

Woodstock Academy

GLEANER

Vol. 3

Woodstock, Conn., August, 1906.

No. 2

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E. C. BOHANON

Woodstock Academy Gleaner

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Editorials

For fourteen years the Gleaner has been published annually. Nearly ten thousand copies of the magazine have been distributed during that time among the alumni and friends of the Academy. We have confidence that this number will be an acceptable one, and that it is freighted with interest to its readers. It goes forth with kindest greetings to all friends.

It may be wise to raise the question occasionally, whether the Gleaner is a paying institution or not. Is its mission such as to warrant the labor and expense of its publication? Or is it one of our modern institutions, which have no other apparent purpose than self existence? We still feel that the Gleaner has a distinct and important field of work. First, it encourages young writers and gives them an opportunity to be read. Secondly, it is a vehicle for making known the varied interests and needs of the Academy. Thirdly, it keeps alive the interest in each other among the alumni. Fourthly, it makes a permanent record of the Academy life for future reference. Fifthly, to the people who are so unfortunate as not to live in Woodstock, it annually sends out the message that the old town still has a beating heart. The Gleaner's mission is one of pleasure and usefulness. At least this is the view from the editorial sanctum. But we purpose to ascertain if possible whether this is the view among the readers of the Gleaner.

The 1905 issue of the Gleaner was not a financial success. We started with over eighteen dollars surplus from 1904; but, as the treasurer's report of this year shows, we have financially hardly held our own. This was owing partly to less advertising, and partly to the neglect of subscribers to send their ten cent annual subscription. The work of securing advertisers is an exceedingly unpleasant one. So many little publications of various sorts are put out,

and the local merchants by their advertising made to defray the expense of publication, that the Gleaner refuses to urge any advertiser to use its columns, unless it appeals to him as a paying investment. In order therefore to make our income as large as possible aside from advertising, we shall this year deliver the Gleaner only upon the receipt of its price. We hope that this will not in any way diminish the number of Gleaners circulated. We shall at least thus have something of a test of the value of the Gleaner to its readers.

The gift of the graduating class of 1906 to the Academy, was a contribution of twenty dollars, with which to begin a fund to place stained glass windows in the end of the public hall over the stage. The bright light from the windows there has always been painful to an audience looking up into the faces of speakers. The object of the gift is a very worthy one. Private individuals have added to the gift so that it now amounts to seventy five dollars. It has been estimated that the whole cost of suitable windows will be from a hundred to a hundred and fifty dollars. These gifts from graduating classes are reaching a valuable total. Last year's issue of the Gleaner gave an account of the thirteen fine pictures which have been given; and now the class of 1906 has given the impulse to a very laudable movement. We are sure that all friends of the Academy are grateful for this generosity.

At the last annual meeting of the Woodstock Library Association, there were less than ten persons present. The meeting was called upon to elect eight persons to offices to be held during the following year. Also reports were made showing how far the library was doing a good work in the community, and how far, from lack of guidance and purpose on the part of its readers, and from lack of means on the part of the association, it was

failing to do this good work. The many public libraries in recent years, expensively equipped and skilfully managed, would seem to indicate that the free public library is a powerful force in education. The meager attendance at our last annual library meeting must be taken then as an indication of disbelief in the utility of the public library here, or else it must be regarded as a neglect of a duty to the public. Either case calls for some serious consideration.

From the librarian's last annual report we learn that there are 4212 volumes in the library. Among these are many volumes of the deepest interest and of rarest merit. Surely here is an opportunity of great power for good. Here are great storage batteries charged to the full. If we can by any means make the proper connections, this great energy, which now seems latent, can be transformed into great moral and intellectual energy in our own lives. Of the 2695 books which were taken out of the library during the year just prior to this librarian's report, 2300 of them were fiction; that is over ninety per cent. of the books in circulation were fiction. It by no means follows that all this ninety per cent. was wasted effort. Doubtless a large per cent. of our miscellaneous reading should be fiction. But this percentage is overwhelmingly too large. The obligation of finding and applying a remedy for this evil is upon us. This town, in proportion to its population, has a large number of persons with a taste and a habit for good reading. Among that number are several of decided prominence in literary work. Upon them especially rests the obligation of leadership in the support and guidance of our public library. Such persons should always be in attendance at annual meetings and ready to fill the positions of responsibility.

But this editorial is overrunning its limits. We only have space to say very briefly; every one who reads a good book should make that the subject of conversation in the home, and so create an atmosphere of good reading. All our Christian Endeavor societies may do well to take for

their subject for their meeting, at least once a year, "The Opportunities of Our Public Library." May it not be well for every minister in our town to preach once a year upon the same subject? Of course we need all the financial help we can get. This library can be maintained as a free library only through the generous gifts of its friends. But is it not of the first importance that a much larger number of our intelligent people be far more deeply concerned in the library, not for what they can get out of it, but for what they can put into it of work, of responsibility and of encouragement of good reading?

The Alumni Committee had intended making 1906 a reunion year. But circumstances have combined to make it seem wise to defer this until later. The great amount of work necessary to bring about a successful reunion, should rest now, it seems, upon the shoulders of the younger resident alumni. The general attendance at the graduating exercises, the reception of the graduating class, and the banquet of graduates since 1888, have had so much of reunion in them this year that it does not seem wise to move further in this direction.

If it seems best to have a reunion in 1907, the Gleaner would suggest, that in the spring vacation in April, all resident alumni, who will take hold of the matter heartily, meet at the Academy and make a move upon the alumni committee to bring about such a reunion. The start should be made thus early.

We have made very strenuous efforts this year to get all interesting personal items. The number of hearty co-operators in this work has been increased. Still we wish to urge upon all readers of the Gleaner to send all items of interest about themselves and other alumni. It was very painful to us to learn this year of the death of Plant Fitzgerald in 1903, only after we had sent to his address the issues of 1904 and 1905. We hope that such painful experiences are going to be very few; but we should be the more assured of this, if we could receive a personal word from almost every alumnus of the Academy.

During the past year, Woodstock, as a place of residence, has been decidedly taking a new start. Mr. Clarence W. Bowen and his family have fully entered upon their summer-home life in their new residence on Bald Hill. In the artistic structure and elegant equipment of the house, in the beauty of its location, and in the extensiveness of its well laid-out grounds, this residence may well be classed among the fine residences of New England.

Plaine Hill, to the delight of Woodstock people, has fallen into the hands of Mr. Herbert W. Bowen, who has come back to his boyhood home not "To husband out life's taper at its close"; but to throw the vigor of middle life into the work and enjoyment of a New England farmer.

A little farther up the street on the opposite side, where Captain Blackmar lived so many years, a fine colonial residence is nearly completed. This, in the fall, is to be the home of Mr. Arthur S. Hardy and his wife, Mrs. Grace Bowen Hardy. With them Mr. Frank D. Bowen intends to live, and is building an extensive conservatory, and expects to spend his winters here cultivating choice flowers, especially roses.

The old Tourtellotte place has been purchased by Miss Perley, a cousin of Dr. Perley. Steam heat has been put in, and other improvements have made the place a most desirable residence.

To the lot next north of Mr. Hardy's, the old Blackmar house has been removed, and is being fitted up and enlarged as a summer home by Mr. Frederic W. Hinrichs of Brooklyn, N. Y.

The two houses which have stood so many years in a dilapidated condition on what has long been known as the Wilkins' Place, have been thoroughly rebuilt, and are no longer an eyesore, but a positive addition of beauty to the street. Mrs. Capt. Blackmar has purchased and occupies the one to the south, and on the south side of it she has just completed a fine large piazza. The other of the two houses, the one to the north, belongs with the farm in the rear, and has been purchased by Mr. Edward A. Bowen.

Just north of the old Wilkins' Place stands the house which for many years has been the home of Mrs. Polly Bowen. This has been purchased by Prof. Rufus B. Richardson, and as soon as the improvements which are now being made are completed, Prof. Richardson and his family will occupy the place as their home.

Across the street, just south of the church, the house and land for several years rented as a parsonage, has now been purchased by the Congregational church, and put in good condition, inside and out.

Among the home improvements, though not quite within the period of this past year, we should mention the residence of Mrs. Anna P. Kingsbury. This place, facing the Commons on the east side, perhaps best known as the Emily Bowen house, was purchased by Mrs. Kingsbury a little more than a year ago. Improvements have been made in the exterior of the place, and by thoroughly renovating the interior, with modern improvements and tasteful decorations, an old New England house has been made into a choice modern home.

Holmes Lea, the former summer residence of Mr. Clarence Bowen in South Woodstock, the old Stoddard Place, has been purchased by Mr. Pierre Foster of New Haven. Woodstock people are glad to welcome Mr. Foster and his wife, the daughter of Mr. Harry Bowen, to Woodstock as their permanent summer home.

The little Swedish church, built up out of Mr. Flynn's old blacksmith shop, thro the energetic leadership of Pastor Lindholm, thro the courage and hard work of his church people, and thro the generosity of friends, has been built over into a neat, commodious church edifice. The seating capacity has been greatly enlarged, new pews have been placed within it, arrangements are made for future enlargement if necessary, and the building lighted by electric lights, the power being supplied from Putnam.

These are some of the indications of the forward movement in the direction of home making in Woodstock. Even to us who live here, and have seen these improvements going on, it is a good thing to

think them over, and be encouraged as to the future of our village. To the readers of the Gleaner, who are far away from their native town, and alma mater, we have thought best to send out these items of news, that, when they return, they may not be blinded by our electric lights, nor lost among our new houses.

Report of the Treasurer of the Alumni Association

1905—1906

RECEIVED

Balance on hand,	\$18 50
From sale of Gleaners,	21.35
From advertisements,	55.75
Total,	95.60

PAID

For publishing Gleaner,	82.80
For stamps,	11.50
For envelopes,	1.00
For post cards,	75
For stage,	30
Total,	96 35
Deficit,	75

NELLIE D CHANDLER, Treasurer.

Our Most Honored Alumnus

Dr. William T. Harris, who has just resigned voluntarily the position of Commissioner of Education at Washington, after an arduous and fruitful occupancy of seventeen years, under different administrations—being always recognized as the right man in the right place—was born of good old New England stock at North Killingly (now Putnam Heights), Connecticut, in 1835.

His mother was a rare woman, with the high ideals of life and duty which have characterized her son, and which led her, though in very moderate circumstances, to give freely to all good purposes, and to seek for her children the best education attainable. The writer first met him as a fellow student at Woodstock Academy in 1850, and was, though only a boy, at once attracted by his genial and kindly manners, his purity of character, his high ideals, his eagerness in search for knowledge and truth in all things. He was already at the age of fifteen a philosopher—a lover of knowledge—and

not content with surface knowledge, but anxious to get at the foundation of things, and to go as far as the human mind is capable of penetrating. These were his characteristics as a schoolboy, and they have continued through life. At Yale, where we met again as members of the class of 1858, he was a marked man, as with such a character backed by an intellect of such penetrating power, he was sure to be, and soon became the leader of such a following as Plato must have had in the groves of the Academy; youths who

"Spent not their time on toys or lust or wine,
But wisdom, wit, philosophy divine,"
and eager to do all they could for their own intellectual and moral growth, and for the advance of their race; they were indeed plain livers and high thinkers, seeking substance not shadow.

Harris was an enthusiastic devotee of physical culture, and believed that good brains would work better with the support of a strong body. Some of the most pleasant memories of Yale are those associated with work with him in the old gymnasium, and in long walks over the hills which make the surroundings of the university so varied and picturesque. He was then much interested in geology, botany, and astronomy, and his talk on these subjects was very instructive and stimulating to his favored companions.

As a means of facilitating the acquisition of knowledge, and increasing his power for usefulness and his independence, he made himself an expert in stenography.

After leaving college he went to St. Louis, where he soon became prominent as an educator and as a student of philosophy, and in the end became the head of the school system of that city, to which he gave great eclat, and from which he retired after years of fruitful service with the highest honors his fellow citizens could bestow.

His philosophical studies led to the establishment of the Journal of Speculative Philosophy, which he edited for many years. His philosophy—always cheerful and never cynical or pessimistic—was applied with good effect to the

problems of education, sociology, and art, and gave him great reputation in the universities abroad, so that he was an honored guest at Oxford and Cambridge, and Edinburgh, and on the Continent. A famous Scotch professor speaking of him to a mutual friend, the late Bishop Thomas of Kansas, said "They call him a disciple of Hegel, but he is greater than Hegel, and doesn't need to be his or any other man's disciple."

He was a leader in the so called Concord School of Philosophy, and his talks before that intellectual coterie were regarded as of great interest and value.

His life in Washington while head of the Bureau of Education was a busy one, for beside working hard himself and stimulating others to work in the special duties of that office to which he gave dignity and importance, for so long and unusual a term under so many different administrations, he was in constant demand to lecture and to take part in discussions in different parts of the country on the subjects of education, sociology, art and philosophy.

A complete enumeration of the works in which he has been engaged, and of the honors he has received from the universities and learned societies of this and other countries, would be beyond the limits of such an article as this.

Let us hope that though retired from official position he may be spared many years in his pleasant home on Yale street, on the wholesome hills overlooking our grand Capital City, surrounded by the books of his fine library, and in the companionship of congenial spirits, to aid in working out the great problems of humanity, and that, like our revered President Woolsey, who made his chief reputation as one of the leading authorities on the great subject of International Law after retirement at the age of 70, our friend may yet achieve still greater honors than those already showered upon him.

ARTHUR MATHEWSON.

The Happy Days in Old Woodstock Academy.

MY DEAR MR. HALL:—Your request to furnish a son, also an article, for the

GLEANER, is received. The first is much easier to do than the latter, so I have hastily attempted both. If they are not just what you want, you are free to consign them to the waste basket.

Many long years have passed since I, a lad of thirteen, entered a student at Woodstock Academy to acquire an education. "Happy were those Days," and the recollection is also pleasant. Hon. J. Willis Patterson was the new principal, Miss Wilder the new assistant and teacher of music and art; Father Sabin, as the boys called him, had the care of the Boarding House, with a most excellent matron in Miss Peyster. Dr. Curtis was the pastor of the village church, where, on Sabbath mornings, the students were expected to attend in a body and listen with careful and strict attention to the discourse, and in the afternoon to the Bible class conducted by the Principal.

Never shall I forget the impression made upon me as I entered the old church for the first time and listened to the music of the choir and orchestra (violin, flute and bass viol). I had never before seen or heard anything quite so extensive, and great was my surprise. How I longed to be with them. This led me the next Sabbath to go very early to church a half hour or more before service, and take a position where I could observe all.

Mr. Morse was in charge of the large double bass viol, Mr. Saunders the violin, Mr. Edward Bowen the flute (there were some others, their names I do not now recall) all fine performers, and enjoyed making melody to the Lord, in His House.

I was a stranger to all, but was soon invited to a seat with them. As I was found possessing a tenor voice, I was made quite welcome. This discovery soon got me into trouble. I found that Mr. Patterson and Miss Wilder thought that with such a large number of young students, the Academy needed and should have a good choir and render a selection at the close of the chapel exercises each day. Well, the students were invited to meet the Principal and music teacher to consider the expediency of organizing a choir and appointing a director. It was a jolly gathering, fully attended,

but no one seemed to desire the honor. To my surprise I was unanimously chosen director. How frightened I was at the thought of this responsibility and honor so thrust upon me, a mere lad, so suddenly; but it was the Principal's request and desire, and the only thing to do was to obey and try, it was urged, and "Barkis was willing." A choir was selected and a rehearsal appointed. Miss Wilder was chosen pianist, but there was no piano or organ in the chapel, and no way that we knew of how to obtain one. The question arose, how could a choir be expected to obtain the pitch or sustain the weak and timid voices without an instrument to help them? But they did.

The great day at last arrived when the Academy choir was to make its first public appearance. Some were too ill, some too timid, and when the hour came to take their places not many had the courage to report. The selection made was, "One There is Above all Others," to Woodbury's simple tune of "Dorance." How the voice trembled as the tuning fork struck the desk and the pitch Do, Mi, Sol, Do, was given, the choir responding. How the hands and knees shook, how the voices trembled. Some started in a little too soon and some a little too late; some fell out by the way side, and some came in on the last line a trifle late, but it was finally rendered with great fear and trepidation. Many and loud were the praises showered upon us, and they were thus encouraging our further efforts.

This little incident had a strong influence upon my future musical life in inspiring self-confidence and deepening my natural great love for the Art; but there are other occasions and incidents that were quite full of interest besides the choir experiences. The evening visit of ten or more of the students at a time to Dr. McClellan's fine apple orchard, the foraging of the fields for melons and the watermelon parties late at night, after study hours in the old Hall, will never be forgotten. Yes, and there were the long walks, the boating, bathing and fishing in the lake, the ride and drives

to Pomfret, the old wolf den made famous by General Putnam's (to us then a wonderful achievement) venturing into the den on his hands and knees, and shooting the wolf.

It was at Woodstock while a guest of Henry C. Bowen—who has done so much for the honor of his own home and village and the Academy—I first met Hon. Lewis Tappan, Asa Childs, Rev. Henry Ward Beecher and other eminent men. It is a pleasure to know that the deep interest in old Woodstock Academy continues, and that under the care and direction of its honored Principal, Professor Hall, it continues to hold its high position among our institutions of learning.

My sincere wish and prayer is that it may ever do so; but Father Time still rolls along. The faces and places of those we once knew and loved are fading and passing away, but as long as life shall endure, the pleasant, happy days of Woodstock Academy will remain fresh and green in memory's casket.

* * *

W. HOWARD DOANE.

Obituary.

DR. JOHN MCCLELLAN.

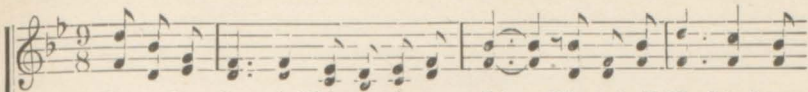
Woodstock Academy has been very fortunate in the number and ability of its friends, and during the past year one of these friends has passed away, who has watched the Academy almost from its establishment. His father, John McClellan Esquire, was one of those friends who devoted his time and energy to the Academy in its first years, and continued that care throughout his long life. "Squire McClellan," as he was familiarly called, was a graduate of Yale in 1785, and was admitted to the Windham county bar in 1787, and lived to be the oldest living graduate of Yale College.

Dr John McClellan, who died December 19, 1905, was a graduate of Yale in the class of 1833, and at the time of his death was one of the two oldest living graduates of the university.

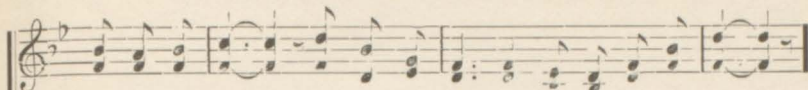
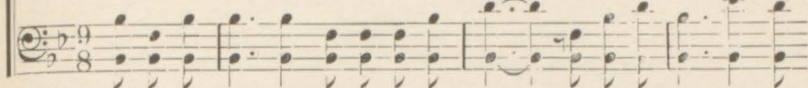
Dr. McClellan was descended from a family that has taken a prominent part in

Happy Those Days.

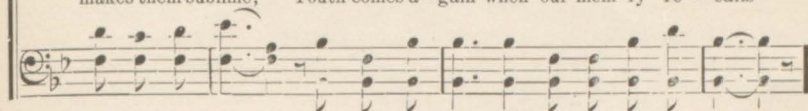
W. H. DOANE.



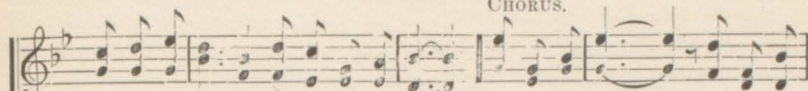
1. Happy those days in life's morning so fair, When at old Woodstock we
2. Happy those days, and their mem'ry thro' life Gave us more cour-age in
3. Happy those days, and the passing of time Gives them a ha-lo and



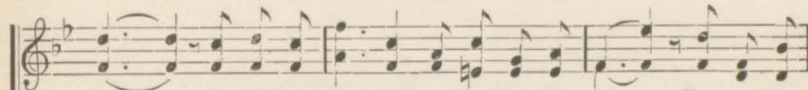
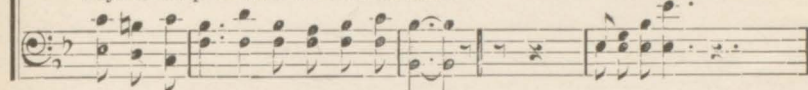
cast a-way care.. When we were taught, both in heart and in mind,
du-ty and strife, Made us more gen-tle, more faithful and true,
makes them sublime; Youth comes a-gain when our mem-ry re-calls



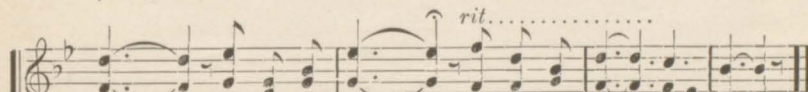
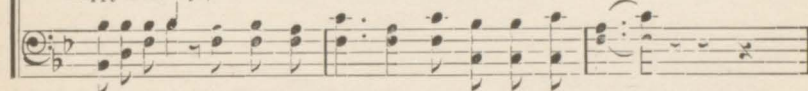
CHORUS.



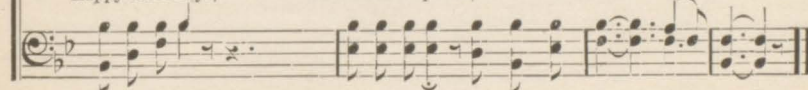
Les-sons of life by those teachers so kind. } Happy those days,... happy those
Precious old Woodstock our love we renew. }
Days of the past in her honored old halls. } Happy those days,

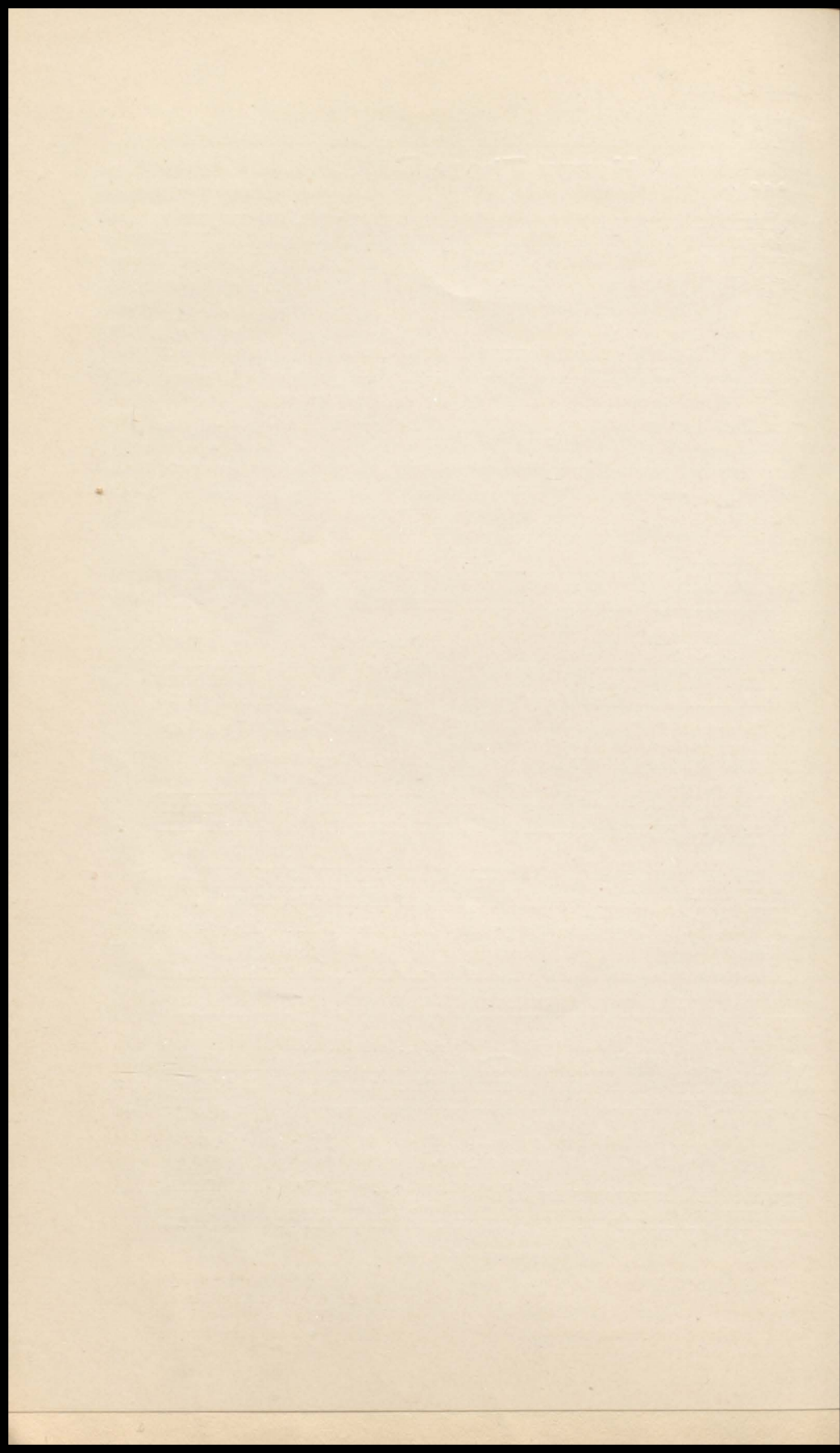


days,... Hap-py those days spent at Woodstock so fair;.. Hap-py those
Happy those days,



days,... Woodstock we praise,... Ev-er in joy-ful lays.
Happy those days, Woodstock we praise,





the development and strengthening of this country. The McClellan family was prominent in the early Scottish history and were settled about the Highlands in Kirkcudbright. The first settlers in this country located about Worcester, and in 1757 General Samuel McClellan, the grandfather of Dr. McClellan, removed to Woodstock, where this branch of the family has since resided.

Dr. McClellan's grandmother traced her ancestry from Governor William Bradford, of the Plymouth Colony, and his mother, who was a daughter of William Williams, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and a granddaughter of Governor Jonathan Trumbull, also traced her ancestry to John and Priscilla Alden.

After graduating from Yale, Dr. McClellan pursued his medical studies with his cousin, Dr. George McClellan. He was thoroughly prepared for practice of his profession, but on account of the earnest desire of his father, he returned to the old homestead for a short visit, which was prolonged, and gradually he settled into the life of a farmer and country gentleman. He was an interesting man, and to his particular friends his fund of stories and anecdotes, especially of undergraduate life at Yale, was always interesting, and to the younger generation very instructive.

He was born August 31, 1812, and until past his ninetieth year was a great lover of horseback riding, and a familiar figure on our country roads, until quite recently. He married Miss Olive Child, of Brooklyn, who survives him, and he also leaves two sons and one daughter who have been prominently connected and useful workers in the academy. A. MCC. MATHEWSON.

MRS. AMASA CHANDLER

The issue of the Gleaner for 1906 would hardly be complete with no more than a brief mention of the death of Mrs. Amasa Chandler. Throughout a long life her active interest in the Academy in prosperity and adversity will be recalled by many of the older alumni. Her first connection with the school dates back to nearly sixty years ago. A few septuagenarians will re-

member her enrolled as a student in the palmy days of its earlier history, when Senator Patterson was principal. She soon however accepted the position of matron of the "boarding house" so called, (since Elmwood Hall) when it was managed in conjunction with the Academy for the use of the students. At this time Mrs. Chandler was known as Miss Sarilla Peyster. Her marriage soon followed and her life for many years was spent at the old Chandler homestead. After a time her great desire was to devise a scheme to give her children greater facilities for their education.

In 1867 the way was opened by the revival of interest and refitting of the Academy under new management. Just at this time the old boarding house was for sale, was purchased by Mr. Chandler, and became Elmwood Hall. For a few years, before the days of high schools, a large number of students were in attendance and Elmwood Hall was well filled. Mrs. Chandler spared no pains in caring for the comfort and well being of a family of twenty-five or thirty girls and boys, as well as principal and assistants. During all the years that followed Mr. and Mrs. Chandler were always ready with open house to dispense hospitality and serve the best interests of the school in any capacity. The twenty-three years spent at Elmwood were those of active service, forming many ties of friendship of life long value.

As the years have rolled away and some of those girls and boys of forty years ago have returned from time to time to their Alma Mater for exchange of greeting with those who remained, it has been with great pleasure that they have met Mrs. Chandler who always welcomed them with the same bright twinkle of the eye, and glad recognition, and the same hearty interest as of old, and as their children have come to know her with the whitened hair and cheery smile. The God speed of her kindly words of admonition and counsel to strive earnestly for only the highest good has rested like a benediction upon them as they have gone out into the broader world of activity and service.

ELLA E. CHILD.

Songs for Little Children

There is a reason why on Flag Day and Children's Sunday our boys and girls make their public appearance in the roll of singers. Where a body of children like a school or Sunday School express themselves, it seems natural to us that they do it in song. The reason lies in the fact that there is as natural a connection between childhood and song as there is between poetry and prose. The first eight years of a man's life we might call the singing period. Never afterward will rhythm take such a keen hold of his senses and body as then, never will a drum and marching thrill him so much, never will he afterward sing such joyful, tuneless songs, or pour them forth from so unconsciously a happy heart. To teach a child songs, therefore is to teach him his own language.

We might divide the songs a child loves best into three groups and so distinguish in our minds the different influence each kind has on him and the particular delight he enjoys in singing it.

First to come in the life of the child and perhaps last to stay are the nonsense songs—nonsense only in name however. Mother Goose stands at the head of these, of course, followed by the songs from Alice in Wonderland, and others more modern but no better. Far from being nonsense, these rhymes present, with a vividness and graphic completeness unexcelled in literature, a dramatic occurrence fitted for the mind of the child to grasp. Who could crowd more pictures into the four lines of Little Boy Blue than are there now? Or who could more briefly shadow forth the tragedy of Dr. Gloucester who fell into the puddle and his resolute determination to "never go there again"? Can Black Beauty teach kindness to older boys any better than this old rhyme teaches our babies?

I had a little pony
His name was Dapple Grey
I lent him to a lady
To ride a mile away
She whipped him, she beat him
She drove through the mire
I would not lend my pony now
For all the lady's hire!

For some reason I had omitted Jack and Jill in my singing to my three year old until the other day. He listened attentively with a long face. "Too bad, mudder," was his comment as he realized the chaotic condition of affairs at the end of the last line. These verses appeal vividly to a child's imagination. They are the first trials of the wings of the spirit, taking tiny flights away from the actual into the imaginative and dramatic and enjoyed as keenly as first flights always are.

Our second group of songs and perhaps our most important are those that point out this or that common-place object in a child's life and, with an artistic touch, raise it to the level of the ideal. Such songs are inestimable in value and most enjoyed by the children. These songs of environment (to use an unmusical word) are more or less modern, being the outcome of the best thought on child nature in the last ten years or so. Their aim is solely to connect the child with the great world around him, to teach him the unity of life, the dependence of all living things, his own tiny place in the chain of existence. These songs point to objects in nature, or to occupations in the home and say, to the child, "Look! behold this big world, ruled by law, governed by love, and in it you have your part to play." Such songs are:

Snow, snow, everywhere
On the ground and in the air
In the field and in the lane
On the roof and window pane.

Set to an exquisite theme of Schubert's;
or

Bread and milk for breakfast
And woolen frocks to wear
And a crumb for robin redbreast
In the cold months of the year.

or Stevenson's

I saw you toss the kites on high
And blow the birds about the sky
And all day long I saw you pass
Like ladies' skirts across the grass
Oh! wind a'blowing all day long, etc.

or again,

Oh look at the moon,
She is shining on high.
Oh mother, she looks
Like a lamp in the sky.
Last week she was slim
And shaped like a bow,

But now she is big
And round like an O,
And close by her side
Is a star, and may be,
That that small twinkling star
Is her little baby.

How much a very little child will learn from such songs is a revelation. The power to observe is quickened and better still, a real interest in what is happening about him is awakened—a baby broad mindedness, you might say, which we hope has the seeds of a manly broad-mindedness in it. Furthermore, by singing the child's attention to the outside world instead of bespeaking it, we make the act of looking a joyous one and teach the child to love his world as well as to see and know it. We add art and happiness to intelligence. A child to whom songs are second nature and who hears singing frequently in his home learns to associate a song with the events of every day and wants to hear the song only when it is appropriate to the occasion. My boy will not listen to a rain song if the sun is out nor to a moon song in the day time. The point therefore that has been impressed on his mind is that there is a song for everything; and since a song means (unconsciously) to him beauty and joy, he has learned that there is beauty and joy in everything. So that if these songs of environment can teach him to see and to love his world, they nourish both his mind and his soul.

Following these songs comes our last group, the kind of songs that carries instruction or information. Such songs have very little lyric quality in them and to us grown ups sometimes sound prosaic. But not to your young man or woman of four years. These songs take up the events or objects which the environment songs beautified, relate them to each other, and narrate the processes which connect them. For example, Stevenson's

The friendly cow all red and white
I love with all my heart,
She gives me cream with all her might.
To eat on apple tart.

is an example of the simple environment song but in the following song of

Froebel's we have the cow as one in the link of a chain of objects and processes which ends in the child's supper and so relates him to the varified out side world making him a tiny part of one great plan:

Peter, go the meadows over
Now and homeward bring the clover,
By it our good cow is living,
Milk and butter is she giving.
Go and milk the cow, please, Jenny.
Bring the milk home, don't spill any.
We have need of milk for making
Those nice rolls, you're fond of baking.
Stronger grows my baby tender
By the service people render.
Here's your supper ready, dear
Nobody's forgotten here—

Homely, if you will, but absolutely interesting!

To the same class belong the counting songs, the songs of the carpenter, the blacksmith, songs describing animals and their habits, the family relations, etc. And if these seem dry to us, their popularity with the children guarantees them a long life. This group is played and developed as the child grows older, until finally singing becomes only one medium of education and he partly replaces it by stories told and read and by playing.

"Rock and sing" becomes the watchword of the three year old and if the busy mother fane would rock but cannot. She can always sing and so share with her baby a common joy and a common interest in the world that seems so big to him.

ANNE HALL GAYLORD

An Alumna in the Earthquake

765 Channing Avenue,
Palo Alto, California,
July 23, 1906.

My Dear Gleaner: Your editor has asked for an account of my personal experiences in the San Francisco earthquakes, and those of other Academy people who may be in this vicinity. I shall have to make my letter entirely personal, for I am acquainted with no other Woodstockites in this part of California. As you are no doubt aware, the shock did not affect the Southern portion of the state.

At about a quarter past five on the morning of April 18, that date forever memorable in the annals of California, I was rudely awakened from a pleasant sleep by what seemed to be a far from gentle rocking of the bed. Now I have lived in California more than four years, and have experienced a few slight shake-ups before, therefore my lips at once framed the word "earthquake." I was in nowise terrified, for I suppose the shaking would subside instantly, as it had always done before. Instead, however, after a slight lull, the vibrations became more intense, and I began to realize the horror of the situation. We were up stairs in a new frame house. In fact we had built the house during the past winter, and had only moved into it April 1st. During those awful seconds, it seemed as if the months of planning, the hope and anticipation which we had put into the building of our home, were to be dashed to the ground at every new shake. We seemed to be in the power of a mighty demon who could destroy us at his will. After the most violent tremor set in, I had no further hope that the house could stand. My husband kept assuring me that it would be over soon, and to be sure, we both believed that it would, but in our hearts we expected to lie beneath the ruins of our home when the end should come. We were quite reconciled, however to our fate; in fact we seemed so utterly helpless, so completely within the grasp of a mighty force, that resistance appeared useless. Therefore we made no attempt to escape from the house or even to leave the room. It seemed just as desirable to be killed in one place as in another. As Prof. William James, who was at Stanford at the time, expressed it, "The experience was too overwhelming for any-thing but passive surrender to it."

Some more daring spirits than ourselves attempted escape from buildings at any risk. A friend told me today that a housemate of his wakened to see from his window a tall outside chimney on an adjacent house, leaning toward him just ready to fall. Instantly he leaped from bed and sprang through another second story window, only to be deluged with cold wa-

ter dashing from a tank near which he alighted.

Many people have commented upon the din caused by falling brick, the crash of broken dishes, overturned furniture and the like. While all these noises must have been audible in our house, I have no remembrance of the sound, and do not think I was conscious of it at the time. Nor did it occur to me to look from the windows and get the effect of swaying trees and buildings. I regret now that it did not, but when another earthquake comes I shall be more fully prepared for it and ready to make more scientific notes of my impressions. When the house appeared to have recovered its equilibrium once more, and we found it still intact and ourselves in possession of most of our faculties, we donned a little raiment and sallied forth into the hall, where we met a brother, recently from the East, who earnestly desired to know what had happened. His chiffonier had fallen over and his room was in a general topsy turvy condition; thus he eagerly sought information as to the cause of all this uproar. After enlightening his ignorance we all went down stairs together. It was then that I began to realize most keenly the disadvantages of earthquakes. The plaster on the upstairs rooms had scarcely cracked at all, but downstairs the seams and rents in our fair new walls were pitiful to behold. Arriving on the front porch, we saw family groups in all stages of negligence on neighboring porches, and salutation such as, "You've lost your chimney!" "Our dishes are all broken!" "Wasn't it terrible?" ensued.

On returning to the house we started a tour of investigation. An oak china closet with glass front lay prone on the dining room floor, with many of my prettiest dishes beneath it; about half the books had fallen from the cases, and broken vases and bric-a-brac lay about the floor.

My pantry was not badly demoralized, but that morning I visited several houses where the pantry floors were covered with broken dishes and upset pans of milk, in which eggs and broken jars of fruit were mingled. One neighbor had a revolving flour bin built into her pantry. Appar-

ently with each shake of the house that bin swung open and received a heterogeneous donation from the shelves above. Among a variety of other things found there when the bin was opened a day or two later, was an upset kerosene lamp.

The first half hour after the trembling ceased was spent in making and receiving visits, and comparing notes with our neighbors as to the state of our houses and our nerves. Soon rumors regarding the condition of things at the University began to reach us. It was at first reported that all the buildings were flat; that 200 girls were buried under the women's dormitory; and various other wild statements were made, which bestirred us to fortify ourselves with a little breakfast and set out for the campus.

On our way down town we found nearly every house minus its chimney, a few were thrown off their foundations, and some even more seriously damaged. University avenue, our principal business street, presented a strange sight. Many of the business blocks were badly demoralized, entire fronts or sides of some having fallen away, exposing the interiors.

The street, littered with fallen brick and broken glass, was being roped in to keep the excited crowd from the danger of falling stones and bricks. Several buildings not yet completed, were so bent out of shape as to present a most fantastic appearance, notably a fine new apartment house directly opposite the railroad station.

As we crossed the track my first view of the ruins of the University came to me—our beautiful new gateway, completed hardly more than one year ago, now converted into a veritable stone heap. That impressed me more deeply than anything which I saw later on as we rode through the grounds and gazed on the destruction of what had been some of the fairest buildings in this country. The new gymnasium and the new library, still uncompleted, seemed absolutely hopeless cases of ruin, and the beauty of our Memorial church is marred, it would seem, almost beyond repair; but most of the buildings which are absolutely essential to the work of the institution can be made hab-

itable during the summer months, and it is confidently expected that work can be resumed again, as usual, late in August.

It was our good fortune to hear President Jordan address the students assembled on the lawn before the men's dormitory that morning, only a few hours after the catastrophe, and the hopeful words uttered by him were sufficient to inspire the most dubious with new courage.

That day and those immediately following it, I shall always remember. The news of the fire in San Francisco reached us by the middle of the forenoon, and more and more ominous reports arrived throughout the day. Frequent slight earthquake shocks were felt, and no one cared to remain indoors. As the gas was shut off and chimneys down, little cooking could be done. I chanced to possess the only gasoline stove in the neighborhood, and for several days our kitchen was the center of cooking activities for the block. I have never experienced anything equal to an earthquake for promoting acquaintance and fostering good fellowship. We had but just moved into this part of the town, yet in those few days we became better acquainted with our neighbors than we could have become in weeks of ordinary intercourse. Three families of us lunched together under the trees on that first day, each housekeeper furnishing whatever cooked food she possessed. We had a merry little feast, realizing that it might be our last, for word had been sent from the Lick Observatory that another shakeup might be expected at two o'clock. It came, but was mild, and we gradually became less apprehensive.

That night most people slept out of doors or on their porches. We did not fear to return to our upstairs bedrooms, but were importuned by friends to establish ourselves in their bungalow, and were glad that we did, for slight shocks were felt all night. The glare of the burning city, thirty miles away, could be plainly seen from our home for two nights, and the heat during the day was intense.

The day following the quake, relief work for the sufferers in San Francisco commenced in all the nearby towns, and it was indeed a relief to us to have some-

thing definite toward which to bend our energies. We are justly proud of Palo Alto's record in this work, as it was promptly commenced, and has been efficiently carried on, even to the present time.

Our house has been so well repaired that nearly all traces of the visitation have been removed. Now that new plaster covers the broken walls and our decapitated chimney has been rebuilt, we can almost forget that we have been in the power of such a fury.

I fully realize that this account of my experiences is decidedly tame when compared with the newspaper and magazine articles you have been reading, written by those who fled from the burning city. Suffice it to say, that at the time of the catastrophe it was all sufficiently tragic, although viewed at the safe distance of three months, my experiences do seem somewhat lacking in color and not altogether worthy of a place in the columns of the Gleaner.

With all good wishes for the future of the Academy, and a successful issue of the Gleaner, I am,

Most cordially yours,

JESSIE BOWEN PALMER, '95.

The Fatal Experiment

From The Wesleyan Literary Monthly

In spite of the Professor's occupation,—he was a cold-blooded, experimental psychologist, making a specialty of the Memory; in spite of his personal appearance,—his nose was hooked and his right temple bore an ugly, semi-circular scar; and in spite of the fact that, as a relative of my father's, I had a natural antipathy to him—from the very first he fascinated me.

This attraction may have been due, partly, to a trait, or taint, of mind inherited from my mother. She had been in the same way sometimes drawn toward a person, utterly against her will. Indeed, I think her feeling for my father, was of this nature: very like the helplessness of the bird beneath the glittering eye of its enemy—for he, he was a wretch, a villain, a scoundrel, a—but there—I must, I must control my feel-

ings, for the doctor says excitement may bring on a relapse. Besides, I know, although they have said it is for something else—I know that they want to use this account at the trial. But they are wrong, and I know it. They will never prove their case. Clever as they are, they shall not trick me. But I must control myself.

Well, then, be the causes what they may, the fact is undeniable that the Professor attracted—fascinated me from the first. And so when, one afternoon close upon my arrival at the old University, he asked me if I would like to work with him at some experiments he was attempting, I immediately consented.

We were standing in the dingy hall near his rooms, and as I looked at the cruel face before me, with its hooked nose and staring scar, a sudden fear crept into my heart. And yet I had no reason to be afraid of him. True, I did not like him; but I did need the remuneration he was willing to give. And from what I knew of his work—just the day before I had read a long article by him on some phases of coincidence in individual and race development—it was likely to prove interesting. Nevertheless, as I stood there, fear grew almost to terror, and I longed to withdraw my consent to his proposal. But I didn't—it seemed impossible for me to say "No." Then I thought of my feeble health. That might serve as an excuse.

"I would—I—I," I stammered, and could say nothing more. My face grew hot. I became enraged at myself, furious at him. I almost shook with passion. Smiling perceptibly, he said, in his startlingly mechanical voice,

"No, your physical weakness will be no objection whatsoever; there's no work to do. And your nerves—just what we want. We'll begin this afternoon."

Could he read my very thoughts?

He held my gaze a moment more, with an expression of sinister satisfaction in his masterful eyes, and then turned to the door of his room. A cry escaped my lips, now dry with anger and fear—fear of I knew not what—and mentally I

shrank back, but my limbs automatically bore me after him.

Thus I first came under the control of this stoop-shouldered high-priest of science, whose only passion, only aim in life was the line of study he had set himself to follow to the end. And I feel that I have stated the matter so clearly, so precisely,—not once losing my self-control—that you must admit my sanity. And, therefore, I feel free to confess that some of the other incidents I am hastening on to relate are not so distinct in my memory.

I refer to the nature of the experiments which I now, almost daily, aided the Professor in carrying out. My part of the work was exceedingly simple. For instance, that first afternoon he led me through a room, and ushered me quickly into his laboratory. We were almost in darkness; and as I stood there awaiting his directions, he turned on a dazzlingly brilliant light somewhere at the opposite end of the room. About this light what seemed to be two metal disks revolved rapidly in opposite directions. While my gaze was still fixed upon this singular bit of apparatus, I was conscious of his placing a chair behind me, and gently forcing me by the shoulders into it. I remember closing my eyes, to rest them a moment from the light before me, and then overcome—at the time my physical condition was weak in the extreme—with fatigue from the excitement I had been through I must have fallen asleep. I must have fallen asleep because nothing more is distinct until the Professor, as we parted at his door, told me to come again on the morrow.

And now I reach the point where I should hesitate to continue, were it not that I feel sure you are already convinced of my sanity. For ridiculous as it may seem, this is the truth. Day after day, I spent part of the afternoon in the Professor's laboratory, and yet I cannot remember what happened upon those occasions—that is, not as clearly as a sane man should. Vague impressions, when I try to recall those hours, flit through my mind, now appearing, now fading away, like shadows on a bright day when the

clouds sail swiftly before the sun. Suggestions, clues, hints,—which I vainly strive to grasp, to fix, even as you, perhaps, have struggled to place some strange and at the same time familiar face. Ha! Ha!—you didn't think yourself insane when you failed to do it, did you? But joking aside, I admit that it is very singular that one entirely in his right mind should so fail to remember events which took place daily. Singular indeed! Something, in fact, which I do not clearly comprehend.

But hazy as my recollection of the experiments may be in some respects, in others it is vividly clear. Never can I forget the torturing fatigue which I often suffered upon my release from the laboratory. Nor the terrible dreams which often succeeded, when I had dragged myself in a sort of daze to my room and thrown myself upon the bed. These dreams, try as I might, I could never recollect in my waking hours; and I always felt, just after them, a sensation of strange disassociation with my surroundings.

Invariably, too, though I cannot explain how I know it, the dreams in a way echoed the experiments. I became convinced, also, that the Professor was making use of me as an hypnotic subject; but I knew that there could be little harm in that. Moreover, I had to get a living. And then there were increasingly frequent fits of deep abstraction, wherein I dwelt constantly in the past.

All this might have gone on indefinitely, for every day I was falling more under the power of this man, and contributing to experiments, the results of which would one day excite world-wide interest. All this, I say, might have gone on indefinitely, had it not been for one or two little incidents—accidents, I would more properly say.

For it was wholly accidental that, one afternoon, happening to reach the outer of the laboratory rooms a little before the usual time, I picked up the current number of a medical journal which contained an article by my Professor in defense of vivisection. So cold blooded, so heartless, so inhuman was it, that it stung me,

like an electric shock into a fury of indignation, and I brought my fist down with a curse at the wretch who could have written such words. He must have heard me, for immediately the inner door opened and he stood before me. Breathless with fury I jumped up, my fist clenched to strike him to the floor. If his glance had wavered one fraction of a second, I would have killed him; but his eyes never left mine. They looked through me, without a tremor of concern, and my arm fell limp at my side.

"Herr Lichendoff," he said, "you are not calm this afternoon. Let us leave the experiment to-day and go over to the museum. They have just received some ancient stone weapons in which I am sure you'll be interested."

Cursing myself, but helpless, I followed him.

The weapons he spoke of had just come in from one of the Provinces; and strangely enough, one of them—a hammer-shaped implement with a murderous-looking, crescent-shaped, cutting edge—was from near my home village. Merely an accidental coincidence, of course, but in this relic of savagery I took a particular interest which it seemed to me the Professor was quick to note.

Next day, after a night of sleep broken by phantasmal dreams, I was again early at the laboratory.

This time there seemed to be nothing to read. I waited a few minutes; then stepped to the inner door and knocked—no answer. Mechanically I turned the knob, never dreaming that it might be unlocked, for whether the Professor was in or out I had never found it so. To my extreme surprise, it opened at my touch. For once he had forgotten to lock it—another trifling accident.

As always the room was nearly dark. I hesitated a moment, then entered. I had learned to like the revolving, radiant disks—there was a peculiar fascination about them—and thinking that I would sit and watch them until my master came I fumbled about for the electric button. I must have found the wrong one, for as I snapped it, a flood of light filled the room. I gazed about, bewildered. Along

one wall were ranged several cages of various sizes, containing a number of animals. At the other end of the room sat a boy, evidently a victim of one of the commoner forms of dementia precox, with his shaven head bandaged suggestively. Near the center stood a small operating-table, fitted with electrical apparatus; while on a stand near it lay the stone hammer, my interest in which the Professor had been so quick to discern, together with a number of glittering, surgical implements.

All this was taken in at a rapid glance, and then I heard the Professor running up the hall and into the outer room.

"Wretch," I thought, "you'll never leave this spot alive!" And in the next second or two, while I stood there thinking how best to attack him, he had burst through the door and turned out the light.

"Lichendoff," he cried, "Look out! Back of you!"

Startled, unnerved, I turned, to realize only too late that it was a trick. There the two metallic disks were whirling rapidly about their brilliant center.

"You devil!" I cried.

I tried to take my eyes from the charmed spot. They returned in spite of me. I closed them—but the shining circles of light seemed as plain as ever. I fought to think, to retain control of myself. I was slipping, slipping—there came a vague idea concerning the crescent-edged, stone hammer—how like the scar on his right temple! A half formed resolution flashed across my brain—was gone—and then I lapsed, half-willingly, into the hypnotic trance, while a peal of derisive laughter, in which my own voice joined, rang in my ears.

What I dreamed that day I can't remember. But it seems—dimly—to have been pleasant. I was awakened by a gruff voice shouting "lock the door!" and opened my eyes to find myself kneeling upon my bed, my left hand crooked as though a throat were in its choking grasp, forcing a pillow against the wall. The pillow case was torn to shreds and smeared with blood, and in my right hand hung a bloody implement of stone.

Shocked, bewildered, I staggered to my feet.

Two guards sprang forward, seizing me by either arm; and in a moment, cold manacles were on my wrists.

In vain I tried to realize what had happened; but could not collect my senses. I questioned the guards. They said I was a murderer. For a long time I could not comprehend; but I have been studying it out for days and now I know. They think me insane and have trumped up this charge for a excuse to take me.

The fools! I am not mad—not mad, I say! Can they not see?

FRED F. ROCKWELL.

Building a Temporary Bridge.

The question of speed in construction is one which occurs to the civil engineer very often, and the writer would like to show the manner and methods employed in erecting a temporary trestle in place of the bridge recently burned, over the Housatonic River, at Sandy Hook, Conn., on the Highland Division of the N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R.

The burned bridge was a deck wooden Howe truss, of three spans, total length of 500 feet, and 75 feet from base of rail to low water.

The fire that destroyed the bridge was probably caused by a live cinder from some passing locomotive. The fire was discovered at 10:45 a. m., Sunday, November 19, 1905, and at 11:55 a. m. the bridge was totally destroyed and in the river, a twisted mass of iron and charred timber.

Word was immediately sent to New Haven, and by 6 p. m. of the same day, under the direction of Mr. Edward Gagel, chief engineer, and Mr. W. H. Moore, bridge engineer, a trestle had been designed to take the place of the burned bridge. And although there were many features changed to accommodate the surroundings, the general design was carried out. It was the writer's privilege to have charge of construction on the ground. Word was immediately sent to all bridge supervisors in the western district to forward at once all piles and timber in stock of the suitable sizes needed. And at the same time work

trains were dispatched to both ends of the bridge to clear away the wreckage.

The trestle, as designed, was three tiers high. After looking over the ground Monday morning, it was decided to pile the center and east spans, and, on account of rock bottom, the west span had to be built of frame bents. There were three openings left for the passage of ice in the spring, as we knew it would be one year before a new steel bridge could be put in place. The openings were made by driving double pile bents close together and placing some old iron girders we had in stock upon them, and then completing the frame bents above these. The girders were placed one under each rail and one under each batter post of the intermediate tier of bents.

The plant employed the first week was as follows:

On the east side a land pile driver, a water driver, and a steam wrecking derrick, which was used to lower heavier portions of the plant to the river bank, and two work trains to bring material to the bridge and to clean away wreckage, etc. On the west side was a small car derrick and stationary hoister, which was set up on the west abutment. After the first week we had one of the American Bridge Co.'s derrick cars, which very much facilitated the work as it had a boom 50 feet long and a capacity of 60 tons with the boom at a 30 degree angle.

The working force of men was about 100 bridge carpenters and 100 laborers. Most of the work was done between 6 a. m. and 5 p. m. (daylight and dark), except the bottom tier of piles, which work was continued day and night until completed.

The trestle, as mentioned above, was of three tiers in height. The top tier was of a four post frame bent, 21 feet in height. The intermediate tier a six post frame bent, except where the bents came on top of the girder spans. The bottom tier was as stated above, a combination of pile and frame bents. The bents were of eight posts and the pile bents of nine piles. All bents were placed 12 feet centers and on a 60 degree skew.

Until we had use of the American Bridge Co.'s derrick, each bent had to be put to-

gether post by post on the ground, but after we had this derrick each bent was put together on the bank and lowered bodily into place, as also were the girders. Even the track, ties and stringers were put together in sections and carried ont on the bridge and placed by the derrick.

The total amount of lumber in the trestle was 300,000 feet board measure, exclusive of waste, which was very small. Of this amount we had about 90,000 feet in stock at the time of the fire. The remainder was bought in the market and forwarded, so there was no delay in the construction.

The first regular train crossed the new structure Dec. 9, 1905, at 2:46 p. m.—just 17 days and 3 hours from the discovery of the fire, and about 14 1-2 days from the time the first timber was framed. After this we constructed fender piles filled with rip-rap, on the up stream side of the openings, to break the ice in the spring and prevent carrying away the pile supports for the girders. But as it was a mild winter the work was hardly necessary although we had to be prepared for the worst.

A new steel bridge is now under construction and will be erected before another winter.

H. A. WEAVER,

Asst. Div. Engr. N. Y., N. H. & H.R.

The Star Above the Falls

[It will be interesting to our readers to know that Mr. Rockwell has just been awarded a prize by Wesleyan University for the best poem written by any student of the university. This prize has not been awarded for several years, because the poems handed in did not attain to the standard of merit required. Ed.]

The River of Time,
Pouring tumultuously over the verge of
to-day
Into the chasm of Yesterday, thunders
appallingly,

"Return —!"

"O Pilgrim, rashly importunate,

"Return.—return!

"Fool! would you climb

"Lonesome and desolate ways but to regions unknown to thee?

"Hear!—and return.

"Is there cheer in the sound of the thunder the time-riven mountains roll down on us?

"Or promise of comfort there, on the bare peaks that frown on us

"Age after Age?—

"Return—!"

Thus the River of Time,

Pouring tumultuous, rushing resounding-ly over—

Over and down,—

In the dark cavern of Yesterday

Thunders appallingly.

But a Star, O Soul,

Soul over-weary with strife and the toil of the day,

A stead-fast Star burns in the northern sky—

Flames there aloft in the bending vault of vast Possibility!

That be thy goal!

That be the beacon, the signal on high,
Flashing new strength to thee!

Silent,—afar,

Hung o'er the mountain's height,

Unwavering, radiant, straight

Its gleaming rays rend the vagueness,—

The black void of Night.

And clear, O Soul,

Seeking The Way,

(Though rough and long it be; narrow and steep),

Clear is the message it signals, it flashes thee

Adown the long clean crystal
Stretches of Space.

Then onward! and upward!

Beholding, and heeding

The flame set on high for thee—

Summons to Victory

Flashed thro' the Night.

Gain the height!

Thy feet firmly set toward the hills,

And thy face to the Light!

FRED. F. ROCKWELL.

Graduating Exercises of 1906

For many years, at the conclusion of the graduation exercises, we have been led to remark: This was better than ever before—and surely the 21st of June 1906 offered no exception to this rule.

The most exacting could have desired

no more perfect day and Woodstock was radiant in sunshine which had succeeded several days of rain.

The hall was filled with an interested and sympathetic audience—friends of the graduates and of the institution.

There is something of inspiration to be gotten from the earnest young faces of the graduates, and again from the sight of not a few whose hair is silvered by the passing of years, and who have been staunch supporters of the school through its varying degrees of prosperity.

The decoration of the stage was unusually pleasing, ferns and mountain-laurel being lavishly and effectively used.

Upon the platform were seated His Excellency, Gov. Roberts, Rev. H.P. Dewey, D. D. of the Pilgrim church, Brooklyn, Principal Hall, Judge Catlin, the President of the Board of Trustees, and Rev. Mr. Waters, Pastor of the First Congregational church, Woodstock.

At half past two the march for the entrance of the students was played by Miss Burleigh of Natick, the graduating class entering last and taking the front seats reserved for them.

The exercises were opened with a prayer by Rev. Mr. Waters which was followed by a quartet sung by Messrs. Bohanon, Clarke, Sharpe and Morse of Putnam. This met with hearty applause from the audience.

We have learned to expect much of wit and wisdom in Mr. Hall's introductory speeches on these occasions and are never disappointed.

In his most felicitous manner he then introduced Dr. Dewey. For two or three seasons Dr. Dewey has been a summer resident of Woodstock and the citizens of the town have been privileged to hear him in the pulpit on several occasions.

It is impossible to give an adequate idea of his eloquent address, which was characterized with earnestness and flashes of brilliant humor.

He emphasized strongly the importance of a definite aim in life, an abiding sense of honor, a deep and true culture which should add to rather than detract from strength of character; the need of having a firm grasp on those things in life

which are really of permanent value, and without which no amount of pleasure or worldly success, in its narrow interpretation, can satisfy.

Dr. Dewey was accorded the closest attention from beginning to end and the pleasure of hearing these truths presented in so attractive and earnest a manner will not soon be forgotten.

Following the address a piano solo was given by Miss Burleigh. She showed herself a master of the instrument and her playing was heartily encored.

The diplomas were presented by Gov. Roberts who addressed a few well chosen words to the graduating class and was received with much favor.

The male quartet then gave "Annie Laurie" and responded to an encore after which the benediction was pronounced by Mr. Waters.

The ivy-planting was at the east side of the Academy and immediately followed the exercises in the hall.

The ivy essay was given by Miss Ethel Upham and "Fair Woodstock" sung by the students and a large number of the Alumni led by Mr. Morse.

Following the ivy-planting the representatives of the different classes gathered on the south lawn and sang the class songs. There were present members of nearly every class since 1890 and the songs were sung with much enthusiasm.

This closed the exercises of the day and every alumnus present must have left the place with a deepened feeling of love and loyalty to his Alma Mater and its principal who has for so many years given of his best to the institution.

AGNES CHILDE PAINE.

Personals of Alumni Before 1888

It is interesting to note that an alumnus of Woodstock Academy, Hon. Wm. T. Harris, is the first American to receive from the Carnegie fund the maximum amount conferred upon any retired educator. Because of his faithful and efficient service he will receive annually, for life, from this fund, the sum of three thousand dollars.

George D. Lord, professor of Greek at Dartmouth College, has received the ap-

pointment to the Annual Professorship of Greek Language and Literature at the American School of Archeology at Athens, Greece, for the year 1907-1908.

Many friends were glad to greet Mrs. George D. Lord and Miss Sara Bowen upon their recent visit to Woodstock.

In the year and a half in which Sara A. Bowen has been superintendent of the Lowell General Hospital, the work of the hospital, as stated in its last annual report, has more than doubled. In the report of the trustees the work of Miss Bowen and Miss Inez Lord was most highly commended, their efficiency being evinced by the many different directions in which the hospital is growing. One of the most interesting of its additions is the new Tuberculosis Camp, the first of its kind to be connected with a general hospital, with the exception of one in Hartford, Conn. This camp is situated on high ground, with fine equipment for the needs of patients in the earlier stages of tuberculosis. It is not intended for incurables. This camp is under the general supervision of Miss Bowen.

Dr. William Palmer is spending the summer in West Chester, Connecticut.

The fiftieth anniversary of the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Henry K. Bugbee, Williamstown, New Jersey, occurred July 3d, 1906.

Mrs. Josephine Baker Jones and her family have moved to Ludlow, Vt.

George Lyon has moved his family from Leominster, Mass., to Woodstock.

Justin Greene is a grain dealer in Dayville, Conn.

Fine tributes are being paid the mission work of Miss Clara Maynard by pastors of the State. Her field is in New Haven.

Mr. John D. Alexander, whose death recently occurred in Dayville, was a student in the Academy in 1844 and '45.

Mrs. Polly A. Bowen has spent the winter in Central Falls, in the home of her brother, Rev. J. H. Lyon. She has recently gone for the summer to be with her daughter, Mrs. George D. Lord, at Limington, Maine.

Mr. Willard O. Armes still resides in Lexington, Mass. His business address is

53 State street, Boston, Exchange Building.

Rev. Herbert Armes has a pastorate in Carlisle, Mass.

Albert E. Hosmer of Sudbury, Mass., has resigned his position in Cochocton, Ohio, after five years' service as musical director in the schools and choral director of the church. He declined a flattering offer from the church to become assistant pastor as well as choir director. The appreciation of the church was shown by their presentation of a gold watch to Mr. Hosmer. His plans for the fall are not matured.

Miss Alice Hosmer has just completed six years of successful teaching in Weston, Mass., having been for the last four years principal of one of the grammar schools there.

A request for items for the Gleaner met with a cordial response from Rev. Frank P. Bachelier, who writes he still "retains the pleasantest memories of Woodstock." Mr. and Mrs. Bachelier and their six children reside in East Hartford, Conn., and their two oldest children are members of the Hartford high school. Mr. Thomas Bachelier now lives in Mears, Michigan. Miss Clementine Bachelier is at present touring France in an automobile, while Miss Mary Bachelier remains in the Norwich home where her father and mother, Rev. and Mrs. F. E. M. Bachelier spent their last days. Rev. Gilbert Bachelier has a pastorate in Glastonbury, Conn.

Mention should be made of the death of Geo. W. Burns, the husband of Serena Medbury, whom he married in 1875. He died in Morrison, Illinois, after a long illness. This item will interest the older alumni, as Mrs. Burns was a pupil in the Academy from 1868 to 1870.

In the death of Mrs. Jane Phillips which occurred May 25, 1906, Woodstock Academy loses a former teacher, a patron, and loyal friend.

Dr. William Collar, master of the Boston Latin school, a student at Woodstock Academy in the early '50s, has recently visited a daughter in Abington, Conn.

Cordial greetings were bestowed upon Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Topliff upon their recent visit to Woodstock, when, after an

absence of thirty years, they attended the graduating exercises. It is gratifying to know that Mr. Topliff considers no year of his teaching pleasanter than that spent at Woodstock, and no friendships truer and more lasting than those formed while connected with our institution of learning, which, he writes, is very dear to his heart.

Although the exact date has not been ascertained, mention should be made of the death, in Providence, of Mr. Daniel Lyman.

A welcome letter from Mrs. William E. Bunten, whose husband was principal of the Academy in the early '80s, contains greetings to the Woodstock friends. Walter Bunten is now engaged in business at Rondout, N. Y., being connected with a firm there which manufactures rubber goods. Miss Mabel Bunten was married about four years ago to Rev. H. F. Lawler, who is now settled at Libertyville, Illinois. Mr. and Mrs. Lawler have two children.

We are grateful for news of our alumni in California. Miss Joanna Gaylord has been teaching the past year in St. Agatha's School, Pasadena. She is spending the summer in the Catskill mountains.

William Standish Gaylord is an actuary in the Home Life Insurance Company, 256 Broadway, New York.

Mr. and Mrs. William Gaylord, (nee Etta Bowen) with their two daughters, are pleasantly located on Earlham street, Pasadena.

Mrs. Annie Williams Walker is a bookkeeper and stenographer at Pittsfield, Mass.

Henry Law is located in East Killingly, Conn., where he has a grocery store.

George Thurber, of the Sawyer district, Putnam, has recently purchased the Barber farm in Woodstock Valley.

Edward Tourtellotte is assistant cashier in the New York, New Haven and Hartford freight office in Providence.

Reed Tourtellotte is freight clerk in the Enterprise Steamship Company of Fall River.

Mrs. Josie Day Chandler resides in Providence.

Byron Dennis has a position in the Providence Public Market.

Mr. Edward Chandler has recently purchased an interest in a daily paper in Texas.

Mrs. Carrie Barrett Brown lately gladdened the hearts of Woodstock friends with a visit. Mr. and Mrs. Brown with their four children live in Upton, Mass.

Miss Lucy Mason of Springfield, Mass., has recently taken a delightful automobile tour of a week, the most northern point reached being Montpelier, Vermont.

Friends of Mrs. Elmie Sanger Wells will be glad to hear that she has been benefited by her long course of treatment at the Adirondack Sanitarium, and hopes to be able to return to her home in South Woodstock before long.

Miss Clara J. Dennis has a position of responsibility in a straw manufactory at Foxboro, Mass.

William Herrick and family are occupying the Herrick cottage at North Woodstock for the summer.

Gilbert Harrington is engaged in business with the Rhode Island Hospital Co., of Providence.

Albert Banister is employed in the Belcher & Loouis hardware stores of Providence.

Dr. Channing Newhall of New York is spending his vacation at Woodstock Valley.

Frank Perrin has a position in Putney's Optical Store, Providence.

Mrs. Lizzie Perrin Calkins is about to move to Schenectady, N. Y., where her husband has business interests.

Captain William F. Flynn has still about eight months' more of service in the Philippines, before he can return to the United States. He and his family are pleasantly located, but like the homeland best.

A Year as Teacher in the Academy

My dear Mr. Hall:—When you wrote to me a short time ago requesting me to write an article for the Gleaner, you suggested that I give, a summation of my year's experience in Woodstock. I felt that I could not write an article of the desired length upon such a subject, for

my experience in Woodstock can be summed up in a few words. I shall always look back upon Woodstock with the pleasantest kind of recollections. I met friendly faces and welcome handshakes on all sides.

When I first went to Woodstock last September, I was in a peculiar situation. I was fresh from college, after having passed through a most delightful year. I had always lived in the city and my knowledge of the country was very limited. I took care not to exploit my knowledge upon farming, but was content to confine myself to the "knowledge factory." I kept my eyes and ears open, however, and I have learned many valuable facts about farming, that is, valuable to be.

Woodstock is a unique town. To an ordinary transient, Woodstock appears to be no different from numberless other pretty towns. But to an interested observer, Woodstock stands apart from those towns. There are many New England towns that are as prettily situated, with reference to natural scenery, although I can safely say that few surpass. But that does not make Woodstock unique. It's her Academy. There are few towns in New England, in fact in the United States, whose life is so intimately connected with the life of an Academy or Seminary. Just try to imagine Woodstock without her Academy, and you shudder at the thought. Woodstock, without her Academy, would lose the respect, I almost said reverence, of the surrounding towns and would soon be classed among that ever increasing number of degenerating New England towns.

Perhaps some who may read this letter may think it strange, that I, a new comer and one to whom Woodstock was unknown until one short year ago, should presume to tell the friends of Woodstock Academy how intimately Woodstock and the Academy are connected. It may be perfectly legitimate for some to think in this manner, but I have been in a position to study the situation with out seeming to do so. When a business firm wishes to know just how a distant branch of its concern is progressing, the firm

does not rely solely upon the resident manager. No, the firm sends a man or men who may be called disinterested parties. These men see things and unearth facts that at times simply appall those who have been living under such conditions. So it has been with me, I went with no previous information and, what I have learned, I have gained from information given and from personal observation.

The conclusion's that I have drawn are few. The main one is that with one or two exceptions every one who considers himself or herself loyal to Woodstock and her Academy needs an awakening. It certainly spoiled part of my pleasure, when, at graduation, I saw so many with smiling faces, greeting each other and smiling patronizingly upon the "outsiders," and figuratively speaking patting each other upon the back and saying "What a glorious institution we have." But every one of those very people has not shouldered any responsibility. On the other hand one man, with the assistance, when needed, of two or three others, has been allowed to take all the work and bear the brunt of the struggle.

Another conclusion that I have drawn is similar to the one just stated. It has to deal with the attitude of some people, especially some of the parents, towards the government of the Academy. There is not enough active cooperation between teacher and parent. In a community so small as that connected with the Academy, there should be as little friction as possible. The fall of the Grecian states was due largely to the fact that each state was so small that any small internal friction was detrimental. So it is with the Academy.

The parents should interview the teachers of the Academy more often, not upon when their child is to graduate, but upon how each can aid the other. I personally, know of no other school where the private feelings and peculiarities of pupils are respected better and where the scholars are treated more gently than at Woodstock Academy.

I fear that you may think that I have wandered from the subject at hand, but

as I study human nature where ever I am I believe that what I have said can come under my experiences.

As I said in the beginning of my letter, I have had a very happy year, and it is with regret that I will not be with you next year. I hope that my next year will bring forth such good friends as my last. The heartiness with which I was welcomed by most of the people is very gratifying to me, and I hope that my successors will receive the same treatment that I did. The people came over half way to make it pleasant for me, and with hardly an exception all the pupils were very upright and honorable towards me.

I wish you a very pleasant and successful year.

Very sincerely yours,

WALDO D. PARKER.

The Banquet of Graduates since 1888.

Last year, at Plaine Hill, the alumni since '88 held their first banquet, followed this year by one at Lakeside, South Woodstock, on the evening of June 22d. Thirty-five of the alumni and alumnae sat down at the tables, which were beautifully decorated with pink peonies and roses. Mr. Pierre Foster very kindly sent us roses from his gardens. His thoughtfulness was much appreciated and added greatly to the evening's enjoyment.

Mr. Fred Rockwell, the toastmaster, presided in his usual genial manner, which brought back the old Academy days [not so very old, though] to many of us. His apt and witty remarks excited much merriment and applause.

A number of toasts were responded to by the alumni and alumnae, who, in spite of their professed embarrassment at being thus called on, showed themselves quite equal to the occasion. Miss Grosvenor's talk on the old Secret Societies of Woodstock Academy was especially enjoyable, both to the ex-members as well as to those of us who could only hope to have some of our former burning curiosity on this subject relieved.

The banquet was quite informal and time passed quickly with story-telling and reminiscing. At its close Mr. Hall spoke a few timely and enjoyable words. After dinner the company spent the remainder of the evening in conversation and dancing.

Altogether the affair was a great success thanks to the chairman of the committee, Mr. William Child and his assistants.

There has been quite a little discussion over these dinners, both as to the advantages of making them a permanent institution, and of substituting them for the old fifth year reunion of the Alumni. As long as the banquets are as well attended as these past ones, it seems as if they were well worth continuing.

On the years when the regular reunion occurs, perhaps it would be as well to omit the banquet, since one would almost necessarily detract from the other. Few of the graduates could arrange to attend both. But the reunions seem to be an old and time-honored custom which, thus far, have been more than a hollow observance of precedent. Their appeal, too, is wider than that of the banquets, which draw only the younger graduates. Woodstock Academy alumni are nothing if not loyal. Can we younger alumni not show our loyalty by keeping up the reunions, as we must do if in the future they are to be continued?

PHOEBE W. RANDALL.

"The Land of the Lily and the Rose"

In describing Bermuda, one is forced to be lavish in superlatives. When I saw this "Land of the Lily and the Rose" for the first time one early morning in March the water was the clearest I had ever looked into, the sky overhead was the bluest I had seen, and the vegetation was the greenest of greens. In Bermuda everything thrives — everything is at its best, and an artist is tempted to make use of his most brilliant colors. These semi-tropical islands are thickly overgrown with palms of many varieties, century plants, cedars, bananas, paw-paws, and oleander hedges. One of the most inter-

esting trees that grow in Bermuda is the Fiddlewood—not that it is curious in aspect, but the history connected with it is most unusual. This tree was brought to Bermuda from Australia, and now, instead of losing its leaves in autumn, it loses them in spring, still retaining its old habit of the antipodes. The one mahogany tree on the island is very famous. Mark Twain said he was quite sure that there was only one, as he had counted it several times.

Bermuda lillies are well known, and the white fields are indeed beautiful. As one drives along the sunny or shady roads there are lily fields on both sides and the fragrance of them fills the air. Red birds and blue birds vanish among the cedars as one passes by. It is a fact of interest that there is not a snake on the 365 islands of Bermuda. There are many spiders, but even these are too hospitable to bite. The climate is most agreeable, and this, besides the natural beauties of the place, draws crowds of people during the winter months. In other words, Bermuda is a famous winter resort. From January until April the hotels of Hamilton are full to overflowing, and there are dances and festivities every evening. There is usually a British fleet anchored at Ireland Island, and as there is also a regiment just outside of Hamilton, this makes society very gay. The "red-coats" who wander about the town are most picturesque, and add more color to the land. As there are soldiers, of course there are forts. None of these structures, however, are remarkable, as they are comparatively modern.

The Bermuda houses, most of them bungalows, are more interesting than the forts. They are scattered every where among the green trees, and the roofs are always pure white. This great contrast is most effective, and the houses look as if they had just been powdered with snow. But there is never any snow in Bermuda. Showers are frequent, it is true, but the sky clears quickly, and the sun shines brighter than ever, giving new radiance to the trees and flowers.

The Bermuda Islands are surrounded by coral reefs, some of them close to the

shore, others miles out to sea. Excursions are formed to visit these reefs, and when the launch reaches them, everybody climbs out into glass bottom boats, which have been towed along behind the launch. These boats enable one to see at close range many wonders of the water-world. The coral formation is exquisite in the minuteness of its composition.

There are many other interesting places to visit, but these are too numerous to tell about. The natural beauty of the place is beyond comparison. The water is of a remarkable greenish blue, and very clear. This color causes the sky to seem almost violet by contrast. The Bermudians are of course fond of outdoor life. They spend most of their time in sailing, playing tennis or golf, and swimming. A person going to Bermuda is indeed out of things if unable to serve a ball over a net.

Yacht races often take place, and even little sailing picnics are frequent. The islands in Hamilton harbor and the bay are numerous and beautiful, and these are the scenes of many picnics and parties. At the time of the South African war the islands of Bermuda were flooded by Boer prisoners. When the war was ended, however, hundreds of them signed the Oath of Allegiance and returned to their native land. About a dozen Boers still remain, for they will not yield, and they make their living by carving cedar boxes and canes, marked with the pathetic letters "P.O.W." (Prisoners of War). Once or twice Boers have tried to escape by swimming from one island to another, but they have been shot. There are many colored people in Bermuda, in fact the greater part of the population is formed by them. They are a good honest class of negroes, and are never objectionable in any way. "The Land of the Lily and the Rose" is easily reached. A steamer goes there once a week, and it is only a voyage of forty-eight or fifty hours, if the weather is good.

People doubtless think that because Bermuda is so small—it is only 20 miles long—there isn't much to be described. But many are the points of beauty and interest. All the trees and plants are wonderful; there are most curious species

of fish and flowers. And perhaps I should say also, that the poet Moore spent a number of years on these islands, and his home, Walsingham, is most picturesque. It is a happy-go-lucky land. No one worries. Even the little "chick-o'-the-village" sings, "Don't worry! Don't worry!"

"Surely, surely, slumber is more sweet than toil, the shore Than labor in the deep mid-ocean, wind and wave and oar;
O, rest ye, brother mariners, we will not wander more."

DOROTHY H. RICHARDSON.

Senior Class Honor Essay

Why Girls Should Go to College

There are various reasons why a college life is of special value to girls.

One girl may go to college with a desire for fun, another, to get all the knowledge she can; but it is through neither of these purposes that one gets the highest benefit out of college life. It has been said: "College life is three quarters formation and one quarter information; three quarters training, one quarter knowledge.

To many petted darlings has come no opportunity to learn in the home the lessons of self-dependence, self-control, and womanliness, and the college looks upon these lessons as of more importance than anything that can be canned from books. She is therefore thrown upon herself. In the mere matter of doing things for herself, of having to wait upon herself, it is good for her. In the vital matter of forcing her to take a moral stand, it sifts girls as wheat from chaff. It takes a great deal of moral courage for a girl to stand up for obedience to regulations, for honor, for loyalty, when the other girls are doing and saying the thousand little mean things in which many of the sex are past masters. But if she does it, she has gained a moral strength worth everything else the new experience has given.

But how shall a girl obtain the best intellectual results from her college life, at the same time? By disregarding the bal-

ance of her physical and mental nature, and plunging into a fierce competition for marks and honors and prizes? The achievement, whatever it may be, will hardly compensate her for its probable cost. If a girl follows such a course, it will prove too strenuous for her: it is not a natural nor a desirable life for girls. The sanity of scholarship depends upon a normal life. A woman's special value in the world lies just in the qualities which make her womanhood. And these are the things which strenuousness must disturb, if not destroy. Thus, while a girl is at college studying, that life, if true and well ordered, should deepen, unfold, and brighten her woman's character in the power of great confidence and self-sacrifice, of reserve and dignity, which are of limitless value.

By no means the least of the good and the pleasure that a girl finds comes from the steady, systematic work, with its power of concentration and delight in conquest of difficulty.

Then, the steady routine of college life which makes this uninterrupted work possible, makes it, also, less burdensome. When we have to do a thing at a regular time, we do it, and that is the end of it. When it is left to our discretion, we often spend half the time deciding when to do it, and the other half in worrying because it is not done. The girl at college is spared this strain. Her study hours are fixed for her; she has just so much time in which to accomplish her work. Then she is free, and there is no question in her mind whether she ought to study more. At first, the overconscientious girl, who, perhaps, has been accustomed to putter over her lessons, feeling that she must always do a little more on them until the very moment she is called to the class, may think that she can never finish her work within the prescribed time. And the girl who, perhaps, has never learned a lesson in her life, may feel that "she shall just die if she has to be shut up in that horrid old room so long, and made to do the same thing over and over every day." But gradually, if there is the right kind of stuff in her, each adapts herself.

The first girl is surprised to find how much she can accomplish in a short time, when there is only a short time, and how great has been her gain in mental concentration thereby; and the other discovers a new and unexpected source of pleasure in being held to duty, and not left the victim of her own "chance desires." Mentally and morally and physically it is good for a girl, as is also the rest of the routine, the regular hours and exercise, the wholesome, regular meals, and the long nights. There is a chance, too, that upon her may dawn an idea of the value and the beauty of routine, and the happiness that can come from the everyday performance of duty, which may work itself out in after years in the better regulation of her household and of her own time and energy.

Indeed, the whole make-up of college life, its system of class organization and office holding, its self-government, its elective system of studies and the very examinations, are combining to give her judgement, confidence in her own ability, and, above all, the poise which a wife ought to have.

But college is not all hard things and discipline. It is good fun and good fellowship. The fun that is earned is better fun than the fun that is steady diet; the friendships which are formed, often prove to be a lifelong joy. Men's circle of acquaintance is usually greater than women's this is the result of their professional and business life. But friendships are quite as important to women as to men. The college is the place for forming such friendships.

The social life at college should be one of the most potent forces in a girl's development. Let her learn to make social intercourse an uplifting influence and an inspiration, and when she goes home she will be able to brighten the lives of those about her, who may be less fortunate than she.

Some object to college life for the reason that they think the independence of college and the association with culture and wealth, makes a girl dissatisfied with her own home. On the contrary, college should make her appreciate her homes

much more. In visiting her college friends, she sees many different homes and her eyes are opened to such an extent that when she returns home, she will be eager to make many changes in her own home. But here there is great danger that she may rush ahead too readily. She must keep a cool temper and, by gradual work, the home will become altered satisfactorily to all; and no one will regret the self-sacrifice that has been made towards giving her a college education.

MAUDE E HEALEY.

Senior Honor Essay

The Advantages of American Colleges for Women

In order to determine whether or not it is advantageous to go to college, let us just see what advantages the colleges of our day and of our country ought to offer.

The present age is an age of money-making; it is also an age in which each one must make his or her own way in the world. In order to do this, young women must be taught the practical side of life. Therefore our colleges of today must lay very great stress on practicality. They are substituting pedagogy and home economics for literature and poetry; they are sending out good house-keepers and teachers instead of merely literary women.

The time and country demand sure and quick thinkers. Sureness of thought can only come from a thorough knowledge of the subject, and everyone will admit that this is to be obtained in college. The college girl of today keeps in sight the particular, rather than the ultimate end; she is obliged to learn her lessons as they come; there is no jumping over to the ultimate end. Such a steady application of her mind must have the effect of quickening her powers of thought. So both of these qualities, sureness and quickness of thought, can be obtained in college, the former by the acquired knowledge, and the latter by the steady application of the mind to studies.

I think all will agree that more than anything else there is need of good home makers. It has been said that going to college tends to draw the girl away from her home. To be sure, if a girl cares nothing for duty and only for pleasure, and if her home life is very unpleasant, she may not care to return to it after the gayety and pleasure of her college life, But on the other hand, after the restrictions placed upon her while at college, the freedom of the home will be pleasant, and her duty and her faults will be more plainly revealed to her by the example of the girls about her.

A quality which is greatly needed at the present day is culture. By this word is meant, not "a certain cleverness with curious implements at a dinner table, or even an unfailling good taste, but rather a fine breeding of the mind, and a comprehensive skill in meeting people and sharing the high interests of the community." Now many college graduates say that one of the greatest benefits received from their education is a broadening of the mind, a freer outlook, an increased ability to see things in the light in which others see them, in short, culture. This is of use in the house, for the girl who can interest herself in the affairs of others is much more helpful than the one who is selfishly wrapped up in what interests herself only. This broadening of the mind will also have the effect of making what before the girl called peculiarities of her family, become in her mind individualities, which will only increase her love for her home and will not tend to draw her away from it.

Add to these the advantages of good literature, pleasant associations, the good influence of teachers and fellow students, and the possibilities of establishing lasting friendships, and it may be plainly seen that our colleges do offer us many advantages.

If a girl goes to college with the determination to get out of it all of good that it can give her, she cannot be disappointed with the result.

Our colleges are steadily improving, and let us hope that soon they will have attained that end for which they are

striving: to combine in one the cultured woman, the society woman, the practical woman, the learned woman, and the home-maker.

ETHEL UPHAM.

Athletics of 1905-1906.

When the Academy opened for school last September, the boys decided to follow the precedent set in the preceding year, that is, having no foot-ball team but centering all efforts upon having a good basket-ball team. This was, however, rather doubtful as only Hyde, Morse and Chaffee of the 1904-1905 team returned to the Academy.

A fairly large number of boys appeared for practice, but the majority did not seem to be as enthusiastic as were the girls who vied with the boys as to who was to have the field or the hall during the noon hour. All during the fall and early winter, as long as the weather permitted, the game was played with much vigor on the campus. All were very much interested, although no organization was attempted.

While no regular contest games were played during the early part of the year, the boys played several practice games with the alumni—resulting in about equal honors.

As the cold weather came on, the boys worked diligently, changing Academy Hall into a basket-ball field. As soon as their work was completed along this line they proceeded to organize a basket-ball team with Chaffee as manager and Hyde as captain.

The girls, determined not to be outdone by the boys, organized a team with Elizabeth Carr as manager and Sarah Herrington as captain. Mr. Parker acted as coach for both.

In preparation for the great game with Putnam High the boys practiced well, the great disadvantage was that good team work could not be gained and that Chaffee was the only man that could be depended upon to shoot a basket. Whiting gave good promise, however, whereas Hyde, who played center, was compelled to play that position instead of playing guard, he nevertheless did good work. Both Morse and Weaver, as guards, did good

work. Although the boys lost their first game, yet they had three other handicaps besides the ones first mentioned. This game was the first time that the team played upon a floor with artificial light. Furthermore the boys had to contend with an ungentlemanly official and crowd, and in addition they had to shoot for baskets that had been erected according to professional rules, a fact which was enough to defeat any team. Moreover, this was the first time that three of the team had ever been "under fire."

The return game, however, was won by the Putnam boys because of the poor policy of our boys. For some reason or other the boys had done no practicing for two weeks except the day before the game. Our boys really won the game, but because of a mistake, found out too late, the game was awarded to Putnam with a score of 15 to 14. Our boys were ahead until the latter part of the last half, when the hall became so dark that it was only by chance that a basket was made.

Following this the boys played several games with the alumni, and with the girls, two games. In these the Academy team were generally victorious.

The manager of the boys' team arranged a game with the Killingly High School. The game was called at 3:30, and there was a fierce struggle, but the Danielson boys, by their good team work, defeated our boys, who were very much out of practice.

During all this time the girls had been practicing very faithfully, for no regular team had been chosen, and each girl hoped to be the lucky one. With the girls as with the boys, the same unfortunate incident happened; that is, there were plenty of guards but no forwards. Miss Upham was about the only one who had any "eye for the basket," although others at times were very proficient. It was the greatest sort of regret to our coach that the team which would do wonderfully well in practice, would, in contest games, forget team work and the position of the basket.

The girls played their first game with the girls from Danielson. The teams were very well matched, but the Killingly girls seemed to know our strongest player,

Miss Upham, and kept her well guarded. Woodstock lost the game in an unlucky moment, when our girls seemed to be attacked with stage fright, and stood still while two baskets were made. The Killingly team won—7 to 5.

The State Agricultural College at Storrs arranged for games with the Woodstock Athletic Club and the Academy girls' team. A '02 girl played center for the Academy team, our center being unable to play. Our trip to Storrs was a most delightful one. We were met at the Wilimantic station by one of the college wagons and driven to the college where a bountiful dinner was awaiting us, to which we all did justice. At 2:30 the girls were on the field ready to play. Our girls were outclassed from the very first. We were beaten when we played girls' rules, and overwhelmed when we played boys' rules. We nevertheless had the consolation of being beaten by a Simmon's College girl, who made at least thirty points by simply standing at one end of the little hall and making a basket at the other. The score was 44 to 20.

The W. A. C., although they had had very little practice, did some excellent playing. Wells and Chaffee hardly missed a basket, and the other boys did some fine team work. They carried off great honor with a score of 35 to 19.

After the games both teams were invited to one of the college houses where refreshments were served and a social time enjoyed, after which we started for home.

The next game the girls played at Danielson. We arrived fully determined to win, but our girls never having played on a waxed floor could do simply nothing. We were defeated by a waxed floor and by the superior playing of the Danielson center, who made 16 points. The score stood 16 to 8.

The closing game of the basket-ball season was played by the boys at Danielson. They were compelled to go with only three of their regular players, and the score has been kept secret. We presume Woodstock was victorious (?) but the victors failed to bring home the spells.

When the basket-ball team had finally disbanded, the boys doing so readily but

the girls regretfully, attention was turned toward base ball. There were thirteen boys to pick from. No regular base ball team, however, was organized till late in the season, and then only two contest games were played, and those with the Nichols Academy. The team elected Hyde manager and Whiting captain. The lineup of the team was: Chaffee, c; Hyde, p, 2nd base; Morse, 1st; Whiting, 2d p; Weaver, s s; Perley, 3d; Baker, 1 f; Armstrong, c f, c; Miller, r f; Healey, r f; Nelson, c.

The first game was played at Dudley, and at the end of the fourth inning it looked rather doubtful for the Woodstock boys, the score being 9 to 1. But they worked faithfully, and at the end of the ninth they were victorious with the score of 13 to 11.

A week later the Dudley boys came to Woodstock accompanied by a crowd from their own school. In the last half of the sixth inning the Dudley catcher hurt his hand. They had no substitute except one of their young men teachers. At last our captain consented to let him play. The young man proved to be an experienced player, but in spite of this our boys won.

Although athletics in Woodstock Academy during the past year have not been very successful in point of victories, still we feel that we have not had our work and pleasure in vain. We hope that the athletics of the coming year will profit by our example. We can attribute almost every one of our defeats to one cause and that is, lack of practice. No team can hope to win victories if every member is not willing to do hard work and practice faithfully. In a small school like ours every available candidate should appear, for it is their duty to keep up the past athletic position of the Academy.

SARAH M. HERRINGTON.

Personals of Alumni Since 1888

MISCELLANEOUS

Miss Johnson is spending her vacation in Pittsburg and at Silver Creek, N. Y.

Mr. Parker has accepted a position as teacher of mathematics in Holdernes Military Academy, Plymouth, N. H.

Howard Clerk is living in White Plains, N. Y. He is one of a firm in N. Y. City of contractors for library furnishings and the like.

Albert Gaylord is a member of the firm of Gaylord, Blick & Vose, which furnishes electrical supplies and fixtures. The store is situated on Fair Oaks Avenue, Pasadena.

Robert H. Gaylord has invented and is now manufacturing an electric safety elevator device in Los Angeles.

Harry W. Beckwith has been lost sight of since his graduation from Dartmouth Medical school. Who will send us news of his doings and whereabouts?

John Grosvenor since his graduation from Yale has been his father's right hand man at the Ben Grosvenor House. We don't wonder that he is satisfied to remain in old Pomfret.

Walter Chase is heard from occasionally, as prospering in the insurance business in Pittsburg, Penn. The Gleaner would be glad of more particulars.

Rev. Welles Partridge is preaching for the present in Exeter, N. H.

Clifford I. Stoddard has been heard from as visiting Cleveland to purchase and learn to run an automobile. It is needless to say that he succeeded in both particulars.

Halsey Weaver is living in Clinton, Conn. He is in the Engineering Department of N. H. & Hartford R. R. still. He has recently done important engineering work on a new bridge across the Housatonic River.

Wallace Leavitt is still a superintendent in a woolen mill in Spencer, Mass.

Adrianna Hutchins is stenographer in the office of the Railroad Gazette, New York City.

Kathleen Leavitt makes her home in Worcester, Mass., with her parents. She has been travelling through the west and south during the winter with a concert company.

Kenneth Leavitt is in Casper, Wyoming on a big sheep ranch. He writes that a paper or letter from the East is as welcome as his dinner. His address is care of Hall & Hardie.

Richard Child is still working in an

electric company in New York City. His address is No 1, Revere Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Bertha White is doing successful work in her school in the Sawyer District of Putnam. She has filled this position now for a good many years and that speaks volumes of praise for a teacher.

Ethel Phillips Barker is living at 223 South 14th Street, Harrisburg, Penn. Her husband is in the Grain & Feed business with his father. Mrs. Barker has been giving lessons on the violin during the year. She is a member of a musical club and vice president of the Tourist Club, a literary club.

Eliza Dean has so far regained her health, that she hopes to return to Smith in the junior class in the fall.

Henry C. Holt is inspector of transportation on the Southern Railroad between Atlanta, Ga., and Birmingham, Ala.

Florence Hosmer is continuing her art studies in Boston, at present along the lines of portrait painting under the instruction of Joseph DeCamp.

Willis Hosmer is principal of a high school in Waterbury, Vt.

Fred Hosmer is in the employ of the Bell Telephone Company in Syracuse, N. Y. He and his wife (Mary E. Boyden) reside at 708 Cortland Avenue, Syracuse, N. Y.

Harold Cox is a fireman still in the employ of the New Haven and Hartford R. R. His work is in the Boston switch yards.

William W. Mathewson has entered upon the practice of law in Wakefield, Nebraska. He has been appointed the Attorney of the Place and has been fortunate in stepping into a good practice.

James McAllep is a mining engineer and is superintending the working of his own mine in Mexico.

E. W. Stevens writes; "Since leaving college I have been in the engineering branch of the structural steel business. The past three years I have been connected with West Virginia Bridge Company, as Assistant Engineer, in charge of the engineering department at Manasquan, N. J. He would be delighted to hear from any of his Woodstock Academy friends.

Edwin C. Worcester is the New York, agent for the Glenlyon Dye Works of Rhode Island. He is to be married Oct. 3, next.

Plant Fitzgerald, as announced elsewhere, died of consumption Jan. 30, 1903. He served in the Spanish War in the signal service and from exposure in this service contracted a severe cold, which resulted in the fatal disease. He was sent to North Carolina for the best of care and treatment, but these proved of no avail. Fitzgerald was in the Academy only one year, but he is remembered by all as a bright and promising young man.

Everett Jaquith lives in North Thetford, Vermont. We acknowledge the receipt of a picture postal card showing his residence.

Ernest Haskell expects to tour through the West this autumn, to make a series of illustrations for "Outing", including the California Redwoods, the Desert, and the Grande Canon.

Harry Hicks is in the U. S. Railway mail service and runs from Boston to New York.

1890

Agnes Childe Paine is a contributor to the Woodstock Academy Gleaner this year.

John A. Boyden is office manager for the Hood Coal Company, Seneca Falls, N. Y. His home is still in Geneva, N. Y.

1893

Mary Goodwin Bliss, as we know, is the wife of a Methodist minister. This perhaps accounts for the difficulty of learning her whereabouts.

Florence Morse Dart is still at Quinebaug, Conn.

Harold K. Morse is still, plugging away, at Hammond, Knowlton & Co's silk manufactory at Putnam. He has charge of the Finishing Department, employing from eighty to one hundred girls. It would seem to those of our readers who know the aforesaid H. K. Morse, that this is a strange place for him; but he assures us that since he became a married man he is blind, or nearly so to all would be charmers.

1894

"Gradatim"

Maxwell W. Rockwell spent the winter in New York City illustrating posters for weekly magazines, and completing a series of dramatic caricatures for the "Outdoor News."

Edward S. Boyden still makes his home at 59 Sherrill Street, Geneva, N. Y.

Charles G. Burd has given up his work at the Hill school, and will be in Auburn, N. Y., after October. He and his wife will make their home at 89 North Street, Auburn N. Y.

Anne Hall Gaylord spent the past winter at her home in Cleveland, Ohio.

The class would be glad to hear from A. Dumond Merwin.

Alfred T. Child visited his home at Christmas time. He still resides in Pueblo, Cal. For further particulars see "Morning"

1895

"Non Nobis Solum"

Everett L. Upham is still in the employ of Brown & Adams, Wool Commission Merchants at 214 Summer Street, Boston.

For news of Alice E. Sharpe, see "Noon".

Edith H. Hall spent the past winter teaching at Bryn Mawr, Pa. She is working in the library of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts writing on an Archeological paper.

Burton T. Fitts is still in the employ of the Gorham Manufacturing Company, Providence, R. I.

Estella M. Tompkins has been at her home in Tonica, Illinois, as usual during the past year. "See Noon"

Edward L. Child passed the winter in Worcester, and the same old address will still reach him.

For news of Jessie Bowen Palmer, we have only to read her own article to be found elsewhere in these pages.

Sara H. Colvin was at her home in Worcester most of the past year.

1896

Do Ye Next Thing

Evelyn L. Dean taught last year in the Durfee High School, Fall River, Mass., as head of the German department.

For news of Mary E. Bowen, see "Noon."

Clarence E. Weaver is Resident Engineer of a new branch of the Southern Pacific Railroad, which is being constructed between Benson, Arizona, and Guaymas, Mexico, a distance of 353 miles. He has entire charge of the civil engineering, and has an assistant, and a large corps of engineers under him. His address is Guaymas, Sonora, Mexico.

Joseph S. Sheppard visited his home in South Woodstock this summer. His friends were all glad to see him again.

1897

"Alta Patens"

Louise P. Grosvenor attended the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts last winter, as a member of Mr. Chase's portrait class.

Howard M. Frost is manager of the Surety department in the United Surety Company, New York City.

Arthur O. Williams is now in the employ of the Sheppard & Co. Chemical Works, Providence, R. I. His friends look forward to seeing him at home during his vacation in August.

Constance Holt took a course in Italian at the Berlitz School of Languages, New York City during the past winter.

Albert Lloyd Cooper has entered the grain business in Deansboro, N. Y. He is also putting in an electric plant for the village. He visited Woodstock with his wife in June.

Ralph H. Sabin continues to reside in Brookville, Pa., where he is employed in the Brookville and Mahoning Railroad. He does office and field work.

Joseph P. Catlin is with the General Electric company at Lynn, Mass. Mr. and Mrs. Catlin (Esther H. Trowbridge) would be happy to see their old friends at 86 Moulton Street, Lynn, Mass.

Ruth Williamson Gallup resides as usual at Woodstock.

Fred J. Fitts now makes his home at Yuba City, California. For further particulars, see "Noon".

Mowry Ross is spending the summer at his home in West Woodstock.

1898

"Esse Quam Videri"

Emily B. Ross has finished her fifth year in the village school in West Woodstock, and has been engaged for the sixth.

Edna V. Frost spent the winter with her parents in Brooklyn, N. Y. and has returned to her summer home in West Woodstock.

Leslie Harris is in the insurance business in Passaic, N. J.

Flora Steere Wetherell has started a private kindergarten with one member, Vernon Wetherell.

Maria Chandler has been teaching in Staten Island for two years and expects to teach in Brooklyn next year.

Sidney D. Upham is manager of the telephone company in Canton, Mass.

James H. Hutchins has been following his profession of veterinary surgeon in New York City, the past year.

Emma E. Allen has been principal of the High School in Amherst, N. H., during the past winter.

Albert H. Williams and wife (Bessie Barber) spent the past year at their home in South Woodstock.

1899

"In Limine"

Olah H. Withey is in the employ of Ginn & Co. at their Athenaeum Press, Cambridge, Mass.

S. Florence Warren has been teaching school in Eastford during the past winter.

Ruby Sanborn has substituted the last part of the school year, in Torrington, Conn. She has been elected to the position of instructor in Sciences in a young ladies' school in Washington, Pa.

William C. Child has been at home during the past year.

May S. Gifford spent the winter in East Woodstock.

1900

"Vincit Qui Se Vincit"

Mary J. Allton has proved successful as a school mistress and has been instructing the youth of the town, the past year.

Bertram C. Bugbee is reported as having attended a Theological Seminary in

the vicinity of Boston, and also as having matrimonial designs on a young lady of Providence.

Lafayette E. Evans has been engaged in survey work for the Consolidated at New London where he has made his home. During the year he brought home as a bride, Miss Edith May Saxton of Norwich.

Irving P. Frost has spent the greater part of the past year in Brooklyn, N. Y., where he has been employed in a bank.

Arthur G. Morse, is another of our graduates, with good judgment enough to appreciate the value of the old farm, and is making a good living on his farm in East Woodstock.

John C. Paine has finished the first year in Rush Medical college of the University of Chicago and also received the degree of B.S. at that institution in June.

Fred F. Rockwell has been taking a special course at Wesleyan University.

1901

"Non Nobis Solum"

Mary E. Aldrich has been teaching in the East Woodstock school during the past year. She expects to spend the summer months in Michigan and Illinois.

Ewart L. Brunn has assumed charge of the Export Department of the firm of Hayemeyer & Brunn, New York City.

Herman Chandler has spent the year in Putnam, Conn., in the employ of Chandler & Morse.

Frank Davenport has charge of the Grocery Department in the firm of Alexander & Co., Providence, R. I.

Thomas Louby is at present employed in Boston.

Olive Paine has been teaching during the past year in Litchfield, Mass.

Phoebe Randall graduated from Smith College in June. She is spending the summer in East Greenwich, R. I.

Herbert Slye has been studying chemistry with a Correspondence School during the winter. He expects to continue the subject next winter remaining at his home in West Woodstock.

Sabin Spalding has spent the year at his home in Woodstock.

Ethel Spalding received the degree of

A. B. at Smith College in June. She has accepted the position of Alumni Secretary at Purdue University.

Ernest Williamson is employed by the Knox Motor Truck Co., Springfield, Mass. His home address is 27 Spring street, Hartford, Conn.

1902

"Nil Sine Labore"

E. V. Lew Cox is fitting for a trained nurse in the South Framingham Training School for nurses.

Lotta M. Stackpole was graduated June 20, '06 from the School of Domestic Science of Worcester, Mass.

Florence M. Barber has been teaching in the Pentecostal Collegiate Institute, North Scituate, R. I.

L. Gertrude Taber is spending the summer in Woodstock. She has been out of town during part of year, following her profession as nurse.

Harry F. Child is in the employ of the Barrett Roofing Co., South Brooklyn.

James V. Perrin is studying in Yale Sheffield Scientific School.

Alexander J. Hibbard was graduated during the past year from the Nurses' Training School at Bellevue Hospital.

Jessie M. Hibbard is a trained nurse at Greenfield, Mass.

Chauncey S. Child taught two terms of school in Pomfret, District No. 7.

Jessie Withey has been working since 1904 as stenographer for the William H. Gallison Co., Engineers and Contractors for steam piping, Boston, Mass.

1903

"Altior"

Helen L. Chandler has just completed her second year at Wellesley College.

Florence I. Hibbard has been a successful teacher in one of our Woodstock schools this last spring.

Allen W. Upham took piano lessons at the Worcester County School of Music, Worcester, Mass., during the past winter and spring.

Frank W. Rockwell has been making an enviable record at Annapolis. He is among the first half dozen in his class in scholarship. In athletics, he was one of the crew who defeated Yale.

Clarence R. Hall has completed his junior year at Yale. He is working for the Borough's Adding Machine Company in Cleveland, Ohio, for the summer.

Grace B. Church has attended the New England Conservatory of Music, Boston, Mass., all of last year.

Alice M. Steere was employed for a short time in Worcester, Mass., the past year. The rest of the time she has been at home.

Grace L. Sumner has been in Putnam most of the past year. She was for a while employed in the Telephone office there.

Cornelius Haskell has completed his sophomore year at Yale University.

1904

"Veritas Vincet"

Pearle Allton spent the past year at her home in East Woodstock.

Bernice Leavitt taught the Fall and Winter terms in District No. 12 and during the spring has been taking piano lessons.

Annie Nelson has been at home the past year.

Elizabeth Perrin taught the school in District No. 15 through the past year.

Florence Safford has been attending a business college in Worcester.

Annie Shippey has been teaching in Stafford, and intends to continue another year.

Blanche Shippey taught the fall term in the Center District.

Spencer Child is at Pomfret learning landscape gardening.

William Nelson taught the whole year in Pomfret and during a few weeks took some post graduate work at the Academy.

George Whitney is working in an office in Grosvenordale.

1905

"Semper Paratus"

Nellie T. Burleson taught the Harrisville school during the fall term. The remainder of the year she has spent at home.

Edmund K. Gilbert has finished his first year at Pratt Institute and expects to continue his study there.

Frederic W. Howard spent most of the past year at home. He did considerable graduate work at the Academy.

Harry E Wells hopes to enter Pratt Institute in the fall.

Ethel A. Rawson has completed her first year's study at the Rhode Island Normal school in Providence where she intends to resume her work the coming year.

The Whip-poor-will

The stars shine faint and distant

Above in the arching sky,

The cricket's chirp is quiet.

The winds are floating by,

When from the silent meadows,

In the night so calm and still,

I hear a lone bird singing

A strange lay—"Whip-poor-will."

The music of day is over,

Where has he stayed so long?

That sad note has not mingled

With the other birds' gay song.

Is he an alien restless,

Who by the sparkling rill

In the hush of the summer evening

Is whistling "Whip poor-will?"

Or is he a monk from an abbey,

Wandering through vales and meads?

To the Holy Mother Mary

Is he prayerfully telling his beads?

It is growing later and darker,

And down by the tinkling rill,

In pious song is he chanting

His vespers—"Whip-poor-will."

Is he a wizard uncanny,

With a magic wand of might?

Is he chanting an incantation

There in the silent night?

Does he weave a spell round his listeners

With his power for the good or ill?

And is his word of enchantment

That mysterious "Whip poor-will?"

Is he a wandering spirit

Weary of toil and strife,

Who, returning to earth in the darkness,

Seeks to return to life?

His cry is wild and eerie,

I tremble and grow chill,

As on my ear in the darkness

Falls the ghostly "Whip-poor-will."

But all through the night, once peaceful,

Sounds the cry of the wondrous bird,

A sound which is ever unchanging,

A sound which is often heard.

Yet no one may trace the mystery,

And learn, in the midnight still,

It there is a meaning hidden

In the night song "Whip poor will."

NELLIE T. BURLERSON.

Morning

What is the little one thinking about?

Very wonderful things, no doubt.

Unwritten history

Unfathomed mystery!

Yet he chuckles and crows and nods and winks,

As if his head were as full of kinks

And curious riddles, as any sphinx!

J. G. Holland.

BIRTHS

Aug. 20, 1905, a daughter, Mary, to Mr. and Mrs. John Child of East Woodstock.

Aug. 19, 1905, a daughter, Doris Harriet, to Mr. and Mrs. Louis Lindeman of Southbridge.

Sept. 8, a son to Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Wells of South Woodstock.

Sept. 27, 1905, a son, John, to Mr. and Mrs. George McClellan of New York.

Feb. 15, 1906, a son, Charles Longworth, to Mr. and Mrs. Howard Peckham of East Woodstock.

Feb. 17, 1906, a daughter, Harriet Phyllis, to Mr. and Mrs. Harold Morse of Putnam.

Feb. 19, 1906, a son, Malcolm Fling, to Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Sabin of Brookville, Penn.

March 1906, a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. Robert Fisher (nee Helen Carr) of Walpole, Mass.

March 22, 1906, a son, Paul Hunt, to Mr. and Mrs. Fred Williamson of Hartford April, 1906, a daughter, Caroline to Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Andrews, of Woodstock.

May, 1906, a daughter Helen to Rev. and Mrs. H. F. Lawler (nee Mabel Bunten) of Libertyville, Illinois.

May, 19, 1906, a son, Vernon T. to Mr.

and Mrs. George Wetherell of East Woodstock.

June, 1906, a daughter, Harriet to Mr and Mrs. Asa May of Howard, R. I.

June 15, 1906, a son, Lucius Hardy, to Mr. and Mrs. Bertrand Andrews of East Woodstock.

July 14, 1906, a son, Lucius Gilbert Eldredge, to Mr. and Mrs. Lucius Eldredge of East Greenwich, R. I.

July 15, 1905, a son, Maxwell Dickey, to Mr. and Mrs. Clarence E. Weaver of Mexico.

Noon

But happy they! the happiest of their kind!
Whom gentler stars unite and in one fate
Their hearts their fortunes and their beings
blend

Thomson

MARRIAGES

Oct. 12, 1905, In Bridgeport, Conn., Cornelia J. Catlin and Lieut. Julius Augustus Furer of Brooklyn, N. Y.

Oct. 18, 1905, Miss Nellie Pctter of East Woodstock to Mr. Elliot Clemence of Southbridge.

Oct. 25, 1905, In Pomfret, Miss Alice Sharpe and William H. Johnson.

Nov. 28, 1905, In Eastford, Miss Agnes Hibbard and Gilbert S. Dean.

Nov. 29, 1905, In New York, Clarence Tabor and Miss Mabel Chamberlin.

Feb. 12, 1906, In Fall River, Mass., Asa R. Scranton Jr., and Christina R. McGettigan.

June 12, 1906, In Ashford, Fred J. Fitts and Ethel May Upton.

June 26, 1906, Lafayette E. Evans and Miss Eva Saxton

June 27, 1906, In Eastford, Mary E. Bowen and Edward S. Keith.

July 26, 1906, Joseph W. Waterbury and Mary Estella Tompkins. [They will be "at home" at Mendota, Illinois]

Night

'Tis hard to part when friends are dear,—
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;
Then steal away, give little warning;
Choose thine own time;
Say not "Good Night,"—but in some brighter
clime

Bid me "Good Morning."
Anna Letitia Barbauld.

DIED

Aug. 1905, a son of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Lowe.

Aug. 24, 1905, Capt. Erastus Blackmar of Woodstock.

August, 1905, Russell, son of Mr. and Mrs. William R. Barber.

Sept. 1905, Mrs. George Webber of Northampton, Mass.

Oct. 13, 1905, Elizabeth Wells of Southbridge.

Oct. 27, 1905, Gladys M. Flynn of South Woodstock.

Dec. 19, 1905, Dr. John McClellan, of Woodstock.

Jan. 19, 1906, Miss Sarah Herrick of Boston.

Jan. 29, 1906, L. S. Hayward. [husband of Alice Hibbard Hayward] of Pomfret.

Jan. 30, 1903, In Port Tampa, Fla., H. B. Plant Fitzgerald.

Apr. 17, 1906 In Hartford, Conn., Mr. Marshall Williams.

Apr. 1906, In Auburn, R. I., Mrs. May Hicks, wife of Harry Hicks.

May 25, 1906, Mrs. Jane Phillips of Woodstock.

July 2, 1906, In Dayville, John D. Alexander.

July 18, 1906. Mrs. Sarilla Peyster Chandler.

Programs of the Year Public Rhetoricals

Public Rhetoricals given by the students of Woodstock Academy, in the Academy hall, Friday evening, March 17, 1906, commencing at 7.30 o'clock.

Orchestra

PART I

Chorus, The Sailor's Wife, Stephen Adams
The Surrender of Burgoyne, Curtis

Ernest W. Miller

The Wrecker's Bell. Winter

Helen A. Foster

How They Brought the Good News from Ghent Browning

Mabel B. Eddy

The Composite Ghost, Marion C. Smith

John B. Healey

Orchestra

PART II

The Dandy Fifth, Gassaway

Maud B. Andrews

The Honor of the Woods,	Adapted
Herman R. Chaffee	
The Sepulchre in a Garden	Beech'er
Lotta E. Howard	
Whiskers,	Samuel Woodworth
Robert A. Whiting	
Orchestra	
PART III	
The Fiddle Told,	Franklin
Ethel E. Upham	
Double Quartette, Loveliest Violet,	Carl Reinecke
How Hezekiah Stole the Spoons,	Ashley
Carl C. Morse	
The Old Minstrel,	Adapted
Maud E. Healey	
Orchestra	
PART IV	
The Final Test of Christianity,	Williams
Frederic W. Howard	
The Mourning Veil	Harbour
Sarah M. Herrington	
The Revenge of Hamish,	Lanier
Elizabeth T. Carr	
The Party,	Dunbar
Marvin F. Hyde	
Chorus, The Woodman,	G. A. Veazie, Jr

Graduating Exercises 1906
Two-Thirty o'clock, p. m. June 21, 1906.

PROGRAM

1. Prayer, Rev. George F. Waters
2. Male Quartet, Mr. Henry M. Morse, Leader
3. Address Henry P. Dewey, D. D., Pilgrim Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.
4. Piano Solo, Miss Harriet L. Burleigh Natick, Mass.
5. Presentation of Diplomas, His Excellency Henry Roberts, Governor of Connecticut
6. Male Quartet
7. Benediction

Graduating Class 1906

"Tempore Utamur"

CLASSICAL COURSE

Ethel Elizabeth Upham (cum laude)

LATIN SCIENTIFIC COURSE

Maud Elizabeth Healey
Sarah Martha Herrington
Florence Eva Welch

ENGLISH SCIENTIFIC COURSE

Maud Bertha Andrews
Elizabeth Tyler Carr
Lottie Elizabeth Howard
Mabel Ritch
Marvin Foster Hyde
Carl Clifford Morse

Academy Sunday, June 17, '06

Sermon by Rev. George F. Waters, at the
Woodstock Congregational Church, eleven
o'clock, a. m.

Woodstock Academy

English and Classical School for Boys and Girls

Four pupils received each year into Principal's Family.

Correspondence Solicited

Fall Term Begins
Tuesday, Sept. 4 '06

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