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We Dedicate this Book to a

Friend of the Academy

Miss Jessy Trumbull McClellan

A full rich nature, free to trust,
Truthful and almost sternly just,
Impulsive, earnest, prompt to act,
And make her generous thought a fact,
Keeping with many a light disguise
The secret of self-sacrifice.

—WHITTIER.

Volume 5. September 1917 Number 1

Woodstock Academy Gleaner

August '14--'17

BY FREDERICK F. ROCKWELL

The white roads over the quiet hills
Wind away to the rim o' the world,
And Autumn's glory of goldenrod
And asters is unfurled;
The blue haze lies where the bluer skies
Come down to meet the hills:
And the over-word He left is heard—
"Peace on earth, good will to men!"

The trench-lines over the shattered hills
Mark the edge of No-man's-land,
And the wearied sun in silence stares
At the wreckage of Man's hand:
The shells still burst o'er a land accurst;
Death-strewn with the wrack of War.
And ten million men still ask again—
"How long, O Lord, how long?"

On to the Front---1917

EDMUND ANDERSON

Things have been terribly unsettled. When we reached Bordeaux, we were met by representatives of the American Field Service, organized into a column of fours; and, with the American flag at the head, we marched around the streets for half an hour, finally landing at the railroad station. There we halted and a gentleman made a speech saying that no ambulances could be had for at least six weeks, and that the best way to serve France was to go immediately into transport driving. We were then turned loose about seven p. m., and told to return at nine. So we looked around the town. We found an American who was anxious to get news from the states. He was glad to see us. At nine o'clock we gathered at the station again. Then we were loaded into a train for Paris. We slept very little, as we had no sleeping cars. We reached Paris in the morning. We paid fifty cents for an egg and a cup of black coffee, We took a taxi to the A. F. S. headquarters at 21 Rue Raynonard. On first sight it appeared to be a great place. I think it was the headquarters of Franklin and his staff when they were in Paris. The building fronts on Rue Raynonard, and the grounds run back to another street. The place was very beautiful, but is now all trampled and covered with tents and barracks. We soon learned, however, that the A. F. S. was trying to force the ambulance volunteers into ammunition transport service by claiming that no ambulances could be had, but that afternoon we talked

with some American ambulance men from Neuilly, who told us that they had room for us at their base hospital, and could use us; so we delegated two of our group to secure our release from the A. F. S. They had a terrible job doing it, but finally succeeded. We reached here this morning. I wonder if the A. F. S. is playing a crooked game, by advertising in the United States for ambulance drivers and then forcing them into transport service. However, we are now with the American Ambulance Service and expect to be at the front soon, driving Buick ambulances.

The Effects of the War on Canada

JAMES V. PERRIN

During the first year, it was difficult to realize that a war was being fought in Europe, and that Canada was actually one of the participants. Soldiers were everywhere in evidence it is true, and the newspapers told of terrible battles; but, some way, it all seemed remote.

But now, to feel acutely that this country is really in the fight, it is not necessary to read of the troops Canada has at the front; of the splendid achievements of her soldiers; of the sacrifices being made by the finest young manhood of the land, voluntarily and eagerly; of the courage of those who have given their men. The crippled soldiers one sees about every Canadian city, the trainloads of wounded coming in continually, and the sad faces of the stricken families, are far more expressive of the part Canada is performing in the great World Struggle of to-day than are the daily casualty lists.

In the rural districts of Quebec such reminders are less common, largely it would seem because of short-sighted, narrow-minded, foolishly selfish (to put it mildly) politicians and clergy who are pulling against enlistment. It is said there are fewer French Canadians than Americans in the Canadian lines to-day. In other words, only about ten thousand of four hundred and forty thousand troops are French. Considering that the French population of Canada is more than one tenth of the total, it is plain that they are not willing to fight for England, France, or, it would almost appear, for themselves.

That the question of the Charter Right of the government to conscript its men except in case of invasion, should be brought up at this crisis is almost inconceivable. That this has been done indicates that the French Canadian does not realize the gravity of the situation, that he cannot grasp what a German victory would mean to him as part of the liberty-enjoying allied nations.

This lack of enthusiasm and undercurrent of dissatisfaction and unwillingness to accept conscription is not by any means general throughout the colony, but is true of only a portion of the French inhabitants of Quebec and Ontario. No country without the noblest brand of patriotism could do what Canada has done for the Mother Country and the cause of Liberty.

Other general effects of the war here are an uncommon scarcity of labor, high wages, and high costs of food, fuel, and clothing.

The munition plants, which have suddenly sprung up on every side, are taking labor away from all other lines by paying unheard-of wages for ordinary working men and women, so that the shortage is felt everywhere. On the farms of this province, fortunately, women and children have al-

ways been a large factor in land cultivation, so that the farmers in this particular section will find themselves less handicapped than will men in other industries, stimulated as they are by the high prices all farm products bring.

In this town (River du Loup) it is impossible to buy a ton of coal at any price, nor can any delivery be promised. Firewood, which formerly was plentiful and sold for four or five dollars a cord, now goes quickly for eight. Potatoes have brought unprecedented prices. Pulpwood, which the railroads cannot move because they are straining every sinew to move troops, equipment, and munitions with short-handed crews and insufficient rolling stock they cannot now increase, is being bought up for three times what it marketed for two years ago.

Hotel, train, and boat schedules, as well as all public service, have been hard hit, but everywhere people are putting up with the inconveniences thus caused with a fine spirit.

Rather than call this splendid activity—in giving to the cause money, food-stuffs, munitions, and man-power—an indication that in times of peace there has been a culpable laxity in thrift and economy, it should be said that a people who can do what Canada has done in the way of development, showing such a super-human effort in time of war, richly deserves great credit.

Pershing in Paris

Can you picture our troops as they landed in France,
Our soldiers so ruddy and brave,
Can you think what it meant to that poor oppressed land,
With the flower of its youth in the grave?

Do you wonder that deafening cheers rent the air,
Shouts mingled with prayers and with tears,
As the tonic of hope with the strength of new life
Gave place to disheartening fears?

Can you fail to be thrilled at the thought of our boys,
On their march through that city bereft
As kisses and blessings were on them bestowed
By the remnant of those who are left!

Most impressive the scene and touching indeed
When orphans, deprived of their all
Were seen—when the banner of Liberty passed—
On their knees, in thanksgiving, to fall!

All hail to this banner of stars and of stripes,
As it heartens the Allies today,
Inspiration and power may it richly impart,
Till justice and mercy hold sway!

E. F. B.

The Soldier of '62

JAMES H. SAWYER

During my soldiering life I was in Washington twice. The first time was in October, 1862. I was in a guard detail selected to guard 100 prisoners from Baltimore to Washington. These prisoners were not "Johnnies" but a company of Pennsylvania zouaves that had muntinied. First Lieutenant

Blanchard, and Second Lieutenant Carpenter, of our company were in command of that guard. I think that John Paine was in that detail too. We arrived in Washington late in the day, and after standing in the street a long time, marched our prisoners to the old capitol buildings, then used as a prison, turned them over to the proper authority, and saw them pass in. Returning to the depot, we found we could not get back to Baltimore until the afternoon of the next day. So the platform between the two tracks, there in the depot yard, was made our hotel. I should say that platform was about twelve or fifteen feet wide. After eating our supper from our haversacks, we spread our blankets to spend the night. There was a good deal of passing of engines and trains during the night, but the air was pure and the plank was not too soft, so we slept pretty well. The next day we divided up into bunches to see the town. I happened to be with Lieutenant Carpenter. About the first thing, we met a Putnam man, named Thaddeus Clark, who was an old acquaintance of Carpenter. This man was in some kind of employment there, and volunteered to be our guide. Our first move was to go to see the capitol building. The dome was then being built, not more than half done. The statue of Liberty, now a little object way up on the top of the dome, was then a big, towering thing standing on the ground, surrounded by piles of cut and uncut stone.

Then we went up into the senate chamber, and while passing, I sat down for a minute in the vice-president's chair. We passed into the blue room, the white room, the great reception room, and the president's room. In the chamber of the house, I rested two minutes in the Speaker's chair. Congress was not in session then and all the corridors, senate and house chambers were filled with cots for wounded and sick soldiers. At the White House we were not invited in. Mr. Lincoln that day was at the Soldiers' Home, his favorite resort when he wanted to rest a little. If he had been at home, no doubt he would have asked us into the parlor and told us some stories. From the White House grounds we could see the half-finished Washington monument, down there on the muddy flats. Washington, then, was a quite different looking town than now. Pennsylvania avenue was a dirt road of red clay, all churned up by heavy wagons, artillery and cavalry regiments. That day we had to do our seeing in the rain, for it rained steadily, but carefully about all day.

I saw Washington again, September 5, '64, but only in passing through it on my way to the regiment from the hospital in New Haven.

On the 30th day of August, 1864, I stood on the bank looking down at the river toward Mt. Vernon. A small steamboat lay anchored one hundred yards from the shore directly opposite the little landing place, down at the bottom of the bluff. That boat was carrying two companies of Ohio nine months' men, going home, and 200 recruits, convalescents and conscripts, going to their regiments. Your correspondent was among the convalescents. We had left City Point late in the afternoon of the day before. We arrived at the mouth of the Potomac the night before where the boat anchored over night. When we got opposite Mt. Vernon, the next day, the boat stopped. It was discovered that three men had slipped off the boat and were making their way to the other shore. We could see their

heads bobbing in the water pretty well out toward the land. A boat was lowered and an officer and some soldiers put out for them. But the deserters had too much start. They reached land. Some shots were fired at them from the boat, but we saw them cut across a field and disappear into some woods. I should say this episode took the best part of an hour. In the meantime, I stood at the rail looking at what I could see of Mt. Vernon and thinking of Washington. We couldn't see much of the place, only the tops of the houses and the chimneys and the trees surrounding the grounds. There was a path going down the hill to the landing place. I could see Washington (in imagination) going up and down the hill attending to the shipping of his flour to Cuba. I had read that he sent most of his flour to Cuba, and that the flour was never inspected on its arrival because it came from Washington. I thought of the scenes that had occurred upon that little wharf, not the same one I was looking at, probably, but one in the same place. How I should like to return and look it over again. The women of the United States certainly deserve great credit for preserving that place as they have, making it an attraction to pilgrims for generations.

Annapolis is a third city once visited by me. I was one of about a thousand on the flag of truce boat from City Point, paroled prisoners from Belle Isle, Richmond. We landed at the academy wharf about noon, July 10, 1863. We were kept in barracks just outside the city until we cleaned up, then we were sent to Parole Camp, about three miles out on the left hand side of the railroad going to Annapolis Junction. I went on the same boat upon which Llewellyn Marcy died, as he was coming from Richmond with another batch of prisoners, about a week later. For quite a while there was no guard put around Parole Camp, and we could roam about at will. I was in pretty bad condition of health. I used to go to town as often as I could to get away from the sights, sounds, and smells of the camp. I would start out early in the morning and spend the long hot days lying under the trees upon the soft grass, in the state house park. I did not go into the state house, for it was closed. I didn't realize that that was the place where Washington resigned his commission, though I was familiar with the event. There was one big oak tree that stood on a slope on the edge of the park, near a street of small tidy looking houses. It cast a thick shade and it was my favorite summer resort. I would make it a point to be there about dinner time, for there was one of those tall pumps with a long handle, standing near the walk, just opposite the tree. At dinner time the maids would come to the pump to fill their pitchers, and I liked to hear the rattle of the dishes as they were setting the tables. The doors and windows were open so I could see and hear. Maybe I wasn't homesick those days. The Parole Camp was on a bleak, sandy plain, where the dust flew in clouds at the slightest breeze. Fleas, flies, mosquitoes, and lice tormented us. Water for some 30,000 men was obtained from one of those old pumps belonging to a farm house near by. At first there were no guards around the camp, but it got so disorderly that a guard was established. Then we had to stay in. We were kept there until September 30, when we were exchanged and passed on to our various regiments. We joined the Eighteenth at Martinsburg, Va.

In the Garden

ANNIE KELTON

Early in the morning, in the garden,
While the silvery dewdrops gleam and shine
On the leaves and in the hearts of roses,
All the world seems filled with peace divine.

The robin and the lark are singing in the trees,
The bees and butterflies are flitting in the breeze
That gently fans the summer flowers,
From morn 'til eve, through all the hours.

Outside the garden gate, the world seems old and worn;
Hearts ache and bleed and with great grief are torn,
In reverence let us stand and pray
For the peace of early morning in the garden!

On a Sun-Dial Wreathed with Roses

FREDERICK F. ROCKWELL

I have beheld at dawn the fresh-blown rose,
With trembling silver at her heart of gold;
And then returned, e'er the first light at dusk was burning,
E'er the sun's short half circle reached its close;—
Her shattered petals lay upon the mold;
Dust unto dust returning.

"So frail a thing is Beauty!"—so the dial
Of brass and stone, marking the marching hours
Year after year, whispered—(or was it the wind sighing?)
"How brief! how barren! This morn a little while
She laughed and nodded to her sister flowers
Dead now—ere the day's dying!"

The sightless dial, that has not learned to know
For all its years, the shadow from the sun,
How like the world in self-content but warped philosophy!
Each silken petal that has fluttered low
Flashed, e'er it fell, a smile from God, and won
Thereby to immortality!

From "The American Woman"

Garden Sauce

"In the spring the old man's fancy lightly turns to gardening thoughts."

(Locksley) Hall

When April suns have melted the hardened snow in the corners by the stone walls, and April showers have mellowed the earth, to one who in advanced years has withdrawn from the more active duties of life, there comes a loud call to get back into the lap of earth, and know her well, before that last call comes in obedience to which he must yield to her final embrace. Visions of the little round red radish, of the fresh tender spinach, of the crispy lettuce, and the luscious pea, inspire him with a garden fever that becomes almost a frenzy. As a Rhode Island Red hen determined to "set" rushes madly to the nest and in spite of cramped joints, hunger and thirst "sets" for long days on a china

egg, confident of a coming brood of chicks, so he madly seizes the garden tools and in spite of lame back and aching joints digs and scratches on, confident of prize-winning crops in the harvest season.

Yet the cooling off process comes at length. The hen forsakes the china egg and settles down to the production of real ones; the gardener no longer sees visions, but finds the spade, the hoe, the rake, the weeds and the bugs, all hard realities. He toils on to the end of the season, when his visible crops may be largely a goodly compost pile, but an invisible growth has been going on, and from it he gathers a bounteous harvest of experience, and some nuggets of wisdom, perhaps.

At the request of the Editor of the Gleaner, the writer ventures to give its readers a few of these garden thoughts though they may be like many real garden products, scrimpy and tasteless.

In the first place the writer has concluded that in order to have a real garden one must have a piece of ground. In fact it may be laid down as axiomatic that without a piece of ground no garden can be a success. Of course there is the garden of the imagination, all of whose products are merely mind pictures. These may make the mouth water. I can even see how in late summer one, by drinking water freely, can imagine a melon, and so have a water melon. But when the butcher brings you a fine leg of lamb on the Fourth, who can, by the imagination merely, supply the luscious peas to go with it? Now and then a person may be found with such a fertile imagination as to find it easy to do this, but without that fertility of imagination nothing can be done in this direction. Nor has the writer been able to find in state or national bulletins or books a fertilizer, either natural or commercial, that will make a sterile imagination fertile. Let us say no more. We must be all agreed that a piece of ground is highly essential for a successful garden.

The piece of ground should be carefully selected. Two points should be observed in this selection. First let the spot be a shady one, and secondly, it will be more interesting if the place be next to a hay field abounding in woodchuck holes. The former requisite is for the gardener's comfort. A great variety of well grown shade trees furnish a most welcome shelter, as he sits in his old rocking chair or lies in his hammock, surveying with comfortable complacency his coming crops. Shade may not be altogether the best thing for the garden; but shall not the gardener be considered? And may it not help to enlarge the compost pile?

And as to the woodchucks! How fascinating, how enlivening it is in the very early hours of the morning to hastily arise from your couch, and from your window discover a woodchuck among your beans! How nimbly he nibbles the tenderest bits of beans! With what delicacy of movement does he poise himself upon his hindfeet, and take in the beauty of the dewy fields, the glorious morning sun, and his bounteous breakfast table spread for him by your generosity! And when you, lightly clad, hurry down to offer your morning greetings, you can almost hear him express his thanks as he wobbles off through the field, and you, too full for utterance, feeling the wet grass upon your bare feet, go gingerly back to your couch, realizing how greatly Artemus Ward was amiss in his etymology, when he said that the woodchuck

was so called because he lived in the woods and the boys chucked stones at him. No, the woodchuck haunts not the forests. His mission is to awaken and keep alert the amateur gardener.

After selecting our piece of ground possessing these requisites, which should not be for the beginner more than forty feet square, the next step is to break up the soil. The writer, after all his experience and investigation, has never been able to bring himself to recommend the use of dynamite for this purpose. Not only in these war times is it contrary to the economic conservation of munition energy, but on general principles explosives of all kinds should be kept out of the garden. As the beginner goes on he will run up against many experiences that will make him involuntarily resort to the use of explosives. He sees a luscious strawberry and to get it reaches too far or too obliquely. He gets the berry but finds that he has also gotten a crick in the back or a catch in the side. Let him not at such a moment explode in terms of scripture. His quotations may be apt but they will not, probably, be accurate. Again, he may be taking advantage of a hot July day to kill the weeds in his garden, and after the sun has poured down its scorching rays on his head and back for a couple of hours or more, he may be sorely tempted to express by strong simile his overheated condition. No, break up the forty feet square with oxen and plow, if you will, or even spade it up a little at a time, as you need to plant, but let the amateur never resort to the use of explosives.

It would be in order now to offer our thoughts on selecting seed, and sowing and planting. Very much there is that the writer could say, and perhaps it would be as profitable to the reader as any of the wise thoughts given him up to this point. But the space allotted the writer and the patience possessed by the reader will not permit. But one injunction should not be unrecorded. If you wish to receive the compliments of your visiting neighbors, especially if they be ladies who are orderly housekeepers, sow and plant in straight and parallel lines. Also make paths about your garden, clean and with neatly defined edges. Nature may not act geometrically, but we are not advising Nature; we are giving essential counsel to the gardener. It is of some importance that seed be sown in the right soil and the right depth, but it is paramount, in order to secure these pleasing praises of your visitors, that you practice this straight line theory to the fullest extent.

But I should be delinquent if I failed to give one more word of caution. It is easy nowadays to meet with horseless carriages; in the midst of the slackers and dodgers of the present conscription we may find now and then a manless man; and there are some people who feel very confident that among the extreme seekers for equal franchise, among the women window-smashers, among the women who attack public officials, they have found not infrequently an almost womanless woman; but let not the amateur gardener, though he possess the wisdom of three score years and ten, ever be possessed with the mania for a weedless garden.

But we must stop, and leave untouched those wide spread fields of symbolism which even a small garden suggests. For in a season's experience, in even a forty-foot square garden, one can find suggestions of the unitarian philosophy of Emerson, of the concise cynicism of Carlyle, of the

scolding misanthropy of Thoreau and the wholesome utilitarianism of Franklin. We have touched upon the larger subjects; let these lesser ones develop themselves in the reader's own mind.

Now, gentle reader, if you have perused these columns thus far, you have the writer's greatest admiration for your patience, and warmest sympathy for your suffering, but he can not have a high opinion for the keenness of your intellect. Have you not perceived that these words were never written to be read, but simply to give the writer a little share in the Gleaner, and then like all decayable rubbish, go to make up the compost pile?

May winged Mercury, that swift messenger of the mighty Jove, carry these unwinged words to their proper place, and above all deliver them from the errors of the type-setter!

E. R. HALL.

Florida Vegetable Raising

During the winter months from November until May the northern markets—New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, and Pittsburgh, receive thousands of carloads of fresh vegetables and distribute them to the lesser markets in cities and suburbs. Ninety per cent. of these vegetables is raised in Florida in a soil rich and porous, a mixture of muck and sand free from stone, and therefore easily tilled. Florida is especially adapted to vegetable raising. Below degree twenty-nine, truck farming is carried on extensively while above this so called frost-line vegetables are killed by cold weather and their growth checked by cool weather.

As the land in the vegetable section is seldom more than fifteen feet above sea level the question of drainage is most important. Except in the months of June, July and August, rain seldom falls. The showers which occur during the growing season are usually very heavy often recording two and three inches in two hours' duration. This heavy fall necessitates quick drainage which is accomplished by opening pockets of the sub-irrigation system allowing the escape of water to main ditches leading to the river. This irrigation system answers for both watering and draining purposes. In some sections there is an abundance of water coming from flowing wells, which when needed is distributed by the same sub-irrigation system.

The farming season begins about July the first when seed beds are prepared and shades erected; then follows the plowing and leveling.

All ground should be level so that the moisture from irrigation appears evenly over the surface. Too much water in one section, caused by the ground being uneven, proves disastrous to the entire field because the higher ground suffers from a lack of moisture while the lower section is flooded and a poor crop is insured. All soil should be cultivated once every ten days by either mule and cultivator or negro and hand cultivator. After every rain the ground must be broken and tilled because the soil is so porous that it becomes crusted and a plant soon dies if not well ventilated. Packed soil keeps air from the vital parts of plants. Proper cultivation eliminates hoeing.

Fertilizers are freely used often costing from three to five hundred dollars per acre. Those principally used are ashes, for sweetening soil,

cotton seed meal, blood and bone and vegetable special for nourishment, and nitrate of soda for final applications. Little potash is to be had.

The crops raised most extensively are potatoes at Hastings; celery, lettuce and peppers at Sanford; tomatoes on the east coast from Palm Beach south; cucumbers and melons at Arcadia; beans at Centre Hilll; and celery, egg-plants and strawberries at Manatee.

At Hastings potatoes is one of the leading crops. In the year 1917 a few hundred growers produced eighty cars daily for several weeks, netting them over five million dollars. Potatoes are planted about January the fifteenth. In ninety days they are harvested.

The celery crop at Sanford was exceptionally poor this year owing to the freeze. However, 2,000 carloads were shipped at prices ranging from $1.50 to $3.50 per crate. This is the principal crop of Manatee and Seminole Counties. It is planted in September and harvested in January and February. In addition to being the hardest crop raised it is also the most expensive, requiring constant cultivation, but the yield is usually most reliable. For that reason it has become the leading crop. Thousands of acres are raised yearly yielding approximately 800 crates per acre.

Lettuce is one of the leading crops. It is not so expensive to raise as celery and matures in half the time. Generally seven weeks will produce elegant head lettuce. It is cut, when properly headed, packed firmly in hampers, head to head, and stalk to stalk, in neatly arranged layers.

Lettuce at Sanford this year was a loss excepting that raised in the month of January, when 500 carloads were marketed. The early crop went to seed owing to the extreme heat, while the late crop was ruined by the freeze.

Before lettuce is harvested beans should be drilled into the soil to give them the advantage of two weeks' growth. Five weeks after the lettuce is harvested beans are ready for market. Corn or peas can be planted in place of beans, thus gaining time for an earlier crop. Corn, peas, beans, and potatoes should be planted by January 15 to get the best results.

Peppers should be planted early enough to be harvested before the extreme heat of July and August blisters the fruit. This year peppers were a success in Sanford. Their yield was enormous and the prices were unusually good. Carloads sold for $1,200, F. O. B.

Tomatoes are raised on the east cast extensively. In that section they are planted in November whereas at Manatee, in December. There are hundreds of acres in different localities. These are usually sold outright by farmers to packing houses at a stated figure. The packing houses distribute them throughout the United States. A fair yield to an acre generally packs from three hundred to five hundred crates, but as high as seven hundred crates have been packed from a single acre.

The raising of egg-plants is another paying enterprise. The fruit is wrapped in paper and packed firmly in crates to prevent shaking in transportation. Egg-plants, as well as peppers should be picked twice weekly, fertilized and cultivated every ten days.

Sweet corn is a splendid crop and gives fair profit.

Raising vegetables is by far the smallest end of the business of truck gardening, as a good fruit, poorly packed, returns little profit. Constant

connection by wire with the commission houses handling produce is most essential. By no means should one house be allowed to handle the entire crop. Transporation by water and express is in excess to transporation by rail.

The daily report which follows will, in exact figures, allow the reader to form an estimate of the immense amount of crop raising that demands the attention of those engaged in production.

DAILY REPORT

Of Fruit and Vegetable Shipment from Florida

The following number of cars containing Florida fruits and vegetables were forwarded from Jacksonville, High Springs and Hampton, via all-rail, during the last twenty-four hours, ending June 30:

	Grapefruit	Oranges	Pineapples	Vegetables	Lettuce	Potatoes	Tomatoes	Celery	Strawberries	Cantaloupes	Cabbage	Watermelons
Ohio, Mississippi, beyond	0	0	0	1	0	2	1	0	0	0	0	11
North of Savan'h	0	0	1	12	0	2	2	0	0	0	0	30
Southern points	0	0	1	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	6
Total	0	0	2	13	0	4	4	0	0	0	0	47

Total movement since September 15, 1916:

Ohio, Mississippi and beyond	2207	4911	15	621	245	1257	1344	910	18	11	440	1371
North of Savan'h	1798	8885	18	2778	1571	2313	2834	1620	303	44	1173	1338
Southern points	956	2359	22	233	85	754	536	458	1	2	129	390
Total	1951	16155	55	3632	1901	4324	4714	2988	322	57	1742	3099

C. S. SPALDING.

Cretan Pottery

Urn, vase, and jar—the men that fashioned these
Once laughed and sang beneath the Cretan sun.
They heard the whispering shingle seaward run,
Drank deep of human woes and ecstacies.
Pathetic shards of life remote and dim,
These "tears of things" forgotten long ago!
Did that urn vibrate to Demeter-hymn?
Some roguish babe give this its overthrow?
Soul-stirring as deep chords at evening hour.
When slow stars climb from far off, fragrant seas.
This funeral urn doth breathe of life and power—
Of life, once warm upon the sunny leas,
Of power that wrought beyond the centuries
To stay immortal love beyond love's mortal hour.

E. E. A.

Mary Ella's Peppermints

WINIFRED S. POTTER

"One pink, one white, one pink," crooned Mary Ella at her self-imposed task as her pudgy fingers placed alternately the lumps of pink and white sweetness.

The previous evening Aunt Mary had returned from a lengthy visit and this morning she had summoned Mary Ella. Now Mary Ella had been conveniently near her aunt's door going skip, skip, and hippity-hop up and down the hall, so she had promptly obeyed the summons. Perhaps she had a tiny inkling that Aunt Mary might have brought her something, for most people did bring Mary Ella something when they returned from an absence.

Mary Ella had stood beside her aunt's trunk, precariously poised on one foot; the other foot was twisted around her plump leg. At spasmodic intervals, in order to maintain an uncertain balance, she had shot out her short arms and whirled around on the one leg like a particularly jerky and stubborn windmill.

Aunt Mary had sat on a low chair before her trunk absently contemplating the neat packets and boxes within. "That is the boneset for William," she muttered to herself. "And that is them wristers Miss Jones give me, and that the crochet jacket from Miss Bates. Oh, yes, Mary Ella, here is what I brought you."

From a remote corner of the trunk she had brought forth and held up a package of peppermints. They were packed in a waxed paper carton, through whose dimness their pink and white outlines showed with an entrancing faintness, vague hints of joys to come.

"Oh, myth," breathed Mary Ella through the aperture in her upper jaw recently occupied by a tooth.

"Now," continued Aunt Mary, still retaining the peppermints in her left hand and drawing off her steel-bowed spectacles with her right, "if you are real careful of them peppermints, Mary Ella, and eat one every day after dinner they'll last you a long spell and do you a sight o'good. Peppermints in moderation is awful helpful to the stomach. I remember once," with a reminiscent air, "how your Uncle Hiram brought me some can-

dies and they lasted weeks. Here 'tain't Thanksgiving yet; they ought to go you till Christmas."

"Yeth," murmured Mary Ella.

She had no intention of nursing along her gift in such a niggardly manner, but she had discovered by experience that it was more convenient to agree with grown-ups, thus avoiding argument, and then do your own sweet will.

"Thank you, Aunt Mary," she had said, and, spinning around in a particularly wild gyration, had disentangled herself, grasped the peppermints, and was off.

"Here, here," Aunt Mary had called reprovingly, "don't bounce so. I can't bring presents to bouncy girls. When Uncle Hiram gave me them candies I said, "Thank ye kindly, sir!" and curtseyed and—" But Mary Ella was out of sight and hearing.

The dining-room was deserted; so she had sought the window seat in the bay window, and spreading out her brief pink apron, dumped the hastily-opened peppermints into it.

What a delicious mound they made! An imposing array even when in a heap. What wouldn't they look like in a long line!

Mary Ella's quick eyes roved around. The chair-rail! Just the thing. So here she was singing, "One pink, one white," busily arranging them at short intervals along the chair-rail. Not the rail was nearly full. "A white, a pink," and then there was just one pink left over.

"Myth, I'm glad it was a pink over," murmured Mary Ella, popping the peppermint in on her red tongue, and then sucking through it in long delicious "thoops" as she extracted the sweetness in the slowest and most economical way.

"Pink what?" said a voice below the window, "What yer eatin'?"

"Oh dear suz," muttered Mary Ella. "Nothin'," she answered hastily. "I'll be right out."

The intruder was little Freddy Leach from down the street, and "Leach" he was appropriately named, for he always "stuck around" when not wanted. He was not very popular with the other children, for he was inclined to be selfish, and sometimes to help himself when he wasn't asked, so Mary Ella was not very glad to see Freddy just then.

While Mary Ella was hastily running around to the side door, Freddy hoisted himself up to the window sill, and clinging there like a bat, pressed his face to the screen. There on the chair-rail he spied the peppermints temptingly displayed. He dropped down and awaited Mary Ella.

"Let's play hide and coop," he greeted her.

"All right," she assented in an unusually obliging manner. "No fair hidin' in the house. Mamma wants us to play out," she continued guilefully, intent on protecting her secret.

For a while all went well. Mary Ella and Freddy blinded by turns until Freddy hid in a particularly puzzling place. That is, Mary Ella hunted everywhere, and then after a long excursion through the shed she discovered him in a simple place behind the lilac bush.

"Why, I thought I looked here," she said curiously.

"I'd shinned up," said Freddy.

"Oh," said Mary Ella.

"Well," said Freddy, "I must be goin'. Ma wants me." With a whoop he dashed through the gate.

Mary Ella welcomed her release with joy. She was lucky in that Freddy had not "stuck" all the forenoon.

With a skip, skip, and a hippity-hop, she entered the dining-room and cast an eager glance around. At first she couldn't credit her eyes; then horror swept over her. The fate of old Mother Hubbard had overtaken her. The chair-rail was bare!

With a long-drawn howl of mingled grief and rage Mary Ella cast herself flat upon her stomach on the floor.

"Oh, oh, oh," she yelled.

"What's the matter; the child is killed," cried Mother in alarm. Even Aunt Mary, still at work over her trunk, came hurriedly down the stairs.

"That Freddy Leach," painfully ejaculated Marry Ella through spasms of sobs. "He ith one peeg."

After the startled family had extracted the woeful tale, Aunt Mary same comfortably to the rescue.

"Don't cry so, child," she said. "When I was young I was never let give way so to my feelin's. I've got another packet of peps I was savin' for your Christmas, but mebbe they'd soft up some 'fore then. You can have 'em now anyhow and I'll get some more."

A half-hour later found peace restored, Mary Ella with freshly washed face was humming as she arranged the decorations on the chair-rail. "One pink, one white, one pink, and one pink left over."

From—The Springfield Republican.

Float Night at Wellesley, 1917

It may have been because Katherine took great interest in athletics, but more likely it was because she had been picked for 1920's crew, that she was so enthusiastic about Float Night. As her room-mate I was often required to make some reply to exclamations "Isn't Float Night going to be simply wonderful this year!" or "Can you wait to see the crew form the W?" until my own flagging enthusiasm in athletics was accelerated and I became excited over the event.

It was just beginning to grow dusky as we strolled up from the village. My pent-up excitement increased with the appearance of not only college girls but whole happy families, and boisterous bunches of Harvard youths. We moved with the others toward an opening in a strange looking wire fence surrounding Tower Court Hill. This opening proved to be the admission gate through which we passed after securing programs and camp chairs.

The shore of Lake Waban was crowded with students and guests. From beneath 1920's ruddy Japanese lanterns we looked beyond to the Senior blue, Junior purple, and the yellow of the Sophomores. A little behind us a raised platform was filled with Faculty. We had arrived too late to see the Sophomores win Crew Competitions, but while the news was being whispered to us, the Athletic Association president arose to award the individual cup and the W's. Violent applause resounded at the mention of each name while the delighted blushing girls stumbled over their congratulating friends to receive the honors.

When all was quiet once more the Harvard band, assembled on a raft, gaily outlined in colored lights, which bobbed and dipped to the waves and breeze, played patriotic airs. Laughter and subdued chatter arose from the now almost obscure gathering. A shrill cry of "Peanuts! Popcorn!" and the answering shouts of "Here! Here!" added to the jollification.

Suddenly the huge searchlights swung and focussed themselves on the strip of water between the raft and the crowded shore. A breathless hush! Then from around the curving bank, swift, straight as an arrow, darted the Senior crew. The white jerseyed figures bent, rose, bent, rose, in almost incredibly swift time—a melody in motion. Then like a flash it had passed from the searchlights' radius into indistinguishable shadow. A sigh escaped from all, then—just as swift, past swept the Juniors—illumined an instant by the brightness and then entirely hidden. The victorious Sophomores shot by, and then there were eager cranings of necks and involuntary clutches at each others' hands, as 1920 proudly darted forth. "There's Miff! My! She's a whizz of a cox! Isn't it wounderful! Our own crew!" We dropped back with a sigh of pleasure at 20's prowess, only to be aroused each time the crews reappeared. We watched the difficult manceuvering with anxious eyes until the final completion of the W, and then cheered and cheered and cheered again.

The W remained stationary and the crews were putting on warm sweaters preparatory to a long wait when our attention was called to a long line of canoes, the pageant, turning the bend at the left. They were gay little affairs, red with lanterns, and each paddled by two girls in sailor costume. In the first was America, President Wilson in the next, bowing and waving his silk hat. He was followed by three gray battleships alarming with mighty smokestacks. Many others came after: Colonel Roosevelt, Infantry, Artillery, Aeroplane, Red Cross, Agriculture, Food Conservation, Finance with many glittering dollar signs, and then the Allies. In the last canoe came our class president as Democracy. When the pageant had encircled the raft, the Seniors began their class song, followed by the songs of the other classes, and then "Alma Mater." As the W broke up our president brought her canoe near our crew; and, dashing a bottle on its prow, christened the shell "Kilolia," or Red-Winged Water Bird, while from under the 20's red lanterns came hearty applause.

The pageant and class crews had all disappeared when once more a shell swung out of the dimness . On each member's white jersey appeared a huge W. It was the "College-Eight,"—the crew composed of the the best members of all class crews. With the regularity of a machine but yet with a lightness and grace impossible to mere mechanism, the girls bent to the oars as they sped past. Once again the crowd broke into song, and still singing snatches of "Breezes from Waban," the Freshmen wandered back to the village calling gaily to acquaintances and congratulating one another upon the success of our first Float Night.

HARRIET G. SAMPSON.

"Trustworth," North Scituate, Mass.

Those who have visited the scene of the landing of our forefathers have passed the little cottage by the roadside, where with her big black cat ("the soul of a sinner dark") the leisure hours of your old schoolmate are spent. (I mention the cat as an evidence that I have achieved spinsterhood.) Passing through the door-

yard is Bound Brook, the old boundary line between the Massachusetts and Plymouth Colonies. A mile to the east is the ocean from whence comes the refreshing East Wind to which John Alden, in Longfellow's words, exclaimed:

"Welcome O wind of the East, from the caves of the misty Atlantic!
Blowing o'er fields of dulse, and measureless meadows of sea-grass,
Blowing o'er rocky wastes, and the grottos and gardens of ocean!"

To the south a few miles is Duxbury where John Alden and Priscilla's immortal romance took place.

"There the familiar fields, the groves of pine, and the meadows;
But to their eyes transfigured, it seemed as the garden of Eden,
Filled with the presence of God, whose voice was the sound of the ocean."

About five minutes' walk from the "little cottage by the roadside" on the crown of Booth Hill, hid among the trees is "Trustworth," the home of the Baileys. From the tower of the house the picturesque South Shore, with its ledges and cedars, its salt marshes and winding creeks, is spread out like a map in the foreground; across the Bay the no less beautiful North Shore is visible on clear days from Lynn to Thatcher's Island Lights at the end of Cape Ann; and upon those rare days in summer when the mirage works magic o'er sea and land, far away to the eastward the fluttering ribbon of Cape Cod appears. To the westward dimly along the horizon lie the Blue Hills of Milton and southward the apparently unbroken forests of deciduous and evergreen trees, stretch away over the hills to Norwell and Marshfield.

Separated from the house proper on the ground floor by a drive is "The Hut" and in this is the study—our workshop. The second story of the hut is connected with the house forming an arch over the driveway. In this peaceful little vine-covered study our magazines are made up and we try to put into them something of the spirit which pervades our environment.

JESSIE WITHEY.

The writer's stay in North Scituate is limited. Mr. Henry Turner Bailey has been appointed Dean of the Cleveland School of Art. Miss Withey goes with him in September as his secretary. She will remain make-up editor for the Art School's Magazine.

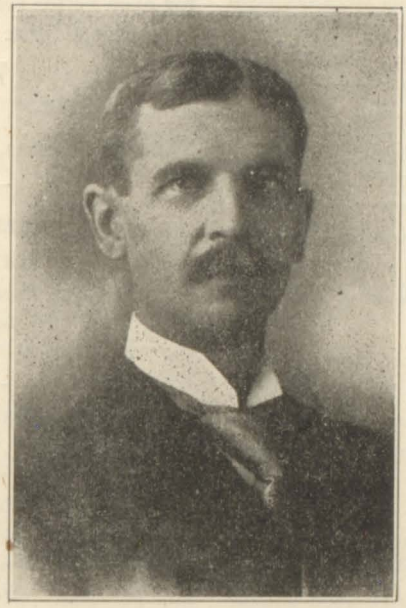
Woodstock Academy

Would you know a far-famed land-mark
On a very sightly hill,
Over which the song-birds hover
Dreamy breezes float at will?
Seek a hill-top rich in beauty,
Towering high familiar walls.
Over which entwining ivies
Cling, frost-touched in early falls.
Kindling memories of past classes graduated from those halls.

Atmosphere that's like a tonic;
Campus stretching wide and green,
Ample setting for athletics,
Dear to student hearts is seen.
Everywhere some spot awakens
Memories even yet that thrill,
Years can not efface the impress of that land-mark on the hill.

AN APPRECIATION

During the three years Mr. William A. Perkins has been principal of Woodstock Academy, our first impressions have been strengthened and confirmed that the Academy and Town have been fortunate in securing a man of his character to fill a difficult position. Mr. Perkins is a gentleman in the truest and broadest sense of the word. A conscientious, faithful teacher who commands the highest respect of his teachers and pupils; a man seeking the advancement of the school rather than personal interests. Mr. Perkins believes in his work and his success is achieved through his obedience to the principle of professional concentration.



MR. WILLIAM A PERKINS

The Story of the Year

The opening of the Academy in the fall of 1916 was postponed one week on account of the prevalence of infantile paralysis. The school assembled in good number, however, and it is remarkable that of the girls all but one who entered during the first month were present in June; but, the boys, did not hold their own so well. A variety of causes, including two painful accidents, took out two or three during the winter and a few more in the spring. Moreover the work of the school was hindered by an unusual prevalence and long continuance of mild epidemics.

But in spite of all obstacles much good work was done. The spirit of the pupils as a whole was excellent.

The studies and the methods of instruction did not differ much from those of former years, except that in the sciences more of the work was by observation and experiment. The usual full amount of laboratory work was done by the pupils in chemistry; much additional work of that kind was done in botany; and in physics, thanks to the apparatus purchased during the preceding summer, many experiments were performed by the pupils that heretofore have had to be omitted. More reading outside of text books was done in history, and the rhetorical exercises were directly connected with the work in literature. The aim has been to lead pupils to observe, read and think for themselves.

Instruction in singing twice a week throughout the year has been of great benefit, though the fact that the number of strong soprano voices was proportionately small made it difficult to secure pleasing results in chorus singing.

The usual half dozen socials ministered to the common life of the Academy, but the year as a whole has been one of little activity with respect to entertainments or the securing of outside "talent." A good beginning has been made in the purchasing of spoons of good quality for use at the socials. Five dozen have been bought through the contributions of individuals and classes, and I wish to take this opportunity to thank all who have so contributed. It would be a great convenience to have about three dozen more.

Basket-ball has been the principal interest in athletics, as the smaller number of boys in the spring term made it impracticable to arrange base ball games. But the basket-ball season was one of the most successful in recent years. The school joined the Quinebaug Valley League and by good, clean playing secured an honorable position in respect to the number of games won, especially when the size of the school is considered. The girls too, although not taking part in inter-scholastic games, kept up practice and an active interest in the sport among themselves.

It is a matter of special interest that all the teachers of the Academy are expected to return to their work here next year, so that, unhindered by changes, we may be justified in hoping for even better results than during the year that is past.

WM. A. PERKINS.

"Cloaks, Books, and Parchments"

REV. ALBERT E. STONE

"The cloak that I left at Troas with Carpus, when thou comest bring with thee, and the books, especially the parchments."—II Timothy 4:13.

When the biographer is searching for the material with which to build up the life-story of his subject he often sets aside the public utterances and other conspicuous documents of the man and studies most carefully his personal letters, those intimate messages that came from the heart and were intended to reach the heart. In these far more than in the more pretentious writings the real inner character of the man is revealed. Sometimes the letters of a great man give one a clearer and truer idea of what sort of man he was than do volumes of interpretations by other men. So it is in the case of the Apostle Paul. The two letters to Timothy were never intended for publication; they do not rank with the profounder docu-

ments such as the Roman letter or the letters to the Corinthians. Nevertheless we should be very much poorer in our conception of the kind of man Paul was if we had not these epistles to Timothy. They are the farewell messages of the veteran to the recruit; the voice of a prisoner, soon to become a martyr, addressing the enthusiastic young bishop at Corinth. Sometimes we use even these personal notes as theological documents, but this morning I want to direct your attention to the character of the man who wrote them as it is revealed to us, I believe, in this thirteenth verse of the fourth chapter. It is an inconspicuous verse, casual and easily slipped over among the more striking painstaking expressions that surround it, but it paints Paul's portrait.

Paul was a prisoner in Rome. After a life of tremendous activity and endurance he was confined within the walls of a Roman guard-house. His physical powers had been weakened by the strain of the past few years; the chill Tiber winds, combined with enforced inactivity, made him feel the need of extra wraps. He missed also the companionship which he had cultivated with the learning of his time through the books which recorded it. Time hung heavily on his hands and he longed for those books again. Among them were some of especial value, and in his request to young Timothy that he should bring the cloak which he had left at friend Carpus' house, and the books, the Apostle lays special emphasis upon those books written upon parchment. We shall see why Paul underlines these. Before doing this, however, let us see what the cloak and the books stand for in Paul's character.

The cloak stands for the strong emphasis which the apostle lays upon the physical life. In this instance he is simply having regard for that side of life which always received large attention. Virility, manliness, strength, and energy breathe forth from all Paul's writings. The intensely athletic life of his day, among both the Greeks and the Romans, had not failed to make a deep impression upon him. He was quite aware of the importance of the strong body; he never lost an opportunity to express admiration for feats of strength and endurance. His writings are full of figures taken out of the various athletic activities of the day; the boxing floor, "I beat my body black and blue, in order to bring it under subjection", just as the trainer hardens his pupil for the contest; the running track, "so I run, not uncertainly," "Let us run with patience the race that is set before us"; the wrestling mat, "Wrestle not against flesh and blood but against principalities and powers"; the battlefield, "Put on the whole armor of God"; such examples might be multiplied indefinitely. This man was no "mollycoddle"; there was nothing of the weakling or the ascetic about him; whatever his physique may have been, he made all his physical powers serve him to the last, he conserved every ounce of strength God had given him, knowing that upon the careful attention to this side of his life would depend the accomplishment of the tremendous task God had for him to do.

There is little assurance of success in life today unless careful attention is paid to our physical endowment. These bodies of ours are as truly our endowment from God as any part of our being. To an ever increasing degree the race is to the physically strong, other things being equal. While we can name those who have

won success in spite of physical weakness, these men and women are conspicuous for their fewness. Today the rush of life taxes the most rugged constitution, and it is woe to the man or woman who cannot stand the strain. Doubtless there is a vast amount of unnecessary wrack in modern city business life, and overloading of the body in professional life also, but even in the quieter places the demand upon the physical constitution is far greater than that placed upon our forefathers. Society recognizes this, and is making frantic attempts to stem the tide of physical degenerations which physicians and scientists report. We have extensive health programs, large gymnasiums, a "gospel of eugenics," education broadcast upon every phase of health and disease. We have come to the time when sickness is regarded as sinful, at least sickness that is preventable. Society more and more is laying a restraining hand upon the one who would dissipate and debauch the body, saying "You shall not burden the community with a worn out body, and an enfeebled constitution. We shall insist that you do not bequeath to generations to come weakness and disease incurred by your negligence or selfish indulgence. For your own sake and for the sake of others you must take care of your body." And more and more we are coming to see that society is right; her demand is just and will be obeyed.

Yet there have been men and women who, suffering agonies of body, weaklings from the physical point of view, nevertheless have accomplished wonders. Unavoidable physical weakness is not an insurmountable barrier to success, if the will is strong. We quickly recall Alexander Pope, the cripple who stood at the head of the literary world of his time; the scrofulous Dr. Johnson who dominated the brainest group of writers England ever saw; nearer our own time the unconquerable Stevenson, who wrote his most thrilling and inspiring tales and essays while in bed, wracked with fever. Tradition tells us that Paul himself had some physical deformity which was a constant source of worriment to him. But none of these men yielded to this weakness. There was something within greater than the body after all. That was a strong mind.

The "books" which Paul mentions represent the second, higher story in the structure of character. We know that every advantage of the schools of his day had been offered to the young Paul, and we know how well he profited by them. When he came into the service of the Great Teacher he came well equipped in the learning of his own nation and in that of Greece as well. He had learned to keep company with the great minds of the world as they thought in the books they left behind. He had sharpened his intellectual powers to a fine edge by the grind of study so that one day he was able to construct what has been called the finest piece of reasoning in all literature, the letter to the Romans. He had become so familiar with the literature of all lands that when the opportunity came he could stand in the hall of the University of Athens, the greatest in the world at that time and talk like a master to some of the world's best scholars. Men of all ages have stood in awe of the mental powers of this man; but we cannot believe but that these powers were the result of hard, grinding work, and of a habit of hold-

ing intercourse with the best thoughts of all time through the medium of books. No wonder, then, when time hung heavily in the Roman prison he longed for those companions and friends, the "books."

In body man is akin to the beasts. It is no degradation, however, to compare the muscular development of man with that of the higher animals. Indeed the only degradation comes when we find man sometimes very badly off by the comparison. A splendid specimen of a horse is a thing to admire. But there is a vast chasm stretching between the two, and that chasm contains the mind, built up through countless stages of growth until it towers above the whole physical world as master. Have you seen Rodin's "The Thinker?" If you have not, get a copy of it. This great sculptor had fashioned in this figure one of the grandest and at the same time one of the most pathetic stories of man's long and painful struggles for the possession of mind. A collossal figure, with huge frame, knotty muscles proclaiming tremendous strength; he is seated upon a rough boulder, his head resting in his hand with eyes gazing fixedly upon the ground. He is the pre-historic man wrestling, not with some dinosaur for his own or his family's life, but with an idea that has enterd his brain. It is the birth-throes of mind. Something has awakened the intellect, puny and undeveloped as it is, to activity. Perhaps he has seen a great storm break with all its fury upon the world and now that it is over he wonders whence its powers; perhaps his father-heart has been torn with grief at the loss of one of his bairns, snatched from the home nest by some beast of prey. He tries to understand the gnawing pain at his heart, and wonders and wonders. Oh, what unspeakable achievements are portrayed by that figure in clay! Prophetic of the time when man should rise by means of that dawning intellect to the mastery of the world, leaving forever behind the enslavements of mere physical power.

Today the trained thinker is the world's master. Only a mind disciplined and in complete control of the will can succeed. Books are the whetstones of the mind; they are also the inspirers, the incitements to achievement. Many a man who has left a deep mark upon the world received his first impetus through a single book. Lincoln said that the lives of Washington and Henry Clay, read by the light of the cabin fire inspired his whole life. Franklin read Cotton Mather's "Essay to do Good" and from that moment his career began. The vast stores of learning and inspiration at our disposal today are almost overwhelming, but the power of selection is exercised by few. We read anything and everything regardless of the effect upon our minds. The modern fiction shelves of our public libraries are overloaded, while the masters gather dust in a corner.

But not all the books are bound in leather or cloth. They are bound also in granite, in the green hillside; they are to be found in the running brook, as Shakespeare says—

> And this our life, exempt from public haunt
> Finds tongues in trees, books in running brooks,
> Sermons in stones and good in everything.

It only needs the eyes that can read these books in order to gain entrance to Nature's rich temple. There are

also the books of human nature, which often contain tales too wonderful to record upon paper. These are also for our training and stimulation. It was no useless repetition to add to "heart" and "soul," in the great commandment, the word "mind." We do not love God truly until the mind is put at his disposal. A great mind in a puny body is a pathetic thing, but a small mind in a colossal body is tragic. Then, Timothy, do not forget to bring the books, when you come from friend Carpus. But "especially the parchments." "Why "especially?"

Undoubtedly the parchments here referred to were the Hebrew scriptures. Parchment was used only for the most important and most frequently handled books. For the temporary and less important papyrus, a sort of paper made from an Egyptian reed, was used. Among these books left at Troas were the scriptures, those precious volumes written with painstaking care and recording the most wonderful religious experiences of any nation on earth. No wonder these were of chief concern to Paul. They were the symbols of that which lay deeper and rose higher than all the rest of man's nature, the spirit within him. Paul has not survived the tides of time and become for us the noblest figure since Christ because he possessed great physical strength, nor because his mind towered above those of his time. These things could not have saved Paul from oblivion. Only that for which the "especially" stands has saved the great figure to us of the twentieth century. Because there was in his life the emphasis, clear and insistent which this "especially" represents, Paul and his writing are still masters in the world.

In our thoughtful moments, in the nobler experiences of life we know that emphasis to be justified. The top-story of life, where the air is purest, and the view broadest is the spiritual. What it is we find it difficult to define. Of its reality, however, there can be no doubt. Perhaps it is conscience; at any rate its roots are there, though the branches and fruits seek higher air. Robertson, the great English preacher, tells of the dawning of the spiritual sense in his boy-soul. When a tiny lad he was one day walking beside a brook. He came upon a turtle, sunning himself upon the bank. With that instinctive impulse to destroy which boys (and sometimes men) feel, he raised the stick in his hand to strike. As the weapon was poised in the air the lad heard a voice over his shoulder speaking very softly. "Don't strike!" He looked about for the person speaking, but saw no one. Dropping his stick he fled terror-stricken to his mother, and wept out his little story on her knee. The mother, wise and tender, knowing how much depended upon her words, then explained the voice. "That voice," said she, "was not I or your father or anyone else speaking. It was God speaking in your heart. If you will resolve always to listen to that voice and never disobey it, it will always tell you very clearly what to do. If you hear it and disobey it, the voice will grow fainter and fainter until finally you will not hear it at all." The lad never forgot the experience, nor the explanation and the time came when the world realized that there was a man in England who had so carefully heeded the voice of conscience that God spoke to him as He did to no other man.

No one goes into life fully equipped without the "parchments." Millions of New Testaments have been put into the kits of soldiers in Europe, and many instances are recorded where the Bible in the breast-pocket has stopped the bullet and saved the life. More surely, however, has the Bible been the armor of the soul against deadlier missiles. Do not set out upon this life march of yours, you young people of the graduating class, without the "parchments" in your kit. If you let them speak to you, you will hear God's voice in them. They will harmonize and direct all other phases of your life, as the master musician directs the otherwise discordant instruments of the orchestra.

The demand of the hour is for fully-equipped men and women. Physical force as the god of a certain group of men has well-nigh wrecked the world. Even the powers of mind have failed to preserve civilization, useful and inestimable as they have been. It is because too many have failed to put the emphasis where it must be put, on the "parchments" that these lower powers have usurped the throne of life and deluged the world in blood. When God gets a hearing from men, when men will listen humbly and receptively the harmony and balance will be again restored. America is counting on you to help restore this balance. Will you do it, not by neglecting the body, which is the temple of the Holy Spirit; not by disregarding the mind and its needs; but by putting over these the sovereignty of the spirit, the over-lordship of the spiritual in man? God has something distinctive and special for every one of you to do; you will not have great difficulty in finding out what it is nor in following it out to success if you resolve that the Voice which speaks out of the parchments shall always have a hearing. Life is one, body, mind and spirit. It is meant to be a beautiful harmony, but it can be such only as the emphasis is rightly placed —"especially the parchments."

Ivy Oration

Little Ivy, we plant you here today as a fitting symbol of our love for the Academy and our appreciation of all that she has been to us.

Surely you are a fitting symbol for us as we stand here on the threshold of life. As you ever cling to this old wall, so may we ever cling to the friends and teachers who have loved and helped us here. As you strive to reach the sun, so may we too, strive to reach the best in life.

To our schoolmates we bid farewell; but to the many happy companionships and friendships we have made here we need not say farewell for they will ever remain with us.

To our devoted teachers we bid farewell. To them we owe a debt of gratitude for their untiring efforts for us, which we can never repay.

Farewell, Alma Mater! Farewell to all thy fostering cares and hearty joys. Mayst thou ever prosper in the years to come and gain new growth and power. We, the class of nineteen seventeen, thy children, pledge to thee here our everlasting love and loyalty!

M. ELEANOR LINDEMAN.

Woodstock's Schools

Woodstock's most valuable asset is its boys and girls and the schools exist that these boys and girls may have the best possible advantages, but only

a small part of the education of the young people is gained within the four walls of the school houses. Education includes everything which in any way influences the behavior of the pupils and in this the home plays a large part. It is because of this fact that real and active co-operation between parents and schools is so imperative.

The feeling of wholesome sympathy and good-will which has been steadily growing in Woodstock explains why this year has been one of such pleasing progress.

With a body of interested, hard working teachers, a group of faithful willing boys and girls and a spirit of helpful co-operation exerting its influence in all parts of the town, progress is bound to result.

The educational slogan of the town of Woodstock seems to be, "Everyone working together for the best opportunities for her priceless possession."

Respectfully submitted,

FRANK W. BARBER.

Treasurer's Report

June 22, 1917

RECEIPTS

Sale of Gleaners	$45.80
Advertisements	32.50
Balance in Treasury, 1916	53.15
	131.45

EXPENSES

Publishing Gleaners	$55.00
Miss Ethel Spalding for Editing Gleaner	20.00
Stamps	6.25
	81.25
Balance in Treasury	50.20

NELLIE D. CHANDLER, Treasurer

Alumni Association Report

President—Mr. E. R. Hall.

Vice-presidents—Mr. Leonard H. Healey, Mrs. E. F. Bingham, Mr. F. F. Rockwell, Mr. Harry E. Wells, Miss Ethel Upham.

Secretary and Treasurer—Mrs. Ruth W. Gallup.

Executive Committee—Mrs. Albert Williams, Mr. Spencer Child, Mr. W. A. Perkins.

Miss Ethel Spalding was re-elected editor of The Gleaner with a recompense of $20.00

Woodstock Library Association

The librarian's report and the treasurer's report, given at the annual meeting in July, indicated a successful year for the Woodstock Library Association.

One hundred and fifty-seven persons, representing ninety-eight families, have taken out thirteen hundred and eight books during the year. This was a gain in circulation of two hundred and forty books over last year. This gain was due largely to the fact that the teachers of the graded schools availed themselves of the privilege of taking groups of books, and circulating them among their pupils. A most excellent plan this, insisted upon by the State, and one that can be carried to a much greater degree of efficiency if the teachers can find the time and strength to give it more attention.

The accession book shows that there are five thousand and ninety volumes in the library. Eight-eight new books have been added during the year. Quite a number of these new books have been the best of re-

cent works on special subjects of agriculture, written by men who have given these subjects their special scientific study. These books have been generously patronized, but they should appeal to many more readers in a community almost exclusively agricultural.

The treasurer's report shows that at the beginning of the fiscal year, July 1, 1916, there were on hand available funds to the amount of thirty dollars and forty cents, and at the close, June 30, 1917, with all bills paid, there were sixty-four dollars and eighteen cents available funds. This, of course, does not include the Permanent Fund which now amounts to three hundred and fifty-three dollars and eighty-seven cents. This is a very satisfactory financial condition. In order to keep it so there must be the some generous financial support as in the last year. The treasurer estimated that at least seventy-eight dollars and eighty-two cents were needed for the coming year. Of this amount only forty-five dollars have as yet been contributed. There are many of our regular contributors who, probably through oversight, have not yet handed in their annual fees or contributions.

Isn't it worth while occasionally to stop and ask ourselves what the true purpose of a public library is? In a general way we may state this purpose under two heads, intellectual improvement and intellectual entertainment. Of course it would be impossible to classify the books of a library under these two heads. Almost every valuable book has the power both to improve and to entertain. Nor, fortunately, could the readers of library books be put into two distinct groups, as those who seek improvement and those who seek only entertainment. Yet these two are unquestionably the functions of a public library; to get people to read for their own personal betterment, and to give them an opportunity to read for their personal entertainment. People need to be encouraged to read for their self improvement; they need to be guided, if not in some measure checked, in their reading purely for entertainment.

We too often feel that the mere presence of a public library in a village is a beneficent influence. We speak with a certain sense of refinement of the five hundred well chosen volumes in our free circulating library. We forget that a library cannot exert an aggressive influence. A noble piece of architecture or a fine statue placed in good taste in the center of a village will exert a refining influence on passers-by whether they will or not. But a public library is like an inexhaustible spring of pure water on a village hillside. It may be a great asset, but it is of no real value until it has been connected with the homes, and pours its priceless blessings into the life of the community.

But let us be more specific. What can we do to open up more largely to our community the advantages of our public library?

1. Let us visit the library more frequently, lingering among the books to read their titles and to look over the new books upon the table, asking the librarian for any points of information.

2. Let us never say that there are so many books we should like to read that there is no use in reading any. Rather let us select one good book and persistently read it, if it takes two months. Three or four good books in a year, carefully read will

incalculably enlarge both mind and soul.

3. If you have had advantages and are familiar with good books and know their value, encourage others to read. Be often at the library and help others in their selection of books.

4. If you have found a book, which you have read, valuable and interesting to you, tell the librarian about it, that she may use the information in the guidance of others in selecting their books.

5. If you know of any book which you would like to read, and which you think would be an acquisition to our library, report it to the librarian, and in time it will probably be purchased.

6. Attend the annual meeting of the association and keep in touch with all its interests.

E. R. HALL.

Graduates

1890

John Boyden has moved from Rochester, N. Y., to Southbridge, Mass., and is in the employment of the American Optical Company.

At the twelfth hour we rush to the 'phone to gather news of Mrs. Robert Paine, but the electric storm has played havoc with the telephone. Mrs. Paine is well and certainly happy with two splendid children to be company to her.

1894

"GRADATIM"

Anne Hall Gaylord and family are at Lake Chautauqua, N. Y., for the summer. Friends are pleased to congratulate Gregory, the second son, on being awarded the Kentucky State Prize for having designed a book plate of superior excellence.

Charles G. Burd has generously contributed to the support of the Gleaner this year with a promise of an article for the book next year. He is in Montclair, N. J., in the First Congregational church of that city. His address is 255 Orange Road.

Alfred T. Child is in charge of an extensive community canning project at New Canaan, Conn. The project has been financed by several live interests of the town and Mr. Child has organized and equipped the canning plant. The work is done by teams of volunteer workers each under a captain. The intention of the canning club is to can for private individuals at a very reasonable price; and also, to ask for contributions of produce which will be canned for community stock. This will be held in stock for sale later as a measure of safety.

Edward S. Boyden is in Southbridge, associated as formerly with the American Optical Company. He has suffered a serious illness the past year but is better at this writing.

1895

"NON NOBIS SOLUM"

Sarah H. Colvin with her two children is living at 24 Franconia street, Worcester, Mass.

Estelia Thompkins Waterbury is enjoying her new home in Tonica, Illinois.

Everett L. Upham with his family spent the Fourth at the home of his parents in East Woodstock. He still lives in West Newton, Mass.

Edward L. Child is holding the same position with Barnard, Sumner & Putnam, at Worcester, Mass.

Jessie Bowen Palmer is still living in South Pasadena, Cal. She is reported as leading a very busy life.

Good news of Edith Hall Dohan comes in "Morning."

1896

"DO YE NEXT THYNGE"

Mary Bowen Keith of Eastford, writes that she is kept busy with household duties and the training of two boys of seven and ten.

Ruth Cahoone is in Providence, R. I., engaged as previously in weighing gold and in acting as bookkeeper for the Waite Jewelry Company.

Clarence Weaver writes from Savannah, Georgia, where he is employed by the Central of Georgia Railway Company, as Maintenance of Way Engineer. He left New Orleans on Thanksgiving Day of last year. His letter runs thus: "After spending a good many years in Mexico, and then several more in New Orleans I am gradually working my way back to the starting point and hope to reach there some day, before it is too late to enjoy the friendships made at Woodstock Academy."

1897

"ALTA PETENS"

Joseph P. Catlin is managing engineer in the motor department of the General Electric Company at Pittsfield, Mass.

Esther Trowbridge Catlin is actively identified with the work of various Pittsfield clubs and with charitable and civic work there.

Ruth Williamson Gallup is living as usual on Woodstock Hill.

Nothing new is reported of Fred J. Fitts. He lives in Ashford, Conn.

Constance Holt took a short trip to California in April.

A. Lloyd Cooper has moved to Wilkes Barre, Pa.

Arthur O. Williams attended the Williams' family reunion at Rockland, R. I., on July the fourth.

The class wishes to express its sympathy for Louise Grosvenor Van der Laan in her recent illness.

Mowry Ross is living in West Woodstock.

Howard Frost holds the same position as he held last year. He expects to visit Woodstock in the fall.

Ralph H. Sabin is now residing in Big Run, Pa. See "Morning."

1898

"ESSE QUAM VIDERI"

Ninety-eight still holds valiantly to its reputation for keeping the even tenor of its way.

Albert Williams goes to the head in the contest for novelty among its members. (The answer to this conundrum is found in the column headed "Morning.")

Emily B. Ross must have chuckled up her sleeve when it became patriotic and fashionable to raise potatoes and make two beans grow where one grew before. She's been doing just that right along on her West Woodstock farm. When the gardening emergency fell upon us this spring she was more than "prepared."

Edna Frost Tobias still winters in Brooklyn and summers in West Woodstock.

Sidney Upham is in Chicago with the lithograph firm he has been with so long.

Maria Chandler will, we hope, in time tear herself away from her beloved California to visit her old friends in the east. We should like

her not to forget us even among the kindergartens and enchanting outdoor life of Pasadena.

Emma Elizabeth Allen has just finished her third year in Nashua High. Last winter she was one of the coaches for the senior play "Pomander Walks." This summer she is happily spending in the country for the first time in four years.

Flora Steere Wetherell reports "nothing new." Life on the farm with four lively little folk growing up can hardly lack variety, however.

James Hutchins has a new auto. He is kept busy in his veterinary practice in and around Abington.

Leslie Harris is yet in New Rochelle. He, with his wife and daughter, comes regularly to West Woodstock at vacation time. "The Gleaner" wishes that after spending so much time advertising real estate, he might put a little on personal achievements. We hear too little of this cheerful member of the class of Ninety-eight Well no one can say that he doesn't live up to his motto.

1899

"IN LIMINE"

Florence Warren for the past year, has been in charge of the Department of the Blind Children for the New York City Board of Education. During the summer she is engaged with her mother in caring for guests from the city, on her recently purchased farm in Eastford, Conn.

Frank Skinner holds the position of bookkeeper for the Fabyan Mills at Fabyan, Conn. He still lives in North Woodstock. He has two children. See "Morning."

May Gifford Jordan has changed her place of residence to 4 Negus street, Webster, Mass.

Olah Withey Whelpley is enjoying life at 155 Cedar street, Wellesley Hills, Mass. Her little daughter, Dorothy, is reported as being a very winsome girl.

William C. Child still resides on the home farm. He is kept very busy. Besides his farm duties he has filled the position of purchasing agent for the Windham County Farmers' Association. It has been largely due to his efficient management that it has been such a decided success.

Bessie Barber Williams is still living in Woodstock. She finds her time well occupied in caring for her three children.

Ruby Sanborn has moved from Southbury to Hadley, Mass., where she is living with friends. She is still engaged in the poultry business and is enjoying good health. We trust by this time that the tables have been turned and that the hens have proven their ability to do the keeping.

1900

"VINCIT QUI SE VINCIT"

Dr. John C. Paine has enlisted in the Medical Reserve Corps and is now stationed in San Francisco.

Frederick Rockwell is in the employment of the Atlee Burpee Seed Company. His work falls along the line of seed distribution for the gardening emergency. His friends are very boastful of his magazine work. Address him Doylestown, Pa.

Rev. B. C. Bugbee has just completed a pastorate of five years in North Ashford.

Irving Frost frequently comes to West Woodstock.

For news of the Morses see "Morning."

1901

"ESSE QUAM VIDERI"

Ewart M. Brunn reports a change in office, the present location being at 82 Beaver street, New York. Here brighter and larger quarters are made possible.

Herman Chandler, when last heard from, was in Holyoke, Mass., with J. Russell Company, hardware dealers. Address 24 Allen street.

Mary Alrich Hopkins is enjoying apartment life in the country having converted the old home into a pleasant two family house.

Charles Sabin Spalding spent the winter in Sanford, Florida, studying the pro's and con's of vegetable gardening. See "Noon."

Frank Davenport is in Harrisburg, Pa., with the Waldorf Lunch. He has a son to make him hustle.

Phoebe Randall Pray says to tell her classmates that she is washing dishes at the same old sink at 25 Wethersfield avenue, Hartford, Conn.

Olive Paine again spends the summer in North Woodstock. During the past year she taught English in Rochester, N. Y. She, also, has supervised the girls in their practice work in the same subject. She will return in the fall to teach History of Education and to assist the principal in the administration of the practice school.

Ethel Spalding spent the past year in Woodstock, studying music in Worcester and teaching music in her home town. She has found life in the country full of possibilities.

Herbert Slye and Ernest Williamson have made no changes. The former is in Stafford Springs and the latter at 20 Massachusetts avenue, Springfield, Mass., at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Huie who threaten to adopt him.

1902

"NIL SINE LABORE"

James Perrin is Local Manager for the Berlin Construction Company. He is stationed at River Du Loup, Province of Quebec, Canada.

Florence Barber Washburn has moved from Beverly, Mass., to Winnegance, Maine, where Mr. Washburn is pastor in three churches. She keeps very busy assisting him in his work and caring for her little family.

Mary Frost may be found at her pretty home in West Woodstock.

Lotta Stackpole is living with her mother at her old home in Woodstock.

Jessie Hibbard is still engaged in the work of nursing. She is at present located at the Day Kimball hospital in Putnam, Conn.

Gertrude Taber Howard is now living in Hartford, Conn., where she is happily engaged in the affairs of her household and caring for her two little boys.

Harry Child is still in the employ of the Barrett Manufacturing Company. His headquarters are at Everett, Mass.

Jessie Withey continues her work as private secretary to Mr. Henry Turner Bailey. An occasional article signed with her name may be seen in the magazine "Something to Do" of which Mr. Bailey is editor.

Herbert Johnson is still filling the same position in the Post Office at Putnam. His home address is 150 South Main street, Putnam.

Ermond Brunn is at present in New York in company with his brother, Ewart.

Ellen Cox Hibbard will be happy to see any of her old schoolmates at her home in East Woodstock at any time.

Rose Lowdon Gilbertson has not as yet been heard from.

1903

"ALTIOR"

Grace Church White is living in Uxbridge, Mass. Her husband is manager of the Farm Bureau in Worcester, Mass.

The law firm of Hubbard & Hall of which Clarence Hall is a member, has just formed a new law firm called Boardman, Hubbard & Hall. The address is 502 Security Building, Bridgeport, Conn. See "Noon."

Frank Rockwell is on the battleship New Jersey "somewhere" on the waters. We know that he is safe and well. The best wishes of his friends are with him.

Allen Upham is spending the summer in East Woodstock, after a winter of piano teaching in Revere, Mass.

Alice Steere Faris visited friends in Woodstock last summer. She is living in Healey, Kansas on a cattle ranch.

Florence Hibbard Lockwood is living in Chepachet, R. I., as was reported last year.

1904

"VERITAS VINCIT"

Bernice Leavitt has spent most of the year at home. She enjoyed a trip to Washington in the early spring and witnessed President Wilson's inauguration.

Florence Safford Keyes is expected to visit her Woodstock home this fall. Her friends express sympathy for her in the loss of her mother and the illness of her father. See "Morning."

Blanche Shippey has finished her tenth year in the Stafford Schools. She has not made definite plans for next year.

Annie Shippey occupies an important desk in the Liability Department of the Travelers' Insurance Company, Hartford, Conn.

Anna Nelson has taught the Hill school the past year.

Pearle Alton Gifford is at home in Quinebaug, Conn.

George Edgar Whitney and Spencer Child are both engaged in the food problem. Edgar is manager of the Grosvenordale Farm and Spencer of "Elmlawn."

William Nelson leaves the New Britain High School after four years in the science department. He has not located definitely for next year. He is spending the month of July camping at Sunset Lake, Vermont.

1905

"NON NOBIS SOLUM"

Ethel Rawson continues her work as a teacher in Providence. Occasionally she comes to Woodstock where she is a welcomed visitor.

Harry E. Wells is a familiar figure in his home town. He is often seen driving a Ford car.

Fred Howard is with the United States Rubber Company in Hartford, Conn. His address is 7 Olds Place.

Nellie T. Burleson has spent nearly all the past year in Union enjoying farm life.

Edmund K. Gilbert is in the employ of Stevens & Fitch, electrical contractors, New Haven, Conn.

1906

"TEMPORE ULTAMUR"

Elizabeth Carr Gros Jean came to Woodstock this spring with her two sons, for a short visit. She makes her home in Watkins, N. Y. With her little family she is spending her summer at Lake Seneca.

Maude Healey returns to Bridgeport in September where she is one of a faculty of forty teachers in the Lincoln School.

Mabel Ritch is continuing her vocal work in Brooklyn. She sings in the Presbyterian Church where there is a chorus of fifty voices besides the quartet. She accepts engagements for concert and oratorio work.

Ethel Upham returns to Leicester Academy in the fall where she is teacher of Latin and French. This past year she has been one of the guardians of the Camp Fire Girls.

Maude Andrews Washburn and her husband are enjoying their new home in Dorchester, Mass.

For news of Lottie Howard Spalding and Carl Morse see "Morning."

Florence Welch expects to be married on the eleventh of August to Harry Morton Armstrong. She will live in Sioux City, Iowa.

Sarah Herrington Froyd whose husband is a commissioned officer, will go in August to Louisville, Ky., or to Rockford, Ill.

1907

"ALTA PETENS"

Mary Nelson graduated from the Boston School of Domestic Art in June. She is now acting as assistant dietitian in the Springfield Hospital, the same hospital of which Miss Sarah Bowen is superintendent.

Edith Williams Morton has nothing new to report.

Besides serving two pastorates Henry Baker finds time to do a great deal of work in repairing automobiles.

Mabel Eddy Morse chooses to put her news under the "Morning" column.

Mary Myers Graham lives, as last year, in Pitcher, N. Y.

1908

"GEDULD"

John Healey is engaged in State construction work with headquarters at Winsted, Conn.

Hattie Nelson was graduated in June from the Hartford City Hospital. She is now doing private nursing in Hartford.

Hazel Davenport will return in September to her position as teacher in Hartford.

Mildred Brown is teaching in the Chandler District School in Woodstock.

Louise Fitts White and family are still settled in Bedford, Mass. For further news see "Morning."

Winifred Potter is teaching history and English at Bacon Academy, Colchester, Conn.

1909

"NITENTES"

Lyle W. Turner has been in Boston during the past year. She has been working under a scholarship given by the Women's Educational and Industrial Union, which included a partial secretarial course at Simmons. After September she will be secretary to the director of the Union.

Marion Smith Watson continues to live at home in Pomfret Center. She

is prominent in the social life of the town.

Louis K. Miller is manager of the Central Square Garage in Westboro, Mass.

Bernice Bates Marschall taught in the West District School in Stamford during the past year. Her address is 43 Park Hill avenue, Stamford, Conn. See "Noon."

Edith S. Briggs has taught drawing in the Norwich Free Academy and Williams Memorial Institute, New London, during the past year. She has finished her course of study at the Norwich Art School and expects to enter Pratt Institute in September to take applied design and craftwork.

1910

"PRODEAMUS"

Roxanna Wilbur Slye is happy in her home in Stafford Springs.

Raymond W. Sheldon is still employed in the purchasing department of the Merrimac Chemical Company, Boston, Mass.

Leonard Healey, Jr., is still the superintendent of a farm at Simsbury. He recently joined the Home Guard.

For the past year Edith Eddy has been teaching at Stafford Springs. Her future plans are unsettled.

We still find Mary Flynn in the office at the Norwich State Hospital.

Herbert Nelson has the contract for the Pomfret mail route.

Louisa Howard and Flora Alton will teach again in their respective schools the coming year, South Woodstock and the Paine District, Thompson.

Lyman Fitts, the musical member of our class, has added to his violin playing a course in vocal music.

Wallace Armstrong's address is 60 Church street, Rutland, Vermont. Wallace, this summer, is chief of an estimating party surveying the property of the Vermont Railroad by which he has been employed the past year.

1911

"PAS A PAS"

Harris S. May is engaged in ship and engine work at Groton, Conn.

Esther Johnson will return to the New Britain Normal School in the fall.

Blanche Perry Bosworth is occupied with household duties and the care of her young son Kenneth Perry Bosworth.

Esther Nelson will continue teaching this coming year in Unionville, Conn.

Maude Milligan expects to remain at home this year.

James Donlon is employed by the government in Hartford, Conn.

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

Max L. Connor is at present in Santo Domingo. His address is 26th Company, 3rd Regiment, U. S. Marines, care Postmaster of New York City.

Dorothy Valentine Cox expects to teach in Woodstock Centre the next school year.

1912

"EN AVANT"

Gladys C. Sheldon is still in the employ of The Observer Company of Putnam.

Sophie R. Barrett is librarian in the library in Maplewood, N. J.

Helen Perley is serving her country in the duties of the home and farm.

Rilla H. Child has completed her first year's work in New Britain Normal School.

Grace Myers has spent the last year in Putnam as a nurse.

Olive Whitney has taught the past year in the Harrisville school. She will return to the same school in the fall.

Jarda Carlson remains in Worcester in the Boston & Maine R. R. office.

1913

"FACTA NON VERBA"

Eleanor Keith Lewis has been teaching in Thompson the past year. She will continue in the role of teacher in the intermediate department of the new Grosvenordale high school.

William Richardson expects to return to Yale in September as a junior.

Eleanor Johnson will teach in the South Woodstock school again this year.

Ida Spalding Masters has put in a year of hard work at the Utica Conservatory of music. She will continue her work there next fall.

Edmund Anderson is at the front in France. He, with other Clark College young men, joined an ambulance corps. The Gleaner contains an interesting letter from him.

1914

"PLUS ULTRA"

Agnes White expects to teach fourth and fifth grades in Suffield, Conn., this year.

Carl O. Johnson is still working in Bridgeport.

Leslie Sumner and Olive Johnson will be at their respective homes the coming year.

Rolfe Lyon tells us to watch the leading papers and editorials for news of him.

Ruth Witter's plans for the year are undecided.

Ruth Bjornberg will teach the Elmville school this year.

Susan Sumner will teach fifth grade in the Federal Hill school, Bristol, Conn.

Grace Hawkins is employed by the American Telephone and Telegraph Company in New York City.

Arthur Anderson has been in Worcester the past year but is at home for the summer.

1915

"NON NOBIS SOLUM"

Ruth Bates will continue teaching in one of the Thompson schools.

Mary E. Chamberlain will be at home this year. She enjoyed a two weeks' trip to Washington, D. C., this past winter.

Clara F. Eddy will teach in the English Neighborhood school the following year.

Estella G. Frink and Harriet G. Sampson will return to Wellesley in September.

Florence Lawson is working in an insurance office in Hartford, Conn.

Mildred May will be at home this year.

Catharn Perry is working in the office of the Franklin Woolen Mills, Franklin, Mass.

Mabel Richardson expects to teach after three more weeks of study in the New Britain Normal School.

Gretchen E. Rutishauser will continue her training work as a nurse at Clifton Springs, N. Y.

George M. Wilcox will continue his work as cost accountant in the National India Rubber Company, R. I.

1916

"FORWARD"

Bernice Sanger will return to the Connecticut Agricultural College next fall as a sophomore.

Joseph Henries has taken up the plumbing trade. He is to be found at 74 Broadway, Newport, R. I.

Lyman Hibbard and Wentworth Johnson will remain at home this next year.

Merrill Keith has joined a Connecticut regiment and, in his own words, will "go to the front if lucky."

Ethel Whitney's plans are undecided.

Marion Perkins expects to enter the sophomore class at Mount Holyoke in September.

1917

"PRO PATRIA"

Eleanor Williams will be at home the coming year.

Eleanor Lindeman and Lois Harrington will return to the Academy for post graduate courses.

Owen White and Theodore Perkins have not yet made definite plans for next year.

Student Personals

Warren Blackmar runs a summer hotel in Lincoln, New Hampshire. His brother Frank is a Willimantic carpenter.

Leonard H. Healey is secretary of the Connecticut State Board of Agriculture. He spends part of his time in Hartford.

Earl Vinton a member of the original I. and L. baseball team is employed in the rubber works at Beacon Falls, Conn.

Mr. Irving Paine represented his town in the state legislature last winter.

Lottie Lyon Gardner has the sympathy of her friends in the fire which damaged her home last winter.

Mrs. Florence May Buxton is in poor health at her home on a fruit farm in Proffer, Washington.

Rev. F. A. Sumner an Academy boy in the eighties has been called, during the past year from a Connecticut pastorate, to the presidency of Talladega College.

Miss Ada Dennis still carries on her business of typewriter and office supplies on State street, Boston, Mass. Miss Clara Dennis lives in Foxboro, Mass.

Benjamin F. Chandler is an electrician in Detroit, Mich.

Mrs. Amy Warner Frayne is now a business woman with headquarters in Kansas City, Mo. She travels through the country representing a corset firm and last year called on Woodstock friends.

Mrs. Maud Randall Kaufman still has her home in Bellingham, Wash. Three of her five children have graduated from the university there. Her husband is a county official and on his large farm raises tons of peas for seed.

Mrs. Nellie Paine Perrin visited her son in Canada this summer.

Miss Clara Maynard who spent the winter in Florida, is Y. W. C. A. secretary in New Haven for the summer.

Alfred Dennis is still in the clothing business in Johnstown, Penn. He has a family of three children.

Charles Lindeman is living in South Windsor where he has purchased a farm.

Theodore B. Stowell, an Academy student in the '70's, who was for many

years president of Bryant & Stratton Business College in Providence, died in that city a little more than a year ago after a lingering illness.

Rev. Herbert Armes has accepted a call to preach in Slatersville, R. I.

Henry Bugbee of Willimantic, has sold out his grain business in that city where he still resides.

Mrs. Agnes Wood and Miss Nellie Chandler are spending the summer in Woodstock after a winter in Boston.

Rev. James Brown has left Emporia, Kansas, and is preaching in California.

We have heard of the death of Willis Rockwell, of Enfield, Conn.

Mrs. Florence Child Paine has sold her house to Justin Green and is living in Danielson, Conn., with Mrs. Amelia Tillinghast.

Friends of H. Perkins Topliff, of Wauregan, Conn., were glad to see him in town after many years absence. He was once an instructor at the Academy.

Alice Hammond was heard from last fall. She was in Hampton, Conn., at the time of writing.

Albert E. Hosmer is engaged in work in the Muskingum College. His service is in the vocal department of the Conservatory of Music, New Concord, Ohio.

Charles H. Johnson sends word from Shrewsbury, Mass.

Lillie Stevens Maher, 6 Tufts street, Marblehead, Mass., gives us assurance of her continued good will and of her interest in the Gleaner.

Albert Mathewson writes from New Haven. His law office is situated in the Exchange Building of that city.

P. H. Stowell is with the State Mutual Life Assurance Company. His address in October, 1916, was Detroit, Michigan.

Mrs. J. W. Pierce, nee Mary E. Langdon, sends her address as Washington, Kansas.

Mrs. D. F. Burritt is living at 447 W. Walnut street, Kalamazoo, Mich. Her husband is general superintendent of the Indiana Light and Fuel Company. Their daughter, Marion, married James A. Fairfield of Boston, and is living in Cleveland, Ohio.

Edward Weaver is engaged in work in East Orange, N. J. His address is 479 South Clinton street.

Mrs. Edith Weaver Austin lives in Lynn, Mass., 45 Harwood street. She was called to Woodstock this July by the death of her father, Edward Weaver.

Gardner Richardson is home from Belgium, where he has been in service. He has joined the ranks for graver work and will go into training as a captain soon.

"Morning"

"Men are but children of a larger growth"—Dryden

August 31, 1916, a son, David Hayward Warrington, to Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Dohan, nee Edith Hall, Philadelphia, Pa.

September 1, 1916, a son, Arthur George, Jr., to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Morse, nee Mary Alton, East Woodstock.

October 4, 1916, a son, Norman Randall, to Mr. and Mrs. Norman Strong, nee Mary G. Randall, Vernon, Conn.

October 11, 1916, a daughter, Elizabeth Rose, to Mr. and Mrs. George Spalding, nee Lottie Howard, Woodstock, Conn.

October 22, 1916, a son, Kenneth Perry, to Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Bos-

worth, nee Blanche Perry, Eastford, Conn.

December 6, 1916, a son, Lloyd Russel, to Mr. and Mrs. Albert Williams, nee Bessie Barber, South Woodstock.

December 9, 1916, a daughter, Nela May, to Mr. and Mrs. Darwin W. Keyes, nee Florence Safford, Milnor, South Dakota.

January 6, 1917, a son, Homer Philip, to Mr. and Mrs. Harry Johnson, Woodstock.

January 8, 1917, a son Charles Searls, to Mr. and Mrs. Howard Bradford, nee Edna Clarke, Putnam, Conn.

February, 1917, a son, Grosvenor Williams Trowbridge, to Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Sabin, Big Run, Pa.

April 18, 1917, a daughter, Ella Elizabeth, to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Skinner, North Woodstock.

June 5, 1917, a son, Richmond Philip, to Mr. and Mrs. White, nee Louise Fitts, Bedford, Mass.

June 14, 1917, a son, Ermond Vincent, to Mr. and Mrs. Carl Morse, nee Mabel Eddy, East Woodstock.

"Noon"

O gentle wind that bloweth south,
From where my love repaireth,
Convey a kiss frae his dear mouth
And tell me how he fareth!

—ANON.

January 10, 1917, Charles Sabin Spalding and Ruby Lillibridge, of Voluntown, Conn.

February 18, 1917, Florence Cox and Captain George Spencer Chapman, of Hartford, Conn.

April 7, 1917 Bernice Bates and Frederic Albert Marschall of Stamford, Conn.

May 31, 1917, Clarence R. Hall and Louise F. Beard, of Bridgeport, Conn.

June 2, 1917, Richard L. Child and Esther Moyer, Pittsburg, Pa.

June 6, 1917, Frank P. Morrill and Adeline M. Ware, of Malden, Mass.

"Night"

Now the long shadows eastward creep,
The golden sun is setting.
Take, Lord! the worship of our sleep,
The praise of our forgetting.

—GILDER.

October 20, 1916, Leon Andrews, Putnam, Conn.

November, 1916, Mrs. Frank W. Pope, nee Carrie Gordell, Clinton, Mass.

December 2, 1916, Charles Andrews, Norwood, Mass.

December 15, 1916, Charles Fenner, at St. Luke's hospital, N. Y., of Putnam, Conn.

January 15, 1917, Mrs. Mary L. Hyde, Woodstock, Conn.

February 1, 1917, Mrs. Emma Coldman Sheldon, Putnam, Conn.

February 10, 1917, Simeon A. Wheaton, 88 years, Phoenixville, Conn.

February 17, 1917, Daniel A. Lyon, La Grange, Ill., formerly of Woodstock, Conn.

April 11, 1917, Mrs. Ella (Child) Skinner, Chicago, Ill.

April 12, 1917, Dr. Edwin B. Lyon, 86 years, New Britain, Conn., formerly of Woodstock, Conn.

July 2, 1917. Edward Weaver, Woodstock, Conn.

July 2, 1917, Edward B. Killam, East Woodstock, Conn.

July 9, 1917, Mrs. Chauncey Morse, nee Hattie Chandler, Putnam, Conn.

July 22, 1917, Mrs. Henry Potter, nee Alice Chandler, East Woodstock, Conn.

Obituaries

MRS. ELLA (CHILD) SKINNER

Relatives here received word of the death of Mrs. Ella (Child) Skinner, which took place in Chicago on April 11. She had been in poor health for some time, and was being treated at a sanitarium. Funeral services were held at her former home in Lincoln, Nebraska, and she was buried beside her husband's grave in Crete, Nebraska. Mrs. Skinner was the oldest daughter of the late Amasa and Sarah Child, and was born in Woodstock, January 14, 1843. Her parents moved west, and later their daughter was given a college education. She married Professor William Skinner, superintendent of schools in Crete. After his death she resumed teaching, an occupation in which she was very successful. She was a woman of unusual intellectual attainments and was prominent in literary and social circles. She was a descendant of old Colonial stock, and was a member of the D. A. R. and Eastern Star. She was justly proud of her ancestry, and always contributed toward the Child family reunions in some way or other. She leaves a son Leonard Holmes, and two daughters, Myra and Mary. While the daughters were being educated at Bryn Mawr college, Mrs. Skinner came back to her native town where she renewed old acquaintances, making her home with her mother's sister, Mrs. A. M. Gildersleeve, in East Woodstock. Besides the above mentioned relatives, Mrs. Skinner leaves a sister, Mrs. Eva Head of Jefferson, Iowa, and a brother, Lemuel H. Healy of Woodstock.

DR. EDWIN BRADBURY LYON

Dr. Edward Bradbury Lyon, for many years a leading physician in New Britain, died at his home on April 12, 1917. Dr. Lyon was born in Woodstock. His parents, Asa Lyon and Sabra Skinner Lyon, were descendents of early settlers of Woodstock, who came from Massachusetts. He received his medical education in the Berkshire Medical school in Pittsfield, Mass., and during the Civil war period was a physican and surgeon in the Worcester, Mass., hospital. After the war he practised for a while in Palmer. From there he removed to New Britain, where he remained in practice until ten years ago, when he retired on account of failing health. Since then he had spent much time in travel, and in milder climates. Dr. Lyon acquired a large practice in New Britain, where his most active years were passed. For twenty years he was medical examiner, and also served on the school board for a number of years. He was prominent in the work of the South Congregational Church of New Britain. He was of a kindly nature, and his friendly assistance to young physicans of New Britain is gratefully remembered by them. Dr. Lyon was a member of the Hartford County Medical Society. He leaves his wife, Susan (Wakefield) Lyon, and one daughter, Mary Lyon Schofield of Harvard University.

EDWARD BRECKENRIDGE KILLAM

Edward Breckenridge Killam, after an illness of several years' duration from tubercular trouble, passed away on July 2, 1917, at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Killiam, in East Woodstock, which was also his birthplace. He was born June 17,

1879 and received his early education in the public schools of the town, finishing at the Academy. This was supplemented by a home correspondence course, which added to his natural abilities, made him a good business man. For some years he did the marketing on his father's farm, and later entered the office of the Intervale Mills, where for some time he was an honored and trusted employee. An asthmatic trouble, however, caused him to seek a more favorable climate, and he went to Florida where he operated a small farm. He was next employed as a clerk in a hotel there during the winters, and coming with his employers to his New Hampshire hotel in the summer. In 1910 he married Miss Flora Taylor, of Fairhaven, Mass., and they went to Denver, Col., to live. His health continued to decline and his physicians advised him to return east and be near his friends. He leaves a wife and daughter Harriet, who is in her sixth year, also his parents and brother John.

EDWARD WEAVER

Edward Weaver, a descendant of one of Woodstock's old families, and a life-long resident of this town, died July 2, 1917. Burial was in the Hill cemetery, beside his wife who died some sixteen years ago. She was before marriage Miss Lillie Wilkinson. He leaves three daughters and two sons, all married except one daughter, also a sister, Miss Mary Weaver, who resides in Southbridge.

MRS. ALICE CHANDLER POTTER

The death of Mrs. Alice Chandler Potter at the Chandler homestead in East Woodstock, on Sunday, July 22, removes a loyal friends of Woodstock Academy. As a student in the seventies she had a large circle of school friends. Rarely does it occur that so large a number of women, who have lived nearly three score years, are privileged to enjoy so many years of delightful companionship, with occasional reunions as have these "old girls" from the Academy. Mrs. Potter's death makes the first break. Hers has been a life of usefulness and sunshine scattering, as teacher and homemaker. As daughter, sister, wife, and friend, she has acted well her part. Her cheerful courage during several years of invalidism has been an inspiration to all around her. Her husband, Henry J. Potter, has the sympathy of their friends.

Mrs. Chauncey Morse, of Putnam, an older sister of Mrs. Potter, preceded her to the "homeland" by just two weeks. Mrs. Morse was also an Academy student, who has been less intimately connected with Woodstock life. She died beloved by all who knew her sweetness of character.

WILLIAM DEWITT HYDE

Born in Winchendon, Mass., September 23, 1858; graduated at Harvard University in 1879 and at Andover Seminary in 1882; pastor Paterson, N. J., 1883-85; president of Bowdoin College 1885-1917; died in Brunswick, Me., June 29, 1917.

Mr. Hyde married in 1883, Prudence Phillips, a daughter of Alpha and Prudence (Hibbard) Phillips.

Creation's Lord, We Give Thee Thanks

(From President Hyde's own poem which was read at his funeral)

Beyond the present sin and shame,
Wrong's bitter, cruel, scorching blight,

We see the beckoning vision flame,
The blessed kingdom of the Right.
What though the kingdom long delay,
And still with haughty foes must cope?
It gives us that for which we pray—
A field for toil and faith and hope.
Since what we choose is what we are,
And what we love we yet shall be,
The goal may ever shine afar—
The will to win it makes us free.

Boyhood Days at the Old Academy

OLLA POTRIDA

While attending the old Academy in early fall, a crony and schoolmate of mine named Jim, who lived near me, and each of us fourteen years of age or thereabouts, made up our minds to shake the whole educational business and put in our time Indian fashion. We thought the principal of the school, Prof. Edward Conant, was the most cross-grained teacher that ever lived.

When we were "lame," as we often were, in our recitations, especially in Virgil, he would fume around, blast us, and threaten to lick us, till we grew tired of his everlasting scolding and made up our minds to get away from his sight for a time at least. So wishing that the Aeneid and alegbra, as well as the other studies had never been thought of, we made preparations to play truant, letting the whole educational business go to the dogs, and build us a hut down among those hemlocks now owned by Dr. Spalding. There we planned to put in each day instead of in that hated Academy.

Now, both Jim and I lived about a mile or so from the school; so, one morning, each having got a hatchet by stealth from his home, instead of putting in an appearance at the institution of learning, we started as usual, but struck for the woods.

Having chosen a suitable place in a thick growth of young hemlocks, we commenced our hut, which was built of poles, set slanting, coming together at the top, fastened there, and covered first with hemlock boughs, and bark and leaves. Another covering of hemlock boughs thatched on made it rainproof. The establishment when finished looked exactly like an "Injun wigwam", that one may see in pictures.

Crusoe, when he was monarch of all he surveyed, or Davy Crocket, when he had killed his first bear, never felt prouder, nor happier than we did when that hut was completed and we were reclining on couches of fragrant hemlock boughs. A bright fire blazed in the center, and smoke lazily curled upward through a hole purposedly left near the apex.

We started dutifully for school each day, and at a given point struck for our woodland destination. And what jolly times we had there! Sometimes we hooked melons, early apples and other fruits from fields at a safe distance, and played "High, low, Jack" in the hut.

Ere long however, a change came over the spirit of those scenes, and it came with a vengeance, too, from quite an unexpected source. It was in this way: In a large hemlock tree, growing on the steep hillside, Jim discovered a big hornet's nest hanging from a branch some twenty feet from the ground. Wishing to get that nest for gun-wadding, as he was just commencing to use a muzzle loading gun, he went to the hut, got one of the

hatchets, and was soon, by my boosting him, up the tree. With a few well directed strokes he severed the branch, and down it came, nest and all. Being in the fall, we naturolly supposed the insects had either left the nest, or had become so dozy they wouldn't fly; but as the day was very warm for that time of the year, they proved, to our sorrow, to be uncommonly lively; for, as soon as the nest struck the ground out came about a pint of the enraged insects, some of them pitching into Jim and some more into me.

With a howl of pain, Jim dropped the hatchet, gave a jump into the top of a small hemlock, slid down among its branches to the ground, then rolled heels over head down the steep hill to its foot. Bounding to his feet, he struck out with all his might for the woods across the brook—the woods have long since been gone—the hornets accelerating his movements by occasionally jabbing him; and he, all the while, clawed the air with both hands and yelled like a wild Indian; and I at the same time was hoofing along the hillside at the top of my speed, with some of the pestiferous insects puncturing me with thin, red-hot needles, until I struck a clump of bushes; and, during that time, I was clawing the air and yelling fully as lustily as Jim.

Those hornets just roared, and they buzzed, and they sung,
And warbled while crazily flitting;
Those hornest got busy, and O, how they stung!
While we did some yelling and gitting.

Soon after the fierce attack and the ignominious retreat were over, each of us developed a beautiful case of swelled head, and in order to reduce the size of our "physiogs" to their normal dimensions before leaving for our home at night, we put in the rest of the day at the brookside, below our wigwam, in applying wet handkerchiefs to our punctured features; but those cold water dressings proved to be of little, if any efficacy in our cases.

Unluckily for me, the uncle with whom I was living—Col. Judson M. Lyon—by cross questioning me, managed to pump enough to convince himself that I had been playing truant; but, mind you, not enough for him to find out anything about our hut, so he gave me a most unmerciful tongue lashing, with a fair understanding that if my truancy was ever repeated, and it came to his knowledge, he would take a raw-hide and give me the worst licking I ever had, all of which tended to make that day an uncommonly happy day for me.

With Jim it was about the same, for he told me that his father jawed him from the word "go," with the understanding that if he was ever caught playing truant again he would get something worse than a scolding.

Well, a couple of days afterwards, having recovered from the effects of that hornet stabbing, both Jim and I reluctantly took up our burden of life again, under the tutorship of Prof. Conant—Oh, how we disliked him!—but occasionally, during the following winter and spring, we spent happy days together in, and around our beloved wigwam, and as good luck would have it, neither of us was ever caught playing "hookey" around there again, so I myself never received that promised lambasting. Jim in after years was the late Rev. James H. Lyon.

ANDREW LINCOLN LYON.

The Passing of the Stage

Again the curtain falls, the scenery shifts;
Another pageant has an entrance won.
But let us pause a moment and review
Some previous pageants ere the show is done.

Act first revealed a horseman dashing on
With saddle-bags and spurs—Colonial hat,
A mounted postman who collected dues
Ere he delivered letters, as he sat.

The stage-coach period act second showed
With all the pomp and bustle of Colonial days;
High-seated driver—envy of the boys
Whose power to drive three horses won their praise.

Eventful moment that on Woodstock Hill
When stage coaches, mid greetings, tumult, din,
From Boston and New York each day drew up
And paused for dinner at the old Bowen Inn.

Act third revision shows the coach has passed.
The trains have taken on long distance mail;
And, like the lesser lights at sun's approach,
The old time methods could but pass and pale.

The modern stage then came, a valued link,
Twice daily with the larger world to bind;
Tho' tempests shrieked and blinding blizzards raged,
The path to Putnam it would strive to find.

Guided by one of kindly presence felt
Enlivening influence the old stage has lent,
Into the warp and woof of village life,
A helpful factor has its mission blent.

Its very rattle had become endeared
To those who listened for its coming day by day:
Of never failing interest its load
Of village needs, delivered on the way.

Advancing pageant shows a motor car
In keeping with this strenuous, restless age
Its virtues doubtless others will extol,
I pay my tribute to the passing stage.

E. F. B.

On Walking

In a recent number of the Atlantic Monthly, a writer in the Contributor's Club recommends that those who are troubled with insomnia should in their imagination take a walk along a country road and picture to themselves all the sights of the roadside. This is advice which I have often followed, although not as a cure for insomnia. I know of no better pastime for a leisurely mind than to "summon up remembrance" of the beauties of a country road, and for me it is almost always a Woodstock road.

I stand on the front steps of the Academy and decide which way to go. Shall it be across the common by the crooked pebbly path, or shall it be by the North gate? And there is another question to decide, the time of year

when the walk is to be taken. Shall the woods be brilliant with autumn colors, and the grapevines fragrant with their fruit, or shall it be midsummer with huckleberries ripening and a few calopogons lingering by the cow-paths in the pastures? Or shall it be winter with the ground-pine peeping through the snow? Having chosen my road and the time of year, I am off, sometimes by bicycle but generally on foot.

As I grow older I realize how comparatively few people have the rich heritage of a remembered countryside. Those who go to the country for a short time do not know the fields and brooks intimately; those who ride in motors have not time to watch an ant-hill or a spider's web, nor can they hear the birds stirring in the thicket or the cricket's chirr. And sometimes I wonder if those who always live in the country do not become callous to its beauties, as French children, born and bred in a cathedral town, are forgetful of the glorious spire that points heavenward above their heads.

To recall a good walk is a pleasure, but how much better to take one. It is all a question of savoir vivre, of the wisdom with which we choose our pleasures. And when it comes to savoir vivre, we have much to learn from the English. I cannot imagine an Englishman, possessing the use of his legs, who does not take a daily walk. The hero of The Egoist, who walked his young pupil miles around the countryside is typical. If one visits in an English home, a cross-country walk is sure to be on the program. Of course, it will be urged, a gentleman of leisure who has nothing else to do, will enjoy stretching his legs in a walk, but what of the tired housewife, the overworked business man and those whose work takes them daily to the fields? I maintain that a walk will do them all good. The housewife is tired because she stands, and because her mind is wearied with the endless succession of daily frictions and responsibilities which make up a woman's life. Let her start off at a good smart pace for an hour; a different set of muscles is brought into play, her mind relaxes, and her spirit is bathed in the bigness of the out-door world.

The "tired business man" needs a walk most of all. If American men could all take a walk every day, some at least of the nervous break-downs of today would be avoided. And even the lucky farmer whose work is in the fields, has his Sundays, when a walk to the marsh to search for a rare orchid, would do him good.

God made us to stand on our legs and to walk, not to sit forever and be carried about sitting. We all need more exercise than we take, and we all need a placid spirit and unruffled disposition, and one of the simplest ways to get it is to get to the fields. The best pleasures are the simplest. In every good walk there is something of an adventure. Then why should we toil and spin and spend our savings on tawdry pleasures when no price is set on the joys of a walk? Perhaps when this horrible war is done, we shall know enough to walk more. Our boys will have become accustomed to marching and we shall have learned to substitute simple pleasures for those that are complicated.

Youth is the time when the habit of walking is best formed. In our colleges and larger schools are walking clubs, and every college town is familiar with the sight of groups of boys and girls starting out to explore the

country. I hope that Woodstock Academy will be no exception to this practice and that our boys and girls will know every woodland path, and pond and pasture of the surrounding country, and that when they want to go to a place it will never seem a preposterous idea that they should go on their two feet. Then, when the period of youth is over, they will find their minds stored with memories that will "flash upon the inward eye, which is the bliss of solitude."

EDITH HALL DOHAN.

How the Gate Was Opened

(An Incident in the Boxer Rebellion)

The mighty walls of Peking
Frowned down upon the foe
Massing by tens of thousands
Upon the plain below.
Before that sullen barrier
Theirs was one hope alone:
Unless the gate was opened
The city held its own.

Six volunteers stepped forward,
Six men of alien race;
Yet none of truer courage
In history have place.
The captain told them briefly
What task before them lay:
To ford the stream, then perish—
Sure death was theirs that day.

The bullets rained about them,
And one by one they fell;
Five lay in their last slumber
Beneath the foaming swell.
One only reached the landing.
But in his hand he bore
The charge the captain trusted,
To force the fast closed door.

He placed the fatal packet
The mighty gate below;
Then on it all unfaltering
He struck one heavy blow.
A crash, a roar like thunder,
Of shattering rock and clod,
And with it a brave spirit
Went forth to meet its God.

And shall we call them heathen,
Who calmly bade farewell
To all which life holds precious
The martyr ranks to swell?
And shall we scorn the nation
Where is that hero's home?
Nay! rather, in the dawning
Of the blessed days to come

When the war guns cease their roaring
And the battle smoke shall fade,
When through the world's dominions
The lasting peace is made.
When oceans shall forever
Join, not divide, the land,
To thee, Japan, our sister,
We'll stretch a welcoming hand.

NELLIE BURLESON.

Graduation Exercises

Class of Nineteen Hundred and Seventeen

Friday, June 22, 1917

Two-Thirty O'Clock, P. M.

PROGRAM

1. MUSIC The Orchestra
2. PRAYER Rev. Albert E. Stone
3. MUSIC "Daybreak" Wilson
   The School
4. ADDRESS
   "Our Connecticut Heritage"
   George Pratt Ingersoll, Esq.,
   Ridgefield, Connecticut
5. MUSIC The Orchestra
6. PRESENTATION OF DIPLOMAS
   Mr. Clarence W. Bowen, Ph. D.

7. MUSIC "Song of Spring"
Pearson
The School
8. AMERICA
9. MUSIC The Orchestra

GRADUATING CLASS 1917
"Pro Patria"
LATIN COURSE
Mary Eleanor Lindeman

ENGLISH SCIENTIFIC COURSE
Helen Lois Harrington
Eleanor Lottie Williams
Theodore Perkins
Owen Joseph White

Home from British Guiana

I have been asked to write my impressions of my trip to America last year. With the exception of the days that Mr. Chamberlain devoted to business in Washington and New York the time was spent entirely with relatives and friends, so I fear my "impressions" might be of too personal a nature to interest the readers of the "Gleaner".

The voyage was uneventful, for which we were duly grateful. Inasmuch as submarines were operating near New York when we were homeward bound and a German raider scurrying after ships in the southern Atlantic while we were returning, there were possibilities of the trip being much more out of the ordinary than was at all desirable.

After leaving Georgetown our first stop was at Paramaribo, a city of some thirty-five thousand inhabitants and the capital of Dutch Guiana, which country is just as hot, almost as flat and even a little less attractive than its British neighbor. As we steamed up the Surinam River to the wharf, or stelling as it is called, I remembered that the Dutch had traded this country with the English for New York, but my contemptuous comment on such a deal was cut short by the reflection that even a stale, dry crust is often preferable to no bread at all, and perhaps Mynherr had been far-sighted for Surinam (another name for the colony) still belongs to the Dutch while the English have long ceased to control New York.

It being Sunday, after a motor drive through the accessible parts of the colony, there appeared nothing to do but spend the remainder of the day on the verandah of some American acquaintances' house, and watch the passers-by. There were Dutch in white, black and all intermediate shades, East Indians, Chinese, Javanese, Aboriginal Indians and bush negroes (descendants of escaped slaves who have lived in the bush and are quite different from the other negroes)—a kaleidoscopic procession.

Many of the Dutch negresses pattern their garments from the garb of the islanders of the Zuyder Zee and suspend eight or ten breadths of stiffly starched material from a huge roll just above the waist line that resembles an inflated bologna sausage. This, together with a large, perky head-dress of the same goods, makes a costume not to be ignored especially if met on a narrow side-walk. Apparently the hobble skirt never made a hit here. I saw one negress in a dress of this description made of red brocade, as gorgeous as the Queen of Hearts, and carrying herself as proudly as a Riverside Avenue New Yorker in a gown from Worth's.

There was a band concert on what we of New England would call "the common" (what the Dutch name for it may be, I know not) and I do not forget the corpulent drum major

whose stomach was so ample and round that I am sure he must have mistaken it often for the drum and unintentionally given it many painful thumps.

Two days later we arrived in Trinidad, "The Land of the Humming Bird", named by Columbus who discovered it in 1498 the idea being suggested to him by three very conspicuous mountain peaks. This island remained under the control of the Spaniards until 1802 when it was ceded to the English, and Port of Spain, the capital city, has a very decided Spanish aspect. Trinidad seems to have been broken off from the mainland as but sixteen miles of water separate it from Venezuela, and the mountains which rise abruptly to a height of over three thousand feet and make the island one of the most beautiful of the West Indies, appear to belong to the Andes system.

Our first visit here was in 1914 en route to Georgetown from Southampton, and in connection with the place I always remember the information given to me by the captain of the boat, that oysters grew on trees in some parts of the colony. I later learned that this statement, which I then attributed to his Celtic imagination was quite correct and that these oysters, oysterettes or near-oysters as they might be called, they are so tiny, adhere to the roots of the trees in salt water on the shore and are gathered at low tide.

Tobago, under the same government and within a few miles of Trinidad, is claimed by the West Indian guide books to be the island where Robinson Crusoe was marooned. I do not know if this is authentic, but if so it upsets one of the suppositions of my early days as I then associated Robinson Crusoe, his man Friday, the parrot and all companions of his exile illustrated in my picture books, with Juan Fernandez.

Speaking of illusions, right here I want to mention Uncle Tom's Cabin. If this publication were in any way instrumental in ridding our country of the curse of slavery, certainly the world owes Harriet Beecher Stowe a debt of gratitude, but having lived among the negroes for over three years I regard Uncle Tom with his saintly traits as one of the most overdrawn characters of modern fiction and I cannot but resent the tears I shed in my childhood over the pathetic tale.

Our next port of call was Grenada, "The Gem of the West Indies", discovered by Columbus, like everything else in this region. This mountainous little island, surrounded by water of the brightest shades of green and blue, with its land-locked harbor, reminded me of a stage setting. We did not go ashore as owing to the war some recent harbor regulations compelled the boat to leave earlier than we had anticipated, much to the disgust of one of the ship's officers who grumbled that "the war had been going on for more than two years and this fool little island had just found it out".

Our boat made no other stops among the West Indian islands but I hope to visit them all at a later date.

Except for the fact that we were steaming toward home the voyage would have been most disagreeable for we caught the heavy seas from the hurricane that devastated St. Thomas. I was not seasick but the constant lurching of the boat is very unpleasant and the dishes at the table had such a stupid habit of falling into my lap. Owing to the submarine danger we were allowed no

lights of any description and for nine dreary nights we cautiously groped our way to what we hoped was our own cabin, wondering if the night clothes we donned were our own and whose tooth brushes we might be using. During the roughest night the antics of the boat loosened the dishes from their abiding place, first a cup, an accompanying saucer, tinkling glasses, then a whole shelfful went down with a terrific crash and a number of bottles broke from their moorings. Just at this inopportune moment a huge wave broke over the boat flooding our cabin deck. After the fury had somewhat subsided I peered through the draperies and our old Scotch steward, wading in water, was endeavoring with the aid of a tiny glimmer from an inch length of candle to corral his elusive wares which rolled from side to side with every lurch of the boat. His countenance, always dour and grim on the happiest occasions, at that moment I am sure would have caused any U-Boat commander, could his periscope have revealed it, to think twice before he molested that ship.

As we neared New York the danger from submarines increased. During the last night I slept but little and insisted on keeping my shoes on. They really were not of abnormal size, but I seemed to have implicit faith in their ability to thwart a torpedo or keep me afloat.

On the morning of the twentieth day of our trip the New Jersey coast came to view and so welcome was the sight that I felt I loved every mosquito on it. And such a morning! Blue sky overhead, blue water underneath, and the coolest air I had felt for three years! Furthermore, the land in sight was my own country.

East, west
Home's best,
North, south,
Ditto.

In the dining room of the hotel in New York I opened the menu for the first meal almost reverently and much to my joy found the names of many old friends. And how delicious the food was!

The next morning the first thing we did was to procure an ice-cream soda and the second thing was to get another. This American necessity is unknown to the British. How alluring the Fifth Aveune shops were after the apologies of British Guiana and how white every one on the street looked. As we were to be in New York for the last week of our trip, enjoyable as it was, we remained there only long enough to procure warm clothing. There were so many places to be visited—Washington, on business—Marathon, New York, the home of my brother—Oneonta, New York, where Mr. Chamberlin lived for some thirteen years—Albany, where dear old friends welcomed me—Boston, whose incomparable beans helped to sustain me during the greater part of my life—and Woodstock, last but certainly not least, as it it is the home of my sister and was mine for five years. I love the restful dignity of "The Hill" and have retained it so vividly in my memory that I doubt if there were room for any new impressions. It was just as I had remembered it and longed for it to be.

Every day of our two months' leave was a delight to me (except the last when we said good-bye) but now that I have returned to perennial summer I have the most refreshing memory of a motor trip from Woodstock to Providence. To me the month of November has always been more restful than melancholy and gloomy. Old

Mother Nature, her work well done and her efforts in behalf of her children rewarded with an abundant harvest, throws aside her worn garments and sinks into a peaceful slumber, to appear in the spring with new clothing and fresh vigor. The day of our longest auto ride was typical of November, the damp snow had fallen during the preceding night, the green fir trees by the roadside were covered with a fluffy blanket of whitest cotton, pinned on with myriads of sparkling gems, the cool, invigorating air was like a tonic, and as we passed through the country I thought of those lines

"I love the old white farmhouses nestled in New England valleys,
Ample and long and low, with elm trees feathering over them:
A fan-light above the door, and little square panes in the windows,
The woodshed piled with maple and birch and hickory ready for winter,
The gambrel roof with its garret crowded with household relics,—
All tokens of prudent thrift and the spirit of self-reliance.
Yes, they are dear to my heart and to my eyes they are beautiful;
For under their roofs were nourished the thoughts that have made the nation."

Before I left America for a foreign home I was cautioned to "remember that the United States was not the only country in the world." I have since visited many others, I know it's not the only one, but I'm sure it's the best. This is one of "my impressions of New England" and of New England people, confirmed by a sojourn in other countries.

GRACE CHAMBERLIN

Georgetown, British Guiana,
July 31, 1917.

You will notice, with regret no doubt, that the order of the Gleaner's program has been considerably changed. The editor sits down at the end of the book instead of at the beginning. The war again is relegated to the foreground. An alumnus here and an alumus there send items of greater interest than this quiet, beautiful village suggests. There is being realized by those at home a great appreciation of the graduates and their interests. The Gleaner is being edited by one outside the Academy, an alumna who can look backwards and forwards from the first graduate of '90 to the last of 1917; so it is natural that the bulk of the material centers about the advance forces rather than about the forces in training.

Here it is the last of July. The greater part of the Gleaner copy is at the printer's. This work of gathering material has been done in a little less than six weeks' time. The work required in issuing the book has proven, in no way, irksome. It has been from first to last a distinct pleasure; but, how much better would be the result if a year's time could be devoted to its preparation. We have graduates thousands of miles away. To hear from them in such a short space of time is impossible. Elect the editor a year ahead of time, or at least give to some interested person the task of planning for the next issue. Many deaths, births, marriages, incidents of importance are slipping past unrecorded. This year, if it were not for the kind thought of Miss Nellie Chandler, who is away from Woodstock much of the time, and for the painstaking effort of Mrs. Clarence Child, this number would go to print with few of the details recorded that must be recorded from day to day. Don't drop this magazine into the well without understanding the main reason for its deficiency.

Through these columns the friends of the Academy wish to extend to Miss Nellie Chandler a vote of thanks for her year's work as Secretary and Treasurer of the Alumni Association. She has filled her office cheerfully and commendably. It is with reluctance that we of this community, so prone to continue in the same path, see the old regime giving way to changes. Hereafter, contributions are to be sent to the new secretary, Mrs. Ruth W. Gallup, Woodstock, Conn.

Don't forget to send your contribution this year. Your friend is sending a five dollar bill, or three dollars, or one dollar, else this publication would, long ago, have moldered in its grave. You have heard of its threatened death, have you not? It expects to die again this year unless you send in your contribution. Send a quarter immediately so that we may know whether or not another issue can be planned. If you write and enjoy working with your pen send an article for next year's issue, provided there is to be one. Why not make the Gleaner better? We are not satisfied with it. Neither are you. Give suggestions. Pay your bill. Write your article. Send in personal items. Make this a paying, certain effort rather than a production that lives in trembling from year to year. If a copy of the Gleaner is sent you and you don't care for it, let us know and we'll stop the sending and thereby save a postage stamp. This is the end of the book. You have long ago laid your glasses upon the top shelf and gone yawning to bed. Of what avail to say more? Last Tag—Send your subscription money!

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