

# Woodstock Academy

## GLEANER

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Vol. 3

Woodstock, Conn., August, 1909

No. 5

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# Woodstock Academy Gleaner

Vol. 4

Woodstock, Conn., August, 1909

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## EDITORIALS.

At a meeting of the Alumni Association, after the graduating exercises, June 25, the following officers were elected:

President—E. R. Hall.

Vice-Presidents—Leonard H. Healey, Fred F. Rockwell, Harry E. Wells, Mrs. E. F. Bingham, Ethel E. Upham.

Secretary and Treasurer—Nellie D. Chandler.

Executive Committee—Clarence H. Child, Mrs. B. R. Ritch, Jessie T. McClellan.

A resolution was also passed that the President appoint a committee of five which shall be called the Financial Committee, and whose duty shall be to raise by securing advertisers and by other means the funds for publishing the Gleaner. The following were appointed as that committee: Fred F. Rockwell, William C. Child, John B. Healey, Elizabeth T. Carr, Winifred S. Potter.

By this means the editorial chair has been cushioned. The getting up of the Gleaner is no longer so great a task. The labor and responsibility has been thrown upon more shoulders, and this is as it should be.

We need now three things: first, the correct address of every living alumnus of the Academy; secondly, a prompt acknowledgment of the receipt of the Gleaner by the payment of ten cents; thirdly, that every alumnus send in throughout the year all items of interest about himself and other alumni.

In 1898, through the contributions of the alumni, a Gymnasium Fund was started. There have been no additions made to the fund for several years except the interest. In 1904 twenty-five dollars of this money were spent in fixing up the public hall so that it could be used for playing basketball. From November to March each year the hall has been constantly used for this purpose, with great pleasure and advantage to the students. The fund now amounts to about two hundred and fifty dollars. Such a sum, of course, is not at all adequate to the purpose of building a gymnasium, nor is there any prospect of further additions. More than this, the conditions in the Academy have changed so that a gymnasium seems unnecessary, hardly desirable. The ques-

tion, therefore, is: what shall be done with this money. It has been suggested that those who contributed to this fund be asked, through the columns of the Gleaner, if they would be willing that the Trustees use the money for some definite need of the Academy, as, for example, putting in electric lights. We, therefore, invite any contributor to this fund, who objects to this use of the money, to express his objection by letter to the President of the Alumni Association. There is no desire on the part of the Trustees to turn aside the gifts of the friends of the Academy to other purposes than those for which they were given. But when the Academy has such crying needs, it seems folly to let a fund which cannot accomplish its original purpose accomplish nothing.

The public exercises of the Academy, the past school year, have seemed unusually acceptable. The audience at the Rhetoricals was exceptionally large and we were gratified by the uniformly interested attention of the listeners, and by the many expressions of high appreciation of the work of the students.

At the Academy Sunday services the singing of Miss Church was an essential feature of the exercises, and the fact that she was a recent graduate of the Academy and had been doing well a definite work since graduating, gave added gratification to her friends. The address by Rev. M. L. Williston was clear and direct in thought and felicitous in form. Its wisely chosen lessons were made impressive. As a whole it is to be ranked among the best of all our Academy Sunday sermons.

The graduating exercises had a new charm this year. Learned divines and college professors, presidents of theological seminaries, eminent citizens, lawyers, congressmen, senators and governors were all asked to step to one side while two young ladies, instructors in Mt. Holyoke College, gave the address and presented the diplomas. An outline of Miss Rowland's address is given in another column of this issue. It was a logical yet charming presentation of three wholesome truths, tolerance, the value of the unpractical, and the habit of unconscious right-doing. Both Miss

Rowland and Miss Hall by what they said and by their personality must have left with the audience a most favorable impression of the intellectual power and culture which modern education is giving to our young women.

In recording the events of the school year we must not pass over the two stained glass windows which have been placed in the north end of the public hall above the stage. Their cost was one hundred and fifty dollars. One of them is the gift of the three graduating classes of 1907, 1908 and 1909. The other was presented by a small number of friends. The first purpose of these windows was a useful one. An audience, in the daytime, will no longer have to sit facing a bright light. But the sense of their usefulness is lost in the appreciation of their beauty. Their artistic design and subdued blending of colors delightfully adorn the plain old stage. We are grateful to all who have contributed to this new improvement of our building.

Since the last issue of the Gleaner the deaths among the alumni have not only been many, but such as to leave a deep sense of loss. Former trustees, graduates, or those who had attended the Academy for shorter periods, and the little children of some of our young people, are among the number. Rev. A. G. Hibbard, W. R. Barber, Harold Morse and Evelyn Dean Snow are spoken of more especially elsewhere in this issue. Walter O. Whitney died in the midst of his school days, a bright and worthy boy whose school life would have been a pleasure to us, and in whom we had the promise of a lasting friendship. The death of Everett Lyon was the unexpected loss of a most promising young man. Miss Lizzie Lindemann and Mrs. Arthur Wells died after long illnesses, but they are remembered not as invalids, but as active companions enjoying the privileges and pleasures of Academy life in the eighties.

### TREASURER'S REPORT.

1908-1909.

#### RECEIVED.

|                        |         |
|------------------------|---------|
| Balance in treasury,   | \$12.23 |
| From sale of Gleaners, | 33.38   |
| From advertisements,   | 47.25   |

\$92.86

#### PAID.

|                         |         |
|-------------------------|---------|
| For Publishing Gleaner, | \$71.00 |
| For postage,            | 7.71    |

|                         |      |
|-------------------------|------|
| For envelopes,          | 2.00 |
| Balance from 1906-1907, | 4.72 |

\$85.43

|                      |        |
|----------------------|--------|
| Balance in treasury, | \$7.43 |
| NELLIE D. CHANDLER.  |        |

### THE ACADEMY YEAR 1908-1909.

The number of different students enrolled in the Academy during the school year 1908-1909 was forty-nine, a gain of three over the previous year. The average attendance was forty-four. The average age of the students was a little over sixteen years. Of these students sixteen came from out of town and thirteen of them had their tuition paid by the State and their own town. Pomfret, Eastford, Abington, Thompson, Windham, Union and Japan were the places of residence of their parents or guardians. Of these sixteen there were three who attended only one term and one who attended only six weeks. Seven of these boarded a part or all the time either in South Woodstock or on the Hill.

The graduating class numbered five, four girls and one boy. Four of these had been in the Academy as long as four years; the other attended only three years. Their average age was seventeen and one-quarter years. None of the class intend entering higher institutions next year. One will probably enter college the following year; the other four have no definite plans for advanced study. The scholarship of the class was commendable. Two were graduated from the Latin Scientific, but one of these took in addition two years of German and two of French. Two who were graduated from the English Scientific also took two years of Latin. The four girls of the graduating class have been obliged to take long drives to school, from four to seven miles. A drive of eight to fourteen miles every day costs time and strength, and it is decidedly to the credit of these girls that they have had the physical energy and perseverance to keep it up to the finish.

Friends of the Academy have placed in the hands of the Principal one hundred and seventy-seven dollars to be used in paying the tuition in part or whole of those students whom he considered deserving. All but about six dollars have been spent in this way, and a report of this expenditure will be given in detail to the Trustees. Twelve students of Woodstock have in this way had free tuition in whole or in part. Although the rates of tuition at the

Academy are generously low, even when paid in full, and the expense of educating a student here is much below the expense in an ordinary high school, though in the latter case it is paid by a tax, and the charge is not so apparent, we must remember that in a town where there is a high school a non-property holder has free education for his children. These generous gifts, then, of a few friends have done very much to relieve, in a few households, the sense of burden in educating their children at the Academy. We are sure all friends of the Academy are grateful to them for their generosity.

The Superintendent of the Public Schools of the town and the Principal of the Academy have been talking over together the relation of their respective fields of work. They agreed that no pupil from the public schools ought to enter the Academy before he has at least completed satisfactorily the work of the eighth grade. The Academy does not intend, however, to become simply a part of a graded school system. It retains the privilege of admitting students occasionally who for good reasons wish to take a short selected course as well as they are capable of doing. In the main, the Academy gladly seconds the efforts being made to insist upon reasonably good work in our public schools by keeping pupils back until they are fitted to advance.

In this connection the question arises who is to determine and how whether a pupil has completed the eighth grade work satisfactorily. One thing is certain, it should not be determined by a single examination. The examination under pressure of a pupil fourteen years old in many a case does not reveal the scholarship. What the teacher has observed and estimated day by day in the regular school work should be weighed largely with the examination. If after such a testing the Superintendent and teachers agree that a pupil is unfitted to enter the Academy, their decision will be, as a rule, accepted by the Academy.

It is to be hoped that there will always be a hearty co-operation on the part of the public schools and the Academy. The work of Woodstock Academy is not to become a great institution extending its educational privileges over a far-reaching field. This may have been hoped for in the past. But its equipment is not adequate to such a task. It has, however, a mission no less important, to extend to every boy and girl in Woodstock and its vicinity the opportunity of a high school education, of

as high a quality, as thoroughly given, and with as little expense as the conditions of the Academy permit.

E. R. HALL.

### THE ESSENTIALS OF AN EFFICIENT TEACHER.

The public schools of Woodstock, during the past year, under the direction of a Superintendent, have entered upon some new phases of work. It isn't the function of the Gleaner to discuss these phases in general; but, since so many of the teachers in these schools are graduates of the Academy, it seems fitting and may be interesting to try to determine what are the essentials of a good teacher. We assume that it is the purpose of our community to secure the very best teachers which our conditions will permit. That we do not intend to employ a person simply because he is a friend, or relative, or needs employment at the hands of the community, because he has failed in other occupations.

The qualities which make a good teacher may be classified under the heading of personality and equipment. These, it is true, are not unrelated. An individual's equipment affects materially his personality. And one's personality, through his tastes and mental attitudes, gives direction and color to his equipment. But in the main the classification is real, the two groupings are distinct. What a person is, what he expresses in bearing, in conversation, in conduct, these are his personality. What he has learned from nature, from experience, from teachers, from books, which make him capable of fitting into his condition, meeting emergencies, these are his equipment.

What, then, are we to look for in the personality of a good teacher?

First, no one can be a teacher of the highest order who has not a decided fondness for the occupation. Devotion to the calling almost to the point of passion, is a fundamental characteristic of an excellent teacher. To enter upon the career of a teacher simply as a means of livelihood, or simply to acquire the means of entering upon another line of life-work, is, in either case, a motive far below the exalted ideals of the true teacher. On the other hand, there is a lighter form of feeling which may be mistaken for this real fondness for the teacher's life. The love of leadership, of authority, of the prominence which apparent superiority of learning gives, this must not be mistaken for devotion to the teacher's life; it is a bald form of conceit. The man who

paints a barn bright red may be dazzled by the brilliancy of his coloring, but it won't be meekness which makes him therefore pose as an artist and open a studio for portrait painting.

A second trait in the personality of the true teacher is a fondness for an intellectual life. This ought not to suggest to us mere bookishness, a posture or habit of mind which unfits one for the practical things of ordinary living. The successful teacher, of course, must be in close touch with the people among whom he works, with their conditions and with life in general of his day; but unless he is positively fond of study, unless the activity of his mind, and the preferences of his tastes, impel him to good reading and good thinking, he cannot become a devoted and inspiring instructor. One must ever be a learner in order to be a living teacher. Nor is this trait of personality developed by reading simply the local periodical and the latest fiction. The studious and thoughtful reading of books which have an established position in literature, of periodicals which give a well-poised presentation of the questions of the day, produces a breadth and balance of thought, an intellectual self-respect which lift a teacher up out of the dead level of daily routine. Without such an intellectual life, no teacher can have the power to inspire in others a love of learning.

A third requisite in the personality of a teacher is industry. If the teacher's daily work is limited to the time of the school sessions, if evening after evening is to be devoted to social functions, if the long vacations are to be periods of idleness, the teacher's life becomes a drudgery, a mere employment, not even an occupation, much less a profession. The demand for hard and long-continued work in the teacher's occupation is a real one. In the school room energy and snap must be in all that the teacher does. Hours of outside work are needed every day for correction and preparation. Vigorous out-of-door exercise is an absolute daily necessity for the successful teacher. Intellectual work for one's own self, as we have already seen, cannot safely be neglected. The teacher then must be persistently and regularly industrious. He will not dote out his work to balance wages paid. The true teacher is an artist, not an artisan. He knows that unselfish industry, rich in its own rewarding, is a prime virtue everywhere, and not least so in the career of a teacher. The spirit of work, therefore, must be

wrought into the very fibre of a teacher's personality.

In the fourth place, let us group together three other features of the personality of the able teacher: reasonableness, aggressiveness and self-control. These are the qualities which more particularly produce the power of discipline. No one thing tends more to remove the friction incident to discipline in the school room than that the teacher be always simply reasonable in his dealings with his pupils. It is a mistake to assume an unnatural dignity, to assert excessive authority, to utter dire threatenings; that is, in any way to assume the attitude of supreme master or boss. The whole personality of the teacher should be that of "sweet reasonableness." It should show that he does not regard himself as infallible, omniscient, or omnipotent. He should never be above admitting a mistake, if he has made one; of asking pardon for a wrong, if he has committed one. To such frankness of nature and conduct most pupils respond, and, with the exception of a few cases, discipline takes care of itself.

But all these traits of personality must have an aggressiveness and yet be under control. His fondness for his occupation, his love of intellectual activity, his spirit of work, his sense of fairness must all find a lively expression, they must be aggressive. The teacher's expression of himself must be clear, forceful, and alert, and yet the liveliness of his feelings, the activities of his mind, and his burning enthusiasm must all be wisely restrained by his power of self-control. Here is the point of genius in the teacher's personality. Here comes the distinguishing gift. Here we must say of the teacher, as of the poet, he is born, not made.

And finally a few words about the equipment of the teacher.

First, the teacher's equipment should be decidedly broader than the special field in which he is teaching. A person may have mastered the subject of arithmetic to the extent covered by the ordinary text book, but he will be a better teacher of arithmetic if he is also a master of algebra and geometry. The teacher who has simply been graduated, with however great honor, from the grammar school grades cannot, as a general thing, become a successful teacher of those grades. This principle holds true as we ascend the scale. The lowest instructors in college in order to be acceptable in their positions are expected to have done post-graduate work

at home or to have studied further abroad. Narrowness of equipment makes the men who think what has been and is, best. To guide strangers through a narrow lane, with every step of which the guide is familiar, but beyond which he himself has never traveled, may be a task safely performed; but if the guide has himself often wandered on beyond, where are the wider stretches of woods and field and water, the guidance in the lane is no longer a task. It has become a delight, an inspiration to both the guide and the guided. He knows the way not as complete but as a part leading to a large and perfect whole. The teacher who is broadly equipped has a sense of security, a power of appreciating and of inspiring which are invaluable.

But, secondly, the equipment in regard to the methods of teaching is the equipment largely sought and demanded of late years. Is the teacher a graduate of a Normal School, or a Teachers' College? Is he a student trained in pedagogy? These are the questions commonly asked. No thoughtful persons will decry this kind of equipment. Right methods are essential to the best work in every field. All that experience and the study of psychology has done to improve the methods of teaching must be a part of the best teacher's equipment. There are, however, two thoughts to be kept in mind in this connection. This kind of equipment is the finish, not the foundation. Study, thorough and long continued, upon subjects varied enough to develop the different faculties of the mind, should never be neglected for the sake of a training in methods. A broad and deep culture without a technical knowledge of pedagogy, makes a safer teacher than thorough training in methods without the foundation of thorough culture.

The other thought in this connection is that methods of teaching are, to a large degree, acquired unconsciously from the experiences of one's own education. Would not a graduate of the Hartford High School, for example, have unconsciously absorbed a knowledge of the methods of teaching from the excellent teachers under whose guidance he had studied, and to whom he had recited for four years or more?

But enough. The limits of time and space and the reader's patience call for a halt. We have tried briefly to present the requisites of an efficient teacher as we conceive them. He must be in love with his occupation, fond of study, devoted to work. His personality must

be aggressive, reasonable and controlled. He must be equipped with broad culture and technical training. As companions of these he will have a practical common sense and an unwavering hopefulness. Surely, many are called, but few are chosen.

E. R. HALL.

### OBITUARIES.

#### Augustine G. Hibbard.

The Rev. A. G. Hibbard was pastor of the First Congregational Church of Woodstock for nine years and was a Trustee of the Academy for seven years. Mr. Hibbard came to Woodstock after he had already spent his best power for work. Yet his years here were years of achievement. His history of Goshen, his Genealogy of the Hibbard Family, and his labors in arranging and cataloguing the public library gave evidence of his continuing working powers. His sermons, deep in religious feeling and warm in sympathy for the people of his parish, were all above the average in literary power and finish, and some of them were masterpieces of English. But his efficacy among us, as he himself would be first to admit, was due, in no small measure, to the devoted service rendered to him and to the community by his wife, whom all loved, and by his two most worthy daughters. Mr. Hibbard's years outlasted his true life. He was compelled towards the last, with body enfeebled and mind beclouded, to experience that nothing was left but his faith in God, and to realize in his intervals of clearer mind, as it was daily made evident in his own household, the beauty of devoted human affection.

#### William R. Barber.

Mr. Barber was one of the Trustees of Woodstock Academy and its Treasurer from 1884 to 1894. His long experience as a teacher and his business ability combined to make him a valuable man on the Board. His services here, in a secluded country village, did not bring him into prominence, but who shall say that they were not as valuable and honorable as those most creditable public services afterwards rendered in Putnam as a member of the School Board, as Mayor, as State legislator? When Mr. Barber died on February 3, 1909, in the very midst of active service, Putnam felt his loss most keenly, but Woodstock had not lost its interest in him, and had hoped that his fondness for a country life would bring him back here to spend those peaceful closing

years in which it seemed that such a life of service deserved to end. Woodstock records her high appreciation of the character and public services of Mr. Barber while he was one of her citizens.

#### Louise Chandler Moulton.

From the clippings of a Boston paper we glean the following about Louise Chandler Moulton, who in her very young days was for a short time a student at the Academy:

Boston, August 10, 1908.

Louise Chandler Moulton, the well-known author, died at her home here to-day after an illness of nearly three months. Mrs. Moulton was the daughter of Louise R. (Clark) and Lucius L. Chandler and was born in Pomfret April 10, 1835. She was educated in the school conducted by the Rev. Dr. Roswell Park in Pomfret and Miss Willard's school for girls in Troy, N. Y. While at school she displayed her literary talent, and when only eighteen years old her first book, a collection of sketches and poems, was published under the title, "This, That and the Other." The sale of this work reached twenty thousand copies. At the age of twenty she was married to a Boston publisher, William U. Moulton. The result was that in her youth she was most fortunate in entering the literary circles of Boston literary and artistic salon, and she had dwelt for forty-four years in Rutland Square. In 1898 Mr. Moulton died. Mrs. Moulton in early years spent her summers in Pomfret. She spent some summers in Putnam with her mother, who lived in the Leonard Row.

#### Ella Elizabeth Ingalls.

The following clipping is an obituary of Miss Ella Elizabeth Ingalls, who attended the Academy in 1871:

At the Congregational Church in Abington, Friday, at 11 o'clock, funeral services for Miss Ella Elizabeth Ingalls were held, Rev. Clarence H. Barber, pastor of the Congregational Church at Danielson, officiating. Miss Ingalls was born in Abington, February 10, 1854. She was a graduate of Mt. Holyoke College, class of 1880. The greatest portion of her life since that time has been given to missionary work. After graduation she went to New York, where she was engaged in city missionary work, and later spent five years as instructor in a school in Scranton, Pa. From Scranton, Miss Ingalls went to Jamaica Plains to continue in the missionary field as assistant to the pastors of various churches. In this

field of endeavor Miss Ingalls continued until about eight years ago, when declining health forced her to retire from active work. For four years past she has lived with her sister, Miss Persis Ingalls, of Danielson. She was a woman of many virtues and her life work has proved of inestimable value to great numbers with whom she came in contact. William Ingalls of Brooklyn is a brother of the deceased.

#### Harold K. Morse.

1876-1908.

It is hard even now, six months afterward, to realize that Harold Morse is dead. A nature so gay and jovial, a personality so striking persists in recurring vividly to mind, doing with gusto this or that act of everyday life. Less than others does he seem detachable from his friends.

There was a bravado about Harold in his younger days that made him defy the staid critics of the town; but those who understood him better knew that he was not really bad when he pretended to be so, and that under his careless mien was a sensitive and affectionate nature, loyal to his friends and patient and kindly in his home. His troubles he kept down with the help of his droll humor, his music, and his baseball.

And he lived to justify his friends' confidence, for when he died he was a prosperous and valued citizen of Putnam, the possessor of an attractive home, and a man who enjoyed a warm welcome among a large circle of friends.

How glad we were to have him come back to Woodstock may be seen by reference to the 1893 items in last year's issue of the Gleaner. Even the passing visitors to Woodstock remember Harold and ask for him.

That he should have died in his early thirties, on the eve of Christmas rejoicings, just after planning the presents for his little daughter, recalls the words of Robert Louis Stevenson—a complete set of whose works Harold had bought only a few days before his death:

"It is better to lose health like a spendthrift than waste it like a miser. It is better to live and be done with it than to die daily in the sickroom. . . . Every heart that has beat strong and cheerfully has felt a hopeful impulse behind it in the world, and bettered the tradition of mankind. And even if death catch people, like an open pitfall; and if in mid-career, laying out vast projects, and planning monstrous foundations, flushed with hope, and their

mouths full of boastful language, they should at once be tripped up and silenced; is there not something brave and spirited in such a termination? And does not life go down with a better grace, foaming in full body over a precipice, than miserable straggling to an end in sandy deltas?"

EDITH H. HALL.

### Evelyn Dean Snow.

The death of Evelyn Dean Snow brings to the large circle of her friends a very great loss. Her friendship has been an inspiration to many of us; we who had kept in touch with her life since Academy days were always pleased to hear of each successive attainment in her career, knowing full well that she truly deserved to realize the full scope of her ambitions and endeavors.

She was graduated from the Academy in 1896 and from Middlebury College in 1900. Being especially fond of the study of languages, she supplemented her college work with a year's course in German and Literature at Frieburg University, Germany. After a period of travel on the continent, she returned to America and received her Master's degree at Middlebury in 1903. In college it was her poetry, original Latin songs, special - occasion - poems, translations from Latin and German that brought her most praise; but she did well whatever she undertook, giving to her task an earnestness, a carefulness to detail and a comprehensiveness which marked her as a true student. She accepted the Principalship of the Princeton (Mass.) High School, 1903-1905, and was at the head of the German department of the Durfee High School at Fall River until her marriage to Mr. Irving C. Snow, March 24, 1908, a civil engineer with the Canadian Pacific Railroad. For a short time they made their home in Alberta, but Mr. Snow's health made it imperative to return to New England, and they purchased a home at Hill, N. H.

It was there that the last months of her life were spent. Very happy months they were, filled with many interests in the home and out of doors, and looking forward with a great anticipation. To the little daughter, Elizabeth Dean, we trust there is bequeathed much of her mother's beautiful personality and rare abilities so that all who loved Evelyn and cherish her memory may feel that she still lives in the heart of her child.

Said the tree upon earth to the star in the sky:

"She sleeps, and is here at my feet;  
She walked in my shadow in days gone by,  
And her deeds and her life were sweet."

Said the star in the sky to the tree upon earth:

"She dwells in my home far above  
Thy dark little world of the home of her birth;

She was born for the light and for love."

O tree, and O Star, she was all that you say,

And her soul like a star did shine;  
Yet little you know of God's great way,  
She is here in this heart of mine.

ESTHER TROWBRIDGE CATLIN,  
'97.

### A BRIEFER COURSE IN PSYCHOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

#### Graduating Address, 1909.

The following is an attempt to reproduce in a brief form the address of Miss Rowland. As a psychological experiment it would be interesting to see how it differs from the original:

"In describing my subject it is difficult to say whether it is an old or a new one. Our own selves we may be supposed to be very well acquainted with, and so all I may say about ourselves may seem old. And yet psychology is one of the youngest of our sciences, so young indeed that the past twenty or thirty years have seen its development. And our subject is new not only because it is young, but also because it is one of the last subjects that the student takes up as his education advances. He studies first such subjects as mathematics, chemistry and botany, and familiarizes himself with all those fields of knowledge that lie outside of himself. He turns upon himself last.

"This postponement of self-study is easily understood when we realize that the demand for such study arises in the objective sciences. For example, suppose two astronomers attempt to record the exact instant an eclipse starts. They strain their eyes through their telescopes, ready at any instant to touch the electric recording key. But they find that one astronomer invariably records the starting time a trifle earlier than the other. Evidently it is the astronomer, not the eclipse, that must now be studied. There is needed a scientific

treatment of ourselves, scientific treatment of those everyday actions with which we are practically so familiar. Psychology is needed.

"It is impossible in an afternoon's talk to cover the whole range of psychology and philosophy. We must content ourselves with picking out a few of the important points or lessons in much the same way that writers of 'briefer courses' in English history have picked out important events for their outlines. Our first lesson is from psychology, and is tolerance. Tolerance of the differences between others and ourselves, tolerance of the shortcomings of others.

"Psychology teaches us tolerance by showing us the differences in the make-up of our personalities, of ourselves. For when we learn that all colors seem either white or black to some people, we grow tolerant of such peoples' eccentricities in the color scheme of their costumes. When psychology shows us that one person's mind continuously works twice as fast as another's, we learn to tolerate the slowness of that person. And when psychology shows us that two persons may give accounts of an event which happened before their very eyes which will flatly contradict each other, we become tolerant of peoples' judgments, their stories and their gossip. True it is that if some of us build with square, some with round, and still some with oblong blocks, those with the square blocks cannot justly complain if the houses of the other builders differ from theirs. We must take into consideration the building material. And who can say which are better, the square or the round blocks? We must tolerate those who eat, dress, and think differently than we do. We must tolerate the plodder and the incapable.

"But while we are learning this tolerance from psychology, we begin to see its limitations. If everyone may differ on questions of color, sound, and thought, is there any absolute standard? Can anything be said to be beautiful out and out, or must we always say: 'It seems beautiful to me, but it may not to you, and so perhaps it isn't beautiful after all'? Here is just the point where psychology ends and philosophy begins. Psychology deals with the subjective, philosophy with the absolute. This transition from the subjective to the absolute Kipling might have had in mind when he wrote:

"Oh, East is East, and West is West,  
and never the twain shall meet,  
Till Earth and Sky stand presently at

God's great judgment seat;  
But there is neither East nor West,  
Border, nor Breed, nor Birth,  
When two strong men stand face to  
face, though they come from the  
ends of the earth!"

"And to philosophy and our absolute standards we have now come in our 'briefer course.' Here again we must take only two important lessons. One, from Aesthetics, we will call the value of the unpractical; the other we call the value of unconscious virtue, and we take it from Ethics.

"No one doubts the value of practical work for the very reason that it is practical. But the unpractical things, the study of music, of pictures, and of poetry, the learning of languages that we will never use, the value of these pursuits is often overlooked. And it must be admitted that all art is unpractical. Singing does not do our throats any good. And the study of Italian may not help us earn a cent. But yet we all know that these things have value. Else why do we decorate our homes with flowers? Surely they add nothing to our bank accounts. We do it because we know the value of flowers, the value of the unpractical. So, again, we despise the man of talent who writes cheap stories for the money it will yield when he is capable of writing wonderful poetry. We all know that a Venus di Milo should not be used for a hat rack; that a stained glass window, and not a furnace, should be dedicated by formal exercises. We all know, if we but stop to think, that the unpractical has value. This is our lesson from aesthetics.

"And now our lesson from ethics, which we have called unconscious goodness. Have we not seen two boys playing a game, both getting about the same results, but one playing with ease and dexterity, while the other pants and tumbles about in a frenzy of effort? Surely the easier is the better player. And so it is in ethics. Though we feel that we are most virtuous when we have done something which costs us in effort, we must push beyond this stage of struggle and learn to do that same thing unconsciously. Indeed this consciousness, this satisfaction at having done a good deed is an acknowledgment of our limitation. A boy doesn't care to be thanked profusely for sharing his orange with you. His goodness there cost him nothing, and was unconscious. But if he enjoys praise for giving a quarter to the Messina sufferers, he shows that his goodness cost him some-

thing, that it was an act demanding his best effort. The ideal person will continually push forward this line of effort into new fields, and come to do unconsciously the things that formerly were hard in the doing.

"And now our briefer course is ended. Only a short review remains. Remember our three lessons: The necessity for tolerance of the opinions, tastes, and habits of other people; the high place of the impractical in our western world, and the importance of pushing our conscious goodness forward into new fields.

"And should you forget all that I have said to you this afternoon, I would leave with you a quotation from Goethe, which is not advice to you, but a statement of a true law of development: 'That which a man desireth in his youth, that shall he have in his age, and as much as he will.'"

CLARENCE R. HALL.

### MR. DOOLEY ON GOING BACK TO THE LAND.

"Faith, Jawn Hennisey, where are ye after kapin' yerself fer th' last few days? I was beginnin' to think it must be the wake afther yer funeral, an' thyrin' to accostom meself to the sad situation."

By way of a hand-shake Mr. Dooley reached under the bar for a broad-shouldered bottle which did not frequently come to light.

"Thank'e, Martin," said Mr. Hennisey, returning the greeting by stretching out a sun-browned hand for the big bottle and a small glass. "Sure I've been back in the country wid the auld folks fer a spell. They're gettin' on now, and likes to clap their eyes on one wanst in a while. Ye see, they've had the auld place there quite a while, an' they sthills hopes I'll come back some foin day, and live on it.

"An' will ye so?" asked Mr. Dooley.

Mr. Hennisey regarded his friend over the brim of his drink.

"Sure, what would I for?" said he. "D'ye think I'm that sore agin th' undertaker's thrust that I'd chate thim out ive a third-rate job be buryin' meself—in th' country. Not me, Martin Dooley. I'll sthay where there's somethin' doin', until th' last kick, an' then lave ample preperations, thrustin' to yer good friendship, for a loively wake."

"So ye think th' counthey's a graveyard, do ye, Jawn Hennisey?" asked Mr. Dooley. "Well, ye'r wrong, man, wrong. Ye're always wrong, me friend, except on thim very rare an shinin' oc-

casions whin ye're right. And this is *not* wan iv thim. The country is no Necropolis. That's a word, I'll explain in goin' by, that means a Chicago composed iv dead wans. I got that from Father Hogan's last Sunday's sermon. Th' country is no Necropolis. The throuble all lies here. The people in the country is alive all right—but they don't know it. An' moost iv th' people in th' cities is dead—but they don't know it. That's th' difference. 'Tis a terrible thing whin a man's dead an' don't suspect it. But there's lots iv thim that way here. Fer instance, some iv thim poor devils that works to th' stock yar-rds, and some iv thim coughin', pale-faced l-lads down to the print works. They come in here ivery avenin' and git outside iv enough dhrinks to kape their corpses movin' fer twenty-four hours more, so's their friends won't git wise to th' fact they're r-ready for th' ride-aisey wagon with th' tall plumes on to it. Ye raymimber that dead frog th' University Professor had down at th' hall last winther, with electricity, givin' a lecture on Phsybiology? Well, sir, they're like that frog. Ye turns on th' current, and they jump fer another bit. Wan dhrink, an' they shmile; two an' they laugh; three an' they're tellin' what big jobs they used to hold down, or else what they'd do t' th' boss iv they iver got at him; four, they're wapin' on each ither's nicks, an' five, they're belthin' th' heads off wan anither. Thin those that's left to come up for th' sixth round, I turns thim out an' they see each other home be th' pale and sombre glow iv th' swayin' arc lights. Some iv thim gits their electhricity from tobacco, an' some from th' movin'-picture shows. But it's all th' same. Nixt mornin' they're on th' job again, a two-legged an tin-fingered machine (if they're lucky enoug not to be minus a thumb or top-joint in some sausage-grinder or two-shift loom). An' next night they store up enough liquid inthrest in life t' kape thim goin' anither day. Poor devils—f'r thim indade life is wan conchunuous grind. In th' wor-rds iv th' great pote an' statesman, Cheif of Polis Shippe, 'tis a thing flat, stale, and without no graft. The W. C. T. U.—"

"Phat's that?" interrupted Mr. Hennisey. "I niver had no colledge education, Martin Dooley; say, raymimber that. No use fer ye t' thry an' sprid yer larnin' out on me. Ye might as well give a nip iv that auld rye there to a Pollander, that dhrinks barreled beer.

What is it ye started to spell?"

"The W. C. T. U.," said Mr. Dooley, accepting the reproof patiently. "Th' W. C. T. U. is th' Woman's Carry-Nation Tempestous Union. Only 'tis like no union ye iver belonged to. Nary a bit. 'Tis a secret organization iv gr-reat power, aimed at th' throat iv the nation. Its password, whispered from home to home, is 'Down with th' Demon Rum!' Well, anyway, as I was sayin' whin ye displayed yer ignorance be intheruptin' me, th' W. C. T. U. says 'tis a shame an' a crime fer the loiks iv me t' give thim poor divils dhrink. But I don't know. 'Tis th' only change fr'om th' sthock-yar-rds and th' mills they evir git: an', anyway, if I didn't give thim dacint dhrinks here, the'd go down the sthreet t' foive-cint Clancy's an' git worse an' more of it."

"But phat, says ye, has all this got t' do with you an' yer father's place out in Cook County, Ill.—which is near Chicago, U. S. A.? Nothin', says I, excipt that most iv thim lads has *got* t' sthay here, where their jobs is, but ye are free f'r a home in th' countryside, wid th' birds singin' in th' cherry tree, waitin' f'r the first ripe wans; an' th' cows lowin' softly an' sadly in th' corn-field, an' th' cheery chickens chirpin' in th' garden patch. Did ye niver, Jawn Hennisey, in yer moind's eye, did ye niver compare what yer loif woud be there, t' what it is now—a dhream pure an' undefiled (like that glass yer dhrinin'), compared to a higious nightmare—that's what 'twould be.

"Here, 'tis the screech in th' mornin' whistle assails yer unaisey ear, an' dhrags ye fr'm peaceful slumbers into th' shmokey day. There 'twould be th' soft an' lovin' voice iv yer good wife: 'Jawn Hennisey, ye lazy loafer, ar're ye goin' t' stharta me fire at all this day?' Here ye rush fr'm a hasty breakfast, aitin' yer last half cup iv coffee an' doughnut on th' way, to catch a crowded car-r f'r th' "loop." Th're, afther yer mornin's meal, ye woud saunter out into th' front yar-rd, an' afther lightin' a segar an' readin' th' weather reports an' th' mornin's R. F. D.—"

"No more iv thim letters!" put in Mr. Hennisey. "Talk common wor-rds."

"Well, th' mornin' mail thin; ye'd say, 'Well, byes, come on, we'll hoe that sevin' acre pratie field this mornin', be for th' heat iv th' day.' An' so 'twould go, till th' shades iv evenin' was drawn down on th' front windows, an' ye gathered yer shmall but healthy family about yer knee, an' turned on the phony-

graft f'r th' evenin's entertainment, wid 'Take Me Back to Noo Yor-rk Town,' or that latest pop'lar hit, 'Whin th' Lilacs Shmell Agin in Illion, Ill., Shweet Esthelle.' An' at last, yer day's work ended an' yer wages spint, ye wud re-tire to yer modest couch, evin as Jawn D. or Edward Rex, to dhream swate dhreams. Wor-rds fail me t' paint that picture as she should be painted, Hen-nisey. 'Twould take Donovan, the rale estate agent, t' do it justice. Or th' lines iv th' immoral pote, Ella Wheeler-Wilson Wilcox:

"Breathes there th' man with soul so dead

Who niver to himsilf hath said

This is me own, me native bed.

Here am I king, an' I shall slape

Till th' last shades iv dark night crape

Into their hole f'r th' rist iv th' day!"

"All this, Hennisey, me boy, all this ye might have, an' ye wud. But, no, ye tur-rn yer back upon it an' stharta f'r th' hod an' th' mortor pile, an' yer meagre \$5.00 per day, an' no scab labor. 'Tis a quare wor-rld. Eviry farmer could figure out nothin' greater thin bein' th' editor iv th' county newspaper. An' th' editor's dream in heaven is to be a gr-reat finaceer. An' th' finaceer, tossin' unaisey on his silken bed, turns wearily fr'm th' silent slave fan-nin' his fevered brow, an' sighs f'r th' shady swimmin' hole an' th' kine knee-deep in clover! Yis, Jawn, as that great an' original oriental philosopher, Confuse-us, is said to have remarked, dyin' on his simple Ostemoor mattress, wid th' movin'-picture an' th' phonygraff men waitin' hard by t' catch his last wor-rds, 'Life is a very funny proposition, after all!' An' yet, Jawn, whin all is said an' done—an' drunk—I know in only wan thing in th' world I'd rather do than live an' die right here in old Chicago."

"What's that, thin?" asked Mr. Hennisey, innocently.

"Why, I think," said Mr. Dooley, with an Irish twinkle in his eye, "I'd a little rather live an' *not* die, in th' counthry. And so woud I."

FRED F. ROCKWELL.

—From Life.

### BALLADE OF OLD VALENTINES.

'Tis the day that lovers their faiths declare,

But where's my lady to say me "yea"? Many I've found, both kind and fair,

But Time and Cupid hunt hearts to slay,

And the rose-lip laughter is still to-day  
Of the shadow faces on yonder wall.  
Many a one,—and who are they?  
Old Valentines,—I loved them all.

Belle Beaucoeur with the straying hair;  
Blithe bonnie Jessie whom naught  
could stay;

Timid Marguerite, with the child-like  
stare

(Eloped with an actor, so they say!)  
Jo, flashing eyed, in negligée;

Low-voiced Grace, who held me  
thrall;

Wilful Rosamund, yea-and-nay—  
Old Valentines,—I loved them all.

A foreign mission—'twas hardly fair!  
Took Lillian and her laughter gay.  
Kitty, the pretty and debonnaire,  
Wedded wealth, and grows yearly  
gray;

And grave Theresa's in a play!  
I sit and watch the embers fall  
On my darkening hearth—ah, well-a-  
day!

Old Valentines,—I loved them all!

#### ENVOY.

Good Saint! from such a fair array  
Could I have chosen, beyond recall,  
A single lip and a single way?

Old Valentines,—I loved them all!

FRED F. ROCKWELL

#### A VISIT TO TIVOLI.

After six months of delightful wanderings in the Old World one is at a loss to know just where to attempt a bit of description or which of one's happy experiences to relate.

I have been asked to write a little to the Gleaner about my journeyings, and while I wish that I might take all of you, its readers, with me through the treasure houses of the great galleries I visited in Paris, London, Amsterdam, Florence and elsewhere, I realize that descriptions of all these wonders, written by master hands, are available to all of you. But there were golden days, glimpses of life, bits of color, sketches, so to speak, that I wish I had the power to paint in words for you. Some of the most attractive of these *pochades*, as the French call these little impressions, or rough sketches that one takes down in a few moments with a pocket paint box, I found on some trips I took from Rome to the Sabine and Alban Mountains.

One lovely morning in early June I started for Tivoli in company with the Painter and the Designer. It was early morning and the labor in the hay fields had just commenced as we wended our

way across the wonderful Roman campagna. Here was a magnificent picture! The fields were surely ripe to the harvest, but the laborers were not lacking. Here and there were picturesque groups of them, mostly women, clad in brilliant colors. Then there were the patient little donkeys, almost invisible for the size of their loads, and occasionally a pair of beautiful white oxen, with wide, spreading horns, were to be seen. Beyond the busy scene, and broken here and there by the red splash of a poppy field, the campagna stretched away, to the left toward the blue mountains which were our goal, and to the right through endless tones of emerald amethyst and sapphire to the sea.

The lovely picture varied itself in composition and color as we journeyed on, and the sun rose high, but remained always full of charm and pleasure to a painter's eye. When we reached Tivoli, all the inhabitants, both man and beast, were taking their siesta. We went quietly through the narrow streets that we might not disturb the sleeping babies who were disposed for their naps in the middle of the street, a seemingly precarious place. Three belated donkeys returning from the fields with heavy loads stepped carefully over and about the babies who continued to slumber in undisturbed peace.

The painter stopped to look through half-closed eyes down every cross street and peer into mysterious doorways, while the Designer was discovering choice bits of ornament in ancient arches and windows. Finally we reached a fascinating pink house with a benignant-looking old gentleman dozing in the doorway. He obligingly awoke and received us cordially, placing his entire establishment with all its resources at our disposal. At a little table under a grapevine we did justice to a delicious lunch, while about our feet crowded two cats, a peacock, and several chickens, and on our chairs, and sometimes on the table, perched a number of saucy white pigeons.

Thus, with our pleasant company, we lingered, the noise of many waterfalls in our ears, and before our eyes, seen through the columns of an ancient temple, the ever wondrous campagna, spread out like a tapestry of passing beauty. Tivoli was a popular summer resort two thousand years ago, and the ruins of villas of not much more recent date are to be seen, notably those of the famous villa built by the Emperor Hadrian, which has furnished most of

the treasures of the Roman museums. Not much is left to help the imagination in peopling the ancient place, and we found more satisfaction, from an artist's point of view, in the Villa d'Este and its gardens. The villa is in the finest of the Renaissance style and has a garden such as one dreams about when one is young and believes in fairy tales.

The Designer betook herself to the villa, note book in hand, and browsed for hours among the decorations that delighted her heart, while the Painter and I, with bated breath, explored the wonders of the garden, gazing long in the pools of crysophrase green and stealthily investigating the dark and alluring nooks beneath the cypress trees; and though we were disappointed in not meeting any of the water sprites or fairies, which we *knew* were there, we were rewarded by finding a thousand entrancing vistas, each like a jewel, and more beautiful than the rest.

So absorbed were we in the enchantment of the place that it was only the voice of the Designer calling to us from the terrace that brought us back to real life. She said it was too dark to see any more in the palace, and that it was time we went back to our pink house.

I should like to tell you of another day when, in company with the Professor, who knows all there is to know about things ancient and Roman, I traversed the Appian way to the Alban hills. We visited the little town of Marino, where Adelina Patti was born, and then, passing the beautiful lake of Albano, we visited in turn Castelgandolfo, Albano and Ariccia, finally eating our dinner at sunset under an arbor at Guizano high up above the Lake of Nemi or Mirror of Diana, as it is called. Surely the goddess could find no clearer reflection of herself, for the lake lies so deep between the hills that it is never ruffled by winds.

Many days full of color, beauty, and charm I spent in the vicinity of Rome, but I have already taken far too much of the Gleaner's valuable space to tell of them here.

LOUISE GROSVENOR.

#### QUEBEC CHAPTER OF W. A. ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.

Nominig, P. Q., Canada,  
July 19, 1909.

Dear Gleaner:

Basing our statement upon the reasonable assumption that all the Academy graduates in Quebec are active members

of the Quebec Chapter of the Woodstock Academy Alumni Association, we are the two oldest living graduates of Woodstock in this Province. So it is perhaps incumbent on us as such to let the other graduates know, through the columns of the Gleaner, that the above-mentioned organization—which was started this year and has met regularly every now and then ever since—is in a most flourishing condition.

On June 26—the same date on which the reunion was held at home—the Quebec Chapter held a meeting, a brief account of which may be somewhat interesting, if our enjoyment of the occasion is indicative of the actual value of the day as a producer of loyal school spirit.

The meeting was suddenly called to order at four-thirty a. m. at Nominig, and the roll at once taken—out of bed and into picturesque duxback trousers and oil tan moccasins. After eating a hearty habitant breakfast, we went down to the C. P. R. station, where a special car was awaiting us—which means that we rode on a hand car to the Petit Lac Nominig, where we were going to try our luck with the fish.

This lake is a beautiful sheet of water, seven or eight miles long, high enough up in the Laurentians to insure unsurpassed mountain scenery, right in the midst of the uncut timber lands, which still make up a large part of Quebec's territory. Except for an occasional log-boom along the shore, and the zig-zag openings which winter logging-roads made in the forest horizon down to skid-ways on the lake, we might well have been a hundred miles from civilization as far as any evidences of human handiwork would indicate.

In this attractive place, the business of the meeting was transacted between the more or less frequent fish bites—which business consisted mainly in exchanging whatever information we happened to have gathered about the old Woodstock students, and speculations as to what had become of those of whom we had heard nothing.

Incidentally, as for fish, the honors of the day were divided, as one of us caught the first fish, and the other the largest—which was a pretty equal division.

At the beginning of the long twilight we started back toward the setting sun to the hotel, with the contented feeling that comes after a well-spent day to make the long walk seem shorter if not less fatiguing.

After another French cooked meal, we

sang "Fair Woodstock" and other old school songs with much gusto and little damage to the keyboard of the Haynes piano which graces the parlor of the Hotel Central.

The next morning the meeting was adjourned, one of us taking the train back to busy Montreal and the other hitting the trail for the tall timbers of the Labelle County hills.

The members send the very best of wishes to the Gleaner, and are looking forward as eagerly as usual to the next issue. Very sincerely yours,

HARRY F. CHILD, '02.

JAMES V. PERRIN, '02.

P. S.—We wish to make the announcement that another meeting is to be held in Montreal at the time of the Ice Carnival in February, and any Woodstock Alumni will be very welcome. We believe that the numerous winter pleasures which this town offers would make a visit well worth while at that time, and no efforts will be spared to show guests all the phases of Canadian winter life.

#### THE MASTER'S TEMPLE.

They stand, those lofty arches,  
'Gainst Heaven's dome of blue,  
Unchanged throughout the ages,  
Yet seeming ever new.  
The calm, majestic presence,  
For which the worn heart seeks  
The walls of God's own temple,  
The glorious mountain peaks.

Around their crests, at daybreak,  
The brightening sunbeams play;  
Their heights are crowned, at noontide,  
With splendor of the day.  
Sunsets, at eve, around them  
Their purple shadows fold;  
The glittering stars, about them,  
At midnight, conclave hold.

They are the Lord's cathedral,  
His arches and His halls;  
Around the Holy City  
Their dusky shadow falls.  
Above earth's toil and clamor,  
Above its scenes of strife,  
The air of mountains lifts men  
To nobler, purer life.

Upon their silent summits  
Man walks alone with God;  
A hush is all about him,  
He stands where Jesus trod.  
Heedless of wars beneath him,  
He hears not sin's wild moan,  
He feels the mighty Presence,  
And bows before the throne.

He sees the walls of jasper,  
Beholds the glittering sea;  
He hears the chant of angels  
That sounds eternally,  
That sang creation's story,  
Proclaimed Emmanuel's birth,  
And thus to him is granted  
A glimpse of heaven on earth.

'Tis well some shrine is given  
Where men from toil may flee,  
To rest awhile in silence,  
The higher things to see.  
Unmoved by wrath of tempest,  
The mountains calmly stand,  
In silence and in glory,  
A lofty temple grand.

And through their quiet archways  
The Master's message calls:  
"As round my chosen city  
The strength of mountains falls,  
So ever round my people  
My strength for aye shall be;  
Lift up your hearts in gladness,  
For I will care for thee."  
NELLIE TOWNE BURLESON.

#### The Preparation Received from Normal School for Teaching in Comparison with that Received from Woodstock Academy.

Being a graduate of *Willimantic* Normal School, and, furthermore, not being acquainted to any great degree with any other Normal School, the heading of this article, perhaps, ought to include *Willimantic*. But the Normal Schools must be enough alike, so that an article of this kind, although from the point of view of one Normal School, will be true of the others. So I will omit the word "*Willimantic*" and simply say "*Normal School*."

It seems hardly fair to compare the two schools as to the preparation each gives for teaching, because the Normal School is for those whose profession is to be teaching; and one ought to be prepared to teach after graduating from it, while the Academy is a place where anyone, whether he is to be a business man, a teacher, a lawyer, a nurse, or a carpenter, may obtain a higher education than that of the common school. Nevertheless, it is a fact that many teach school directly after graduating from the Academy and do not take a Normal School course. Therefore I will undertake to show wherein one is better fitted as a teacher after a course at Normal School than after leaving the Academy.

The schedule of studies pursued at Normal School does not vary to any great degree from that pursued at the Academy. In both the Academy and Normal School instruction is given in arithmetic, physical geography, Grecian, Roman, United States, English, ancient, mediaeval, and modern history, English grammar, English composition, American and English literature, physiology, botany, physics, chemistry, civil government, and music. In addition to these, foreign languages and higher mathematics are taught at the Academy, while psychology, mineralogy, gymnastics, drawing, penmanship, methods, and training in teaching are given at Normal School. The time required at the Academy to complete a full course is four years, but usually two years is the time required at Normal School.

What one needs for teaching grammar schools, and those are the only positions a graduate of either school expects to obtain, does not include the foreign languages and higher mathematics upon which most of the time is spent in the last two years at the Academy. The fundamental studies to be taught are in the first two years; and, at the day of graduation, how much of an examination do you think the average graduate could pass? Still, although one is not in a position to take an examination, the knowledge is stored away somewhere and it needs only a little digging to find it.

But let us say that the graduate can pass examinations on the subjects, does that mean that she knows how to teach them to others? Probably not, and that is what Normal School is for. Those who enter are supposed to know the subject matter, and the lessons are long, the stress being laid on what and how to teach it.

The lessons are not given from textbooks, either, and it is right here where a great deal is gained. Because of this, the Normal School graduate has become acquainted with a great many books and with the subject matter, so that she can fill in, supply, and make the lessons more interesting and profitable for the children.

The material at Normal School is much more complete and consequently the graduate ought to be better prepared. For instance, a stereopticon lantern furnishes views of much help in history and geography. A large collection of authors' pictures, and homes, scenes, and places in literature, which were of so much interest and help to me that I have started one of my own

to help my pupils, which, I think probably, is more preparation than an Academy graduate could show. Large models of all parts of the body to verify and explain the words of physiology books. Large charts showing the parts of flowers and plants to help out the, oftentimes, imperceptible parts of natural ones, or those which cannot be obtained here, and many charts and maps for geography.

What could an Academy graduate do towards teaching music if she knows no more than she could learn there? Music in the Academy means singing in a chorus if you already have some ability. A graduate of Normal School ought to be able to teach all the essentials of vocal music, having been trained to sing and teach from the scales to chorus work, to teach all rhythmic figures through songs, thus giving a repertoire of suitable songs, to present all musical characters, to explain all musical terms, etc.

Besides these additional preparations to Academy studies which are given Normal School students, there are some which are not given Academy pupils at all. Drawing is very important for a teacher in many ways, even if she can only sketch roughly, to illustrate certain points. This a Normal School graduate is prepared to do because of a thorough course. Psychology is another study which should be known by those who have to do with the education and development of children. That is another branch which is lacking in the Academy preparation, unless it be that the last class and those who heard the address this year at graduation should say that they have had some. The methods and practice teaching are, also, all important parts of a Normal School preparation. They are the finishing touches for the profession, which an Academy graduate does not have.

Because Normal School is a training school for teachers, the lessons are taken up from the standpoint of teachers and discussed, so that some of the most important facts a graduate should have in preparation for teaching, an Academy graduate does not have. In history, do not drill and spend time with the children on unimportant things, as the number killed and wounded on each side in a battle, or a little skirmish. It is time spent for nothing. Or the importance and value in presenting everything possible to the eye by even rough sketches on the board, as the situations of Wolfe's and Montcalm's armies around Quebec and the route of

Wolfe's army when they captured Quebec. Such things as these may not seem important and, of course, would not be for most of those who attend the Academy; but they are for the Normal School students, and that is where they are better prepared for teaching.

From this incomplete article, I think one can see what it is that Normal School does to prepare one for teaching which cannot be and is not expected to be done at the Academy.

MAUDE E. HEALEY, '06.

### THE SUMMER WORK OF THE U. S. ATLANTIC FLEET.

In the eyes of many civilians, a battleship has served its chief function if it has furnished a quarterdeck, spotless and white, for the use of the naval officer, who has nothing better to do than to give dances and dinners and uphold his reputation for having "a sweetheart in every port." This is natural, as the visitor never sees this same quarterdeck, blackened with the dust from two thousand tons of coal, nor at five in the morning when it is being scrubbed and holystoned, nor again with all hatches battered down and green seas coming aboard, or the after twelve-inch turret firing, nor under a hundred other similar unknown conditions, vastly different from its gala aspect during a "pink-tea fight."

The sixteen battleships with their auxiliaries, which compose the Atlantic fleet, now anchored off Provincetown, present a sight which cannot fail to impress the most callous of observers—a far more impressive sight now that our ships are painted in war color and carry the new "peach basket" mast; yet how many outsiders give a second thought to the constant drill necessary to keep the guns of these ships in fighting condition, and to keep their crews and officers up to that standard of efficiency which has given our Navy its present status.

In order to understand the problem thus put before the Commander-in-Chief, it will not be out of place to give a general summary of the requirements exacted of the modern battleship. Our harbors limit her draught to twenty-eight feet; her speed must be at least nineteen knots; her coal capacity sufficient for a steaming radius of several thousand knots; she must be protected by armor belts capable of stopping a twelve-inch shell; but, above all, she must carry the maximum number of guns. To fill these requirements a hull

is built, displacing some seventeen thousand tons; into this are put boilers and engines developing twenty-five thousand I. H. P.; coal bunkers carrying twenty-four thousand tons; a complete installment of auxiliary machinery, including distillers, air compressors, an ice machine, repair shop, steam steering and anchor engines, and an electrical plant furnishing light and power for all turrets, ammunition hoists, boat cranes, and deck winches. The engineering department requires a force of nearly three hundred men. The armor belts are so placed that they give the best protection to these, the "vitals" of the ship. The guns are so placed that they deliver the maximum weight of metal in the shortest time both on the broadside, ahead or astern, the battery of the "Connecticut" class giving a fire of two twelve, four eight, four seven, and six three-inch ahead or astern, and four twelve, four eight, six seven, and ten three-inch on either broadside.

The two main questions, then, to decide are, How best manoeuvre the fleet to concentrate our own fire on the enemy, and how drill the gun crews to fire with the utmost accuracy and rapidity, for it is generally conceded that the next great naval battle will be decided in less than ten minutes after the first shot has been fired. The first leads us into a study of higher naval tactics; the second takes us to a game, or sport, I may say, which is so far ahead of any college sport that there is no comparison between the two—that of target practice. Time and space are short, so suffice it to say that every ship in our Navy competes annually with all ships of her own class, under a perfectly rigid set of rules. I imagine the train of competition thus set up—the best pointer for each gun, the best gun in each battery, the best battery in each ship, the best ship in each class—in this fleet alone, sixteen thousand men and over five hundred guns. The training of the crews cannot be carried on by actually firing the gun, as each charge costs from twenty-five to one thousand dollars, but the gun pointers are trained at first by a device called the "dotter," which consists of a moving card with a miniature target printed on it, and a pointer which strikes a corresponding miniature target (which moves with the gun) when the sights of the gun are on the moving one. Later, a rifle or one pounder is fixed inside the bore of the larger gun and is then pointed and fired at a towed target by the same mechanism that is used in pointing and

firing the large gun itself, thus giving the men all the experience of handling the gun at an almost inappreciable cost and under circumstances exactly similar to those during the actual firing, except, of course, the excitement and danger accompanying the discharge of heavy guns.

The rules governing the practice are for the purpose of gaining uniformity among all competing gun crews, and are in general as follows: All ships must fire all of her guns or be penalized; the target is twelve by twenty-one feet; the range is laid out as an equilateral triangle, the sides two thousand yards in length; the target is anchored at the apex, and the ship, rolling a minimum of two degrees, steams along the base at a speed of ten knots. The score for each battery is reckoned in hits per gun per minute, and a fixed weight given to each calibre of gun so that the final merit of a ship may be reckoned in all calibres. The percentage of hits made to shots fired is figured in this record so that the gun pointer must fire not only with rapidity, but with absolute accuracy, if his score is to be a high one.

Less weight is given to the ship's score at "Battle" practice than at "Record," for the former is intended to give all pointers similar conditions for a competitive record, while the latter is intended to give all ships a practice which fulfills, as nearly as possible, the conditions of actual battle. In it the range is unknown, the target is towed, and the ship is given only ten minutes during which she may open fire with every gun that will bear. Each ship, in addition to the above, must fire all her torpedoes and lay a mine field, the scores in each being reckoned in with that of her guns. This work has kept the officers and men of the fleet on the go from the day they left their navy yards for the rendezvous, and will continue to do so until the third week in August, when the game will really begin on the Southern drill grounds off the Chesapeake, when every man and every ship will confidently expect and prayerfully hope to excel all records previously established.

FRANK W. ROCKWELL.

#### A FOURTH IN NEBRASKA.

Cozad, Neb., July 11, 1909.

Your missive arrived yesterday and I am only too glad to drop a few lines for the Gleaner, and will tell you of a delightful "Fourth" I spent out here in Nebraska.

A party of young folks left Cozad last Saturday to spend the Fourth (fifth) in the north hills at the ranch of Bert Hughes.

The party consisted of Messrs. Clare Hughes, Tom Hughes, Sid Bovee and myself, the Misses Cora Shipton, Winifred Hughes, Lucretia Dean, Stella Shane and Beulah Munson. Accompanying the party were Mrs. A. C. Walker and my mother, who acted in the capacity of chaperones.

The long drive of fifteen miles was to an Easterner a revelation and a delight. The broad acres of rustling corn and waving wheat, rye, oats, etc., were a unique sight and revealed the prosperous state of the farmer and also what farming can be made to do in this rich, flat country, and one naturally takes back to New England glowing accounts of the beautiful West and its great possibilities. The novel sight of a coyote speeding away from the approach of man, the many prairie dogs, owls, jack-rabbits, etc., the cactus in full bloom, and the wild flowers were an interesting sight to us all. The hundreds of live stock roaming the hills brought forcibly to mind the Scripture in which it says, "And the cattle on a thousand hills are mine, saith the Lord."

After a winding and diversified ride through the hills we reached the doors of mine host and were warmly welcomed to ranch life. The young men of the party erected a tent on a high hill close beside the house and therein spent the night. Before retiring we were joined by the ladies in an hour of song, after which good nights were said, and to the patter of falling raindrops we one and all courted "tired nature's sweet restorer, sleep, balmy sleep," and the avidity with which the fine morning spread was partaken of by all showed the wholesomeness of the hill breezes.

The Fourth, or rather fifth, was spent as befitted the various moods of the crowd, but pre-eminent among the things to do for entertainment seemed to be to feed the inner man (and woman).

A bountiful supply of all good things was provided by the young people as well as by the host and hostess. and their good neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Inglis, who were of the party and added not a little to the entertainment.

After the toothsome mid-day meal various sports were the order of the day, a list of which follows: Boys' 100-yard dash; 25-yard dash; running broad jump; standing broad jump; running high jump; standing high jump;

shot put; relay race; dogs and horse race, very exciting, dogs winning; man versus horse, man winning; rifle shoot; gun shoot; ball game; girls' 25-yard dash; shot put; standing broad jump; relay race; rifle shoot.

This closed one of the most delightfully spent Fourth's imaginable, and we all left for home with hearty thanks of appreciation to Mr. and Mrs. Hughes, and all voted them the most delightful of entertainers.

In connection with the foregoing I will say I am about to leave ranch life (my health having greatly improved) to engage in the grain and lumber business. I am still as much in love with the West as ever. I send greetings to all the boys and girls of dear old Woodstock.

LEROY H. DAVENPORT.

## SENIOR CLASS HONOR ESSAY.

### Last Days of Pompeii.

The recent calamity which has overwhelmed lower Italy and Sicily recalls to our minds the similar catastrophe in the same part of the world so many hundred years ago. Only in the last century have excavations brought to light the long lost glories of Pompeii, a miniature model of Roman civilization, vice and pleasure in the first century. In Pompeii was reflected the luxury and corruption of Rome, though it lacked Rome's pomp and grandeur.

Attracted by its nearness and likeness to the metropolis many famous Romans had summer villas in Pompeii, and perhaps on this account the life of Pompeii was the life of Rome on a small scale. Here, in the days before the upheaval, lived Glaucus, a popular young Greek of wealth, beauty and rank. While on a sojourn at Neapolis, Glaucus had seen a beautiful girl at the temple of Minerva; and each recognizing in the other a kindred spirit and an Athenian, the two had offered up their prayers together. However, before he could learn her name and residence, the girl had disappeared with her brother in the throng outside the temple. Glaucus made inquiries concerning her all over the city, but to no purpose. She was apparently lost to him forever.

What, then, were the surprise and pleasure of the young Greek, upon his coming to Pompeii some months later, to learn that his Neapolitan beauty of the temple had just come to that city to live. Glaucus immediately began to pay ardent court to the lady, and she who had rejected all adoring Pompeii

avored his suit.

One of the lover's first gifts to his betrothed was a blind flower-girl whom he had rescued from the cruelty of the wife of one Burbo, a retired gladiator. For several seasons Glaucus had bought flowers of this girl and had been courteous to her. She, on her part, had learned to look upon him as her friend, indeed as her sole friend. Therefore, when the Greek found her being tortured by the lash at the hands of a veritable amazon, and, moved by pity, bought her, Nydia's devotion increased to passionate love. She was sent to Ione and was henceforward the lovers' almost constant companion.

Ione and her brother Apaecides, left orphans in childhood, had been assigned to the guardianship of Arbaces, the last of a line of Egyptian royalty. The wealth and supposed wisdom of Arbaces alone served to conceal a vicious and deceitful character. The Egyptian had fallen in love with his ward and determined to have her for his wife at all hazards, but realized that he must first ensnare the brother.

He had accordingly taught Apaecides the solemn faith of Isis, a divinity very popular at that time in Italy, and had so deluded the boy that he finally became a priest of that goddess. The young man soon discovered the deceits of the priesthood, and when, his faith in the gods and his teacher shaken, he demanded explanation of Arbaces, he was met with further delusions. In his disturbed state of mind it was not hard for one of the new sect of Christians to obtain a hearing from him, and in the course of two or three meetings the Nazarene had won Apaecides to the new faith. But the young man had been closely watched and his change in creed discovered by Calenus, a fellow priest and a tool and satellite of Arbaces. When Calenus overheard Apaecides arranging to meet the Christian in a certain sacred grove to lay plans for the disclosure of the treachery of the priesthood, he determined to be on the spot himself.

Arbaces, feeling that he now had the brother entirely in his power, began to exert his influence over Ione. He invited the girl to visit his home, thinking to dazzle her by its brilliancy and display of wealth. She went, unaware of the ambuscade into which she was being lead, and for a time was charmed with the Egyptian's hospitality. However, when he suddenly made a passionate declaration of his love for her, Ione, frightened, attempted to tear her-

self from his embrace. In the struggle that followed, a letter which she had that day received from Glaucus, fell from her dress. Arbaces seized it and scanned it quickly, and on seeing the signature, in his rage declared that Ione should die rather than wed with Glaucus. As he was again darting at the girl a curtain was pulled aside and Glaucus and Apaecides, warned of Ione's whereabouts by Nydia, stood on the threshold.

Glaucus immediately fell upon his foe and for some moments the rivals swayed to and fro and coiled about each other, uttering cries of revenge. Apaecides, dagger in hand, rushed to the aid of his friend, but was thrown heavily to the floor by the Egyptian, who wrenched the weapon from the priest's weak grasp and was about to plunge it into the prostrate body of Glaucus when suddenly the house shook to its foundations, the earth trembled and a heavy statue tottered and fell, striking the Egyptian and stretching him on the floor, apparently lifeless. Glaucus staggered to his feet and helped Apaecides to rise. Then, taking Ione in his arms, they fled from the house of destruction.

For a time after this narrow escape the happiness of Glaucus and Ione was undisturbed. But Fate and a jealous woman were destined to cause new trouble. Julia, the daughter of a wealthy merchant, on hearing of the Greek's infatuation for Ione, determined to destroy it. Accordingly she sent for Nydia, and after telling the Thessalian her story of unrequited love, asked if she knew any love charm. Nydia did not, but thinking that she might herself get the benefit of any which Julia might learn, mentioned to her the Egyptian sorcerer, Arbaces.

Arbaces, who had partially recovered from his injuries, immediately saw in the jealous daughter of luxury an opportunity for reeking his revenge on Glaucus. Not daring to give her the deadly draught himself for fear of discovery in his crime, he sent the girl to the Witch of Vesuvius. Under the guise of a love charm the hag gave Julia a fatal potion. That night, while Julia slept with the "love potion" under her pillow, Nydia, desiring Glaucus' love for herself, replaced it by a phial of clear water. The next day she administered it to the Athenian, and even before he had emptied the glass the gay Glaucus was changed to a roaring madman.

Haply, this was the day which the

Christian had agreed upon for his meeting with Apaecides, and Calenus, according to his previously formed purpose, was already in his place of concealment. Hardly had the boughs closed over the priest's hiding place, when Arbaces, anxious to know whether the drug had been used and with what effect, entered the grove on his way to the house of Julia's father. At this very moment Apaecides, bound to his appointment with the Nazarene, approached from another direction and met the Egyptian midway. Arbaces, recognizing his former pupil and remembering their last meeting, addressed the young man in a conciliatory manner. But the priest, stung to the quick by Arbaces' treachery toward himself, but more especially toward his sister, did not heed his flattery and promises of retrieval if he could but have Ione in marriage. The dispute grew more and more heated till Arbaces, seeing in Apaecides an obstinate barrier in the path of his love, raised his stilus and twice stabbed the priest in the breast. He fell to the ground lifeless, without uttering a sound. Just as the assassin was beginning to realize his crime he saw the reeling figure of a young man advancing rapidly along the path. It was Glaucus. Even before he had divined his own intention he hastily concealed himself in the shrubbery surrounding the little chapel. As the Athenian, arrested in his mad course by the gory corpse in his path, was bending over the priest's body, the Egyptian sprang out and with a shout of "Murder!" struck his victim to the ground with a single blow.

Arbaces' repeated shouts soon summoned a large crowd to the spot, and he told how he had seen the Greek stab Apaecides and added that in his horror he had impulsively knocked the murderer down. Meanwhile Olinthus, the Christian, had come and, on hearing Arbaces' accusation, unhesitatingly charged the Egyptian himself with the crime. A hot argument between the two followed and the Christian in his zeal struck down the statue of a goddess. The people instantly clamored for his arrest and accordingly he was led away in chains.

In anticipation of the gladiatorial games, now close at hand, the trial of Glaucus and Olinthus was hastened in order that each might fight one of the two wild beasts procured for the occasion. Both were pronounced guilty and were placed together in a small, dark cell in the forum to await their impending doom.

When Glaucus was beginning to recover from the effects of the fatal potion Arbaces came to him and in his pleasant, soft voice told him that he alone could save his life and would do it if the Athenian would sign a paper acknowledging his guilt. Glaucus refused and the Egyptian went, hating and admiring his victim more than ever before.

While the Greek awaited his fate with stern resignation, Arbaces was making secure his own freedom from guilt. Acting in his capacity of guardian, the Egyptian had forcibly seized the unwilling Ione and removed her to his own house, lest in some way she should interfere in behalf of her lover. On learning from Nydia that she and not Julia had administered the fatal draught, he had lured her also to his house, intending to detain her there till after Glaucus' death.

The blind girl, crazed with anger at being thus trapped, by strategy escaped from her prison and gained the garden only to find the gate locked. While meditating her next move she heard footsteps approaching and recognized the low voices of Arbaces and the infamous priest, Calenus. They were on their way to the Egyptian's treasure cellar from which the avaricious priest, bribed into concealing his knowledge of the crime, had been promised that he might carry away as much gold as he could. From under the shadow of the arch where she had slunk Nydia heard Calenus' confession; then they passed on out of hearing. In a moment more Arbaces returned alone, and Nydia, guided by the priest's shrieks and wails, made her way to the cell where the Egyptian had treacherously entrapped him and left him to die of starvation. He was easily brought to a promise of public confession if the girl would free him. Nydia, seeing a possible chance to prove her benefactor's innocence, again attempted escape. But her guard was on watch this time and she was caught and brought back.

Again placed in narrow confines Nydia suffered untold tortures in behalf of Glaucus. However, she at length managed to bribe the slave who guarded her to take a note to Sallust, who alone of all Glaucus' rich friends remained true to him in adversity. In this note she said that she knew one who could save Glaucus, but that he must hasten to assist or be too late.

The day of the wild beast fight had arrived. The heat was intense, but the cloud which had for several days hung over the crest of Vesuvius had disap-

peared. The games began with contests between gladiators, leaving the struggles between man and beast till last. Finally the crucial moment was at hand! Glaucus and the lion were brought into the arena. Even the hissings and shouts of the mob were silenced at sight of the Greek's calm and lofty resignation. The lion was freed, but refused to charge on his victim, and after circling the arena once as if in search of escape, he crept back into his cage and lay down. As the keeper was about to goad him forth, a shout was heard, and Sallust, disheveled and breathless and followed by slaves supporting the priest Calenus, entered the ring where sat the officers and all of wealth. Calenus made his charge, and at the moment when Arbaces was denying his guilt, a cloud of moulten lava suddenly burst from the mouth of Vesuvius and broke over the doomed city, bringing with it darkness as of the blackest night.

Nydia, accustomed as she was to total darkness, managed to reach Glaucus and together they made their way to the house of Arbaces and rescued Ione. By common consent the three slowly and with much difficulty turned their steps toward the seashore. On the way they saw their enemy, Arbaces, the great sorcerer of Egypt, struck to his death by a falling column. After a long and perilous walk they at length reached the heaving sea and embarked on a ship about to sail with some other refugees.

They put out to sea in darkness, but after many hours of waiting and longing, hoping and praying, light began to dawn slowly, and the weary watchers, worn out by the long strain, fell into the deep sleep of relief.

In the stillness of the general sleep Nydia rose, and happy in the thought that she had saved the life of her idolized Glaucus, and feeling that she could be of no further use to him, cast herself into the still waters of the sea. When the refugees woke, the blind slave was immediately missed, and Glaucus and Ione, guessing her fate, mourned as for a lost sister.

Ten years later Glaucus wrote to Sallust in Rome from his home in Athens. In this letter he told his friend of his conversion to the Christian faith begun in the death-cell at Pompeii, of his happiness with Ione and of his intention of never again leaving his native city.

Many centuries have passed since the Last Day of Pompeii, but still may be found certain ruins of a long vanished

civilization, its brilliancy and squalidity as represented in the mouldering columns and ghastly skeletons recently brought to light and examined.

LYLE W. TURNER.

#### PERSONALS BEFORE 1888.

The following letter was received from Mrs. Harriet Comings Morse, who is now living in Putnam with her son, John A. Morse. Mrs. Morse attended the Academy the school year 1843-1844:

Mr. Hall has asked me to furnish some items concerning the "old Academy" of the "long ago time," but I hardly think I can add much of interest to what has already been written in the Gleaner, and what I say will refer particularly to the fall term of 1844.

At that time the Academy School was under the instruction of Mr. John P. Averill, with a competent assistant, and numbered some over one hundred pupils, coming from near and far away and having to obtain board and lodging in nearby farm houses, there being no boarding house on the Hill at that time. Space in the Academy being limited, the young ladies were permitted to go to the "Bowen Hall" for an hour of quiet study, afterward returning to the recitation room in the Academy to recite. I well remember once, when we had stayed over time, Mr. Averill came and marched us back to the Academy. This was never repeated, and we always remembered his ever alert propensity for finding out how each pupil spent the time during study hours.

In recalling the names of those who attended the Academy School at that time I can easily count twenty-five who have been called from earthly schools to those of the "great beyond," and there may have been others I do not know of. Mr. Harrison Johnson and Mr. Samuel M. Fenner are of the number gone. And now, after the passing away, since then, of sixty-five years of joy and sorrow, clouds and sunshine of life, I still retain fond memories of friendship formed while a student at the old Academy on Woodstock Hill.

HARRIET COMINGS MORSE.

It is interesting to note that there are still living many who attended the Academy under Mr. Patterson in the same year as Mrs. Morse. There may be more of whom we have no accurate knowledge, but we are pleased to record the following:

Mrs. Abel Child.

Mrs. Polly Lyon Bowen.

Mrs. Sara Fisher Woodward.

Mrs. Annette Bowen Johnson.

Mrs. Harriet Child May.

Mrs. Harriet Mathewson Day.

Mrs. Lyman Huntington.

Miss Sarah Lyon.

Mr. Sandford Fisher.

Mr. Amos Sanders.

Mr. Alexander Warner.

Mr. Henry Bugbee.

The following letter from Mr. George H. Hyde gives a glimpse of Academy life some thirty years later than Mrs. Morse's letter:

Dear Friends:

"Thirty-three years ago I was a student at Woodstock Academy. It was there first, while J. W. Cross was Principal and the following year, I had the good fortune to be under the instruction of F. E. Burnette. It was the exacting and thorough methods of the latter that caused me to leave the Academy and attend the Putnam High School, where I continued under him. I well remember the school friends of those days and always closely scan the Gleaner for information respecting them. It was with many regrets that I gave up the Academy, as the beautiful natural surroundings and the friendly local students appealed to me and attached me with greater strength than would have been guessed by those who knew me at that time. Necessarily my life there was intensely practical, and, I believe, I was undemonstrative to a degree, which precluded a discovery by my closest friends of my real attachment for the place.

"For twenty-seven years I have been here in New York City and am practicing law, I have never regretted my choice of the profession, and believe I made no mistake in choosing it. Twenty-two years ago I was married at Glasgow, Mo., to Emma D. Lewis. We have two sons. One is a member of the Senior class at Yale and the other is in a local preparatory school.

"I know of no former Woodstock Academy student here with the exception of B. S. Warner, who resides at Orange, N. J., and has a business connection in New York.

"Possible there is an 'exaggerated ego' manifest in this brief letter, but I have written as I desire to read from my old friends.

Yours Sincerely,

"GEO. H. HYDE."

Lieutenant Governor Everett J. Lake was a student in the Academy in 1884 and 1885. It is with a sort of justifiable pride that we print the following letter expressing his kindly remem-

branches of the old Academy:

"My Dear Mrs. Bingham:

"It is twenty-three years since my ceive your reminder of the old days when I 'went to school' at the Woodstock Academy.

"It was a real pleasure to me to re-school days there, since I lived in Woodstock, and just as, in all that time, no other place has ever impressed me as my "old home," so it is to Woodstock Academy that I look back with the pleasantest recollections of all my school days. I have from time to time met one or another of those who were with me and the renewed friendships have always made me wish that we could all meet again in reunion and live over together, in memory, some of those pleasant experiences.

"Yours Sincerely,

"EVERETT J. LAKE."

To Mrs. Elizabeth Flynn Bingham.

Woodstock, Conn., July 29, 1909.

Among the personal items about teachers last year should have been the following:

Miss A. Estelle Ingraham has been at the head of the Sleeper School in Cambridge, Mass., seven years. There are about four hundred pupils, including kindergarten, primary and grammar grades. She expresses an interest in the Gleaner.

Mrs. Carrie Goydell Pope still resides at Clinton, Mass. Her daughter, Helen, is a student at Mt. Holyoke College.

Mr. Wallace P. Dick has just completed his fifteenth year of teaching at the State Normal School, West Chester, Pa. He is Professor of Greek and Latin.

Dr. and Mrs. James P. Kendall are living on a beautifully located farm in Gardiner, Me. He has had fourteen years of practice as a physician at Colon, U. S. Colombo, and was head surgeon under the Government, which position he resigned about a year ago.

Mr. Cassius Child still manifests his interest in Woodstock by his yearly visit. We sympathize with him in the death of his youngest son, Harold.

Mr. Herbert Leavitt and family are on a sheep ranch in Caspec, Wyo. They are raising sheep for the firm of Leavitt Brothers.

Addie Jacobs makes her home with her sister, Mrs. Dr. Sargent in Webster, Mass.

Benjamin F. Chandler is electrician for the Packard Motor Car Co., Detroit, Mich.

We hear from Seattle, Wash., that the Gleaner items are full of interest, and its yearly visit a welcome one in the home of Mrs. H. C. Buxton (nee Florence May).

Mrs. S. Amelia Tillinghast of Danielson, Conn., and her daughter, Ethel, are spending the summer in England and Scotland.

Miss Ellen Osgood is now living in East Hartford, Conn.

Mr. Henry Penniman, since the death of his wife last year, has made his home with C. D. Arnold, Putnam, Conn.

Mrs. Jonah Morse is living with her son, John Morse, in Putnam, Conn.

Mr. John Jencks, who attended the Academy in '62-'63 and boarded at Dr. Holmes, has shown an interest in the Gleaner by his generous remittance every year. He refers to the "lively times" they used to have and mentions several of his schoolmates, Charles and Edgar Richmond, who also boarded at Dr. Holmes, Dr. Charles D. Alton of Hartford and Dr. George Spalding of Woodstock.

Mr. Jenck's home is in Newport, R. I. He was State Senator from Barrington, R. I., and Commodore of the Rhode Island Yacht Club in 1898.

Col. Alexander Warner is writing his autobiography. He is staying in Ridgefield, Conn. His son, Benjamin S. Warner, is in the wholesale coal business with his brother-in-law in New York. His home is in Orange, N. J.

Lawyer Eric H. Johnson and Judge F. F. Russell still reside in Putnam, Conn.

Mrs. Mary Bugbee Medbury continues to be the efficient manager of the New England Telephone Company in Putnam, Conn.

Mr. A. D. Chandler has been appointed President of the first non-partisan Board of Education of the City of Orange, N. J., and presented the diplomas to the graduating class of '09 of the High School. He is still General Manager for Harper & Brothers. His only son, Howard Marsh, was graduated in June from Stevens Institute of Technology.

Mr. Willard O. Ames writes that many pleasant things come to mind when his thoughts wander back to the dear old school days. He is anticipating the next issue of the Gleaner, hoping to hear about some of his schoolmates. He is still in business at 53 State street, Boston, and lives at Lexington. On June 24 there was a very

pretty wedding service at the First Baptist Church, when his daughter, Dora Louise, was married.

Rev. A. Herbert Ames continues as pastor of the Congregational Church, Westminster, Mass., and has a summer home at Northwood Centre, N. H.

Judge Albert McClellan Mathewson of New Haven was elected Historian at the second annual Congress of the "Descendants of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence," held at Philadelphia. He was President of the society last year.

We copy the following: "Mr. Hamilton Holt, for his interest in promoting friendly relations between Japan and the United States, has been decorated with the Japanese Order of the Sacred Treasure, third class. The honor was conferred upon him by the Japanese Consul General in New York, Kokiobi Midzuno, acting for the Mikado, at a private informal dinner at the Nippon Club. Twenty prominent Japanese living in New York gave the dinner to Mr. Holt. Dr. J. Takamine, President of the Nippon Club, presided."

Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Chandler are at their cottage at Bass Rocks, Gloucester, for the summer.

Mr. Clayton L. Alexander, who died suddenly of heart failure in Burlington, Vt., was appointed to the customs service in 1895, as Deputy Clerk and Inspector, and stationed at Franklin, Vt. He was Treasurer of the American National Red Cross, Vermont Branch. He was planning to take a vacation in the fall and visit his son on the Isthmus of Panama.

We are pleased to hear from Miss Sarah M. Lake. She is teaching mathematics near Boston. Her address is Pakachoag Hill, Auburn, Mass.

Mr. Willis W. Wells has taken his family West, intending to go into business there. They are at present at Golden, Col.

Mr. Charles Bugbee and wife are living on a farm in East Woodstock.

Mrs. Ellen May Hyde spent last winter at Urbana, Ill. She is expecting to go to Binghamton, N. Y.

Mr. Henry Sabin, of Sabin's Educational Exchange, Des Moines, Iowa., writes: "I depend upon the Gleaner as one of the few links in the chain which binds me to my school days. Don't let it die while I live!" He was born in Pomfret in 1829.

We wish to express our sympathy for Mr. Mathewson Angell of Pomfret, whose house and barn were totally destroyed by fire on the afternoon of

August 4.

Mr. Charles E. Chandler of Norwich, Conn., gave the address at the first meeting of the Business Men's Association of Putnam.

Mr. Charles A. Bowen and wife and Miss Sara Bowen, called on some of their friends in Woodstock on Decoration Day. They made the trip from New Bedford, Mass., in their automobile. Since that time she has been ill with typhoid fever at the City Hospital in Lowell, Mass., where she has been Superintendent several years. Her mother has been with her. She is convalescent and they are going to the coast of Maine for a few weeks.

Miss Susan D. Gorden has started on a trip around the world. She expects to sail from San Francisco Sept. 8. Among the places she plans to visit are the Philippines, Japan, China and the Holy Land.

Dr. and Mrs. E. Hollingshead (nee Hettie Woodward) of Pemberton, N. J., have been the guests of Mrs. Sarah Woodward recently. Some others from out-of-town who have visited friends here this summer are Mr. and Mrs. Darius Adams of East Providence, Mr. Darius Mathewson of Wakefield, Neb., Mrs. Mary Lizzie Child Green of Brookline, Mass., and Miss Clara Dennis of Foxborough, Mass.

Mr. Willis Rockwell is now a resident of Enfield, Conn. His fine, colonial homestead, with its many valuable antiques, is a popular resort for automobile parties, who are sumptuously entertained at "The Hazard House" by its genial proprietor and his expert assistants.

The Seniors of Williston Seminary have dedicated their class book "The Log," this year, to an alumnus of Woodstock Academy, with these words:

"In gratitude for his influence, which has made our stay at Williston a pleasant one; in appreciation of his deep and loyal interest in all school activities, this book is affectionately dedicated to Professor Sidney Nelson Morse."

Maj. William F. Flynn has been ordered from Fort Ethan Allen, Vermont, to Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, where he recently reported for duty.

The pleasure of the Woodstock home life of William and Mary Lester has been recently intensified by the purchase of a fine automobile.

For the past two years Mary Louise Flynn has been rendering her native town a fine service as Librarian of the Woodstock Library.

Henry J. Potter of East Woodstock

is State Agent of the Connecticut Board of Education.

Mrs. Anna Cornings Kelton, with her husband, spent a part of the past year in Pinehurst, N. C.

Luther J. Leavitt is one of the Selectmen of the town of Woodstock.

William G. Gaylord has just moved into his new bungalow, with a porch dining room looking off on the mountain scenery of Pasadena.

Joanna Gaylord has been teaching in Newark, N. J., and is now spending the summer in North Belgrade, Me.

Mrs. Dr. Gaylord writes that her son, William, taught last year after graduating from Yale, in a preparatory school in Atchison, Kan., where he will return in the fall. And her daughter, Florence, is a student in the University of California.

Mrs. Maude L. R. Kaufman's address is Box 143, R 2, Bellingham, Wash. The Gleaner hopes to hear from Mrs. Kaufman for the next issue.

#### PERSONALS SINCE 1888.

Miss Annie M. Brooks is spending the summer travelling abroad with a lady friend. She continues in her former position in Summit, N. J., the next year.

Mrs. Elsie Bates Saunders is living in Westfield, Mass.

Mrs. Bertha Page Smith's address is 238 State street, Portland, Me.

Mr. Waldo D. Parker has been taking a course in insurance study in the University of Wisconsin the past year.

Miss Lucy D. Reed will take a year off at home. Few teachers have ever made so many personal friends among the pupils of the Academy as Miss Reed. She will be greatly missed.

Miss Adeline M. Ware, Simmons' College, 1909, of Malden, Mass., will take Miss Reed's place.

Fred J. Williamson is one of the firm of the Eastern Connecticut Provision Co. of Hartford.

Earl Bemis is at Ore Hill, Conn., engaged in agricultural pursuits.

The many friends of Clarence Tabor have been in deep sympathy with him in his long and severe suffering. The amputation of an accidentally wounded finger was followed by blood poisoning, paralysis, and spinal meningitis, as it was supposed. After losing all hopes of his recovery we are glad to record his improvement and probable return home to Woodstock soon.

Anthony Tourtellotte called at the Academy gate recently in his automobile. Mrs. Tourtellotte was with him and on the back seat were four children.

Anthony explained, however, only two as his. We were glad to receive the call, and when the profits from the Gleaner justify the editor in the purchase, he will return the call in his own car. Mr. Tourtellotte is still at the old stand in Providence.

The Gleaner has received a very pleasant letter from Rev. Wells Partridge of St. Michael's Church, Marblehead, Mass. He expresses his pleasure in reading the Gleaner annually, and remembers his school days and friends here most cordially. The Gleaner reciprocates the good wishes of Mr. Partridge.

Albert Gaylord is still in the firm of Gaylord & Vore, supply and fixture store, Pasadena, Cal.

Robert Gaylord still lives in Pasadena, but has his office and shop in Los Angeles, where he carries on a large wiring business under the firm name of Faulkes, Gaylord & Co.

The following is a clipping from the Ukiah Times, March 16, 1909: "Allen G. Aldrich and Miss Hazel Prince were married by Justice Crockett at his residence in Ukiah Monday afternoon. The bride is the daughter of Mrs. Nellie Prince of Willits and is one of the most handsome and popular young ladies of that city. The groom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Aldrich of Ukiah and is a young man of energy and ability. They will make their home in Willits, where Mr. Aldrich has a good business."

Roy Davenport's account of the way he spent the Fourth leaves out one interesting fact. In the contests Roy won out against all Western competitors excepting on the shooting. We are not surprised at the fact.

Albert Haskell has finished his Junior year at Yale College. He spent a few days of his vacation in Woodstock, and after camping out for a time at Lake George with some Yale friends, returned to Wakefield, where he is working in his father's bank. We expect to hear in the future of Albert, as well as of Cornelius, that he is among the great bankers of the West.

Annie E. Johnson was graduated in June from a Providence training school for nurses.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Kingsbury are planning to return to Woodstock soon and reside in Mr. Kingsbury's former home here. Mr. Kingsbury's health demands for a year at least a life outside of the city.

1890.

The two members of this class, Mrs. Agnes Childe Paine and John A. Boy-

den, retain their old address and continue their old-time prosperity.

1893.

The sad death of Harold Morse is spoken of in another column. There was hardly an alumnus since 1888 who was better known or more generally liked than Harold.

The other two members, Mrs. Florence Morse Dart and Mrs. Mary Goodwin Bliss, remain in residence and profession as last year.

1894.

#### "Gradatim."

To be at the old stand and to be doing the same good piece of work may not be exciting to read about, but it is often wholesome to think about. This is the case with Edward S. Boyden, Charles G. Burd and Albert D. Merwin. For their addresses see 1908 Gleaner.

Alfred T. Child has resigned his position in Pueblo. He has purchased, as a summer home, the Comings property next to his old home. His friends in Woodstock are delighted to have him back even if it is only for the summer. His business arrangements for next year are not fully matured and so cannot be announced.

Mrs. Anne Hall Gaylord moved to Erie, Penn., last summer, where her daughter Margery was born. In May she moved back to Cleveland, where her address is again 14184 Euclid avenue. After her return to Cleveland whooping cough took possession of all three children and their mother. They have all pulled through in fine condition. It is thought that the little daughter is going to be as smart as the mother thinks her oldest boy is. It is easy to see that Mrs. Gaylord has not been having a vacation since our last issue.

Maxwell W. Rockwell is in Woodstock for the summer, working at his profession. He returns to New York in the fall, where his address will be at the Salmagundi Club until he opens a new studio.

1895.

#### "Non Nobis Solum."

We call attention to the fact that the three men of this class, Edward Child, Burton Fitts, and Everett Upham, have all remained without change with the same business houses with which they began.

Edward Child is an important buyer in the firm of Barnard & Sumner of Worcester, as is known to many Academy alumni who visit Worcester.

Burton Fitts is still with the Gorham

Manufacturing Co. of Providence, and writes that they are just now very busy. His third child, Kenneth R., died last April 1, but he has a daughter nearly four and a son two years old.

Everett Upham also has a son, Everett, Jr. He writes that his work consists largely of grading wools (for the Brown, Adams Co.). He has general supervision of the fleece wools grown east of the Mississippi and is responsible for the proper blending of the stronger and brighter wools with those that are less good, so as to secure an average spinning quality. He also has charge of the foreign wools, classing and opening samples, and figuring average costs, etc. He has this winter paid weekly visits to a top and yarn mill in New Hampshire in which his firm has become interested. Mr. and Mrs. Upham live in Heilge street, Dedham, Mass.

Mumps, whooping-cough, chicken-pox, and neuritis have all conspired in vain to wreck Sara Colvin's cheerfulness. She and her family of four are spending a pleasant summer at Buttonwoods with the winter's troubles forgotten.

Jessie Bowen Palmer with her husband and daughter Carolyn have come East for the summer, to the great satisfaction of her Academy friends. Mr. Palmer teaches in the Los Angeles State Normal School; their permanent address is 1622 Bushnell avenue, South Pasadena, Cal.

Edith H. Hall returns to Mt. Holyoke College as instructor in archaeology for the first semester of the next academic year. She expects to go to Crete in March for a season of excavating.

Alice Sharpe Johnson is one of the few members of the class who attends Rhetoricals and Graduating Exercises of the Academy. It is to be wished that more of the class could come back occasionally and see the school.

Estella Tompkins Waterbury has not been heard from.

1896.

#### "Do Ye Next Thyng."

Mary Bowen Keith is still in Eastford. In addition to her home duties she is the librarian of the public library.

Ruth A. Cahoon is in Providence in the same position as last year. She has now been three years with the Martin Copeland Co., jewelers.

Ralph Pike and Joseph Sheppard report the same positions and addresses as last year, with no items of interest to be added.

Clarence E. Weaver writes that he

hopes to visit Woodstock this summer. We assure him of a hearty welcome at the hands of his friends. He also sends the following "circular," speaking volumes of his good work:

Cananea, Yaqui River & Pacific R. R. Co., Sonora Railway. Southern Pacific Lines in Mexico.

Empalme, Son., Feb. 15, 1909.

Circular No. 4.

Effective this date, Mr. C. E. Weaver is hereby appointed Engineer Maintenance of Way of the above Lines, with headquarters at Empalme, Sonora, vice Mr. J. C. McClure.

R. H. INGRAM,  
Gen'l Manager C., Y. R. & P. R. R.  
Ass't Gen'l Manager Sonora Ry.

1897.

### "Alta Petens."

Louise P. Grosvenor has been spending the past six months in Europe. Last January she sailed for England, where she remained a few weeks; she then went to Holland, thence to France, and lastly to Italy. When in Rome, she entered the Academy of Fine Arts to take a course in the study of Italian painting. She expects to return home in August.

Arthur O. Williams is employed as bookkeeper in the Merchants' National Bank, Providence, R. I.

Howard M. Frost has left the Metropolitan Surety Company and is now employed in the National Surety Company, New York City.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph P. Catlin are now residing at 56 Humphrey street, Swampscott, Mass.

Constance Holt has spent most of her past year in New York City. She has had an active part in the missionary work done by the St. George's Episcopal Church among the slums. She has also continued her work in the study of Italian.

Fred J. Fitts is still located in Los Angeles, California.

Mrs. Ruth Williamson Gallup has spent the past year at her home in Woodstock.

Ralph H. Sabin is at present occupied in constructing a bridge on the Bangor and Aroostook railroad. His residence is at Washburn, Maine.

Mowry Ross is passing the summer in West Woodstock.

A. Lloyd Cooper is still carrying on a prosperous business in feed and coal at Dryden, N. Y.

1898.

### "Esse Quam Videri."

Emily Ross has completed ten years

of teaching, eight of which have been in the West Woodstock school. She has resigned her position and expects to remain at home for the present.

Emma Allen has been teaching in Woodstock Academy the past year and expects to return for another year of work there.

James Hutchins is pursuing his calling of veterinary surgeon and resides in Abington.

Edna Frost Tobias of Brooklyn, N. Y., is expected in West Woodstock the latter part of the summer.

Albert Williams and his family are living in South Woodstock. He is managing the mill for his father.

Sidney Upham is still in the employ of the New England Telephone Company. He resides at Revere, Mass.

Flora Steere Wetherell continues to reside at "West View Farm," East Woodstock.

Leslie Harris is in the employ of a real estate office in New Rochelle, N. Y. He with his wife and small daughter spent two weeks in July at the home of his mother in West Woodstock. For further particulars see "Morning."

Maria Chandler has been spending the greater part of the year at home. She expects to return for another year of kindergarten work in Public School 83, Brooklyn, N. Y.

1899.

### "In Limine."

Ruby Sanborn has finished her third year of teaching in Washington Seminary, Washington, Penn., and is spending the summer with her mother and sister in Torrington, Conn. She is to teach Biology in the High School, Beverly, Mass.

Bessie Barber Williams is proving the truth of "Love in a Cottage" at her pretty home in South Woodstock.

"Love in an apartment" is a more modern version, but just as satisfactory. If you don't believe it call on May Gifford Jordan at 35 Mechanics street, Webster, Mass.

During the past year Olah Withey has continued in her former position in Boston. Her friends were all interested in the announcement of her engagement to Mr. James Whitney Rockford Whetley of Detroit, Mich.

Florence Warren has been "Way Down South in Dixie" teaching gymnastics in the South Carolina Institution for Deaf and Blind Children. She expects to go back the first of October for another year's work.

If seven hens can hatch seventy-nine chickens, how many chickens can one

incubator hatch? Frank Skinner will know the answer, of course; he has a poultry farm in North Woodstock.

William Child says nothing out of the ordinary has happened to him during the past twelve months. He has enjoyed his work on the farm and frequent visits on Dudley Hill.

1900.

### "Vincit Qui Se Vincit."

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur G. Morse have carried out the engagement announced in the 1908 Gleaner, and are among the reliable couples of East Woodstock. See "Morning."

Bertram C. Bugbee called upon us this year and gave a good report of himself. He had not at that time entered upon a permanent place as minister, but was acting as a supply in various places.

Lafayette Evans has not been heard from this year.

John Paine was graduated from the Rush Medical College, connected with Chicago University, in June. He practices next year in a mining hospital in Baltic, Mich. We are glad to record that he was graduated with honor.

Irving Frost has been working for the Queen's County Trust Company of New York. He frequently runs up to Woodstock in his automobile.

Frederick F. Rockwell has been touring in Pennsylvania, lecturing in the interest of the New York Evening Call, a Socialist newspaper. He has just accepted a position as circulation manager of the American College Magazine. He holds this position until spring, when he returns to his greenhouse work in Woodstock.

1901.

### "Non Nobis Solum."

During the past year Ethel M. Spalding has taught History and English in Norwich Free Academy. Her many friends will be glad to hear of her promotion to a higher grade of work.

Charles Sabin Spalding still finds well-drilling an agreeable occupation. Recently he has drilled seventeen wells for the Water Works at Webster, Mass. He expects to continue this work the coming year.

Frank F. Davenport has completed another successful year with Alexander Brothers of Providence, R. I.

Phoebe W. Randall is employed in an art store in Hartford, Conn.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert R. Slye are living in Pomfret Centre, Conn. Mr. Slye is assisting his father with the

farm work.

Mary E. Aldrich has completed a successful year of teaching at the Woodstock Centre School. She has resigned her position and expects to teach at the Bugbee Neighborhood the coming year.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman B. Chandler with Miss Dorothy Clark Chandler are living in Worcester, Mass. Mr. Chandler has charge of the Worcester Hardware Company. See "Morning."

Ernest Williamson is with the Atlas Motor Company, Springfield, Mass. He recently made a business trip to Chicago, Ill. Mr. and Mrs. Williamson live at 33 Medford street, Springfield, Mass.

Olive A. Paine has been teaching in Newton, Mass. Her work has been in the fifth and sixth grades.

Thomas A. Louby is employed in the construction department of an engineering and contracting firm of Boston. At present he is in Lee, Mass.

Ewart M. Brunn is commission merchant in the firm of Heyemeyer & Brunn, New York City.

1902.

### "Nil Sine Labore."

E. V. Lew Cox, one of our trained nurses, is at home in West Woodstock when not on duty.

Mary Frost is again spending the summer in West Woodstock.

James V. Perrin has been surveying in the forests in Canada the past year. He must be becoming accomplished as cook and guide as well as civil engineer.

Gertrude Tabor Howard has made a change in her occupation since the Gleaner was last issued. Notice of her advance is elsewhere noted in the Gleaner.

Jessie M. Hibbard has headquarters in Greenfield when not out on a case nursing. The class of 1902 can boast of three graduate nurses.

Alexander J. Hibbard is in the West now, at present located at Spokane, Wash.

Jessie Withey is still in the employ of the William H. Gallison Company in Boston.

Rosa Loudon Gilbertson is still living in New Jersey, where she has been for two years past.

Florence Barber taught the school the past year in District No. 2, South Woodstock, and has given good satisfaction.

Harry Child is still in the employ of the Patterson Manufacturing Company and is now located in Montreal, Can.

Herbert A. Johnson is in the Post

Office at Putnam, helping Uncle Sam.

Lotta M. Stackpole is at home with her mother.

Ermond Brunn is just entering into the business of electric light supplies and other electric fixtures in Glen Cove, Long Island.

Chauncy S. Child and Louise J. Lindemann were married July 21. This wise procedure, to the great satisfaction of the people of Woodstock, has anchored them more firmly than before to their native town. They are keeping house at the old Bugbee Place.

1903.

### "Altior."

Helen L. Chandler has spent most of the past year at her home in East Woodstock. She reports that her plans for next year are not yet settled.

Grace B. Church has been taking weekly vocal lessons of Miss Harriet E. Barrows of Providence. Those who heard her sing on Academy Sunday and at the Graduates' Reunion this June were much pleased with her success. Miss Church is engaged as soloist at the Congregational Church in East Douglas, and has also announced another engagement more interesting and more lasting. Lucky Mr. White!

Florence I. Hibbard has completed her first year at the Willimantic Normal School. She will return thither in the fall.

Alice M. Steere has spent the last year at Long Branch, N. J. She is now starting for Maine.

Grace L. Sumner has undertaken the teaching of a difficult school in Pomfret, and has swung the job in ship-shape fashion. She is engaged to continue there another year.

Cornelius DeF. Haskell in an interesting letter informs us that he is cashier of the First National Bank of Gregory, South Dakota. He had the good fortune to draw a claim in the last of the Rosebud Drawings, and is holding it down by driving out every night after banking hours. Good for Neal.

Clarence R. Hall has finished his second year at the Yale Law School with honors. He is a member of the Yale gymnastic team and has been appointed to the Advisory Board of the Yale Daily News.

Frank W. Rockwell is heard from in another part of this issue. He can be communicated with by writing him care Postmaster of New York City, U. S. S. New Hampshire.

Allan W. Upham has been giving piano lessons in Woodstock and East

Woodstock during the past year and at the same time keeping up his study in Boston. He expects to continue his study and lessons next year. The Putnam Patriot has been publishing an interesting series of articles, written by this classmate of ours, on the birds of Woodstock.

1904.

### "Veritas Vincet."

E. Bernice Leavitt, after a nearly completed year at New Britain Normal School, was obliged to return home on account of a serious illness. We are very glad to learn she is much improved, and expects to return in the fall.

Annie Nelson taught in the Quasset District the past year, and expects to have the same school the ensuing year.

Blanche Shippy has been teaching in Stafford and is to have the same position next year.

Annie Shippy is employed as bookkeeper at Putnam's box shop, Webster, Mass.

Florence Safford, formerly employed as stenographer and typewriter by the C. A. King Company, wholesale grocers of Worcester, has resigned her position, and is planning to make a visit in the West this fall.

William Nelson has completed his second year at Trinity.

Edgar Whitney is still with the Grosvenordale Company, Grosvenordale, Conn.

Spencer Child is in greenhouse work on the Millbank estate in Greenwich, Conn. Greenwich is really a suburb of New York and this estate is one of the largest among the many in that vicinity.

1905.

### "Semper Paratus."

Ethel A. Rawson was graduated from the State Normal Training School at Providence, R. I., June 25, 1909. She was one of six in her class to take up a special course in addition to the regular work. The class of 1905 is ready to vouch for her success.

Harry E. Wells has spent the year at home. He is turning his attention to art, and the class confidently expects to number an artist in its ranks.

Fred W. Howard is residing at his new home on the Law farm, Woodstock, Conn., and is engaged in agriculture. During the past year he has taken unto himself a helpmate. For further particulars see "Noon."

Nellie T. Burleson has been teaching in Willington, Conn. Her plans for next year are uncertain.

Edmund K. Gilbert, since his gradua-

tion from Pratt Institute, has been employed in the Brooklyn Edison Electrical Company.

1906.

**"Tempore Utamur."**

Maude Healey was graduated from the Willimantic Normal School this June and expects to teach in South Woodstock.

Lottie Howard has been teaching in West Woodstock during the past year and will be at home this year, as the school which she taught is to be closed.

Ethel Upham will continue teaching in the Paine District, Thompson.

Maude Andrews is at home in Woodstock.

Elizabeth Carr has successfully completed her course at the New Haven Normal School of Gymnastics, and intends to teach at the Starkey Seminary, Lakemont, N. Y.

Marvin Hyde has taken up the active life of a farmer at his home in Woodstock.

On account of ill health Carl Morse was unable to complete his Sophomore year at Williston Seminary, and expects to remain at home this year.

Florence Welch taught at Pembina, No. Dak., last year, but her throat gave out and she was obliged to return home in February. She goes to the University of Nebraska next year and is to be the roommate of Sadie Herrington.

Sarah M. Herrington taught at Elmwood, Neb., last year, and would have been glad to return, but has concluded to go to the University of Nebraska.

Mabel Ritch was graduated from the Household Arts Department of the Framingham Normal School. She has engaged to teach Domestic Science in the Hunt Memorial School, Freeville, N. Y.

1907.

**"Alta Petens."**

Donald Perley has completed his second year at Clark University. He expects to complete his course the coming year.

Henry Baker during the past year has been employed as machinist at the Powhatan Mill and the Putnam Foundry and Machine Company, both of Putnam. He says nothing of any plans for the coming year.

Herbert Shippey has remained at home.

Edith Williams has completed her

second year at Northfield, where she made a specialty of Household Arts. She expects to complete the study of Household Arts at Pratt's Institute.

Clara Myers taught school in Mashapaug part of the past year.

Mary Myers Graham taught school in District No. 1 in Union. See "Noon."

Mary Nelson has been doing kindergarten work in a Hartford institution the past year and expects to continue the same.

Mabel B. Eddy severed her connections with the Boothby Training School last December and has been home since. Her plans for the coming year are not yet settled.

1908.

**"Geduld."**

Mildred L. Brown has taught in the Bugbee Neighborhood during the past year. She will enter New Britain Normal School in the fall for a two years course.

Robert A. Whiting has completed his first year at Clark College. He played on his class basketball team and they won the college championship. He also sang on the college glee club and was one of ten chosen from the entire college for prize speaking. Good for Robert!

Gladys M. Wilson has attended Miss Porter's school in Springfield and will spend the coming year with her parents in Southbridge.

Hazel E. Davenport has taught the primary school in Pomfret during the last year. Her plans for next year are not yet formed.

Hattie Nelson has been at home in Woodstock and has made no plans for next year.

John B. Healey has spent the year at home. He will enter Storrs College in September.

Winifred S. Potter has spent the year at home in North Woodstock. She will take the entrance examinations for Mount Holyoke, entering in 1910.

O. Louise Fitts has been at home in Pomfret. She expects to teach in the fall in the Jericho District of Pomfret.

1909.

**"Nitentes."**

Bernice Bates expects to teach the coming year. The other members, however, are planning to study agriculture and domestic science in their home institutes. Nitantur et niteant.

**MORNING.**

"The sweetest thing that ever grew  
Beside a human door."

—Wordsworth.

**BIRTHS.**

Sept. 17, 1908. A daughter, Sarah, to Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Healy of North Woodstock.

Oct. 30, 1908. A son, Dexter Emerson, to Mr. and Mrs. Henry E. Bannister of Webster, Mass.

Nov. 4, 1908. A son, George Chandler, to Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Holt of New York.

Nov. 9, 1908. A son, Hugh, to Mr. and Mrs. Percy McClellan of Haverhill, Mass.

Dec. 26, 1908. A son, Everett Lyman, to Mr. and Mrs. Everett L. Upham of Boston, Mass.

Jan. 3, 1908. A daughter, Amy Lydia, to Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Colvin of Worcester, Mass.

Jan. 6, 1909. A son to Mr. and Mrs. Sidney D. Upham of Revere, Mass.

Jan. 12, 1909. A daughter, Geneva Carr, to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Fokett of East Woodstock.

Jan. 15, 1909. A daughter, Marjory, to Mr. and Mrs. Paul Gaylord of Erie, Pa.

Feb. 11, 1909. A daughter, Gretchen Olah, to Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Thurber of Narragansett Pier, R. I.

Feb. 12, 1909. Twin daughters, Elizabeth and Ruth, to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur O. Williams of Norwood, R. I.

June 1, 1909. A daughter, Dorothy Clarke, to Mr. and Mrs. Herman B. Chandler of Worcester, Mass.

July 22, 1909. A son, Stewart Leslie, to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur G. Morse of East Woodstock, Conn.

February, 1909. A son, Charles, to Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Dennis of Windber, Pa.

May 17, 1909. A daughter, Grace Evelyn, to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur C. Potter of North Woodstock.

Nov. 30, 1908. A daughter, Hazel Marion, to Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Harris of New Rochelle, N. Y.

**NOON.**

"Ferdinand. Here's my hand.  
Mianda. And mine, with my heart in it."

—Shakespeare.

**MARRIAGES.**

Aug. 17, 1908. In Putnam, Conn., Herman B. Chandler and Helen E. Clarke.

Oct. 2, 1908. In East Woodstock, Arthur G. Morse and Mary J. Alton.

Oct. 17, 1908. In Windham, Conn.,

Elsie W. Bates and Albert E. Saunders.  
Nov. 18, 1908. In Spencer, Mass., Wallace H. Leavett and Leta A. Haynes.

Dec. 5, 1908. In Woodstock, Conn., Frederic W. Howard and Gertrude L. Taber.

Dec. 19, 1908. In Eastford, Conn., Charles D. Tatem and Jennie F. Bosworth.

May 27, 1909. In East Woodstock, Conn., Oliver H. Lowe and Helen A. Foster.

May 29, 1909. In Malden, Mass., Carl W. Smith and Bertha B. Page.

July 21, 1909. In Woodstock, Conn., Chauncey S. Child and Louise J. Lindeman.

Aug. 18, 1909. At West Woodstock, Mary R. Myers to Rev. Hugh Finlay Graham.

June 23, 1909. In South Woodstock, Olive N. Moore and Daniel C. Basto.

March 15, 1909. In Ukiah, Cal., Allen G. Aldrich to Hazel Prince.

**NIGHT.**

"Men  
Can counsel and speak comfort to that  
grief

Which they themselves not feel."

—Shakespeare.

**DEATHS.**

Aug. 15, 1908. Lyman Snow of Sutton, Mass.

Sept. 16, 1908. Claire Hooker, infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Catlin, Lynn, Mass.

Sept. 18, 1908. Walter O. Whitney of South Woodstock.

Dec. 14, 1908. Harold K. Morse of Putnam, Conn.

Jan. 5, 1909. Mrs. Welcome H. Brenning (Ellen E. Robbins) of Packerville, Conn.

Jan. 9, 1909. Infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Upham, Revere, Mass.

Feb. 3, 1909. William R. Barber of Putnam, Conn.

March 15, 1909. Everett Lyon, in a hospital in New York City.

May 29, 1909. Rev. A. G. Hibbard of Torrington, Conn.

June 12, 1909. Mrs. Evelyn Dean Snow of Fall River, Mass.

June 23, 1909. Mary Lizzie Lindeman of Woodstock.

July 7, 1909. Mrs. Arthur Wells (Elmie Sanger) of South Woodstock.

Jan. 5, 1909. Ellen Elizabeth Ingalls, at Abington, Conn.

Feb. 23 and March 12, 1909. In Norwood, R. I., Elizabeth and Ruth, twin daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur O. Williams.

July 27, 1909. Clayton L. Alexander of Burlington, Vt.

April, 1908. Kenneth R. Fitts, son of Mr. and Mrs. Burton T. Fitts of Providence, R. I.

### PROGRAMME.

Public Rhetoricals given by the students of Woodstock Academy at the Academy Hall, Friday evening, March 26, 1909, commencing at 7:30 o'clock.

#### Orchestra.

##### PART I.

1. Chorus—The Fireside King, Dorothy Rose
2. Declamation—The Home in the Government, Grady  
Lyman R. Fitts.
3. Recitation—Her Letter, Bret Harte  
Edith A. Eddy.
4. Recitation—The Sermon, Flora B. Allton.
5. Declamation—  
(a) St. Patrick was a Gentleman, Henry Bennett  
(b) When the Train Comes in, Nixon Waterman  
Leonard H. Healey, Jr.

#### Orchestra.

##### PART II.

1. Declamation—Carrying the Message to Garcia, Hubbard  
Wallace E. Armstrong.
2. Recitation—Knee Deep in June, Riley  
Mary E. Flynn.
3. Chorus—Swing Song (Female Voices), Leavitt
4. Declamation—The New South, H. W. Grady  
Adolph W. Lawson.
5. Recitation—My Double, Edward Everett Hale

GLEANER TWENTY-TWO 22 22 22  
Alice R. Wilbur.

#### Orchestra.

##### PART III.

1. Declamation—Dead Upon the Field of Honor, Higginson  
Louis K. Miller.
2. Declamation—Teaching Rollo to Play, Burdette  
Raymond W. Sheldon.
3. Chorus—A Cabin Lullaby (Female Voices), Philander Johnson
4. Recitation—Penelope's Christmas Dance, Cloud

Edith S. Briggs.

#### Orchestra.

##### PART IV.

1. Recitation—Aux Italiens, R. Bulwer Lytton  
Marion E. Smith.

2. Declamation—Lincoln, Pres. Stryker  
Herbert E. Nelson.
3. Recitation—Mr. Coon and Mr. Rabbit, Joel Chandler Harris  
Bernice E. Bates.
4. Recitation—An Easter with Pareppa, Myra S. Deland  
Lyle W. Turner.
5. Chorus—Sailors' Chorus, Leavitt

### PROGRAMME.

Graduating exercises, Class of 1909, at Woodstock Academy, Woodstock, Conn., at 2:30 o'clock P. M., Friday, June 25, 1909:

1. Orchestra.
2. Prayer, Rev. Martin L. Williston
3. Orchestra.
4. Address, Eleanor Harris Rowland, Ph. D.
5. Orchestra.
6. Presentation of Diplomas, Edith Hayward Hall, Ph. D.
7. Orchestra.

### GRADUATING CLASS, 1909.

#### "Nitentes."

##### Latin Scientific.

Bernice Elliott Bates, Lyle Wiedler Turner.

##### English Scientific.

Edith Spencer Briggs, Marion Etta Smith, Louis Kirk Miller.

##### Senior Class Honor Essay.

Lyle Wiedler Turner.

### ACADEMY SUNDAY, JUNE 20, 1909.

Sermon by Rev. Martin L. Williston, Pomfret, Conn., at the Woodstock Congregational Church, 11 o'clock A. M.

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