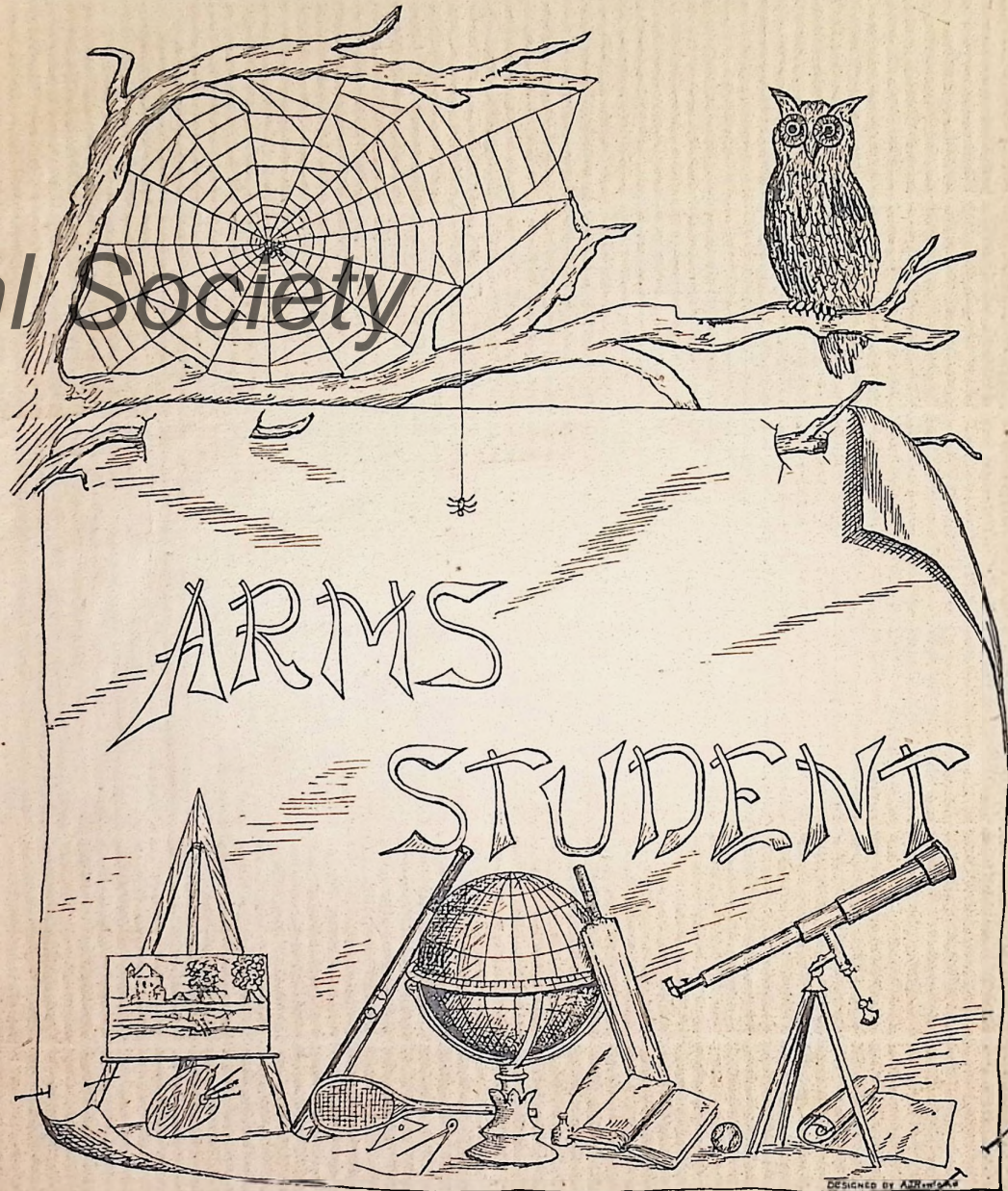


Historical Society



DESIGNED BY A. H. W. G. 1891

DECEMBER, 1891.

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# ARMS STUDENT.

VOL. VIII.

SHELBURNE FALLS, MASS., DECEMBER 20, 1891.

NO. 3.

THE ARMS STUDENT.

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EDITORS.

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Luna Johnson, '92, 1	Personals.	
Minnie Mann, '92, 1		
Chas. Merrill Sp., 1	Academics.	
Philip Merrill, '95, 1		
Sadie Maxwell, '93,		School Fun.
Florence Goodnow, '95,		Literary, Poetry.
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TABLE OF CONTENTS.

Academics,	Page 11.
Christmas Reverie,	" 5.
Death of Alden C. Hutchinson,	" 10.
Editorial,	" 1.
Fortune's Moods, By F. A. Tupper,	" 3.
Letter to the Publishers of Student,	" 2.
Personals,	" 13.
Senior Dramatics,	" 12.
The Christ-Child,	" 2.
Undine,	" 7.

EDITORIALS.

"He who ascends to mountain-tops, shall  
find,  
The loftiest peaks most wrapt in clouds  
and snow;  
He who surpasses or subdues Mankind,  
Must look down on the hate of those  
below."

\* \* \*

There is no more common thought  
among young people than the foolish one,  
that by and by something will turn up by  
which they will suddenly achieve fame or  
fortune.

No, young gentlemen; things don't turn  
up in this world, unless some one turns  
them up.

—Garfield.

\* \* \*

On Tuesday, December 1st, the winter  
term of '91 and '92 commenced with about  
80 students.

Let us all spend our time in the most  
profitable manner, that we may not, after  
our school days are over, look back with  
regret to the time spent here and realize  
the benefits we might have received if we  
had only applied ourselves to our work.

"For of all sad words of tongue or pen,  
The saddest are these it might have been."

\* \* \*

We notice an exchange which contains  
the advertisement of a familiar brand of  
cigarettes, and another of smoking tobacco.

Do not the advertisement of a periodical,  
in a measure, indicate the class of the pa-  
per, and would it not be better for a paper,  
published by representatives of an institu-

Was it for this that ten years ago he had been graduated at Harvard? He fell a-dreaming of those happy college days, of his classmates, so many of whom were famous and rich, of the struggle for the flowers on Class Day—how he got a beautiful bouquet and gave it proudly to Gwendolen Tudor; how she smiled and blushed, and how—ah, folly, folly! Surely it must be a dream—this thought that so much happiness seemed once all his own. Then his fancy saw again the resistless fury of angry Fortune dealing blow after blow. Wealth, health, opportunities must they all go? Must a fatal blight strike every project. Gwendolen would not desert him. But had he any right to link her lot with his poverty and despair? He had been earnest, industrious, persevering, but a malign destiny seemed always to be waiting to stamp failure on his every effort. Perhaps, if he had been more humble, more communicative, his affairs might have taken a better turn. As it was, he had felt too proud to ask Gwendolen to wait for him, especially as his prospects grew constantly worse. And so two persons by nature fitted to make each other happy had drifted apart by stress of circumstances. Bancroft's misfortunes had not embittered him, for his nature was genial and full of sunlight, but this Christmas Eve his earthly history seemed to be drawing to its close.

Bancroft was suddenly aroused from his dreams by a faint knocking at the door. He opened it quickly. A man staggered into the room and sank into a chair. His heavy ulster was white with snow. Ice and snow covered his beard, his eye-brows, and his hair. As the visitor sat breathing heavily in his chair, Bancroft gave an involuntary exclamation of surprise:

"Bob Tudor! Of all the persons in the world!"

The stranger roused himself at the words,

stared wildly about him, looked for a moment at his host, and said:

"Give us your hand, old man! Are you alive or dead. Or am I dreaming? Our last class report said that you were dead, but you know three or four of our men had the pleasure of reading very flattering obituary notices of themselves."

"I'm alive and not much more," replied Bancroft shaking the proffered hand vigorously, "but how in the name of wonder, did you happen to come in here?"

"The storm was too much for me. Brought on one of my old heart attacks. I have 'em once in so often ever since I stroked the Varsity Crew at New London. There's nothing very dangerous about 'em, but they're confoundedly uncomfortable, while they last."

Bob Tudor, who had now recovered his equanimity, gazed furtively about the room. His quick blue eyes took in at a glance the desperate plight of his old friend and chum. While an evil genius had steadily pursued Bancroft, Dame Fortune had done nothing but smile on Tudor's efforts. He was a splendid fellow, handsome as Apollo, frank, cordial, jovial, but Bancroft was really much the abler man. It was due to no extraordinary ability on Tudor's part that a distant relative for whom he had been named, had left him \$300,000. Nor was it in any measure due to his own superior genius that his father had taken him into a well established law business. His health, too, with the exception already noted had not been impaired. His frisky heart was somewhat erratic at times, but it never seemed to interfere with his success. In short, Tudor had succeeded, and Bancroft had failed.

"Look here, old man," said Tudor "come and spend the holidays with me. We shall have a capital time. And, by the way, I've some good news for you!"

Bancroft's pale face flushed crimson.

"Thank you, Bob," he said, "but I can't accept your invitation—I haven't—anything—to-wear!"

Tudor burst into a merry laugh: "A male Flora McFlimsy!" he cried, "you look a hundred times better than I do just as you are. But if you're going to stand on ceremony, come round to the club, and I'll make a trade with you some way. You've got to come with me anyway. I tell you I've found just the position you want, and if you don't come straight along with me, old man, you'll be flying right in the face of Providence. Come on, Rege!"

The tears sprang quickly up in Bancroft's eyes, and the old winning smile of the college days came back. Ignoring his mortification he took Tudor's arm, and the pair started for the club.

"On second thought" said Tudor, after they had reached the club, and were busy-ing themselves over a hot supper which, Tudor said, was absolutely essential to his happiness, "let's go over to my tailor's, rouse him up, and see what he can do for us. In the meantime, let me tell you the good news. You remember how Higginson and Hale started a magazine here, and how well they succeeded? Well, you know, Higginson was an idealist and Hale was a realist, they have agreed to disagree, and Hale is going to start another magazine.

In the meantime, Higginson, the idealist, who has the money, said to me yesterday: "If I could find Bancroft, I would willingly pay him \$3000 a year for the privilege of getting his articles using up Tolstoi, Howells, and other unmitigated realists."

"Why Bob," said Bancroft, "Higginson and I utterly demolished those fellows years ago, at the Harvard Union, but they seem to go right on just the same."

Tudor laughed merrily. He was not altogether sure about idealism and realism, but he knew about rowing and money-mak-

ing. After all, it is barely possible for a person to get on with a very moderate amount of metaphysics.

When Tudor's tailor had attended to Bancroft, a very gratifying change for the better was apparent. The two friends boarded the Elevated, and soon found themselves at Tudor's elegant Fifth Avenue Home. The house was all aglow with candles and lamps. The richest furniture, the rarest paintings, the most luxurious carpets, in the added warmth and light of a gigantic Christmas tree on whose every branch flashed the Christmas candles, glowed radiantly. But brighter than the flashing lights, warmer than the glow of mellow-hued paintings, more Christmas-like than all the Christmas ceremonies, was the welcome that sweet Gwendolen Tudor gave to Reginald Bancroft.

How Bancroft's fortunes prospered from that Christmas Eve, how love and fame and wealth came at his call, how Gwendolen and he were married at Trinity—why tell what everyone knows?

When the glad bells rang their "Merry Christmas" on the radiant Christmas morn, Bancroft awoke with a start, and caught himself in the act of saying:

"Thank heaven for the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man!"

#### CHRISTMAS REVERIE.

Away back on the hills of Vermont lived an old farmer whose only thoughts, centered on the farm, made life of little value save as it brought here and there a scanty mite to add to that pile already hoarded.

One night, as he sat by the open fireplace slowly drawing the puffs from his long pipe, he really changed his thoughts from the old farm to the near drawing Christmas.

Yes, once he had looked forward to the

day; once, though it was long ago, his stockings had been filled with the toys that please, and his appetite had been satisfied with all the delicacies of the season. But now it was not so. No, life had once its pleasures for him but now they were gone, probably forever.

When suddenly, yet slowly from amidst a red, cracking stick there arose the delicate form of a maiden. Not a sound did she utter, but upon her breast were written the words:

"Thy life would be happier made  
By giving to those who need thy aid."  
She slowly and silently disappeared.

What did this mean? Was this a message from Heaven? Must all that he had earned through life be given up? Was this the reward of his toiling?

No sleep fell to those eyes that night nor the next, nor the next until a prayer to Heaven brought the same response and through the same messenger.

"Thy life would be happier made.  
By giving to those who need thy aid."

"Act, act in the living present" was the only thought that came to him. Therefore, with the dawn of another morning he set out for the beautiful little village of Shelburne Falls knowing that there "rich and gaudy" articles might be found which would make many a poor child's little heart beat with rapturous joy.

Tying his horse before Mrs. Sawyer's door he went in and after looking over her large lines of plush goods, work baskets, books, albums, and the like, he selected a copy of "Picturesque Franklin," together with a copy of the ARMS STUDENT.

After looking over the list of the contents he turned his eyes to the advertisements, because, as he said, "All the successful business men advertise and I would not trade with those who are not public-spirited enough to help their own school paper."

Taking the STUDENT advertisements for a guide he crossed the frozen street and entered the store of F. H. Chandler & Co., where he purchased of them handkerchiefs, silk goods, and such articles as he desired.

At G. W. Halligan's he next stopped to admire his beautiful crockery, fruit, glass-ware and to purchase of their choice groceries.

Returning to H. S. Swan's their attractive windows necessarily induced him to enter whereupon he was shown their window shades, furniture, wall paper and many of those small articles which make life pleasant and home comfortable and attractive.

Thomas Joyce showed him his line of rubber goods, boots, etc., and upon demand Mr. Joyce presented him with some of his fine blacking, which called forth the remark that "bootblacks can shine in any society."

B. H. Newell & Co. were ever ready to show up their lines of wall papers, paint, oil and to display any articles that a Vermont farmer could desire for his farm.

Coming out of Newell's the attractive windows of A. W. Ward caused an exclamation of joy as the farmer beheld the canned goods, oranges, lemons, grapes, all displayed in a manner that draws the eye of all who are true lovers of artistic arrangement.

Retracing his steps he found himself once more before the open door of F. H. Amsden & Co., whose counters were overflowing with toys, games, towels, spreads, table cloths, napkins, etc.

Paying a visit to the shoe store of G. W. Jenks the old Vermonter was shown everything he wanted from a baby's socks, clear up to a man's 13 (most large enough for the Vermonter himself.)

The very ulsters at the door of Merrick & Bailey tempted him to enter whereupon he found a convenient store kept in the

most orderly manner. Possibly it was he who "wanted a dozen of those turn-down collars that stand up higher than the stand-up collars."

Turning to the STUDENT advertisements once more for his guide, he spied the words "Tea, Coffee, Flour and Groceries," at Amstein Bros.

A few "five and ten" cent goods purchased at Charles Herring's left him with but a few more calls to make before he must start for home.

At Edwin Baker's he saw their beautiful cut glass bottles; bought of their colognes; and cast a glance of regret at the already closed soda fountain.

J. K. Patch's display of photographs forced him to stop a few moments for admiration of them.

His last stopping place was at E. B. Carpenter's, where he purchased of their silks, handkerchief, umbrellas, dress goods, etc.

Seating himself beside his bundles in the old wagon he was about to start for home, when suddenly he threw down his lines and rushed into George E. Davis's store to get some of his chocolates to sweeten his ride homeward.

That night he took his seat, as was his custom, before the old hearth that he might partake of his soothing pipe and reflect on the day which had passed.

Already had he laid his plans for Christmas, which would come to-morrow. At twelve he would receive from the orphan asylum twenty children who would sit around him and partake of the Christmas dinner which his cook should prepare; at 7 P. M. a tree hung with his purchased articles and surrounded by sweet candy and snow-white pop corn should be presented by the old man himself to the eager children whom he had invited.

Truly, he was almost as anxious for the

morrow as were the children. His once cold; hardened, selfish heart had turned, and he found despite himself that he was a man, truly loving and loved.

The morrow came, with it the bright, joyous sunny day of Christmas. At last it had arrived. The children came; dinner was eaten; the presents given; the children departed; and now as the old man sat once more alone by the hearth, the days of his childhood came back; how fondly did he remember the old school house; his own home, his mother; his father; leaving home and settling in the wide world with a fond wife. Then he slept.

Long years afterwards when his peaceful life had ended a document was found which gave all his property to Arms Academy.

To-day that magnificent library stands upon the campus as the result of his life, of his labor, and for his forethought.

---

#### UNDINE.

---

Once upon a time, many years ago, there appeared at the doorway of a lonely cottage, a beautiful child, whose costly garments were dripping with the briny water of the sea. The owners of the cottage were poor fisher folk, who lived here all alone upon a promontory, separated from all the world by a great forest filled with gnomes and demons. But the old fisherman was of a pious mind, and could pass in safety through the haunted forest on his way to and from the city.

But having returned one night, he found his wife in great grief and distress. While sitting by the side of the lake, watching the smile of the baby girl, which had been given them to cheer the path of their age, the child, with a shout of delight leaped from her mother's arms and sank beneath the waves. Feeling their loss so acutely they were the

more willing to take in the little stranger who had knocked at their door.

So she was taken in and cared for and loved in the place of the one who had been lost. Fifteen years passed by. The little Undine (thus she insisted her parents had called her) grew to be a most beautiful woman, her eyes reflected the blue of the lake smiling under the sunny skies, her laughter bubbled forth as pure and deep as a mountain spring, and her moods were as changeable as the ocean wave. She appeared fond and loving to her benefactors, but thoughtlessly gay, never brooking restraint, as, free and heartless, she consulted only her own will. One day, when Undine had reached the age of eighteen, there suddenly appeared upon the greenward before the cottage a knight, magnificently apparelled in purple and gold. As night was approaching he sought shelter for himself and steed. To the eyes of Undine, heretofore unaccustomed to such sights, he appeared a prince from Fairyland and she welcomed him as her long expected knight.

"Whence had he come. Through the wild forest? Then what adventures had he encountered? Tell her!" But the old man shook his head. No such tales should be told when night enveloped all within its dark mantle and the storm arose with fury. Then Undine impatient that any desire of hers should be thwarted, darted from the room out into the darkness and storm. In vain did they call and search for her. The storm gained in fury and many hours had been passed in this vain search, when a sweet voice called the knight, making known her retreat upon a green island lying in the midst of the angry stream which had forced its way between the island and the forest. Dry and unharmed was she, but she would return only after the promise that all that she wished should be granted.

When rejoicing over her safety were over the knight gladly told the story of his adventures. How in a distant city lived a beautiful lady, in answer to whose challenge he had risked the dangers of the ill-omened forest. How, among perils too dreadful to recall to mind, he had been driven on by the tall figure of a white man, seemingly enveloped in mist, and occasionally drenching him with spray, on—on—toward the promontory where he now found his beautiful Undine.

The wild brook still continued its course, making it impossible to leave the island and the knight was content to live on as in a dream, forgetful of all the world beside, but loving more dearly each day the beautiful Undine.

On a dark night as they sat by the fire there came a knock at the door, sudden and startling. It proved to be only a pious priest who had been wrecked upon the coast and sought hospitality. During his reception the knight sat silent, deep in thought. The outer world seemed far removed from this quiet isle. Here was the priest sent to their lonely home as by Providence; all seemed propitious for his immediate marriage with Undine. So, Undine was married to the knight amid the rejoicings of those two who loved her best.

But many vague thoughts troubled the Knight. His beautiful bride mystified him. She showed herself to be full of childish pranks and freaks neither reverencing the aged father nor her foster parents, yet always quiet and submissive as a look of displeasure crossed her husband's face.

But, as on the following morning, all looked toward the young wife fearing some outbreak of temper or childish freak, they were surprised to find Undine thoughtfully helping her mother while a strange new light shone from her eyes.

As, the cool of evening approached, the

young couple wandered from the cottage turning their steps toward the stream, which had been so wild and boisterous, but now flowed gently along between its green banks. "To-morrow it will be quite dry," sighed Undine "and you can travel away wherever you will, without anything to hinder you." But the Knight looked smiling down upon her, swearing never to leave her. When they reached the bank of the stream, Sir Huldebrand took her in his arms and bore his beautiful burden over to the green island where he had found her on that stormy night. Here they seated themselves and Undine lifted that veil of mystery which had always surrounded her.

In the elements, she said, dwelt beautiful creatures like mortals, except that they were not possessed of souls. They were more beautiful, than human beings, and dwelt in crystal palaces, gaily happy, never having aught to grieve them. But they return to the elements and nothing remains to their memory except the dust and wind and waves.

But it is possible for such beings to attain a soul and wake to a higher life, by the closest union of affection and love with some mortal. So, her father, being a powerful prince in the Mediterranean, had brought her, a laughing child, to the fisherman's cottage, where she had loved and been loved and was possessed of a soul: but, she added, if he should cast her off, she would dart into the stream about them, and be borne back to her parents.

Such was the story, which Undine told the Knight out upon the green island. At first, torn by doubts, then his heart overflowed with love toward this beautiful but mysterious being.

Now Undine appeared thoughtful and considerate of all about her, and immediately forsook the grief which her departure would cause her foster-parents, should they

learn of her new gift. So Sir Huldebrand and his bride prepared for their journey, and having parted from the loving old people, departed for the city beyond the wood.

Here Sir Huldebrand had been mourned as dead and now that he returned with a beautiful princess, great was the rejoicing felt throughout the city. One alone, the beautiful lady, Bertalda, on whose mission the Knight had gone into the forest, was sad, for she, too, had loved the Knight.

Undine and Bertalda soon felt irresistibly drawn toward each other: no one, in fact, could resist the sweetness and gentleness of Undine.

Now, as time passed on, there came the anniversary of Bertalda's name day, and Undine prepared a great *fete* in her honor, showing herself to be good and noble hearted, as well as beautiful; but Bertalda and the citizens proved themselves proud and selfish, Undine, grieving at the spirit shown by the guests, begged that they might leave the city and its haughty citizens at once, and travel to Castle Ringstetten upon the Danube, the home of Sir Huldebrand. So they departed on their long journey, but Bertalda, seemingly humble and repentant was allowed to journey with them.

For many years they lived happily at Ringstetten, but clouds began to gather. Bertalda still loved the Knight and wooed him with constant attentions, while he shuddered at any display of his wife's control over the elements. Meantime from the beautiful fountain in the court, dreadful water-sprites appeared to the two as they walked contentedly through the halls of Ringstetten, hand in hand. Undine noticed and was sick at heart. These phantoms were warnings noted by her, but unheeded by her husband and her friend. At last, she ordered the fountain closed, and no longer were the unwelcome guests seen about Ringstetten. The affection of the Knight, however, still wavered.

Once, when Bertalda had wandered away in a fit of anger, he followed, and was in danger of a dreadful death at the hands of the tall white man, who had appeared to him in the forest, and whom he now knew to be Kihleborn, Undine's uncle and prince of the spirits of the water. But Undine overtook the two, as the waters were rising about them, and subdued the elements. Again the love of Huldebrand turned toward his gentle loving wife, and life went happily at Kingstetten, until in the pleasant spring weather, when all creatures think of distant lands with longing, Bertalda proposed a sail down the Danube. Preparations were joyfully made, and all went well, until, while sailing down the river, the water sprites again made their presence known. Then, Sir Huldebrand, with sudden anger, bade his wife depart to her friends, for he had been tormented long enough by their tricks. Slowly-slowly-with face white and drawn, and eyes filled with tears, Undine slipped over the side of the boat into the waves, and, seemingly, melted into their depths.

For many months, she was mourned as dead, and then, the Knight's old love for Bertalda overcame all memories, and their wedding day was set. At last, the wedding day dawned, but the groom sorrowfully thought of Undine, and the bride longed for the purifying water, so beneficial to her beauty, shut up in the beautiful fountain in the court. Pleased to have found her every whim gratified, she ordered the stone to be removed, when there arose, slowly-slowly—a great sheet of clear water and from its midst there advanced a veiled figure, weeping and wringing its hands; straight on through the court, up the staircase, where Undine had been so happy, and so beloved, to Huldebrand's door it glided. Undine was not dead and had come to claim her own. The Knight might never see his wedding day.

Even to this day, there may be seen at Castle Ringstetten, by the Danube, a beautifully green grave, and from its head, arises a pure spring, the gleaming waters of which flow entirely around the grave.

Undine guards her dead!

We are in receipt of many articles this month which for lack of space we are unable to print. But as they are all good, they will appear in following numbers. To the writer of the above article we wish to extend many thanks. ED.

#### DEATH OF ALDEN C. HUTCHINSON.

Word reached town last Thursday of the death at Princeton, New Jersey, of Mr. Alden C. Hutchinson of this place, which occurred at 11 o'clock that forenoon. The deceased was a native of this town, son of Mr. and Mrs. George G. Hutchinson, residing at the Centre, and was the youngest of a family of eight children. He was born November 1st, 1867, and was 24 years and 11 days of age at his death. Of an active and friendly disposition and straightforward, lovable nature, he always endeared himself to the hearts of all with whom he became associated, and his untimely departure, cut down as it were in the very flower of youth, leaves a void in the friendly circle that cannot be easily filled. Mr. Hutchinson had the past eight years been a student, one year of which was spent at Frances-town academy, three years at the academy at Shelburne Falls, Mass., and four years at Bates college, Lewiston Me., and during this time he taught school in this town and in Mass. and Maine. September 15th the present year, he entered the seminary at Princeton, N. J., as a student in the junior theological class, and had been there but three weeks when he experienced an attack of malarial fever, as termed by a local physician, who gave assurance of a speedy recovery. The patient in a few days, however, became worse, and another physician

who was summoned, found the disease to be typhoid fever, but with careful nursing he had until within a few hours of his decease, been apparently gaining, when suddenly Thursday forenoon death ensued from heart failure.

The funeral services were held at the Presbyterian church at Antrim Centre, of which the deceased was a member, last Sunday afternoon. Words of eulogy of the deceased, and consolation for the bereaved ones, were offered by Prof. H. S. Cowell of Cushing academy, Ashburnham, Mass.; Rev. Dr. Cochrane, pastor of the church, and Mr. B. C. Clark, a classmate, and the bearers were the six brothers of the deceased. —*The Antrim Reporter.*

#### IN MEMORIAM.

The class has adopted the following resolutions:

WHEREAS: God in His infinite wisdom has called unto Himself our dearly beloved classmate, Alden C. Hutchinson, we, the Class of '87, Arms Academy, in appreciation of his faithful and loyal services to the class as President, are desirous of expressing our sincere respect for his memory and our affectionate sympathy with the members of the home thus sorely afflicted; therefore be it

*Resolved,* That in his death the Class of '87 loses one of its most loyal and self-sacrificing members, and the Academy one of her most promising alumni.

*Resolved,* That we in our conscious bereavement, remember in the deepest and most respectful sympathy, his doubly bereaved parents, sister, brothers and friends in this feeble expression of that which has stirred the deepest thoughts and feelings of our best natures.

*Resolved,* That we ever hold his name, his friendship, and his life among us as one of our most precious and sacred memories, and that the loss of one of our strongest

and brightest links shall bring us yet more closely together and lead our thoughts to whatsoever things are pure and of good report.

*Resolved,* That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of our late classmate, to each of the Instructors under whom he graduated, and the same be published in the next current number of the *Arms Student.*

FRANK D. BARDWELL, } *Committee*  
URA G. BURROWS, } *on*  
LOTTIE R. CRITTENDEN, } *Resolutions*

#### ACADEMICS.

Merry Christmas.

School began Dec. 1st, with a good number of scholars.

Wanted—50 more scholars.

Professor Thompson has been sick for several days. This gave some of our scholars an opportunity to show their ability as teachers.

This cold weather prevents many of the scholars from enjoying their pleasant porch interviews. It is suggested we have an apartment provided for these.

We have a new organization called "The Academy Barbarian Band."

Read the exchange list. Good for you Mr Scott.

There are 31 scholars in "B" Algebra which is the largest class in school.

Athletic interests are on the wane.—Where are the Singing and Debating societies?

Quoits played with tin dinner pail covers seem to be the favorite amusement in the boy's basement.

(The girls don't play quoits, but their voices are as loud as the sound of tin dinner pail covers.

The class of '94 gave their second sociable in Academy hall Dec. 9th.

The programmes were very pretty, and the printing was something that we have not seen on sociable programmes for many a day.

#### Senior Dramatics.

The reputation of Arms Academy for giving excellent theatricals was fully maintained by the class of '92 assisted by '93. The cast of character in the drama and the farce was as follows.

#### "BREAD ON THE WATERS."

Five years are supposed to elapse between Act 1 and Act 2.

#### Characters.

Dr. Harlem, Principal of Greenlake Seminary,	C. A. Merrill
Harry Harlem his son,	C. F. Canedy
Fred Hastings ) Pupils,	P. C. Comstock
Bob Winders )	G. F. Merrill
Jonathan Wild Butts the town constable,	[H. G. Goodell
Lucy Harlem the Doctor's daughter,	[Miss Binder
Mrs. Loring housekeeper,	Miss Hicks
Dilly (picked from the streets,) Miss James,	Miss James

#### THE FARCE, "SIX TO ONE."

#### Characters.

Mrs. Pomeroy Dodge of Newport,	[Miss Mann
Gladys Quincy, her Boston niece,	[Miss Swan
Nina Crosby, her N. Y. niece,	Miss Hill
Maud Lawton, her Phil. niece,	Miss Johnson
Ethel Davies, her Chi. niece,	Miss Bradford
Aline DeValence, her French niece,	[Miss Hoyt
Eliot Champney her nephew,	W. W. Wing
Mr. Charles A. Merrill as "Doctor Harlem" acquitted himself with great credit. His make-up was superb.	

Mr. Canedy as "Harry Harlem" acted with spirit and effectiveness. His enunciation was particularly good

Mr. Comstock in the part of "Fred Hastings" scored a decided success.

Mr. George F. Merrill as "Bob Winders" brought down the house with "just my luck."

Mr. Goodell in the character of "Jonathan Wild Butts" was well adapted to the part and succeeded admirably in portraying the town constable.

Miss Binder as "Lucy Harlem" gave a pleasing presentation of the character, and used her elocutionary powers to good advantage.

Miss Hicks, as "Mrs Loring" did excellent work, and entered heartily into the spirit of the play.

Miss James as "Dilly" did herself great credit and is deserving of very high commendation.

In the farce Miss Mann as "Mrs. Pomeroy Dodge" chaperoned her somewhat lively nieces in a very matronly manner.

Miss Swan as "Gladys Quincy" was extremely aesthetic and Bostonian.

Miss Hill as "Nina Crosby" showed with good effect the interest young ladies of New York are supposed to feel in stocks and bonds.

Miss Johnson, as "Maud Lawton" developed an extraordinary interest in genealogy, coats-of-arms, and similar subjects,

Miss Bradford, as "Ethel Davies" spoke clearly, and ate chocolate creams with "ease and dispatch."

Miss Hoyt, as "Aline DeValence" made a pleasing impression, and spoke French with an unusually good accent.

Mr. Wing as "Eliot Champney" the young man who believed in the doctrine of "impartial, equal attention" made love to the five nieces in five different ways. Mr. Wing did this so well, that the unprejudi-

ced observer is almost forced to the conclusion that Mr. Wing must have had considerable experience in this direction.

#### PERSONALS.

Harry Higgins is driving a delivery wagon for a Holyoke laundry.

Mattie Smith is teaching in Colerain.

Lillian Cary is in Chicago attending an art institution.

Percy Richmond is working in a drug store in Florence, Mass.

Wm. P. Batchelder is in Washington, D. C. for the winter.

Roy D. Judd '93 has a good position at Mr. Baker's drug store.

Janie Mather '91 is teaching in Adamsville.

The Principal of Cushing Academy considers Mr. H. B. Davis a valuable addition to the faculty.

Maud Purrington '90 is teaching in Shattuckville.

E. J. Cary is attending the veterinary college in Montreal.

Milo Purrington is keeping books for Canedy and Field, Shattuckville.

Kate Smith, '91, is teaching at Foundry-Village, Colerain.

Our new janitor and editor, Chas. W. Cary, has entered the class of '93.

Carrie E. Winterhalder is learning the dress maker's trade of Mrs. Thomas of this town.

Welcome back! Miss Yetter, you, too, Mr. Brown.

Clarence B. Covell has a liking for the banking business.

Clayton L. Higgins, our former janitor and editor of athletics, is in Springfield, Mass.

Benjamin J. Kemp has a good position at Amsden's.

Guy C. Tower is working at the dental office of Dr. J. C. Perry.

Bertha C. Andrews is teaching in Shelburne Center.

Annie E. Morse late teacher at Conway, has gone to Deerfield.

Edwin A. Tanner who paid us a visit lately is clerking in Fitchburg.

Eva Sprague is at home in Jacksonville, Vt.

Attella C. Woodward is teaching.

Cora Russell is teaching in Colerain.

Miss Davenport '86 is resting at home.

The recently published book, "Picturesque Franklin," contains a description of Shelburne Falls, and an illustrated poem by Prin. Frederic Allison Jupper.

News has reached us of Annie L. Ritchie class of '90 who led the class last year and now has in consequence captured a \$60 prize at Middlebury, Vt. College.

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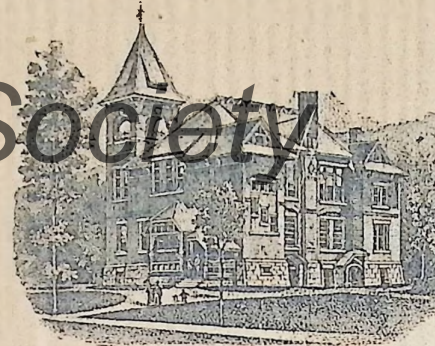
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Winter Term ends, Friday, March 4, 1892.  
Spring Term begins, Tuesday, March 22, 1892.  
Spring Term ends, Wednesday, June 8, 1892.

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