

WOODSTOCK ACADEMY

GLEANER

Vol. 4

Woodstock, Conn., September, 1915.

No. 5

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PRICE 25 CENTS

Founded 1801

W. A. Perkins, Principal

Woodstock Academy

Calendar for 1915---1916

Fall Term begins Sept. 7th.

Winter Term begins Nov. 29th

Spring Term begins April 3rd

Catalogue on Application

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Classroom

Woodstock Academy

Gleaner

VOL. 4.

WOODSTOCK, CONN., SEPTEMBER 1915.

NO. 5

EDITORIALS

Is this issue of The Gleaner made to fulfill a purpose, or simply to maintain an existence? If the latter be the case, this of course, should be the last issue. If the former, it may be well to consider again the purpose of The Gleaner, and rally to its fulfillment.

The purpose of The Gleaner is perhaps fourfold. First, to furnish a means for giving to the alumni and friends of the Academy an annual presentation of the life and needs of the institution. Secondly, to call forth and cultivate the powers of English composition in young and older alumni and friends. Thirdly, to offer an opportunity of expressing appreciation, or criticism of the Academy. Fourthly, to maintain a history of the doings of the alumni.

It is evident that these results cannot be accomplished except by a well organized and strong effort. There must be a larger attendance at the annual meeting of the alumni, and a deeper interest felt, than was manifested at the meeting of June 18th last. There must be a spirit of loyalty to the Academy fostered and manifested. The work cannot be done by a few persons in a few weeks immediately before the publication of The Gleaner. It must be kept in hand throughout the year. New spirit for the work must be added from year to

year by the younger graduates. A large part of the enthusiasm must emanate from the Academy itself.

The change of the Academy into a local free school has doubtless removed many of the incentives for a lively esprit de corps, such as the old institution has fostered for years. Perhaps The Gleaner has served its day and generation. This must be decided with no wavering of purpose; with no indistinct utterance.

E. R. H.

The Gleaner joins with the friends of the Academy in expressing its gratitude and pleasure in the generous increase of the Academy's permanent funds. The task of raising twenty thousand dollars, when it was proposed about a year ago, seemed gigantic and even impossible of accomplishment. The Hon. Arthur S. Hardy and a few of his friends have, however, most successfully done the work. We owe them a deep debt of gratitude; and we may congratulate ourselves that we have in our midst those who are willing to undertake such a hard and by no means pleasant piece of work, and carry it to its completion.

And now we look for other results to follow: an increased pride and interest in the Academy, on the part of all friends; a closer personal relation between trustees and instructors; an increase in the Academy's equipment for work; a more efficient and broader scope of instruction; and a deeper appreciation by the students of the Academy of the opportunities offered.

E. R. H.

"TO BE OR NOT TO BE?"

"Shall this be the last issue of The Gleaner?" That question has already been asked a number of times. There has been no reply definite enough to assure its continuance. Two things are needed to prevent its expiring this year, or in the near future. The first is a more general response (with remittance) from the older alumni to whom it is each year mailed. The other is some definite and organized move on the part of the younger alumni, and perhaps on the part of the undergraduate students, to maintain it. Formerly six hundred copies were issued each year, and pretty well used up. This year but four hundred are to be printed. This means, of course, a proportionately higher cost per copy for printing. Also it means just as much work on the part of the editors. Naturally it is not to be expected that they will be inclined to give their efforts to a task which seems to find a decreasing amount of interest on the part of those for whom it is undertaken. On another page will be found a blank. If you personally want The Gleaner to continue, send this in, with your remittance for this issue, (unless you are one of the several loyal friends who have paid for several copies in advance). And urge your Academy friends to do likewise.

There is no reason why The Gleaner should not be more the school paper. There is room in its columns for the literary efforts of the undergraduates. Essays, debates, stories, verse—all of these might well be encouraged and the most available material used in these columns, much more than they have been in the past. It is up to the undergraduates themselves to make a move in this direction, and we feel sure that they will meet with hearty co-operation and encouragement on the part of the new principal.

There is another source of interest-

ing material which it seems hard to reach. There are dozens of graduates and former scholars, who have moved to various parts of this country, and in some instances to foreign shores, who could give us very interesting accounts of personal experiences and places visited. Why cannot The Gleaner hear from a few of these wanderers? Certainly the slight effort required would be well repaid in the pleasure given former friends and schoolmates.

THE NEW TEACHERS

The assistant teachers for the new year are Miss Emily F. Smith and Miss Rubie M. Miller. Miss Smith is a graduate of Cornell University and has also studied at Harvard. She has had a long and successful experience as a teacher, during recent years at the Bridgeport High School. She will teach English, Latin and history. Miss Miller is a recent graduate of Boston University, where she specialized in just the subjects that she will teach here, namely science and modern languages.

TREASURER'S REPORT

Receipts

Cash on hand	\$15 34
Sale of Gleaners	3 25
Advertisements	34 00
	<hr/>
	\$82 59

Expenditures

Publishing Gleaners	\$74 15
Stamps	5 00
	<hr/>
	\$79 15
Balance in Treasury	\$13 44
In Savings Bank	\$25 00

NELLIE D. CHANDLER, Treas.

A \$20,000 INCREASE FOR THE ENDOWMENT FUND

At a special meeting of the Board of Trustees of Woodstock Academy held in June 1914, a committee of one was appointed to secure an increase of \$20,000 to the Endowment Fund. The need for this increase was as real before the resignation of Mr. Hall as afterwards. But Mr. Hall's withdrawal after many years of efficient service brought the necessity for an increase of income definitely to the attention of the Board. It is doubtful if the effort would have been made in this year of such unusual demands upon private generosity had the war at that time been foreseen. Notwithstanding these demands, the committee was able to report at the Commencement Exercises in June last that the full amount had been subscribed. This result was largely due to the active co-operation of others not on the committee. The total subscriptions to date are \$20,480, of which over \$18,000 has been paid in and \$13,000 invested. The balance is due during the current year.

AN APPRECIATED OPPORTU- NITY

E. R. HALL

Permit me to use the columns of The Gleaner to present to its readers the opportunities offered by the Woodstock Public Library. In other words permit me to make an appeal for systematic and persistent reading of good books.

Observant persons, who visit our library for the first time, frequently express their surprise and pleasure at the unusually fine collection of books that fills our shelves. There are practically five thousand volumes,

on various important subjects, most of them carefully selected.

Is this great opportunity for personal improvement and enjoyment duly appreciated? Is the patronage of the library commensurate with its privileges, and with the expenditure for its maintenance? These questions continually arise in the minds of the executive committee, and are answered uniformly in the negative.

Our New England heritage, from ancestors of more than ordinary intellectual activity, and the influence, for more than a century, of an advanced educational institution in our midst, should have produced, it seems, a large group of people, in whose lives the reading of good books is a forceful factor. The annual report of the librarian does not show this to be true.

In the term "good books" we include, of course, the standard works of fiction; that is, those novels and stories which, after a life of at least ten years, have won for themselves a strong consensus of belief in their merits. But more particularly the term includes weightier books: such as history, biography, travels, science and those works which will be found, in a well classified library, under the classification of literature.

Three lines of objection are usually raised by anyone who is urged to take up, with some thoroughness, this kind of reading; lack of ability, lack of time, and lack of taste.

Such kind of reading is for those only who have had the advantage of the higher education, the objector says. This is to some extent true. The advanced student may reasonably be regarded as more especially equipped for making the most of this kind of reading. But how did he acquire this better equipment? Largely through the study or reading of good books. The real way to acquire the ability for good reading is to read good reading. The equipment which

our library furnishes and a good English dictionary are enough to start anyone upon the road to the habit and enjoyment of such an intellectual life.

But when are we to get the time? The demands made by the necessary things of life are too great to permit us to turn aside even to good books. The newspaper and the magazine, with an occasional novel for amusement, consume all the time we can spare for reading. So speaks the objector and speaks, in a great measure, very truly. But can we not, by a systematic arrangement of our time, get a half hour daily? Don't we go way beyond reasonable limits in light companionship with the newspaper and magazine? The fact is, that most of us, to a great extent, take our choice in the matter of employing our time; and we must be sure that the things we consider important are really so. Moreover do we realize the value, in this direction, of even short periods of time? If fifty young people of our town should undeviatingly devote even fifteen minutes daily to good reading, the effects would soon be fast in almost every phase of our life. Deeper self-respect, broadened views of truth, and cultivated tastes would appear in our midst. A large part of the contents of our local papers would be distasteful. Can we imagine "Roast Beef Medium" (a serial recently published in one of our local papers) exciting anything but feelings of disgust in one who has learned to love Fiske or Thackeray?

Now about tastes they say we must not dispute. Do we not all admit, however, that tastes may be perverted, and that good tastes may be cultivated? One doesn't need to have a taste that will plunge him into the depths of metaphysics or into intricacies of political or social problems. Such reading would, of course, be distasteful to most of us unless we had been working towards it for years. But there is much easy reading which

is surely good reading, and which can lead us to the possession of a strong taste for what we commonly call more serious books.

It is hoped that in what we have said we have been clear enough to show that we are not antagonistic to reading for amusement. But since ninety percent. of the books drawn from the library are fiction, and very much of that the transient stories of today, we have moved to make this brief appeal for a better use of our library.

Upon the shelves of the Woodstock Library association is a great latent power, strong for our upbuilding. This is not a vision, but an experienced and established fact. Are the great motives, and the great deeds of the human race worth our contemplation? Is the companionship of the wisest and noblest men and women a desirable possession? Are the power of clear thinking, and the broadened conceptions of truth, of value to a citizen of a republic or to a Protestant devotee to the Christian faith? Is it worth while to cultivate the power of appreciation of high thinking and feeling, expressed in forms of beauty? How we answer such questions determines for us how far we are ready to make the effort and sacrifice to avail ourselves of this latent power for good that lies upon our library shelves. A liberal education awaits the earnest and determined seeker, who is willing to train his powers, devote a portion of his time, and cultivate his taste by reading good books.

"A FORWARD LOOK"

WILLIAM A. PERKINS

During the past year the work of the Academy has proceeded along nearly the same lines as in other recent years. It probably would not have been wise for a new principal

to make extensive changes, even if such changes were desirable, before he had acquainted himself thoroughly with the conditions of the school and the community, especially in view of the fact that the Academy was likely to have its means so increased that certain changes were sure to be made within a year or two on a substantial basis.

And now what was expected has happened. The appeals of Mr. Hardy and those working with him have met with such a generous response from the friends of the Academy that the whole amount aimed at has been raised. The addition of twenty thousand dollars to the endowment is an important event in the history of the institution, and it only remains for trustees and teachers to make wise use of the increased income in order to bring about decided improvements in the opportunities for education that can be offered here. Some time, of course, must elapse before the full amount is paid in, the funds are wisely invested, and the full income is received.

It may be reasonably expected that by increasing salaries somewhat, teachers of experience may be secured, and that good teachers may be induced to remain in longer service here. This should bring about a very decided improvement in the character of the instruction and management of the school, for it is well known that frequent changes are disastrous to good work. Occasionally, it is true, an excellent teacher is secured who has had little experience in teaching. The pupils and alumni of Woodstock Academy can readily recall the names of such. But teachers cannot, in justice to themselves, be expected to remain long, if their experience gained here enables them to secure much better salaries elsewhere.

Increased income should enable the school to strengthen the courses already offered, especially in the sci-

ences. The appeal must be much more through the eye and the hand, both by illustrative experiment and by individual laboratory work, and for this a certain amount of apparatus is indispensable.

I hope that it will be possible also to broaden somewhat the scope of instruction. Perhaps it is too soon to indicate in what direction additions should be made, but I hope that something may be added of the kind already indicated for the improvement of our science courses, namely work of the more active and constructive sort, such as singing and manual training. Mr. Hall, in an article in last year's Gleaner, expressed a similar judgment. There is much latent musical ability among our pupils that needs either to be brought out or to be wisely directed and trained. The results would be valuable not only in giving a broader and a finer education but also in adding to individual and social enjoyment and service throughout life. A course in manual training, too, if it means the learning to do accurately and thoroughly some piece of work that is worth while, would not only be educative to any pupil but would appeal especially to those who are difficult to reach through the printed page and who achieve small success in "book-learning."

And yet, with the possible exception of the personal instruction of the teacher, the book will remain the principal means of education in school, as it is in that course of education which should continue through the whole term of life after school days are over. The ability to read a book, to understand it, and to add its information, its wisdom, or its inspiration to one's personal store, or to weigh its arguments and use them justly in forming one's own opinions is perhaps the chief good to be derived from school days. In fact, I sometimes fear that the elaborate and painstaking instruction given in the classroom

leads some pupils to depend so much upon the teacher that they are too impatient carefully to read the textbook and unravel the truth for themselves. It has been said that the main result of the training at the great university at Oxford is to teach students to "read," that is, to study. And at Oxford are trained not only scholars but many of the statesmen of the British empire.

Our pupils, then, should learn to read. Moreover they should learn how to use a library. We are fortunate in having so good a collection of books housed in the Academy building and made so accessible to the students. And I hope that more may be done in the future to teach the use of the library through its catalogue and indexes and works of reference as well as in helping to a love for the best in science and literature. So shall a powerful means of self-education that will be life-long, be put into the hands of all who will receive it.

It would be easy to appropriate the added income of the Academy many times over. Much might be spent in improving the building with respect to the personal comfort of its occupants and its adaptation to the varied uses of instruction. We should like to spend money for the improvement of athletics and especially for the physical training of all the pupils. Possibly some of these or other ways may be more important than some that have been treated at greater length. In fact, there is no limit to the things that can be done for pupils. But an education can be presented to no boy or girl. It must be won—must be made one's own by earnest, enthusiastic work—and all that the friends who have contributed so generously can hope to do is to brighten somewhat the path of learning and remove the more serious obstacles. After all has been done by givers, trustees, and teachers, the success of

the school depends upon the hearty goodwill and the high and earnest spirit of the students.

IVY ESSAY, CLASS OF 1915

Woodstock Academy has now been in existence one hundred and fourteen years, but the custom of planting the ivy, only twenty-one years. During this time Woodstock has benefited a great deal from its Academy, especially during the last quarter of its existence, while Mr. Hall, who has done a great deal, both for the Academy and the community, has had charge here. To keep up the good work done by the Academy, the trustees realized that more money must be added to the permanent endowment fund, and in the past year an opportunity has been given the alumni and friends of the Academy to show their appreciation of what it has done.

We know what the Academy has done in the past, and we hope for much in the future. This depends largely upon the pupils. The Academy is what its friends, trustees, teachers and pupils make it, especially the latter. For if the pupils are not interested in the welfare of the Academy, if they come merely for pleasure, if they do not take advantage of the opportunities offered them, the result is obvious. On the other hand, if the pupils are wide-awake, alert to the opportunities offered them, doing everything they can for the common good, we can easily see that the Academy will flourish.

The class of 1914 boasted of the honor of having Mr. Hall graduate them. The class of 1915 boasts not only of the honor of spending three years as pupils under Mr. Hall, but also of the honor of initiating the new principal, Mr. Perkins.

And now, for what the Academy has done for this class that is leaving

this afternoon. We have planted this little ivy as a living monument, which we hope will grow, clinging to the walls of our Alma Mater, as we hope to grow, clinging to its memories around us here, planted by classes who have graduated before us, and who are now pursuing various occupations in this wide world, but who have been made ready by this dear Academy, as we have been prepared in the last four years for what is before us.

In these future years we hope to prove to our instructors how much we have benefited from their instructions, and how much we shall deserve to be considered among the worthy alumni who have graduated before us.

And now, we must leave you little ivy, as a token of our esteem and everlasting goodwill toward our Woodstock Academy:

Bright thoughts of summer,
Pride of the golden noon,
To us, thou art as precious
As fragrant flowers of June.
Thy shining leaves uplifted
To joyous skies above,
Bear message, sure and tender,
Of God's eternal love.

Beside thy ivy sisters,
Thou wilt grow tall, serene,
A gentle, meek reminder
Of fairer flowers unseen,—
The thoughts of mind, unfolding
Along the paths of time,
The paths that lead forever
To love's far heights sublime.

ESTELLA GALLUP FRINK

LETTERS

I am asked to send a word of reminiscence to The Gleaner and my mem-

ory at once harks back to the time when with my books in a strap I trudged over the hills to the Academy. Happy days they were! Little did I realize how care-free were the wholesome, crowded days of youth at Woodstock.

There, with the guidance of good Mr. Davidson, Cross, Toplift and Hubbard we stored knowledge for the future. Intermingled with the study and work were much pleasure and fun. In the winter our annual sleighing party, when we must speak weeks ahead to secure the girl of our choice—not always the reward of promptness—was an exciting episode. Then the musical events originated by Mr. Davidson come to mind so clearly that I can almost hear the strains of the cantatas of "Esther" and the "Haymakers."

My sister Clara took the part of Esther and my brother Henry that of Mordecai in the beautiful sacred composition. Lyceums with their spicy debates upon interesting themes sharpened our wits, and The Gleaner full of helpful and interesting articles gave opportunity for expression of student life. I am glad it has become an annual publication. I look forward with pleasant anticipation to receiving it each year.

No reminiscences would be complete without special mention of the beauty-spot of Woodstock Hill. That lovely setting to the life of the Academy shines in memory, and a few years ago I motored over there for the week-end with my wife and son. They, too, were delighted with the place. And it was a great pleasure to meet the few friends who were still living there. Many who bore an active part in those academic days are gone. We who remain are under the larger discipline of life. God grant that the great Master shall find in us obedient disciples preparing for our graduation to the heavenly home.

W. O. ARMES

Paradise Valley Sanitarium,
National City, San Diego, Cal.

My dear —,

The heading of this sheet will show you where I am living at present. I am here because my two sons are near me, and it is very convenient for me. I am 86 years old and am the last of my father's family. I was born in Pomfret, in what was the first frame building ever put up in that town. When I knew Woodstock Academy, John P. Averill was the principal. He was the best teacher I ever knew, especially of mathematics. If I ever knew anything of arithmetic I learned it from him. I wonder if I am the last of the old scholars alive. There are probably some others, but not many. I wish I could hear from some of them.

The old-fashioned New England academy did more for the boys and girls of those days than the high school can do today for our boys and girls. But I only write this to let my old mates, if they are living, know where I am. I write in answer to your request.

(Signed)

HENRY SABIN.

Editor of The Gleaner:

"OLD SANGER'S BOAT"

In taking a retrospect of one's life and calling to mind some of the good times had in boyhood days, one cannot help but observe what a great deal of pleasure he derived from sports then, even with very crude materials; and it sometimes seems to me that none of the modern appliances used by sportsmen, which he may now use, will produce near as much downright, first-class enjoyment for him as did that old-fashioned rifle or shot-gun, or that rough home-made boat which he used away back in the long ago.

And in looking back over my own life I often think of the good times I had with three companions, and especially with one of them—all of us neighbors and schoolmates then, in a

boat owned by a man named Sanger, and called by us as well as by many others, "Old Sanger," who lived on the road northwest of Roseland park, a short distance from where the road from the Hill joins the other. He was the owner of a scow about half as wide as it was long, built of rough inch pine boards, unpainted, and the thwarts, or seats, as we called them, nailed on the top of the sides, and propelled by paddles worked out of chestnut planks or slabs, and having very thick blades.

That craft was the only one on the pond, and consequently was in great demand for both boating and fishing. The whole boating affair was about as ungainly as anyone could imagine. The price for the use of the whole business, scow, paddles and rope with stern attached for anchor, was twelve cents a day; for half a day or less six cents, and if either of the paddles was lost or broken or scow damaged it was ten cents extra. Not big sums perhaps, but seemed big to us then, but by dividing up the expense, it made it quite light for each.

It was almost a wilderness then around the great pond—Roseland lake now,—heavy woods and marshy shores all along where Roseland park is; to the north and east also about the same; scarcely a house to be seen around it, and no improvements whatever, and seldom a person to be seen on the pond or near it.

My three companions were Jim Lyon, George Bowen and John Holmes and the sobriquets we went by, among ourselves, were "Slim Jim," "Jaw-bone," Little John, he was the smallest of the lot, and "Dandelion," but the lengthened epithet, or what one might choose to call it, that Sanger gave us all when we were unfortunate enough to split or break a paddle, or burst the old scow and set it to leaking, in some of our boyish pranks, was "a lot of blasted young scalawags."

Since then I have caught catfish and

pike in the Mississippi, and its branches; white fish in Lake Michigan; trout in the Adirondack lakes and streams, and sea bass and bluefish in the sea off Barnegat and Asbury Park, but somehow the sport didn't seem to bring such really unalloyed enjoyment as that I had when in company with my three companions, and especially with George, without ceremony, I yanked out pouts, kivers and perch from among the lily-pads, and into the scow with a worm-baited hook attached to an alder pole.

Of our gang who some sixty years ago patronized that boat and pond, two, Dr. George Austin Bowen and Rev. James H. Lyon have crossed the dark river. John J. Holmes is, or was a year or so ago when I heard from him last, an honored citizen in Providence, R. I., and the other is a sort of a moving character, somewhat on the tramp order, spending his most valuable time just bumming either in Asbury Park, N. J., or else at the "Little Bresh Hut" up in the woods.

I oft take a scoot like a wandering gull

For (or from) a home by the booming sea;

"For any old place I can hang my hat
Is 'Home, Sweet Home to Me'."

ANDREW LINCOLN LYON.

313 Bond St., Asbury Park, N. J.
September 4, 1915.

Shipley, England.

Monday morning, August 3d, we left the quiet little village of St. Fillan's for Sterling. Through Sunday disquieting rumors had reached us, but till we got the daily paper at Comrie's, we had not realized that war was an awful and imminent reality.

Still we stopped at Sterling, and had a short walk about the quaint old town, went up to the castle and gazed afar at the distant hills, the fertile

land full of grain and potatoes, counted the battlefields now green and smiling, little dreaming of new and more awful battlefields also smiling with cultivation and waiting for victims. The Douglas room was full of Tourists, we followed them into the little cell where the Douglas was murdered by his king, bought picture postcards, and while out in the castle yard a lot of young recruits in the picturesque Highlander costume were being drilled by a smart young officer turning and stamping and moving with half laughing, half serious faces. I left my friends at the station to go down alone to Kirkandbright the home of my Scotch forbears.

I had expected to get money at the bank in Sterling but the English bank holiday had extended there so I borrowed a pound, which I thought would last till I could get more the next day.

It was a long, tedious trip, as the trains were all late. Everyone was thinking of the war. A quiet English lady said, "My boy came home yesterday for a three month's leave. Today he rejoined his regiment." No complaint, only quiet acceptance of the country's need. An elderly gentleman looked up as he finished his paper and said, "Things look badly—we have got to face it." Then he added, "I hope America will help us."

Kirkandbright was a clean, quiet, little place. I had a nice dinner and a comfortable room in the little hotel but when I went out to walk about the place next morning and found both banks placarded with news of three more bank holidays, I woke to the fact that after paying my hotel bill and buying my ticket to Edinburgh, I had only three shillings between me and a cold world. I had also a return ticket to Oxford and could, if necessary, travel all night. I saw all I could of the little town, stored away some of my abundant lunch for tea or supper and at 1.25 was on my way to Edinburgh, gloomier and darker re-

ports filling papers and extras.

People were most kind in handing over their papers after reading them for, needless to say, I did not buy any.

Arrived in Edinburgh at 8.30. I turned away from the porters and cabmen, deposited my own suitcase at the "left luggage" counter and set out in the rain to see if I could find a shelter for the night. Fortunately I had written to a house recommended by the "Rest Tour Association." The house was full. I was ahead of my time and the landlady had a number of people who were also delayed by lack of money from proceeding on their travels, but she gave me another address and I went on to find some of the kindest people in the world. A poor lady and daughter just arrived from Norway, with only Norwegian money, were just being reassured in the hall. They asked me anxiously what I thought of the prospect and I could only answer that there was no doubt they could get money Friday, as cheerfully as if I had not a sinking feeling at the pit of my stomach myself.

I shall always consider the Scots the kindest of people in the world. Mrs. H. just insisted on lending me, an unknown stranger, a gold piece, then sent me on to her sister who was equally hospitable and had a room for me. I went back to the station and got my suitcase and when I returned I was welcomed into a pleasant apartment, where a nice supper was served and in which, after being assured not to worry, I was "among friends," I slept most peacefully.

Next morning I arose early, had my breakfast, after kind and cordial inquiries as to my comfort, and went out for a little glimpse of Edinburgh. I walked up to the castle, closed now to visitors, the bright uniforms having a new and terrible meaning. The streets were strangely quiet and the shops empty. I had planned to buy several things in Edinburgh, but even

picture postal cards now seemed an extravagance, so I only bought a ha-penny paper, returned the gold piece with my undying gratitude to my first friend, exchanged cards with my landlady, promising to send money for the very modest bill as soon as I could, get it, and went off to the Waverly station to take the 10 o'clock train to Oxford. Every few moments you passed a territorialist in a brand new uniform, with gun and haversack, hurrying to join his regiment, often a little brother, a sweetheart or friend walking beside him and helping carry his luggage.

The station was crowded. In my compartment were two young men both bound for London and Cheltenham, one, a royal engineer, the other a doctor. Friends were seeing them off, asking anxiously if they didn't want more books, papers, food? The young doctor said laughingly, "Oh I'll come back, perhaps with a broken leg and perhaps I'll have a gold medal." Every eye was dim as the train drew out, the platform full of women a few weeping, but most cheering with the men.

"It's odd," said the young engineer how much they think of you now and in a year they'll despise you." "Oh no," I said, "they won't despise you." "Well no," he said, "I didn't mean quite that." He asked me later if I knew how to get to Aldershot from London. His wife had gone to a sister there to be confined and he wanted to see her. He also said he dreaded the trip to London—it was only eight hours—"almost as much as the war."

The medical man said simply, "There are five of us, two in the army and two in the navy and a little one at home; he's just crazy to go."

At our first stop a young fellow brought an old lady to the door. He assured her she would be "all right; the car went through to London." He also asked if I would look out for her a little there. I said I left the train

at York and the young engineer offered to take care of her and keep a careful eye for her comfort. She subsided into her corner quietly, munched some sandwiches at the proper time and said never another word.

At Berwick a young French couple got on. I almost thought at first they were Germans, and just before we started, in came two "Tommy Atkins," both very drunk and very silly, and one very loquacious. The latter at once asked the young husband if he was a German. He couldn't speak any English but he understood that and made a quick gesture of repulsion. Then the soldier told him he "knew he wasn't, he knew from the color of his eyes; he had light-brown eyes and the Germans had blue eyes," put his hand on his arm and assured him over and over that "we are going to fight with you in Belgium," "We'll fight together," etc. The young Frenchman did not understand and appealed to me for help. My French was rusty and for the life of me I could not think of the word for "fight," so I could only stammer out, "Il dit qu'il va à la guerre avec vous," which combined with the soldier's effusive cordiality and the newspaper heading, muddled the poor fellow worse than ever.

However, I did get things straightened out after a little. The poor pretty little wife sat in her corner and wept softly while her husband held her hand and wiped off the tears that trickled down her nose. He confided to me that it was "très triste." They had only just come to England on a "petit tour de nocces" and now he was hurrying back to join his brothers who were all on the frontier. They had a bag of beautiful grapes which they offered me and I did get my tongue limbered up after a time and talked a little with them, translating occasionally for the benefit of the young soldiers, neither of whom spoke French.

The "Tommy Atkins" next to me confided that he "had not eaten any breakfast; he had it in his pocket." He had taken plenty to drink, however, and disregarding my advice to eat his breakfast at once, he went out in the corridor with his friends to smoke a pipe. They came back shortly to remark "It was too far to stand all the way to York" and subsided into his seat between me and the medical student and slept peacefully on my shoulder all the way to York. His companion looked in at the rather crowded seats, then calmly disposed himself on the bride's travelling bag which stood in the corridor and slumbered also. After her first little shriek of astonishment she smiled a little watery smile, the only one I saw on her face, and her husband murmured, "C'est mieux la." It was decidedly better there, for "Tommy Atkins," unwashed and full of liquor, is not an agreeable travelling companion.

I left the train at York regretfully. It was uncomfortable but the most interesting railway trip I ever made. The old lady sat peacefully finishing her lunch, promising (through me) to look out for the young couple's seat while they went to the dining car. The "Tommies" were waked up and one pulled his mate off the travelling bag with the conductor's assistance, while I shook hands with the others and wished them good luck, said good-by to the "Tommies," also feeling as though I, too, were sending friends to the war.

I asked where the Oxford train was, patiently toiled over the bridge with my suit case and bag, only to be sent back again. At last I was located on a bench beside a stout English gentleman where I waited while soldiers and porters and ordinary people moved about as in a panorama. A long train rumbled in and was cheered through; it was filled with soldiers, and in the rear were trucks with artillery and

ammunition and baggage wagons. I saw one train with eighteen cars, eight horses in a car, packed like sardines; their owners in the cars forward.

Then the Oxford train came. I got into a smoker with a family returning from Scarborough, and in due course of time, weary and excited, I landed in Oxford.

JESSY T. McCLELLAN

1622 Bushnell Ave.,
South Pasadena, Cal.

September 3rd, 1915

My dear "Gleaner,"

When, on my first day at the Exposition, the request came that I write you a little account of my trip, I readily consented, not realizing how completely my time would be filled with sight-seeing and visiting with friends. It is now some days since I reached home and yet this is the first opportunity I have had to write the promised letter.

We planned to go to San Francisco on an automobile-camping trip, which would enable us to make stops at a number of places en route where we had invitations to visit old friends, and to reach Oakland in time for the opening of the National Educational Association, and after a few days there, to spend a week or more seeing the Fair. A few extras not on our program were added, the most noteworthy occurring on the morning we left Monterey, where a few days had been most pleasantly spent enjoying the beautiful scenery about the Bay, the fishing, bathing and other delights of the Coast. On a rather treacherous bit of road our machine skidded in the sand and turned completely over, so suddenly that we had hardly time to realize what was happening, until we all found ourselves on the ground. My husband and our daughter, Carolyn, were immediately on their feet, unhurt, but I, who had been at the wheel, was thrown upon one knee

under the tonneau, in a rather cramped position, to be sure, but in no way injured, except for a scrape and bruise which made me rather lame for ten days or more, but which is now entirely gone. Although we were on a lonely country road, help came promptly, and the machine was soon righted so that after an hour or two of Mr. Palmer's mechanical skill, we were able to resume our journey, though minus windshield and top, which we had to do without until reaching San Francisco.

But the Fair is what you asked me to write about! An automobile trip from Los Angeles to San Francisco in another year's time, when the new state highway is completed, will be such an easy and rapid matter as to hardly need comment. But this year, when so many of the roads are in bad condition because of construction work going on, the trip is likely to contain some adventures, and I had to relate our principal one. We covered 1,140 miles on the trip and had only one puncture, which helped to atone for the other more serious trouble.

You have all read so many accounts of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition that all you can desire from me is a few personal impressions. I find that the one thing which fills my mind when thinking of it all, is the beauty of the general effect of the buildings and grounds—the wonderful charm of architecture, the exquisite color effects, the courts with their symbolic statuary and fountains, the lagoons and gardens; the whole effect of permanence secured by the planting of large trees and shrubbery close to the buildings, giving one the impression that it has all been there for years, and will remain. All this has created an exposition, which, with its natural charm of location, could not be duplicated elsewhere, and the cool summer climate of San Francisco is ideal for the sightseer. But be-

cause of its location on the Bay, there are many nights of heavy fog, and during our stay, there were few evenings when conditions were perfect for the illumination, which is one of the distinctive features of this exposition. The second Saturday night of our stay, all things proved favorable for as fine a display of fireworks as San Francisco had seen. The illumination was at its best that night, and we were prepared to enjoy the grand display of fireworks with a party of friends, when we found that the loud explosions of the elaborate set-pieces terrified our eight-year-old Carolyn. Her one desire was to get away from the noise, and in her attempt to do this, she was lost in the huge crowd. After a half-hour of extreme anxiety, we found her in the Service building, happily chatting with the matron, whose duty it is to look after lost children brought in by the guards. She had gone to one of the gates intending to wait until the fireworks were over, when she expected us to find her on our way home. We were quite willing, after this experience, to forego the fireworks, and tho' we were in the grounds two evenings afterwards for the illumination, not again were atmospheric conditions just right to display the gleam of each gem in the famous Tower of Jewels, the central and dominating feature of the architectural plan.

There are certainly wonderful exhibits in many of the buildings, which one can study for hours, and visit again and again, always finding something new to enjoy; many of the foreign buildings and the Palace of Fine Arts contained much to interest me.

The Zone, the amusement street of the Fair, with its bizarre effects and discordant sounds, has something in it to appeal to every taste, and few people, I fancy, leave the city without patronizing some of its varied attractions,—its eating-places, if nothing more.

In spite of my loyalty to Southern California, which has now been my home for eight years, I could hardly help wishing that I were, for this one year, again living near San Francisco, so that I might, in common with many of my friends there, have a "season ticket" and visit the Fair as often as I pleased, for I felt that I needed time to study the architecture and the statuary, to know the symbolism and significance of it all, which is practically impossible for one who like myself has less than ten days to spend in the grounds. We did not put in long days at the Fair, as we were staying with relatives across the Bay, and often had engagements for the evening which necessitated our leaving the grounds early. The tourist having only a few days for the exposition is wise to stay at the Inside Inn, within the grounds, where every minute can be used either for sight-seeing or for rest.

The Fall months are not ideal for touring California, but there are yet three months in which to see the Fair, for December 4th is the earliest date set for its closing, and all sorts of rumors are afloat as to the possibility of its remaining open another year. I am still hoping that many of my contemporaries at W. A. may yet journey to the Coast before the end of 1915.

With cordial good wishes to the "Gleaner," and its readers.

JESSIE BOWEN PALMER, '95.

WORK WITH BLIND CHILDREN IN THE NEW YORK PUBLIC SCHOOLS

S. FLORENCE WARREN

It has been my privilege to work for the past two years with the classes for blind children in the public schools of the city of New York.

These classes were established five years ago and now about two hundred

blind children are being educated side by side with the sighted children.

According to the New York plan about ten children, of all ages and grades, are enrolled in a public school near their homes, under the care of a special teacher. They are taught the Braille system of reading and writing and it seems almost miraculous to hear the blind children read so fluently by passing their fingers over the raised letters. The regular text books are embossed for them in Braille. The special teacher also teaches a variety of handwork, such as basketry, weaving, flower and favor making, typewriting, etc. All of the regular lessons are recited with the sighted children in their respective grades and every effort is made to teach the blind child to overcome his handicap and to have the same interests as the others. Guides are provided to take the children to and from school and if the distance is great carfare is also paid.

In large cities where enough blind children are found to make this form of education possible it is certainly a great improvement in many ways over institutional training, where blind children are segregated and are obliged to spend so many years of their childhood away from home.

After graduating from the elementary schools many of the blind pupils enter high school where they prepare for college or a business life.

Similar classes have been established in other large cities as Chicago, Cleveland, Milwaukee, Newark and Jersey City.

??????

Time is a patient teacher. He answers all questions, as he pays all debts.

Dr. James W. Ingalls of Brooklyn, New York, in *The Gleaner* answers a question of nearly half a century's standing.

It is some satisfaction to see your ship come sailing home. Such answers are the satiating of a natural curiosity. But they file the saw, patient waiters are no losers.

A flippant automobilist tells of a fifteen minute conversation with a bell hop to learn at the range-ful moment by firing her shot, "How happened it?" That is, "How did you lose that ear?"

But the periscope did not come into view. The answer is so obvious that she ought never to have thought of firing. It is a fool question. It is easy, "How do negro bell boys lose their ears?" There's no fun answering the perfectly obvious, in shooting at your own tame squirrels.

For 43 years I had waited to find out why in January, 1871, in a recitation of Division No. 1 in Room No. 1 of the old Academy in Fish's "Progressive Intellectual Arithmetic," E. H. Cook set me down after I had worked out a problem? The principal was full of disgust. The division laughed.

There are other questions. Who knows where I can find Sylvanus Cobb Jr.'s sea story that ran during Mr. Beecher's "Norwood?"

My father was a minister. I was forbidden to read anything in *The Ledger*, Mr. Beecher's story excepted. I confess to reading on the quiet both Mrs. Emma Alphabet Southworth and Sylvanus Cobb, Jr.

The story of New England life had run its course. But I was reading the sea story at a neighbor's, or rather devouring it. Becket, the hero, now promoted to mate, had been summoned to the owner's office in Gloucester, where was to be laid the plot to cut out during the war of 1812 a British merchantman from a convoy.

The Yankee skipper, tobacco juice streaming from the corners of his mouth, had just entered the counting-room. A chum of mine, keen on play, more worldly than I, as Mr. W. Irving or Mr. Beecher would say, snatched

the paper from my hands! How I would love to finish that yarn! If my life is spared I will finish it.

Mr. Cook had a great aversion to the use of a certain phrase.

Dr. Ingalls says that the youthful smartie (this is not his substantive) proceeded glibly until it came to stating the answer. Then he hesitated, repeating "It comes to, it comes to, it—"

"Next," snapped the teacher. "For 44 winters and 43 summers I did not know why Mr. Cook ordered me to sit down, why the division laughed.

"Thanks, Dr. Ingalls, for answering my question, which ever would have remained unpropounded."

Will somebody please tell me now Charles Fisk Snow climbed down from the tower of the unfinished new Academy in 1872, at that moment when he found after attaining a standing upon the apex and facing each point of the compass, he could not descend without falling picturesquely through the open framework to the ground?

Who was it that Amos D. Hammond saw crossing Woodstock common at 2 o'clock on the night of January 13, 1870, approaching from the west and entering the church-yard?

How did the student that slept in the parish tomb in the spring of 1873 know that the tomb was never locked?

How did those that slept in the church lecture-room know that the windows were never secured?

Who was it that stole Florence Child's molasses home-made popcorn balls from the bell tower of the old Academy in the spring of 1873?

Who crossed love notes in the hats of boys and girls in the coat-rooms of the new Academy in the fall of 1874?

Why didn't I ask why Mr. Cook set me down and why everybody laughed?

I have ever had a weakness.

It is a fatal habit of stumbling at a climax.

But a natural hesitancy and a slowness of thought have ever saved from pitfalls.

"J. has divorced his wife," said B. to me at the railway station in Putnam. Casting for an appropriate comment, I was about to commit myself to this: "And good riddance, too." B. continued: "And now I have married her."

"Why did I not ask why the class laughed at me?"

I was too ashamed.

Again, much thanks, Doctor.

"THE RELAY RACE OF LIFE"

ACADEMY SUNDAY.—OUTLINE OF
THE SERMON BY REV. FOSDICK

B. HARRISON

II Samuel 18:23. "But come what may,

I will run."

Introduction

1. The words of my text are those spoken by a young man, Ahimaaz the son of Zadok, who in his intense desire to bear tidings of victory to the king he loved, spoke them to Joab, captain of the army, who had already sent another messenger. And Joab replied, "run." And he ran by the way of the Plain, and outran the Ethiopian.

2. A few years ago there were a thousand miles of boys stretched across the country in a great relay race. They bore a message from the Mayor of New York to the Mayor of Chicago.

3. The successive generations of academy students extending from that first class in 1801 to the present time is a greater relay race.

Theme, The Relay Race of Life

1. The father runs his lap and passes the impetus of his character and the accumulated power of his

achievements down to his son. In his turn the son takes up the race and runs his lap.

2. One generation passes on to the next generation its message for the world.

3. Each individual takes his place in the life of the world and runs his lap.

Development

How will you run your lap?

There are two conditions resting upon a runner in a relay race.

I. His Connection with the man that precedes him

1. Every person has an inheritance from the past. This he must take, and standing on the mark, eagerly bending forward with his eyes fixed on the goal, he must run under the power of its inspiration. Or, if perchance it is not the best, he must run in spite of it determined to leave a better inheritance for the man who is to follow.

2. Run even if accident has given you a poor start. Perhaps you are obliged to stop and work for the training you need to fit you for the work you want to do. Nevertheless run. Perhaps you have to give up your plans for duty at home or elsewhere. Nevertheless run.

3. Run with an eye single to your lap. Do not be a grand stand runner. You are not in the race for the prize but to run your lap and pass the message on to the man who follows you.

II. His connection with the man to follow

1. Conservation is a mark of our age. We see it illustrated by what is being done in forestry, child labor, etc. War and alcohol are the opposite of conservation. What are you conserving for the "next man?"

2. What is your ideal for your lap in the relay race of life? What will

you pass on? Will you be a better parent, citizen, and Christian than your predecessor?

III. To do this you must have

1. Faith. Faith in God. Faith in yourself. Faith in your fellows.

2. Work. You must add to the world. "Commonplace statesmen and commonplace persons of all kinds, live by delay, believe in it, hope in it, pray in it: but great men work as those who know that the night is coming in which no man can work."

3. Human kindness. You must make life happier.

4. Service. Christlikeness. We read "Jesus, knowing that the Father had given all things into his hands, and that he came forth from God." This was his connection with what had gone before, "And goeth unto God." Here his eye is fixed on the future. His spirit tense and eager. His hand stretched forth to grasp the distant goal. What did he do while feeling all this? Some great thing? No. "Riseth from supper, and layeth aside his garments; and he took a towel and girded himself." Just what every good runner must do. "Then he poureth water into the basin, and began to wash the disciples' feet, and to wipe them with the towel wherewith he was girded." Service. Service such as you with your powers of mind and heart that have been trained and developed here are called upon to give to the world if you would run well your lap in the great relay race of life. Neubolt's poem with an addition by Robert Hume fittingly expresses the thought I have been trying to impress upon you.

There is a breathless hush in the close to night,

Ten to make the match and win!
A bumping pitch and a blinding light,
An hour to play the last man in.
And it's not for the sake of a ribboned coat,

Or the selfish hope of a season's
fame;
But his captain's hand on his shoulder
smote—
"Play up! Play up! and play the
game."

The sand of the desert is sodden red—
Red with the reck of the square
that broke:

The gatling's jammed and the col-
onel's dead,
And the regiment blind with dust
and smoke.

The river of death has brimmed his
banks,

And England's far, and honor's a
name,

But the voice of a school boy rallies
the ranks;

"Play up! Play up! and play the
game."

This is the word that year by year,

While in her place the school is set,
Every English boy must hear,

And none that hears it dare forget.
This they all with a joyful mind

Bear through life like a torch in
flame,

And falling, fling to the host behind—
"Play up! Play up! and play the
game."

The church this word must sound
most clear,

While in worship her sons are met,
Till every Christian man shall hear,

And none that hear it dare forget.

Each Christian this with a joyful mind
Should bear through life like a torch
afame

And working and giving, fling behind,
"Play up! Play up! and play
Christ's game!"

The game of the Christ is on to-day
Here at home and far away.

Though the boards are in debt and the
workers worn,

A thought of defeat those workers
scorn,

It's the layman's and young people's
hour to-night,

The appeal comes straight to you,
honor bright,

Hear captain Christ call, taking your
name—

"Play up! Play up! and win my
game!"

"MR. DOOLEY ON THE WAR"

"Well, Hennisy, what d'ye think iv
me new sign?" inquired Mr. Dooley
of his old friend, as he fished up from
behind the bar a neat heavy paste-
board with the inscription

'COME IN NEUTRAL AND REMAIN
IN THE SAME CONDITION'

"Tis fair enough; but 'tis askin' a
good deal iv year customers ye ar-re,
Martin Dooley. With wan hand ye
give a man th' glass that inspires th'
fires iv phatritism, an' with th' ither
ye ask him t' kape sthills about it.
Whin a bottle can set two frinds fight-
in' about who's going t' be th' nixt
President or who won th' last prize-
fight, how can ye expict thim t' kape
from tellin' wan another th' plain
truth about each other, when their
blood relatives ar-re blowin' th' heads
off each other?"

It was a long speech for Mr. Henni-
sy, and he finished his glass of beer in
silence.

"There Hennisy" replied Mr. Dool-
ey, "Ye're gettin' th' national habit iv
blamin' everything on th' Demon Rum.
If I didn't know ye personally I'd be
inclined t' suspect ye iv bein' in th'
employ iv th' grape juice thrust. But
it was not drhink, me la-ad, that
stharted this scrap."

"And ar-re ye shure iv that?" inter-
rupted Mr. Hennisy. "'Twas only
Sundah I heard Father Hogan say that
th' Kiser was intoxicated with th'
'irridisint illusions iv temporal power'
—that's a brand I don't know meself,
but I suppose them kings an' kisers
have their own private stocks that th'
likes iv us never hears of."

"True; very true" argued Mr. Dooley," but tis many th' la-ad I've turned out iv here on a Saturdah night full iv irridicint illusions! Nevertheless there was a big difference between thim an' th' Kaiser. They felt confident iv goin' out an' being able t' lick th' wor-rld single handed—an' realized be Sundah mornin' that iv they was able to lick a piece iv court-plaster they was lucky. But th' Kaiser, on th' ither hand, had th' divine foresight t' foresee that if he was goin' t' lick th' wor-rld, h'ed need th' favor iv God on one hand, an' th' best thrained ar-rmy an' the most efficient navy in th' wor-rld on th' other. An' from appearance 'twill be many a Sundah mornin' yit before he realizes that he's gettin' over a spree."

"But it seems t' me that Father Hogan or anywan else makes a great mistake in layin' th' whole blame f'r th' greatest murderin' match in all history on the head iv wan poor individule who has been brought up since birth t' think himself appinted be th' Lord Almighty t' take charge iv th' welfare iv forty milluns iv people—an' thin put in a palace instead iv an in-sanatorium. 'Twas a family row as it sthorted, and if th' ithers had shut up an' left him alone f'r few days, th' chances ar-re that he'd a cooled off insthead iv loosin' his head an' startin' in breakin' th' crockery. An' that 's wan iv th' great troubles, Hinnisy; whin a king looses his head, a lot iv his subjects has got to loose theirs! Even tho' they were no party t' th' schrap, an' had little idee that hot wor-rds were beginnin' to fly among th' ryal families iv Europe, an' that they was on th' pint iv givin' each other th' lie. I tell ye, Hinnisy, th' worse thing f'r a counthry about keepin' a class in idleness and luxhury is not th' expinse, but th' throuble they will git it into.

"In th' case iv th' war, ye see 'twas this way. That benign ol' pathriot Frans-Joseph had throuble with th'

people iv a little counthry called Servia. Havin worries iv their own, they thried their best t' pacify him, but like a man in dhrink, he was not t' be plased. He had it in f'r thim because their idees in many ways was gettin' too radical f'r to be tolerated be anywan rulin' be Divine right. So he steps over t' see his good friend Kaiser Willum. 'Willum' says he, 'I've decided t' set me foot down on thim fresh Servians,' he says. "Ther's those among thim' he says, 'that wud go so far as thinkin' that they ar-re capable iv attendin' to their own affairs, without th' guidance iv th' likes iv you an me," he says. 'Ar-re ye prepared to back me up in case iv throuble?' he says. 'Well,' says Willum, 'I wish he cud put it off f'r a few months, until I get that Noble Peace prize; but I'll think it over, an' let ye know in th' mornin'.' But th' Crown Prince was listenin' at th' key-hole, fingerin' his sword. So as soon as th' Emperor got out th' dure he stopped him. 'Good-day' he says. 'I hear-rd what ye had t' say' he says. 'Go as far as ye like' he says; 'an' I'll anser f'r it that th' old man'll back ye up. Just think!' he says, brandishin' his glitterin' blade an' makin a tremenjus swweep at wan iv th' courtain hangin hard by, 'f'r years an' years we've been waitin' f'r this, me an' me good frinds,' he says. "Tis tired we ar-re iv stickin' an occasional civilian, an' playin' polo an' fencin'. Give us wur-rk' says he 'that is worthy iv MEN,' his eyes beginin' t' glaze over like those iv a dead cod. 'Blood!' says he, 'red blood; that's what we want. Blood—blood—blood! 'An' he falls down frothin' at th' mouth an' hackin' th' furniture with his jule-studded sword. An' Franz-Joseph goes home an' sinds wor-rd t' the Servians that they'll agree t' his demands without further questions or take th' consequences.

"But th' nixt day Cousin Nicholas, Tzar iv all th' Roosias an' Protector

iv Faith an' Freedom, gits wind iv it. 'This will niver do!' says he; and he calls his chief counselors. 'I've been intendin' t' take these poor people under me own shelterin' an' protectin' wing,' he says. "Will Christian an' Civilized Russia submit t' th' machinations iv th' barbarian Germans?" says he. 'No! Be th' grace iv God, no!,' an' with that he takes off his coat an' begins to roll up his sleeves. 'Sind out wor-d he says, 'that our noble army is t' put an end t' all th' presint revolutions as soon as possible; and sind eviry man an' woman who dares t' say what they think to Siberia at once,' he says. 'We'll have our hands full f'r th' nixt three or four weeks lickin' th' Germans, if this business goes on,' he says. 'An' ye might sind wor-d t' the French bankers that's been lendin' us millions, that we'd be glad t' have th' co-operation iv th' noble an' phatriotic armies iv France,—even if their President is appinted be th' people, (dam thim!), instead iv be God,' he says.

"Be this time John Bull was readin' th' headlines, over his bacon an' eggs, an' scratchin' his head. John has always loved a fight—between other countrys. 'Twill be a pretty scrap' says he, 'I'm glad I'm out iv it an' whin 'tis over I'll have th' biggest part iv th' thrade iv thim all. But 'tis too bad, just th' same.' 'Hould on a minut, old top,' says Sir Edward Gray. "Twill be a great pity if there is a war—just now,' he says. 'But if there is, we must get into it. 'Twill never do to let Germany get too much iv a shtar. If she once gets a foothold on th' coast farninst us, 'twill be all day with us. Besides, 'he says, 'as 'twas matter iv no great public intherest, I've already signed th' papers that'll furnish us a highly moral an' humanitarian excuse.' "So he calls up th' King. 'Eddie' he says, 'see if ye can kape thim quiet' he says. 'We all know this has got t' come sometime,—we've been preparin' f'r peace f'r years

he says, 'but 'twud be betther f'r us if ye cud put it off f'r a sphell longer. I didn't figure on havin' it start in just this way,' he says.

"So th' king picks out a couple of nice picture post-cards, and sends one to Cousin Nickolas an' th' other to his good friend Willum, askin' thim t' call th' dogs iv war back t' their kennels, an' intimatin' that if they didn't, he might have t' take a hand in th' affair himself. But what respict cud ye expict thim t' have Hennisy f'r a ruler be Divine right over half th' wor-ld who motors in th' mornin, attinds a dance tea in th' afternoon, an' enjoys his cigar an' whiskey an' soda at a club in th' avenin' an' knows nawthin' about his own affairs iv state till he reads about thim in th' nixt mornin's newspapers? Cousin Nickolas sinds back wor-d that he'll mind his own business whin Kaiser Willum persuades his pardner t' disist from operation which may at some future time be detremintal t' th' intherists iv Russia, guardeen iv th' Freedom an' Progress iv Europe. An' Willum answers that because iv th' great love an mutual self-esteem that has existed between England and Germany, he thrusts that John Bull will kape his hands off. At the same time he informs th' czar that if he didn't put on his coat agin, an' kape his hands in his pockets, inside iv twelve hours, much as he regrets it, he'll have t' consider it good an' sufficient cause t' knock his block off, in th' manetime declarin' his own countrys in a state iv war, orderin' all th' telegraph wires cut an' th' newspapers suppressed, no public meetin's allowed, and th' allarum sounded far an' near that th' Roosian barbarians in overwhelmin' numbers ar-re invadin' his beloved Fatherland an' he expicts every man, woman, an' child t' rally t' th' support iv Kaiser, Kuntry, an' Kultur! An' th' Crown Prince an' his party jump up, with their schooners iv Pilsner but half consumed, an' th' magnificent

German army at their backs, and rush off t' check th' Roosian invasion—be mudherin' th' innocent Belgians!

"An' thin there's hell t' pay, me b'y:—an' 'twill be t' pay f'r many years t' come. An' 'twill be thim that had nawthin' t' say about startin' it that will have t' pay fer it, now, and hereafter; th' likes iv me an' you, Hennisy; th' wor-rkin' people, and th' smhall tradesmen an' other peaceful citizens iv th' various nat'nalaties that had little or nawthin agin each ither excipt perhaps to have a laugh at each ither in th' comic papers because th' national beverage in a place happens t' be beer, an' in anither wine, and in anither ale an' pother. Ye may laugh at a man Hennisy, that prefers grape juice to whiskey, or thinks that a cigarett is as fit t' smoke as a clay pipe, but that far different fr'm bein' ready t' draw a gun on him. So afther th' rulers an', statesmen have started this scrap goin' an' realize that 'tis gettin' beyond their control, they have t' thry t' justify themselves, not only t' th' wor-ld, but t' their own people. An' thin we have th' amusin' spectacle iv thim rainbow papers! In every wan iv thim ye'll find th' same thing: th' counthry in question was th' last that wanted war. Not until she was actually attacked, her citizens murdered, her national honor insulted, her flag thrampled under th' heel iv th' insolent enemy, etc., etc., etc.—I forget th' rest, but ye'll find it in any recint speech be Colonel Roosevelt—did she find herself compelled t' enter this terrible war, in spite iv her wishes an' her own intherests, but because, as she had always done in th' past, she felt herself compelled be th' highest sinse iv duty compelled t' rally t' th' Cause iv Civilization, Freedom, an' Thruth! Of course everywan knows that C. F. an' T. have been dear to Roosia, thro all her history. An' 'twas only natural that France an' England, bosom frinds since time immemorial, shud fly t' th' support iv their sister

civilization when it was threatened be th' benighted an' blightin' influences iv th' hoards iv Germany. An' in all iv thim papers the Lord is on th' side iv Richousness, Truth, an' Humanity, —that side dependin' iv course on weather ye prefer beer, or wine, or ale, or vodka after y'r day's wor-rk."

"Like yerself, Martin" interrupted Mr. Hennisy, "I'm perfectly neuthral. But our side at least fights fair, but the things ye read about him ither damn barbarians—"

"Exactly so" agreed Mr. Dooley, unruffled. "But th' throuble is ye never larned t' read German. So ye pick up th' mornin' paper, an' this is what ye see. 'German Airmen Murdher Thirteen More Civilians—Dastardly Cowards Fr'm Acrost Th' Channel Drop Sev'n Bombs, killi' four men, six women an' three children. Th' incident mounts t' nawthin' however, as it is iv no military value t' th' enemy.' An' in th' nixt column ye see this: 'Successful Attack Be Our Brave Aviators—Late last Tuesdah afternoon a squad iv our valliant fliers circled far over th' border, nn' dhropped bombs an' arrows on three towns, blowin' up a railroad station, a large millinery establishment, an' a cow-shed where it is supposed th' enemy intended to sthore war materials or red cross supplies. In each case th' attacks, which were followed be smoke an' flames, were imminently successful. One iv our daring men, whose machine was fired at be an old woman, has received th' mark iv th' Legion iv Honor, an a pair iv garters.' An so it goes, Ye step out into th' sthreet to buy a copy iv th latest extra, an' there in letters three inches high across th' front page ye see:

FRENCH GAIN A GREAT VICTORY
Germans in Full Retreat! An below ye read th' followin:

'Paris: July 23. Th' latest official bulletin states that afther three days iv th' most courageous fightin' on th' part iv our gallant infantry,

preceeded be th' concentrated fire iv sevinteen field battheries, pouring a continuous rain iv iron on a section iv th' enemis trenches, in th' Argonne sector, we have at last captured th' pig-sty an' part iv the barn belongin' to th' farm on th' southern slope iv hill No. 8,396. At last rayports th' enemy was in full rethreat to th' attack, havin' blown up th' stairs behind thim. An idee iv th' barbarous exthreemes t' which th' enemy is ray-sortin' in this war may be had from th' fact that afther their cartridges gave out they pried loose bricks fr'm th' chimeney an' hur-rled thim down on th' heads iv our valliant soldiers—but without effect.'

An' th' next day ye see something like this:

GRAND DUKE'S STRATEGY PROVES SUCCESSFUL:

'Petrograd, be way iv London: Lat-est reports from th' front indicate that th' German generals Von Pretzleberg an' Siedelstein have been decisively beaten—in their effoerts to capture th' whole Roosian army. After four days iv hand-to-hand fightin' iv th' greatest fury on th' part iv our undaunted soldiers, who were greatly outnumbered be th' hoards iv th' enemy forces, th' grand Juke has again left th' enemy breathless an' on th' point iv collapse be a successful strat-egic move, includin' a retreat iv wan hundred an' forty miles, with th' loss iv only a few thousand men, and comparatively little war material. It is rayported on th' best authority that many iv th' enemy have died iv hart-failur and exhaustion in thyrin' t' kape up with our rear guard. It is univer-sally acknowledged that th' grand Juke is proving himself wan iv th' greatest strategists iv this war, iv not iv all history.' An' thin follows copies iv telegrams from Sir John French and Gen. Joffre congratulatin th' Grand Juke on his masterly handling iv a ticklish situation. An' so it goes. 'Tis a gr-reat war: the greates' th'

wor-ld has iver known—or evir will know iv it is goin' to continue t' know anything. War is a great thing—f'r th' bankers an' th' manufacturers iv munitions."

"But," insisted Mr. Hennisey, "as Father Hogan says, there's a good side to everything; an' perhaps this war, he says, will re-vitalize all Europe."

'If that's th' idee," answered Mr. Dooley, "'tis an efficient way they're goin' about it. Be careful examina-tion they select all th' best men in th' land. Thin they feed thim up, and give thim months iv careful and sci-entific trainin',—and sind thim t' th' front, where they'll get blown up or shot down. An, th' sick an' th' halt, an' th' blind an' th' weak, on' th' ither hand, they kape at home to starve along as best they can, under th' bur-dens iv har-rd times an' exthra taxes, t' become th' fathers iv th' nixt gin-eration or two! As Hogan says, 'war has become a scientific thing.' An' th' more ye look into it, Hennisey, th' more scientific ye'll find it is—as th' most expensive, th' most destructive, an' th' least useful institution ever devised be Man."

"THE REWARD OF THE TOILER"

Lo, what is the greatest triumph that man in this life may win?

And who are the greatest heroes since ever the world hath been?

Is gold, is fame, is glory, the greatest that man may seek?

Is soldier, is ruler, is statesman, the highest of whom we speak?

Nay! these have their place in his-tory; upon the page of time

Inscribed is their record clearly; true, theirs were deeds sublime.

But greater than their achievements, grander than bygone deed,

The world is daily seeing, too blind though it be to heed.

The warriors home returning, with
banners floating on high,
Perchance would in prison languish,
or stark on the field would lie,
Were it not for the faithful pickets,
pacing their beats all night,
Darkness and danger about them, yet
guarding till dawns the light.

The ocean liner speeding across the
trackless wave,
Full many fathoms sinking, would
find her nameless grave,
Were it not for the men unheeded,
who, down in the dreary hold,
Her furnace fires are feeding, lest
their glow turn gray and cold.

Were it not for the toiling miners,
bent, blackened, too early old,
Deep in the earth's dark bosom lay
buried the mines of gold;
Were it not for the countless armies
of factory, farm, and mill,
The land would lie waste and fallow,
the hum of the mart be still.

These are the world's true heroes;
and what the reward they win?
Have wealth, or glory, or honor to
them e'er granted been?
Nay, greater than fame or riches the
recompense these have won.
For this is the toilers' guerdon, the
glory of work well done.

NELLIE TOWNE BURLESON, '05.

"THE SKY SPIDERS"

F. F. ROCKWELL

Belted and gloved, at dizzy heights,
Midst the musketry of drills,
They weave in steel, till thread by
thread

The void in the sky-line fills.
The wind cannonades their slim sup-
ports,

They are marks for the blazing sun;
But the girders swing and nose to
place

In order, one by one.

Tanned and lean from their erie perch
They spurn the pigmy streets,
For the rim o' the world is their
boundary line,

Where the white clouds sail in
fleets.

From the sub-base sunk in the buried
rock

To the flag on the sky breeze hung,
They weave the architect's dream in
steel,

And vanish, unnamed, unsung.

PERSONALS BEORE '88

Theodore B. Stowell of Ashford for
about 40 years principal of the Bryant
and Stratton Business School in Prov-
idence, R. I., received from Brown
University at its class commencement
this year the degree of A. M.

Our octogenarian of Oakland, Cali-
fornia, Mr. Amos Saunders, though
somewhat hampered with the infirmi-
ties of age, has sent glowing descrip-
tions of the great Exposition and the
wish that he might see his Woodstock
friends in the state of his adoption.

Mrs. Sarah Woodward, whose nine-
tieth milestone is almost reached,
proves often by her presence and
cheerful conversation her unwavering
interest in Woodstock's activities.
She has recently entertained her
niece, Mrs. Emma Fisher Estes of
Holyoke, Mass., who was at one time
a student at the Academy.

The home of The Gleaner's warm
friend and supporter, the late Miss
Harriet Atwell, at Pleasant Valley,
Conn., has been remodeled and attrac-
tively finished for the occupancy of
her niece, Miss Agnes E. Bowen.

Mrs. Elizabeth Holmes Phillips of
Springfield who was a member of the
Academy in 1853, greets each new
issue of The Gleaner with unabated
interest. She has been spending a
portion of the summer with a daugh-
ter in Willimantic.

Miss Laura Williams, a former teacher in the Academy, spent seven months of last winter in Hartford.

Mrs. Faith Sanborn Brainard of Hartford has recently taken possession of a new home there and is happy in the privilege of sharing it with her mother, Mrs. Julia K. S. Hibbard, who endeared herself to many Woodstock friends as the wife of a former pastor of the village church.

Mr. Louis A. Chandler has changed his law offices to 40 Court street, Boston.

Miss Nellie Chandler and her cousin, Mrs. Agnes Wood, spent a happy winter in Brooklyn, N. Y., where they took an apartment on Montague street.

Mrs. Elizabeth Carroll Ritch is enthusiastic over her pleasant sojourn in Hartford during the winter months while her husband represented his town in the Legislature.

Mrs. Carrie Godell Pope of Clinton, Mass., enjoyed with her husband a southern trip while New England was in the grip of winter.

John O. Fox was honored during the year in being appointed by the Governor to serve as sheriff of Windham county until the expiration of the term to which the late Sheriff Sibley of Brooklyn had been elected.

Mr. Hamilton Holt's services as a lecturer are increasingly in demand. He even devotes his summer vacation (?) to a three weeks' Chautauqua engagement in the West. One of his most popular subjects is International Peace.

Mrs. Gertrude Way Burritt of Detroit recently visited Woodstock friends after witnessing the graduation exercises at Tufts College of her son, Henry Way Burritt.

Rev. James Brown has charge of a pastorate at Emporia, Kansas.

Varied glimpses of scenery, some of which she has been enabled to admirably portray with her brush, have enriched the year for Miss Jessie McClellan. After a summer in England and Scotland and a winter in Philadelphia and South Carolina, she has been inhaling the invigorating ocean breezes of East Gloucester, Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Chandler have a beautiful summer home at Bass Rocks near East Gloucester.

Mr. and Mrs. George Sampson and their daughter are devoting the summer months to the pleasures and privileges of the California Exposition and report it even surpasses expectation. Miss Annie Sampson of Putnam occupies their attractive home in their absence.

An unusual honor has come to one of Woodstock Academy's daughters in the choice of Miss Sara A. Bowen to serve as superintendent of the City Hospital at Springfield, Mass. The election to this position is a fine tribute to Miss Bowen and her ability to assume so much responsibility, as it is the second largest hospital in the country under the management of a woman.

Mrs. Ellen Mathewson Haskell and Judge Albert McC. Mathewson have the sympathy of a large circle of friends in their recent bereavement. The loss of their mother, Mrs. William Mathewson, will be keenly felt in this community.

Dr. George E. McClellan resigned his position in New York last autumn to take possession in Woodstock of the McClellan homestead with its broad acres.

The many friends of Miss Sarah Lyon will be glad to learn that her health has sufficiently improved to permit her to be oftener in attendance at Woodstock functions. She recently visited friends in Danielson.

Mrs. Florence Child Paine with her husband spent a large portion of the winter enjoyably in Boston where they took an apartment.

Rev. Herbert Armes at North Wood, N. H., is conducting an inn for summer guests. The house is attractively located on a lake belonging to the Armes estate.

Mrs. Mary Fenner Heyworth has recently moved to Euclid avenue, Providence, East Side.

Miss Helen Hammond, who for six years was one of the pastor's assistants at Central church, Boston, much to the regret of the parish, severed her connection there recently, to be married to Mr. Leslie R. Mathews. He is a director of settlement work at Hawaii. They expect to arrive at Honolulu, August 25, and from thence continue their journey to Wailukee, where a furnished home awaits them.

George A. Lyon is postmaster on Woodstock Hill.

Fred H. Lyon is in the employ of the American Optical Company in Southbridge, Mass.

Addie Chandler Wright has spent the past winter in the South.

Announcements have been received of the marriage of Albert E. Hosmer and Miss Stella Burns of Ohio. After a trip among friends in New England Mr. and Mrs. Hosmer will return West. Mr. Hosmer will resume work at Muskingum College where for the past five years he has held a responsible position.

Asa L. May, who died February 24th, was a highly-respected superintendent at the Rhode Island State Institutions. He leaves a family of three motherless daughters.

Louis H. Lindeman is chairman of the school board in the town of Woodstock.

Wilbur H. Chamberlin is a blacksmith in Woonsocket, R. I.

Friends of our former teacher, Mr. Charles W. Haines of Colorado Springs, Colorado, will be glad to learn that after an enforced vacation on account of illness, he has resumed his practice of law. During his absence of thirty-nine years he has not lost interest in Woodstock and predicts good things for the Academy.

Dr. James Ingalls of Brooklyn, N. Y., continues his warm interest in Woodstock and his old Academy that he attended in the 70's. He called on several of his old schoolmates in the spring of this year and visited the Academy, going about to some of the haunts of his youth. He expressed hearty appreciation of The Gleaner and left a generous subscription for the issue of this year.

A contributor to The Gleaner in the days when it was read after a spirited debate at the lyceum, sounded a note of cheer upon one occasion, in a refrain, each verse of which closed with the words "Now don't you worry and don't you fret, Woodstock Academy hasn't gone down yet!" The writer, whose title is now Judge, has reason to realize afresh upon this eventful year that anxiety regarding Woodstock Academy's financial future is steadily lessening, owing to the persistent efforts of a few faithful workers and the loyal response accorded them from friends of the institution.

SINCE '88

Richard L. Child is general electrician for the Barrett Company with headquarters in New York.

Albert Haskell is a banker in Carthage, South Dakota.

Charles T. Lindeman is superintendent of Old North Cemetery in Hartford.

Miss Bertha White has been a teacher in the Sawyer district, Putnam, for several years.

Henry Allen is a successful electrician in Hartford, Conn. His engagement to Miss Fletcher of Stafford Springs has been recently announced.

Herbert Kingsbury is in the automobile business with his home in Wethersfield, Conn.

Rev. Welles M. Partridge and family are living in Wollaston, Mass. For some time past he has been spending three or four days each week in St. John's parish, Portsmouth, N. H.; the navy-yard being stationed there he has additional services on shipboard and at the naval prison. Previous to this arrangement he has been supplying at Christ Church, Quincy, Mass.

Henry Lindeman has purchased a small farm in Slocum, R. I., but is continuing his business of well-digging.

Bert J. Johnson is one of the selectmen of the town of Woodstock.

Adriana Hutchins is doing office work at the store in Abington.

Fred Slye is a farmer in Pomfret Center.

1890

John A. Boyden has taken several extensive automobile trips this spring on business for his firm in Rochester, N. Y.

Agnes Child Paine has passed the year as usual in Thompson, Conn.

1893

Florence Morse Dartt is still residing in Quinebaug, Conn.

1894

"GRADATIM"

Edward S. Boyden continues his business connection with the American Optical Company in Southbridge, Mass.

For news of Alfred T. Child see "Morning."

Anne Hall Gaylord attended the wedding of her sister in Philadelphia in May.

Charles G. Burd is assistant pastor in a large Congregational church at Montclair, N. J.

1895

"NON NOBIS SOLUM"

For news of Alice Sharpe Johnson see "Morning."

Burton T. Fitts spent the Fourth this year at his old home in Ashford, Conn.

The class wishes to express its deep sympathy for Sara Hale Colvin in the loss of her husband who died recently in Worcester, Mass.

Everett L. Upham always spends his annual vacation at his old home in East Woodstock. We wish more of the alumni would do likewise.

For news of Edith H. Hall see "Noon."

Edward L. Child was in Woodstock for Academy Sunday this year and was warmly welcomed by his old friends.

Jessie Bowen Palmer still resides at South Pasadena, Cal. She expects to attend the San Francisco exposition this summer.

Estella Tompkins Waterbury has spent the past year with her family in Lowell, Ill.

1896

"DO YE NEXT THYNGE"

Mary Bowen Keith has passed the year as usual at her home in Eastford, Conn.

Ruth A. Cahoon is still in the employ of the Waite-Thresher Jewelry

Company of Providence, R. I.

The class reports the death of Ralph Pike with deep regret.

Joseph S. Sheppard is temporarily employed in Plainfield, N. J., although his headquarters are still at Pomfret, Conn.

Clarence E. Weaver holds the same position as last year, with his home in New Orleans, La.

1897

"ALTA PETENS"

Fred J. Fitts reports a successful year on his farm at Ashford, Conn.

Louise P. Grosvenor is successfully running a Tea House in Pomfret this summer.

Howard M. Frost is spending the summer with his family at Monroe, N. Y.

Ruth Williamson Gallup and Constance Holt are spending the summer as usual in Woodstock.

For news of Ralph H. Sabin see "Morning."

Mowry Ross has been in West Woodstock during the past year.

Arthur O. Williams still resides at East Providence, R. I. He expects to visit Woodstock this fall.

A. Lloyd Cooper has spent the past year at his home in Groton, N. Y.

Joseph and Esther Catlin are presumably in Pittsfield, Mass. No news is reported of them since last year.

1898

"ESSE QUAM VIDERI"

Sidney D. Upham is permanently located in Webster, Mass. He spent the Fourth in East Woodstock this year.

James H. Hutchins was elected town representative to the State Legislature last fall.

Flora Steere Wetherell is living as usual in East Woodstock. Her son Franklin is spending a month with his aunt in Kansas.

Emma E. Allen is attending the Harvard Summer School this year.

Emily B. Ross is at her home in West Woodstock.

Albert H. Williams has passed a successful year in the clothing business at Putnam, Conn.

Leslie Harris is still real estate and insurance agent at New Rochelle, N. Y.

No especial news is reported for Edna Frost Tobias.

Maria E. Chandler resides at Glendale, California, where she has been teaching school during the past year.

1899

The history of the class for the past year can be quickly told, as nearly every member has continued in his or her chosen work.

Our three home-keepers, Bessie Barber Williams, May Gifford Jordan and Olah Withey Whepley, have led useful and happy lives in their respective homes at South Woodstock, Webster and West Brockway, Mass.

Frank Skinner is living in North Woodstock and working with Mr. Henry Cummings.

Florence Warren has enjoyed life in New York city and continued in her work as assistant to the inspector of classes for blind children in the New York Public Schools. Her address is 35 West 38th Street.

The other members of the class extend their sympathy to William Child and his wife in the loss of an infant daughter. Will is engaged, with his father, in farming on the homestead in Woodstock.

Owing to ill health, Ruby Sanborn was obliged to resign as teacher of biology in the Beverly High School. During the past year she has taken the winter courses in poultry and bee culture and fruit growing at the Massachusetts Agricultural College. At present Ruby is living with cousins at Southbury, Conn., and is in partnership with them in poultry-raising. We are glad to hear that her health is improving.

1900

"VINCIT QUI SE VINCIT"

There is little change to report in the class of 1900.

Arthur Morse and Mary Alton Morse continue their active interest in East Woodstock affairs.

Bertram Bugbee and Dr. John Paine are still busy saving souls and bodies respectively on opposite sides of the continent.

The whereabouts of LaFayette Evans remain an unsolved mystery—a year's subscription to The Gleaner is offered as a reward for any news, true or false, concerning him.

Irving Frost continues in his position in a Long Island bank. He spent his vacation with his sister, Mrs. Mowry Ross, in West Woodstock, making the trip in his new roadster.

Fritz Rockwell has been contributing the "Everyman's Garden" department to The Country Gentleman. Harper & Bros. published his book, "The Key to the Land," last spring.

1901

"NON NOBIS SOLUM"

Mary Aldrich Hopkins has changed her residence to 78 Church street, Hartford, Conn.

Ewart M. Brunn is still active with the firm of Hagemeyer and Brunn, Produce Exchange Annex, 9 Stone street, New York city.

Herman Chandler is employed as salesman by the Preston Brothers of Norwich, Conn. His residence address is 25 Hobart avenue, Norwich, Conn.

Frank Davenport is giving his attention to the Davenport Lunch, 325 Market street, Harrisburg, Pa. See "Noon."

Olive A. Paine is to be congratulated upon having received her M. A. at Illinois University in June. She will teach in the Rochester City Training School during the coming year.

Phoebe Randall Pray is a busy housekeeper at 9 Wethersfield avenue, Hartford, Conn.

Address Herbert Slye at Pomfret Center, Conn.

C. Sabine Spalding has been putting in water supplies in the vicinity of Voluntown, Conn., during the past year.

Ethel Spalding will spend the year in Woodstock. She hopes to devote much time to the study of music.

Ernest Williamson is still with Mr. H. E. Huie, 121 Wilbraham road, Springfield, Mass.

1902

"NIL SINE LABORE"

Mary Frost Ross is living quietly in West Woodstock.

James Perrin is still located in Canada in the employ of the Berlin Construction Company, headquarters at St. Epiphanie. At present he is engaged in the construction of an important bridge to make possible the floating of pulp logs down to the mill.

Jessie Hibbard is still engaged in the work of nurse with home at Greenfield, Mass. She occasionally visits in Woodstock.

Florence Barber Washburn is living in Beverly, Mass., where her husband is pastor of the Pentecostal church.

Herbert Johnson is still connected with the postoffice in Putnam in the same position that he has filled very acceptably for nine years.

Gertrude Taber Howard is pleasantly living in Glastonbury, Conn.

Lena Cox Hibbard is to be found in the same home in East Woodstock.

Ermond Brunn is to be found in Patchogue, L. I., connected with the Brunn Electrical Company.

Jessie Withey fills the same position as private secretary to Mr. Henry Turner Bailey in Scituate, Mass.

Harry F. Child has been at home in Woodstock for the greater part of the year, after an absence in Montreal of five years. He became again connected with the Barrett Roofing Company in April and is at present assistant superintendent at their plant in Everett, Mass.

Lotta Stackpole is at home with her mother and is at present greatly interested in farming.

The writer has not been able to locate Rose London. Any news from her will be very acceptable.

1903

"ALTIOR"

Grace Sumner taught at the Gary School in Putnam last year, and intends to resume work there in the fall.

For Cornelius Haskell see "Morning."

Grace Church White is enjoying life with her family at her home, the White Farm, North Uxbridge, Mass. All old friends will be heartily welcomed. See "Morning."

Clarence Hall continues his law practice at Bridgeport, Conn.

Lieutenant Frank W. Rockwell is on dry land once more after much service "on the briny deep." He has been an instructor at the Naval Academy, Annapolis, in the Department of Electrical Engineering and Physics. This summer he is drilling newcomers at the Academy in oar and sailing cutters. See "Morning."

Alan Upham continues teaching piano in Boston and vicinity, where last season he instructed about forty pupils.

Alice Steere Faris sends greetings from Kanopolis, Kansas.

Florence Hibbard Lockwood's address is Chepachet, R. I., R. F. D. No. 1.

Helen Chandler has not been heard from.

1904

"VERITAS VINCET"

Annie Nelson will teach the model school at Woodstock Hill for another year.

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

Pearle Alton Gifford is living in Quinebaug.

Florence Safford is still in Los Angeles, California, working in her uncle's office.

Bernice Leavitt is at home. Her plans for the future are undecided.

Annie Shippee will continue her work in the Travellers Insurance Company, Hartford, Conn.

Blanche Shippee will return to her teaching in Stafford, Conn.

William Nelson expects to return to New Britain as instructor in science and mathematics. This past summer he has been enjoying a "hike" through the White Mountains.

Spencer Child can be located somewhere on the farm in Woodstock.

1905

"SEMPER PARATUS"

Ethel A. Rawson is spending the summer among familiar scenes in North Woodstock after her year of teaching in Providence.

Harry E. Wells has spent the year at home. He was a shut-in the greater part of the winter owing to his mistaking his foot for a log while chopping.

Fred W. Howard has been employed by the J. B. Williams Company, Glastonbury, Conn., the past year.

Edmund K. Gilbert is still in business at the old stand in New Haven. Communications should be addressed 260 Willow street, New Haven, Conn.

Through an error, Nellie T. Burleson's whereabouts for the year 1913-14 were incorrectly reported. She spent the year teaching in Stafford. For a part of last year she taught in Leba-

non, and is now at her home in Putnam, after spending a large part of the summer in Union.

1906

"TEMPORE UTAMUR"

Maude Healey expects to return for another year of work in her school in Bridgeport.

Lottie Howard Spalding is glad to welcome her friends at her new home in Woodstock. See "Noon."

Mabel Ritch is looking forward to a year's leave of absence from teaching in Yonkers. She will spend the year in Brooklyn studying music.

Elizabeth Carr Gros Jean announces the birth of a son Carroll on April 18, 1915. Elizabeth and her family are spending the summer at their cottage at Glen Eldridge on Lake Seneca.

Carl Morse is at his home in East Woodstock.

Maude Andrews Washburn continues to live at 59 Clifton street, Dorchester, Mass.

Florence Welch is to return for her third year of teaching in the primary department of her home town, Wayne, Nebraska. She writes an enthusiastic letter about her work and about a camping trip she is enjoying at Savoy, South Dakota.

Sarah Herrington Froyd has moved to 405½ West Monroe street, Springfield, Ill.

Ethel Upham has completed her course for the A. B. degree at Boston University. She will teach in Woburn the coming year.

1907

"ALTA PETENS"

Mary Nelson has been a supervisor at the American School for the Deaf the last year and expects to return next year.

Mary Myers Graham went to live in Pitcher, New York, last April. Her husband is pastor of the Congregational churches of Pitcher and North Pitcher.

Clara Myers is at home in Woodstock.

Herbert Shippee is at home as usual.

Edith Williams Morton is still living in South Woodstock.

Henry Baker is pastor of the Baptist church at West Woodstock. See "Noon."

Mabel Eddy has been at home as usual.

1908

"GEDULD"

John Healey has been engaged under the State Construction Department in work on the state roads. He expects to continue in the same line. At present he is working near Torrington.

Mildred Brown has taught a very successful year of school in the Chandler district. She expects to return there this year.

Hazel Davenport has been teaching in Wethersfield and living with friends in an apartment in Hartford. She will return to the same position.

Hattie Nelson has been in the Hartford hospital for a year and a half training for a nurse. She expects to finish her three years' course. She stands at the head of a class of thirty-six nurses and has recently won a fifty-dollar prize for efficiency.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Whiting have not been heard from directly but we understand that Mr. Whiting is doing very well at Geneva, N. Y. Mrs. Whiting and son have spent part of the summer at Alum Pond, Fishdale.

For news of Louise Fitts White please see "Morning." She expects to be at Pomfret later with her family.

Winifred Potter has been appointed to a position in the High School at Hillsdale, N. H. She will teach English and Latin.

1909

"NITENTES"

Marion Smith Watson and her mother have a tea room at their home

in Pomfret Center. Stop and see our exemplary president!

Bernice E. Bates will continue teaching this coming year in the East District School of Rockville, Grade V.

Louis K. Miller is head gardener at the Massachusetts Hospital for Crippled Boys, outside of Worcester.

Lyle W. Turner graduated from Wellesley in June. She will teach physics, chemistry, and biology in the High School at Perry, New York.

Edith S. Briggs will return to Norwich Art School to study design. She will teach two Academy classes in drawing and assist with the Saturday morning class for children.

1911

"PAS A PAS"

Esther Nelson, Dorothy Cox, Maude Milligan, and Esther Johnson are to continue their work as teachers in the 11th, 6th, 12th, and 4th districts of Woodstock.

For particulars about Blanche M. Perry see "Noon."

Harris S. May has completed his third year at Sheffield Scientific School and will continue his work there another year.

Martin A. Nelson is at present clerk in R. K. Safford's Grocery Store.

Max L. Conner is situated in California.

James Donlon has not yet been heard from.

1912

"EN AVANT"

Helen Perley has been at home the last year and expects to remain in Woodstock the coming year.

Sophie Barrett has been living in Maplewood, New Jersey. At present she is in Denver, Colorado, for two or three months.

Grace Myers is at home for the present.

Olive Whitney taught last year in the Skinner District.

Jarda Carlson is still in the office of the Boston and Maine Station in Worcester.

Rilla Child taught in West Woodstock during the spring term and returns in September for a year's work.

Carrie Barrett McGregor has moved to Dayville.

Gladys Sheldon is living with her mother in Elmvale.

1913

"FACTA NON VERBA"

Eleanor Johnson taught the Grammar Grades in South Woodstock last year. She will take up the same work this fall.

Ida Spalding Masters is living in Utica, New York. She is spending a few weeks in Woodstock this summer. See "Noon."

William Richardson completed his course at Williston Seminary in June, winning a prize for the best scholarship in French. After studying this summer, he will enter Yale University in the fall.

Eleanor Keith Lewis taught in Eastford Center last year. She is now living in Putnam and will teach in Thompson next year. See "Noon."

Edmund Anderson will enter Clark College, Worcester, in the fall.

1914

"PLUS ULTRA"

Arthur R. Anderson expects to enter the employ of Mr. Clarence W. Bowen this fall.

Ruth E. Bjornberg will continue her studies at New Britain Normal School.

Grace Hawkins will teach another year in Harrisville.

Rolfe N. Lyon's plans for the future are indefinite.

Agnes C. White expects to enter the Junior class at Marion College, Virginia, in the fall.

Susan G. Sumner expects to complete her course at New Britain Nor-

mal School next year.

Ruth E. Witter will remain at home the coming year.

Carl A. Johnson is working in Bridgeport, Conn.

Leslie L. Sumner will attend to home duties.

Olive Johnson's plans are undecided.

1915

"NON NOBIS SOLUM"

Harriet G. Sampson expects to attend Dana Hall, Wellesley, in the fall, after spending the summer traveling through the West and visiting the Panama-Pacific Exposition.

Estella G. Frink also expects to attend Dana Hall, Wellesley.

Clara F. Eddy will remain at home the following year.

Mildred L. May will also be at home next year.

Mabel G. Richardson hopes to attend Worcester Normal School this fall.

Catharn Perry will teach in District II, Eastford, after taking a course at Storr's Summer School.

Ruth A. Bates will be at home next year.

Mary E. Chamberlin will also be at home.

Florence Lawson intends to study domestic science at the Campbell School.

Gretchen E. Rutishauser expects to take a post-graduate course at the Academy until February, when she will take a course in training for a nurse at Clifton Springs Sanitarium, New York.

George M. Wilcox expects to be at home this year.

"MORNING"

In Pomfret Center, Conn., Aug. 31, 1914, a daughter Muriel Sharpe to Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Johnson.

In South Woodstock, Conn., Sept. 30, 1914, a son Harmon Leroy, Jr. to Mr. and Mrs. Harmon L. Morton.

In West Woodstock, Oct. 8, 1914, a daughter Dorothy Ellen to Mr. and Mrs. Bert Cox.

In Quinebaug, Mass., Oct. 30, 1914, a son Dudley Morton to Mr. and Mrs. Paul M. Gifford.

In Punxsutawney, Pa., Nov. 26, 1914, twins, a son and daughter Roger and Myra to Mr. and Mrs. Ralph H. Sabin.

In Watkins, N. Y., April 18, 1915, a son Carroll to Mr. and Mrs. Leon Gros Jean.

In Annapolis, Md., April 18, 1915, a son Warren to Mr. and Mrs. Frank W. Rockwell.

In Stamford, Conn., April 23, 1915, a daughter Louise Boynton to Mr. and Mrs. Alfred T. Child.

In Gregory, South Dakota, May 14, 1915, a son John DeForest Jr. to Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Haskell.

In Woodstock, Conn., May 23, 1915, a daughter Sarah Elizabeth to Mr. and Mrs. William C. Child.

In Carthage, South Dakota, June 9, 1915, a son George Paine to Mr. and Mrs. Albert M. Haskell.

In North Uxbridge, Mass., July 7, 1915, a son Kenneth Broughton to Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. White.

In Shelton, Conn., March 10, 1915, a son John Howard, Jr. to Mr. and Mrs. John H. Williams.

In Bedford, Mass., Aug. 5, 1915, a son to Mr. and Mrs. (Louise Fitts) Earl White.

In Pomfret, Conn., Aug. 7, 1915, a son Wilbur Cross to Mr. and Mrs. (Roxana Wilbur) Herbert R. Slye.

"NOON"

In East Woodstock, Conn., Oct. 7, 1914, Maude L. Peckham and Ernest B. Hibbard.

In Southbridge, Mass., Oct. 27, 1914, Freeman C. Spalding and Isette Morse.

In Woodstock, Conn., Nov. 18, 1914, George Spalding and Lottie F. Howard.

In Philadelphia, Pa., Nov. 24, 1914,
Frank F. Davenport and Elsie M. Williams.

In Woodstock, Conn., Dec. 31, 1914,
Ida L. Spalding and John R. Masters
of Utica, N. Y.

In Philadelphia, Pa., May 12, 1915,
Edith H. Hall and Joseph M. Dohan.

In Eastford, Conn., June 26, 1915,
Eleanor M. Keith and Maro D. Lewis.

In Eastford, Conn., June 30, 1915,
Blanche M. Perry and Edgar B. Bosworth.

In Hampton, Conn., June 30, 1915,
Helen S. Hammond and Leslie R. Mathews.

In West Woodstock, Conn., Nov. 8,
1914, Henry Baker and Flora Burrill.

"NIGHT"

In Point Pleasant, N. J., Sept. 8,
1914, Col. Alexander Warner.

In Putnam, Conn., Nov. 9, 1914,
Jerome Douty.

In Westport, R. I., Nov. 12, 1914,
Eben Y. Backus (formerly of Danielson).

In Worcester, Mass., Nov. 19, 1914,
Lucian A. Taylor.

In East Woodstock, Feb. 15, 1915,
Adolph Lawson.

In Howard, R. I., Feb. 24, 1915, Asa
L. May (formerly of East Woodstock).

In Putnam, Conn., April 17, 1915,
Mrs. Justin Greene, (Orril Blackmar).

In Worcester hospital, Worcester,
Mass., March 9, 1915, Ada Belle Miller.

In Pomfret, Conn., May 4, 1915,
Mrs. Herbert Sharpe.

In Norwich, Conn., May 12, 1915,
Willard H. Palmer.

In Pasadena, Cal., May 13, 1915,
Ralph A. Pike of East Woodstock.

In Woodstock, Conn., June 20, 1915,
Sarah Elizabeth, infant daughter of
Mr. and Mrs. William C. Child.

In Woodstock, Conn., July 31, 1915,
Mrs. William W. Mathewson (Harriet
Warner).

SHALL THE GLEANER BE DISCONTINUED?

Does the arrival of the WOODSTOCK ACADEMY GLEANER once a year bring you enough of interest and of pleasure to make it worth your while to take five minutes now to assure its continuance. As explained in one of the editorials in this issue, a point has been reached where we have got to hear from more readers that they want The Gleaner kept up, or discontinue it.

If you like to keep track of your old friends and what they are doing, and are interested in the present affairs and progress of the Academy, mail the blank below at once to Miss Nellie Chandler, Treasurer Gleaner Committee, Woodstock, Conn.

— — — — — Tear Off Here — — — — —

Do you vote to continue the publication of The Gleaner?

(Yes, or no)

Is your remittance enclosed herewith?

Have you any suggestions or criticism to offer The Gleaner Committee?

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