

Woodstock Academy

GLEANER

Vol. 3

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No. 1

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Woodstock Academy Gleaner

Vol. 3

Woodstock, Conn., August, 1904

No. 1

Editorials

This issue is the thirteenth number of the printed GLEANER. We shall try to send it out Friday after a good look at the moon over our left shoulder. In this way we can attribute any of its defects to its unpropitious number and time of starting; and its merits, if it has any, will be enhanced by the undaunted spirit which defies the well known laws of fate.

There has been a generous response on the part of contributors, as the contents show. These contributions indicate a wide range of experience and manner of life. Poetry and prose, history, reminiscence and fiction adorn our pages. Our writers traverse land and sea, ride over the great ranches of Texas, look with intrepidity down into the crater of Vesuvius or up into the revered countenance of Pope Pius the Tenth. They stand before the ancient walls of Troy like crafty Ulysess, and, like him, after wandering among the islands of the sea, return home alone to tell the stories of adventure.

But the personals, those "Short and simple annals of the poor," how shall we be able to get these? The GLEANER would like to know every year just where each one of its alumni is and what he is doing. All persons who will help out this work will add much to the interest of the GLEANER every year.

The class of 1905 is the smallest of any class graduated since 1893. This indicates to some extent the decrease of attendance at the Academy commensurate with the decrease of population in the town. It is the result also, in a large degree, of the necessity or desire of taking more time than four years in the school in order to do the work well. There were five other students who had been in the Academy four years. These could have been passed along to the graduating ceremonies of 1905,

if keeping up the numbers had been the purpose in hand. But the tendency to send students to the Academy at a younger age, and the growing desire to hurry on to the honor of graduation, have made it necessary for the school to insist upon harder work and upon work up to a certain standard. It is hoped that all patrons of the Academy will heartily unite in maintaining the quality of the school work. Four years is sufficient for the average young person of thirteen or fourteen to complete any one of the three courses offered. Whether or no a student is holding up his end of the work can be ascertained by careful reference to the catalogue and monthly report. Personal communication with instructors is always acceptable. This should not be usually through the students. The Principal will always be glad to meet any patron of the school at the closing hour of the session for such purposes.

The picture presented to the school by the class of 1905 makes the eleventh which the Academy has received from her outgoing children. The available wall space in the main schoolroom is filled and some of the space in the Assembly Hall, to the relief of those who trim this hall for public exercises and who need no longer take down all the pictures from the school-room and rehang them in the hall above. But to talk of pictures from the point of view of the wall-space they occupy, is hardly complimentary. Our pictures do more than fill the spaces of our walls. They are in themselves a little collection which is coming to be one of the choicest possessions of the school. The catalogue of our class pictures at present is as follows:

A—PHOTOGRAPHS OF FAMOUS PAINTINGS

1. Botticelli's "Spring," in the Academy of Fine Arts at Florence. Given by the class of 1896.
2. Franz Hals' "Laughing Musician,"

Brussels. Given by the class of 1900.

3. Rembrandt's portrait of himself as an officer. In the gallery of the Hague. Given by the class of 1900.
4. "The Three Fates," ascribed to Michael Angelo. Pitti Palace collection, Florence. Given by the class of 1901
5. "Aurora." A ceiling painting by Guido Reni, in the Palazzo Rospigliosi, Rome. Given by the class of 1895.

B—PHOTOGRAPHS OF SCULPTURE.

1. The Hermes of Praxiteles. In the Olympian Museum, Greece. Given by the class of 1903.
2. "The Dying Gaul," by an artist of the Pergamene School. Capitoline Museum, Rome. Given by the class of 1902.

C—PHOTOGRAPHS OF PLACES,

1. Roman Forum. Given by the class of 1897.
2. St. Peter's Square and Colonnade, Rome. Given by the class of 1899.
3. Bird's-eye View of Athens. Given by the class of 1898.
4. Pyramids and Sphinx at Gizeh, Egypt. Given by the class of 1905.

D—ENGRAVINGS.

1. A Venetian View, showing the Ducal Palace, the columns of St. Mark, and the Grand Canal. Given by the class of 1894.

E—PHOTOGRAPHS OF BUILDINGS.

1. The Greek Temple of Concord, in Girgenti, Sicily. Given by the class of 1904.

This list shows how great is the Academy's debt to the successive graduating classes. Thanks to them, the scholars in our school may become familiar with a few of those pictures which men travel far to see, and with some of the places which have played important roles in the world's history.

The alumni, as well as the Academy itself, are to be congratulated upon the acquisition this year of new seats for the Academy hall. The possession of such folding chairs has been the dream of several years, and now, through the prompt and generous response of the alumni, this

dream has been realized. Letters asking for five and ten dollar subscriptions were sent out about February first, and as early as May first the money had been given with many expressions of pleasure and satisfaction in the work. The seats cost a little over three hundred dollars, and were universally approved by all who enjoyed them at the Graduating Exercises in June. About fifty more are needed, and, at no distant day, we hope these will be provided through the generosity of some good friend or friends.

The news of the death of Miss Alice W. Clark, July 28, comes to us as we have the GLEANER almost ready for the press. To all who knew her this is an event of the utmost sadness. Her illness has been a long one and of a severe nature. She was stricken the last of March with a terrible form of paralysis, making her perfectly helpless, and finally totally blind. No adequate cause for this fatal disease seems to have been found. In fact, her recovery was assured by her family and her physicians. Very recently she sent word that she expected to be able to welcome her friends as early as September first. But the end of this life has come to her, and we have lost a very dear friend. Many of us who knew her very intimately had become closely attached to her and were anticipating years of warm personal friendship together. Others, who met her occasionally, have only the pleasantest recollection of her kindly manner, and bright companionship in all the social relations. But she has gone, and the old problem, given out to God's children through all the ages, is thrust anew upon us for solution. Why should a young person of such charming personality, so finely equipped and so willing-hearted for service, just as she is entering upon the career for which she has been fitted by hard work on her own part, and by self sacrifice on the part of her parents,—why should such an one be taken away and carry with her so much of the life of her friends? Sometime, when the school has closed for good, the great Teacher will give us an answer to our problem, and perhaps a solution so full of light, that

we shall wonder that we did not see it ourselves. Meantime there are lessons for us to learn—and may we learn them with the whole heart.

Report of the Treasurer of the Alumni Association.

1903—1904.

RECEIVED.

August, 1904. Balance on hand,	\$26 10
From sale of Gleaners,	20 30
From advertisements,	64 50
Total,	\$110 90

PAID.

For envelopes,	\$1 50
For stamps,	11 00
For publishing the Gleaner,	79 90
Total,	\$92 40
Cash on hand,	\$18 50

Obituaries

JOSEPH McCLELLAN

In the death of Mr. Joseph McClellan which occurred April 12th, at the age of ninety, Woodstock Academy has lost a staunch and loyal supporter whose friendship for the institution extended over a long period of its history. Directly descended, as he was, from William Williams, Governor Trumbull, General Samuel McClellan, and others of national reputation, it was natural that he should be interested in the public welfare and in this educational institution in particular, which his father, Esquire McClellan, had helped to found. Associated with the Academy first as a student and, at a later period, as secretary and treasurer of the Board of Trustees, Mr. McClellan's pleasant, unassuming personality and absolute faithfulness to a trust, must have left an indelible impression upon those with whom he came in contact.

During the strenuous days when the struggle for the present Academy building was a problem agitating many minds and hearts, Mr. McClellan was untiring in his efforts to render assistance. Always unobtrusive, in his quiet way errands were accomplished which helped to lighten the toil of others. For a long

time a trip to Putnam was daily taken. Subscribers to the fund were interviewed and sometimes a bountiful supply of tact was needful to keep the contributors good-natured, but our gentle friend was well calculated to give to such the scriptural "soft answer" which "turneth away wrath," thus helping by his influence to retain friends for the institution.

A few years of Mr. McClellan's life were spent in the South, but the greater portion of it has been lived at the McClellan homestead in Woodstock where he always seemed glad to bestow a gracious welcome upon his friends, after showing them, modestly, some of the treasures of historic lore which he had inherited, among them signatures of Washington and documents associated with other famous people; but as a friend has said of him, "He was boastful of valued ancestry and connections only as they reflected fine character and public worth."

Mr. McClellan nobly exemplified in his long life the possibility of finding in one individual a citizen of the highest integrity, a kindly, sympathetic counselor, a genial neighbor and a faithful friend. "He bore without abuse, the grand old name of gentleman."

ELIZABETH F. BINGHAM.

FRANCIS W. FLYNN

1815—1904

The name of Flynn has been prominent in the annals of Woodstock, ever since Richard Flynn came, with the first settlers in 1686, from the old Roxbury to the new. The house, facing the common, where Francis W. Flynn lived and died was built by his great-grandfather and has held three generations. It is a distinction in these days of rapid change to die in the same house in which a father and grandfather have passed away.

Early in life, while playing in a barn with other boys, Mr. Flynn fell from a beam and broke his hip. The injury, through ignorance or carelessness, was never properly treated and he was lamed for life, though the lameness did not interfere with his leading a busy and industrious life in the old blacksmith shop, al-

so facing the common, which was a center of activity and sociability in Woodstock for many years.

Mr. Flynn took a keen interest in town and society affairs and held various responsible positions, being at one time a trustee of the Academy. He married in June, 1858, Louise Olney, who, with their four children, still survives him. Their oldest son, Captain William F. Flynn, graduated at West Point in 1883, and is at present in the Philippines. Another son, Harry S., is a physician in Providence, and two daughters, Mrs. Elizabeth F. Bingham and Mary L., are in the old home.

Many of us remember Mr. Flynn sitting in his chair by the window watching with lively interest the coming and going to and from the post-office, glad to play a game of checkers when he could find an opponent, and always ready for a chat with the many friends who came in to see him, busy with books and papers and never complaining as his increasing lameness made walking more and more difficult, until the few steps from sitting room to bedroom were all that he could take. His end came peacefully and quietly November 7th, 1904, with all his family about him.

The old Woodstock is passing away and a new coming, and with a distinct sense of loss we mark the passing of another from the fast thinning ranks of those who knew and lived in a world that was not ours.

JESSY T. MCCLELLAN.

MRS. ABBY S. DILLINGHAM

Mrs. Abby Skinner Dillingham was born in Woodstock, in May 1829.

She began her attendance at Woodstock Academy, when Mr. John P. Averill came there as Principal and continued under several succeeding teachers.

After teaching several terms in Woodstock and Danielson, she married Captain Edward Dillingham of Vineyard Haven. She possessed a wonderful memory, and many and interesting were the tales she told of her experiences, while accompanying him on his voyages. After the death of her husband she returned to Woodstock, and died in West Woodstock, March 26, 1905.

MRS. POLLY L. BOWEN

MISS L. JOSEPHINE LESTER

Miss L. Josephine Lester was born in Woodstock, January 29, 1852, and, with the exception of a few years, her entire life was spent in her native town. She died December 4, 1904. Faithfulness in even the smallest duty was the key note of her life. As one recalls the impressions of her school life in our Academy during the years when F. E. Burnette and E. H. Cook were principals, in the later sixties, she was always a quiet unobtrusive presence in her classes though the instructor was always sure of a well prepared lesson from "Josie".

The habit of never failing to do her best gave her a rank among the highest in scholarship; and so when she finished her school life she was well fitted to do good work as nursery governess.

As we met her from time to time on her visits to her home, her thought was often upon the best methods for the instruction of her charge, careful that she might guide them in the paths of wisdom. With a thoughtfulness almost motherly in its nature, she anxiously sought for the best religious reading suited to their youthful comprehension, thereby winning their affection and respect which were lovingly expressed throughout the remainder of her life. The same faithful service was given in the home, among her friends and in the church. As we think of the appreciation of the community where Miss Lester spent the best years of her life, it is proven again that faithful conscientious service receives its just reward and we can but believe that her influence will live through all the long years to come.

MRS. H. T. CHILD.

A Letter from Texas.

This letter was written to the writer's home, and was not intended for publication—EDITOR.

It will probably interest you for me to give you a description of a trip I lately made.

We left San Antonio Tuesday morning and went to Laredo which is on the Rio Grande River. Arriving there about three o'clock we took a carriage, and drove out

to see some of the onion farms near there. There are about 600 acres planted in onions and irrigated by water pumped from the Rio Grande River. These onions are being shipped now to the Northern markets, and as they come in earlier than any in the country they bring a large price and are netting the owners from \$200 to \$400 an acre, a most phenomenal figure when you come to think of it, judging from my boyhood experience in onions.

We then drove across the river into Mexico and saw very little that interested us. The next morning we started on the train from Laredo to Alice, Texas. It might interest you to look at the map. Had I wanted to go rapidly on this trip I would have hired a horse and ridden horseback, but having plenty of time I traveled on the train. Arriving at Alice at two o'clock, we had a team meet us and drove twenty five miles to what is known as the Santa Gertrudes Ranch owned by Mrs. Richard King, a place where I had wanted to go for the last twenty years. This is a most noted ranch. Mrs. King owns more real estate than any other individual in the world except the Czar of Russia. She has at the present time in her own name over a million acres. It is thirty miles in this direction from the entrance to her pasture to her front gate. Arriving at her front gate we entered a tract of three or four thousand acres which was absolutely cleared of all underbrush or trees with grass about six inches high, while there were grazing over it beautiful thoroughbred Durham and Hereford cattle.

Located on a hill perhaps a mile away appeared what seemed to us a village. On the top was a large white house. We drove up to the house which is run by Mr. Kleburg, son in law of Mrs. King. The house consisted of about thirty rooms, with twenty-five guest rooms for the accomodation of visitors. Artesian water flowed in a large tank which communicated with the grounds supplying water for sprinkling purposes, baths, etc. Among the various things we saw were perhaps thirty Mexicans grubbing land as we passed by. There is a farm of

about 100 acres with all kinds of things being raised on it and which is irrigated from one of the artesian wells. There is a store and a store-keeper, a manager and an assistant manager. The store-keeper told me that he had about two hundred and fifty accounts. The ranch is divided into two smaller ranches of about 500,000 acres each, and I presume there must be two or three hundred people working on or attached to the upper ranch and as many more to the lower. I understand that they branded this year 22,000 calves, which at \$10 apiece would give an income of \$220,000 for one year.

We ate in a dining room long enough for a hotel. There were only eight or ten people at the table on this particular day. The next morning we drove to Kingsville, a new town which is just being laid off on this property and through which a railroad just built to Brownsville passes. This land, which a few years ago was worth only about \$2.50 an acre is now selling for from \$25 to \$80 on account of artesian water which has lately been discovered there. After taking dinner at half past twelve, Mr. Kleburg sent us on our journey towards what is known as the Laureles Ranch. Meanwhile he had telephoned Mr. Todd that we were coming and he sent a team to meet us half way. This trip was thirty miles, which we completed by six o'clock in the afternoon. Mr. Todd is the manager of the Laureles Ranch consisting of 175,000 acres of land which is owned by a Scottish company. Mrs. Todd is quite a character in that she is a very cultured woman and very fond of horseback riding. They are both Scotch. The house is exceedingly comfortable and there was a nice bath with the room that I occupied. In the morning they all went out to look over the country and see the cattle which were of the very finest breeds. They rode horseback, Mrs. Todd, a woman about my age, neatly dressed, with a high collar and derby hat, leading, sitting upright on a nice Texas pony, while I sat on the piazza and read and slept, saying that I would stay and associate with any old ladies that might come around with their sewing (nearest neigh-

bor 30 miles), for I was not quite young enough to take the ride after my trip of the last day or two. There are nine or ten artesian wells on this property which is exceedingly attractive. The land is nearly level, with abundant grass and everything is in a very prosperous condition. We staid during the night and part of the following day and Mr. Todd sent us on to Corpus Christi, twenty-five miles away where we arrived in good time next day, and after staying there all night, we took the train for home, arriving at noon. I had therefore, traveled about eighty miles by conveyance on my trip and seen two of the finest ranches in the State of Texas. I had been transferred from one ranch to the other by the courtesy of the owners and had a very enjoyable time.

E. B. CHANDLER.

Pictures of Memory

"Memory's wall" is covered o'er
With pictures fair and sweet,
And before the one of Woodstock Hill
I often stay my feet.

Beautiful,—e'en to a stranger's eye—
With its tasteful homes and fair,
With its "Common" green, its fine old
trees,
Its vigorous, healthful air.

The birds and crickets gaily sing,
And on the highest crest
The ancient seat of learning stands,
Leading to what is best.

The little church, so white and clean,
Is seen for miles away,
And central stands, upon the street,
A power for good alway.

And from the Hill lies spread beyond
A panorama blest;
Fair valleys, villages, and spires,
The lake, below at rest,

And in the distance, other hills,
With woods and winding ways,
All peaceful, quiet, beautiful,
Beneath the sun's warm rays.

And if to strangers' eyes so fair,
How dear to us who know
The depths of life beneath the view,—
The things that do not show.

There, playmates romped and school
friends strolled

Through many a happy day;
For summer always called us "home"
From other homes away.

There, on the Nation's holidays
Came the gladly welcomed treat;
Men of influence, wit, and fame,
To hear and see and meet.

The dear old home as once it was
Comes vividly to view;
The dear old friends now gone beyond,
The true-t of the true.

And family stories come to us
Of centuries far gone;
One, of a boy kidnapped from school,—
Brought to this land alone.

When he had grown man's estate,
To Woodstock Hill came he:
One of the founders of the town
And its posterity.

My picture's canvas holds so much,
So many years shows o'er,
Both of my day, and many things
That long have gone before,

Who wonders that it stays my feet,
For many a dreamy hour,—
That Woodstock always holds my heart
And o'er me has such power?

So greetings to Woodstock Hill I send!
I am held to it fast and strong,
By cords that reach from its natal day,
And by those but few years long.

MRS. HERBERT C. KEITH.

A Trip To Troy

We had planned to visit Troy last and to make it the climax, as it were, of a month's tour of the Greek islands and cities of Asia Minor. The plan proved a happy one. A better climax it would have been hard to find, for of all the lovely country we saw on that trip, none was lovelier, none fraught with a clearer message from the past than the little hillock of Hissarlik which lies in the north western corner of Asia Minor just high enough above the broad Trojan plain to command a view of Mount Ida to the East, of the Hellespont and the Sea of Marmora to the North and the islands of

Imbros and Samothrace far out to sea in the West.

We had come from Pergamon, traveling the distance from Pergamon to the sea in a Turkish cart and crossing in a sail-boat to the island of Lesbos where we took an English steamer for the Dardanelles. I remember well what a time we had boarding her. We had rowed out from the Mytilene shore under a brilliant array of stars. When we reached our steamer we found her surrounded by swarms of small boats which had preceded us. There was some little sea running and the soft night air was rent with the shouts of Turkish boatmen working with their boat-hooks to prevent their boats from colliding, as they pitched about on the waves. One woman, afraid to step from the ladder on the ship's side into the tossing boat below, sent up the most piercing screams I ever heard. For an hour we rowed about on the outskirts of the *mêlée* before we got a chance at the ladder.

The next morning at six we stopped at the Dardanelles just long enough to allow our party to disembark into another row-boat. The hotel to which we had been recommended in the little Turkish town on the shore proved dirty and dear. But it was the only hotel in the place, and our host was blind to all our violent gestures and deaf to our vehement expostulations. Our only revenge was to write the truth in the register book which he brought with the request for recommendations of his place. He was satisfied with what we wrote but only because he could not read it.

Our first move after breakfast was to procure horses to ride over to Troy. We wanted six for ourselves and one for our guide, a demand which taxed to the utmost the equestrian resources of the village. But slowly they assembled in the crowded street below our windows. We took them as they came and there fell to my lot the sorriest piece of horse-flesh one could picture. It was only by plying the whip continuously that I could keep the rest of the party in sight. We made our way slowly among the throng of men and boys who had assembled to see us

start out. After we had left the town, our road lay first along the Hellespont across the blue waters of which we could see Turkey in Europe; but soon we turned inland through olive orchards, groves of oak and stretches of plain which looked fertile enough to support a big and prosperous community, but which, under the Turkish government, served only as grazing land for herds of horses, donkeys and buffalo-like cattle.

At last our guide pointed with his whip to a low hill in the foreground and said, "Behold! The ancient Troy!" We dismounted and tied our horses. The first impression was disappointing and as we climbed the hill I said to myself:—"Can this be the 'beetling citadel' of which Homer writes? Can this tangle of rude walls be the ruins of Priam's palace and of the broad-streeted city?" We reached the summit in a minute or so and got a good view of all that was left of the historic town. The hill had been riddled in every direction by deep trenches, at the bottom of which lay ancient walls built now of rubble, now of shaped stones.

The most of these trenches were sunk when Schliemann, a German scholar, carried on the excavations which convinced himself at least that this knoll was the site of ancient Troy. Since Schliemann's time, the great archaeologist Dörpfeld has continued excavations on the hill and now it is generally believed that Schliemann was right. The evidence for this supposition consists in the kind of walls and of fragments of pottery which came to light. To the chance visitor these walls of sun-dried bricks and stone might not appear valuable evidence. Nor would he be likely to attach much importance to the dark bits of pottery peering out from the sides of the trenches. But the scholars who have studied these walls and this pottery can distinguish eight different strata in the soil of this hill, each of which they refer to a different period in history, the first to the third millenium B. C. and the last to the late Roman era.

We walked about the ruined walls of the town, saw the Scaean gate where Hector said his immortal good-bye to

Andromache, made collections of the different kinds of pottery and then, when we had done our duty in studying the place, sat down on the summit to enjoy the view. Whether the ruins were disappointing or not (personally, I did not find them so, for the evidence that this hill was Troy seemed to me conclusive) the view was all that could be desired even for the scene of the Iliad. I resolved that every feature of that landscape should be printed forever on my mind. There was the beach where the ships of the Achaeans lay and the tents where Achilles sulked and Ajax went mad; there was the great sweep of plain which resounded so often to the "fearful din" of battle, and here below these walls was the place where Hector's body was dragged.

The world had never seemed so small in either time or space, as it did that May afternoon. Away back in the dawn of history the Greeks had on this spot invaded the East and the "Eastern question" had begun and now after three thousand years we from the far West had come to see the scene of that first invasion. It seemed to me that Woodstock Academy where I first read the stories of the siege of Troy was close to the hill on which we were sitting, and that our own civilization and culture were only a few chapters ahead of Troy in the chronicle of time.

EDITH H. HALL.

The Fate of a Hemlock.

A well known humorist, when asked to define memory, complied with the following definition: "Memory is the feeling of familiarity which steals over one when hearing a friend tell an original story." On the whole, a good definition, but somewhat inferior to the following: An unfortunate trick of mind by which one is enabled to recall a promise made in haste a year ago. To the uninitiated the above sounds very prosy and incomprehensible, but to the writer it has the force of the "Last Trump." To be more explicit: one year ago, to avoid writing an article for the GLEANER, a certain alumnus of the Academy said he was too busy, but would send

a contribution "next time," believing that his promise would be forgotten. What was his dismay, a few weeks ago, to receive a cordial reminder of said promise, and an urgent "send at once."

As the aforesaid alumnus belongs to a class which is compelled to make good all promises, he will offer the usual useless apology to the long-suffering reader, and take his pen in hand.

It was more than a year ago that I began my work as "Sky Pilot" in the lumber town of Endeavor, which, as its name would indicate, is a thriving little hamlet, with more of future than of past, and although I have not accomplished much good in my year of effort, I have learned much of nature and of men.

Picture to yourself a cluster of houses in a small valley surrounded by black forests of hemlock and pine. Add to this several large lumber mills with accompanying log booms and board piles, a village store, a school house, and a little white church, and you have a general idea of my field.

Its inhabitants represent all classes, from the wealthy and educated mill owners to the "bark-peelers" and "lumber-jacks" of the woods; for the most part sturdy, uncultured folk, with more heart than brain. A class well worthy of careful study, however, as representing the pioneers of the present day.

If time and space would permit I should enjoy describing them, and telling of the many features of interest which such a settlement offers to the visitor, but I shall be forced to limit my contribution to a brief sketch about the industry itself, and tell you the story of a tree from the time it is felled until it is sawed up into lumber.

A hemlock forest is a beautiful sight, worthy of a place beside Niagara Falls or the canyons of Colorado. I well remember my first visit to one. It was a hot day in July when the sun's rays were like tongues of fire, and would demand the pen of a Coleridge to do them justice; but once in the forest the heat was forgotten, and the air was damp and cool as in a con-

servatory. Around about one arose the grand old trees, veritable patriarchs, bearded with moss, and with a girth of fifteen feet; while under feet grew the most beautiful ferns imaginable. One could easily imagine that an Indian might spring from behind a tree trunk, or a bear lumber into sight, at any moment. To destroy such a work of centuries seems to the artist a crime, but to the lumberman the trees are only so many square feet of lumber, useless until converted into money. So the work goes on, and the virgin forests are gradually becoming things of the past.

The methods used in transforming a giant tree into a pile of boards are as follows: The lumber-jacks pick out a hemlock of desired size, and with their axes cut a deep gash in the side toward which it must fall. Then, with a double-handled saw they begin to cut, from the opposite side, through the mighty trunk. As the saw sinks in, and is pinched by the weight of the tree, wedges are driven behind it until the gash yawns like an ugly wound, and the grand old hemlock staggers like a smitten man. Then one handle of the saw is hastily unfastened, the saw pulled out, and with a groan and a rattle the tree crashes to the ground, and a veritable Goliath lies in the midst of its affrighted forest friends—a thing of life and beauty no longer.

Hardly has it struck the ground when the bark-peelers strip it of its thick covering, which they cut up in four feet lengths and pile to dry preparatory to its being hauled to the tanning factories.

Then the bare tree is cut into sections and hauled down the wood roads by the horses to the skidways, whence it is piled on the log trains by huge log-loaders, and carried to the mills. Once there, the logs are rolled into the stream behind a log boom, which keeps them from going down with the current. Here they are grappled by the hooks of the runaway, and dragged into the mill to be sawed.

Formerly these saws ran by water-power and jigged slowly up and down, but today the modern mills are equipped with flexi-

ble band saws, which run over the huge wheels with the rapidity of lightning. Beside this saw runs a carriage on which the log is securely fastened by huge clamps, the exposed surface being determined by the head sawyer. Then, by means of levers, the carriage is driven forward past the saw, which eats into the log as a knife into cold butter.

The severed section falls on a runway, and is carried to the edging machine, which is fitted with two movable circular saws. These saws are set at the desired distance and the board trimmed by them as the "edger" sees fit. Then the finished boards are piled on carts and carried to the yard to dry.

The edging process leaves many trimmings too good to be thrown away, yet too small for boards. These fall on to another traveler, and are carried against parallel circular saws which cut them into four feet length, which, when trimmed into shape, make our building lath.

Still there are odds and ends of boards which are ground up in a huge mill, called the "Hog," and carried to the furnace to furnish, with the sawdust, the fuel for the flames. So the work goes on from day to day, with practically no waste.

Years ago the hemlock timber was considered worthless, and after the bark had been removed from the logs the latter were left lying on the ground to rot. But today hemlock is our chief building material, and the lumberman who saved his forests has become a rich man.

Gradually the forests are falling, however, and in twenty-five years there will be no heavy timber in the State of Pennsylvania, which once was alive with virgin forests. But houses must be built, and men must live, and in this busy life of today sentiment can play but a small part, so we must become philosophers, and do our weeping on the sly.

On re-reading the above I find I haven't said much. But if I have told my friends even a little about my surroundings, I shall not consider my time wasted.

CHARLES G. BURD.

The Cry of the Tenth

Oh Lord, we have no temples with tall
spires,

No gilded crosses, and no sacred place

In which to ask Thy grace;

No music, and no incense; no altar fires;

No sweet-voiced, white-robed choirs:

And yet, Lord, yet would we attempt to
pray.

O turn Thou not away!

They call us, Lord, the Rabble-end, the
Mass;

Scum of the earth,—foreign of tongue
and face.—

O God, are we less human, for our race?

But they who meet us look askance and
pass,—

With hurried step Thy Christian people
pass.

We did not choose this life:

It was our birthright,—squalor, and
crime, and strife.

Our days are filled with crimes

Beset with Want, and Ignorance, and
Sin,

Is every way we find to wander in.

Almost o'er-head, the sweet cathedral
chimes—

So near, and yet so far! those silver
chimes.—

Ring out of Peace, of Love; Good will
on Earth:

We have fought on since birth.

We ask not, Lord, why we must live and
die,

Groping but blindly in the City's maze,

Fighting, like Hell, for a few squalid
days

Of life in this Abyss, from which the sky,
The dull smoke-laden streak of sky,

Is but a background for a ragged ledge
Of grimy roofs—the Pit's dark edge.

We do not ask why we who toil and sweat,
Doing, O Lord,

Our share of work in this great city's
board

Have but the paupers' shares we get,—
The meagre shares we madly fight to get.

Why this is so

We do not ask to know.

O God of Justice, we ask this alone—

O Thou, believe our hearts yearn for a
life

Free from this crime and squalor, this
brute strife!

We kneel and ask, before Thy throne,
Tho' in these rags, before Thy golden
throne,—

To leave the streets, the Pit wherein
today

In darkness we are born, fight Life
awhile, and die.

Whither shall we turn?—which way?

O God, which way?—which way?

—This is our cry.

FRED F. ROCKWELL, '00.

An Audience with the Pope

One of the most interesting experiences of last winter was my audience with His Holiness Pope Pius X. Fortunately I knew an Italian family who brought this about for me. I had not been in Rome two days before I spoke to these friends about my desire to see the Pope, and they promised to arrange it for me if possible. Day after day passed and I was beginning to fear their efforts had failed, when the summons from the Vatican came, announcing that the audience would take place at three o'clock on the afternoon of February 3d.

When the time came for me to leave the hotel for the Vatican, I felt rather conspicuous in my black dress and black lace veil falling from my head down over my shoulders. But this is the rule: No woman can be admitted to the Pope's presence dressed in any other way. A half hour's drive brought me to the piazza di San Pietro, where I saw many women dressed like myself, approaching the Porta Bronza of the Vatican. I passed through this door with the others, surrendered my card of admittance to the Swiss guard, and then ascended the staircase to the upper courtyard. Crossing this, we then entered the large door to the right and ascended an imposing marble staircase with three landings. Upon each landing stood a Swiss guard eyeing everyone carefully, and two women without black veils on their heads were promptly sent back. At the top of the staircase more guards appeared dressed in

crimson brocade, with crimson stockings to match. They conducted us through a large reception hall, to a small ante-chamber where we left our wraps. Once more we were carefully scrutinized by one of the high officials and then led into a large room hung with handsome tapestries. Small gilded chairs were set close to the walls and everyone sat down. There were about seventy-five people in all: the men in evening dress and the women in black dresses with veils, like myself. Not a word was spoken while we waited, straining our ears for every sound. When we heard a clock somewhere strike three, we all started simultaneously, but it was fully ten minutes later before the Pope came.

First the chamberlain entered and quickly lifted his right arm as an announcement of the Pope's approach; then as swiftly motioned us to kneel. Down fell the people on their knees with one accord, I with them, and the next moment the Pope, dressed in a long white robe, quietly entered. His face looked weary and sad, but his eyes assumed a kindly and benign expression as they rested on the kneeling assembly. He passed quickly from one to another extending his right hand for each one to kiss the ring. Then he raised his hands, blessed us all, pronounced a benediction in Latin, and disappeared through a private exit into his own apartments. The long silence was broken. The wrapt expression fled from everyone's face and we all broke into eager conversation as we rose and hurried back to the ante-chamber. We were an excited throng as we hurried down the long staircase, and out across the courtyard; back to the Porta Bronza once more, and out at last into the piazza di San Pietro, where the brilliant Italian sunshine poured down over the world-famous Basilica and its vast colonnades.

CONSTANCE HOLT.

Electrical Engineering. After College—What?

The last exam is finished, the excitement of Commencement Week is past, the exalted station of being a Senior is

yours no longer, for now you are a graduated Electrical Engineer, standing before the open doors of Industry, ready and willing to make your future way. For a year you have been lauded and envied by underclass-men, have dictated here and marshalled there; now you must start again in the Freshman class of a second training-school,—as strenuous as the first and lacking many of its enjoyable features.

The world will meet you half way as you leave the college environment where you have won your hard-earned degree of E. E.; the great corporations need new blood, new brains, new ambition, and they expect to find them in the sturdy young graduates who have elected to follow "the mystic power," which is so fast transforming the customs and economics of modern times. The men of achievement today were the young men only yesterday.

The great shops which are located throughout our country are the post-graduate courses for the Electrical Engineer. When he can write "Experienced" after his name he has the open sesame to every avenue of advancement. To such as he Emerson might have addressed his words, "The world will seek you out!" The leaders of Industry point a finger to this training school and say, "Go there and couple practice with theory."

They cannot run their railroads, their lights, their telephones and telegraphs, their mills,—they cannot earn their dollars without you.

As an aspiring Engineer you must patiently set yourself to gain this practical experience. It is bought with considerable effort and sacrifice; the long hours of shop-life after the social cheer of college days will be far from your liking, and far removed, quite probably, from the plans you cherished then, but nothing else, that I know of, can do as much for you and as quickly brings results.

Two years is none too long to spend in this way. Perhaps before that time expires you will be given charge of some branch of work, or you may be told that an associated company calls for a young Engineer on its staff, or a Construction Engineer has heard of you, or a banking-

house desires your report on a South American Railroad. Sooner or later a position will open to you where your post-graduate experience will be of great value to you.

You will be starting upon a career that promises a surety. The profession is yet young, the telephone, the telegraph, the X-Ray, the Wireless, are but the rudiments of a mighty science. No other profession opens such a field. Everywhere go the copper wire and the electric current. Man cannot do without them. Who controls, who guides, who commands this power but the Electrical Engineer of today?

In the not distant future we shall see the coal mines sending electricity direct to the metropolis instead of coal, and the rivers, great and small, giving their energy to the use of man; the air itself will transmit energy to the mills, to the railroad, to the city industries and to the country home.

The world offers great rewards of honor to the pioneer who discovers the hidden secrets of changing coal to electricity, of making the diamond in the electric-arc, of carrying the energy of mines and rivers without wires.

These are only a few of the discoveries which the future holds and for which the present is waiting. Unlike many other professions the field is widening and there is a demand for the determined man.

Who will do this work of tomorrow but yourself,—the Electrical Engineer of today?

J. P. CATLIN, '97.

Mr. Dooley on Public Rhetoricals

"Dooley" said Mr. Hennessey, lowering his paper, and looking at the philosopher of Archie Street; "Dooley, can yez tell me phat is a Public Rethericals?"

"A phat is thot?" said Mr. Dooley, pausing in his usual job of mopping down the bar. "Let's see that pa-aper, Hinessey,—ye never could pronounce thim Russian names, anyway."

Mr. Hennessey complied. Mr. Dooley looked at the paper, long and earnestly, and replied:

"Hinessey, yer ignorance would be surprisin' if it wasn't for wan thing—it's always to be expected. Public Rhetoricals,—that's a long twistin' wor-rd, but that's no reason ye should threat it loike a shnake, an' walk all over it. But I'll tell ye phat it means—it means the safety valves iv the safe gar-rds in this great and free la-land (Mr. Hennessey regarded his friend with that patient gaze which always meant—"well, go on, Mike,—I'm ready for the next chapter.") "Which means, Hinessey, continued Mr. Dooley, "the schools in this broad and unfettered continent, the greatest institution—with the single exception iv the New York Police-force and the Standard Oil Company, that this glorious and ginrours counthry has iver supported. The schools arre a good thing fer the country, because they kapes all the childer that can't find work in the mines or mills busy, an' out iv mischie-if; secondly they get them in thrainin' fer the fool dinner pail an the ettiket iv the cold lunch—which no gentle-man should be ignorant of; and lastly they tach thim silf-reliance and silf-possession, so that in whatever walk iv life they may be trun down, taey always get up again and vote fer the same gang. And silf-possession is a great thing, Hinessey; whether ye take yer chance and be President, or just live the Simple Life iv a cleck in a department shote. It takes silf-possession to stand behind a counther, lookin' a customer straight in th' eyes an' tell him ye aint got what he wants, whin ye don't know but his wife may have seen it only yesterday, and sint him back after it: it takes silf-possession to shtand up before a hall full iv your constituents an' give thim th' gab about th' right to pursue life, liberty, an' th' idea iv happiness; an' tell them how th' honor an' th' responsibility they have thrust on ye is fully appreciated, an' even now is pointing out to ye with both hands th' road to Public service an' th' smashin' iv th' trusts,—to tell them this, with the corporation agent a-sittin' on the platform back iv ye, wonderin' if yeve yet learned how to use th' tail pocket iv yer new dress-suit, so th' wad he's waitin' to hand ye won't be

conspicuous. An' Hinessey, should ye be elicited President, ye'd need not only self-possession, but some thrainin' also, fer, as Father Hogan says, "a poet may be simply born, but a good sphaker must be born and made besides" an' that, Hinessey, brings us to where we begun—phat is Public Rhetoricals?

Well, Hinessey, as me friend th' Professor would say, it comes from thray wor-rds: the American word Public, iv which I, nor no wan else, knows th' meanin'; secondly th' Latin wor-rd Rhetoric, meanin' to sphake wid propriety, sobriety an' dacency; and, three times, the Greek wor-rd Oracle, meanin' to foretell, to prepare for. So, Jawn, ye see th' thing all nailed together an' thrauslated into Irish manes, th' preperation iv a dom good sphaker. An' that's what ivery man an' woman ought to be, fer that's what the President ought to be,—an' there's no tellin' who'll be President. Even some iv our senators was *born* poor.

Now Jawn, ye see phat I mane—but I doubt if ye realize th' importance. Now, jist supposin' you was elicited President; you, with no knowledge iv rhetoricals, iv rolling periods an' smooth-flowin' semi-colons, what would ye do, whin the time came, an' come it would, that ye had to get up an' address yer masters, th' freedom-crowned votin-kings iv Chicago an' th' rest iv th' counthry? Ye wouldn't even know how to make yer bow. Ye'd turn around three or four times tryin' ter find yer wife's silk handkerchief in yer coat-tail pocket, an' thin ye'd take a drink, wid both hands, out iv the pitcher on th' speaker's table, an' ye'd begin;

"Ladies and Gents," ye'd say; "I don't know who ye ar-re" ye'd say; "but I want to thank yez, wan an' all, fer th' good fat job yez have gov me!" ye'd say. Then ye'd be stuck, an' ye'd have to take another dhrink out iv th' pitcher: and then ye'd go on: "Politics" ye'd say, "Politics, politics,—politics is,—is-is-is-is like—Politics is like th' sea. An' the waves roll up;—an' th' waves roll up— an' th' waves roll up! An' th waves roll back—waves roll back—roll back,—back, the waves roll back—to th' fishes!" An'

there ye'd be—run amuck the very first thing. An' all the rayporters could do to help yez out, would be to have it in th' papers nixt day, how th' President, in spite iv his iron constitution, was so over come with emotion at the unparalleled enthusiasm expressed be his audience, that his manager was afraid to leave him finish his speech. But some iv them would have cartoons. It's a cruel worrld.

Now just suppose on th' ither hand, Hinessy, that some-wan like Hogan's son, that's been goin' to school with me frind th' Professor, an' learnin public rhetoricals, was elected instead iv ye. Whin he got up there, after th' last echo iv th' applause had leaked out iv th' cupula, an' died away, he'd wait till th' silence got t' where ye could hear a whole paper iv pins drop, an' thin he'd begin. An' great thoughts, clothed in long an' flowin' robes iv sparklin' wor-rds, an' winged with th' shinin' feathers iv simile an' metaphor, would flow from his trip pin' tounge like th' stream iv honey ye can see in Cassidy's Maple Syrup factory. An' when he got through, that audience would clear out iv there, after tryin a few times to shout th' roof off, so pleased with themselves that next day they'd accept a ten per cent cut without devil a word. An' that's what becomes iv goin' through th' thrainin' th' 'la-ads get in this Public Rhetoricals. But that aint all, Hinessey, an' don't ye forget it. Next year I'll take ye. An' after ye've sat there three hours (th' seats is good an' rugged, Jawn, with no cushions for ye to spoil) sat three hours and listened to thim future Presidents, ye'll realize, Jawn, that it's dom good thrainin' in self-possession fer others beside th' spheakers.

FRED F. ROCKWELL.

Triumph

I do not pledge to win the foremost place,
Nor to receive the prize that is most fair.
Not always to the swiftest in the race
Are given the richest guerdons as their share.

Who then shall say I fail, or I succeed?—
Who dare weigh my achievement in his scale!

There is one Judge who doth record each deed,

And in His sight they only really fail
Who never strive to rise whene'er they fall

And courage lose if pæns once have ceased.

This be my aim: Tho' I may fail in all

I will be worthy of success, at least.

ESTHER T. CATLIN, '97.

An Alumni Banquet

The evening of Saturday, the twenty-fourth of June, witnessed an innovation in the annual round of social events of the Academy in the form of an alumni banquet. At half after eight about thirty graduates, whose classes covered a span of the last dozen years, sat down to a bountiful repast served at Plaine Hill. After the edge of appetite was somewhat dulled, the toastmistress, Miss Edith H. Hall, '95, with felicitous remarks introduced the first speaker, and all settled down to a more intellectual form of enjoyment. Those who responded to toasts were Harold K. Morse '93, Fred F. Rockwell '00, John C. Paine '00, and Susan F. Warren '99. Professor Hall also gave us a few extemporaneous remarks which were received with great applause.

At about ten-thirty, the last vestige of food having disappeared, and the last stories and anecdotes been laughed at, the tables were cleared and removed, and those who desired indulged in dancing. Thus closed the first of a series, let us hope, of annual or at least bi-annual gatherings, which will doubtless do much to hold the younger alumni together and keep them in touch with the Academy.

Perhaps it would be well to say a word here regarding the invitations to this banquet. It was intended that all the alumni whom Professor Hall had graduated should be invited; but owing to the short time in which the plan was matured and carried into effect, it was deemed advisable to invite only such as were in the vicinity of Woodstock and would probably be able to attend. Another year will doubtless see invitations sent to all the recent alumni and we hope that some from more distant places may be able to attend.

And finally the greatest thank must be extended to the committee who pushed through such an undertaking with so great a degree of success: Edith H. Hall, Harold K. Morse and William C. Child.
JOHN C. PAINE, '00.

The Sacrifice

In a strange wood it's hard to tell how far one has wandered. To Irene all woods were strange;—new, wonderful: and she roamed on, thoughtless as a child. Thoughtless at least as to whither she was straying: but as she walked she wondered if she had made a mistake in leaving the City. Had she counted too much on Gray's interest in her? And would he fail to come to her? She knew he could find out where she was, if he tried. Gray, whose smooth jaw always wore the same expression, seemed to do anything he tried to do, and without effort. Irene admired him; she liked him: and besides, she was tired of the stage. She wished that they hadn't quarreled.

Irene did not realize that she was lost until, her thoughts running back to the time she'd played "Maid Marian", she suddenly found herself wondering what she would do if some tall, broad-chested stranger, yclad in Lincoln-green, should happen to cross her way.

Lost!—Irene's pretty lips parted; her pulse beat fast. She had no recollection whatever of the winding ways she had been following. She stood there, her hands at her heart, her great black eyes full of terror.—A flower of the City somehow got back into the heart of the Wild.

A moment she stood thus; and then sat down at the foot of a beach, to wonder what she'd best do. She did not realize that it might be nearly noon next day before a searching-party would find her. Nor did she realize how far she had come since leaving the little hotel. Her mossy seat was very comfortable; and she was so tired,—so tired—

* * * * * Things thrust themselves upon her consciousness all together, in a way that dazed her. She had been walking down Broadway with Gray—presto!—she was sitting here alone in a strange wild place, with all the

lights turned low, as tho this Titanic stage were being set for a night scene.

Something splashed in the stream. It was only a man, in outlandish garb, filling a pail with water. He turned from the bank in her direction, singing one of the choruses from "Atalanta in Calydon."

"For the pale east quickens, the wan west quivers,
Round the feet of the day and the feet of the—

"Crickets!" he exclaimed, starting back so suddenly that he dropped his pail.

Irene explained.

"Why Madam" he said, "the hotel is over four miles from here: and it's going to rain".

Irene was wondering how many blocks there are in four miles. The way hadn't seemed long before, but now she was tired.

"I suppose you are a guide?" she asked, "Could you show me the way to the nearest place where I can get a room for the night?"

He laughed in a good-natured way. "I hope you didn't think I would let you try to find your way back alone he replied, "the hotel is the nearest place."

"Is it?" she asked, surprised; dismayed. "What can I do? I'm too tired to ever walk back there tonight. Why don't they have trolleys out here? Isn't there *any*-where else I can go,—even a farm-house? Mr.—

He had to smile.

"They call me Freshets—Dry Freshets" he said, "without any Mr."

"That's a rather peculiar name, is it not?" ventured Irene.

"Perhaps: but it's full of meaning,—or at least it was once," he returned. "There's only one thing, I guess. There's a vacant caboose up the trail a bit, where you can get something to eat; a good rest and a sleep. I'll take you back in the morning."

While Irene stood there in doubt, the fellow went back to the brook and to his song:—

"For the stars and the winds are unto her
'As raiment, as songs of the harp-player:

'Yea, the risen stars and the fallen cling to her;
And the south-west wind and the west wind sing."

Presently he rejoined her. "Perhaps you'd better take my hand; it's pretty dark" he said.

It was beginning to rain. There was no other thing to do.

"It seems to me you sing strange things for a guide." Irene said, when they had proceeded a way in silence.

"Well I wasn't—I—that is," he answered, somewhat confused, "I got those from a fellow that came up here several years ago: college chap he was: kind of a poet-cuss. He'd been thrown down by a chorus girl, I heard; then he took to the jug, which didn't help him get up; and the end of it was he came up here to see if he could find his lost health wandering around these hills anywhere."

"What was his name?" asked Irene eagerly.

"Name?—his name was Mud!" The way he said it left no doubt as to his estimation of the "poet-cuss's" character. "Lord, what a thirst he used to have," he added, reflectively.

"Here's another of his," Dry Freshets went on, beginning the 'Anvil Chorus' from Robin Hood.

Irene joined in. Hardly a line had they sung, when he suddenly dropped her hand, and turning, stared at her through the darkness.

The girl was frightened. Was he quite sane?

They reached the cabin in silence; and he spoke hardly a word while lighting the wreck of a lamp and showing her where to get something for supper. Then he put a revolver on the table, told her how to fasten the door, and said "Good-night."

For a long time Irene sat there alone, thinking; wondering what had become of the man of whom her crotchety rescuer had spoken,—the man whose love she had thrown aside because success in her profession had seemed to her the one great thing in life. Her own heart had ached; it had ached still more when she heard he was going to the dogs: but she

had told herself that these things would make her stronger,—were but a sacrifice on the altar of Art: and had gone on. On, until now success was within easy reach; and now—she wanted to leave it all,—this false life. It was one great gilded lie; she hated, she despised, she loathed it. She was going to marry Gray; and leave it forever.

Through the broken window she could hear Freshets singing,—an old college drinking song. Then suddenly Irene stood up.

"Mercy of Mary! It's Jim—it's Jim Flood. Why didn't I know him at first? I'll go in the morning, before he's awake," she said to herself. She went to the door; it was fastened outside.

A week had passed, and the romance of other days was a living thing again in the heart of big Jim Flood. He'd come up to the lake, five years ago, determined to stop drinking, and to forget the girl.

It had taken him two years of hard, struggle to accomplish the former: and the latter he'd given up. But he had found out what it is to live. The "call of the Wild" was no empty phrase to him; it was something real, with the swing and the throb of life in it: and every waking hour of every day he heard it, and all the poetry in him answered it. Time and again he had told himself that he could never leave it, never go back to the old life—and now he'd decided to return—for her sake.

A week had passed—a short one to Irene. She had seen a good deal of Jim Flood—he had attended to that—but she had told him little of herself, in spite of all his questions. She knew he was going back; and aside from that it was only too plain that she was all she had ever been to him: and she told herself she liked Gray better. She wondered if Gray would come; and sickened at the possibility of having to go back to the stage. She admitted that she liked Jim; but Gray was so different from him. It seemed as though Gray just sat still, and everyone did things for him, and piled success up about him—friends, respectability, wealth. He was a man other women

would envy her:—and then, to be able to leave the lime-light.

A week had passed; and Gray was sitting in the parlor of the little hotel, awaiting the return of Jim Flood and Irene. Neither knew of his arrival; but he was well informed about most that had taken place during Irene's stay here. It was Gray's way of doing things.

At last the wanderers returned, lingered a moment at the porch, and bade each other good night. Flood had reached the gate when some one touched his arm.

"Gentleman would like to see you, sir; this way, please" the fellow said. Flood followed him.

As he entered the parlor a man, past middle age, got up and grasped him warmly by the hand.

"My dear sir, I am pleased to meet you," he said earnestly. "I can never thank you enough for all you have done; for any service to Irene, of course I must look upon as a personal favor."

Flood was speechless. Gray gave him no time to find words; but went on in the same vein; even telling him a little of their plans; hoping they would see him if he ever came to town; asking his opinion of a ring he'd brought up with him for Irene; speaking enthusiastically about her fine work on the stage.

"Can't you take breakfast with us in the morning?" he asked at length, "we leave at nine."

"I thank you, but I can't" said Flood, "I'm leaving myself, at sunrise."

"Our way? I hope," cried Gray.

"No: just opposite; over the 'Long Trail,'" He held out his hand, "Good-bye," he said, "And"—the words stuck in his throat—"say—say good-bye to Irene for me."

Dazed, crushed, he staggered out into the shadows. A hundred questions reeled through his mind; but only one came to his lips,—"Why didn't you tell me, little girl? Why didn't you let me know?"

Later Irene came down from her room, and met Gray, who greeted her with a warmth quite foreign to him. She guessed the meaning of it; and of a new

ring on one of his white fingers;—she had won. Her breast heaved with emotions all at war.

"I forgot my fan" she said; and a minute later, at full length on her bed, was trying to choke back tears that were no stage tears. "Oh, Jim,—Jim, if I could have gone back to it!" she sobbed.

Jim Flood, his big hands clenched, his head thrown back, took vicious strides along the trail up to his home. He felt that somehow he had been cheated: that life hadn't given him a good square deal. His right arm, swinging as he walked, kept striking something in his pocket: he pulled it out,—a roll, of bills "Damn him!" he cried, "Why did he give me those?" and he flung them to the ground, with "Lie there and rot, curse you! it was for you, this time." He felt the wind about his forehead, and shook back his hair like some wild beast; and breathed the dank night air in great long gulps.

Reaching the cabin he threw himself down outside, just as when the thirst used to grip him most fiendishly. He felt that he no longer had a share in society, was no longer a part of mankind, and in his overwhelming loneliness he sought to get close to the bare breast of the great Brown Mother, but even she could not comfort him now.

The solemn moon climbed high: and still he lay there; his throat choking, aching; his fingers clutching the soil. But when at last he sat up, his jaws closed with a click, as they used to in the old foot-ball days when the game was going wrong, and his signal came—

Something touched him on the shoulder. "Jim," he heard someone say, "I couldn't do it,"—he was on his feet—"I couldn't do it, Jim. And when he said you were going—"

Flood stood there a second, drunk; and then—a big black cloud blew over the solemn moon.

FRED F. ROCKWELL.

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Personals of Alumni before '88

WILMINGTON, Del., July 25, 1905.

Editor of the Gleaner:—It would be most rude of me to refuse your kind soli-

citation for a bit of news from me for the GLEANER, which I read with so much interest each year, so will respond, though I am hardly entitled to the honor of being listed an alumnus of your noble institution, Woodstock Academy, having been a pupil one term only, in '61. This I much regret, as I desired to continue, but circumstances transferred me to Nichols Academy at Dudley, Mass.

However, as a native of good old Woodstock, a fact of which I am very proud, I have always cherished a deep interest in the welfare of Woodstock Academy, and that of the good people of the several "Woodstocks," who are doing so much to perpetuate their Honor Roll in history. Though many years have passed since I attended the Academy as a child, I still remain a "Child," and propose to continue so. As to age I am sometimes four, and at other times more.

For a number of years I have been connected with the Delaware Hardware Co., of this city, wholesalers of builders' hardware, iron and steel. My portion of the business being chiefly soliciting and estimating on contracts with the large ship and car manufacturers, and the various industries of our progressive city, and as a matter of course, securing the contracts, which is the object at least. I have quite a large patronage for material for government work in connection with the construction of forts and garrison posts. Have the honor of furnishing much material used in the construction of Fort H. B. Wright, on the Connecticut coast. Took the special pains, of course, to supply first class material for work done in Connecticut, that your interests might be safe guarded, the disposition being innate.

My fondness for my native town and State is attested by my annual visits to Woodstock, which I enjoy exceedingly, foregoing, as I do, all other trips when vacation time recurs. The Woodstock boys of the 60's are not as numerous as they once were, and I rarely meet one in this section, so am not able to inform you as to the interests of those who are still on terra firma.

I very much regret I cannot furnish more items of interest to you of the present day, and trust I have not trespassed too heavily on your valuable space.

Wishing for you all continued prosperity, and with kindest remembrance to all who may remember me,

I am yours, sincerely,

CASSIUS M. CHILD.

Capt. William F. Flynn sailed with his troop for the Philippines August 1st, where he is now pleasantly located at Camp Wallace, San Fernando, Luzon Island, twenty-four hours sail north of Manila. Captain Flynn has his family with him.

Sidney Morse, after seven years of continuous teaching at Williston Seminary, will take a Sabbatical year of rest.

Dr. Frank Witter is a very successful physician and surgeon, at Spokane, Washington. He is also Coroner for the county.

We congratulate Albert McC. Mathewson, of New Haven, on his recent appointment as Judge of the City Court.

Dr. E. B. Lyon, of New Britain, Conn., has been in Italy since January

Ruth K. Child is Matron of a private hospital at Milford, Mass.

Sara A. Bowen has received another appointment, that of superintendent of a new hospital at Lowell, Mass. Inez Lord is her assistant.

Rev. Charles F. W. Hubbard is pastor of the Westminster Church at St. Paul, Minn.

Mrs. Charles Gardiner (Lottie Lyon) is taking a Library course at the Normal, in Emporia, Kansas.

Mrs. Bingham (Bessie Flynn) has accepted an offer to teach in the Sixth District in Putnam, where she can return home every week. We learn that it was with regret that her resignation was accepted in Springfield, where she has taught six years.

We learn that Amy Warner has changed her name to Mrs. W. G. Frayne. Mr. and Mrs. Frayne are at present taking an extended trip to the Pacific coast.

Edward Fenner, while superintending

work in New Bedford, Mass., as contractor, was instantly killed by a falling beam.

Wm. D. Johnson has been an architect in Hartford for fourteen years. He has an office at 26 State street, also one on Westchester avenue in New York city.

Mrs. Frank Thomas (née Bessie Newton) lives in Highwood, Conn., and has two children.

Alec A. Warner is special agent for the Hartford Steam Boiler Inspection and Insurance Co. His office is in the New England Building, Kansas, Mo.

Frank Wells and family have gone to Golden, Col., where he has employment.

Mrs. Frank N. Chase, since her husband's death three years ago, has made her home with her son at Cedar Falls, Iowa, and with her daughter, who is pleasantly located in Chicago. She has recently returned from a trip to Oregon and California. She writes it is thirteen years since she visited Woodstock, and hopes next year to come East, and again meet some of her old friends.

Mrs. E. M. Estes (Emma Fisher) was at the home of Mrs. Sarah A. Woodward a few days, before going to Niantic, Conn., where they have been for eight years.

Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Chandler, are at Hyannisport, Mass., for the summer.

Minnie Wells has been with her aunt in North Attleboro, Mass., the greater part of the winter.

Dr. James Randall and wife (Louisa Wells) are still living in Colon, U. S. Colombia. He is employed by the government as head surgeon.

Some of the older alumni may be interested in the changes going on in Woodstock. The fences about the commons have been removed, and a few years ago the blacksmith shop was converted into a Swedish church.

Capt. Blackmar has sold his property to U. S. Minister Hardy, who intends to erect a new house.

Mrs. Anna Berrian Kingsbury, of East Orange, N. Y., has purchased the Emily

Bowen place, and is making her home in Woodstock.

Marshall Williams and family, after spending the winter in Hartford, have returned to Woodstock for the summer and are occupying Mrs. Polly Bowen's house.

Susan Gorden has rented her house for the summer to Rev. H. P. Dewey, of Brooklyn, N. Y. She spent the winter with relatives in Providence.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry M. Morse are with his mother.

Percy McClellan, wife and baby are living in Haverhill, Mass.

Nellie McCoy has made teaching a success. She has taught twelve year in one of the schools in New Bedford, Mass.

James Pike has left Sterling and established business in Niantic, R. I.—the Niantic Dyeing Works.

Mrs. Julia Killam Rowley expects to return to Beloit, Ala., in the fall, to engage in her school work.

Mrs. Sarah A. Woodward spent the winter with friends in Pemberton, N. J.

Benjamin F. Chandler is employed by the Packard Motor Car Co. Detroit, Mich., as electrician.

Dr. Channing Newhall and bride, of New York city, spent several days on their wedding trip with his sister, Mrs. Vroon, in Woodstock Valley.

Washington Hoppin is in business in City Island, N. Y.

Charles Chandler has been re-elected President of the Norwich Board of Trade and Director in the Chelsea Savings Bank. Has acted as Civil Engineer for the Norwich Hospital, in the design and construction of sewer and water systems, and has designed several systems for Putnam, Danielson and Jewett City. Continues to be a member of the Connecticut State Board of Engineers, having supervision of dams and reservoirs of the New England Water Works Association, the Boston Society of Civil Engineers.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarendon Green of Putnam, report a pleasant time on their trip to California last winter.

Clara Dennis, recently called on some of her old friends in Woodstock, having taken the trip from her home in Foxboro, Mass., with friends, in an automobile.

W. A. & F. W. Fenner write from Providence, R. I., that if any of their old school friends are in or about Providence, they extend a cordial invitation to see them. They have sent a generous 'ad.' to our columns.

C. C. Lyon, of Canterbury, Conn., writes: "It was in Woodstock Academy that I received the inspiration for my work as a minister, and ever since the fall of '74 I have always been interested in the Academy."

The Midshipman's First Summer Cruise

U. S. S. Hartford, Rockland, Me.

Some people have the idea that when we midshipmen embark for our summer cruise, we are put on so many pleasure yachts and are given a three months' holiday; but such a holiday would surely become irksome after the first week out, so Uncle Sam sends down the North Atlantic coast squadron of monitors, cruisers, destroyers and sailing ships—each one only about half-manned—and puts the first-class on board as junior officers, the second class as passengers, and the third class to do the work.

On the cruiser Atlanta they turned us all out at five a. m., gave us fifteen minutes to lash and stow our hammocks, and then let us lie around on deck till breakfast at seven, with nothing more to do than dodge the hose as the men scrubbed down the decks. We had morning quarters at nine, when we went through a setting up exercise and one or two drills, such as abandoning ship, arm and away party, or general quarters with a little battery drill and sub-calibre practice. As soon as quarters were over we fell in for a little individual instruction in wig-wag, semaphore, or sound signals, the compass, slide and other ship's instruments. After dinner, drill call sounded at one-thirty and we continued the morning

instruction. This alternated with trimming ventilators, hoisting boats, spreading awning, etc., till evening quarters came with a collision drill, fire drill, or life boat drill, and more setting up exercises. After supper we sometimes had night signals and searchlight drills, but we always swung our hammocks at seven-thirty and turned in at nine.

Here on the Hartford although we occasionally have fire and collision drill and have abandoned ship once, the main part of the work is in the rigging. Just as a starter, every morning before quarters we cross the top gallant and royal yards and usually loose the sails to dry. After quarters we furl sail, set all sail, take two or three reefs, furl again, send down the light yards, send them up again, and loose the sails as they were when we started. After dinner we do the same thing over again, and just before supper we send down the light yards and leave them in the rigging for the night.

As for liberty, we've been set on shore about five times since we left Annapolis, and the less said about it the better, as in nine cases out of ten we're taken for one of the naval reserve, a revenue service cadet, or one of the ship's petty officers; the most common occurrence, however, is that we are taken for car conductors.

Besides the regular drill we have to stand watches. At anchor, the only watch is the signal detail on the bridge, but at sea it's "watch and watch," that is the whole starboard watch alternates with the whole port watch, so that if your watch comes on from eight to twelve at night it comes on from four to eight the following morning, and you get only four hours sleep that night, except what little you can get on deck during the watch. Besides the watch there are stationed one lookout in each top, at both catheads, and the starboard life buoy, two men in the starboard chains to heave the lead, and one man at the wheel.

There is one more thing I want to mention and that is the crew. The average of all the men I've met so far, go to make up as fine a body of men as I think could be met with anywhere in the country, and especially the petty officers, who have

worked themselves up from apprentices. And I wish you could have seen the interest taken by the jackies in their boat races and games held between the ships and on board the Newark, which lasted from early in the morning until eleven o'clock that night. I might mention that our officers were all there too, and that our cutter's crew—which won, by the way—were put on special first conduct grade. Every ship in the navy has a base ball team, and no ship is sooner anchored than arrangements are made for a game either with some other ship or with some team on shore.

FRANK W. ROCKWELL, '03.

Senior Class Honor Essay

(Written February 1905.)

Japanese Patriotism.

What is patriotism? The word thrills our hearts and minds as we read it or hear it spoken. A telling phrase in Latin literature is "*amantissimus patriae*". The love of country, the willingness to give up possessions, home, life itself, that the fatherland may prosper, is the spirit that has animated the souls of the world's heroes.

The names of George Washington and Abraham Lincoln are renowned in history for their American patriotism. Perchance in after years some name from the ranks of the brave men who are now struggling so gallantly to defeat the nation which for so long has struck terror to the hearts of the kingdoms of the East—Russia, so-called impregnable in her fastnesses,—will be honored for their love of their fathers' home—Japan.

As early as 1871, the men of Japan were beginning to say, "Teach us how to explode bombs, that we may fight Russia." Already the baleful eye of the tyrant was cast on the Sunrise Kingdom. Like the leaders of the grand Revolution of 1775, the Japanese authorities for months and years patiently awaited their opportunity, all the time adding to their resources for war, until now Japan is, like the famous city of Virgil's *Æneid*, Carthage, "fulfilled in wealth and rich in arms."

Some ask, "For what are the Japanese fighting?" There was one point on which the Sunrise Kingdom depended largely for means of sustaining life, an island at the North of the group which constitutes Japan. In 1870, when Russia, it seems, first began to think Japan must have a little attention, the latter was in no condition to resist encroachments, and Russia calmly stepped in and took possession of that island. Later, when Russia, combining forces with France and Germany, at the close of the war between Japan and China, commanded the former to grant Port Arthur to China, another surrender was made, since it would have been of no avail for Japan to have matched her strength against that of the three great nations working together. But when Russia, having gained control of Port Arthur by a series of diplomatic stratagems, kept on with her preparations for crushing the nation of islands, having strongly fortified the contested point and being about to do the same to Vladivostok and Masampo, the Japanese authorities, seeing that they would be practically blotted out of existence should Russia attack from three points at once, commenced the war which is today's one absorbing topic of interest, the struggle of men dying by hundreds to save their fatherland from complete annihilation.

We are breathlessly watching for news of their steady progress, and we admire the spirit of steadfastness and evident determination which they display, very similar to that of our general who declared his intention of "fighting it out on that line if it took all summer."

The question which every one asks on hearing of the repeated victories of the Mikado's troops is, "How do they do it? How can a hitherto scarcely heard of nation defeat the soldiers of the Czar?" To this question George Kenner replies, "By their masterly military system". This is truth, but not the whole truth. Hidden back of all their skill, their wonderful watchfulness and preparations for emergencies, is the motto of every Japanese, that life must be consecrated to the salvation of their nation, which is the true

patriotism. It might be called recklessness, as at the battle of Liao Yang, when battalion after battalion melted away before the murderous fire of the Russians, their comrades stepping silently into their places, expecting the same fate, but this was the means by which the Sun Flag was planted on the walls, by which their victories are won, and all for the love of Japan! From merest infancy, the Japanese is trained to revere his country above all other objects of affection, and to offer himself a willing sacrifice for her welfare. For a certain period of time each man must serve in the army, and is then sent home on leave of absence, as a reservist. In times of peace they pursue their home employments without let or hindrance, but should trouble break out, the Mikado may at any time summon any of these reservists to his aid. As the troops are made up, a few men are taken here, a few more there, and thus the home garrisons are not entirely depleted. For more than a year the little brown men have fought untiringly, and will probably continue to do so as long as there are sufficient Japanese to do it, and as yet not a raw recruit has gone to the front. The only green men are those who are in training at home.

The readiness to lay down life for love of country is not confined to the male sex alone. Instances are on record of mothers' committing suicide in order that their sons might depart for the battle-field without sense of encumbrance. Those who remain bear the news of the death of their kindred without a sign of grief. The prevailing sentiment is as that of the mother of a gallant general who fell before Port Arthur. On hearing the tidings of his death she calmly replied to the messenger, "Tell the Emperor I rejoice that I had a son who could be of so much use to him."

But, although when the Japanese have once entered upon war, they are unyielding to the end, yet the love of country does not lead them to imagine that she can be well served by resorting to bloodshed on every occasion. For months the Japanese minister strove to bring about an agreement between the two nations,

and only when every expedient to secure attention failed did the ambassador return to his home and the war was commenced. And now that Stoessel has surrendered, none of the revolting cruelties which some Eastern countries practice upon their captives are known. That patriotism in time of need requires service but not barbarity is a principle impressed as distinctly on the minds of the troops of the Mikado as on those of the soldiers of Theodore Roosevelt.

In summing up the qualities displayed by the Japanese, we find courage, fidelity, mercy, devotion to their country, recklessness of life in service of that country, and this constitutes true patriotism, the patriotism of Japan!

NELLIE T. BURLESON

Ivy Ode

The Class of Nineteen ' Five

When we meet again together
In the swiftly moving years,
Will smiles enwreath our faces
Or will there be need of tears?
Shall we be among the living
And will our Ivy be alive
At the very first reunion
Of the Class of Nineteen ' Five?

Thoughts as these will come intruding
As we hopeful plant our vine,
While we in the grief of parting
Our hands and hearts entwine.
With careful hands we set it
That our Ivy-vine may thrive,
And the Heavenly Hand bring back
The Class of Nineteen ' Five.

The arms of Alma Mater
Hold us tenderly to-day,
Yet, tho' we are loath to leave her,
She bids us fare away.
Tiniest of bees we wander,
From the fostering parent hive,
To a world of promised blossoms
Goes the Class of Nineteen ' Five.

Dear verdant hills of Woodstock
Now dim through a mist of tears,
But green in our hearts forever—
Cradle of our hopes and fears.
From the patient minds that taught us,
Thoughts will for aye survive

To guide the high endeavors
Of the Class of Nineteen ' Five.

A mark of past endeavor
Of radiant Hope a sign;—
Hearts braved for future conquest
We plant our symbol vine,
If to Honor, Truth and Right,
Our thoughts and deeds arrive,
Success will be the harvest
Of the Class of Nineteen ' Five.

From the walls of some old abbey,
Or from some world famous shrine,
We may pluck a tiny rootlet
Of historic ivy vine,
But no transplanted ivies
Can the sweet memories drive
From the hearts of those who nourish
This Ivy of Nineteen ' Five.

We part in a year of destinies—
Thrones totter to their fall—
Far eastern monarchs are seeing
The writing on the wall
Dire in truth the warning
To Czar and to Khedive;
And a striking object lesson
For the Class of Nineteen ' Five.

Tho' small the part we play
In the world's present game
And low the rung we cling to
On the Ladder of Fame,
Still the ideals here presented
Are the goals for which we strive
In the future's great arena
For the Class of Nineteen ' Five.

Then a cheer for old Academy,
A song for our young vine,
As we to still younger students
Our places here resign.
Tho' with pain we leave this common
Forward with joy we strive
To attain the brave ideals
Of the Class of Nineteen ' Five.

ETHEL A. RAWSON.

It's Not the World, It's You

When the stillness of the evening
Bids you welcome to the hills,
And the brooks seem never tiring
Of the song that seldom stills;
When the fire-flies dance in rhythm
With the twinkling of the stars
And scarce a sound about you

The peace of evening mars;
 When the low-stretched meadows whiten
 With the dew from off the lake
 And all the world seems pensive
 As the brooding for love's own sake;
 'Tis then you love to nestle
 On the bosom of the hills
 And listen as you're dreaming
 To the love-songs of the rills
 And you whisper: "She's so selfish
 This world so proud and gay."
 But listen and the world will answer:
 "It's you that I love to-day.
 It's you when I seem merry
 It's you when I seem sad
 It's your love-songs we're singing
 It's yours when the birds seem glad."

But when the world awakens
 In the gray of the morning still
 As the sun tiptoes in its splendor
 The gray of the eastern hill
 Till the air is filled with sunshine
 That scatters the gloom away
 And every nook seems to echo
 With the welcoming of day.
 When the wind for each sigh exchanges
 A kiss as it sweeps to the sea
 And stoops to dry the tears of the flowers
 That blossom in valley and lea
 Then you wonder at the drowsiness
 Of the sleeping mass below
 So blind to the grandeur of waking
 When the world is first aglow.
 In every throat's a love-song
 In every flower a sweet,
 Yet it's not the world that's joyous
 Both bird and flower repeat:
 "It's you when the world seems joyous
 It's you when the world seems glad
 It's you that must laugh off the sadness
 And smile if all else seems sad."

ETHEL M. SPALDING, '01.

Athletics for 1904-1905.

This year as well as in former years Woodstock Academy has kept up her reputation in Athletics.

When school opened in the fall, we looked over our material for a Foot Ball Team, but finding it wanting, we decided it was better to have a good Basket Ball Team than a poor Foot Ball Team; so we had a meeting and elected Edmund

Gilbert captain and Harry Wells manager.

As basket ball was a comparatively new feature in our school, a good deal of interest was shown by all, by the young ladies as well as the boys. We formed a team as follows:—

Edmund Gilbert	Center
Fred Howard	Left Guard
Marvin Hyde	Right Guard
Harry Tatem	Right Guard
Herman Chaffee	Left Home
Harry Wells	Right Home

There was much pleasure derived from the game—the young ladies having the ball one noon, and the boys the next: sometimes, however, the young ladies thought, if they had a few boys on their side, they could do the first team, and they often gave us a pretty good rub.

The first game we played was out of doors with a pick-up team consisting of former students of the academy; we won by the score of 17-12. Encouraged by this victory we practised harder than ever.

The next game was played in the hall with the same team. We soon found, however, that playing on a floor was very different from playing on the ground; but in spite of this fact we defeated them.

We thought by this time we could do the high schools, and after practising hard for a week, we sent a challenge to Danielson, which they accepted. We had one more game with the pick ups before this game, and defeated them, 17-2; But in the game with Danielson we were defeated by the score 9½-10½ owing to their better team work and passing.

We were to play them again the next week at Danielson, but owing to a misunderstanding about the dates, we were obliged to give up the game much to our regret. So ended the career of basket ball for 1904-1905.

Upon the opening of the spring term we organized a base-ball team as follows:

Edmund Gilbert	Catcher
Harry Wells	Pitcher, Second Base
Carl Morse	First Base
Herman Chaffee	Second Base,
Albert Haskell	Pitcher, Short Stop
Harry Tatem	Third Base
Marvin Hyde	Left Field

James Sumner
Donald Perley

Center Field
Right Field

Our first few games were played with the pick-ups, from which we obtained needed practice, gaining some victories, and suffering some defeats. The first match game was with Putnam High School at Putnam where we were defeated. At the end of the ninth inning the score stood as we supposed 13-12 in our favor, their score keeper claimed the score was 13-13 and as we could not find any flaw in either score at that time, we gave them the benefit of the doubt and played another inning, at the end of this inning the score was 16-16. Determined not to go home until we won or lost, we played another inning, at the end of which the score was 16-18 in Putnam's favor. In the last inning the spectators crowded around our basemen and side lines, and acted as though they were determined to win the game if their team could not, and (as the expression is) talked the game up to the point of victory.

The next game was with Danielson at Woodstock in which we defeated our opponents by a score of 9 to 3.

About a week later we played with Putnam at Woodstock, and we won by the same score as the last game, 9 to 3.

In this last game misfortune overtook our catcher, who broke his collar bone in an attempt to slide to second base; and as our third baseman had hurt his finger in practice we were obliged to disband, as we had no men to fill their places.

Three features of our team brought us our success; the combined working of the in-field, the splendid work of the out-field, and our batting.

In all our contests it was our endeavor to play clean, upright, and manly games, considering a victory gained by underhanded means worse than an honest defeat.

Considering the fact that we have had only twenty boys, from whom to select our teams, we feel that our record is one of which the Academy need not be ashamed.

HARRY E. WELLS.

Personals of Alumni Since '88

MISCELLANEOUS

New York, August 22, '04

Dear Mr. Hall:—The Gleaner received by me a few days ago was the source of the greatest pleasure to me and almost everything in it reminded me of those days which were the happiest of my youth.

I was very sorry to hear of the death of Susan Leavitt and also of Reuben Fitts, neither of whom you could afford to lose.

Since leaving the Academy I have lost my mother and father, my mother shortly after, and my father about a year later.

I am at present, and have been since the death of my father, working in the International Banking Corporation, in the famous Wall Street, but the prospects are very poor and I am now making arrangements to start in with an old law firm of this city and attend the Columbia Law school at the same time. My inclinations have always been toward the law and if I am to succeed at anything I will at that.

I thank you again for remembering me in the distribution of your Gleaners and will be duly grateful for any similar courtesies in the future.

Very Sincerely

ROGER JANNUS

137 West 103d Street.

Millers Falls, Mass., Nov. 25, 1904.

Dear Mr. Hall:—Mabel has said or rather written that you asked her about me so as she can't tell you but very little, I will write you and "put you wise," as the saying is. When I left Woodstock I went to High School in Milford, N. H., from there to Boston, then down on Cape Cod, then to Wellesley, then to East Woodstock, then fishing out of New London, then on the U. S. S. Enterprise and while there I went to Fayal, Azores; Cork and Queenstown, Ire; Southampton, Cowes, Portsmouth and London, England; Antwerp, Belgium, Havre and Paris; Lisbon, Madrid, Gibraltar, Tangier, Madeira, Las Palmas, Bermuda, and back home. Then from New York to San Francisco, from there to Manila, thence to Hong Kong and Nagasaki, then to Honolulu, and back

to 'Frisco. Then to Hilo Hawaiian Islands, to Philadelphia. Then I went back to East Woodstock for six months. Then I got out my license for second mate and made 12 trips to the island of Jamaica, W. I. Then I prepared for M. I. T. but never went. Then down on Cape Cod and then mackerel fishing from Currituck Beach, Va., to the Cape Shore, i. e. down Halifax Bay—near Cape Sable. Then I came out here and struck in at carpentering. I have gotten along finely and everything remaining satisfactory as at the present, I expect to contract for a few jobs next year. Business is rather dull just at present but I expect it will pick up by spring. I was much pleased to receive the "Gleaner" which you sent me. I have a course in architecture in the Scranton, Pa., schools and have already planned a job that has been built. I like the business O. K. and hope that now I have all my "wild oats" sowed that I may be some body instead of a O. If it is any use as a "space" devourer you may insert some of my biography in the "Gleaner," just enough to let the old scholars know that I am alive and kicking. I have seen some pretty tight places, having fallen overboard twice and been aground several times but when the "watch was mustered" I was always there to answer. I am proud to say that in my seven years at sea, either before the mast or abaft of it, I never drank a drop. You won't find many that can say the same. You taught me better manners than to use a pencil for correspondence purposes but I hope you will excuse it. Wishing you the best of health and prosperity. I remain,

Your Old Scholar?

(If I said "bête noir" it would be more like it.)

ALDEN HALE ADAMS.

Miller's Falls, Mass., Box 304.

Miss Faith Sanborn has declined a re-appointment as a teacher in the Academy. Her parents have announced their intention of changing their place of residence, and she feels that she ought to be with them for a year, at least, until the new plans are well carried out. Miss Sanborn has been a teacher in the

Academy for five years, and her work has been done with scholarly ability, patience and fidelity. She will be greatly missed by all who can appreciate these sterling qualities.

Mabel Vinton is still in the office of the County Treasurer, Essex Co., Mass., where she has made a fine record of service for nine years.

John H. Williams will finish his fourth year of apprenticeship at Brown & Sharpe's Manufacturing Company, Providence, in December.

All graduates not mentioned here may be regarded as either remaining at their old homes, or engaged as announced previously in the Gleaner.

1890

Mrs. Agnes Childs Paine has doubled the attendance at her private Kindergarten. For additions to the catalogue see the column "Morning."

1893

Harold K. Morse has not only been materially advanced in his position with Hammond, Knowlton & Company, but has formed a partnership of his own. See "Noon". They are house keeping in Putnam.

1894

Edward S. Boyden writes from the old stand that he has not yet been made president of the Geneva Optical Works, but assures us that he will advise us promptly when that event takes place.

Charles G. Burd gives an account of himself in another column of this issue.

The Gleaner expressed itself last year as proud of the record which Alfred T. Child was making in Pueblo, Cal., but this year, as far as can be learned from the grandparents, Alfred T. Child Junior is making the record.

Anne Hall Gaylord gave us an article last year on "The Child in Recent Fiction". This year she is working up an article which may be called "The Recent Child in Reality."

Albert D. Merwin has joined the ranks of the fathers. See "Morning."

Maxwell W. Rockwell has been working at his profession, part of the time in Woodstock but more recently in New York City, any one calling at the library

in the Academy can see a fine specimen of his work in the poster which he designed for the Library Association.

1895

"Non Nobis Solum."

Edith H. Hall returned home in June. Her stay abroad covered a period of nearly two years. The last year she has spent in study in Athens interrupted by two trips to the island of Crete. Just before coming home, she made an extended tour among the islands of the Ægean Sea, and the cities along the coast of Turkey in Asia, going on as far as Constantinople.

"The Gleaner", Woodstock, Conn.,

We are spending the summer at Pacific Grove on the Bay of Monterey, a very beautiful place, where we have enjoyed all the pleasures of sea-shore life. Next week we return to Palo Alto where Mr. Palmer is to teach another year in the High School. Biology is his line of work. He received his M. A. from Stanford University last May and will probably continue work there toward the Doctor's degree. I also plan to go on with my University work. Last year I took a number of courses, mainly in the English and German departments, and I shall continue the same line of work.

My permanent address is 436 Sytton Ave., Palo Alto, California.

Yours very truly,

JESSIE BOWEN PALMER.

1896

Do Ye Next Thing

Ralph H. Pike is now located in the Grand Central Station, New York City. He is assistant to one of the Chief Engineers, and is mostly employed in draughting.

Joseph S. Sheppard is an Assistant Transfer Agent of the Kansas City Southern Railroad. His address is 25 Broad St New York City.

Mary E. Bowen has been teaching one of the district schools near Eastford during two terms of the past year.

Ruth Cahoon has a good position in the optical works, Southbridge.

1897

"Alta Petens"

Howard M. Frost has left his former position in the American Surety Company, and is now employed in the Aetna Indemnity Company, New York City.

Arthur O. Williams has a position as book-keeper in the Laureldale Chemical Company, Providence, R. I. His address is 28 Clarke street.

Louise P. Grosvenor is spending the summer in Gloucester, Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph P. Catlin make their home at 1413 Spruce street, Philadelphia, where Mr. Catlin is engaged in Consulting Engineering-Work. We have a letter from him elsewhere in these pages.

Mowry Ross taught school last year in the Quasset district. He is thinking of taking up electrical engineering in Schenectady in the Fall.

A. Lloyd Cooper has been teaching in a private school in Scranton, Pa., during the past year. Though he has changed his position, he expects to continue in the same city another year.

Constance Holt spent last winter abroad. She travelled extensively in Italy and also visited Paris and London.

Ralph H. Sabin is assistant engineer in the Brookville and Mahoning Railroad Company, Brookville, Pa. He is thinking of taking a course in Hydraulics in the Scranton Correspondence Schools as an aid to his present line of work.

Mrs. William Gallup (nee Ruth Williamson) is spending the summer in Woodstock.

1898

"Esse Quam Videri"

Emma E. Allen has been teaching as a substitute in Woodstock Academy, during the spring term. The remainder of the year she has spent at home.

Maria E. Chandler has been teaching in the Kindergarten Public schools of New York City. She returns to the same work in the fall.

James H. Hutchins was graduated from the Veterinary School in New York City.

Sidney D. Upham is employed in a telephone company in Boston. His ad-

dress is 240 West Newton Street, Boston, Mass.

For interesting news about Albert H. Williams, see "Noon"

1899

"In Limine"

Bessie Barber Williams has her residence in South Woodstock: for reasons see "Noon".

Ruby Sanborn has given up her position in Holyoke College. The change of residence on the part of her parents makes her plans for next year somewhat uncertain.

Susan E. Warren has been teaching in Eastford during a part of the year, and will probably continue at the same work.

Olah H. Withey is assistant book-keeper for the importing firm of Morse Brothers and Ehrlich in Boston.

1900

"Vincit Qui Se Vincit."

Mary J. Alton has been teaching a portion of the year, but has been obliged to stop for needed rest. Miss Alton has proved herself one of the excellent teachers of our town.

John C. Paine has been reporting for a trade journal in Chicago. He plans entering the Medical School of Chicago University in the fall.

The Gleaner is contemplating offering a reward for information about Bertran Bugbee and Lafayette Evans.

Frederick F. Rockwell, as may be seen by this issue of the Gleaner is gaining a reputation as poet, humorist, and writer of fiction.

1901

"Non Nobis Solum"

Mary E. Aldrich has been teaching school in Woodstock during the three terms of the year.

Phoebe W. Randall has now entered upon her senior year at Smith.

Ethel M. Spalding B. S. was graduated from Purdue University in June. She will probably spend next year at home.

Olive A. Paine was graduated with special honors from Worcester Normal School in June.

Thomas A. Louby was obliged to give up his college work on account of very

severe illness. He is at present in Pomfret. The Gleaner's heartiest wishes are for his complete recovery.

1902

"Nil Sine Labore."

Florence M. Barber is to teach Mathematics next year in the Pentacostal Collegiate Institute, North Scituate, R. I.

Ellen V. L. Cox is to enter the South Framingham Training School for Nurses in the fall.

Lydia G. Tabor has been at home most of the past year.

Jessie Withey is stenographer for Morse Brother's & Ehrlich, Importers, Boston.

Edmond F. Brunn has one more year at Pratt before entering Cornell.

Harry F. Child has been graduated from the Pratt Institute. His business arrangements for next year have not yet been completed.

Herbert A. Johnson is in charge of a Rural Delivery Route in Woodstock.

James V. Perrin has finished his studies in Williston, and has taken his examinations for Yale Sheffield Scientific school, which he intends to enter in the fall.

1903

"Altior"

Helen L. Chandler has completed her first year in Wellesley.

Grace B. Church spent the past winter with her sister at Stephenson, Mich. She hopes to continue her study in the N. E. Conservatory of Music in Boston in the fall.

Cornelius D. Haskell has finished his first year at Yale. He is spending his vacation in Wakefield, Nebraska.

Florence I. Hibbard has been teaching the Center District School the past year.

Frank W. Rockwell speaks for himself in another column.

Clarence R. Hall has completed his Sophomore year at Yale College.

1904

"Veritas Vincet"

Florence C. Safford has taught the Harrisville school during the entire past year.

Pearle M. Allton is in Miss Low's Millinery Store in Putnam.

Annie E. Nelson has taught the district school No. 3, the three past terms, Elizabeth T. Perrin is to teach in the English Neighborhood the coming year.

William J. Nelson has taught in Pomfret the past year and will continue in the same position.

The other members of this class have spent the year at home here.

Morning

"A mother is a mother still,
The holiest thing alive

Coleridge.

A son, Arnold Dumond, to Mr. and Mrs. A. Dumond Merwin, in Providence, Sept. 19, 1904.

A son, Alfred Thursten, to Mr. and Mrs. Alfred T. Child, in Pueblo, Col., Nov. 30, 1904.

A son, Sidney Chandler, to Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Hayward, in Pomfret, Conn., Dec. 17, 1904.

A son, to Mr. and Mrs. William Barrett in North Woodstock.

A daughter, Elizabeth, to Mr. and Mrs. Percy McClellan, in Providence, March 7, 1905.

A daughter, Sarah Carpenter, to Mr. and Mrs. William R. Barber, in Putnam, Conn., Jan. 23, 1905.

A son, Elsworth Hopkins, to Mr. and Mrs. John Sabin in Putnam, Feb. 13, 1905.

A daughter, Prudence, to Dr. and Mrs. Robert C. Paine, in Thompson, Conn., June 5, 1905.

A son, Gregory Hall, to Mr. and Mrs. Paul Gaylord in Cleveland, Ohio, June 19, 1905.

A son, Rudolf Gould, to Rev. and Mrs. Clarence C. Lyon, in Canterbury, Conn. July 29, 1905.

A daughter, to Mr. and Mrs. Fred Sheldon, South Woodstock, July 26, 1905.

A daughter, Elizabeth Frances, to Mr. and Mrs. William Gordon, North Woodstock, July 18, 1905.

A daughter, Beatrice Child, to Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Healey, in North Woodstock, July 30, 1905.

Noon

"Two wedded from the portals stepped
The bells made happy carollings,

The air was soft as fanning wings,
White petals on the pathway slept"
Geo. Eliot.

MARRIAGES

Brainard Child of New York, and Mrs. Nellie M. Child, in Jacksonville, Fla. Dec. 25, 1904.

Harold K. Morse and Alice D. Cogan, in Woodstock, April 20, 1905.

Mrs. Ruth Williamson Lester and William Gallup in Norwich, Conn., April 12, 1905.

Helen E. Carr and Robert Fisher, in East Woodstock, April 5, 1905.

Rev. Orrin E. Tourtellotte and Sarah S. H. Squires at Thompson, June 19, 1905.

Bessie M. Barber and Albert H. Williams in West Woodstock, June 28, 1905.

Lucius G. Eldridge and Elizabeth H. Lillibridge, in East Greenwich, R. I., Aug. 2, 1905.

Ralph H. Sabin and Augusta Fling of Oldtown, Me., in Providence, R. I., March 15, 1905.

Night

"Good by, proud world! I'm going home.
Thou art not my friend, and I'm not thine."

Emerson.

Edward Ccnant, formerly a principal of the Academy, died at his home, in Randolph, Vt., Jan. 1, 1903.

Marvin W. Robinson of Oxford, in Woodstock, Aug. 5, 1904.

John Davenport of West Medford, in Boston, Aug. 17, 1904.

Francis W. Flynn, in Woodstock, Nov. 6, 1904.

L. Josephine Lester, in Woodstock, Dec. 4, 1904.

Lewis S. Ballard, in Putnam, Jan. 11, 1905.

Carrie N., wife of Dr. Edward M. Child, in Brooklyn, N. Y., Jan. 16, 1905.

Mrs. Samuel Child (nee Ann Perry) in East Woodstock, Feb. 2, 1905.

Edward D. Fenner, in New Bedford, Mass., March 8, 1905.

Abbie Skinner Dillingham in West Woodstock, March 27, 1905.

Joseph McClellan, in Woodstock, April 7, 1905.

Alice W. Clark in Waltham, Mass., July 27, 1905.

Programs of the Year Public Rhetoricals

Public Rhetoricals given by the students of Woodstock Academy, in the Academy hall Friday evening, March 18, 1905, commencing at 7.30 o'clock.

Orchestra PART I

1. Chorus—Anchored, W. Watson
2. Declamation—Abraham Lincoln, Emilio Castelar
Harry L. Tatem
3. Recitation { The Dirty Old Man, Allingham
Ike Walton's Prayer, Riley
Lotta E. Howard
4. Recitation—Aunt Hitty Tarbox, Wiggin
Nellie T. Burleson
5. Declamation—Funeral Oration over Ham-
ilton, Morris
Edmund K. Gilbert

Orchestra PART II

1. Declamation—John Burns of Gettysburg
Bret Harte
James L. Sumner
2. Recitation—God of the Open Air,
Henry Van Dyke
Ethel E. Upham
3. Declamation—The New South, H.W. Grady
Herman R. Chaffee
4. Recitation—Song of the Market Place,
James Buckham
Maud B. Andrews
5. Recitation—Naming of the Birdsall Baby,
Carrie Davis
Sara M. Herrington

Orchestra PART III

1. Recitation—The Angels of Buena Vista,
Whittier
Maude B. Healey
2. Declamation—Carrying the Message to
Garcia, Hubbard
Harry E. Wells
3. Double Trio with Violin Obligato—
Angels' Song, Braga
4. Recitation—Uncle Rufus' Story,
James Whitcomb Riley
Mabel Ritch

Orchestra PART IV

1. Recitation—Rizpah, Tennyson
Ethel A. Rawson
2. Declamation—The Automobile,
Charles B. Loomis
Marvin F. Hyde
3. Declamation—Memorial Day, John D. Long
Frederic W. Howard

4. Recitation—The Jackdaw of Rheims,
Richard Barham
Elizabeth T. Carr
5. Chorus—Morning Invitation,
G. H. Veazie, Jr.
Senior Class Honor Essays, Nellie T. Burleson.

Graduating Exercises 1905

Two-Thirty o'clock, p. m., June 23, 1905.

PROGRAM

1. Prayer Rev. W. H. Stearns
2. Orchestra
3. Address, Rev. Henry A. Stimson, D. D.,
New York City.
4. Orchestra
5. Presentation of Diplomas
6. Orchestra
7. Benediction

Graduating Class 1905

"Semper Paratus"

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Nellie Towne Burleson
Frederic William Howard

ENGLISH SCIENTIFIC COURSE

Ethel Almira Rawson
Edmund Kingsland Gilbert
Harry Erastus Wells

Academy Sunday June 18, '05

Sermon by Rev. W. H. Stearns, at the Woodstock Congregational Church, eleven o'clock, a. m.

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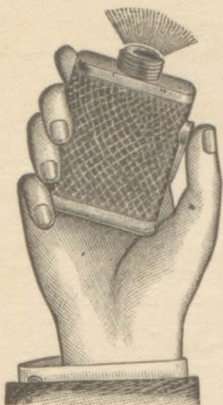
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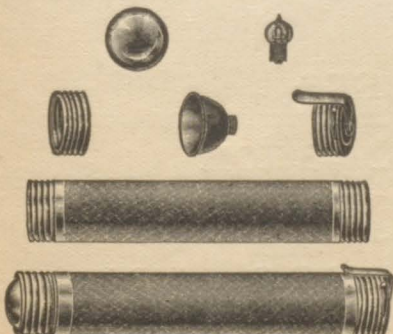
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