite a thank you as if they were accepting a cup of tea in a drawing-room. It is a good test of their courtesy that they never laugh at my mistakes when I am attempting to talk to them, though I know they often have good cause. It is very trying not to know a language well, especially when one wishes to be stern and speak severely, and then realizes the next minute that one has said a perfectly impossible and ridiculous thing.

As to our life here, it is ideal. We are fortunate enough to have a house with an upper story, so that we have avoided dirt floors, and can have things as cosy and comfortable as any Epicure could desire. The blue Mediterranean comes to our very door. We are surrounded by a circle of wonderful grey mountains which change their color with every hour of the

day, and at sunset are so beautiful that one feels forced to sit and watch them, or to take a horseback ride up the valley, from which they are seen at their best. We have had some very hot weather, 'but he who has not seen this country in the brilliant noon-day light of a summer day has missed some of its loveliest aspects. It is harvest time now, and the fields are as yellow as in late summer at home. I have only two more weeks to stay, and am already beginning to mourn the loss of the out-of-door life and freedom which have made the two months I have been here, two of the happiest I have ever spent.

EDITH H. HALL.

Sunset

The sunset's banners, far flung on high,
Stream down the West from tower and
spire

O'er the splendid City of Heart's Desire,
Aglow in the golden sky.

From shadowed pave to domes and fane;
From purple court to pinnacle
Of pearl and gold the pale light streams
Etherial, transfiguring all.

And flooded in splendor, tho' earth's light
wanes,

Above, the citadel!—Castle of Dreams—
Whose sun shot turrets to Heaven aspire—
Crown of the city of Hearts Desire
Afar in the crimson sky.

Then! in a sudden burst of fire
Spring lurid lights from street to walk!
From wall to tower, and leaping higher,
Stream aloft where the banners fly.
The crumbling battlements crash aflame;
The gleaming spires flare and fall:—
Vanished's the vision, as it came!

And the vague cloud-embers burn dim and
die

And the lingering breeze breathes a last
low sigh

O'er the silent ruins of Heart's Desire
Grown grey in the ashen sky.

F. F. ROCKWELL.

Personals of Alumni before '88

The Gleaner is always glad to receive such letters as the following:

Soldiers' Home, Lafayette, Ind.,

Aug. 10, 1903.

Prof. E. R. Hall, Woodstock, Conn.,

Dear Sir:—I have recently received a

copy of "The Gleaner," Vol. 2, No. 5. My sister, Mrs. V. G. Greene, of Putnam, usually sends me a copy each year, but I do not recognize the handwriting of the address upon the wrapper, this time. As I wish to make acknowledgment of the receipt of this number to some one, I will say that I am very glad to be remembered in the distribution.

I entered old Woodstock Academy Sept. 1st, 1860, when Mr. John Manning opened it, after it had been closed for some time. I attended as long as he was in charge, and also studied under his successor, Mr. George O. Hopkins until June 1862, when I laid aside my books and went to war in the ranks of the 18th Connecticut infantry.

At that time my home was in the house next to the Congregational church, south, and for three years I rang the old bell that hangs in the tower. (How I would like to hear it ring now). I think the McClellan and the Fivnn families are about the only families now living on "The Hill" that lived there when we did.

In the Gleaner, I see many familiar names but they are the names of the children of my old schoolmates; but at the same time, I see the faces of their fathers and mothers as they used to appear in those distant days. I have always loved old Woodstock Hill. The happiest time of my youth was passed there, and the last time I visited it was in May 1888, when my father, J. J. Sawyer, the artist, died in Putnam.

Wishing well for the educational, social and material prosperity of the Old Academy, and that I might be able to attend the reunion of 1904, I am

Very sincerely yours,

J. H. SAWYER.

Amos A. Sanders, after fifty years absence from Woodstock revisits the scenes of his childhood and youth. He is 74 years of age, and has lived in California since the time he went West. His home now is in Palo Alto, Cal.

Hon. O. H. Lyon, a native of Woodstock, and at one time instructor at the Academy, died recently in Rockford, Ga. at the age of 70 years. He is survived by

a wife and six children. Every one of the six is a University graduate.

Mr. Lyon went West at an early age. He became a banker and a member of the State Senate. "He had a state-wide reputation, and on many subjects of finance and agriculture, he was hailed as an authority throughout the state."

Rev. Clarence C. Lyon who has been for four years pastor of the Congregational church in Canterbury Green, Conn. recently visited friends in this vicinity.

Miss Anna W. Coburn who taught Greek and Latin, in the Academy, from '69 to 71, lives with her sister Mrs. E. H. Cook in Boulder Col.

Mrs. Mary Hammond, of Providence, spent the winter with her daughter Mrs. Merwin, in Eden, Indian River, Florida.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Penniman have moved to Woodstock Hill.

Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Chandler visited their home in Woodstock on their way to North Scituate Beach, where they have a cottage for the summer.

Charles E. Chandler, civil engineer and surveyor in Norwich, Conn., is President of the Norwich Board of Trade.

Edward R. Carpenter is a druggist in Collinwood Ontario, Canada. He recently visited Woodstock, his native place. He attended the Academy in 1850.

Dr. Frank Witter is a successful physician in Spokane, Washington.

Miss Ellen Osgood, who has been Principal of Ashburnham Academy, is taking a vacation on account of her health.

Mrs. Ellen Hyde makes her home with her sister Mrs. George Morse in North Woodstock.

Mrs. D. E. Chism, (nee Daisy Amsden) lives in Stafford Springs, Conn. Her husband is connected with the Independent Store Service Co. They have two daughters and a son.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Hammond (nee Alice Sharpe) and two daughters are living in Putnam.

Grace Carr spent the winter with her sister in Chicago.

Mary Lizzie Lindeman is book-keeper in the Quinebaug Mills.

Mrs. William Mathewson spent a part of the winter with her daughter, Mrs. Haskell in Wakefield, Nebraska.

Mrs. Louisa Wells Randall has visited Woodstock this summer. Her husband, Dr. James Randall, of Colon, Columbia, is employed by the Panama Railroad Company as their physician and surgeon. He also has charge of two hospitals, besides private practice.

Miss Joanna Lindeman is in San Leandro, Cal.

Henry Lindeman is foreman on an estate in Slocum, R. I.

Lizzie J. Chamberlain is in Johnson & Coburn's dry goods store, Southbridge, Mass.

Frank F. Russell, of Putnam, Conn., has been appointed Judge of the City Court.

Dr. Henry Mathewson is connected with the U. S. Marine Hospital in Cleveland, Ohio.

Robert Mathewson and family are in Wakefield, Nebraska.

Flattering reports come from Coshocton, Ohio, of the work of Albert E. Hosmer as supervisor of music in the school, and as private instructor in music.

William H. Chandler and Arthur Frizzell, formerly of South Woodstock, are in Barrington, Washington, engaged in the lumber business.

Ora Lyon is in Ironton, Ouray Co., Colorado.

Mary Flynn was home for a few weeks because of the illness of her father.

Mr. and Mrs. Dwight Burritt (nee Gertrude Way) and two children, are living in Springfield, Mass. Mr. Burritt is superintendent of the manufacture of gas for the city of Springfield.

Mrs. E. C. May (nee Lottie Chandler) has received the appointment of Postmaster, of the Woodstock Hill Post Office.

Mr. and Mrs. Percy McClellan are living in Providence, R. I.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry M. Morse are spending the summer in Woodstock and Putnam.

Edward Tourtellotte is spending a year on his farm on Woodstock Hill, because of his health.

It has been a pleasure to the friends of

Mrs. Charles Gardiner (nee Lottie Lyon) of Emporia, Kansas, that she has spent a part of the summer in Woodstock.

William D. Goodwin is Principal of the High School in Pittsfield, Mass.

Orlo and George Lyon formerly of Pomfret, are both in Leominster, Mass.

Gilbert H. Bacheler after nearly five years pastorate in Maine received a call in December to the church in Buckingham, Conn., where he and his wife are now living.

Some of the old friends and school-mates of Dr. Charles Alton, of Hartford, Conn., were glad of the opportunity to renew acquaintance when he came to Woodstock last Fall.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Leavitt now have their home in Worcester.

Rev. C. F. W. Hubbard has accepted a call to one of the first churches in Cincinnati, Ohio.

Mrs. Nellie Mathewson Haskell with her husband and daughter were members of the Excursion party who attended the Sunday School convention at Jerusalem this year. They visited Woodstock on their return, and Mrs. Haskell's word pictures made the scenes which she had visited very real to her friends.

Principal E. H. Cooke made a visit of a few days to Woodstock the last of June. This was his first return since his teaching here in the years '69-'71. Of course he was cordially received by his old friends and former pupils.

Mr. Cooke after a career of many years of prominence in Educational Work, is now living in Boulder, Colorado, where he is interested in large mining industries.

Mrs. Lydia Pike Hunt writes from Attleboro, Mass. "I enjoy perusing the Gleaner so much that it seems selfish for me to say that I have no items of interest

It gave me more pleasure than I can express to go over the old haunts, which are more appreciated now than when I was younger. The beauty of the grand old village on the Hill impressed me deeply, and I have wished many times since the Centennial, that I might sometime be permitted to spend more time in the old haunts and meet more of the old school-mates."

Senior Class Honor Essay.

A Study of Shakespeare's Portia.

In reading and studying Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice" we are much impressed with the true nobleness of character which Portia possesses.

Shakespeare has depicted Portia as an orphan and wealthy heiress, living in a villa in Belmont, a short distance from Venice.

With her every wish gratified and no disappointments to cross her path, she has developed into a beautiful womanly woman, intelligent and accomplished; she has a well defined sense of humor, and love of adventure. We catch glimpses of the humorous side of her nature, when she is describing her "parcel of wooers," as she speaks of them, to Nerissa.

At the arrival of the Venetian, Portia is at once torn by two natures. Her love for Bassanio tempts her to divulge to him the right casket. But Portia would not stoop to this: she feels, at second thought how belittling and offensive any thing of this nature is to her.

Even though Portia was accomplished and lived in wealth and luxury, she was very unconscious of her surroundings.

She is true to her friends and upright and fair to those whom she doesn't care as much for. This is shown in her true love for Bassanio; when she gains him for her own, by fair means, she expresses more clearly her love and affection for him. She wishes that she had more wealth and every thing that could make Bassanio happier.

Her devotion to her friends is brought out very clearly; though she is in the midst of great joy, she lets that pass and attends to the welfare and good of others. When Portia hears of the great misfortune that has befallen Antonio, she immediately takes all the responsibility upon herself, and intends to take whatever comes, good or bad, pleasantly.

At the time when she acts as judge she wins the respect of the assembly by her eloquent, witty and sensible remarks.

She takes the part of the judge with coolness and confidence; but with not too much self confidence to make it unbecoming. She carries her plans through to the end with great success. The first suspicion of her identity does not cross Bassanio's mind.

Having made up her mind to defend Antonio she seeks the advice of a learned lawyer, and then gives her whole mind to the work before her. She makes a careful study of the speech she is to make at the trial, calmly laying out the plan of her work, and never for an instant doubting that it will prove successful. Portia first appeals to Shylock to accept a full discharge of the debt, and even offers him thrice the amount thinking it would better serve the honour of her husband, after the trial. Portia takes her part in the play very fittingly, and adapts herself most cleverly to the surroundings in which she is placed.

In whatever Portia undertakes she wishes to be successful and at the same time affable.

Even though Portia is far superior to her husband in intellectual powers, she thinks no more of herself for that reason.

We note the pleasing contrast in the solid thoughtfulness she assumes at the trial, and the lightness of heart, and gayety which pervades her whole self after she has saved her husband's friend and restored peace of mind to the former. We almost see the sparkling and dancing of her eyes, as she awaits Bassanio's coming, to charge him with the loss of the ring.

Portia's sunshiny nature is infectious and her whole household show it. Especially do we see it in Nerissa.

Portia's true sphere of life is her own home, and whoever assembles with her is greatly influenced: there she welcomes her guests with true hospitality.

We can do no better than to quote Portia's own words, in order to bring out the quality of her home life.

"How far that little candle throws its beam
So shines a good deed in a naughty world."

PEARLE M. ALLTON.

Senior Honor Essay

Is Culture the Great Purpose of Life?

"Culture is the act of training and disciplining the moral and intellectual nature of man, the acquainting ourselves with the best that has been known and said in the world."

Is this the "Great Purpose of Life" to train and discipline our bodies and minds that we may become acquainted with and enjoy the higher ideals of life?

This is a subject which it would be well for everyone to stop and consider. Are we to so prepare ourselves that we may get all the advantage to ourselves there is in living? Or, are we rather to take no heed of this and enjoy the pleasure we get from money and honor and be deprived of the greater pleasure and benefit there is in studying and appreciating the great works of God and man.

We are to take this journey through life but once. It should be our highest ambition to get the best things as we go along. The Westminster Catechism says, "the chief end of man is to glorify God and enjoy him forever."

The one way to enjoy Him is through the training and developing of our bodies, minds, and souls, that we may be enabled to meet the emergencies and solve the problems in our everyday life.

The power of thinking is the greatest power that we possess, and doubtless one of the greatest powers that exist. It is through the training of this power that we are able to comprehend the wonders of the universe. We have the books of great writers placed in our hands. We read the great works of scientific men, historians and biographers. But of what avail are these to us unless we are able to understand them. We find no value in them if we have not trained our minds to hard and honest thinking. If we are able to think as we read, then are we brought into close connection with what we read. As Locke says "Reading furnishes the mind only with materials of knowledge; it is thinking that makes what we read ours."

Here we see that the extent of our thinking depends to a great degree upon the culture of the mind. It also depends upon the culture of the body. One who neglects to train his body and keep it in perfect order finds it a great hindrance to his mental powers.

Culture is an aid to all true and honest prosperity. Everett once said "We live in an age in which cultivated mind is becoming, more and more the controlling influence of affairs."

The maintenance of our bodies depends upon the culture of the soil. If the earth is not cultivated and made to bear fruit, we are deprived of our support and life is of short existence. So the life and prosperity of our nation depends upon the culture of its people. If the citizens of a nation are not trained and disciplined in body and soul, the nation is deprived of support without which it cannot exist.

The farmer takes great pains to procure sound seed for planting. After having carefully prepared and fertilized the ground he plants the seed. As soon as it makes its way into the sunlight much attention is paid to its culture. He kills all the foul seed and keeps the earth mellow that the roots may absorb the richness from the soil. Thus the plant grows to be strong and hardy, and able to withstand the intense heat of the sun. When the harvesting time arrives an abundant crop is obtained and in some cases improved varieties. But let the farmer neglect the seed from the time it is planted until harvesting and he will find a scant crop and more often the plant will have perished.

Similar laws of development control our lives. God has given to each of us a body and mind. He has carefully prepared the things around us which will help our growth. If we reach out our roots and absorb this nourishment we will grow in body and soul. But if we neglect our mental and physical cultivation, we will become, like the seed dwarfed and of little use.

A cultivated person is not necessarily one who has been to school for years, although one who has this opportunity and enters into it, with the idea that the

chief end of study is the elevation of the mind, obtains perhaps the most thorough cultivation.

Many a man might make for himself a better record if he realized what one can get from self culture. In Lincoln, we find an example of a self cultured man.

It may appear to some that through culture one devotes his whole attention to his own prosperity and does not show a consideration of others. This is a wrong idea. Although we spend much time in our own development, nevertheless this is the only way that we can put ourselves in a position to be of the most help to others. If one doubts this, let him acquaint himself with the career of President Roosevelt, in whom we have a thoroughly cultured man, who is rendering high service to others.

What greater purpose can there be than the development of the body, mind, and soul. To one who actually attains a truly cultured life we may justly apply the words of England's greatest bard: "His life was gentle and the elements so mixed in him that nature might stand up and say to all the world, this was a man."

SPENCER H. CHILD.

Ivy Address and Poem

With these exercises today, closes the one hundred and third school year of Woodstock Academy.

How interesting it would be to read a history, if such had been written, of all these one hundred and three years! To know of the school-life here of those who have since become famous. Of Charles Morris, who became a commodore in the United States Navy; of William C. Collar, who has become one of the leading teachers in the nation, and has made such fine Latin books for us; of Miss Edna Dean Proctor, the poetess, and Miss Louise Chandler Moulton, the novelist; of Hon. W. T. Harris at the head of our bureau of education; of William L. Marcy, Governor of New York, U. S. senator, and Sec. of State. These are indeed lives that would give brilliance to the pages of any Academy's history. But how much more interesting would be a history telling of all the personal ambitions attained and

unattained, of all the hopes, fulfilled and unfulfilled, of different pupils, who have been children of our common Alma Mater; the high things hoped for, and when they were not attained, the courage with which the defeat was borne; the high ideals cherished; the noble self-sacrifice practised. And then too, there would be those who accomplished greater things than they ever hoped for, by not stopping to hope, but pressing perseveringly on, at last, when they had time to hope, they had already attained.

It would be interesting to know how many of these aspirations were formed while those who aspired were attending this school, and how many of them were caused by the influence of Woodstock Academy and Woodstock surroundings. Of a history like this, ours, Classmates, would be the last chapter, but probably the most interesting to us. Let us hope that we have formed only admirable aspirations and let us strive earnestly to attain them. Tho we may not become known to fame, may we be deserving of it, by our continuous endeavors and patient fulfillment of the obligations of everyday life.

But when, with such thoughts, we come to this simple ceremony of planting our little ivy here, prose seems too cold, and so, invoking the aid of the muses, we venture into verse, tho our rythm may be harsh and our metre may be lame.

I sing this little ivy

Which we leave here today,
To take our place 'neath this dear wall,
For we are going away.

We're going where work is harder,
Where failure means much more;
Where we'll see good in our lessons here
That we've not seen before.

And we would have some model
To shape our actions by,
Something to guide our efforts,
Something for which to try.

So we'll take thee, fair ivy
As a measure for our deeds,
And we know thou'lt teach us wisely
For thou goest where God leads.

Oh, may we cling to high ideals
As thou clingst to this high wall,
And may we ever higher look
As thou dost, at Heaven's call!

Thou hast such beauteous sights here
 To cheer thee as thou'rt growing!
 The stately trees, the changing skies,
 The sweet winds, softly blowing.

May we always carry the mem'ry
 Of Woodstock, wherever we go,
 And may the thought of so lovely a place
 Make us lovely in all we do!

So we'll leave thee here to guide us,
 And when things are going ill
 May we think of thee, peacefully growing
 On this rare old Woodstock Hill.

ELIZABETH T. PERRIN.

Personals of Alumni Since '88

1890

John A. Boyden is a member of a firm of druggists in Geneva, N. Y. The firm are wholesale dealers in a special line of drugs.

1893

Mary Goodwin Bliss is living in Bloomsbury, N. J., where her husband is pastor of the Methodist church.

Harold K. Morse is still with Hammond, Knowlton & Co., in Putnam. It is a pleasure to know that he is becoming an important man in the business and has been materially advanced in position and salary.

Florence Morse Dartt is living in Quinebaug. She is largely occupied in preparing her daughter to enter Woodstock Academy in 1917.

1894

Edward S. Boyden is still making a success in his position at Geneva, N. Y. An interesting fact of his life may be learned by reading the "Marriages" in another column. He has just paid a short visit to Woodstock, and his many friends have been glad to make the acquaintance of the lucky lady.

Charles G. Burd has been teaching elocution in Potstown Hill School, Penn., during the past year; but is now preaching again in Endeavor, Pa.

Alfred T. Child is still in Pueblo, Colo. The Gleaner has been pleased to hear of Mr. Child's promotion, and is proud of the record he is making. Mrs. Child is making a visit East this summer.

Anne Hall Gaylord has devoted the past year to domestic science at her home in Cleveland. Her experiments in cook-

ing have not yet proved disastrous to her husband; nor have her kindergarten theories wrought mischief to her fine healthy boy, Warner Russell Gaylord.

Bert Merwin has become a member of the firm of Wm. M. Merwin & Sons, and will probably remain North most of the next year, going South to attend to the shipping of his pine apples in the Spring. Mrs. Merwin is North with her uncle at Long Meadow, R. I. They go to Milford, Conn., to live in the fall.

Max Rockwell has spent a large part of the Winter in New York City working in his special line of book decorating. He is now engaged in this line of work at his own home in Woodstock. We are pleased to know that work is pursuing Mr. Rockwell, and that he is not troubled, as so many artists are, with lack of patrons. Work of his has appeared in 'Poet Lore,' 'The Illustrated Sporting News' and 'Life.'

1895

Everett L. Upham is in the employ of Brown & Adams, wool merchants in Boston.

Sara Colvin Still lives in Worcester, her home is at No. 1 Jackson street.

Alice A. Sharpe has taught school in Pomfret for the past year.

Burton T. Fitts is still with Gorham Mfg. Co., Providence, R. I. His address is 124 Wesleyan Ave.

Estella M. Tompkins spent six months of last year visiting friends in the East. She is now back at her home in Tonica, Ill.

For the past year Edith H. Hall has been studying archæology in Greece; most of the time has been spent in or about Athens and on the island of Crete. She will probably spend the month of August and September traveling about Germany.

Jessie Bowen Palmer writes of a pleasant two months spent at Camp Curry, Yosemite. During the past year she has been taking some special courses at "The Leeland Stanford", and expects to continue her studies this fall. Mr. and Mrs. Palmer make their home in Palo Alto. Mr. Palmer is one of the instructors in the High School there; his special branch is Biology.

Edw. L. Child is still with the Barnard' Sumner & Putnam Co., of Worcester.

1896

Mary Emma Bowen was employed as stenographer and typewriter in Providence during a part of last summer and fall. In the winter and spring she has been teaching in Eastford.

Evelyn L. Dean, M. A., has been principal of the High School in Princeton, Mass. It is almost needless to say that she has filled the place with great success.

Ralph A. Pike is still in the employment of the N. Y. N. H. & H. R. R. For interesting particulars about Mr. Pike, see "Marriages" in another column of this issue.

1897

Joseph Catlin has finished his third year of employment in the Westinghouse Electric Brake Co., Pittsburg, Pa. Mr. Catlin, as we would naturally expect, has been advanced in his position in the business. His marriage to Esther Trowbridge here, in the Congregational church in June, was a delightful event, and brought a great deal of pleasure to their friends in Woodstock.

Albert Lloyd Cooper continues in his former position of teacher in the Scranton Correspondence School. Mr. Cooper is married and is keeping house in Scranton.

Howard Frost is home for the summer but will return to New York in September.

Louise Grosvenor has been graduated from the Massachusetts Normal Art School in Boston. She has opened a Summer Art School in Pomfret. She will probably do graduate work in Boston next year.

Constance Holt is at Roseland this summer. She is planning a trip abroad for the coming year.

Mowry Ross is living in West Woodstock.

Esther Trowbridge Catlin has started housekeeping with Joe Catlin in Pittsburg, Pa. The Gleaner extends to both of them its heartiest good wishes.

Ruth Williamson Lester has been living with elderly friends, as a companion, in Norwich, Conn.

Arthur Williams is employed as bookkeeper in Providence by the firm of R. H. Davis, dealers in general produce.

1898

Emma E. Allen was graduated from Boston University in June. She received Phi Beta Kappa honors. Woodstock Academy is proud of having had at least a little share in Miss Allen's education.

Maria E. Chandler was graduated from the Pratt Institute Brooklyn, N. Y., in June last.

Sidney Upham has been in the employ of the American Express Co., in Worcester, the past year.

James Hutchins has finished a second year at a veterinary school in New York. Ill health, however, will probably prevent his return to his studies in the fall.

Leslie Harris is in the employ of the Passaic County Title and Guarantee Co. His address is 325 Gregory Ave., Passaic, N. J.

Edna Frost, Mrs. Flora Steere Wetherell, and Albert Williams are at their homes in Woodstock.

Emily Ross has been teaching in West Woodstock and living at her parents' home.

1899

Ruby Sanborn has been an assistant in the Biological Laboratory at Mount Holyoke College the past year.

Susan Florence Warren has been at her home in Eastford, during the past winter. She has taught elocution and Physical Culture in Woodstock Academy during the winter term.

Bessie M. Barber has been teaching school in Putnam.

Olah H. Withey has finished her course at Burdett College and has taken a position as bookkeeper for a laundry firm in Boston.

William C. Child lives at his home in Woodstock, and is doing his share in keeping up the farm life and social life of the town.

Frank D. Skinner is in the real estate business with his father in Boston.

May S. Gifford has been at home the past year.

1900

Arthur Morse is planning an extended Western Trip this fall, to include a visit to the St. Louis Exposition.

Fritz Rockwell has successfully run the home farm and in addition the Senexet Green Houses. The columns of the Gleaner show that other good work has been done by Mr. Rockwell the past year.

John Paine has given up his college work and has a position in a law office in Chicago.

Irving Frost has been doing good work running the home farm.

Bertran C. Bugbee graduated from Brown University in June. He is at present living in Providence.

1901

Mary E. Aldrich has been teaching school at North Woodstock and is to have the same position next year.

Ewart M. Brunn, since his return from Europe, has been in the employ of the importing firm of which his grandfather is a member in New York.

Frank F. Davenport is employed in the wholesale house of J. F. Preston & Co., 13 and 15 Dyer street. Providence, R. I.

Herman B. Chandler is with Chandler & Morse, in Putnam.

Ernest J. Williamson, Charles S. Spalding and Herbert R. Slye, have all been at home for the past year.

Olive A. Paine has been attending the Normal School in Worcester, Mass.

Phoebe Ward Randall has completed her Sophomore year at Smith College.

Ethal M. Spalding has completed her Junior year at Purdue University where she has been on the editor's staff of the Purdue Exponent.

Thomas Louby has been obliged to lose a portion of his college work in the University of Vermont, the past year on account of severe illness, but hopes to return to his work in the fall.

1902

Chauncey S. Child has been doing excellent work teaching in South Woodstock, during the past school year.

Reuben S. Fitts' funeral was attended Feb. 21st by his classmates in the vicinity. A class floral tribute accompanied by the W. A. monogram was placed upon

the casket. His obituary sketch by his pastor, is to be found in another column of this issue.

Mary Frost has spent the winter with her brother in New York where she has been studying music.

E. V. Lew Cox has been teaching in North Ashford.

Harry F. Child is taking a course in the Steam and Machine Design department at Pratt Institute.

Gertrude Taber and Jessie M. Hibbard, have just entered their second year in the Nurses Training Course at Greenfield, Mass.

Ermond F. Brunn attended the Horace Mann School and made himself prominent in its athletics.

Florence M. Barber has taught the past year in one of the Putnam schools.

Jessie Withey is acting as stenographer for the Packard Steel Roofing Co., of Boston.

Herbert A. Johnson has tended Post Office on Woodstock Hill.

Lotta M. Stackpole spent the winter at home in West Woodstock.

Alexander J. Hibbard is still in Bellevue Hospital in the capacity of nurse.

Rose Lowden has been teaching school at Harrisville.

James V. Perrin has been at Williston Seminary the past year and is doing credit to W. A. Among other honors he won a \$15 prize on one of his essays.

1903

Helen L. Chandler has been doing extra work in the Academy through the fall and spring term this year. She intends to enter either Vassar or Mount Holyoke next fall.

Grace B. Church has been taking a course in the Boston Conservatory of music.

Florence I. Hibbard has been doing extra work in the Academy this year.

Alice M. Steere has been spending the past year at home. She has done some substitute teaching.

Grace L. Sumner has been a student at the Putnam High School the past year.

Frank W. Rockwell won the appointment to Annapolis Naval Academy, by competitive examination and entered

successfully there this spring.

Clarence R. Hall has completed his freshman year at Yale.

Cornelius D. Haskell attended Andover Academy the past year. He enters Yale this fall.

Allan W. Upham has lived at home this year. He has kept up his music work, taking lessons from a local teacher.

MISCELLANEOUS

Miss Florence Hosmer has been teaching drawing in Sudbury, Mass., during the past year.

Mrs. Carlton Freeze (Florence Tourtellotte) is keeping house on Hudson street, Providence. She is still acting as book-keeper in the Providence Furniture Co. Her husband is on the Providence Telegram.

Anthony Tourtellotte is still in the commission business in Providence.

Adrianna Hutchins is a stenographer in the employ of the Rail Road Gazette, N. Y. She is in the editorial department.

Harry Hicks is in the Government employ as Postal Railway clerk.

Fred Hosmer with his wife and daughter are in Utica, N. Y., where Mr. Hosmer has the general agency for the Connecticut Life Insurance Co.

The Gleaner has heard from Arthur Needham. He is in Wanwatosa, Wis. He is running a farm of about a hundred and twenty acres.

Eliza Dean has been obliged to give up most of her work in Smith College, on account of ill health. She has been able however to keep up work in music, and expects to continue this next year. She is at present a very welcome visitor among her friends in Woodstock.

Ernest Haskell has been doing some exceedingly fine pen and ink work for Harper's Magazine, McClures, The Metropolitan, Everybodys, and other New York papers. Several of his paintings were seen at the exhibition of the Society of American Artists.

William W. Vinton who attended the Academy during the fall and winter terms of 1895, is now a senior in Worcester School of Technology.

Morning

"Thou straggler into loving arms,
Young climber up of knees,
When I forget thy thousand ways
Then life and all shall cease."

—Mary Lamb.

BIRTHS

A daughter, Dorothy Morse, to Mr. and Mrs. Mathew Dartt, Quinebaug, Conn., Sept. 22, 1903.

A son, George Bowen, to Mr. and Mrs. Willis Wells, South Woodstock, Oct. 6, 1903.

A son, Raymond Kirby, to Mr. and Mrs. Robert Safford, South Woodstock, Oct. 21, 1903.

A son, John Elliot, to Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Holt, Brooklyn, N. Y., Dec. 10, 1903.

A daughter, Mary Elizabeth, to Mr. and Mrs. Frank May East Woodstock, March 30, 1904.

A daughter, Bertha, to Dr. and Mrs. Harry Flynn, in Providence, March 12, 1904.

A daughter, Anette, to Mr. and Mrs. John May, East Woodstock, March 15, 1904.

A son, Spencer Perry, to Mr. and Mrs. Frank A. Jordan, Quinebaug, Conn., April 21, 1904.

A son, Charles Gleason, to Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Thurber in East Woodstock, June 13, 1904.

A son, Jerome Williams, to Mr. and Mrs. Bertrand Andrews, Sept. 4, 1903.

A son, Clarence Leroy, to Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Andrews, in Woodstock, Oct. 18, 1903.

A daughter, Bernice Wheelock, to Mr. and Mrs. Fred Andrews, in Southbridge, Mass., Oct. 21, 1903.

A son, to Mr. and Mrs. Henry Lowe, in South Woodstock, July 14, 1904.

Noon

"And some have wept and woo'd, and plighted troth,
And chose their priest, ere we can cast off sloth."

—Robert Herrick (1591-1674)

MARRIAGES

Dora Lindeman and John Clark in Woodstock, Nov. 26, 1903.

Lucy Allen and Harry E. Wyman in

Providence, R. I., Dec. 29, 1903. Their home is in Baltimore, Ind.

Ethel C. Phillips of South Woodstock and Wilbur S. Barker of Harrisburg, Pa. in Elmira, N. Y., June 9, 1904.

Reed G. Tourtellotte and Blanche E. Hutchins in Edgewood, R. I., Feb. 16, 1904.

Percy McClellan of Woodstock, and Frances E. Packard of Providence, R. I., April 5, 1904.

Esther H. Trowbridge of North Rochester, Mass., and Joseph P. Catlin, of Pittsfield, Mass., in Congregational church, Woodstock, June 9, 1904.

Geo. A. Lyon of Woodstock, and Bernice Bareman of Asbury Park, June 1, 1904.

Mabel Percy Haskell and Walter Haskell in New York city in October, 1893.

Edward S. Boyden to Miss Bessie M. Pearce in Romolus, N. Y., July 14, 1894.

Albert Lloyd Cooper and Ethel Wrigley Carr at Dalton, Pa., Sept. 15, 1903.

Night

Home is the sailor, home from sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.
R. L. Stevenson.

DEATHS

Asa Hibbard of North Woodstock, Aug. 9, 1903.

Frank V. Clarke, of Woodstock, in Providence, R. I., Sept. 29, 1903.

Dr. Chas. Gardiner, husband of Lottie Lyon Gardiner, in Emporia, Kansas, Sept. 24, 1903.

Susie A. Leavitt in North Woodstock, Oct. 14, 1903.

Reuben S. Fitts in Pomfret, Conn., Feb. 17, 1904.

Hon. O. H. Lyon, formerly of Woodstock, in Rockford, Ia., June 28, 1904.

Frances H. Kingsbury whose wife is remembered as Miss Anna Berrian, a teacher in the Academy in the early seventies, in East Orange, N. Y., Oct. 14, 1903.

William B. Lester in Woodstock, Feb. 26, 1904. Aged 80 years.

Jonah T. Morse in Woodstock, Feb. 27, 1904. Aged 80 years.

Mrs. Ellen Carpenter in East Woodstock, April 18, 1904.

Geo. A. Tiffany of Providence, in South Woodstock, May 28, 1904.

Lewis J. Wells in South Woodstock, April 28, 1904.

Mrs. Harriet Payson Budd of Mount Holly, N. J. June 12, 1904.

Programs of the Year Public Rhetoricals

Public Rhetoricals given by the students of Woodstock Academy, in the Academy hall, Friday evening, March 18, 1904. commencing at 7.30 o'clock.

Orchestra

PART I.

1. Chorus—Vocal Gavotte—Tripping O'er the Hills, Carl Bohm
2. Declamation—American Conrage, Hoar
Frederic W. Howard
3. Recitation—Rebecca at the Bridge,
Kate Douglas Wiggin
Annie E. Nelson
4. Recitation—The Mysterious Guest,
Fowler Bradnack
Harry E. Wells
5. Recitation—The Grand Advance,
F. H. Gassaway
Maud E. Healey
Orchestra

PART II

1. Declamation—Brer Rabbit Goes a Fishing,
Joel Chandler Harris
Marvin F. Hyde
2. Recitation—Mother and Poet,
Elizabeth Browning
Blanche L. Shippey
3. Chorus—Anvil Chorus, Verdi
4. The Romance of a Rose, Nora Perry
Florence C. Safford
5. Recitation—The Jumbies Edward Lear
Mabel E. Ritch
Orchestra

PART III

1. Recitation—Rebecca Runs Away
Kate Douglas Wiggin
Ellen B. Leavitt
2. Declamation—War, Charles Sumner
George E. Whitney
3. Monologue—Miss Flutterly,
Charles Battell Loomis
Elizabeth T. Carr.
4. Chorus—The Morning Ramble,
G. A. Veazie
5. Declamation—Storming of Mission Ridge,
B. F. Taylor
Albert M. Haskell

Orchestra

PART IV

1. Recitation—The Self Exile, W. C. Smith
Annie M. Shippey
 2. Declamation—The Truth of the Gospel
McKenzie
William J. Nelson
 3. Recitation—Rebecca's Composition,
Kate Douglas Wiggin
Pearl M. Allton
 4. Declamation—The Lost Word,
Henry Van Dyke
Spencer H. Child
 5. Recitation—Learning "Not To." Burdette
Elizabeth T. Perrin
- Senior Class Honor Essays, Pearl M. Allton,
Spencer H. Child.

Graduating Exercises 1904

Two-thirty o'clock, p. m., June 17.

PROGRAM.

1. Prayer
2. Orchestra
3. Address, Rev. George E. Martin, D. D.
Lowell, Mass
4. Orchestra
5. Presentation of Diplomas, Judge F. Russell
6. Orchestra
7. Benediction

Graduating Class 1904

"Veritas Vincet"

LATIN SCIENTIFIC COURSE

Elizabeth Thompson Perrin
 Florence Cynthia Safford
 Annie Margaret Shippey
 Blanche Lauisa Shippey

ENGLISH SCIENTIFIC COURSE

Pearle Mildred Allton
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 Anne Elizabeth Nelson
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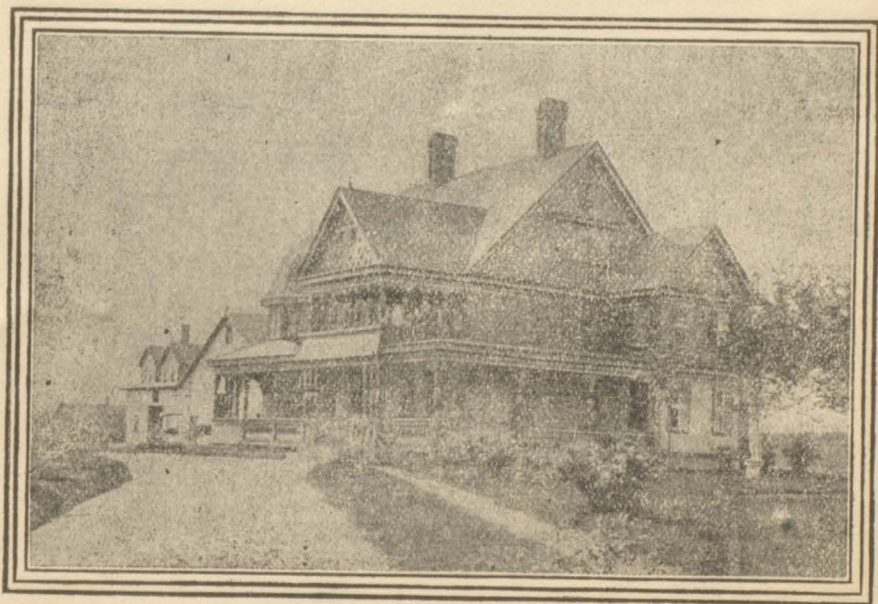
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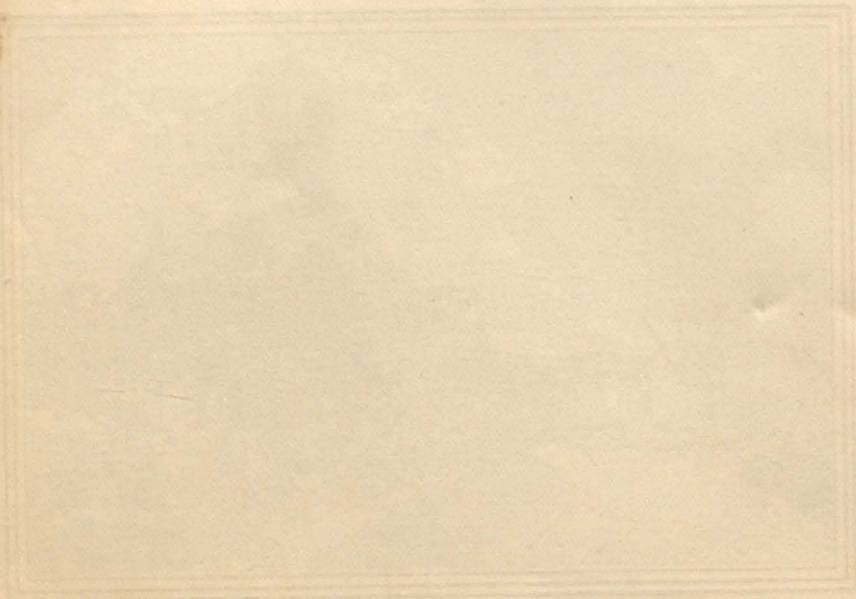
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