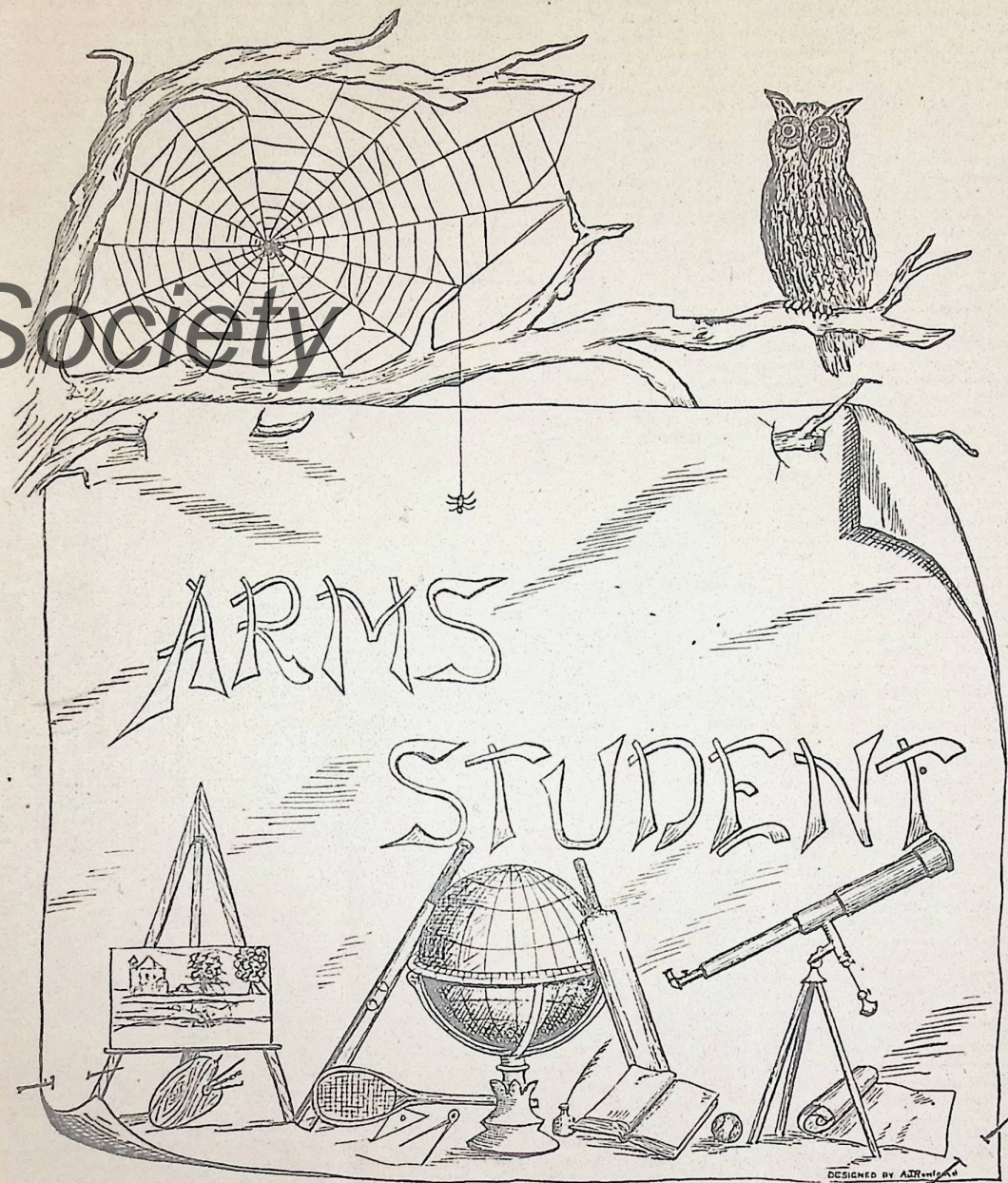


Historical Society



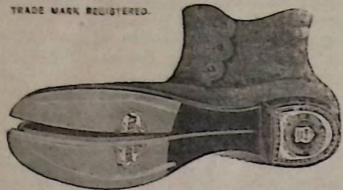
APRIL, 1891.

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Chemical  
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ARMS STUDENT.

VOL. VII.

SHELburne FALLS, MASS., APRIL, 1891.

No. 5.

ARMS STUDENT.

PUBLISHED BY THE  
STUDENTS OF ARMS ACADEMY.

Issued the 1st of the following months:  
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EDITORS.

Howard A. Halligan, '91.	::	::	Chief.
Winifred Church, '91.	::	::	Literary.
Fannie S. Hillard, '91.	::	::	Academics.
Rose E. Koonz, '91.	::	::	Editorials.
Tella C. Woodward, '91.	::	::	Editorials.
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Charles W. Cary, Sp.	::	::	Personals.
Milo E. Purrington, Sp.	::	::	Academics.
George F. Merrill, '92.	::	::	Business.

Any information regarding former students will be thank-  
fully received; also, contributions are solicited.

All contributions should be addressed to the Editor-in-  
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The Deerfield Valley Publishing Co., Shelburne Falls, Mass.

EDITORIALS.

THE ARMS STUDENT extends a cordial wel-  
come to the new local paper *The Deerfield Val-  
ley Echo*. As an Arms graduate, Mr. E. C. Bil-  
lings, '88 is editor of the new journal, it may  
in one sense be regarded as a daughter of THE

ARMS STUDENT. It is with motherly pride, then,  
that THE STUDENT gives *The Echo* her blessing  
together with her best wishes for long life and  
great prosperity.

At this time of the year, when, if you want  
to hear the birds sing, you must get up early,  
how can any one be so slothful as to lie abed?  
Only early risers can enjoy the beauties  
of sunrise as seen from the tower on Mount  
Masseamet. Only early risers can drink in the  
exhilarating draughts of fresh morning air.  
When we consider all the advantages of early  
rising, and especially, when the genial printer  
comes to us for editorials before we are up, we  
are at a loss to understand what possible ad-  
vantage there can be in lying abed.

WHETHER difference of opinion may exist in  
Shelburne Falls as to other matters, all public-  
spirited and intelligent citizens are agreed that  
Arms academy is an institution of which the  
community may well feel proud. As it yearly  
adds to the number of its graduates; as it grad-  
ually widens its area of usefulness; as more and  
more towns are represented among its pupils;  
as the generosity of its friends increases its  
facilities; we may look with confidence to a  
strong and steady growth in influence, wealth,  
and power. No town in the state is situated  
more advantageously than Shelburne Falls is

for educational purposes. This fact is proved conclusively by the largely increased attendance at the academy during the present year. The prospect for next year is very flattering.

COMMENCEMENT will be celebrated with the usual exercises. No pains will be spared to make '91's commencement the most notable in the history of Arms academy. The order of exercises will be as follows:

Baccalaureate Sermon,	7 June.
Public Examinations,	8 "
Prize Speaking by '92,	8 "
Alumni Meeting,	9 "
Class Day Exercises,	9 "
Commencement Concert,	9 "
Commencement Exercises,	10 "
Alumni Dinner,	10 "
Reception,	10 "
Examinations for admission,	11 "

#### Who will found a Scholarship.

The cost of tuition at Arms academy varies from \$24 per year for the English Course to \$27 for the General or Classical. Who will help some deserving student to gain a good education? Many excellent students are hindered from coming to Arms academy by lack of means. Let some of our public spirited friends who believe in helping those deserving of aid, take this matter into consideration.

MR. PRESIDENT:

The last meeting of our society was called to order by President Jenks at 8 o'clock on Tuesday evening the 19th Inst. The report of the secretary being read and accepted we proceeded to election of officers for the ensuing two weeks, resulting as follows: President, Walter W. Wing; vice-president, H. Porter; Sec. Harry Higgins; executive committee, F. A. Tupper, E. P. Dickinson, K. S. Field. A motion was made and carried that the board of decision be appointed by the house. Clayton Higgins, Allen Smith and E. P. Dickinson were named. Harry Higgins was appointed critic by the president.

On account of their learned appearance the board of decision were provided with chairs upon the platform. And with great pleasure Mr. Field accepted the vacancy caused by the absence of Mr. Davis.

The question for debate, "Resolved that corporal punishment should be abolished." was contested on the affirmative side by Messrs. Field, G. B. Wing, and Merrill; on the negative by Messrs. Tupper, W. Wing and Canedy. These having spoken the debate was thrown open to the house.

The report of the critic having been given, the board of decision gave their weighty opinion in favor of the negative. The house also decided in favor of the negative. The meeting adjourned.

Howard A. Halligan, Sec.

#### The Indians.

Ever since the white man first placed his foot on America's strand the North American Indians have been steadily but surely driven westward until at last they were hemmed in by the boundless Pacific on one side and their dreaded enemy, the white man, on the other.

In time obliged by their white foes to give up this land, they were placed on land considered by the white man as unfit for agriculture or grazing purposes, and to remain there or the great father, the President of the United States, would be displeased and send soldiers to hunt and kill them, but if they would make no resistance they should be fed at the expense of the white man.

The Indians, having no alternative, accepted these conditions, but the land proving rich was again taken from them, and so between the agents of the United States and the settlers he has been deprived of his land, and what is still greater of his freedom to hunt and fish at will over the whole country.

Is it to be wondered at that in his ignorance he should rebel and take up arms against his oppressor? Several wars have resulted from it in which the loss of life has been great in both parties, but the overwhelming number of white men has made the battle fruitless for the Indian who has only been placed a trifle more closely in the toils of his enemy.

Discouraged and restless they were only too willing to believe in the preaching of a scheming white person who, a few months ago appeared among them and told them that he was the Christ returned to the earth to destroy the white race in America and place it once more

under the control of the great Indian tribes who formerly roamed at will over the plains and forests.

This person said that a wave of mud and water would in a few months cover all of the land and drown the white people, but the Indians would remain on top until it had passed when they would find the land as it was before the white man saw it.

At first only a few believed in it, but soon there gathered followers and instigated by the so called Ghost Dances and a prominent chief and leader in the dances was killed while resisting arrest by the Indian Police.

War was then openly declared and since then there have been several battles with the United States troops who were sent to stop any possible uprising among them.

In the end it is very probable that the Indians will be exterminated and when that time comes it will be said by the people of the world that the Americans have made a valiant fight and conquered.

Congress could, if it wished, make and enforce laws for the protection and advancement of the Indian, but that honored body of men prefer to spend hours and even days to make a suitable law for the protection of the black bear or the buffalo rather than protect the human beings whose land they occupy.

C. B. COVELL.

#### Rare Ben Jonson.

Benjamin Jonson, or "Rare Ben Jonson," as he was called, was a comedist of the sixteenth century. He was born at Westminster, England.

Jonson's father died leaving him, at an early age, uneducated, but the boy was of such peculiar nature that he attracted the attention of one Camden who sent him to school where he was prepared for Cambridge University, which institute he entered at the age of sixteen. But he was not destined to finish his education at Cambridge for, his mother having married again, he was shortly recalled by his step-father, who was a brick-layer, and set to work. This treatment not being in harmony with Ben's ideas, he ran away, enlisted and fought in the Netherlands.

Tiring of a war-faring life he returned to England and soon married a woman whose financial standing was no better than his own. During his brief sojourn with soldiers he began to write comedy, that being the only field in which he ever gained much sway. Although a poor man, scarcely less than a beggar, the best society was pleased with his presence and the doors of the royals always open to receive him. On account of his shabby dress some ridiculous mistakes were made when he visited the nobles. It is related that upon being informed that a certain lord desired to see him Jonson presented himself at his house and the porter, not liking his appearance, refused to admit him. Some noise and confusion drew the nobleman to the door, "I understood" said Ben "that you wanted to see me."

"You, friend! why who may you be?"

"I am Ben Jonson."

"No, no, you are not the great author who wrote 'The Silent Woman.' You don't look as if you could say 'bo' to a goose."

The dramatist looking square in the nobleman's face, with a comical air cried "Bo."

"I am convinced," said his lordship, "you are Ben Jonson."

His best works are "The Silent Woman," "The Sad Shepherd," "Alchemist" and "Cataline." His works are classic and extremely literal. The following words from his own pen seem a fitting close to a brief sketch of a man who will long be remembered for his eccentricity and his success as a comedist.

"It is not growing like a tree  
In bulk, doth make man better be :

Or standing long an oak,

Three hundred year,

To fall a log at last,

Dry, bald and sere.

In small proportions we just beauties see ;  
And in short measure life may perfect be."

TELLA WOODWARD, '91.

#### The Sunny South.

In all lands where reigns perpetual summer exists for the reader and traveler a charm that cannot be described. It may be partly in historical associations and partly in knowing that there the cold winds of winter never blow, and while the snow lies drifted in northern climes, there the flowers are blooming and summer birds are singing. It is not of Italy or of countries across the sea that I would speak, but a part of our own United States, the South. Many are the quaint and beautiful things that can be seen in that land of flowers, now and also years ago when first the Spaniard landed on the coast of Florida. It was here that Ponce de Leon sought the spring of perpetual youth. Although he never found the wished-for place, a better land could not have been

chosen. Many have left their cold northern homes to find health and so youth in the South. But though now all is peaceful and quiet, it was not always so. There was a time when the scenes of war were in that fair land and the flowers that grew so freely were sprinkled with human blood. In the days of the cruel Spaniard to the time when slavery was denounced and abolished.

The old fort still stands a silent reminder of the Spanish colonies. This fort still in good condition, is situated at St. Augustine, a quaint city where visitors love to linger. It is built of coquina rock and covers an area of twenty-two acres. The dungeons, dark rooms, chapel and penance room all tell their silent stories of the prisoners who have passed bitter days chained before the crucifix. The holes in the wall into the staples were driven, are broken and crumbled, testifying how the wretched beings spent the years of imprisonment, pulling at the chains and trying to free themselves. In an underground passage was found a wooden machine, thought to be a rack, the soles of a pair of shoes, a broken water-mug and a human skeleton, all speaking so bitterly of the unmerciful Spaniards. In fancy one might hear the clanking of the chains and groans of the fated prisoners.

Here, also the Indians roamed at will before the hated oppressors came and took away their rightful property. In the South, too, the strife for freeing the colored race was mainly carried on. Before the northern states awoke to the fact that slavery was wrong, the slaves were made the scenes of unjustness, cruelty and hate wholly unworthy of the people at so civilized a time. Many songs full of pathos

written in the negro dialect and telling better than they could themselves of their sufferings and longings to be free. We know not how dear a thing freedom is until it has been denied us. We sigh and think how fair a land, yet how many scenes of oppression and cruelty. But all clouds have a silent lining and Sheridan's glorious march from Atlanta to the sea and the freeing of a human race from oppression is partly a recompense although it can never be righted, but no one or no thing is perfect. It is a beautiful country this, sunny south, for all the darkness that has hung over it. One of the most picturesque sights is the great moss draped trees. Covered with the silvery gray Spanish moss they present a wierd, strange beauty that is in keeping with everything of this land. One tree named the Council Oak is of interest to all. Here the Indians met and smoked the pipe of peace and here the council fires burned when upon the war path. When the shadows are creeping over the landscape and night is drawing near, the visitor as he watches the swaying pendants on the oak imagines the red man back again and sees the dusky "child of the forest" in the war-dance and the chief as he speaks in his way of wrongs. The songs of the negroes too seems to come on the still air from the old plantation in their wild melody. It seems to be an enchanted land and nature to be charmed here and gives her flowers and summer beauty all the year.

But I cannot help thinking that with all the beauty and sunniness of this country it misses the grandeur of our winter, the lovely sunsets that can never be equaled by the hand of man, the beauty of the mountains covered

with snow and the lesson of purity and goodness the blanket of winter is to us. But be it in the south, among northern hills, on the western prairie, or in the east, home is always the best.

L. A. J., '92.

—o—  
American Nobility.

Since the landing of the first settlers on the shores of our beautiful country, since the very first time the Indians became terror stricken at the unwonted sight of the white man, what a noble country our America has been!

It was only four hundred years ago that the first steps were taken which led, not till some years later, to the discovery of our country, and now look at it; grown beyond all other nations, wealthy, prosperous, beautiful. People say it has been a lucky country.

May be it has, but it has taken something besides luck to make this continent what it is. If it ever occurred to you to look back upon the early settlers, their trials, their hard unceasing labor, I don't believe you will say as I have heard people, "What a grand old time that was!" "I wish I could have come here then; It was nothing."

Was it nothing; was it nothing for those people to leave their comfortable homes (many of them had them) and come to this unknown country?

They didn't know to what they were coming, the thousand and one hardships they must endure.

We read history but we cannot realize it. The printed words are but poor reminders of the actual suffering, the anxious, painstaking

labor of which we are reaping the reward. Yet, these early people in their quiet humble way were a God fearing race doing their best with what they had; patient and happy no doubt in their own way.

We have had noble rulers and educated ones, we must have had or we could not have prospered as we have, but what could our rulers have done without the aid and upholding power of the common people?

There have been discords, naturally there must have been or we should not have been human, but they have been of such a nature and among such noble people, that the result of them has been to draw the people into a more perfect union.

Four hundred years is but a short time for such a work as has gone on here, but we have grown up amid such progress that we become accustomed to it, so that it makes no more impression upon our minds than do the common beauties of nature.

Our people are so full of activity and every undertaking is carried on with so much spirit that travelers are very apt to gain the impression that we never stop for amusement or the cultivation of our tastes, that we have only a wild mania for business. In this we know they are mistaken for no where is there wider scope for education and refinement than in America.

But the progress now is nothing compared to what it will be when women have the power. Then such advancement will take place as we never even dreamed of.

Churches and educational institutes will take the place of breweries and saloons, government expense will be lessened, crimes

reduced, and—but I was not discussing woman's rights. Although it is not possible, as some believed when they heard of America to come here and gather up pieces of gold like so many stones, it is possible to become comfortable.

In the west there are still vast tracts of land awaiting nothing but cultivation and care to turn them into productive farms. When people can find no work let them go there and do something towards settling America.

Our people are of such a hospitable, charitable nature and so much is done for the maintenance and assistance of the aged and those in need, that we, growing up to expect such things would be surprised could we see the difference between this and other countries in that respect.

It seems to me impossible that any of our fellow country-men can exist and see what is being done in this most beautiful land to advance it, see the intelligent, stirring people under whose guidance the steady progress is rapidly going on to the distant west, without a feeling of emulation and sudden decision to place themselves with the advancing population, a mad desire to do something to assist in the enchanting change.

"Lives there the man with soul so dead  
Who never to himself hath said,  
'This is my own, my native land?'  
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned  
As home his footsteps he has turned  
From wandering on a foreign strand,  
If such there be—go, mark him well  
For him no kindred passions swell,  
High, though his title, proud his name,  
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim,—

Despite his title, power and pelf,  
The wretch concentrated all in self  
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,  
And, doubly dying shall go down  
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,  
Unwept, unhonored and unsung."

—o—  
TELLA WOODWARD.

—o—  
Shams.

The world in which we live is a bright one and abounds in noble men and women. The pages of history are replete with tales of the brave deeds and sacrifices of those who have passed away. The world is also full of shams. There are shams in religion. I attended an evening meeting not long ago. The next day I fell in with a zealous member of the congregation and in talking it over was surprised at her question. It was not "How did you like the preaching?" but "Did you really wear that hat?" which was just beginning to be a little out of season and probably not the correct thing in which to worship God.

Gen. Banks, during the war of the rebellion, entered Grace church, one Sunday, and took a prominent seat. He wore a rather rusty cloak and was motioned to a seat further back by one of the ushers. Just then a young lieutenant entered resplendent in gold lace and was conducted to a front seat. As the services progressed Gen. Banks threw off his rusty cloak and displayed the stars of a Major General upon his shoulders. It was then that he began to be overwhelmed with attentions, and prayer-books, and invitations to come up higher, all of which were refused. Are not our immortal souls as safe on the outside of a fashionable

church as on the inside?

While no particular credit attaches to a person for wearing old clothes to church, it is eminently proper if they are as good as he can afford. To be saved from everlasting torment is of some consequence. The fact that our souls are in danger should blind our eyes to any mere imperfections in dress which may appear in the audience.

For the proper development of the individual it is well that he should mingle in society. It tends to broaden his views, enlarge his sympathies, and destroy his prejudices. We do not mean fashionable society, which is a mass of shams. How utterly little and contemptible and devoid of everything noble and Christ-like; how barren and hollow and unsatisfactory must be the lives of those members of society of whom Ward McAllister is the type. They are continually racking what brains they have over such momentous questions as these: "Who constitute society?" "Where does plebianism end and respectability commence?" "Whom shall we recognize upon the street?" What awful results would follow if some of these questions should happen to be settled wrong. What if Ward should jerk his head to the wrong person on the street? What if, in drawing the line between plebianism and respectability, he should happen to admit into his set somebody in whom the baboon predominated?

Ward and the immortal four hundred danced at the centennial ball, and along in the small hours of the night some of them became hail fellows well met with anybody, even those in the common walks of life. It was an honor to be looked back to in after years, no doubt, to have been recognized by one of the four hun-

dred even if he didn't know what he was about. I did not mean that. It was a scene upon which those who fought at Lexington and Bunker Hill, who crossed the Delaware on the ice with bleeding feet, who died a hundred deaths at Valley Forge, might well look down in sorrow.

In what more inappropriate fashion could an event connected with the founding of the nation have been celebrated? How fitting that Ward McAllister and his set should have been left out. The nation was founded in hardship and poverty, and self denial. Ward McAllister is the pampered child of luxury, who never knew what it was to make an effort, or to want for anything. Fie upon such society! I would give more for a hearty "hollo" from a school-mate than for the salutations of the four hundred put together.

"The rank is but the guinea stamp,  
The man's a gowd for a' that!  
What though on homely fare we dine,  
Wear hodden gray, and a' that;  
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,  
A man's a man for a' that!  
For a' that, and a' that,  
Their tinsel show and a' that;  
The honest man, though e'er so poor,  
Is king o' men for a' that!  
'Then let us pray that come it may—  
As come it will for a' that,  
'That sense and worth o'er a' the earth,  
May bear the gree and a' that;  
For a' that, and a' that,  
It's comin' yet for a' that,  
'That man to man, the world o'er,  
Shall brothers be for a' that!"

WINIFRED CHURCH.

church as on the inside?

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May bear the gree and a' that;

For a' that, and a' that,

It's comin' yet for a' that,

That man to man, the world o'er,

Shall brothers be for a' that!"

WINIFRED CHURCH.

Letter of Thanks to an Imaginary Benefactor.

Arms Academy,

Shelburne Falls, Massachusetts,

9 February, 1891.

My Dear Sir:—

Your generous gift of ——— thousand dollars has been received. Please accept the sincere thanks of all those who are interested in the welfare of Arms academy. By a life of industry and economy, by wisely directed business ventures, you have succeeded in placing yourself in a position to aid in the great cause of education. By this liberal gift of yours you have identified yourself with that splendid company of educational philanthropists whose names add luster to the history of the United States. What happier thought could have suggested itself to your mind? For while you give your help to education, you are winning for yourself at the same time an honorable and abiding fame. We of this age are but pioneers. Coming generations, as they enjoy the fruits of your liberal forethought, will speak your name with reverence. So long as these academic halls shall be open for the education of the youth of Franklin, your name will be remembered. Thus is an earthly immortality secured. Thus do you defy forgetfulness. For as the years go on, and the recipients of your bounty become more and more numerous, in the same proportion will your fame grow brighter and brighter. Your act deserves such a recompense, for public spirit is a splendid virtue. Your gift is a permanent and unanswerable argument against the slurs of envy and the sneers of detraction.

It is a cause for double congratulation that you have manifested this liberal spirit, while you are still in the enjoyment of life and health. You yourself can see some of the excellent results of your benevolence. You yourself can see the young, the hope of our nation, enjoying your bounty. If the life of him who honors his father and his mother should be long, so should the life of him who by his generous gifts to education honors the young. Sir, it is not simply for the intrinsic value of your gift that we thank you. Your example will be a constant incentive to others. Around your gift as a nucleus other gifts will collect, but yours will always have the peculiar merit of having been among the first. "He gives twice, who gives quickly" says the proverb, which you have appreciated so thoroughly.

As the students of later years shall gaze on your portrait, which, I am happy to learn, is to adorn our hall, they will say, "This is the portrait of a man who took a long look ahead, who cared for the welfare of his fellow men, who was actuated by lofty principles of benevolence and public spirit. Let us emulate him."

With renewed thanks for your thoughtful kindness.

Very Truly Yours,

FREDERIC A. TUPPER,

Principal of Arms Academy.

P. S. The Alumni at their last meeting voted unanimously to make you an honorary member of the Arms Academy Alumni Association.

## A Letter Found in an Old Trunk.

It is a rainy day, so I am obliged to stay in doors. I listlessly stray from room to room, till at length I find myself in the attic. There in a corner is a spinning wheel; two old clocks in this, the very sight of which reminds me of the stories my grandmother told of fifty years ago. Besides these and many other strange looking articles, I see an old trunk, upon which the dust of centuries had gathered. I always was a meddlesome, curious lad, so down stairs I go to get the key, as I have done a hundred times before, that I may rummage amongst its contents. The lid, or as I might say, the upper story of this trunk is divided into drawers. One of these drawers contains a great number of letters that have been laid here from time to time. Today I think I will look over these letters. My attention is attracted by the peculiar address on one of them, so I open and read. It runs as follows:

Washington, July 18, 1863.

Dear friends at home:—

Your kind favor, I received yesterday. It does me lots of good to get a letter from home. Most of my time has been occupied of late. We had a hard march yesterday, but are now in Washington, where I expect we shall stay for a few days. I have been promoted to captain, so you see, I have been faithful as a soldier.

We have lots of fun in camp. Our cook, "Jolly Jack" we call him, makes great sport for us. I am well and all right. Remember me to the neighbors, and tell them that the Rebels are gradually losing their footing.

Your true son,

Charles Osmond.

Ah! I said, these were exciting times. Many a young man left his pleasant home, and freely gave his life for his country. But as death does not end all, he may have gained a fuller, richer life, "over there."

"On fame's eternal camping-ground  
Their silent tents are spread;  
And Glory guards, with solemn round,  
The bivouac of the dead."

WALTER A. WING.

## OUR BEST SCHOLARS.

The following students have received an average of 90 per cent. or more in their studies and deportment.

ROLL OF HONOR FOR JANUARY, 1891.

Helen C. Hoyt, Sp., \*Mary S. Hunter, '94,  
Sadie R. Maxwell, Sp., \*Sylvia A. Hallam, '94,  
\*Attella C. Woodward, '91, Fannie S. Hillard,  
Sp., Milo Purrington, Sp., Cecil Purrington,  
'94, Sadie Miller, '94, Winnie Carpenter, '92,  
Alice V. Burrington, Sp., Mary C. Burrington,  
Sp., Charley F. Canedy, '92, Nelson Higgins,  
Sp., Charles Z. Smith, Sp., \*Clarence B. Covell,  
Charlena D. Hoyt, Sp., Walter J. Davenport,  
'94, \*John M. Nicholson, Sp., Albert B. Stacy,  
Sp., Grace H. Hicks, '92, George B. Wing,  
'93, Walter W. Wing, '93, Mabel H. Ware, '91,  
Viola E. Crittenden, '91, Kate M. Smith, '91,  
Winifred Church, '91, George W. Cary, Sp.,  
\*Mary S. Loomis, '91, Wilhelmina O. Yetter,  
Sp., Edward P. Dickinson, Sp., Grace Ware,  
'94, Benjamin J. Kemp, Sp., Henry L. Porter,  
Sp., Grace L. Wilson, Sp.

\*Neither absent nor tardy.

## PERSONALS.

Dean C. Howard is an employee in the census office at Washington.

Chas. F. Potter, a former student at Arms is working in Hartford, Ct.

William M. Stacy who attended school here some time ago is now employed on the Fitchburg railroad.

Mr. Bachelor who was with us the first half of the term has returned to Washington.

Edwin Temple, a former student who visited a few days ago, is employed in Brattleboro, Vt.

Albert O. Davenport is working as a carpenter in North Adams.

Eight former students of the academy have just finished successful terms as teachers in the schools of Coleraine.

## SCHOOL FUN.

## The Debate.

Resolved: that compulsory education is a benefit to the state,  
Was the question that did puzzle and wrinkle our pate;  
The affirmatives led with their argument strong,  
And soon convinced the negatives who were for the wrong.

The negatives fought and fighting did well,  
But we made them all only too willing to sell:  
They found that votes could be bought and sold,  
Just like anything which demands "payment in gold."

So take warning my kind friends and beware,  
That your bread that you've buttered with so much care;  
Is not all a fancy, and all a dream,  
And that you haven't milk in place of the cream.

## One Stormy Night.

Copied from the original.

On the fourteenth of January,  
In Ninety-one,  
When the winter term  
Had just begun,  
Two flight students,  
On that night  
Planned a walk  
In the bright moon light.  
They went to church  
About half past seven,  
Were well entertained  
Until nearly eleven.  
They started away,  
These four so bold,  
But the snow did fly  
And the wind blew cold.  
They still went on  
Their walk so nice,  
Till they saw just ahead  
A strip of ice.  
They said to the ladies,  
With ashen lips,  
"Don't mind our leaving you  
On the chips."  
You know the rest. In school  
It's been said  
How these four students  
Divided and fled,  
Two up the hill  
With footsteps fleet,  
The others went faster  
Towards Main Street,  
Now, happy students  
One and all,  
Whene'er you see a piece of ice,  
Don't think you'll fall  
When you walk with ladies  
Upon a moonlight night,  
Don't think it smart to leave them  
In such a sorry plight,  
When you seek to be forgiven  
And get to feeling blue,  
"Never trouble trouble  
Till trouble troubles you."  
This is the moral  
And runs at large,  
Take it, you are welcome,  
No extra charge.

A. D.

—ALL KINDS OF—

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October, 1890.

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AND

Principal of Arms Academy.

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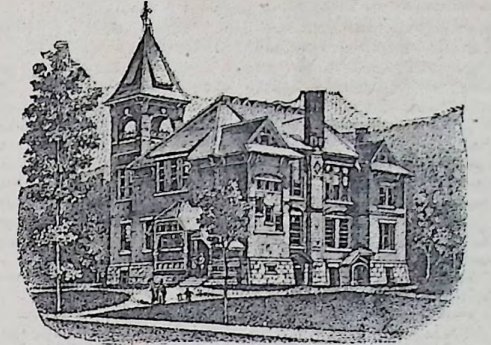
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Rooms for Self-boarding at reasonable terms.

CALENDAR.

Fall Term begins, - - - Tuesday, 2nd September, 1890.  
Fall Term ends, - - - Friday, 21st November, 1890.  
Thanksgiving Recess one week.  
Winter Term begins, - - - Tuesday, 2nd December, 1890.  
Christmas Recess two weeks.  
Winter Term ends, - - - Friday, 6th March, 1891.  
Spring Recess two weeks.  
Spring Term begins, - - - Tuesday, 24th March, 1891.  
Spring Term ends, - - - Wednesday, 11th June, 1891.  
Anniversary Exercises, - - - June 7th to 11th, 1891.  
FREDERIC A. TUPPER, Principal.