

WOODSTOCK ACADEMY GLEANER

Vol. 4. Woodstock, Conn., September, 1914. No. 4

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Woodstock Academy Gleaner

Vol. IV. Woodstock, Conn., September, 1914. No. 4

EDITORIALS

A strenuous effort is being made this year to raise the endowment fund of Woodstock Academy. Up to the present time the fund has been inadequate and the trustees have felt crippled in their efforts to promote the Academy's welfare; they therefore resolved to try to raise as much money as possible during the present year.

Hon. Arthur S. Hardy kindly consented to undertake the campaign, and through his earnest efforts over six thousand dollars has already been raised. Fully twenty thousand is needed; and this notice is herewith inserted in the *Gleaner*, in the hope that all loyal sons of the Academy may know about it and aid, if possible, the good work by sending in a contribution.

Herein lies a tangible way to prove your love and loyalty for Woodstock Academy!

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HON. ARTHUR S. HARDY,
Woodstock,
Connecticut.

THE ACADEMY YEAR 1913-1914.

The average enrollment of pupils in Woodstock Academy for the school year of 1913-1914 is fifty-two. This is four above the total average for the twenty-six years which make up the period of the principalship closing June 19th, 1914. The fact that the town, since December 1st, has paid the tuition of all pupils from Woodstock, has not increased the enrollment, unless perhaps by a single pupil. But this does not by any means indicate that we are not to expect a larger entering class in September next. The increased facilities for conveying Pomfret students to Putnam has caused the Academy to lose a number of Pomfret pupils. There were only two pupils from Pomfret enrolled during the year. From Eastford there were six. From places remote from Woodstock there were none; nor can it be expected that there will be such students unless some provision can be made for housing them.

The graduating class numbered ten, seven of whom were girls. The average number graduated yearly since 1888 has been seven. The last class, therefore, was above the average in number. No one of the class had a fixed purpose of entering a college, tho two may be regarded as possible college stu-

dents later. Six were graduated from the Latin Scientific Course, and four from the English Scientific. Three members of the class, by extra work and by advanced entrance preparation, were graduated after three years in the Academy.

The instruction during this year has perhaps not been up to the usual standard of the Academy. This statement should not be interpreted too sweepingly, however, for there has been much work of high order done in this line. But it was necessary to fill both positions of assistants with new teachers, and one of them was obliged to resign in the midst of her very satisfactory work, because of the sudden death of her father. This made it necessary to find a substitute to complete the year; such a change is generally a disadvantage to both pupil and teacher.

But it is no overstatement to say that the school has suffered more from the lack of scholarly interest on the part of a large portion of its pupils than from the inefficiency of any of its teachers. Each of the two evils enhances the other. However, when laziness, indifference, and disorderliness have possessed a considerable percentage of the students of a High School, the ablest and most faithful instruction can only partially succeed. In the writer's judgment the remedy for this state of things is to be found in two directions.

First, as soon as there are means, there should be introduced into the Academy somewhat extended courses in vocal music, physical

culture, and manual training. For such courses are not only intrinsically educational agencies, but, by giving a wider scope to the school's activities, they afford a needed relaxation from the continuous application to purely book work.

Secondly, pupils who continuously show themselves incompetent, uninterested, and disorderly should be removed from the school. The high school should not be hampered with the task of trying to reform boys and girls who, from hereditary tendencies and lack of home training, are utterly out of sympathy with the advantages and joys of a higher education.

There have been no students of Greek during the year, and only seventeen in all the Latin classes; of these, eleven were in the two upper classes, and three each in the two lower classes. It is not essential, perhaps, to the prosperity of the Academy, that the Latin course be largely patronized, but if the choice of the easier English courses indicates unwillingness or inability to do severe study, there is a danger ahead. No devices, no modern methods, by which severe and continuous intellectual effort is avoided can lead to a high education.

The free tuition given to the pupils from Woodstock by the town is the fulfillment of a long cherished desire. The school, however, has not been changed into the Woodstock High School. Four-fifths of the governing power are still in the hands of the trustees appointed by the stockholders, and the school is still to be called the

Woodstock Academy. It is to be hoped that all that is good in the old traditions of the institution will not be lost, and, on the other hand, that with the new opportunities for free instruction, the Old Academy will enter upon a new and progressive life.

The future looks bright. It is no small ground for encouragement that Mr. Arthur S. Hardy has taken a new interest in the Academy, and has entered upon a campaign to largely increase the permanent funds of the institution. With free tuition for resident pupils, with a large increase of the endowment fund, and with a new principal of experience and promise, why should not the old Alma Mater lift up a hopeful face to the future?

E. R. HALL.

GOV. BALDWIN'S ADDRESS AT GRADUATION.

The anniversary of an academy like this calls attention to what such an institution is, and why it was set up. They are more common in the eastern states than in the West. There it has been accepted as, in a measure, the duty of the state that it should give to all its people free education of every grade. Here in New England, at least, we deny it. We stand for giving free education at public cost in the common schools, but as to colleges and universities, we say that their foundation should be left to private beneficence and their government to trustees, named perhaps by the state in the original

charter, but self-perpetuating, or otherwise made independent of the state.

Between common school and college come academies. Many have grown into colleges. Many have fitted for college. Some have contented themselves with being the light of a neighborhood and raising the local standard of popular education.

Woodstock Academy has had a long life. Originally, you know, Woodstock was, as far as possession went, a Massachusetts town. It was not Woodstock then; Massachusetts called it New Roxbury until late in the seventeenth century, and then gave it the name Woodstock from the English village and manor house of Woodstock near Oxford.

Some of those who are graduating to-day have read, I dare say, Sir Walter Scott's novel of Woodstock. I recommend it to those who have not. It is one of those bits of fiction that impress great personages of former times upon the mind of most readers more vividly and more deeply than any professed history can.

Woodstock Academy was chartered in 1802 and had a year or two before being established by stock subscriptions from public spirited citizens of the place. The earliest Connecticut academy, which now survives, dates back a century and a half farther—the Hopkins Grammar School of New Haven, founded by Governor Edward Hopkins of the Colony of Connecticut in 1660. In all, Connecticut has chartered something like thirty of these academic corporations. One of them was the beginning of Yale University.

There is one spring of success belonging to a school like this

which is not found in the public high school. This was founded and remains a Christian institution.

The public school's property recognize and inculcate belief in God. It cannot properly recognize and inculcate the truth of the Christian religion. Our public schools are for the Hebrew, the agnostic and the unbeliever, as well as for the Christian.

In the bidding prayer at Oxford University, God's aid is asked in rearing up their men to do God's service in church and state. There, well stated, is the prime object of Christian education.

I was struck in looking over the centennial number of the "Woodstock Academy Gleaner" at the words of one of the alumni, who for many years was the state superintendent of schools in Iowa. He believed in the old fashioned academy, as a productive institution, in the twentieth century, as fully as in the eighteenth or nineteenth. It was characterized, he wrote, by "a freedom from red tape, an appeal to the responsibility of a student, a respect for conscientious work, a recognition of duty as an incentive to right living, in all of which our modern higher education is deficient."

It is this moral tone which is one of the vital forces of the New England academy. It responds to a deep chord in New England life.

At the last census one state, it was found, had fallen back in population. It was the state over whose schools the alumnus of Woodstock Academy from whose letter I have quoted, served so long as the superintendent.

It was not Connecticut. It was

not Vermont. New England, with her endowed universities and colleges and academies, continues in healthy growth. It is Iowa, the state of rich prairies and great farms, that has stood still, or rather that has gone backward. She gave a good education, no doubt, in arithmetic and spelling and general literature, but where was her appeal to the personal responsibility of the student, in the light of the gospels of the New Testament? Where was her recognition of duty as an incentive to right living? If there be a deficiency in such things, there is a deficiency in everything.

Iowa has for her public schools the secularized instruction of our times. Connecticut, in her academies, has maintained the Christianized instruction of earlier times.

There is something of inspiration in the very thought of studying at an institution founded in a former age, and from which those have gone forth, during a long stretch of time, who were destined to do good work—to render good service—for God and country. From you who are graduated today, the state, which gave Woodstock Academy its charter, expects no less.

Never was there a period in American history when that sound judgment and solid information, which a higher education gives, were more needed than now, as a counter-weight to hasty generalizations and half-hollow knowledge that so often find expression on the public platform or in the public press.

This is an age when novelties are pressed in every quarter on the attention of the young. It is peculiarly an age of cheap magazine literature—a literature that seeks for what will sell, rather

than for that which ought to sell. The newspapers are struggling "scoops," startling headlines, with little beneath them, concocting and publishing rumors to-day to be denied to-morrow. The monthlies, most of them, are seeking for anything which will stir up a sensation.

Besides all this, a new profession has sprung into life. It is that of the social expert, the social worker, the paid secretary of reform societies, the research and survey commissions supported by vast endowments from private beneficence. The natural position of this class is one of criticism of the existing order of things. If they found nothing to criticize, there would be little reason for the existence of their organizations. As you of the graduating class start off on the active journey of life, we who have already become familiar with its course are glad to assure you that most of what you will find by the wayside, or marching with you, is fairly good.

Our fathers did not leave Europe for America without a settled purpose to better their condition. They did better it. They founded here a New England, where they could make human conditions more equal and just and pure than they had been in old England.

The Woodstock, situated near the English Oxford, after which Chief Justice Sewall named this Woodstock, near the Massachusetts Oxford, was not to be the site of a great manor house such as that which at the English town was the scene of royal revels under Henry II, and once held Queen Elizabeth a prisoner. Its great distinction, as time went on, was to be this ancient academy, from which the light of

knowledge and truth has now shone out so long. It has been fortunate in the quality of its teaching force. For a quarter of a century past, its head has been a man highly esteemed in the ranks of Connecticut instructors. His brother, the late Chief Justice Hall, eminent for his knowledge, both of legal principals, and of the art of applying them to controverted facts, sat at my side for a long course of years in the supreme court of errors of this state. The mental characteristics of the two men were not unlike. What they did was always done thoroughly. Let what you do—you of the graduating class—be worthy of the same encomium. Woodstock Academy looks to you, as you receive the diplomas that attest your fidelity and industry while among her pupils, and so go forth to take your part in the larger world outside, to be true to the principles you have learned here—to be true, and to be steadfast in the truth.

"WORK OUT YOUR OWN SALVATION WITH FEAR AND TREMBLING.

(Philippians 2, 13.)

Salvation is the most desirable experience in the world. To be saved is the highest and most enriching possibility open to anyone. As long as "salvation" suggests but vague ideas of something obscure, out of reach and almost unreal, we are not in breathless pursuit of it. We are reaching for things around us that the sunshine shows to be real, things that we can use and enjoy. Our necessities and our desires crowd us on to get something that has in it market values or satisfactions that make hearts light and happy right now.

But look at the arm that gets tired bringing home a package from the store, or that is soon lamed from pushing a lawn mower, compare it with the brawny arm of the blacksmith, whose powerful blows weld iron and give shape to steel. His superior arm has been saved from the weakness of your soft muscles. To get the salvation that has come to his muscles, we build gymnasiums, and take vigorous exercises.

Schoolhouses, highly trained teachers, and compulsory education laws, show how intent we are in saving the mental life from weakness and ignorance. We pay large prices in money and time and sacrifice, to train our intellects to "observe closely, to imagine vividly, to think deeply, to reason soundly," in the words of President C. W. Eliot. We are after salvation when we build libraries. Civilization itself perishes in minds that are vacant, sluggish, superficial, indifferent to books, unmoved by great visions, unstirred by eternal truths. Printing presses and truant officers, not less than preachers, are working for salvation when they seek to give vision and direction to those energies of mind that measure life's size and worth.

Our conscience make us seekers of salvation. The boy that lies and cheats is despised and punished. Jails and prisons mean that if men are to have the confidence of their fellows and are to be free to go and come as they please, they must be men who are saved from deceit and hate. They must be men who practice the truth, and who are fierce in fight against injustice in others.

Life directed by conscience not less than by reason, gives manhood its commanding power; it was this salvation of the moral sense which Lowell lifted high before the approving gaze of men when he wrote of

Lincoln,

"To the front a lie in arms and not to yield,
This shows, methinks, God's plan
And measure of a stalwart man,
Limbed like the old heroic breeds,
Who stands self-poised on manhood's solid earth,
Not forced to frame excuses for his birth,
Fed from within with all the strength he needs."

And the heart, which is the deepest thing in us, also drives us forth to seek salvation. For the heart within us is not satisfied with food and wages and playthings. It is not satisfied with sunshine and health and human friendships. The human spirit is native to the altitudes and vastness and eternity of an Infinite life. It longs for commerce with realities unaffected by shadows and age. It aspires to enterprises that are eternal. It hungers for real companionship with the Father of spirits. Our roving spirits are tortured with abysmal unrest, "until they rest in God." This experience of Augustine's is the experience of humanity. "God is my light and my salvation," was the discovery of the ancient Psalmist, and to this discovery above all others, we are crowded on, by our soul's most eager and unrelenting demand.

Salvation is not obscure or out of reach when it means muscles and mind and conscience and heart, full of energy, happily serving and achieving great ends. Paul talks therefore of something that our whole being is yearning for, when he speaks of salvation, and the word which he accents is "work,"—"Work out your own salvation."

From the blacksmith comes this same word, "work," for when he rolls up his sleeves, his arms lose their pale color and catch the red from the forge, and when the anvil rings and the sparks fly from the blows of his hammer, his muscles catch the fibre of the metal which he shapes.

Work, again, long, hard work, was the secret of Charles Darwin's

remarkable mental development. He counted his five years on board the *Beagle* the greatest experience of his life, and he considered his close, prolonged study of the different forms of life that were found during this voyage, as the first real mental discipline he had ever had. So marked were results of this painstaking exercise of his mental powers that upon his return home his father was astonished, and his great excitement declared that even the shape of his head had changed.

From boyhood, Lincoln cared to be scrupulously honest. Because through years, he allowed himself to become mightily excited by the discovery of dishonesty and cruelty, he developed that relentless moral energy that enabled him to rid this nation of its disruptive curse of human slavery.

And because Livingstone had discovered that he was not in an orphaned world, obscure and uncertain, but in a world full of meaning and of good, because the abode of a sovereign God, he was bold to undertake the hazards of beasts and men and fevers of an unsubdued continent.

From every sphere of life comes the same message,

"The heights by great men reached and kept,
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were struggling upward in the night."

Three convictions dominate the life of every one who is experiencing salvation. First.—He is looking for salvation in overalls rather than in easy chairs.

Would you be saved? Dream of bright days, better days, happier days, then buy axes and boots rather than cushions and slippers. Think of your mind as well furnished and disciplined, aspire to important position in which your life shall be one of influence and contentment, then confront your reluctant, ease-loving dispositions with

the fact that the price which men pay for these things is work.

Livingstone never ceased to be thankful his parents were so poor he had to work. Leisure and automobiles are foes to achieving manhood. "Be thankful every morning," with Charles Kingsley, "that you have something to do that you must do. Being forced to work and forced to do your best, breeds in you temperance, self-control, diligence, strength of will, contentment and a hundred virtues which the idle will never know."

Refuse a passive existence, for in the words of Oscar Wilde, "Contentment lies not in the enjoyment of ease, a life of luxury, but comes only to him that labors and overcomes." Pursue that high salvation that is experienced only as your own muscles warm up under the strain of energetic achievement. "When you are cobbling shoes," says Joseph Brierley, or sweeping a room, remember you are in a better condition, a more joyous, life-developing condition, than if you were lolling in carriages or gorging at feasts, or being waited on by menials. Do not seek to change places. It is a move downward."

When a millionaire-missionary lately turned his back upon the idleness and luxury of his American home, and labored and died among the ignorant and needy of China, he made it clear that the yellow peril which he feared was the stifling surfeit of gold not the touch of the responsive heart of the Chinese.

To hate work is to be blind to the rich fruits of its discipline. To shun work, is to deny ourselves salvation to a life that is energetic, capable and happily achieving.

Second.—He works on mansions not on huts.

The man who built a shanty out of old dry goods boxes never knew anything but miserable, "shanty,"

home life.

It is a difference in ideals and plans. The same material and labor that constructs by the score, the plain little houses in which the mill operatives live, can be put into the beautiful house on the hill in which the mill owner lives. Under such a roof large business is transacted, its hospitalities are generous, and it shelters most of home.

To spend our energies in working out large ideals, is to erect such shelter as provides ample hospitality to life's large enterprises. And large places are not for men with great names, but for men of small names or no names, with large ideals and disciplined abilities. Figure heads will not answer, only heads that can figure right answers. He was no hut-builder, the immigrant boy of twelve, who came from Austria some years ago. Did the boys make fun of his name? Little matter, for when Harvard recently called someone to fill the important position in her law school which she has just created, whom did she choose but this Austrian, Felix Frankfurter? Did William H. Lewis abandon his high ideals, just because he was colored? If he had done so, he would never have become the Assistant Attorney-General of the United States.

Paul, least of all, was willing to be a hut-builder, for he says, "work out your own salvation with fear and trembling."

Hut-building involves so little life and risk, that even the most timid builder has nothing to fear. But the great structure not only shrinks the the lumber yard and quarry, but causes the builder anxiously to watch material, machinery and men, from foundation to roof. His very life goes into the building, upon it he has staked everything.

Work for an ideal that demands everything you have, into it put

your very life; have an ideal upon the achievement of which you stake everything, then with fear and trembling you will worthily employ your finest energies and your choicest resources.

Costly and hazardous is the venture of a great salvation.

Third.—He attempts only such enterprises as require God's help. He is a co-worker with the great Master-builder. With Him, he constructs a mansion that not only shelters fullest, highest manhood here, and that endures when every timber of earth has rotted and every stone crumbled into dust, but that also brings new courage and strength to others.

Florence Nightingale with her bright and cultivated mind, and sympathetic nature, would doubtless have endeared herself to a few rich friends, if she had yielded to wishes of her wealthy parents and spent her life in the ease and luxury of her home. But the Florence Nightingale whom the world loved, gladly accepted a life of toil and suffering in order that the suffering of others might be lessened. Her life was great because its undertaking involved God. She saved her own highest and best self, while she gave her life for others.

To pursue Christain ideals makes one a worker on turnpike roads over which passes the commerce of empires. And he finds that "it is God who worketh in him both to will and to work." To be co-workers with Him, is such an undertaking as develops men, men who are saved from meanness and weakness and uselessness, "God's plan and measure of stalwart men."

Sincerely and steadfastly throw ourselves into this undertaking, and a wonderful experience results. The secret is in the little word, "NOW."

As we move toward the word, it challenges immediate action, for it spells, "N O W." As we get into

the midst of it, it has been transposed into "OWN." And as we look back upon it, it has become, "WON." To begin now, is to possess for our very own, some real measure of salvation.

And you may undertake it with confidence, and unspeakable joy, "for it is God who worketh in you, both to will and to work for His good pleasure."

Rev. Harry A. Beadle.

AN APPRECIATION.

Chauncey Slade Child died April 13, 1914. How unexpected! How inexplicable! No accident caused his death, no premonition of disease hinted at its possibility. On the contrary, hereditary tendencies from a long line of ancestors, and a cheerful, active, simple life largely in the open air, in a locality always regarded as unusually healthful, combined to almost insure a life extending beyond the psalmist's limit of three score years and ten. Not so; the early evening finds him perfectly well, the next early morning, dead.

But who was this Chauncey whose death we so sorely lament? Born in Woodstock in 1885, and dying in the same house in which he was born and in which, or near to which, he had always lived, he still lacked a year to have finished three decades of life. Surely, neither a wide range, nor a long duration, of experience had been his. His were solid rather than widely developed powers. Industry, integrity, unswerving fidelity he gave in full measure in service to church, to society, and to town affairs. If a half-dozen of our leading citizens had at the beginning of the present year, each made a list of the five young men upon whom, in their judgment, the future prosperity of our town, would rest

in its religious, educational, political and social interests, doubtless the name of Chauncey Child would have been early on each list.

In school he was a scholar with a wholesome interest in athletics, not an athlete with a measure of interest in studies. In church, early becoming a member, he performed with the utmost fidelity and with ability, the duties of the various offices of the Young People's Society and of the Sunday School. In the Grange he was no less active and efficient, and had twice been its master. In town affairs he had already held several offices, usually held by men of maturer years, and was on the high road to receive the highest honors which the town can bestow. In his home, a home only five years old, with his devoted wife and his two promising little sons, he was building up for both children and parents the dearest spot on earth, and for the community a center of influence for righteousness which we can ill afford to lose. And with the other home, his father's, he still retained the closest relationship of helper and companion. Rarely do we find father and son living in such mutual dependence not only in business, but in all the relations of social and religious life.

Two encouraging thoughts crowd in upon us as we think of this untimely death. First, such a death makes immortality seem a reasonable expectation. How can it be reasonable that a life of such value and promise should not have an opportunity for a fuller development towards completion?

Secondly, the influence for good of a worthy human life upon other human lives is unending. This is trite but true. It is from the lips of a Mark Antony, a cruel self-seeker, a licentious voluptuary, a suicide, that Shakespeare utters the pessimistic falsehood,

"The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones."

As we weigh the life of Chauncey Slade Child we are sure that the reverse of this utterance is the truth. The good of his life has not been interred with his bones, but shall live after him. He may not be remembered by many generations, but Woodstock will always be a better place in which the upright man may live, because Chauncey Child has lived in it.

E. R. HALL.

A FOURTH OF JULY ON THE THAMES.

We felt it due our native land to celebrate in some way, and so decided to go to Henley from Oxford via the river Thames.

Henley, by the way, is the place where the annual regatta and boat-races are held, contestants coming from all over the world.

We had heard of Harvard's prowess during the first two days of the races and although we did not expect to reach the course in time to see anything, we hoped to find the Crimson victorious.

The weather smiled on us. This is a great thing for English weather to do. Friday had been soppy and wet, but our Saturday was as fine a Fourth as the stars and stripes have ever floated over.

Bearing a neat little paper basket filled with lunch, well bespattered with a grocer's advertisement but which we intended to leave behind us, we walked off down High street between all kinds of historic

and scholastic edifices, turned down Queen street by Christ Church College and Tom tower, from which the great bell rings 101 times at 9:05 every night for the original number of fellows on the foundation, past funny little shops with, to us, curious designations—a plumber shop labelled "Domestic Engineer" is odd, isn't it?—down to Foely bridge, where our little steamer was waiting. We took our seats under the awning forward, while a magnificent Briton in a blue coat, gold-lettered white cap and speckless newly creased white duck trousers, offered us cushions and funny little foot-stools, the latter a cross between two small ironing boards and an old fashioned boot-jack. Another small boat, specially chartered and very crowded with the employes of a local theatre, left just before we did, but, probably because Henley races would be over before we got there, we had until the latter part of the trip the boat practically to ourselves. We also had much attention from the majestic Briton; I do not know what else to call him, he acted in so many capacities. He was a perfect mine of information as to localities, figures, viewpoints, etc.; sold us guide books, recommended the "Lamb" at Wallingford, where we stopped for our noonday lunch, and shepherded us up to it. He occasionally took the wheel and steered the boat and cracked a few slow jokes with passengers. Later in the afternoon, with the assistance of a small boy, he prepared and sent up trays with steaming pots of tea, accompanied by the thin slices of buttered bread and plum cake that every Englishman, high or low, feels the need of between 4 and 5 p. m. And he never was too busy to dart down upon us with his bit of information at the proper point. We watched him through an opening in the deck, eating his own supper of tinned shrimps and tea in the cabin.

He bade all passengers a cheerful goodnight as we left the boat at Henley and closed his fingers politely over our modest tribute. Barring an inordinate consumption of tobacco, a very red face, and a glassy eye, he was almost as perfect as the scenery. We do not have his like in America.

We passed Warren Hastings' house high above the river, caught a glimpse of the church where Tenyson was married, and one where Newman once preached, but this is not a guide book—only the record of a pleasant day. We glided through trim little locks with Mother Goose houses and gardens gay with rose trees, larkspurs, and all sorts of flowering plants. Two lock proprietors rejoiced in the name of Tame. I wondered if the pudding went with it. The Thames Conservancy offers a good sum of money as a prize for the prettiest and best kept lock, which accounts for the gay showing. It was a novel sensation to run into the little basins and then slowly subside with the water till houses and gardens were high above your head. Nine feet was the deepest descent we made, and we passed through thirteen locks. Sometimes the lock-keeper and his wife with her arms akimbo, sometimes a small boy or a boatman helped push back the heavy gates to let us pass. Part of the way there was a tow path and we met a few boats drawn by heavy, patient old horses on the bank. Little English boys chased us along the path, and turned cart wheels or stood on their solid little heads and waggled their legs for pennies tossed them by the passengers, and fought like little English sparrows over every one. The biggest boy usually got the penny despite the passengers' efforts to distribute them evenly, and called out cheerfully, "Here you are, sir. don't be downhearted, sir! try it again,

sir!" Funny little tow-headed fellows, very ragged and very eager. One little fellow, bathing, waited anxiously for the wash from the boat, shouting "Send us your waves! send us your waves!"

There were many bathers along the stream, both men and women, and there were endless punts filled with picnickers and tea baskets, all along the shores and islands and non-prohibited spots. A punt, by the way, is a long, flat-bottomed, somewhat canoe-like boat, propelled and guided by a long pole from one end. It contains two well-cushioned seats and is the favorite form of boat on the river.

We had passed the university barges at Oxford, and at Henley began to see the sumptuous houseboats. Our Briton pointed out Alfred Vanderbilt's boat, on the decoration of which, the newspaper informed us, he spent 3000 pounds for flowers Henley week. We shot under lovely little arched bridges, at some the steersman folded up the smokestack and lowered it to get through. In one place they were obliged to put down the awning, and our majestic Briton came up and asked, "Do any of you happen to know any militant suffragettes?" We disclaimed their acquaintance in chorus, for militant suffragettes are making hard the path of visiting American women. "I only arsked, y'know, because if y'did I wish y'd arsk them to come down and blow up this bridge; they might do *some* good, y'know!" Then he moved away, chuckling at our astonishment and relief.

Oh, the trees of England! I knew they were many and beautiful, but I never realized the number and variety of *big* trees. One such would be a landmark in America, and here there are hundreds, nay thousands, of all varieties. Enormous mulberry trees dropped their fruit-laden branches

over the water. The great beeches, oaks, and elms, were soft, round, shapely masses of verdure. We saw afar the great Wittenham clumps marking the site of an old Roman camp, and the banks in many places were lined with willows newly set, and heavy old trunks freshly pollarded. Then roots interlaced along the shores to keep them from washing away.

Beautiful lawns and gardens swept down to the river. Even in Reading, the largest town we passed through, we saw no manufacturing. No mussy shores and heaps of refuse, no hovels. Ah! however, there was the rub! All this beautiful scenery, these soft meadows, trim lawns and wonderful woods seemed empty save for the punts and picnickers. "Private property, all landing forbidden," was a constant sign, and we were again and again reminded that this was a rich man's country. He must have his miles of forest and lovely scenery, acres of parks and gardens, but the poor man—well, perhaps he has his pleasuring places, but they were not on the banks between Oxford and Henley. Every now and again we came upon swans black and white, sometimes a pair with a flock of little gray cygnets in tow, sometimes six or seven together. They didn't mind the steamer much, but posed and preened their silver plumage as if enjoying our admiration. They had the oddest way of tucking their feet under their wing so a flat, black-webbed foot stuck up from the middle of their white backs in a most jaunty and unexpected manner. The little black ducks, however, were horribly scared. They would try to swim away from the advancing monster, then give it up and take to their wings with a squawk of despair, while the baby ducks, rocked, tumbled and scuttled on the waves as the steamer's

wake tossed them against the banks.

Henley lock was crowded. We had to wait for it to empty and to follow, in order, the waiting vessels into it. The shores were full of picnickers and tea baskets, houses, boats and people growing more numerous as we approached the town. We stood a long time on Henley bridge, watching a never ending, shifting stream of boats filled with all sorts and conditions of men and women in all sorts of costumes; gaily dressed ladies, often two women in a boat, one punting skillfully; swarthy Indian or foreign students, crowded boats, tete-a-tetes, chaperoned and non-chaperoned lovers. It was a wonderful picture.

Harvard had won the Challenge cup and I wanted to buy an American flag, but the only one offered was very large, and would, I thought, look too flamboyant for a sober middle-aged woman. It wasn't necessary, however, to proclaim our nationality. Every little British son knew us at once. The small boy in charge of the railway newsstand, the moment I paused before it, drew forth and offered "Noah's Magazine, an American magazine, mum."

We didn't see the Harvard men in Henley, but we did a few days later in Oxford, a trim, clean looking group of young men, looking up at the odd brazen face with the huge nose over the college gate to which, some say, it gave the name Brass Nose.

We lingered about Henley, watching the moving panorama on land and water, till the fireworks began to be sent off. Then feeling we had fittingly ended the Fourth, we went back to the station and took our train back to Oxford, weary but content.

JESSY T. McCLELLAN.

THE STUDENT'S HERITAGE.

FREDERICK FRYE ROCKWELL.

(From "The Intercollegiate Socialist.")

Hark! Have you caught the warning in the wind that sweeps the world?

Or have your ears been deaf to it, and have your eyes been turned
So fixedly upon the Past, that round about you whirled

Unnoticed and unheeded the revolt of the earth's spurned?

You shall not long stay blind to it; they cannot long shut out

With ivied wall and book and gown *the living world beyond*.

The stirring tread of marshalled men, the struggle's charge and rout,
Shall reach you yet, and grip you in its world inclusive bond!

Your heritage, your heritage—the blood that's led the fight

For freedom from all tyranny, for human rights, for man,—

Why leaps it not to battle now, where in the van of Right

The bugle-call to danger sounds, as since the strife began?

Your heritage, your heritage,—the knowledge of the years

Poured in your laps unstinted from the myriad-handed dead;

Abandon not their trust to you while wrong yet re-appears:

The war for Right calls still, as when your sires and their sires bled!

IVY ESSAY.

As one who parts from a dear friend, does so, expressing by look or word, something more than a simple good bye, so we, who have to say good bye to our dear Academy to-day, feel that we'd like to leave some symbolic token of our attachment to it, a token that will take deep root in the soil near it and grow from year to year in strength and beauty. That token is the ivy which we have just planted and to which we confide the sacred trust of testifying continually to our gratitude for all this institution has given us.

This is now the twentieth year that this simple but pleasant ceremony has been observed. As we look about us we see the emblems of remembrance left by the various

classes who have gone before us. These emblems have grown and been sheltered by the *outer* walls as we, *within* its walls, have been encouraged to greater efforts and higher aspirations.

We, to-day, are going forth from this dear old Academy like many others who have trod this same pathway, and as unconscious, perhaps, as we have seemed at times, of the privileges they were enjoying, but whose honorable and useful lives were influenced by the associations and uplifting impulses received here.

We realize that there is a new and untried Future before us, but within our hearts we feel that there has been implanted a reverence for the higher things of life and a desire to be worthy of the distinguished company of men and women with

whom our connection with this school entitles us to be numbered. It is our sincere desire that our lives may, in some degree, prove our appreciation of all the patient and careful teaching of our instructors.

One distinction the Class of 1914 enjoys. Mr. Hall graduates with us. We are graduated after four years of work in the Academy, he after twenty-six. It is an honor to us then to have such a well-seasoned graduate a member of the Class of 1914.

We can hardly realize that we are here as pupils for the last time; but the time *has* come for us to say our farewells. Farewell, then, to our instructors during all these four years, with gratitude and best wishes. Farewell to the good fellowship and pleasant associations of the long school days. Farewell to all those pleasures for which the campus stands; and, last of all, farewell to Classmates of 1914.

We have not ventured to-day to trust our feeble powers to rhyme or verse, but our sentiments, perhaps, may be beautifully voiced in this little poem of Thomas Moore:

As slow our ship her foamy track
Against the wind was cleaving,
Her trembling pennant still look'd back
To that dear isle 'twas leaving.
So loth we part from all we love,
From all the links that bind us;
So turn our hearts, as on we rove,
To those we've left behind us!
When round the bowl of vanish'd years
We talk with joyous seeming—
With smiles that might as well be tears,
So faint, so sad their beaming;
While memory brings us back again
Each early tie that twined us,
Ah, sweet's the cup that circles then
To those we've left behind us!
As travellers oft look back at eve
When eastward darkly going,
To gaze upon that light they leave:
Still faint behind them glowing,—
So when the close of pleasure's day
To gloom hath near consign'd us,
We turn to catch one fading ray
Of joy that's left behind us.

SUSAN S. SUMNER.

GRADUATION.

The graduating exercises of 1914 were of more than usual interest, not unmingled with sadness, for this occasion marked the end of Mr. Hall's career as principal. For the long unbroken period of twenty-six years he has filled this position through the various vicissitudes in the history of the Academy, making her life one with his own, "for richer or for poorer," and many times it seemed as if the poverty of its resources was too great to be overcome, but by dint of patient perseverance, hard work, and a high standard of educational methods and training, weathered the storm and gave the school a good rank among the fitting schools of New England, and sent forth a number of graduates who have "made good" as they have gone forth into the broader world of service and activity; but, best of all, many more have gone forth with the principles of good citizenship, right living and lofty ideals well instilled.

The first public graduation exercises were held just twenty years ago, presenting a program that met with public approval, and year by year they have always been interesting and have given us many opportunities for the broadening of our mental horizon by means of the many talented speakers on a great variety of subjects that Mr. Hall through his wide acquaintance has been able to secure.

The order of exercises for this year rather excelled in quality, and we were exalted above measure in having the presence of the Governor of this commonwealth, and also the ex-minister to Venezuela, making the occasion one of popular interest, apparent by the large audience present. For many years we have been favored in having the orchestra of Mr. John Morse furnish the musical program, which

was always of high order. This organization has been given up and Mr. Dodge, one of the alumni since '88, arranged for the orchestra present, which very acceptably rendered the well chosen selections.

Prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. Beadle of Pomfret, followed by the introduction of the orator of the afternoon by Mr. Hall.

Mr. Hall has always been considered especially gifted in the introduction of the various speakers, but this year he was particularly happy in his expression, making one long for the "pen of a ready writer," that the exact words of his address might be given. He said, in part, that in introducing Governor Baldwin the pleasure was two-fold.

First. He had been an honored instructor of that famous class of '72 whose praises had so often been heralded from that platform.

Second. As an eminent citizen of New Haven, highly esteemed there because of his great civic work. He was also a jurist of wide reputation, standing high in the councils of the nation. The State had bestowed upon him its highest honor, but he was not brought into power on a wave of party success! He was elected by the *people* because of his righteous character, his advocacy of wise economy in the administration of government, and the purity of his politics.

It was a great pleasure to be honored by his presence among us. No attempt is made to repeat the thoughtful, scholarly address of the Governor, as it is published entire elsewhere.

After music by the orchestra, followed the presentation of diplomas by Mr. Herbert Bowen. Mr. Hall's introduction is given, as far as possible, in the following words:

Mr. Herbert Bowen was a man who, after filling important posts in

Europe and South America, returned to the fields of his boyhood days. We know him now as he moves among us a genial, friendly, kind neighbor. President Wilson has had great trouble in making Huerta salute our flag, but Mr. Bowen, by the force of his own personality, compelled President Castro to yield to his wishes and salute the flag.

It is said that "a prophet is not without honor save in his own country," but that is not always true, for to-day we honor Mr. Bowen by asking him to present the diplomas to this class.

He was then introduced as diplomat, author, friend, and farmer. Mr. Bowen's response was bright and to the point. He felt highly honored to be asked to present the diplomas to the class then before him, and wished at the same time to confer three verbal degrees, first upon Judge Catlin, the venerable President of the Board of Trustees, in recognition of his long and faithful service; second, upon His Honor, the Governor of Connecticut; and third, upon Mr. E. R. Hall, with an appreciation of his noble record as principal of this Academy.

This was received by hearty, long-continued applause by the audience. The planting of the Ivy directly followed the exercises in the hall. The Ivy Oration was delivered by Miss Susan Sumner. Her clear delivery made it very interesting. It will be published in full, so allusion will only be made to the honor she claimed for the Class of 1914 that Mr. Hall graduated with them.

The reception and social hour followed, and the exercises for the Class of 1914 were closed.

As we say good-bye to our well-beloved principal we would say it in the following quotation from a

poem written by one of his pupils: "Inasmuch as ye serve your fellow men! inasmuch 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."

The following resolution has been adopted by the Board of Trustees to be presented to Mr. Hall as a slight token of their appreciation of his faithful services:

"So far as it is our duty to act in the matter and to consider, with the Town Committee, the choice of his successor, we do so with great reluctance. But we realize that Mr. Hall has studied this question in all its relations: to this town, to us and to himself and family; we therefore feel we must act as he desires, and we accept his retirement from the field which he has filled for nearly twenty-six years with signal ability. We can assure Mr. Hall that the love and good wishes of the multitudes he has taught and influenced here and the respect of all the people will follow him to his future home and occupation, wherever his lot may be cast."

—E. E. C.

HONOR ESSAYS.



SHOULD UNITED STATES FORCIBLY INTERFERE IN MEXICAN AFFAIRS.

Mexico is now in a state of seething ferment. Conditions are as deplorable as can be imagined. The Revolutionists now hold entire North Mexico, east to Monteray and south to Torreon, Guaymas alone excepted, while the bloody Huerta is massing his troops around the capitol preparatory to the last struggle. Again, Zapata is still

carrying on his guerilla warfare in the extreme south. The people are practically uneducated, less than one-half being able to read and write. History shows that ever since it acquired its independence, Mexico has been the scene of almost incessant civil wars.

With the country rent by these three hostile factions, what is the prospect of a satisfactory settlement? Zapata the illiterate outlaw, gained for a short time while he was in his own territory, and then his rapid advance as suddenly subsided. In fact we are quite justified in considering him out of the question of restoring peace to Mexico. Pancho Villa is now the man of the hour. His command puts ten thousand well-armed men into action, confiscates rich Spanish and Mexican estates, and sets up government - controlled railroads, stores, banks, mints, etc. His prowess overshadow that of his "chief" Carranza. He is the hero of Chihuahua, Jaurez, and Ojinaga; and is now preparing to attack Torreon. His forces have also captured Mazatlan (their first seaport) and are maintaining the siege of Guaymas. Yet a long and thorny road lies before them to the City of Mexico, only a scant half of the country now being in their hands. Even if a Constitutional Government is set up in the North it will probably take a long time to starve out Huerta if he can be forced to bankruptcy at all. His forces will doubtless remain loyal to him as long as they receive their regular pay.

It should also be remembered that Villa has been fighting in a country entirely in sympathy with his cause, but as he advances towards the capitol conditions will gradually be reversed.

Besides, Villa can hardly be expected to recognize Corranza as his superior and authority much longer,

but will proclaim himself commander-in-chief. In fact the latest reports even now hint that relations are rather strained between the two. In this case the country would be once more pilfered by the living and stained with the blood of the dead. If by any chance this one-time outlaw should obtain the power, would he be equal to the occasion? He is courageous and dashing yet he has not the needed knowledge and steadfastness required to develop a responsible government.

Carranza on the other hand has not that hold on his troops which his lieutenant has, the fundamental of their support, and hence he will evidently be superceded in time by Villa. As for the merciless Huerta, it is now understood and recognized that he can never restore peaceful tranquility to distracted Mexico. He rules by martial force alone, committing such horrible atrocities as the "Reign of Terror" did in France but with a far more despotic purpose. As we have already seen, the more distant places where his power cannot be so firmly maintained, have already raised the standard of rebellion.

Under the Monroe Doctrine the United States stoutly maintain that foreign nations shall have no right to interfere in these turbulent affairs, but that America is perfectly able to take care of herself. Hence we have practically made ourselves responsible for the lives and property of all aliens in Mexico.

As a result of war, Americans as well as foreign persons have been killed in the bloody struggle. No respect has been paid their property but it has been plundered or confiscated. With malice aforethought attempts have been made to assassinate American citizens and representatives of the United States! Insults and false charges have been made against our government! Armed men have crossed our bor-

ders, in itself a declaration of war! Women and children have sought refuge in our country! Quartered troops must protect our frontier! English blood is crying for redress and revenge! The time has come for action!

We are far from eager to increase our national debt and sacrifice the lives of brave men, yet sooner or later war seems inevitable. The country is now in a far worse condition than Cuba^{was} when we interfered and drove the last remnant of Spanish rule from the Western hemisphere. Ours would not be a selfish purpose, but to promote the welfare of Mexico. With our trained army, well-equipped navy, and willing volunteers the subjection of this state as shown by our former Mexican war and under existing affairs would be an easy matter. A new election would be held and the elected President supported by our government. The benefits of such a war can be summed up under two general headings:—

1. The establishment of a responsible government able to preserve order.
2. By building schools and compelling regular attendance, the common people will become more educated and thus fitted to see their own needs and govern themselves.

Arthur Reuben Anderson.

SHOULD THE ACADEMY BE CHANGED INTO AN IN- DUSTRIAL SCHOOL.

One of the greatest problems that faces us today is the cityward movement of the young men and women from the farms, and the consequent depopulation of the rural communities. Nor is the phenomenon confined to any one district, although New England perhaps shows it more than any other section of our country.

Woodstock is an excellent example of this depletion of farm life. Many of the young people have left the town because they did not care for agriculture, and, since agriculture is the principal occupation of Woodstock, they have been unable to make a living here. Then, too, the majority received an education at Woodstock Academy much superior to that of the district school, placing them on a high intellectual plane, and making them desirous of further study and development. Although this has given great credit to Woodstock Academy for exerting high influence on the pupils, it has proved injurious to the town. The population has been slowly diminishing, many of the once prosperous farms have been abandoned, and agriculture is not thriving as it should.

These have become the conditions here, because for a number of years past, the majority of youth have left Woodstock to seek positions in the larger towns and cities where the industries were other than agricultural.

In a few towns where the conditions are similar to those in Woodstock, agricultural schools have recently been established. In these schools subjects pertaining to farm life are specialized in, and although the regular studies of the high schools and academies are pursued, yet not as thoroughly as in the high schools and academies. These agricultural schools are proving advantageous to the towns, are showing that they are the greatest agent capable of influencing and training boys and girls for farm life. People are beginning to realize that back of the flourishing cities there must be a thriving agricultural population to feed the multitudinous population of the cities. If young people persist in leaving the country towns, the rural districts will soon be unable to furnish the large amount of food, and thus the cost of living

will be increased. The main blessing of a raising country such as ours is to have an increasing agricultural population.

But in the rural districts where the industries are other than agricultural, industrial schools are being started which teach the industries important to those districts in which they are established. These industrial schools are doing much to prevent their boys and girls from leaving by enabling every boy and girl to make a good living in his or her own home town. If an industrial school was established in Woodstock, it should bear chiefly on agricultural subjects for agriculture is the most important industry in Woodstock, and in order that Woodstock be made a prosperous town, its principle industry should be kept all alive. Schools in every section should teach what is important to that section. For example, suppose a school founded in a coast town where the occupation was fishing. In what way would the school benefit the town if it specialized in agriculture on machinist's trade? The thought and sympathy of the students would be taken from fishing. They would seek other towns where they could practice the knowledge they had obtained in the school. This would prove disastrous both to the population and industry of the town.

Not long ago in a town where machinery was manufactured, one of the boys' high schools introduced the mechanical construction of machinery and also subjects relating to machinery as a study. This had done much to build up the industry of the town, and each boy that graduates has learned a trade that even if he does not care to follow up at that time may prove resourceful in the future.

In a number of high schools of New York City trades and industries are taught in connection with the required subjects. Carpentry, sale

manship, masonry, architecture, and plumbing for boys; and for girls, designing, millinery, sewing, and domestic science, are a few of the industries taken, and in addition to these many high schools furnish a business course of three years for those who prefer it to the general course.

Now it would be practically impossible to teach all of the subjects mentioned above in Woodstock Academy, as it is a small school comparatively, and not financially placed to permit the changes necessary to teach these subjects. But the industries which would prove most beneficial to Woodstock's boys and girls could be taught, as for instance agricultural subjects.

As Woodstock Academy is under the present system, it furnishes an education to students that demands further development and specializing, that is, it does not fit pupils for any particular industry or profession. Even if they become farmers and remain in Woodstock, the education they have received does not aid them to become better farmers in any way. But a very small percentage become farmers in comparison with the number that become doctors, clergymen, lawyers, merchants, teachers, and literary men and women. Woodstock Academy furnishes "high ideals" and "aspirations pure" and each pupil follows up the subject that appeals to him.

We have the example of a number of men and women, who, having attended Woodstock Academy when young, have steadily climbed upward but not, however, in Woodstock. They have attained their fame in larger towns and cities. Afterwards, although they are glad to return to Woodstock and proclaim that their first impetus was received at Woodstock Academy, still they do not remain here permanently until ready to withdraw from active competition in the world.

Now if the influence they received had been agricultural rather than classical would it not have been possible to have kept the greater number of those men and women in the town, and so add to its uplift and betterment? Perhaps not, but it seems to me, if students were influenced and trained here for farm life, they would be likely to remain here, thus building up the town, and adding to its character, wealth and prosperity.

Grace Hawkins.

THE 1914 REUNION.

One of the largest and most enjoyable Alumni gatherings ever held was at Lakeside, South Woodstock, on the evening of June 19th.

Many of the older graduates of the Academy made a special effort to attend in honor of Mr. Hall.

Lakeside house, "of blessed memory," the scene of so many of our Woodstock good times, was very attractively decorated with mountain laurel.

Long tables were set in the dining and music rooms, both of which were well filled.

The dinner—tho perhaps to many not the most important part of such an affair—was very good and enjoyed by all.

Fred Rockwell very ably filled the position of toastmaster. Toasts were responded to by Mr. Hall, Miss Brooks, Mr. Sampson, Mrs. Jordan, and Harry Child. The latter represented the Canadian Chapter of the Woodstock Academy Alumni Association. All wished that the other members might have been present together with many others whom we have not seen for so long a time.

There were several of the old familiar songs sung and Mr. Hall gave us the opportunity of seeing

and drinking from the loving cup which was presented him by the Alumni of W. A. and other friends, in grateful appreciation of all that he has done for them during twenty-five years of faithful service.

After dinner, Mr. Henry Morse and his daughter furnished music for dancing, and all made the most of the opportunity to "re-kindle friendship's flame."

No business meeting was held, but it seemed to be the consensus of opinions that all who ever attended the Academy should be invited to these affairs. So it is hoped that another year we may have a still larger attendance.

The Committee is to be congratulated for making this such a successful and enjoyable reunion.

GRACE CHURCH WHITE.

Northbridge,

July 30, 1914.

GLIMPSES INTO ONE RURAL SCHOOL.

As, for the past four years, my work has been among the rural schools of Connecticut, it seems to me that I must let the readers of the *Gleaner* glance with me at some of the scenes therein.

Picture to yourself a background of majestic forests, clad in rich green in early fall and in spring, in October crowned with scarlet and purple, and in December and the rest of the winter rising from the white expanse in silent grandeur with the undergrowth of deep green laurel forming a rich sitting. It was among such scenes that I worked.

The village teacher may say that her surroundings furnish her with more material for her work, but can mills, factories, the throngs who

work therein, give more inspiration than comes from the grand old hills, with their influences for mounting higher and higher up the steps of life? Does she gain the rest that the silent influences of nature give to the weary one who seeks their shelter. Longfellow says, "Breathe the air of mountains, and their inapproachable summits will lift thee to the summit of themselves."

It is an established fact that almost invariably it is the pupils from the "little red schoolhouse" who make the best showing when the examinations for the higher departments are held. And why is it thus? The teacher knows that the pupil whose mind is not distracted by the endless whirl of pleasure out of school hours, who is eagerly "marking time" until he can leave school and begin mill work, is the pupil who throws himself with all his might into the work before him, and wins the laurels.

One complaint made by some teachers is that there are now so many foreign pupils in our country schools. It has been my experience that the children of foreign parentage are the ones who are the most eager to learn, and that they are in many cases full as lovable as many American children. True, there are exceptions, "black sheep dwell in every fold." Have we not all seen American families by which we should greatly resent having our own nationality judged?

I have in mind a class of two pupils, little girls who entered school barely able to give their names intelligently, but who in three years had nearly completed the work assigned for the first four years work in school. When we think of the necessity of acquiring a new language which is never heard in the home, does the work of the foreign child compare favorably with that of the American

born?

I am not of the opinion that the city born and reared girl should as a general thing attempt to be the teacher of a country school. The surroundings and environments are so different that she cannot do justice to herself and pupils unless she is possessed of most unusual adaptability. But to the country girl who desires to teach, I would most earnestly say, "Remain in the country." The lack of modern methods may be felt to be a handicap, but the summer schools furnish wonderful equipment along that line, and almost all schools have a trained superintendent who will gladly advise and assist the inexperienced teacher who is willing to learn. Put aside the thought, "only a country school," and count yourself blessed that you are placed where God's great out-of-doors lies before you and you may have its manifold aids in building characters which later shall rise and be spoken of with awe and almost reverence.

"And when the world shall link their names

With gracious deed and action fine,
The teacher shall assert her claims
And whisper proudly "these were mine."

Nellie Towne Burleson.

OBITUARIES.

MISS HARRIET G. ATWELL.

The older alumni will be saddened to note the death of Miss Harriet Atwell, which occurred May 6, at her home at Pleasant Valley, Conn.

How fondly Miss Atwell cherished memories of her life at the Academy in the forties, under Mr. John P. Averill, she told us in her own graceful way in the 1897 issue of the *Gleaner*.

The art of writing was one of Miss Atwell's accomplishments, her articles in some of the well-known publications having been widely copied. From her gifted pen, too, the story of the life of Chloe Lankton found its way into many Sunday School libraries.

In her life work as an educator, conducting private classes in her home village, Miss Atwell has had a strong, helpful influence upon the young people with whom she came in contact, ever striving to stimulate their ambitions, elevate their ideals, and to promote the welfare of the community in which she lived.

Miss Atwell, herself, said in the *Gleaner* article to which reference has been made:

"The educative influence of Woodstock Academy fifty years ago may be traced in the earnest lives of many who have gone beyond;" and surely in the quiet, earnest life of Miss Harriet Atwell it was an enriching force which proved an inspiration to others.

ELIZABETH F. BINGHAM.

CLAYTON T. LYON.

Clayton T. Lyon, one of the town of Woodstock's oldest citizens, has passed away at the age of 75 years and 14 days. Mr. Lyon was born in a house not far from the present Lyon home; attended the public schools of the town and Woodstock Academy.

Mr. Lyon was a highly respected and esteemed citizen, and although he never held public office, his advice and counsel was often sought in public affairs. Mr. Lyon leaves a wife and six children, and one brother, Andrew L., of Asbury Park, N. J. Burial was in Woodstock cemetery.

IN MEMORY OF A FRIEND.

Every year there appear in the columns of the *Gleaner* short articles telling what the members of the different classes are doing. Through seven years these reports have shown that the ten "full-fledged chicks" of 1906 have lived and thrived. But the eighth year finds the blossoming life of MARVIN F. HYDE, one of its most promising members, cut short.

All of his life from his birth on July 11, 1888, until his death on January 4, 1914, with the exception of four years, was spent in Woodstock within sight of the Academy. During those years when he was away, he spent his vacations in Woodstock with his mother, Mrs. William Lindeman.

Marvin attended the Academy from September, 1901, until June, 1906. During that time he was prominent in many fields of action, class-room, ball grounds, and stage. His friends and classmates will never forget the humorous selections rendered so well at the Public Rhetoricals that he always held a place of honor on the programs. In fact, a happy disposition, intermingled with fun and wit, was his always and helped him to make and keep many friends.

After graduating from the Academy, Marvin attended Huntsinger's Business College in Hartford, Conn., and worked for "Horsfall & Rothschild" in Hartford, and "Wolf" in Boston.

The next three years were spent on the farm in Woodstock. During this time, June 8, 1910, he married Florence P. Wilcox of Uncasville, who, besides two sons, Frederick William, born June 15, 1911, and Asa Wilcox, born January 19, 1913, survives him.

He was connected with the social life of the community in several ways. At one time he was presi-

dent of the Christian Endeavor Society, and he belonged to the Masons and the Grange, in both of which he held offices. The last two years of his life were spent in New London, where he worked for "Davis and Savard."

In the fall of 1913 he was not well and came to Woodstock to recuperate. After a few weeks, the doctors thought he had better have an operation for appendicitis, so he was taken to the Worcester Hospital. This led the doctors to discover the real cause of his ill-health. The operation made him very weak and probably shortened his life. He returned to Woodstock, where he endured bravely for several months a painful illness. Here his cheerful disposition was evident, as he was always looking on the bright side, even to the last day.

It is hard to believe that he has come to Woodstock for the last time. To his little sons, who resemble him in visage, his friends could not wish anything better than that they resemble him in personality as well.

All of his friends join with his relatives in feeling a distinct sense of loss, but—

MAUDE E. HEALEY.

THE TEACHERS FOR THE COMING YEAR.

The pupils of the Academy and the people of Woodstock will welcome Miss Mildred E. Foye, who served so acceptably as a teacher last year and whose work was so sadly interrupted. She will teach about the same subjects as last year.

The other assistant is Miss Katherine Gardner. Like Miss Foye, she is a graduate of Mount Holyoke College and comes from Worcester, Mass. Miss Gardner will

have charge of the work in history and most of the classes in science.

The principal, Mr. William A. Perkins, is a graduate of Bowdoin College and has done postgraduate work at Harvard and Yale and elsewhere in mathematics, physics, and some other studies. He has had about twenty-five years of experience as a teacher, having been a sub-master in the Academy of Beloit College, Beloit, Wis., in the Lynn, Mass., Classical High School, and in the Bridgeport, Conn., High School; and having served in the Westford, Mass., Academy and the Grafton, Mass., High School. He will teach mathematics, physics, and some Latin.

Treasurer's Report.

RECEIVED.

For Gleaners . . .	\$57.41
For advertisements . .	34.00
Balance in treasury from last year . . .	33.16
	<hr/>
	\$124.57

EXPENSES.

For publishing Gleaners	\$76.00
For stamps . . .	6.00
For envelopes . . .	1.68
For express . . .	.55
	<hr/>
	\$84.23

Balance in treasury . .	\$40.34
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NELLIE D. CHANDLER,
Treasurer.

PERSONALS BEFORE '88.

Gilbert H. Bachelor, now pastor of the Congregational Church in Columbus, Mich., has sent recently through a mutual friend messages of remembrance and greeting to his boyhood friends in Woodstock.

Mr. Cassius M. Child died at his

home in Rolandsville, Md., early in December, 1913. Mr. Child was a pupil in the Academy during the years that Mr. Hopkins was principal, though his home has been for more than forty years in the Southland. He was ever a very loyal friend to the Academy and his friends in Woodstock, making a yearly visit as long as health permitted.

Mr. George Potter died in July in Rice, State of Washington, at the age of 78 years. He was a pupil in the Academy under Mr. Hopkins as principle. He went West in early manhood and has never returned to visit his friends and relatives in Woodstock.

Dr. James Ingalls of Brooklyn, N. Y., has visited friends in Woodstock the past summer.

Mrs. Grace (Stone) Chamberlin is now at Georgetown, British Guiana, with her husband, who has been transferred from the position of American consul at Queentown to that of consul at Guiana. They find their life there very interesting and pleasanter than they anticipated.

Mr. Henry Sabin has changed his residence from Des Moines, Iowa, to La Mesa, Cal.

Miss Mary Flynn resigned as librarian of Woodstock Library the first of July. Her unusual ability and genial disposition has made her very popular in this position and the committee find it hard to fill her place.

Mr. H. H. Davenport is connected with the State Highway Commissioner's office.

Mr. Frank Chandler is in a store in Glendale, Cal.

Miss Nellie Pratt spent the winter at Paxton, Mass.

Mr. Charles Haines of Colorado Springs, Col., has been obliged to give up business because of ill health.

PERSONALS SINCE 1888.

Cornelia Catlin Furer is living in Hawaii, where her husband is stationed for the present.

Henry C. Holt made a short trip to Paris and London in April. He is now assistant secretary in the Central Trust Company of New York.

Ethel Phillips Barker and her small son spent two months at her old home in South Woodstock last summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred E. Hosmer (Mary Boyden) have moved from Geneva, N. Y., to Weston, Mass.

1892.

Mrs. Robert C. Paine (Agnes Child), is "at home" in Thompson, Conn.

John A. Boyden spent a few months in New York City during the past winter, in the employment of the Carron Company, automobile glove makers.

1893.

Florence Morse Dartt is "at home" in Quinebaug, Conn.

No news has been heard of Mary Goodwin Bliss for some time.

1894.

"Gradatim."

Edward S. Boyden is still in the employ of the American Optical Co., Southbridge, Mass.

Mrs. Paul P. Gaylord (Anne H. Hall) spent a few weeks in Woodstock last summer.

No news has been heard from Albert Merwin for some time. The "Gleaner" would be glad to hear from him.

Charles G. Burd has resigned from the Hill School, and is now teaching in one of the departments of Columbia University.

Alfred T. Child is making a short trip to California this summer.

1895.

"Non Nobis Solum."

Jessie Bowen Palmer is intending to pay a visit to San Francisco soon, a visit already postponed on account of her little daughter having whooping-cough.

A change of address should be noted for Everett L. Upham. He is now living at 189 Mt. Vernon street, West Newton, Mass.

Edward L. Child has established a fixed habit of spending his summer's holiday at Martha's Vineyard.

Alice Sharpe Johnson, when able to do so, still assists Louise Grosvenor in her work. We are glad to hear she is recovering from her illness of last winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Colvin have now two automobiles. They have also a flourishing garden in which they take great pleasure and pride.

Edith H. Hall has spent a second winter in Philadelphia, where she is engaged in museum work. She has taken a house at 3715½ Chestnut street.

The good news of Estella Tompkins Waterbury will be found in the "Morning" column.

Burton T. Fitts is still in Providence, but we hear little news of him. We wish he would visit Woodstock again.

1896.

"Do ye next thyng."

Mary Bowen Keith continues to reside in Eastford, Conn.

Ralph A. Pike is still in California, being obliged to remain there on account of poor health. The *Gleaner* wishes him a speedy recovery.

Joseph S. Sheppard is still in Pomfret, in the employ of George M. Lowry.

Clarence E. Weaver has been promoted to the position of district engineer in the southern district of the Illinois Central railroad. His headquarters are at New Orleans. For further news see "Morning."

1897.

"Alta Petens."

For news of Mowry Ross, see "Noon."

Louise P. Grosvenor is on the committee for "Old Home Week" in Pomfret this Fall.

Howard M. Frost is still employed in the Royal Indemnity Co. of New York. He is spending the summer with his family at Hopatcong, New Jersey.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph P. Catlin (Esther H. Trowbridge) make their home in Pittsfield, Mass., where "Joe" is employed in the General Electric Company.

Arthur O. Williams is still employed in the Merchants' National Bank, Providence, R. I. He has a small poultry farm at his home in East Providence, in which he is greatly interested.

Ruth Williamson Gallup is "at home" on Woodstock Hill.

Constance Holt made a short trip to Washington, D. C., during the past winter.

Ralph H. Sabin has taken a partner into his office at Pultawney, Pa. The firm is "Sabin and Ganson, Engineers."

A. Lloyd Cooper is still in the

flour and feed business at Groton, N. Y. His infant daughter is recovering from a severe illness.

Fred J. Fitts has resigned his position of assistant manager of the Studebaker Corporation in Los Angeles and is now living back at the ancestral farm of his great-grandfather, Col. Thomas Knowlton (of Revolutionary fame) in Ashford. We are glad to have Fred East again.

1898.

"Esse Quam Videri."

Flora Steere Wetherell continues to reside at her home in East Woodstock.

Sidney D. Upham has moved from Revere to Webster, Mass.

James H. Hutchins continues his practice as veterinary surgeon in Abington.

Albert Williams is one of the firm of Milot & Williams, successors to N. T. Hurlbut, clothier, of Putnam, Conn. His home is in South Woodstock.

Emily B. Ross continues to reside in West Woodstock. She has a flourishing poultry farm.

1899.

"In Limine."

Ruby Sanborn continued her work in Beverly High School until February, when she was forced to take a long rest. Her plans for the future are not yet settled.

Frank Skinner continues painting for Mr. H. B. Commings. He lives in North Woodstock.

Olah Withey Whepley lives in Braintree. Her husband's business is in Boston. They have adopted a daughter.

Florence Warren has been assistant to the Inspector of Classes for Blind Children in the New York

Public Schools, and will fill the same position next year. Since November she has been acting inspector.

The other three members of the class, Bessie Barber Williams, May Gifford Jordan, and Will Child, are enjoying good health and a reasonable amount of prosperity.

1900.

"Vincit Qui Se Vincit."

Dr. John C. Paine has a very flourishing practice in South Pasadena, Cal. All his spare moments are taken up by a very lively young son.

Rev. Bertram C. Bugbee has been pastor of the Warrenville Baptist Church for five years. During the last two years he has also been preaching in the Ashford Congregational Church.

Regardless of the saying, "The rain falls on the just and the unjust," Frederick Rockwell is taking no chances, and has installed a sprinkling system in connection with his truck gardening. "Fritz" has also written several interesting articles for "The Country Gentleman" during the past year.

Irving Frost is still with the Queen's County Trust Company of New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Morse (Mary J. Alton) are "at home" in East Woodstock.

1901.

"Esse Quam Videri."

Mary Aldrich Hopkins has been at home during the greater part of the summer.

Ewart Brunn begs to be put under the heading "As usual." Address, 9 Stone street, New York City.

Herman Chandler has kept his residence in East Woodstock after selling his store to Mr. Bosworth of Eastford.

Olive Paine graduated from Illinois University in June. She expects to return to the university in September for a year's graduate work in School Supervision and Administration.

Frank Davenport is still interested in the Waldorf Lunch Company. Address him, 48 South Eighth street, Philadelphia, Penn. It is probable that he will help develop a new line of stores in Harrisburg, Penn.

Herbert Slye was married to Roxanna Wilbur in the early summer. Pomfret Center is his address; farming, his occupation.

Charles Spalding has been putting in water supplies in New London County during the past year.

Ethel Spalding spent a delightful year in Oregon teaching mathematics and history in a private school. She had the pleasure of studying music with one of Bauer's pupils.

The members of the class wish to express their sympathy for Ernest Williamson in the loss of his wife, who died October 28, 1913. Ernest is still in the employ of Mr. Huie of Springfield, Mass. Address, 121 Wilbraham road.

Phoebe Randall Pray resides at 9 Weathersfield avenue, Hartford, Conn.

1902.

"Nil Sine Labore."

For news of Mary W. Frost, see "Noon."

Florence Barber Washburn is still living at Beverley, Mass.

Rose Lowdon Gilbertson is "at home" at Bayonne, N. J.

Jessie Hibbard continues her work of nursing, with headquarters at Greenfield, Mass.

For news of Gertrude Tabor Howard, see "Morning."

Lotta M. Stackpole is at her home in Woodstock.

Jessie Withey continues her work as stenographer in North Scituate, R. I.

Harry F. Child is at his home in Woodstock for the summer. His future plans are uncertain.

James V. Perrin continues the same work as civil engineer in Canada.

Ermond Brunn is still with the Brunn Electrical Co. in Patchogue, L. I.

For news of Herbert Johnson, see "Morning."

Ellen Cox Hibbard is "at home" in East Woodstock.

The class reports the death of their highly esteemed classmate, Chauncey S. Child, with deep regret and genuine sorrow.

1903.

"Altior."

For news of Alice Steere, see "Noon."

Frank W. Rockwell was on board the "Jarvis," off Tampico, during the recent troubles in Mexico.

Grace Church White attended the graduating exercises at the Academy this June. For further news, see "Morning."

Allan Upham spent the past winter in and about Boston.

Clarence R. Hall continues to practice law in Bridgeport, Conn. His engagement to Miss Louise Beard of that city has recently been announced.

Cornelius Haskell is doing a fine business in Gregory, South Dakota, and has recently bought a second bank there.

Helen Chandler is spending the summer with her parents in their home near Pasadena, Cal.

1904.

"Veritas Vincet."

Annie Nelson will teach a model school at Woodstock Hill.

Annie Shippee is working in the Travellers' Insurance Co., Hartford, Conn.

Blanche Shippee returns to Hartford as teacher in the third and fourth grades.

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

William Nelson returns to New Britain High School as instructor in science and mathematics.

Mrs. Paul Gifford (Pearle Alton) is living on Mechanic street, Webster, Mass.

Spencer Child is still in Concord, Mass. For further news, see "Morning."

Florence Safford is in Los Angeles, Cal., engaged in the same work in her uncle's office.

Bernice Leavitt is to teach again in West Hartford, Conn.

1905.

"Semper Paratus."

Harry E. Wells continues to reside in South Woodstock.

For news of Frederick W. Howard see "Morning."

Nellie Burleson has been in Putnam during the past year.

1906.

"Tempore Utamur."

Ethel Upham returns to complete her studies at Boston University this fall. During the summer she has been assisting at the Farm and Trades School at Thompson's Island, Mass.

Mabel Ritch will resume her work at Yonkers the coming year. The past year she has been taking vocal lessons which she expects to continue this fall.

Florence Welch has been teaching in her home town the past year.

Mrs. Erwin Froyd (Sarah Herrington) is living in Aurora, Ill.

Maude Healey will continue her school work in Bridgeport after a leave of absence during the fall term.

Carl Morse has been spending the summer at home.

Lottie Howard, after teaching the first three months of the school year on Woodstock Hill, finished the year as teacher at the South Woodstock school. Her engagement to George G. Spalding has recently been announced.

Elizabeth Carr Grosjean is still at Watkins, N. Y., from whence she and her small son came on a visit to Woodstock this summer.

Maude Andrews Washburne, also made a short visit to Woodstock in June.

With deep regrets we report the sad news of the death of our classmate, Marvin F. Hyde. He never recovered from the severe illness mentioned in the last year's "Gleaner." The last few months of his life were spent in Woodstock.

1907.

"Alta Petens."

Henry Baker has passed a most successful year in West Woodstock as pastor of the Baptist Church.

Mary Nelson continues to teach in Hartford.

Herbert Shippey has spent the past year on the farm in Woodstock.

Edith Williams Morton has also been at her home in South Woodstock this year.

Mabel Eddy continues her work of trained nurse.

No news has been heard of Mary Meyers Graham lately.

1908.

"Geduld."

Hazel Davenport expects to teach the coming year in Wethersfield, Conn.

Robert Whiting reports that Geneva, N. Y., and that Gladys Wilson Whiting and their little son have been spending a few weeks in Fiskdale, Mass., this summer at her parent's cottage.

Louise Fitts White has spent a very enjoyable year at Bedford.

Mr. and Mrs. White have been spending the summer in Pomfret doing "light housekeeping" in a tent and say they have had a jolly good time.

John Healey has had charge of the State constructed roads in Woodstock and Pomfret and expects to continue in the same line of work next year.

Hattie Nelson has entered a hospital in Hartford for a three-years' course in nursing.

Winifred Potter was graduated in June from Mt. Holyoke Col-

lege. She goes in September to take up her work as teacher in the Delaware Literary Institute at Franklin, N. Y.

Mildred Brown has completed a very successful year as teacher in the Chandler district. She expects to be at home during the next year.

1909.

"Nitentes."

Marion Smith Watson and her mother have opened a tea-room this summer at their home in Pomfret Center.

Lyle W. Turner is in Boston for the summer and will enter Wellesley for her senior year in September.

Bernice Bates will hold her same position in the Rockville school and will supervise gymnastics in all the grades.

Louis Miller attended automobile school in Boston the past year.

Edith S. Briggs has finished her preparatory year at Norwich Art School and will enter her second year in September.

1910.

"Prodeamus."

Edith A. Eddy has taught the past year in West Woodstock. After a course at Danbury, Conn., she will continue teaching in District 15.

Louise F. Howard will teach the primary grades in South Woodstock, after a course at Danbury summer normal school.

Mary F. Flynn is still in the office of the Norwich State Sanatorium.

For news of Roxana Wilbur see "Noon."

Lyman R. Fitts is at home for the present.

Adolph W. Lawson is at home running the farm.

Herbert Nelson is also at home.

Wallace Armstrong is attending Vermont University.

Leonard H. Healey will return this fall to Connecticut Agricultural College, Storrs, Conn.

Raymond W. Sheldon has completed his sophomore year at Brown University.

Flora B. Allton, after a brief course at Danbury, will return to Elmvale.

1911.

"Pas a Pas."

Blanche M. Perry will teach the district 2 in Eastport, this coming year.

Dorothy V. Cox will again preside over the district 6 school.

Max L. Conner is doing his utmost to bring peace to that much harrowed republic of Mexico. His mail address is 27th Company, 4th Regiment U. S. Marines, U. S. S. "South Dakota."

Esther F. Johnson will teach the district 4 school for the coming year.

Esther E. Nelson will teach school in district 11 this next year.

James P. Donlon has taken, and we are happy to say, passed the civil service examinations. He will enter the Hartford post office soon as mail clerk. The postman delivers "Jimmie's" mail to him at 256 Main street, Hartford, Conn.

This class boasts of yet one more teacher, namely Maude E.

Milligan, who will teach the dis-he is very happily settled in trict 12 school this next year.

Martin A. Nelson is still in the employ of R. K. Safford, South Woodstock.

Harris S. May returns in October for his senior year at Yale Sheffield Scientific School. His mail address is Box 1828, Yale Station, New Haven, Conn.

1912.

"En Avant."

Carrie Barrett McGregor is living in Wauregan, Conn.

Sophie Barrett has completed her course in Home Economics at Lasell Seminary. She is spending the summer with her family at their camp in Woodstock.

Jarda Carlson is employed in Worcester, Mass., doing clerical work for the Boston & Maine Railroad Co.

Rilla Child has been at home during the last year. This summer she has taken the library course at Danbury, and will put her knowledge to good use as librarian of the Woodstock Library.

Grace Myers is taking a training course for nurses at East Bridgewater, Mass.

Helen Perley was at the Burnham School in Northampton.

Gladys Sheldon attended Howard Seminary part of last year.

Olive Whitney has been teaching in West Woodstock and, after attending the Danbury summer school, will return to West Woodstock.

1913.

"Facta Non Verba."

Edmund Anderson has been at

home this year helping his father on the farm. He hopes to enter Yale in the fall of 1915.

Eleanor Johnson has had a successful year of teaching and expects to teach in South Woodstock the coming year.

Eleanor Keith has been teaching in Eastford and expects to continue her work there this year.

William Richardson attended Williston Seminary the past year, where he won an honorary scholarship in mathematics. He expects to return in the fall.

Ida Spalding spent a most enjoyable year at Purdue University. Her plans are indefinite for next year.

1914.

"Plus Ultra."

Ruth E. Witter expects to remain at home this year.

Agnes C. White has taken a course at the Danbury Summer School, and will teach in the Chandler District the coming year.

Carl Johnson's plans for the future are uncertain.

Grace Hawkins expects to teach in the Harrisville District, she also having attended the Summer School at Danbury.

Susan S. Sumner will enter the New Britain State Normal School this fall.

Although Olive A. Johnson's plans are not wholly determined, she will probably not leave town.

Ruth E. Bjornberg will also enter the New Britain State Normal School this fall.

Rolfe N. Lyon has various plans for the future year but is not ready, as yet, to open them

to the public.

Leslie L. Sumner will be at home the coming year.

The plans of Arthur Anderson are not yet determined.

CLASS OF 1898, WOODSTOCK ACADEMY.

"Esse Quam Videri."

Dr. James H. Hutchins has his office in Abington, as in former years.

After teaching in Portland, Me., the past year, Emma Allen has been engaged in settlement work in Boston during part of the summer.

Edna Frost Tobias of Brooklyn, N. Y., plans to visit West Woodstock this summer, according to her usual custom.

Sidney Upham has been living in Revere, Mass., being in the employ of the New England Telephone Company.

Maria Chandler, after joining her family in Glendale, Cal., still follows her work as kindergarten teacher.

Emily Ross of West Woodstock and Flora Steere Wetherell of East Woodstock have spent the year at home.

Leslie Harris continues his business in real estate and insurance, in New Rochelle, N. Y. With his family he has taken his vacation in West Woodstock.

—O—

Morning.

Golden slumbers kiss your eyes;
Smiles await you when you rise;
Sleep pretty wantons, do not cry,
And I will sing a lul-la-by.

Care you know not, therefore sleep,
While I o'er you watch do keep.
Sleep, pretty darlings, do not cry,
And I will sing a lul-la-by.

BIRTHS.

In North Uxbridge, Mass., Sept. 3, 1913, a daughter, Cynthia Emily, to Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. White (Grace Church).

In Eastford, Conn., Nov. 17, 1913, a daughter, Helen Sumner, to Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Bosworth (Adeline Sumner).

In Salem, Mass., Dec. 26, 1913, a son, to Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Plummer (Mabel Vinton).

In Glastonbury, Conn., Feb. 6, 1914, a son, William Harvey, to Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Howard (Gertrude Tabor).

In Brooklyn, N. Y., March 8, 1914, a son, Frederick Hughan, to Mr. and Mrs. Frederick F. Rockwell.

In Lowell, Ill., April 5, 1914, a daughter, to Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Waterbury (Estella M. Tompkins).

In Putnam, Conn., Sept. 13, 1913, a daughter, to Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Johnson.

In Concord, Mass., Dec. 15, 1913, a son, Donald Spencer, to Mr. and Mrs. Spencer H. Child.

In New Orleans, June 23, 1913, a daughter, Sarah Bowen, to Mr. and Mrs. Clarence E. Weaver.

Noon.

Now happy will the shepherd be
Who calls this nymph his own.
Oh, may her choice be fixed on me;
Mine's fixed on her alone!

—McNally.

MARRIAGES.

In Putnam, Conn., Oct. 15, 1913, Carrie Barrett to John McGregor.

In Worcester, Mass., Oct. 21, 1913, Sophie Hawthorne to Ernest K. Miller,

In West Woodstock, Oct. 29, 1913, Mary W. Frost to Mowry Ross.

In West Woodstock, Nov. 23, 1913, Edna O. Clarke to Howard C. Bradford.

In Danielson, Conn., Nov. 27, 1913, Elsie Barber to John Owen.

In Ellsworth, Kans., Dec. 22, 1913, Alice M. Steere to Brownlee B. Faris.

In Ashtabula, O., April 29, 1914, Flora W. Paine to Albert M. Haskell.

In Natic, Mass., June 20, 1914, Herbert R. Slye to Roxana Wilbur.

In Webster, Mass., Sept. 7, 1914, Estelle Gertier to Willard Brayton Hall.

Night.

There are who for thy last long sleep
Shall sleep as sweetly nevermore;
Shall weep because thou canst not weep;
And grieve that all thy grief is o'er.

DEATHS.

In Southbridge, Mass., Sept. 24, 1913, Lelia A. Coldman.

In Springfield, Mass., Oct. 28, 1913, Florence Clarke, wife of Ernest J. Williamson.

In Putnam, Conn., Nov. 23, 1913, Deacon Myron Kinney.

In Rolandsville, Ind., Dec. 12, 1913, Cassius M. Child.

In Salem, Mass., Dec. 29, 1913, Mrs. Herbert Plummer (Mabel Vinton).

In Putnam, Conn., Dec. 28, 1913, M. Agnes Child, widow of George W. Child.

In Pawtucket, R. I., Dec. 26, 1913, Anna Lyon, widow of Rev. James Lyon.

In Woodstock, Conn., Jan. 4, 1914, Marvin F. Hyde.

In Woodstock, April 13, 1914,

Chauncey S. Child.

In Woodstock, June 23, 1914, Clayton T. Lyon.

In Pleasant Valley, Conn., June 7, 1914, Harriet Atwell.

Graduating Exercises, 1914

1. Music.
2. Prayer
Rev. H. A. Beadle.
3. Music.
4. Address
His Excellency,
Simeon E. Baldwin,
Governor of Connecticut.
5. Music.
6. Presentation of Diplomas
Hon. Herbert W. Bowen.
7. Music.

Graduating Class, 1914.

"Plus Ultra"

ENGLISH SCIENTIFIC COURSE

Grace Hawkins

Olive Anna Johnson

Leslie Lyon Sumner

Susan Stanley Sumner

Agnes Childe White

Rolfe Nelson Lyon

ENGLISH SCIENTIFIC COURSE

Ruth Elizabeth Bjornberg

Ruth Eliza Witter

Arthur Reuben Anderson

"Cum Laude"

Carl Oscar Johnson

Joseph Spaulding, M. D.

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Woodstock, Conn.

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Veterinary

Abington, :: Conn.

Telephone.

R. C. Paine, M. D.

Thompson, Conn.

Office hours, 1 to 2 and 6 to 7 p. m.

J. Richard Carpenter

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Putnam, :: Conn.

Ernest R. Pike, M. D.

East Woodstock, Conn.

Office hours, before 8 a. m.

1 to 2 and 7 to 8 p. m.

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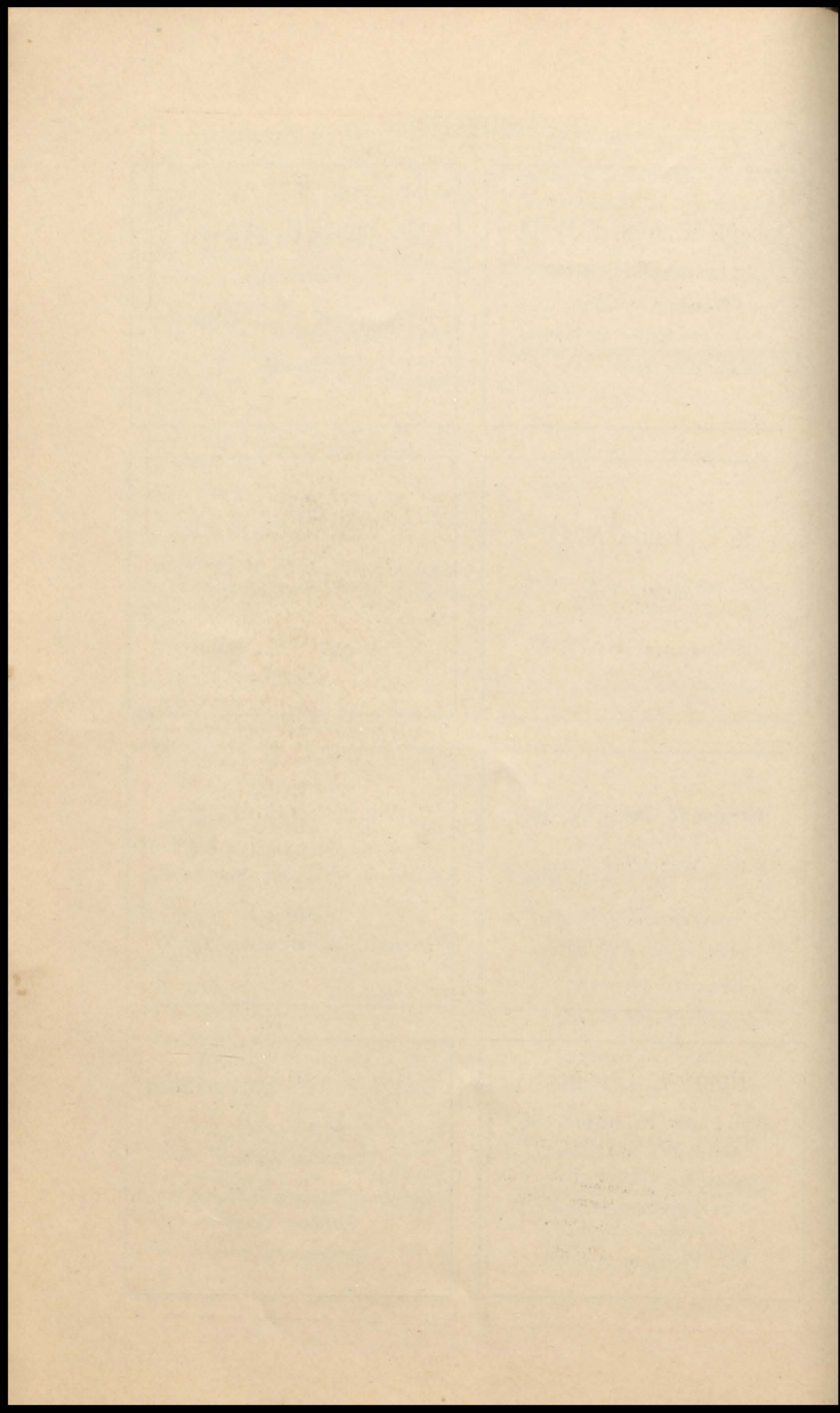
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The Bissell Electric Suction
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W. A. Perkins, Principal

Woodstock Academy

CALENDAR FOR 1914 -- '15

Fall Term begins Sept. 1st.

Winter Term begins Nov. 30th.

Spring Term begins April 6th.

Catalogue on Application.

Chandler & Morse

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Agricultural Implements.
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Eagle White Lead,
U. S. Separators,
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Essex Model Incubators,
Household Ranges,
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—
Huyler's Candy

Dresser's Drug Store,

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