

Woodstock Academy GLEANER

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No. 3.

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Woodstock Academy Gleaner

Vol. IV. Woodstock, Conn., September, 1913.

No. 3

EDITORIALS.

The 25th Anniversary.

This June marked the completion of Mr. Hall's twenty-fifth year as Principal of the Academy. It was not possible for the Alumni and friends of the Academy to adequately express their appreciation of his splendid record; nevertheless, they wished him to have some tangible proof of their friendship and affection, so during the summer his former and present pupils and his large host of friends decided to present him with a loving cup.

The response to this decision was instantaneous, and friends and the Alumni from all parts of the country were only too eager to share in the gift.

On August 29th, the loving cup was presented to Mr. Hall, together with the sum of five hundred dollars.

The loving cup is inscribed as follows:

E. R. HALL

From his pupils and friends.
A token of gratitude and appreciation
of twenty-five years of unselfish devotion
to the education and character
building of the boys and girls of
Woodstock Academy.

1888 — 1913.

If Mr. Hall could hear all the expressions of affections and admiration which have been given him on every side, he would realize indeed that his friends and pupils feel they owe him a debt of gratitude which never can be repaid.

C. H.

PERMIT me, through the columns of the *Gleaner*, to express my hearty thanks to the friends who have presented to me such a generous token of their esteem and friendship upon this the close of my twenty-fifth year of service as Principal of the Woodstock Academy.

The "loving cup" in itself seems a richly adequate expression of your warm-hearted friendship. It will always be a beautiful reminder of the delightful associations I have had with the half-thousand boys and girls to whom I have been a teacher during the past quarter of a century, and of the warm support always universally given me by officers, parents, and other friends.

The twenty-five promisory notes of the United States government which lined the cup, what shall I say of these? They surely speak generosity with no uncertain sound; and as I have been given to understand that they come from a large number of spontaneous givers, I am confident they express a kindness and friendship which perhaps cannot, under the circumstances, be expressed as well in any other way, and which therefore have a richer significance than Uncle Sam ever dreamed of with all his beautiful engraving. I shall therefore put them to one side until the suitable time comes to exchange them for something that will harmonize with the spirit of the giving.

I receive these tokens of your

esteem and friendship then with very great graditude. But I am not so blind as not to see that there are many men and women in our little town who have lived out the obligations of their lives for more than twenty-five years, just as devotedly and deservingly as you seem to think I have, and that the difference between their position and mine is largely one of good fortune on my side. And so I thank you all most heartily, and also thank "my stars" that I have been placed among such kindly people and under such happy conditions.

Most gratefully yours,
E. R. HALL.

A Fighting Chance.

Those who read this page last year will remember that there was a good deal of doubt as to whether or not the *Gleaner* could be kept alive.

The committee to whom the affairs of the *Gleaner* were given in charge found it "without visible means of support," but nevertheless, decided to get it out for one more year. For several years, ever since the re-union in fact, the *Gleaner* has not quite paid for itself each year. Last year however the deficit was only \$5.60, and this year there is every prospect, if the readers of the *Gleaner* will support it as well as in former years, that we will come out even, or possibly a little bit ahead. That is however a big "if." Every year there are a number of people to whom the *Gleaner* is sent who through oversight neglect to send in a quarter for it. May we

again take this opportunity therefore of urging everyone who receives a copy of the *Gleaner* to promptly remit twenty-five cents. Send it in two-cent stamps if you want to, and we will be responsible for their arrival in good order. Or, better still, remit a one-dollar bill, which will cover your subscription for four years. Remittances may be made to Miss Nellie D. Chandler, Woodstock, Conn.

Shall the Academy be Changed?

As many of the readers of the *Gleaner* already know, and as others will see upon reading the articles by Mr. Hall and Mr. Holt, there has been some agitaion during the last year for transforming the Academy into an agricultural or semi-agricultural school. While nothing will be done about this for the present, it is a matter which is very likely to come up again, and every resident of Woodstock is vitally interested in it. This is not a detail of management which should be left to the directors alone, but should be intelligently discussed and thought over by all who are interested, not alone in the welfare of the Academy but of the community.

And this brings us to another point. Mr. Hall has brought out in his article the fact that a greater unity and co-ordination must exist among the several districts which go to make up the township before a movement for a bigger institution could become successful. Such a move or change should by no means be delayed until there is immediate

prospect of our having a different school. It is needed now, and needed badly, not only for the welfare of our community as regards the academy and the district school system, but in every way.

The Academy could be made a centre, without any change in its curriculum or addition to its endowment, for such a "get-together" movement. We as a community are not yet living up to our possibilities, and it is very largely because we have not yet learned to work together. Such a movement has been given definite concrete expression in our sister town of Pomfret by the "Neighborhood Club," and the results have certainly been highly beneficial. Our own conditions are somewhat different, and maybe it would not be possible for us to "go and do likewise." But certainly we should and could do something to decrease the internal friction and increase our efficiency as a community.

Education and the Higher Life.

PROF. SAMUEL T. DUTTON, LL. D.

Mr. Dutton, after being introduced in a somewhat elaborate and complimentary manner by Mr. Hall, said, "I esteem it a high honor as well as a great pleasure to take part in these closing exercises of this historic institution. When I was a freshman at Yale, in the class of 1873, I always regarded the class of '72 as about the greatest thing on earth, and now that a member of that class, your Principal, has condescended to invite me to follow in

succession distinguished members of his own class, who have spoken on similar occasions, I esteem the honor very highly."

It is evident in a country like ours education must hold an increasingly large place. We may almost say that our chief business is to educate the people. A second truth equally obvious is that the ultimate aim of all education is to build character, or in other words, to develop the higher life of the individual and of society. Let us look for a few moments at the vast machinery for education as we see it working to-day. Each of the forty-eight states of the Union has its own school system, and is a rival of all other states in its provision of plant for the training of teachers and in the highly differentiated and closely articulated scheme for instruction, training and betterment. In these modern days communication is so easy and the educational systems of states and cities are in such close touch with each other, in aim, purpose, and even in practice, there is a remarkable degree of uniformity.

What is the aim of this great system of American common schools, beginning with the kindergarten and leading up to the college or university? Speaking broadly we may say its purpose is to improve and elevate the common life of the people, so that throughout the vast extent of our country common man may be intelligent and competent, and that the common home may be a place where there is not only self-support but self-respect, and where there is a good degree of comfort and happiness.

The "industrial revolution" of the last century, with machinery for making everything and doing nearly everything, with a vast expansion of labor in certain directions, and a displacement or contraction of labor in other directions, and the in-

coming of millions of workers from Europe, many of whom had been ignorant and unused to conditions of life in a democratic government, have imposed upon us great social and industrial problems. The public school, more than any other human agency, has been, and is to-day, the saving force in the nation, but the support of good homes depends upon natural capacity and the ability to earn an adequate wage. So the American system has imposed upon it the great task of seeing that in all its activities there is some attention to utility, and that many kinds of vocational education be adapted to climate, conditions, etc., in order that the rising generation may be able to succeed industrially, and that our nation may hold her own with England, Germany, and other nations in the great realm of industry and commerce. This leads us to look at another phase of our education, which, while not wholly unrelated, yet enters other fields. I refer to education for industry and commerce in their higher ranges. The history of the upbuilding of our great technical and engineering schools and free universities, reads like a chapter from the Arabian Knights. Nothing is more typically American than the way in which these institutions have gradually adjusted themselves to the great material interests of the nation. For many years we had no scientific men or engineers. What we accomplished in those early days is a high tribute to the ability and spirit of the pioneers who founded the nation. Even then we built fine buildings, docks and bridges. Then came men of scientific and technical training from Europe, and took chairs in our universities, colleges, and finally there sprang up such great engineering schools as those at Yale, Cornell, the Institute of Technology, and more than a

hundred others. The Morrill Act of 1862, whereby Congress made very generous provision for the support of mechanical and technical education, and the various grants made by them since that time, whereby these institutions and experiment stations have been supported, have been the means of developing our great universities, which are to be seen throughout the West munificently supported and splendidly equipped. We have accomplished less in the field of commercial education, but there we have made a beginning, and of our professional schools I need not speak.

Serious minded people are much concerned about the religious and ethical tendencies of this vast scheme of elementary and higher education, and the same anxiety is often expressed concerning some private schools, of which there are so many. I wish at this time, speaking as an optimist, to point out some of the decidedly hopeful indications, and to show that as regards ethical values, American education reflects the best that is current in thought, belief, and practice. The stream does not rise higher than its source. There are more than twenty millions of children and youth enrolled in the public and private schools of the country, employing more than half a million teachers. I venture to say that these men and women, in moral and religious standing in the several communities where they live, in character and sincerity, represent the best that the nation can produce. Personality is a high factor and the influence of teachers in public and private schools often far transcends that of parents, and it is usually in favor of what is good and true and worthy. In the schools there is a constant practice of virtue and the forming of habits upon which character is built. There is a very high degree of social co-

operation expressed, not only in various affiliated activities developing self-direction, responsibility and honor, but in the ordinary life of school there has been a vast improvement in recent years. The relations of teachers to the pupils and of teachers with parents are much more sympathetic and kindly. The whole regimen of the school is more interesting and uplifting. The whole child is considered at school and is given those things to do which develop him physically, intellectually and morally. There is a higher culture through literature, music and art. Thrift and good taste are taught in connection with domestic art and science. Schools are brought into close relation with the public library, and the pupils are taught to read and appreciate good books. In large cities museums of art, industry, and natural history are freely opened to classes.

In thinking of the colleges, universities and technical schools, there may be more ground for anxiety, but here nearly every institution has its religious and social center, and it is said that the moral tone of student life is constantly improving.

In all this vast system of education, with this strong industrial and vocational movement, and the increasing emphasis which is placed upon efficiency of the quantitative rather than the qualitative, many are asking what hope is there that culture will survive, and that the higher spiritual functions of men will not be overlooked. Well, in the last half-century everything has changed. Theology has changed. The higher criticism has brought new views of truth, and hence teaching and preaching has changed. Out in the mission fields of the far East the missionaries are no longer preaching an abstract belief, but are planning schools and colleges, and teaching people how to live as

Christian citizens. As the teachings of Jesus place life and conduct above belief, so the great social movement which we see to-day may be regarded as the spirit of the Master working in human society. In the school the catechism is considered of less account than the spirit of honor shown by boys in a ball game or a swimming match. That home is considered the most Christian where thoughtfulness, courtesy, and sweetness of temper prevail. The merchant whose word is as good as his bond is considered a better Christian than he whose main purpose is to hinder or crush his competitor.

Perhaps the most impressive fact in our modern life is the exercise of philanthropy and altruism. Never have men given so liberally for the good of their fellows. Modern legislation in state and nation is largely made up of attempts to improve social conditions. The progressive movement is not confined to one political party but prevades the whole atmosphere. Numberless organizations of men and women are trying to seek and save those who are lost. Education is seen to be, in this land and in all lands, a redemptive agency, and character, as formed in the American schools and colleges to-day, is not blind to the great ideals of the race. The world is brought closely together. In student life there is a remarkable movement for mutual acquaintance and good will. Three hundred members of the Cosmopolitan Clubs of the world are now on a tour of this country and have just spent two weeks in religious conference at Lake Mohonk. The movement for international peace, which is rapt up with the highest of all human ideals of brotherhood of man and good will, has reached the schools, and will, in time, help to develop throughout the world such a sentiment as will make war

absolutely impossible.

The New England academy of fifty years ago existed in an atmosphere quite different from that of the modern secondary school. It was unique. Those of us who enjoyed its benefits may well be thankful. I am glad that here and there a few of these old academies still perform their inestimable service in training leaders, and in holding strongly, as some of them at least do, to the humanities as the means of the highest culture. It is due to them that in this historic town this institution has done its quiet work so many years, and is still such a center of influence and of dignity. I congratulate the Principal, who has served here so long; I congratulate the people, not only those residing here permanently but those who come back to a summer home. The Academy to-day is not far separated from the great educational movement to which I have referred. It feels its throb and responds to its influence. If, by reason of environment and its independent position, it can be somewhat more conservative and can stand somewhat more strongly for the interests of the spirit, let us be profoundly glad.

To the members of the graduating class I would say, you have reason to be thankful that your early life has been spent in this fine New England community and that you have had your secondary education in this Academy, which holds an honored place among New England's institutions. I would suggest one word as expressing the spirit with which you may well go forth as graduates, and that is, *appreciation*. You may well appreciate your home, your environment, Principal and teachers who have helped you, and your associates with whom you have worked so happily. The spirit of appreciation is one to be cultivated and strengthened. My

hope is that you may be prospered and blessed in all your future life.

Agricultural or Academic?

E. R. HALL.

It is quite generally known that a proposition has been made to the trustees of Woodstock Academy to change the institution into a school in which agriculture, manual training and domestic science, shall be the predominating lines of instruction. It is not therefore untimely to discuss this question of change in the columns of the *Gleaner*.

In our present condition we are called upon to look at this question from two standpoints. First, would such a change be desirable; and secondly, is it possible.

Speaking then from the theoretical point of view, what does the change offer?

First, it claims to offer courses of study better adapted to the needs of the majority of students of our community, better adapted to the life which most of our citizens must lead. This claim is substantially correct. A large number, one might almost say the majority of students in the Academy are not getting the full advantage from the studies now pursued. This is due the fact that the ability and tastes of themselves and of their home people are such as to make them interested only in those things which bear closely upon the life that they are living every day. The proposed courses of study therefore would appeal to them and would command their interest to a greater degree than the present instruction can. We would then have, as they say, students willingly working with enthusiasm, rather than a group of boys and girls performing certain largely compulsory tasks. Thus education would get somewhat away from books and mental activities, into the field of

manual training, into the skillful manipulation of muscles, into the farm and domestic life. This is in strict harmony with many of the modern movements in education, and has in it much that is deserving of commendation.

On the other hand we must bear in mind, that the average boy or girl in not usually being educated when he follows only those lines of study which appeal to his tastes or which are going to bring him a livelihood. Every phase of our life to-day is crying aloud for men rather than bread-winners. The demand is for men and women broadly enough and deeply educated to carry them largely, in thought and act, outside of the personal interest. If public spirit is limited by private interest, patriotism becomes selfishness. If scholarship reaches out no further than to the acquisition of means to gain a livelihood, our future citizens will be men equipped with physical resources, but not with the power to serve their generation, or get the highest satisfaction out of life. Character will give way to commercialism and materialism.

It should be remembered, however, that those who advocate the change do not intend to throw out the present courses excepting those of ancient and modern languages. As it is now, the students of the Latin Scientific Course have one-fourth of all their instruction devoted to Latin. Those taking the English Scientific Course have only one-eighth devoted to a modern language. It would seem therefore that the proposed change was not extremely radical. But this is not the full statement of the case. The courses in History, Mathematics, English and the Sciences are not to be displaced, but they must of necessity be modified and limited and directed, so that the entire trend of the work of the Academy shall be

in the direction of the practical side of the farm life. Such being the case it is easy to see that after the new courses have been introduced and the old ones modified, there will not be time enough in the school year to give the old courses the attention and emphasis which they are now receiving.

The advocates of the change also claim that there is a wide spread, irresistible movement in the direction of these new forms of education. That there is soon to come generous help from the county and State. That if Woodstock takes the initiative and is early to the front, she will be in the position to receive a "lion's share" of these appropriations. How much of this claim is reasonable expectation, and how much is merely enthusiastic hopefulness we must be careful to consider. To be sure we have a drawing card in our plant here; the fund, the building and its equipment. Moreover if public money is to be distributed we would like to have a reasonable share come our way. But let us see to it that in our eagerness to get more we do not lose what we already have. Let us not forget the dog in the fable who dropped the bone which he already held in his jaws, to reach for the one which he saw reflected in the water.

It has also been claimed that a successful agricultural school here would draw to our town a large number of outside students; would throw new life into our community; open new opportunities in our midst, and increase the value of our farm property. It is an attractive picture. These conditions are very generally desired. But this vision of prosperity should not lead us away from the fundamental purpose of our institution. How is the Academy to render the highest service in education to the young people of the community is what we should seek.

To increase the material prosperity of the town by diminishing the quality of the education of its young people is a step not to be hastily taken.

But all these general points of discussion must take a secondary position when we consider the practicability of the proposed change. Two things at least are absolutely essential for the successful carrying out of the proposition. First, an enthusiastic support of the measure on the part of the town and community; secondly, three times the present income of the Academy.

It is but natural that an Academy which has been doing its work for over a century should have a large body of former students whose devotion to their alma mater will not permit them easily to become enthusiastic over this change of the institution. They are conservative not only of a sentiment of loyalty, but because of their appreciation of the high service the Academy has rendered them.

Nor is the town at large one to be easily aroused to a united devotion to a cause. We are made up of too many localities, each with its own interests, there are too many men seeking a front position for themselves, to make a united move possible. On the other hand we sorely need men of training and of means, who will get outside of their own personal advantages, and will have public spirit enough to be our leaders in matters of public welfare. Of such we have few.

Then how are we to treble our financial resources? Of course the town of Woodstock, in its poverty, isn't going to a four-thousand-dollar addition to its annual assessment. The writer can think of no citizen or group of citizens who are ready to step forward to make up this sum. It required a long and strenuous effort to bring the present fund up to where it is. Some new field

of resources must be discovered. We have prospects set before us of county, State, and even of federal aid, but until those prospects materialize no definite means are at hand for the change; therefore the change at present is impossible.

As a final word, it is our opinion that there is need in our community for some such work as the change under discussion would bring. But the work of the Academy at present is too valuable to be largely set aside. If the means can be found, it seems to us that it would be better to enter upon this new line of work gradually, fitting it in quantity and in kind to the community as we discover them. Let us hold on to the work which has helped to make most of our best men and women, even though they leave us for what seems to them better opportunities elsewhere. Let us ever try also to show them, by practical illustration and by instruction the great possibilities of the farm life, and help them to hear the loud call for service in their own community.

The Teacher.

F. F. ROCKWELL.

In the scales that are used by the
Weigher of Life, when the harvest
is garnered and stored,
The fame and the gold go in as chaff
that counts but dust and dross;
In as much as ye do it one of these
is grain before the Lord.
In as much as ye serve your fellowmen,
in as much as ye give, ye gain;
The life that is spent in the service of
man, though unheralded and unpaid,
Is the life that yields in the harvest day
full measure of golden grain.
Unto the Teacher's hands they come,
raw souls from the womb of Time.
And out of his life he fills their needs,
and fashions them one by one,
And, maker of men, he sends them forth,
for a wage half meagre—yet half
sublime.

The Advantage of Turning the Academy into an Agricultural School.

HAMILTON HOLT.

I am very glad to accept the invitation of the editors of the *Gleaner* to contribute a brief article in defense of the proposal to turn Woodstock Academy into an agricultural community high school.

Life in the rural communities of New England is being depleted, as everyone knows. Eastern Connecticut is no exception to this rule. The town of Woodstock has, I understand, a thousand less inhabitants now than it had two or three generations ago. The village of West Woodstock was within the memory of those now living a bristling populous community. On Woodstock Hill, almost every family has sons or brothers who have left town to seek their fortunes elsewhere. Of those who received their education at the Academy only George Sampson and the Spaulding boys remain in the village. Some twenty-three are now living in other places whose families now reside on the Hill. During the last twenty-five years only 15 per cent of the boys who have graduated from the Academy now live in the township.

It is evident that Woodstock is sending its best and most valuable young people away from home. All this might not be so bad if other towns in return sent their sons and daughters to locate in Woodstock. The only people who seem to be coming here to any extent (the Swedish immigration having practically stopped,) are the Southern Europeans in the western part of the township and the summer residents in the eastern part; both elements less desirable than the old New England stock.

The only way, it seems to me, for Woodstock to regain its past prosperity and population, is to keep the young people in the town. The only way to do this is to make it possible for them to make a good living in Woodstock. The only way for the majority to make a living is by agriculture in New England nowadays is to learn the new and intensive methods that are being worked out and taught in our agricultural colleges, experiment stations and model farms. The only way to teach these new methods on a community scale is to bring agricultural education to the people, for the people will not seek it themselves. Obviously agricultural education can best be furnished by the schools, though of course many other agencies may be made to co-operate.

Woodstock Academy has had a rich and honorable career. It has probably done more for the town than any other institution, not even the churches excepted. But the Academy is remaining stationery in a progressive age. Its type is now one of the few remaining survivors of a bygone era. The old academies that used to flourish throughout New England have been supplanted by town high schools on the one hand and private preparatory schools on the other. Except within the circumference of a few miles, the Academy cannot compete with the Putnam high school on the one hand or the fashionable Pomfret and Thompson schools on the other. Once there were a hundred or more pupils at the Academy. Parents would settle in the town to give their children an education. Of late years, however, there have not been usually over fifty pupils in attendance. Will anyone dare prophesy that even the high-water mark of fifty will continue if the Academy jogs along year after year under present conditions?

The Acedemy has now some

twenty rooms (including those occupied by the Principal's family) of which only five or six are used for classroom purposes. Here is a great plant in good condition worth about \$25,000 and with an endowment of \$30,000 more, practically going to waste, both for school and community purposes. The Academy could educate three or four times the number of pupils it now has and could accomodate all the various outside activities of the town. The trouble is that the Academy, like all other old time schools, has not been preparing so much for life as for college entrance examinations, although only one or two pupils a year go from it to college. In other words the forty-eight pupils who do not go to college are required to follow the curriculum designed especially for the two or three that do. The principle is the same as if fifty workers in a factory were not permitted to form a labor union for their own benefit because one or two of their members would become employers and would not need the union's protection. In other words although the Academy is the only preparation for life that the forty-eight out of the fifty pupils get, yet they are taught there little if anything that directly benefits them in earning a living or improving the home or farm, and therefore the community. If this is not the aristocratic view of education, then I am greatly mistaken. It seems to be the principle of the least good to the greatest number.

From the latest available catalog of the Academy I find there are two courses,—an English Scientific and a Latin Scientific course. There was until recently a Classical course which was like the Latin Scientific except that Greek was substituted for history, but that is abandoned. The English Scientific and Latin Scientific courses are as follows:

English Scientific Course.

FIRST YEAR	SECOND YEAR
FALL TERM	FALL TERM
Arithmetic	Algebra
Physical Geography	Civil Government
English	English
English History	General History
WINTER TERM	WINTER TERM
Arithmetic	Algebra
Physical Geography	Civil Government and
and Physiology	Botany
English	English
English History	General History
SPRING TERM	SPRING TERM
Bookkeeping	Algebra
English History	Botany
English	English
Physiology	General History
THIRD YEAR	FOURTH YEAR
FALL TERM	FALL TERM
Algebra	Plane Geometry
Physics	Astronomy or Chemistry
French or German	French or German
English	English Literature
WINTER TERM	WINTER TERM
Algebra	Solid Geometry
Physics	Trigonometry & Astron-
French or German	omy or Chemistry
English	French or German
English	English Literature
SPRING TERM	SPRING TERM
Plane Geometry	Solid Geometry
Physics	Trigonometry or
French or German	Chemistry
English	French or German
	English Literature

Latin Scientific Course.

FIRST YEAR	SECOND YEAR
FALL TERM	FALL TERM
Arithmetic	Algebra
Physical Geography	Cæsar
Latin	English Composition
English History	General History
WINTER TERM	WINTER TERM
Arithmetic	Algebra
Physical Geography	Cæsar
and Physiology	English Composition
Latin	General History
English History	
SPRING TERM	SPRING TERM
Bookkeeping	Algebra
Physiology	Cæsar
Latin	English Composition
English History	General History
THIRD YEAR	FOURTH YEAR
FALL TERM	FALL TERM
Algebra	Plane Geometry
Physics	Astronomy or Chemistry
Vergil	Cicero
English	English Literature
WINTER TERM	WINTER TERM
Algebra	Solid Geometry
Physics	Trigonometry and
Vergil	Astronomy or Chemistry
English	Cicero
	English Literature
SPRING TERM	SPRING TERM
Plane Geometry	Solid Geometry
Physics	Trigonometry or
Vergil	Chemistry
English	Cicero
	English Literature

Now if we change the Academy into an agricultural or community high school, all we shall do as far as the curriculum is concerned is to immediately drop the ancient and modern languages, and substitute for them the three vocation studies of manual training, domestic science, and agriculture. The courses will then be about as follows:

Courses of Studies for Boys:

- 1.—Spelling, reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, history, essays and elocution.
- 2.—Gardening.
- 3.—Carpenter work.
- 4.—Chemistry and analysis of soil and fertilizers.
- 5.—Mechanical engineering as it relates to farm machinery.
- 6.—Forestry and horticulture.
- 7.—Animal industry including cows, horses, sheep and pigs.
- 8.—Drawing.
- 9.—Surveying and higher mathematics.
- 10.—Agriculture, including knowledge of all important farm crops suitable for the locality.
- 11.—Book keeping and accounts particularly as they relate to the farm.

Courses of Study for Girls:

- 1.—Spelling, reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, history, essays, and elocution.
- 2.—Gardening of small vegetables.
- 3.—Botany.
- 4.—Sewing, dress-making.
- 5.—Domestic science, including housekeeping.
- 6.—Drawing and artistic work, including basket weaving and water color painting.
- 7.—Chicken-raising.
- 8.—English Literature.

9.—Housekeeping accounts.

It will be seen that this curriculum differs from the one now in use only in that vocational training is substituted for the languages. The question therefore is whether the vocational subjects is better for the vast majority of the children of Woodstock, than the study of languages.

There are only three reasons for taking much time and trouble to study languages. First, the mental training; second, the ability to read foreign authors in their native tongue; and third, the ability to make oneself understood when traveling abroad. It is safe to say that the second and third reasons will and should have no weight with nine out of every ten pupils in Woodstock Academy or any other American high school. The only question then is, does the mental training that inevitably follows the study of languages outweigh the training that comes from vocational studies? This is the crux of the whole question, I take it.

Looking over the educational field to-day, there is no doubt that the vocational or practical studies are far out-distancing the old classical studies in our schools and colleges. At the Universities of Wisconsin, Cornell and Illinois (to mention only a few) the agricultural and domestic science courses are much more popular than the languages or the arts. Even in Yale University, the formerly despised Sheffield Scientific School has at last surpassed the academic department in numbers of not prestige. When the movement was on foot, recently, to unite the Massachusetts Institute of Technology with Harvard, it was not the graduates of Harvard who objected, but those of the "Tech" who feared their ideals of efficiency would be contaminated by association with the older institution.

Perhaps one of the greatest discoveries in modern pedagogy is that it is much more pleasurable and a thousand times easier to learn by doing than by thinking. Vocational education is nothing but learning by doing.

I have not time to take up how an agricultural or community school ought to benefit the town of Woodstock in other ways than merely teaching the children; but farm values might be expected to rise and the social activities of the town ought to be quickened with a rightly organized vocational school. These and other benefits have usually followed the introduction of agricultural schools into a community.

The Academy now has an income of \$2,500. If the trustees can raise \$5,000 a year more for five years, that would give money and time to make a fair test of the experiment. Then if all went well it ought to be possible to make the town and the State aid with substantial financial contributions, if indeed it would not be desirable to turn the Academy into a public high school.

Then as soon as the new Academy is on its feet, more boys and girls ought to come from nearby towns. There are undoubtedly many families in Putnam who would not want all their children to go into the mills. These might send some of their boys and girls to Woodstock. There is no reason why an automobile load of them should not come up from Putnam every day, the automobile bringing back on the return trip the one or two Woodstock boys or girls who wished to go to Putnam high school so as to prepare for college.

Woodstock Academy has been greatly blessed by having a Principal for the past generation who has left a greater impress for good on the town than possibly any other man. But he has intimated that

next year is probably his last year as head of the Academy. It is almost certain that no new man can be found of his character and ability to carry on the work as it has been carried on during his admirable incumbency.

But agricultural education is in the air. There is money that can be had now to aid and endow it, that cannot be obtained after agricultural schools have passed the experimental stage. Unless signs fail the movement will spread over the whole country. Are the friends of the old Academy prepared to lead or to wait and follow?

The Call of the North.

NELLIE TOWNE BURLESON, '05.

I return to the haunts of the living,
to the crowded cities of men,
And my friends are thronging around
me to welcome the exile again
To the home which he left in his boy-
hood, the home which seems all so
strange

For nothing I find as I left it, no spot
but has met with a change.

Strange scenes about me are lying, new
sights upon every hand,
Nowhere can I find in this turmoil the
majesty of that land

Where the North Star streams down
the darkness and Auroras gleam
through the air;

Here are crowded paths and tumult and
garish electric glare.

They list as I tell of my wanderings,
but their faces no longer I see;
On my deaf ear their cheers fall un-
heeded; there's another voice
summoning me.

In my soul it is constantly thrilling;
it is calling me; urging me forth
Where the ice-floe and twilight shall
bound me in the wonderland hall
of the North.

Burton E. Leavitt.



In the death of Burton Leavitt, November last, the community lost one of its best known and most loved characters, and the Academy the service and influence of a valued assistant teacher, as he had had charge of the singing and music. He won the universal esteem, appreciation and love of all with whom his work brought him in contact.

Although he achieved distinction in several lines of work, his reputation in them had not become nearly so wide as it deserved to be, partly because his chief interests were not such as to bring him very conspicuously before the general public. It was as a musician and a composer of much talent that he was, perhaps, most widely known. And yet even in this work, which of late years he had largely given up that he might devote more attention to things which he considered of greater importance, he was fully appreciated only by a very small circle. Modern popular music, with its surface jingle of catchy airs and absence of any real feeling or thought, he held in fine disdain. Even in his earlier work, the group of historical operas, including "Bell Rock" and "Idyl of the Mill," which were played for a number of years, with considerable success, in various parts of the state—there was always under the surface a more serious train of thought in which he and his father, who composed most of the librettos, were in accord, and he has often told me that he thought the biggest part of his audience usually missed the meat of the matter. As his work matured, it became more serious in nature, and to the same extent less suited for popular production. His last—and what his musical friends consider by far his best piece of

work, "Tea Tephi," has never been played. He used to refer to it with that sense of humor which all who knew him well came to appreciate as being one of his many pleasant characteristics, as "a work for posterity,"—and for "posterity" rather than prosperity, either financial, or popular, he early chose to devote the remarkable talents and energy which were his. It may be that the future will give his musical work a place more in keeping with its intrinsic value—he would be by no means the first master of "married sounds" to wait long for that reward—and with its deeper meaning; but be that as it may, in life he had that honest wage of knowing that he had put the best that was in him where it would be of the most help and use to his fellow men, without regard to what he himself might gain thereby, and with that wage he was frankly satisfied.

While he was, I believe, a member of no church, every man who knew Burton Leavitt held him to be a Christian of the highest and most sincere type. He was a deep and thorough student of the Bible, and especially of Biblical prophecy, the truth of which, in accordance with the late Professor Totten's work, he held demonstrable not only by historical and scientific, but even by mathematical facts. He was a great admirer of Professor Totten, and after the death of that somewhat erratic but undeniably remarkable genius, felt it his duty to carry on as far as possible the work to which Totten had devoted, if not sacrificed his life. His labors along this line, while arduous, were as usual without financial remuneration—he simply saw it that in this way he would be of the greatest service to his fellows, and without hesitancy, and with his usual modesty, took up the load. "Tea Tephi," to which I have already referred, was an attempt to do for

one of the most dramatic and remarkable of all historical legends—the tracing of the “lost tribe” into the western world—what Wagner did for some of his national legends in his operas—and incidentally every one knows how Wagner was received. This opera of “Tea Tephi” Burton considered his life work; it is dedicated to his mother, who did not live to see its completion; and he did not live to see his masterpiece produced or even to hear it played by a full orchestra. The first copy of the completed work came to him from the printers not many days before his death; but it brought him great relief to know that this much at least of his work was completed.

It was, perhaps, to the local Socialists that Burton’s character was most intimately revealed. No man ever was more deserving of the Socialist title of “comrade,”—not only from those whose political and social beliefs were the same as his, but from everyone with whom he came in contact. Hating injustice and hypocrisy in every form, and the tyranny of present industrial conditions, that hatred never in the slightest degree embittered his disposition or thoughts, and for his fellowmen, in whatever walks of life, he had naught but love. Joining the Socialist cause for a better world in which to let men live, when Socialism was at its beginnings in this country, no sacrifice was too much for him to make for it, and on more than one occasion a deficit in the treasury of the local organization was taken care of by him in the same quiet modest manner that marked all his doings. While he lived to see his avowed political party become a world-power, with millions of votes abroad and a million here in America, he never ceased to continue to do his share, and more, even of humble and routine work.

His devotion to and care for the members of his household, all much older than himself, needs no mention here. Always brave and cheerful, always the soul of kindness, patience and thoughtfulness, he won the warmest affection from all who knew him intimately—and upon them, of course, the terrible burden of his absence must fall most heavily, although the sincerest sympathy of his multitude of friends is with them in these dark days.

The end was as his life has been—cheerful and brave to the last moment, he complained not of himself, but thought only of how he could make things easiest for those about him. He was still in middle life, still in the midst of important work, the doing of which he loved, and which he knew must remain unfinished, but nevertheless, he met the end with a smile.

After all, the years of life are but as leaves upon the tree—it matters little how many or how few. It is the works, the thoughts, the ideals, and even more than these, the character achieved, that is the fruit by which it shall be known; and surely upon all these counts Burton Levitt’s life was full and golden ripe.

“IN DEEDS, NOT YEARS.”

Our comrade’s passed beyond that barren bourn,
Across whose wastes no foot-steps are return’g.
The hills which now he walks are hid in mist
But through the night we see the beacon burn’g.

Time and the stars in their ellipses swing,
Immutable in all thir seeming changing,
Tho Death seem ending, it is but, beyond,
A newer dawn that lights life’s wider ranging.

It is not breath and sleep, the days small round
Of steps and words, that prove us to living.
Nay, the soul breathes in visions, speaks in love!
So grows on still his life, spent most in giving.

—F. F. ROCKWELL.

Some Appreciation of Our Principal.

An Appreciation of Mr. Hall from the Standpoint of the Church:

From the founding of the Academy in 1801 there has been a close union between school and church.

The first principal was a minister and all through the varied history the connection and interest has continued to a greater or less degree. Twenty-five years ago when the life of the Academy was at a very low ebb, Mr. Hall came to Woodstock for a home and to be Principal of the Academy. He at once showed his interest in our church life by attending prayer meeting the first week of his coming, and accepted an invitation to join the choir the following Sunday. In 1891 he was elected Treasurer of the Ec'c'l Society, filling this arduous and trying office with acceptance and faithful service until 1900, and continues a member of the Executive Committee. He has always been closely identified with our Sunday School; was chosen Superintendent over twenty years ago, and occupied that position for a long term of years and his resignation was a grief to all, but he still retains his Bible class, as an able and thoughtful teacher. For a number of years he had charge of the choir and still continues to be one of the musical committee. In 1912 he accepted the office of deacon and continues to fill it to the present time.

To all these duties he has always given the same conscientious thought. An appreciation of Mr. Hall from the standpoint of the church is found indeed to be a difficult task, as we review his work in the twenty-five years—in its varied character we can truthfully

say that he has well sustained the idea of the early fathers that the church and academy should go hand in hand in their work—and his high ideas have made a lasting impression upon the minds of many both old and young. E. E. C.

My Dear Gleaner:

Soon after coming to Woodstock, I believe, Mr. Hall was invited to join the Congregational Church Choir, of which I was then a member. Our acquaintance from that time until I left town was thus close and intimate.

Pleasant, indeed, are the memories of those old choir days and associations. But more than that as a young man I appreciated the honor and inspiration that came to me in having in him one older than myself, so wise and helpful a friend and counsellor.

My life has been immeasurably enriched by his friendship.

—A. E. HOSMER.

Dear Gleaner:

Woodstock Academy has been very fortunate in having had Mr. Hall at its head for the past quarter of a century.

I studied Latin, Greek and mathematics under Mr. Hall. With the possible exception of Prof. Phelps of Yale, in mathematics, he taught those subjects better than any one else I have known.

It is important that a teacher should teach well in the classroom, but not most important.

I have forgotten all the Greek, Latin and most of the mathematics which Mr. Hall taught me.

I have not forgotten Mr. Hall, nor how he insisted upon hard work and "concentration" in the Academy, both for himself and others; nor how he encouraged us in our sports when school was over,

nor how he took part and encouraged us to take part in all the activities which were for the benefit of Woodstock.

I am fortunate in having spent four years in the class-rooms of Woodstock Academy with Mr. Hall, and two years in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Hall.

—HENRY C. HOLT.

*An appreciation from the standpoint
of the library.*

Since the old Woodstock circulating Library was removed from its out-grown quarters in the Flynn house to its present position in the Academy building, the Library and the school have been closely identified, and when in 1898 the Academy and Circulating Libraries were invited to form the present Woodstock Library Association Mr. Hall was elected a member of the executive committee, which governs the affairs of the association, and has been in that position ever since.

Janitors come and go, are competent inefficient or careless, but the shivering librarian has always known she had a friend at hand to see the library rooms were kept as warm as possible in the bitter winter weather.

The executive committee knew one member was always on the spot to see that the hall was heated and lighted for library benefit entertainments, to introduce a speaker, to take tickets at the door in an emergency and to see that things were straightened out afterward. One who himself and his household was always ready to offer help and the hospitalities of their dwelling for the benefit of their fellow townsmen; and only those who have lived, as they did, in a semi-public building know what that means.

The committee also knew one member always on hand to attend its meetings whose interest in books

—good books—whose keen common sense, whose ability to put halting ideas into forcible and correct English, when resolutions were to be drawn up or amendments added to the constitution, has made his help invaluable.

The Library has made vast forward strides during Mr. Hall's twenty-five years of work in Woodstock, and not a little of its present prosperity is owing to the constant and loyal help he has given to it.

—J. M. E.

I greatly fear that the ears of our good principal are already tingling as this issue of the *Gleaner* goes to press; and yet it hardly seems fair that the great body of Woodstock Academy's graduates who have drifted far and wide, and who could not take part in the presentation made to him by the people of this community, should go altogether unrepresented on the occasion of this twenty-fifth anniversary.

During the last few years I have upon many occasions discovered that many others, like myself, as the years drifted by, have come finally to a real and full appreciation of what was done for us in that brief and golden-sandalled period of our lives which we spent at the old Academy. No doubt the plastic clay beneath the sculptor's thumb, had it the powers of consciousness, would feel often enough that it was sorely repressed and restricted, forced into fruitless forms. Thus sometimes we all have chafed under the tasks that were set us or the restrictions that were placed upon our desires, without realizing that our prospective was too close, and we failed to recognize the fact, so clear to the kind and generous spirit under whose influence we had by good fortune been placed, that the important part of our job at that time was to lay a solid, four-square foundation

of character that would be capable of supporting whatever superstructure talent or circumstance might chance to build upon it in the future. The big lesson we learned was not from our books alone, but from the life we lived, the games we played, from the very atmosphere of the institution. No boy or girl, good, bad or indifferent, with half-formed character, could pass through the old Academy and fail to carry away a lasting impression of that dynamic and courageous influence bound to affect the whole of his or her future years, in whatever part of the world and whatever walk of life chance should place them.

F. F. R.

Senior Class, Honor Essay.

SHYLOCK.

The plot of the "Merchant of Venice" depends upon Shylock, the Hebrew usurer. He furnished the three thousand ducats that made possible Bassanio's successful adventure, and that at the same time nearly cost Antonio his life. By Shylock's grim and resolute determination to be revenged the other chief characters of the play are more closely drawn together; and Shylock, the desperate old society-hater, defeated in his most promising opportunity for revenge and justification, is the mouth-piece of a whole persecuted race, that for twenty centuries has been hated and downtrodden simply because it chose to follow God as it understood him.

Shylock, as we know him, was old; he was thus spoken of by the Duke, and it is furthermore shown by the fact that his daughter, Jessica, was grown up, and had developed considerable will-power of her own.

His trade and the nomadic nature

of his race had led him as far north as Frankfort; but he had finally settled in Venice, whose laws favored foreigners more than did those of other cities; for the prosperity of this beautiful city depended to a great extent upon its alien merchants and traders.

His only child, Jessica, had charge of his house; and, in spite of his wealth, Shylock allowed only one servant to be kept. This servant was a slow, awkward country boy, and his natural calling seemed to be eating and sleeping rather than work. Such quiet ambitions were intolerable to Shylock, whose whole life was a struggle for the financial and political advancement of his race.

Shylock's business was that of usury or lending out money at interest. His frugality and business ability had brought him great wealth, tho' his enemies asserted that a large part of it had been obtained by selling up his delinquent debtors.

Like the majority of his race Shylock was fond of money-making. But his love for his tribe and his religion was just as great and as deeply intense. The Jews of Venice had a synagogue and a certain quarter of their own; and they were allowed to do business with the same advantages as those enjoyed by the Christians. The Christians treated them as their equals in legal matters, because they could profit thereby, but in all social matters the Jews were despised and scorned.

Shylock was a typical Jew, capable, intense, passionate, and extremely sensitive. He was a careful business man. When Bassanio explained to him what he wanted, Shylock carefully repeated the amount, time, and condition of the loan, and in conclusion summed them all up in one statement, and

gave his answer. His intellect and ability were great, but he had been narrowed and hardened by those who were known as followers of Jesus Christ. Deep down in his soul was smouldering the pure flame of love, but it had been so choked and smothered by cruelty and social persecution that it only produced the black smoke of selfishness and jealous hatred.

In spite of his hatred for humanity Shylock was not without the elements of human feeling. Jessica was dear to him for she was his child, and hated him less than others did.

Jessica, my girl,
Look to my house,"

were among his last words to her. And how did she look to his house? She robbed her father of his money and jewels, she betrayed his trembling faith in her, and worst of all, she took away the only thing that he really cherished, the ring that Leah had given him when they were young, when Shylock was full of hope and ambition and all seemed to be going well. Perhaps he even loved his fellowmen at that time. But since then his wife had died, Jessica had continually shown her disregard for all that he kept sacred and holy, the world in general was against him, and all his fondest hopes had been crushed by the merciless hands of hypocrites, until the narrow life of a miser alone remained.

Why should he pursue such a bloody revenge, and, in seeking it, why should he display such cruelty and lack of mercy? Because he was a man, and as such he could be either saint or fiend, according to the treatment that he had received. His plans had been baffled, his friends taken from him, his enemies jealously aroused, his tribe was despised, his religion was mocked, and as a man he was loathed, and detested and crushed;

and for what reason? Because he was a Jew, a man of the nation which God had chosen for his own.

Jesus Christ came to the world to teach a new doctrine, and he came to the Jews in the form of a Jew. "He came unto his own, and his own received him not," and therefore their city was doomed to destruction and their race to dispersion. But this was no excuse for the Christians indulging their jealous hypocrisy at the expense of those who were weaker than themselves. They gloried in the insecure foundation of a religion that was in name the law of love, but in practice the Prince of Darkness. They praised God with their lips but they scorned Him within their hearts. For God is love, and who would be like Him must have love at the root of all his deeds.

Evil bears the same relation to good that cold does to heat, and so is it also with hatred and love. As cold is the lack of heat, so evil is the lack of good, and hatred the absence of love. Therefore, the only way to overcome hatred is with love, and this is in accordance with true Christianity.

Shylock cannot be judged by this rule, for he knew no such doctrine. He was versed in the traditions of his race, his law was that of an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth. His was the God of the Old Testament, the God of judgment and of revenge. Like David he prayed for the overthrow of his enemies, and like David he awaited the downfall of the heathen.

And in the last scene in the court, with wealth, law, ambition, and the very object of life itself staked upon this desperate hope of his last chance for justice and revenge, he played the game superbly, and was superbly conquered. He sought the life of his enemy and failed; and he cared no more for his own life. The roots that for sixty years had en-

twined themselves about a single undoubting principle, had been torn from the earth in which they were nourished, at the moment when their fruit was ready to ripen, and thrown into the burning oven of a cruel enemy's malicious exultation, fired with mercy in the form of hypocritical generosity and scornful consolation. All had been staked and lost, and tho' he fought like a demon Shylock was defeated like one of us—

"Give me leave to go from home,
I am not well."

AN IVY ODE.

(New Ivy to Neighbor Ivy.)

"Disclose the secret of my lot,
Why I to this am brought!
Of frailer stalk, or root, I'm not,
By gardner same I' wrought.
Yet here, obscure, to grace these walls,
(While comrades climb o'er nobler halls)
Unsung, unknown, with duty small."
The sky, New England blue, cool green
The grass in gleaming summer sheen,
Beside endeared hall.

A neighbor ivy, older, grew
With purpose same. And, yet,
It lived its life each day anew,
As if in greatness set.
Its veins were filled with wells of health;
Incrusted leaf of varnished wealth,
To creviced stone for breath it clung.
Behind its veil of living green
Was hid a face of smiling mein,
Ambitious, carefree, young.

(Neighbor Ivy to New Ivy.)

"O Life's the same on sea and land:
A breast with sorrow filled
Consumes on lake, or restless sand,
Till pulse in death is stilled;
A mother's love; a hapless lot;
A lover's vow; a brigand's plot;
A strife's mad rush—how mad it is!
With hands greed-grasped, and eyes
keen set
Upon some spot, beguiling net,
That spans a self abyss.

"And oft we hear man say: 'Anon

My life will change, and joy
Will enter it and me adorn

With happiness; allay
My base desires to godlike aims;
Transform my latent virtues into gains.
But now I'm off to win my crown.
No joy is here. In something There
I'll find it. On!

But come, sad care,
Persistent aim, our crown!"

"Ah, slender plant in leafy curl,
Love life! Grow free! Release
Those tendrils held in virgin twirl
Against these walls! Find peace!
You're here to tend a mark held dear
By classmates five; their mem'ry bear
That they may journey back and greet
Again this spot, alone unchanged
By eager throngs that disarranged
The past with hurried feet!

—Ida Spaulding.

Letters From Far and Near.

QUEENSTOWN, IRELAND,

August 22, 1913.

This week's American mail brought a request for a contribution to the "Gleaner." The nature of the article desired is not specified, but as we are now stationed in Queenstown, Ireland, I assume that a very brief sketch of the land of the shamrock, peat and blarney may be in order.

At sometime during my childhood the lines—

"Give me three grains of corn mother,
Give me three grains of corn.
To keep what little life I have
Till the coming of the morn."

impressed me so deeply and became so imbedded in my memory as to produce an altogether wrong idea of the physical condition of the Irish people on their native "bog." Certainly no traces of

famine are now apparent on the faces of the sturdy youngsters of Erin. To use a local expression, they are "crabbed little creathers and swell illigant," which has been interpreted to me as "cute children, growing well." The reputed beauty of many an Irish "colleen" has not been overdrawn.

In describing Ireland, someone has said: "If I were to paint this country I would first cover my canvas with a thick coat of emerald green. Into this I would crush the gray of thunderous clouds and leaden sky, the paler gray of stone fences, the white and buff of whitewashed wall and thatched cottage and stable, and here and there the red spotting of cattle and the deep brown of peat cuttings, but permeating, dominating all, the rich, lush green of this truly emerald land.

The large majority of tourists, lured by the majesty of snow-capped mountain peaks, the beauty of river and lake, the larger cities, imposing cathedrals and priceless art treasures of the Continent, ignore the quiet restfulness of the green fields of Ireland, and excepting the "stranded American," who, having squandered his substance in riotous traveling, believes, or professes to, that he is of such intrinsic worth to his country that Congress will have appropriated funds for his return passage, which amount should be awaiting his arrival at any American Consulate, comparatively few travellers, after an inspection of the beautiful wares of the lace shops, linger in Queens-town.

Cork, the least attractive of the three largest cities of Ireland, is reached after a charming ride of twelve miles along the river Lee. In this town there is little of in-

terest to an American, except the old church in whose campanile tower are the "Bells of Shannon," made famous by Father Prout—

"With deep affection and recollection

I often think of those Shannon bells,
Whose sounds so wild would, in the
days of my childhood,

Fling round my cradle their magic
spells."

The next objective point is Blarney Castle, reached by a ride of five or six miles from Cork, over a most remarkable railroad, whose cars vividly recall childhood's toys, and whose peanut roaster-like engine starts with a squeal like a startled pig. Or the trip may be made in that most unsatisfactory substitute for the comfortable carriages of the good U. S. A.—the jaunting car, upon which the Irish reclined so easily and gracefully as wholly to deceive me regarding the nature of the diabolical contrivance. With simple faith I mounted it for the first trip, clinging with elbows on any part of my anatomy not hanging over the edge. As the pace of the horse became more brisk, along the stony, uneven country road, I fared like a kernel of corn over a well-lighted fire, with sufficient good fortune, however, to alight in the proper place after each ascent. I crossed the mighty Atlantic without a trace of *mal de mer*, but "shure faith" me thought I'd met my Waterloo on that unholy vehicle.

Blarney Castle, famous in song and story, the third structure now occupying the present site, was built in the fifteenth century, and was long the residence of a princely race. In the reign of Elizabeth this castle was considered the strongest fortress in southern Ireland, but finally it

succumbed to Cromwell's artillery.

It may have been a desirable habitation in the days of feudal strifes, but with walls from fourteen to twenty feet thick, its dungeons, high chambers, winding stairways and narrow barred slits for windows, it did not appeal to me as an especially cosy home. But as I gazed upon the magnificent ruin I did wish that its walls might speak and unfold their tales of bloody surprises and mysterious escapes.

The visitor who makes the pilgrimage intent only on kissing the talismanic stone loses much of the scenic loveliness of the place.

One tale regarding the origin of the Blarney stone is that the possessor of Blarney Castle was required to surrender it to the soldiers of Queen Elizabeth as a proof of his loyalty, which, though professing his willingness to do so, he always evaded by some plausible excuse. Hence the term "blarney," for a plausible tongue.

Another story is that a descendant of the Kings of Munster chanced one day to save an old woman from drowning in the lake. She told him to mount the keep and kiss a certain stone in the wall, and he would be endowed with a golden tongue.

The third legend runs as follows: After a year's truce was made between Robert Bruce and Edward the Second, Bruce, when taking refuge from the English, requested help from the King of Munster, who sent him five thousand "kerns," and that Bruce, as a return for his assistance, presented him with a piece of the old stone of Scone, which had been removed from Ireland.

After a laborious climb up

steep, narrow, winding, darkened and much worn stone steps, and, with the assistance of fellow travellers, having been suspended head downwards (a much more perilous than graceful position) with nothing to impede the progress of a fall to the ground a hundred and twenty feet below, it is to be hoped that the thousands of tourists who have pressed their lips to the stone, which probably imparts more microbes than eloquence, have not later learned that the real Blarney stone is in a wholly inaccessible position in another part of the tower.

I cannot better describe Killarney Lakes than in the words of the late Sir Alfred Austin, poet-laureate of England: "But the first, the final, the deepest and most enduring impression of Killarney is that of beauty unspeakably tender, which puts on at times a garb of grandeur and a look of awe, only in order to heighten by passing contrast the sense of soft, insinuating loveliness. There is nothing in England or Scotland as beautiful as Killarney—the most perfect and adequate loveliness that nature presents, it surely must be owned that it has all the world over no superior."

The three lakes of Killarney extend only a distance of nine miles, and are three in width at the greatest breadth. Mountains rise abruptly from the shore, Carrantual, the highest point in Ireland, having an altitude of nearly thirty-five hundred feet. Certainly they are beautiful lakes, but in my opinion Lucerne surpasses them in grandeur.

To me the most interesting houses in Ireland are the thatched cottages—home of the sturdy fishwife, who, after shaking her brawny fist defiantly at an offend-

ing neighbor, with a threatening "I'll shettle with ye for what ye be afther doin' to me," mounts her two-wheeled cart and is drawn to market by a frowsty little donkey that plods along with an air of patient resignation that seems to say

"Automobiles may come and automobiles may go,
But I go on forever."

I have now lived for two years in Ireland—a country rich in hospitality and legend—and it has not ceased to interest nor attract me. I could write more of Galway, on the west coast, where the original Gaelic is still spoken—of the "Vale of Avoca," which the poet Moore made famous in his "Meeting of the Waters;" of the Blackwater, the Rhine of Ireland—and of Dublin and Belfast, the American city of Ireland with its three hundred and seventy-five thousand inhabitants, its beautiful linen and ship building industry, (it was here the ill-fated "Titanic" was constructed), but I fear that I have already become wearisome.

Mr. Chamberlin joins me in greetings to the readers of the "Gleaner," and in every good wish for the future prosperity of Woodstock Academy.

—Grace A. (Stone) Chamberlin.

CHESTER, ENG., Aug. 2, '13

Dear Friends in Woodstock:

Yesterday we took a delightful trip which included visits to two English castles, situated only about four miles apart, but presenting striking features in contrast.

The first building that we visited on our motor trip was Kenilworth Castle, one of the most famous ruins in England. Yes, it is most decidedly a ruin,

and the responsible person is the one at whose doors much of the delapidated conditions of castles and cathedrals in England is laid—Oliver Cromwell. After the execution of Charles I, a great portion of the original structure was demolished for the sake of the material. The appeal to the imagination of the spectator, however, is very strong.

In the picturesque remains of the Norman Keep and of the most historical associations of Simon de Montfort and John of Gaunt, still linger. We recalled Scott's story of the ill-fated Amy Robsart when we looked at Merwyn's Tower, where her room was supposed to be, and at the Swan Tower near which was the grotto, where she was found by the queen. As we turned toward the ruined Banqueting Hall we tried to picture the actual scenes when the Earl of Leicester entertained Elizabeth. An expenditure of a thousand pounds a day provided amusements, including a play, morris dancing, performances of Italian acrobats, and a marriage with rural ceremonies. We are told that by the queen "many persons were cured of the painful and dangerous disease called the king's evil."

But our time here was all too short, and we soon started toward the village, going through the famous "Water Splash," a stream across the main road, through which all vehicles must pass. Kenilworth is a quaint little English village with its rows of connecting brick houses. These small buildings are a story and a half high, each having a tiny flower garden, and looking as if it had stood forever, and would endure until the crash of doom.

A few miles further brought us to Warwick Castle. Here a de-

delightful surprise awaited us. Although the castle is rich in associations, especially with the "king maker," the present is most beautiful. We entered through a charming roadway, lined with densest foliage, and soon crossed the drawbridge over the moat and passed through a double gateway and under a threatening potcullis. Now we found ourselves on a beautiful lawn.

Since the family was away, we were allowed to go through the castle. Each room contained something of great interest, perhaps a portrait by Rubeus or Van Dyck, or a bed in which some monarch had slept. Occasionally we passed out on a balcony, affording a charming glimpse of the Avon below and the cypresses on its banks. The great hall contained armour and a great many curious relics. We found Cromwell's helmet in strange company in that it was just below the targe of "bonnie Prince Charlie."

I have heard that the present Earl of Warwick is deeply in debt and desires to rent his estate. I should recommend it highly to any citizen of Woodstock who is looking for a summer residence,—only don't pronounce the second "w" in Warwick when you make personal application.

Very cordially,

JEAN L. KENDALL.

PROF. E. A. HALL,

Woodstock, Conn.

Dear Sir:

I have been stopping at Mr. B. E. Eddy's for a few days and thought perhaps it would be well for me to drop you a line or so to inform you that I am still alive and out of jail. I have been living at Miller's Falls, Mass., for the past four years engaged at carpentering and building. The last two years I have been in

business for myself and have met with fair success. In 1911 I took my first contract. It was quite a large residence, costing between \$6,000 and \$7,000 built of concrete blocks for first story with frame from there up. I drew the plans, wrote the specifications and built it. All the excavating, carpenter work and concrete work I did myself, and the balance of the work I sub-let. I finished this job about three weeks ahead of my time and made some money, but what pleased me the most was the fact that I had a satisfied client. This year just past I built three three-deckers, had two fire damage jobs, one moving job and quite a lot of smaller jobs. I draw almost all of the plans which I use and am about to enter a competition with three other architects for plans for a six-room school house. I expect very much to lose in this but am willing to try it.

I have been married seven years and have a boy, Alden Judson, who is five and a girl, Dorothy Edna, who is nearly two.

I was up on the Hill yesterday (Sun.), but did not stop as it was during church services and knew you would not be at home.

I enclose one dollar for which please send the "Gleaner" to me at Millers Falls, Mass.

Wishing you and yours the best of health and prosperity

I remain yours very sincerely,

ALDEN H. ADAMS.

HARTFORD, CONN.,

Aug. 12, '13.

DEAR *Gleaner*:

It is 9.45 p. m. and I am pretty tired and sleepy, but will try to write a few words.

I am still working for the Travelers' Insurance Co., being in the engineering and inspection division of

the liability department. I have had one week of my vacation. My class at Worcester Tech. had their tenth reunion on June 12, so I took that week off and celebrated.

I expect to have the other week the last week in August and will celebrate then by moving to Windsor, where I have bought a small place and shall have a garden, a few fruit trees and a few hens. You see I am heeding the "back to soil" call.

Philip S. and Newton R. keep me busy now, but perhaps they will keep me from going to the "poor house" when I get old. It takes about all we city folks can scrape together to pay you farmers for food these days. I would like to hear what Mr. Hennesy has to say on the subject. I'll bet that he would roast the middleman, the beef trust, or some other guilty party. What?

If any of my Woodstock friends ever come to Hartford I hope they will be sure to look me up. The Travelers' Building is located at 700 Main street.

Hastily, but sincerely,
HENRY J. POTTER.

Treasurer's Report.

RECEIVED.

For Gleaners . . .	\$77.10
For advertisements . . .	22.75
Balance in treasury from last year . . .	38.76
	<hr/>
	\$149.61

EXPENSES.

For publishing Gleaners . . .	\$108.20
For stamps	8.00
For post cards	25
	<hr/>
	\$116.45
Balance in treasury . . .	\$33.16

NELLIE D. CHANDLER,
Treasurer.

OBITUARIES.

GEORGE W. WELLS.

George W. Wells was born at Woodstock, Conn., April 15, 1846. He was descended from English stock, his ancestors on both sides having come from England less than a score of years after the historic landing of the Mayflower.

The boyhood days of Mr. Wells were spent on the farm at the family homestead in Woodstock. *Here also he attended the district school and the Woodstock Academy.* His youth was largely spent in farm work and when he was 16, his father being disabled, the responsibility of carrying on the farm rested wholly upon his shoulders for two seasons. At the age of 17 he started out for the first time to earn his own living. In the winter of 1863-1864 he taught school for twelve weeks at Naversink Highlands, N. J. Returning home in the spring of 1864, having evidently inherited the patriotic spirit of his forebears, he offered his services to the Union, but was rejected, having failed to qualify up to the physical requirements because of the weakness of one limb.

From early youth he had acquired a decided inclination for mechanical pursuits, which led to his seeking positions where he could obtain experience and develop his ability along these lines. On April 2, 1864, he went to Southbridge and entered the employ of Robert H. Cole & Co., as one of eleven employes in their optical shop. In this work he developed special fitness in machine designing, to which occupation he applied himself for the next few years. He was a close student of mechanics and investigated fully all matters pertaining to his particular line of work.

In 1869 the American Optical company was incorporated with Mr.

Wells clerk (secretary) of the corporation.

The genius of Mr. Wells is ably attested by the wonderful growth that the American Optical company has enjoyed during his service as clerk, treasurer, and later as president and director.

As president of the American Optical company, and as an active officer and director in many Massachusetts banks and corporations, Mr. Wells formed a very wide circle of business acquaintances. The particular business of which he was the head and one of the founders is favorably known throughout the world by the wide distributions of its products, and the plant where these goods are manufactured is typical of the most modern ideas in building and organization.

Mr. Wells' mechanical ability and ingenuity have been shown in many important inventions that he has given to the optical art. These activities, directed mainly toward improving and increasing the production of optical goods, have given a great impetus to the optical industry as a whole.

While never aspiring to political office, Mr. Wells took an active interest in the affairs of his home town, his county and estate. He became a member of the Baptist church in Southbridge May 1, 1864, and has always been a supporter and leader in church affairs. In the work of the Y. M. C. A. he acted on the state committee for ten years and was president of the Southbridge Y. M. C. A.

MRS. HARRIET SKINNER
BURNHAM.

Mrs. Harriet Skinner Burnham who was born in Woodstock in 1834 — a student at the Academy in 1853 — died in September, 1912, at her home in Springfield, Mass.

For nearly a quarter of a century the Skinners lived in the house now owned and occupied by Mr. George Sampson.

Soon after her removal to Springfield, Miss Skinner married S. Colton Burnham of that city, who survives her.

During the more than half-century of Mrs. Burnham's busy, useful life in Springfield, her strong attachment to Woodstock and its associations continued unwavering. Unquestioning proof of this affection was revealed to members of Mrs. Burnham's family on the day of her death. After a period of weakness and unconsciousness she opened her eyes and, smiling, said "I have just had such a beautiful dream, I thought I was by the old well in Woodstock talking with my old friends." Even as she entered the valley of shadow the sweet vision of Woodstock came to the sufferer like a benediction of peace. In a few more hours she had entered into rest.

E. F. B.

Personals Before 1888.

1860 — 1870

Mrs. Lottie Chandler May, after a long period of most faithful and acceptable service in charge of the Post Office on Woodstock Hill, has gone to California to spend a year with Mrs. Monica Berrian Hull.

James Gordon and family were among the people who suffered much discomfort from the flood in Zanesville where they make their home.

1870 — 1880

James Brown is pastor of a Baptist church in Emporia, Kansas.

George Sampson has purchased the "Emily Bowen" house on Wood-

stock Hill, and makes it his home.

Dr. James Ingall of New York has visited Woodstock this summer.

Mrs. Lillian Davenport Keith has been abroad the past year to attend the commencement exercises at Oxford, where her oldest son, holder of Cecil Rhodes scholarship, was graduated.

Mrs. Agnes Chandler Wood has left Danielson and will for a time make her home with Miss Nellie Chandler on Woodstock Hill.

George A. Lyon is postmaster on Woodstock Hill.

B. S. Warner is proprietor of Pine Bluff Inn at Point Pleasant, N. J.

Major Hiram L. Grant of Goldsboro, N. C., has erected a fine up-to-date office building in that city. He has the sympathy of old friends in the death of his wife.

1880 — 1888

Mrs. Marie Allen Cox is a farmers' wife in Vernon, Conn., and the mother of five children, three of whom attend school.

Mrs. Emma Coldman Sheldon now lives on Woodstock Hill.

Mrs. Mamie Lucy Gilbert, since the death of her husband, lives with her mother and sister in Leominster, Mass., where her son, an only child, is in high school.

Gilbert Harrington holds a responsible position with the Rhode Island Hospital Trust Co., in Providence, R. I.

1880 — 1890

Mr. and Mrs. Leonard H. Healey took a trip to Washington last year in connection with the National Grange.

Mrs. Maude Randall Kaufmann, with her husband and children, lives at Bellingham, Washington. She has one son and four daughters, the eldest of whom is a teacher.

Personals Since 1888.

1892.

Mrs. Agnes Child Paine still lives in Thompson.

John Boyden still holds the same position he has filled for several years, with E. F. Townsend of Rochester, N. Y.

1893

Florence Morse Dartt still resides in Quinebaug.

1894

Edward Boyden continues to hold an important position in the office of the American Optical Works in Southbridge.

1895

"Non Nobis Solum."

Jessie Bowen Palmer is still living in the same place in California. The last heard from her she was learning to run an automobile.

Sara Hale Colvin has moved into a new home which her husband has recently bought. Her address is No. 1 Germain street, Worcester, Mass.

Edward L. Child is still with the firm of Barnard & Sumner of Worcester. He enjoys coming to Woodstock and spending a few days at his bungalow.

Everett L. Upham is still in Boston.

Estella Tompkins, Waterbury, is living in the same place.

Nothing has been heard from Burton Fitts since last year.

Edith H. Hall is in Philadelphia and holds the position of Curator of Antiquities in the Museum of the University of Pennsylvania.

Alice Sharpe Johnson is leading a busy life in Pomfret.

1896

"Do Ye Next Thing"

Mary Bowen Keith still makes her home in Eastford.

Joseph Sheppard still continues in the employ of George M. Lowry of Pomfret.

Ralph Pike is still in California, and we regret to hear of his continued ill health.

Clarence Weaver is still employed by the Illinois Central Railroad. He has just been promoted to District Engineer of the Southern Line and his headquarters are still in New Orleans.

1897

"Alta Petens.

For news of Arthur O. Williams, see "Morning."

Joseph and Esther Catlin paid a flying visit to Woodstock recently by automobile.

Fred J. Fitts is still in the automobile business at Los Angeles, California.

A. Floyd Cooper is proprietor of the Groton Roller Mills at Groton, New York.

Ruth Williamson Gallup continues to reside on Woodstock Hill.

Louise P. Grosvenor has been actively engaged in the work of the Pomfret Neighborhood Association during the past year. She still carries on her Arts and Crafts work with great success.

Constance Holt took a short trip to Bermuda last January.

Ralph H. Sabin has moved to Pulxsutawny, Pa., where he is carrying on his engineering work. He is also engaged in measuring coal mines.

Howard W. Frost is employed in the Royal Indemnity Co. New York city.

Mowry Ross continues to excell

as an all-around mechanic, and receives employment from many different parts of the country.

1898

"Esse quam Videri."

For the fourth time Flora Steere Wetherell's name appears in the column marked "morning," which see.

Maria Chandler taught Kindergarten in Brooklyn the past year. In July she went across the continent to join her family in Glendale, California. The wildest and wooliest lapse of routine ever made by a member of '98.

Sidney Upham and wife went to northern New York this summer on a vacation trip. He still works in Chelsea, and still lives in Revere.

James Hutchins is still doctor and farmer too, in Abington, and progressive even in politics.

Albert Williams in South Woodstock ably upholds the reputation of the class for steadiness and stick-to-it-iveness.

Emma Allen resigned from Woodstock in June. Her plans for next year are not determined.

Emily B. Ross is living up to her class motto too faithfully, as she is very much alive on her farm in West Woodstock, and very rarely seen by other members outside it.

Sickness has been a frequent visitor in the home of Edna Frost Tobias the year past. It is hoped that after her summer in West Woodstock she will fully regain her health.

Leslie Harris is still in New Rochelle engaged in insurance business.

1899

"In Limine."

Bessie Barber Williams still makes her home in Sprucedale.

May Gifford Jordan lives in the same place in Webster, Mass., where her husband is employed as superintendent of a mill.

William C. Child and his family still live with Mr. Childs' father in Woodstock, where he is still engaged in the scientific farming that he pursues with so much interest and success.

Nothing has been heard from Frank D. Skinner.

Mrs. Olah Withey Wheltly still lives in Detroit, Michigan, where her husband is still in business.

Florence Warren is assistant superintendent of instruction for the blind in the public schools of New York city.

We are sorry to hear that on account of the ill health of her sister, Ruby Sanborn has been obliged to give up her teaching for the present.

1900

"Vincit Que Se Vincit."

Irving Frost is still busy handling money in a Long Island bank.

Bertrand C. Bugbee has not been heard from. Presumably he is still saving souls in Warrenville.

For particulars of John Paine see "Morning."

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Morse are again to be found in the "Morning" column. They continue to be residents of East Woodstock.

The F. F. Rockwell Company does an increasing business at Woodstock. Mr. Rockwell continues to be a frequent contributor to the various horticultural and agricultural magazines. Two of his books, "Home Vegetable Gardening" and "Gardening Indoors and Under Glass," have recently been added to the Woodstock Library.

1901

"Esse Quam Videri."

Mary Aldrich Hopkins reports "no news" at 26 Hopkins street, Hartford, Conn.

Ewart M. Brunn has had a successful year at 9 Stone Street, New York, with the firm of Hagemeyer & Brunn.

We are sorry to hear that Herman Chandlar is anticipating leaving New England for the Pacific coast. His plans are not definite as to the time.

Frank Davenport is trying to feed the hungry multitudes of Philadelphia through the medium of the Waldorf Lunch, of which he is general manager and treasurer.

Olive Paine has finished her junior year at Illinois University. She reports a very happy year. Her work has been along the lines of Psychology, Philosophy, Sociology and Pedagogy. Naught one is proud to congratulate her upon her election to an honorary fraternity at the University.

Phoebe Randall was married to William Newton Pray, formerly of Putnam, August 11, 1913. Her home is at 9 Weathersfield Avenue, Hartford, Conn. Mr. Pray is in the home office of the Phoenix Mutual Life Insurance Company.

Herbert Slye has spent the year farming and dairying near Pomfret Station.

Charles and Ethel Spalding have both been in or near Woodstock during the past year. The latter is to teach in Miss Catlin's school, Portland, Oregon. Call at 161 23rd Street North, when you pass through the city.

Earnest Williamson has become a valuable assistant to Mr. Herbert E. Huie, of Springfield, Mass. Address 1483 State Street, Springfield.

1902

"Nil Sine Labore."

Mary Frost is at her home in West Woodstock.

James Perrin is a forest engineer and his headquarters are in Montreal, Canada.

Elsewhere in the "Gleaner" the death of Alexander Hibbard, in Alberta, Canada, is noted. It is with deep regret that we report his loss.

Jessie Hibbard has spent a part of the summer in the White Mountains.

Florence Barber Washburn has moved to West Somerville, Mass., and has a daughter, Marion, born in February.

Lotta Stackpole is very much interested in Arts and Crafts.

Ermond Brunn has been for four years with the Brunn Electrical Co., of Patchogue, L. I.

Harry Child is still with the Barrett Roofing Co., of Montreal, Canada.

Gertrude Tabor Howard expects to move to Glastonbury, Conn.

Lew Cox Hibbard is the busy mother of two daughters.

Jessie Withey is now private secretary to Mr. Henry Turner Bailey, of Scituate, Mass., who is well known in artistic circles in Boston.

Chauncey Child is busy on his farm in Woodstock.

Herbert Johnson is working in the Post Office in Putnam.

1903

"Altior."

Helen Chandler is still in Westboro, Mass.

For news of Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Haskell see "Morning."

Grace Sumner starts this fall on her fifth year of teaching in Pomfret.

Florence Hibbard Lockwood still makes her home in Chepachet, R. I.

Alice Steere has been making an extended visit to friends in Kansas.

We hear no news of Grace Church White further than that she still lives in Amherst, Mass.

Allan Upham is still teaching near Boston.

Clarence Hall is still practicing law in Bridgeport. He visited his parents in Woodstock this summer.

1904

"Veritas Vincet."

Spencer Child is superintendent of Mr. Shaw's estate in Concord, Mass.

Nothing new has been heard from Annie and Blanch Shippey.

Edgar Whitney is still employed in Grosvenordale.

Anna Nelson has returned to teach in the Quasset school.

William Nelson also returns to his poition in Willimantic.

Pearle Alton Gifford still lives in Webster, Mass. For further news see "morning."

Florence Safford has returned to Los Angeles, California, after a summer of visiting in the East.

Bernice Leavitt is to teach this year in East Hartford.

1905

"Semper Paratus."

Harry E. Wells holds the position of boss farmer for Mr. Southworth of South Woodstock.

Edmund K. Gilbert is still in New Haven.

We have no news of Frederic

Howard and family.

Ethel Rawson continues to teach in Providence.

Nellie Burleson is living in Putnam.

1906

"Tempore Utamur."

Elizabeth Carr Gros Jean has been visiting in Woodstock this summer.

Mabel Rich is teaching in a model school in Bridgeport.

Maude Healey continues her work in Yonkers.

Lottie Howard will teach in Woodstock.

Maude Andrews Washburne has made no change from last year.

Ethel Upham returns to Boston University this fall.

Nothing has been heard of Carl Morse.

We regret to hear that Mervin Hyde is ill in the Worcester City Hospital, but are pleased to learn that the last accounts of his condition were favorable.

We have no news of Florence Welch or Sarah Harrington.

1907

"Alta Petens."

Henry Baker has graduated from the Gordon Theological School and is preaching in West Woodstock.

Mary Nelson teaches in the Kindergarten of the Hartford Orphan Asylum.

Mary Meyers Graham has moved away from Union. For further news of her see "Morning."

Herbert Shippey is at home.

Mabel Eddy is living in her home town and is engaged in leading the busy life of a nurse.

For news of Edith Williams Morton see "Morning."

1908.

"Geduld."

After two years of excellent work in the Willimantic Normal School, Hazel Davenport was graduated in June. This coming year she will teach the grammar grades in the Tolland School.

Hattie Nelson will return to her work in Hartford at the American School for the Deaf. In addition to her other work she has taken a course in Domestic Science during the past year.

For news of Louise Fitts see "Noon."

John Healey is undecided as to next year's work, but will probably remain at home.

Winnifred Potter will return to take up the work of the senior year at Mt. Holyoke College.

Of Mildred Brown, Robert Whiting and Gladys Wilson Whiting, we have no news to report.

1909

"Nitentes."

Bernice Bates graduated from the Willimantic Normal School in June. She will teach the eighth and ninth grades, and supervise gymnastics in the East District School in Rockville.

Marion Smith and Leonard Watson were married in Abington at the parsonage on August 9th. They are living with Mr. and Mrs. Albert Smith for the present.

Louis K. Miller is at home studying agriculture.

Lyle Turner returns to Wellesley for her Junior year.

Edith Briggs still holds an important position in the work rooms

of the Mashamoquet Studio in Pomfret.

1910

"Prodeamus."

Mary Flynn is engaged in the office at the State Hospital at Brewster's Neck.

Flora Alton taught in the North Woodstock school last year. She expects to continue her work in the Bugbee District this fall.

Edith Eddy has been teaching in Woodstock Valley but expects to teach in West Woodstock this year.

Roxanna Wilbur will return to the Jericho school.

When the old school at Rocy Hill, which had been closed for some time, re-opened, a search began for a teacher, and Louise Howard was chosen. She expects to return this fall.

1910 claims one more teacher, Herbert Nelson, who taught the school at South Woodstock last year.

Leonard Healey spent last year at Stoors College and expects to return in September.

Lyman Fitts worked in Hartford for a while, but is now at home, farming, and telling Pomfret farmers how to do it.

Wallace Armstrong attended the University of Vermont and will return in the fall.

Raymond Sheldon graduated from Williston in June, and expects to enter Brown University this fall.

While to the most of our class this last year has been one of pleasure and profit, we have one unfortunate member, Adolph Lawson, to whom we extend our deepest sympathy in the loss of his father, whose death occurred on August 14th.

1911

"Pas a Pas."

Blanch M. Perry expects to teach again this year.

Dorothy V. Cox will teach in the "Centre" district school.

Martin Nelson will remain in the employ of R. K. Safford.

James Donlon is working in a box factory in Hartford.

Maude E. Milligan will teach the No. 12 District School this fall.

Esther E. Nelson expects to teach.

Esther J. Johnson will remain at home this year.

Max L. Connor is now in the employ of the Standard Oil Co. A letter addressed in its care to Yokohama, Japan, will reach him.

Harris S. May has completed his first year in the Sheffield Scientific School, and expects to return to New Haven in the fall.

1912

"En Avant."

Carrie Barrett is at her home in North Woodstock after teaching a part of last year in the Quadic school.

Sophie Barrett has completed one year of study in Lasell Seminary, Auburndale, Mass., and expects to graduate next June.

Grace Myers is taking a nurses training course in the Backus Hospital in Norwich.

Jarda Carlson and Olive Whitney have completed the course at the Becker Business College in Worcester.

Gladys Sheldon taught in the Elmvale District for a part of the year. She is now living on Woodstock Hill.

Helen Perley has spent a most

delightful winter and spring traveling through Europe.

Rilla Child has been at home the past year.

1913

"Facta Non Verba."

Edmund Anderson intends to teach school in South Woodstock, practicing mercy as far as practicable, and other things as they will be found necessary, hoping thereby to win much respect and admiration.

Eleanor Johnson has secured a position as teacher for the coming year in Eastford.

Eastford will also be favored with the pedagogical services of Eleanor Keith.

William Richardson will enter Williston in September.

Ida Spaulding expects to attend Norwich Free Academy this year.

Feb. 10, 1913, East Woodstock, a son, George Alfred, to Mr. and Mrs. George A. Wetherell. (Flora Steere.)

Feb. 26, 1913, Webster, Mass., a daughter, Elizabeth Alton, to Mr. and Mrs. Paul M. Gifford. (Pearle Alton.)

Jan. 26, 1913, South Woodstock, a daughter, Ruth Hope, to Mr. and Mrs. Harmon Morton. (Edith Williams.)

Feb. 28, 1913, Mystic, Conn., a son to Mr. and Mrs. George Richmond.

April 7, 1913, Providence, R. I., a son, Arthur O. Jr., to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur O. Williams.

April 26, 1913, South Pasadena, Cal., a son, John Robert, to Dr. and Mrs. John C. Paine.

May, 1, 1913, Brooklyn, N. Y., a son, Howard Marshall Jr., to Mr. and Mrs. Howard M. Frost.

Aug. 4, 1913, Quinebaug, Conn., a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. Mathew Dartt. (Florence Moore.)

Oct. 16, 1913, Eastford, Conn., a son, Alfred Childs, to Mr. and Mrs. William Warren. (Lillian Bosworth.)

May 16, 1913, Geneva, N. Y., a son, Robert A. Jr., to Mr. and Mrs. Robert Whiting.

Morning.

Praise the generous Gods for giving

In the world of wrath and strife,

With a little time for living,

Unto all the joy of life.

—W. HENLEY.

BIRTHS.

Aug. 16, 1913, Woodstock, Conn., a son, Wallace Holmes, to Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey S. Child.

Sept. 16, 1913, Union, Conn., a son to Rev. and Mrs. Hugh F. Graham.

Sept. 28, 1913, Brockville, Penn., a son, Jesse Harvey, to Mr. and Mrs. Ralph H. Sabin.

Dec. 16, 1913, East Woodstock, a daughter, Elsie Palmer, to Mr. and Mrs. Albert Hibbard.

Dec. 20, 1913, East Woodstock, a son, Joseph Meacham, to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur G. Morse.

Jan. 19, 1913, New London, Conn., a son, Asa Wilcox, to Mr. and Mrs. Marvin Hyde.

Jan. 23, 1913, Gregory, South Dakota, a daughter, Marie Trimble, to Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Haskell.

Noon.

Gather ye rose-buds while ye may

Old Time is still a-flying:

And this same flower that smiles to-day

To-morrow will be dying.

Then be not coy, but use your time;

And while ye may, go marry:

For having lost but once your prime,

You may forever tarry.

—R. HERRICK.

MARRIAGES.

Kerby—Child—April 2, 1913, Brooklyn, N. Y., Jane Kerby to Dr. Edward M. Child.

Wilmer—Rockwell—June 19, 1913, La Plata, Md., Mary Allison Wilmer to Frank W. Rockwell.

Randall—Pray—Aug. 11, 1913, Hartford, Conn., Phoebe W. Randall to William N. Pray.

Smith—Watson—Aug. 9, 1913, Pomfret, Conn., Marion Smith to Leonard Howard Watson.

Harrington—Froyd—June 19, 1913, Wakefield, Neb., Sarah Martha Harrington to Erwin Algot Froyd.

Night.

So be my passing!

My task accomplished and the long day done,

My wages taken, and in my heart

Some late lark singing,

Let me be gathered to the quiet west,

The sun-down splendid and serene,—Death,

—W. HENLEY.

DEATHS.

Allen—Aug. 3, 1913, Abington, Conn.,
Ellen Sessions, widow of George Allen.

Potter—Aug. 24, 1913, Fall River,
Mass., Caleb C. Potter.

Burnham—Sept. 9, 1913, Springfield,
Mass., Harriet Skinner, wife of Simon
C. Burnham.

Hibbard—Nov. 16, 1913, Alberta,
Canada, Alexander Hibbard, formerly
of Woodstock.

Leavitt—Nov. 19, 1913, Putnam,
Conn., Burton E. Leavitt.

Nichols—Nov. 16, 1913, Putnam,
Conn., J. Clinton Nichols.

Burnette—Nov. 23, 1913, Boston,
Mass., Frank E. Burnette, Principal of
the Academy in '68 and '76.

Chandler—March 13, 1913, South-
bridge, Mass., Etta Child, wife of Win-
throp Chandler.

Russell—March 20, 1913, Woodstock,
Conn., Caroline Fenner, widow of J.
Frank Russell.

Johnson—April 12, 1913, Putnam,
Conn., Annette Bowen, widow of Har-
rison Johnson.

Wetherell—April 16, 1913, East
Woodstock, Conn., Elizabeth Hyde,
wife of Vernon T. Wetherell.

Lake—Tampa, Florida, Thomas A.
Lake, formerly of South Woodstock,
Conn.

McClellan—May 8, 1913, Woodstock,
Conn., Olive Child, widow of Dr. John
McClellan.

Huntington—Norwichtown, Conn.,
Harriet Lyman, widow of Edward B.
Huntington.

Goodwin—May 6, 1913, Pittsfield,
Mass., at the home of his son, David T.
Goodwin, a former trustee of the
Academy.

Wilcox—Dec. 17, 1913, Woodstock,
Conn., Allison E. Wilcox.

Morse—May 18, 1913, Putnam, Conn.,
Harriet Comings, widow of Josiah
Morse, formerly of Woodstock

Day—July 1, 1913, Putnam, Conn.,
Harriet C. Mathewson, widow of
Dwight M. Day.

Sabin—Dec. 29, 1913, Rockford, Ill.,
Chas. Sabin, once a student of the
Academy.

Grant—Jan. 20, 1913, Goldsboro,
N. C., Elizabeth Green Grant, wife of
Major Hiram D. Grant.

Programs of the Year.

Public Rhetoricals.

Part I—Orchestra

1. Coronation of Anne Boleyn
Froude
Leslie L. Sumner
2. Great Britain and America
Newman Hall
Arthur A. Anderson
3. Chorus—The Bells of Seville
W. H. Jude
4. Gualberto's Victory
Eleanor C. Donnelly
Olive A. Johnson
5. The Shadow on the Blind
Anonymous
Ruth E. Witter

Part II—Orchestra

1. Three Days in the Life of Co-
lumbus
Delavigne
Ruth E. Bjornberg
2. The Mother of Little Maude and
Little Maude
Chas. Battell Loomis
Agnes C. White
3. Girls' Chorus—Lovely Night
J. Offenbach
4. Persephone
Jean Ingelow
Grace Hawkins
5. When Malinda Sings,
Paul Lawrence Dunbar
Susan S. Sumner

Part III—Orchestra

1. Laneer Hermann Hagedorn
Eleanor M. Keith
2. Etiquette W. S. Gilbert
Raymond R. Benson
3. Girls' Chorus—The Skylark
Burton E. Leavitt
IN MEMORIAM
4. Toussaint L'Ouverture
Wendell Phillips
William H. Richardson
5. A Fish Story Jerome K. Jerome
Rolfe N. Lyon

Part IV—Orchestra

1. The Leper, N. P. Willis
Eleanor A. Johnson
2. Shamus O'Brien,
Joseph Sheridan Le Fanu
Donald A. Collins
3. The Law of Service
Lyman Abbott
Edmund G. E. Anderson
4. The Bajput Nurse Edwin Arnold
Ida L. Spaulding
5. Chorus—Minstrel Boy
Arr. by Balfe

Graduating Exercises, 1913.

1. Orchestra
2. Prayer
Rev. James B. King, Eastford
3. Orchestra
4. Address
"Education and the Higher Life"
Prof. Samuel T. Dutton, LL. D.
New York City
5. Orchestra
6. Presentation of Diplomas
Hamilton Holt, Editor of
The Independent
7. Orchestra

Graduating Class, 1913.

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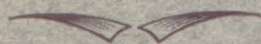
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