

# ARMS STUDENT.

VOL. XI.

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NO. 5.

## ARMS STUDENT

—Published by the—

STUDENTS OF ARMS ACADEMY.

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All information regarding former students  
will be gladly received.

### EDITORIALS.

It seems very fitting at this time, the  
fifteenth anniversary of the founding of Old  
Arms, that some special effort be made to  
bring the minds of her sons and daughters  
back to the founder, and the good that has  
been accomplished through his beneficence.

Therefore we have endeavored to make  
this number of the "STUDENT" an anniver-  
sary number, covering the time since the  
Academy was first started.

We wish to thank the Alumni and all  
those who have so kindly assisted in pre-  
paring this number.

We hope through this number to know  
the whereabouts of the Alumni, and thus  
increase the subscription list of the  
"STUDENT."

Owing to the vast amount of labor, it  
was necessary for us to have a longer time  
than usual to arrange and receive the dif-  
ferent manuscripts, so we thought it best  
to have this edition published in March  
instead of February as usual.

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### HISTORY OF ARMS ACADEMY.

Previous to the year of 1879 considerable  
uncertainty had existed in the minds of  
the citizens of Shelburne Falls in regard to  
the means of educating the young people.  
Franklin Academy had become unfit for  
use. No institution remained in this part  
of the county at which an education higher  
than that of the graded schools might be  
obtained.

Such was the state of affairs when it was  
announced that the sum of money donated  
by Ira Arms for the purpose of building an  
Academy had accumulated to the sum of  
\$50,000; that the building committee, con-  
sisting of Mr. J. K. Patch, Mr. Otis  
Maynard and Mr. G. D. Crittenden, had  
met and voted to build at once. All

arrangements were made and the building was begun in 1879. The work progressed rapidly, and in 1880 the structure was ready for use, standing much as at present, but few improvements having been made.

When all was completed, the 17th of March was appointed as the day on which to hold the dedicatory exercises. At 11:30 the friends and citizens of the village assembled in the hall. Appropriate exercises were held, during which Mr. Hitt was presented as the first principal of the new institution. In a few words he earnestly requested the co-operation of the townspeople in his work, and one and all wished him and his assistant, Miss Ella Everett, unlimited success.

The first term opened March 24, 1880, with a promising number of pupils. All was going well when Mr. Hitt left the school, having been here only two terms.

He was succeeded by Mr. Seeley, principal, Miss Annie Noble, preceptress, and Miss Allard, assistant.

In the year 1882-3 a change was made among the assistant teachers, Miss Janie Hall taking the place of Miss Noble, and Miss Seraph Brown became assistant teacher. Music at this time was under the charge of Mrs. Hoyt, and Drawing and Painting under the charge of Mrs. Winn.

In the spring of '82 the first class was graduated, consisting of three members.

At this time Mr. Seeley resigned his position, and is now professor of Latin and Greek at a large school in Brockport, N. Y.

He was considered a fine teacher, and a pleasant, conscientious man. We are glad to hear of his success.

In the fall of '83 Mr. Cowell became principal. His assistants were Miss Austin, Mr. Keyes, both former pupils of the principal, together with Miss Brown and Mrs. Cowell, who at this time taught German.

A large number of pupils accompanied Mr. Cowell from his former school, most of whom were well advanced in their studies, and joined the class of '85, a class which will always be remembered for its energy and activity: and soon, with the co-operation of their equally ambitious principal, it organized lecture courses, dramas, lyceums, and like entertainments.

It commenced the publication of the Arms Student and established the exercises of Commencement week. Succeeding classes have followed its example in these enterprises, and have successfully maintained them. Mr. Cowell did much in organizing the course of study, dividing it into the English, General and Classical. In the spring of '87 a position was offered Mr. Cowell which gave him a wider field and greater opportunities, and after considerable deliberation, it was accepted.

During the following vacation the building was remodeled, in order to accommodate a larger number of pupils, also in the basement, a room was partitioned off and fitted up with all the appliances of a laboratory.

In the meantime the trustees were not idle, and we understand were overwhelmed with a burden of anxiety and applications.

But at last the right man for the vacant place was found, and the Fall term, 1886, began with the following corps of teachers: Mr. Frederic A. Tupper, principal and instructor of Greek and Latin; Mr. Spaulding, teacher of French and Natural Sciences; Miss Anna T. Andrews, teacher of German and Mathematics; Miss Seraph E. Brown, teacher of English Language and Literature.

Mr. Tupper remained as principal five years, during which time the same corps of teachers was retained with the exception of the first assistant whose place was successively taken by Mr. Choate, Mr. Davis and

Mr. Thompson. During these five years the school maintained a high standard of excellence, and at Mr. Tupper's resignation, in 1892, sincere regret was felt by the many friends of the school.

Mr. A. M. Levy, a recent graduate of Williams College became principal for the year 1893, and was succeeded by Mr. Thompson, who had been his assistant.

At this time Miss Seraph Brown, after her efficient service of ten years, resigned her position, and is at present teaching in St. Louis. Miss Elvira Andrews and Miss Elizabeth Fairbank were added to the corps of teachers, and these with Mr. J. W. F. Wilkinson as principal, and Miss Anna Andrews as assistant principal, are now doing good service at the head of our Academy.

The resources of the school are not many. At the death of Levi Davenport, the sum of one thousand dollars was bequeathed to the Academy, the income of which is to be used for scientific lectures.

Besides this, the class of '86 has donated to the Academy a fine book-case, and at one of the Alumni Dinners the sum of one hundred dollars was raised to buy suitable reference books for the use of the pupils.

A legacy of two thousand five hundred dollars was left by the late Mr. Brooks, payable at the death of his wife. The Academy has a loan fund, amounting to about one hundred dollars, the proceeds of the Alumni Dinner and gifts. Through the efforts of Mr. Tupper, a Citizens Fund has been established, also, amounting to about thirteen hundred dollars.

To sum it up in a few words, the school has prospered from the first. The teachers are efficient and much loved, and the pupils are earnest and diligent. The close of each spring term is accompanied with exercises befitting the graduation of a

college class. Every year some pupils go from the Academy to College, and it is universally conceded that Arms Academy fills very creditably a necessary place among educational institutions.

*Ruth Canedy, '96*

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TO THE FOUNDER OF ARMS  
ACADEMY.

Founder of this stately hall  
Honored shall thy memory be,  
Long as Deerfield's waters fall,  
Rushing onward to the sea.  
As of old, 'mid Egypt's sand,  
When the morning sunlight fell,  
Memnon's sculptured statue grand,  
'I throbbed with rhythmic music's swell.  
So when morning paints the sky  
With incarnadining light,  
From yon graceful belfry, high  
Trembling music takes its flight.  
With the notes of ringing bell  
Happy voices make accord;  
And harmonious echoes swell  
In an anthem to the Lord.  
Hence shall come, as ages go,  
Poet, hero, statesman, sage,  
Preacher, jurist, crime's stern foe,  
Go adorn a golden age.  
Hence shall come as ages go,  
Men like Lincoln, fearless, pure,  
Men whom later years shall know  
Men whose fame shall aye endure.  
Women, too, shall honor bring  
To these Academic halls,  
By their minist'ring  
When the voice of duty calls.  
Such were they who, when the tide  
Of our civil conflict raged,  
Laid aside the garb of pride,  
And their brother's pains assuaged.

With their brothers, side by side,  
Peers with them, and more than peers  
Women, every science tried,  
Shall rejoice through golden years.  
Man, the intellectual king,  
Woman intellectual queen,  
Such an age to earth shall bring  
As before hath ne'er been seen.  
Founder, such a wish was thine,  
When thou gavest of thy store  
With a foresight wise, benign,  
That shall last forever more.  
Thine the task to found and build,  
Ours the sacred charge to keep.  
That thy hopes may be fulfilled,  
That the ages long may reap.  
When in spring yon mountain side  
When the wild flowers wake to bloom,  
Let the first fair floral pride  
Deck our honored founders tomb.  
When the summer roses blush,  
Pluck the fairest for the grave;  
Bear it where 'mid sacred hush  
Rest the fair and rest the brave.  
"Life is short but art is long,"  
So the poets oft have said,  
But the generous live in song  
When the spark of life hath fled.

*Frederic Allison Tupper.*

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#### WHAT DOES ARMS ACADEMY STAND FOR?

This number of the Arms Student shows that the Academy stands for varied culture in literary and social life, for vigorous prosecution of athletics, for the promotion of all healthy activities among its undergraduates and for the loving interest of an Alma Mater in the progress of its graduates.

The courses of study described in the catalogue and the lists of prizes awarded are indications of the thorough scholarship and zeal for study which the Academy aims to foster in every pupil. For this great object the interests of teachers, visitors, graduates and trustees are united with those of all true friends of education.

The enthusiastic attendance and the generous support which always have characterized the people of Shelburne Falls and the neighboring towns at Commencement and other occasions of public interest are in their way recognitions of the Academy as an institution to be fostered and encouraged by all, whose prosperity is the glory of the community and whose privileges open to all the young such opportunities for development of mental power as come but once in a lifetime.

In these ways the Academy stands for the fulfilment of the aspirations of those within reach of its influence who desire for themselves or for others the benefits of a higher education than is given in the public schools. For if there is anything which the New England Academy system represents as distinct from the High School it may be found partly in the preparation of pupils for college and partly in their preparation for any other special work which they may have in view.

This suggests another interest which the Academy represents: the will of its founder, Ira Arms. It embodies and perpetuates his desire to bring within reach of the youth "the means of obtaining a good, thorough education, sufficient at least to admit them to any of our New England Colleges". If its "aim is fully to carry out the intentions of the founder," we cannot be far out of the way in seeking from his own words the clearest light to guide our administration of the trust created by his will.

Turning to his will we find his intentions expressed in the first words relating to this subject as "wishing to do something for the interests of education, morality and religion in the community" in which he had resided for the greater part of his life.

If Arms Academy is true to the purpose of its founder it must honor morality and religion as highly as education, and not cultivate the one to neglect the others.

This purpose of our founder is in full harmony with the Public Statutes of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, which make it the "duty of all preceptors and teachers of academies, and of all other instructors of youth, to exert their best endeavors to impress on the minds of children and youth committed to their care and instruction the principles of piety and justice and a sacred regard to truth."

May the Academy, true to the best interests of all its members, patrons and friends, faithful to the trust received from its founder and loyally obedient to the laws of the State, ever be a life-giving and purifying fountain of Christian truth which shall minister ceaselessly by countless streams of influence to the welfare of mankind.

*Rev. A. C. Hodges.*

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#### LETTER FROM PROF. J. M. HITT. OUR FIRST PRINCIPAL.

My dear Editor:—

I am in receipt of your esteemed favor of the 16th ultimo asking a communication from me for your anniversary issue of March. I am quite willing and glad of the opportunity to renew greetings through your columns with those who may possibly remember me, though my connection with the Academy was more of

a preface than of chapter one; too short and irregular to form a part of the real existence of the institution as an educational force. While our work of organization was necessarily slow I trust we laid foundations of substantial progress. Such work can only be wisely judged by after results, and I know from all that I've heard of Arms Academy that those results have always been proof of high ideals well carried out. No one can leave to a community a legacy more productive of beneficent results than he who founds an institution of academic instruction, and fortunate is that town with such an institution as the Arms Academy.

I have not been privileged to visit Shelburne Falls for a number of years, but I recall with very many pleasant memories the scenes of your beautiful village, one of the most charming spots in Massachusetts.

I presume I've passed from the memory of all, but trust my impress, short as it was, was for more noble living.

I am now in the most north-western county of the most north-western state of the Union, 425 miles north of Shelburne Falls, yet with pansies and roses blooming out of doors all this winter so far. Only occasionally in a winter do we have a week of real freezing weather during the day time, though at night it is generally cool.

Almost no snow but an abundance of drizzling rain is our usual winter weather.

With very many good wishes for the prosperity of Arms Academy in all its departments, and thanks for your thoughtfulness I beg to remain

Yours most sincerely,

*J. M. Hitt.*

## EARLY DAYS AT ARMS.

The early days were made pleasant by a Principal, Prof. J. M. Hitt, who was not only kind and indulgent, but was a fine scholar and a musician. He held singing schools two evenings in the week, which were, of course, enjoyed by the pupils whether they learned to sing or not.

After the singing lessons we were drilled in fancy marching; and at the end of the first term a Concert was given by the school and the teachers, assisted by outside talent, which wound up with this fancy march, to the music of the Shelburne Falls band.

We all know the natural tendencies of singing schools; so it is not surprising that some of those young men and maidens whom we saw keeping step in that grand march, have marched together ever since.

This resulted, in spite of an edict which went forth during the last half of the first term, forbidding the young ladies and young gentleman to be seen walking together on the street or campus.

In the early days foot-ball was not played mainly on all fours, Holy-boly was popular, and Spanish fly, base-ball, and even marbles not despised.

During the first year entertainments were given to which the friends of the Academy were cordially welcomed "without money and without price." There were no "Prize" speakings. At the end of the first term the Senior Class furnished the speaking and the essays. At the end of the fall term the speakers and essayists had been elected by their school-mates. We all gave our best efforts for the honor of the Academy, and can now look back to no feelings of envy or disappointment.

Stanley Crittenden Ball is, we believe, the oldest child whose parents went together at Arms Academy, he is nine years and three months old.

*Mrs. C. E. Ball, '82.*

"WHERE ARE THE MARYS AND ANNS AND ELIZAS LOVING AND LOVELY OF YORE?"

A question like this of the poet's arises in the mind of the humble alumnus to whom has been assigned the honor of representing the class of '83 in the Anniversary number of the Student. He, however, would also ask

Where are the Billys and Johns and Abijahs

Long seen and heard from no more?

The poet answers his own question thus—

"Look in the columns of old Advertisers, Married and dead by the score."

Though the class of '83 is not yet married by the score, (we graduated only six) four of its members have already become willing sacrifices at Hymen's altar, and the remaining two will doubtless be induced to be made victims at the same shrine, when Cupid shall plainly reveal his will. Wedded we are and will be, but dead we are not.

Twelve years have we battled with "the proud world's scorn" but not yet has one of our number fallen a prey to dyspepsia or dissappointed hopes, and if the world lasts long enough it may some day hear from us.

Some are married, none are dead,

All are scattered now and fled

From the town by the Deerfield river.

From a feeling doubtless that six minds of so great power should not locate together, but were in duty bound to distribute their influence, without mutual consent, we departed in different ways. To the South and the West, to farming, to business, to teaching, to college we went, and have never since all met.

Just where we all are in this year of our Lord 1895, and what we are doing, we, (at least the writer) know not, sure it is that

we are realizing the "Per Aspera" of our motto and have not yet reached "Ad Astra"

Strange as it may seem to under-graduates, and some younger alumni, to whose untrained eyes the world's golden prizes still seem easily won, no high political honors have yet been thrust upon us, in spite of the fact that the four men of the class represent each a different political faith. Perhaps we are too honest for politics.

Happy were the days we spent at old Arms! Mingled with the vivid recollections of struggles with similar triangles, Aenead's wanderings, and Greek verbs, come the pleasant memories of Lyceums, foot-ball and sleighrides. In those days we kicked the foot-ball, and broken shins were the rule instead of broken heads. How pleasant it used to be after the lyceum in the evening was over, to help the young ladies down the slippery hill of Church St. and see them safely home. Then the sleigh-ride of senior year! One unfortunate youth not a member of '83— after offering his company in vain to nine different young ladies, felt obliged to content himself with a quiet evening at the parental hearth-stone, but the rest of the jolly party had a glorious time, the zero weather of the early morning hours made noses red and fingers cold, but our hearts were warm.

Two years only was '83 together and then after anxious hours of labor with examinations, essays and orations, came the parting. The words of our parting song, "Heart cleaves to heart with kindest wishes fraught," were sung with deepest meaning, and their echoes have never ceased.

Like all loyal children of Arms who have come to graduation day, we felt not only affection for each other, but love for an Alma Mater.

It is because we love her still that we would speak in her behalf one serious word to all who are interested in her welfare. We got physical training at Arms, and mental power as well, but the real sum of what we gained in those school days, was the sum of our development in character.

To some of us has come the great privilege of teaching boys and girls now, as we were taught then, and we know that the most, and the best, any teacher can give any pupil is character.

The world needs men of brains today, but far more does it need men and women of character.

No finer material can any school in this land have to work upon, than the sturdy sons and healthy daughters of the good old puritan stock that peoples the hills about the Deerfield valley. Arms Academy has sent out, and should send out in the future, sons and daughters, who possess not only good minds, but good consciences, men and women possessed of strong, aggressive, christian principles. She has a glorious mission to perform, for Massachusetts and for the world, and so let every alumnus forever protest against any lowering of standards in the school we love so well. If she needs our assistance in money, let us give it; if she needs our support in other ways let us never withhold it. Let us do all that in our power lies to equip her for work with the best attainable in every line.

*Alfred F. Howes, '83.*

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OUR SMALLEST CLASS, '84.

The Class of '84 jointly and severally sends greeting to Arms Academy and her students on this fifteenth anniversary.

May the school prosper and increase in influence and numbers.

The class reports itself in good health and spirits and pleasantly engaged in teaching Zoology, Physiology and Botany in Springfield High School. You who remember its former zeal for the classics will be surprised at such a metamorphosis, but time brings increasing conviction that the study of living creatures gives greater mental development than the dead languages.

The years have been spent so away from the Academy and its associations that this roll call is very welcome in the account it will bring of the people who assembled in the school-room in the ancient days when it faced the front of the building and Mr. Seely and Miss Noble presided on the platform. We wore calico gowns and exuberant frizzes then and 'sociables' instead of 'receptions,' but the fun was just as great and the lessons as various as now adays.

The remembrance of the old school and the old times will always be precious and our best wishes follow the Academy of the present and the future.

Lora E. Guild, '84.

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FROM PROF. H. S. COWELL.

"A very short article"—did you say, Mr. Editor? That is the difficulty. The memories of my four years at Arms Academy are so many, and delightful that the pages of this Anniversary number of the Student could not contain them all were they written out.

For anniversaries have a magic power to summon out the past, scenes, forms, faces that dwell with you for a time and then dissipate into the shadows.

It was in the Spring of 1883 that a gentleman, with a benignant face, found me in a small Country Academy in New Hampshire. He said he was on a business trip through that section.

An invitation for me to visit Shelburne Falls followed. During that visit the dry-goods merchant measured me, the lawyer analyzed me, the bank cashier made the necessary discounts, the photographer took mental pictures, and then in their official capacity as Trustees they voted to try an experiment.

Thus it was that in the summer of 1883 I moved to Shelburne Falls and began my work in Arms Academy.

My predecessors had laid broad and en during foundations.

To me and my faithful and loyal co-laborers was given the privilege of continuing the work already begun and then in due time passing that work over to other hands.

Memories of those days follow each other in quick succession, but the limits of this letter forbid their expression. The boys and girls who then plodded through their tasks in school room and recitation rooms, strove for the mastery in the sports of the Campus, and made the Social receptions sparkle with their merriment are now out in the world as men and women tasting something of life's realities and testing the strength received in their school days.

As we count time fifteen years are few indeed in the life of an institution. But these years in the life of Arms have been formative ones. The forces that have entered into it must largely shape its future.

The Academy is fortunate in its environment. There is no spot more attractive than the beautiful village in which it is located. The building is a gem of architecture. The ambitious youth who flock to its doors from the farms and villages of Franklin Co. furnish choice material for development. For many of these it has been the open door to eminent usefulness.

It has inspired not a few to attain unto the highest ideals.

To measure the far reaching influence of an institution like this is impossible.

That its future may be more fruitful than its past is the earnest wish of

H. S. Cowell.

CLASS OF '85.

"*Pulma non sine pulvere.*"

All hail to the student, alumni and teachers, past and present, of our dear old treasure house! As a voice from the past yet strong and clear we greet thee all right joyously.

We are they who ruled the younger classes with such a strong hand "*sine pulvere*" from the fall of '83 till June of '85

We are they who organized and established the graduating exercises as they are now conducted. Much pleased are we to see the high standard so well maintained.

We helped the '86 to found the Arms Student, although they will not yet acknowledge it.

We established the fund, the interest on which should buy the prizes given the junior class in the speaking contest every year.

And we are they who, so many times, settled the woman's rights question once for all.

The president and the poetess are still studying the subject but they have advanced to the division of equal rights, problems of which are correctly and pleasantly demonstrated in their happy home in Northampton where they receive as Dr. and Mrs. Copeland. Peaslee who was authority in points of order in the lyceums has become a cyclopedia for the lawyers of Manchester N. H. As all seem ignorant

in regard to whether he is still wrestling with the grip of woman's rights, we venture to hope that he has fully recovered from the attack. Teddy once called "the Annamated" is scattering pills and poultices under the title of Dr. Ackerman of New York.

Vi Andrews is the same bright and beautiful character she was when we knew more of her. Woodward may be seen behind the bars—of the little wicket in the Shelburne Falls post office of which he is the master. Philbric, Dodge and Winnie have settled down to wedded bliss in their native towns. Daisy, who has flitted about considerably, brightening many places attended California's mid-winter fair with the intention of being absent until spring

Ida Samantha is reveling in music in her old home, "Je suis" has flown away to Chicago where he has "attorney at law" placed after the Whitney. May success abide with him! Of Gertrude I have nearly lost sight she travels so fast in "Faire Virtue's heavenly road" that I can scarcely keep her within view. Physically, she is kept in her native town. Mentally, she flies over the United States and Europe, rests awhile in the land of fiction and then hastens away to other spheres.

Spiritually she is—I cannot see, the light blinds me.

If I am misinformed of the whereabouts of the other members of the class I should be very glad to be corrected by letter or in person, the latter way much preferred.

Come, all and be made welcome at the little wigwam among Sadawga's haunts.

May joy, peace and prosperity attend you all.

Yours sisternally,

Clara Negus Sawyer  
Whitingham, Vt.

## CLASS OF '86.

Looking back to the time when I became a member of the Class of '86, the first important event that comes before my mind is the founding of the Arms Student.

We debated long and earnestly over the project of founding this school paper, which our seniors dared not shoulder. The town was canvassed for advertisements and we had revolutionary ideas of boycotting, certain people who did not respond to our call as cordially as we thought proper. At length however, we received sufficient encouragement to warrant our going forward with our plans. Then came the all important question—"What shall we call our paper?" The names we thought of were more than legion and some of them were somewhat flowery, but we finally settled on plain "Arms Student," and the name seems to have proved its good. Then the design for the cover had to be agreed upon; the size of the paper; and all the minor details which take time, but are not specially interesting. Finally came the appointment of the editorial staff. We were all very modest '86's when that subject was broached and we all most earnestly hoped that our names wouldn't be on that list. I think, however, that it was considered necessary for most of us to figure in some capacity before the two years of our charge were ended.

We were proud of our paper and I am happy to know it has lived to celebrate its 10th anniversary, though judging from some of the issues I fear it has at times been a hard struggle for breath. But this last year has seemed to bring in new life and I most sincerely hope the coming ten years will be even more successful than have been the past ten.

I think our class was in other ways a progressive one. Our number was large, in that regard, we went far beyond the average class at Arms, so far in fact that none has been able to reach us since.

We had the regular round of school entertainments, with the debates of the Minervian and Athenian societies, which have I hear been since discontinued. In our class meeting we had yet another debating society. Indeed so interested did we become in this last that we sometimes brought our lunches and spent whole noon-times discussing topics of the day. Could not give up the discussion, indeed till our amiable Professor Cowell was obliged to adjourn our class for us in order that we might go on with the lessons, which he seemed to consider much more important to our welfare than current topics. I am fearful that by this action he discouraged one of our number, who has not since "seen fit" to prepare for the bar as he had previously expected to do. However we have two pulpit orators, and many of our remaining members are teachers to whom the art of debating is always advantageous. So those noon-times were not in vain.

In the time that has passed since we were graduated and left our Alma Mater we have scattered widely. Our ranks have broken and two of the brightest taken from us. Of the remaining ones, some have adopted home-government, others are thinking of it, some are healing the sick souls, some the worn-out bodies, one is an artist, some have gone into business, and the rest of us are laboring with the young idea.

I know it would be the sentiment of the class, if they could be together once more, to wish our Arms Student a new and long lease of life, and old Arms many years of prosperity.

*Helen M. Severance.*

## CLASS OF '88.

No change has taken place in the class of '88 since the Alumni Dinner of '94.

Mr. Boyden has a position worth mention, with Marshall Field, of Chicago.

Misses Severance, Long, Wilcox, and Harts are at their several homes in Shelburne Falls. Miss Carpenter is at home in Blackinton. Mrs. Dole (nee Anderson) is living in Shelburne. Mrs. Ransford (nee Crittenden) is at North Adams.

Mrs. Eddy (nee Bass) is at Turners Falls. Mr. Billings, at last accounts was at his home in Conway.

Last year we had only three members present at the Alumni Dinner. Let us try this year to have as many as can, be present that we may renew our acquaintance of seven years ago, and have a happy reunion.

*E. M. H. '88.*

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## CLASS OF '90.

Dear Editor:—

In looking back over the time I spent in Arms I cannot recall any incident which would interest or amuse; but if you would permit me, I would like to speak of the relation which Arms appears to me to have to the educational movement of to-day.

It strikes me that the influence which my Alma Mater has over her children can be divided into two elements; her situation among the hills of old Franklin, and secondly, her unique position as one of the best of the few old New England academies which now exist. Her natural position is one of the most beautiful in the state and is particularly adapted for such a school.

It is free from the rush and whirl of our larger towns and cities. There is some-

thing left for the imagination, something for speculation. Not every stone, not every tile calls to the student's mind that almost blood-thirsty spirit of money getting which is the controlling thought in the larger towns; but they point to nature, they point to a Creator. He may hear the rattle of your mills, but the roar of your river is far louder; he may see your tall chimneys, but those wooded hills tower far above them. In whichever way he may turn he sees the work of industry and thrift, but the beauty, the grandeur, and the power of nature far excels. In fact he sees Nature in everything; he lives with nature, he speculates over himself, over mankind, and over his God. He sees a mightier spirit dividing the pulse of life than our modern spirit of getting on; Not that spirit of selfishness, of self-satisfaction; but that greater and more powerful, that spirit makes us one people and one nation.

To him

"There is music in running water,  
Sermons in stones, and God in  
everything."

The other element into which I have divided the influence of Arms is that unique position of the New England Academy. It is not an apt expression, but it is the best I have on hand. I call it: unique because it is wholly antagonistic to the modern unifying, engulfing movement of education. The spirit of the academy is a synonym of individuality, while that of our high schools is a synonym of unity. The high schools collect boys and girls from all sorts and conditions of men; they take them in; divide them into four classes according to quality as grain is divided in being run through a four story elevator and turn out from the top floor each year a grist of No. 1 quality scholars. You do not need to know any individual scholar,

they all know just so much; you can order them by the sample, you will not be cheated. The spirit of the Academy, on the other hand, is diametrically opposite.

When a boy enters there, his first lesson is to look out for himself. He is put into a class, to be sure; but he is not bound by any hard and fast rules of study. The classes are small, and he is directly under the eye of the instructors who encourage and advise him to study that for which he is best adapted. Neither is he compelled to remain with the class. If he is particularly bright, he can rise above it; if dull he must fall behind and work up as best he can. In fact the school forms a homogeneous mass through which each student individually has to elbow his way. He gets the rough edges of his nature rubbed off and perhaps succeeds in obtaining a little polish besides, but he gets something far better than this, he learns something of his own powers and gets a fair idea of the world around him.

A man who gets this training, it strikes me, is the man who is going to move the world on a bit. He loves humanity, but he is not going to stay behind and push a little here and there, he is going to the front and lead. He is not going to join a "union" and be led blindly, but by his own efforts he is going to make the world feel the weight of his character. He is a man among men, he is a man alone.

He is the work of the old New England Academy; he is the work of Arms.

Very truly yours,  
Charles Z. Smith,

Arms '90, Harvard '93.

\*\*\*  
FROM NINETY-ONE.

In reply to your request to contribute something of a literary character, for this issue of the student, I feel much as the

man did who thought he was only called upon to show what he couldn't do.

If we are not all the happy possessor of a literary talent, we all have a purpose and are pushing on with a firm determination to gain the prize set before us.

But in all the hurry there comes rushing back to the memory, happy recollections of days at Arms.

The happy hours spent in the class room and the influence and courage given us there to help us on.

My time is limited and I can but add the lines given us.

Forenoon, afternoon and night:—

Forenoon, afternoon, and night:—

Forenoon — and what?

The empty song repeats itself no more,  
Yea, What is life? make this

Forenoon sublime, this afternoon a psalm,  
this night a prayer,  
And the sea is conquered, and thy crown is won.

Anna Burke.

\*\*\*  
CLASS OF '92.

Dear Student:—

It was with pleasure, that I received the courteous letter from your Editor, inviting me to represent my class in your anniversary number.

Upon our arrival in Shelburne Falls, our uppermost thought, friends and kinsmen excepted, is the welfare of Arms. We are glad to be able to visit the scenes of many happy and profitable hours, where thoughts of pleasant associations with both teachers and school-mates still linger.

Our class as a whole has not settled down to the real hardships of life for we are comparatively young yet. To be sure two of our honored members have entered the blessed state of matrimony whereby

two new members have joined the class.

No engagements have been announced since but it is beyond my power to state how many are in contemplation.

Four or five of the class are still studying, three are following in the footsteps of their fathers while the school ma'ams are innumerable.

'92 was a very democratic class, excepting at stated intervals, when class meetings were held. No one could charge her with conceit for she well knew that better classes had graduated before her and sincerely hoped that better ones would follow her.

I have not heard of our achieving any great wonders since we left Arms, either individually or collectively, but "Time doeth wonders," and you may hear from us later. But for all that you may be well assured that we shall always cherish the best of feelings toward Arms and if she is ever in distress or needs help in any way, I state positively that you will never have a better friend to apply to for assistance than the Alumni of your school.

Wishing you success in everything which you undertake, I am

Sincerely your Friend,

Preston C. Comstock, '92.

Williston Seminary.

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FROM THE CLASS OF '93.

A bonny ship sculled o'er the sea,  
A ship well manned and true,  
Its captain was a man of deeds,  
Stalwart and stanch its crew.

Its pilot, was a man whose hand  
Had guided many a barque  
Safely o'er the rocks and shoals  
And through the waters dark.

Few were the sailors on the barque,  
When first it left the shore,

But as they onward winged their way

They soon were joined by more.

Until at last when all were told,

Fourteen comprised the crew,

All armed to face the stormy sea,

All staunch and brave and true.

The ship sped onward in its course,

With all its sails unfurled,

Leaving behind, the pest and strife

And cares of the outer world.

For far ahead in the future dim,

Was the goal that they would gain,

All other thoughts were cast aside,

That goal post to attain.

For four long years there lay beyond,

Four long, long years to sail,

The course was planned the way mapped out,

'Twas their's to win or fail.

As in this life, each human soul,

Has trouble, toil or woe,

So too those sailors bold and brave,

Their storms must undergo,

For on this sea in which they sailed

The waves beat high and strong,

And oft it seemed the easier way

To wrong the right, than right the wrong.

Yet each one bravely turned his face,

To meet the coming strife,

They battled bravely with each storm

To gain their place in life.

So on they sailed, until at last

Their harbor loomed in sight—

The course was o'er, the anchor cast,

And they had won the fight.

The time had come when all must leave,

On broader seas to sail,

When each must choose his path in life,

And each, new duties hail.

And now, as they review the course,

How short the four years seem,

How great the joys, how small the storms,

How few and far between.

Thus 'twas with many an aching heart,

With many a tear and sigh,

That then at last, one day in June,

They bid their ship—Good-bye.

For long 'er this you must have guessed

That knowledge was the sea,

And that the ship bore on its decks

The class of Ninety-three.

\* \* \* \* \*

Dear friends, we each must sail our sea,

We each its waves must fight;

God grant that all may safely steer,

And come out in the right!

And may you each and every one

Sail on that broader sea,

Whose waters broad and deep and fair,

Reach to Eternity.

*Charlena D. Hoyt, '93.*

\* \* \*

#### LETTER FROM A. M. LEVY.

Mr. Editor:—

A few weeks ago the people of a town in eastern Massachusetts were engaged in celebrating the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the first free public school in America. In the city where I now reside stands historic Harvard, which glories in a foundation which even outdates that of Dedham's public school. But the institution whose birthday we are now celebrating lays no claim to venerable antiquity, nor does she need it. Arms Academy at the completion of her fifteenth year is in the full glory of her youthful vigor.

She has many sisters older, prouder and wealthier, but even they may well envy her.

Standing as she does, beneath the shadow of East Mountain with a beautiful village at her feet above the picturesque and

surging Deerfield, she has a charm which is wholly her own, as entrancing as it is unique.

In the short period of her existence Arms has abundantly vindicated the wisdom of her foundation. Although drawing her students mostly from a limited region, she has afforded superior educational advantages to hundreds of young people who have gone forth not only to influence most deeply the life of the surrounding country but also to carry the name and fame of their alma mater to all parts of our broad land.

Arms Academy has from the first been somewhat hampered by a lack of material resources, but she has been fortunate in securing and long retaining some of the ablest and most faithful instructors to be found in the profession. Prof. Cowell gave to the school both organization and inspiration, and left behind him an influence which is felt throughout the community.

Prof. Tupper as a man of thorough scholarship and high ideals, steadfastly adhered to his high standard of excellence during his long principalship. Miss Brown and Miss Andrews have also filled a no less important place in the history of the school, and that too from the early days of the Academy's existence.

As less than two years have passed since my connection with the Academy it is hardly necessary for me to indulge in reminiscences. We passed through the customary round of recitations, examinations, vacations, entertainments, prize speakings and Commencement exercises, including the annual Alumni Dinner for which Arms is so justly famous. The graduating class was of creditable size and unusual ability. The athletics were not very prosperous, partly from lack of material and partly from lack of interest. But

the general work of the school was such as to reflect much credit on the teachers and students for their faithfulness and earnestness. In short, my connection with the school has given me an abiding interest in her welfare, and I am pleased to note that she continues to prosper. Four successive principals in as many years is a record which might be expected to indicate an unsettled state of affairs hardly conducive to the best results; but Arms has not only survived the ordeal, but has actually been thriving upon it.

Turning from the past to the future, the friends of Arms should bear in mind that she is still quite young and that her greatest usefulness is yet to be attained.

Nor is it to be found mainly in occasional periods of exceptional prosperity, so much as in the continuous work which she may be able to do at all times and the ennobling influence which she should constantly exert upon her children. She has her material needs, money, buildings, apparatus, scholarships, more teachers, a long list might be given. These are all to be acquired in the course of time; but while waiting for them there must be no relaxation of effort on account of their present absence. Her greatest need is a spirit of enthusiasm and loyalty which shall enable her to make the most of her present advantages. I am glad that the community is providing for the free education of its youth within the Academy's walls. The interests of the village and the school are really identical, and each must gain through the prosperity of the other.

What Arms lacks in material resources can be more than balanced by devotion to a high standard of excellence. Let there be a spirit of mutual and general co-operation among teachers, students, trustees, parents and friends, and this end can be

realized with ever growing success, and Arms Academy will be more than ever an institution worthy of our honest pride and our warmest affection.

*Alvah M. Levy,*

*Cambridge, Mass.*

\* \* \*

#### CLASS OF '94.

The class of '94 being the youngest of the Alumni of Arms consequently should say the least in the presence of their elders.

But as they were always a conceited though modest class they wished their occupations to be made known in this the anniversary number of the school paper.

Of the class of ten who at 12:50 p. m. on that ever-to-be-remembered 6th of June 1894 were entered in the ranks of the honorable alumni. But one collegian is to be found, Bessie E. Fisher, who is a member of the freshman class at Wellesley.

Mary Reynolds is perfecting her musical knowledge at Lansingburg N. Y. E. P. Dickinson is taking a course in agriculture under the guidance of an East Charlemont farmer. Little is known of the whereabouts of Miss Burrington, but of one thing we may be sure, if she is not teaching school in the wilds of Heath she is, probably, taking an elementary course in culinary surveying. Minnie Dwight is at home Saturdays from 9 a. m. until 5 p. m. giving lessons in making mince pies and 'lasses candy.

Of the remaining members Guilford and White are taking Post Graduate Courses at Arms preparatory to entering college. Misses Ware and Miller are teaching school in Colerain and Miss Hunter has just resigned her position as schoolmar'm on the "Edge of Hawley."

## OUR EDUCATION.

The question of education has been looked upon in many divergent ways by the different nations and ages of the world.

There was a time, especially among the Romans, when the development of the physical nature was thought to be the highest education. Great pains were taken to train for feats of strength in the Arena.

But this was not the highest development, as a reading of the history of the times will show. Where is the far-famed Roman Empire to-day? Has it not degenerated because there was a paucity of mental capacity with which to combat the questions of government? Certainly it was not from a lack of physical powers.

Nor is the ability to memorize and the memorizing of many things to be considered the highest attainment. Some of the nations who have become famous as memorizers have occupied a low scale in the world's civilization and intellectual development, yet this faculty is not to be despised.

Then there is the moral side, but the development of this to the exclusion of the others would still be one-sided. We cannot however, lay too much stress on the cultivation of our moral natures.

We are three-natured mortals and in order to be well rounded, we should educate the physical, the intellectual and the moral. It is our duty to do this. We owe it to ourselves; to secure the best education possible. The nation, the state and the community in which we live all urge us on, saying, cultivate your intellectual powers, develop your physical strength, improve your moral nature. The question arises, if the nation then demands this of me, to what extent am I fulfilling my duty?

Let us hope that all our young ladies and gentlemen will consider this matter.

We have right here in our midst Arms Academy, one of the best of New England's schools. Here we are given an opportunity to receive training in scientific subjects, teaching us habits of observation; here we can study the history of nations and be taught the principles of our own government; here we may obtain the fundamental and the more complex questions of mathematics, so important as a training for logical thought in after life; here we are permitted to get a glimpse of the customs of the ancient Greeks and Romans and an idea of how they talked and wrote; here we may become proficient in the use of French and German if we are of a linguistic turn of mind; here we are brought in touch with nature, we are taught the principles of correct thought and speech, we may practise debate, oratory and dramatic art.

These opportunities are yours, young man, young woman. They will be yours for only a few brief years and then you have to battle with the problems of life, prepared or unprepared. Seize the opportunity while it is within your grasp. Think of Elihu Burrett, "the learned blacksmith," who mastered a score of different languages while working most of his time at the forge!

What would he not have given for an opportunity such as yours? You are now at the bottom of the ladder of fame. Take firm hold, make sure of every step, and you will be certain to ascend.

*J. W. F. Wilkinson.*

*Prin. of Arms Academy.*

## ENVIRONMENT.

"Environment is one of the master influences of the world." This statement from one of our scientists should make glad the heart of one who lives in Shelburne Falls—glad, because his "lines have fallen to him in such pleasant places." His natural environment, surely, is one of the most beautiful to be found through the length and breadth of this country.

How wise was the founder of Arms Academy in choosing such a site for an institution of learning! Here may the eyes of the young be ever fed with variety of scene. Mountain and valley, stream and forest vie with each other in beauty of contrast, while the changing seasons, day and night, nay, every hour dresses them in new robes. The scenery of this valley is played upon by a kaleidoscope of color. What can be more exquisite than the rosy light crowning our hills of a sunrise morning!

Does the moonlight make the valley of Chamouin more enrapturing than this?

The darkness of the stormcloud is nowhere grander than when it looms up over "The Golden Gate." A part of the education at Arms, unconsciously, if not consciously, is the drinking in of this play of color and change of scene, and the development of versatility of powers is its teaching.

Then there is the peacefulness of this quiet little nook of the world. Nature fosters here no throb or excited pulse, no fever heat of passion. Behind the ebb and flow of every day are the still mountains to sooth into rest and inspire with confidence all those who lift up their eyes unto them. "Thy help cometh from the Lord which made heaven and earth." To which of His little ones, do not these mountains

typify the great Father above in whom is all peace and rest? But it is not alone the quietness of the hills which is their influence. It is their grandeur, their sublimity, their aspiration which make them the most educating forces in nature. Where can one have them at nearer touch than here in Shelburne Falls?

But one must climb to reach those heights to which of our pupils is that a task, pray tell! With the young blood coursing through their veins, they bound up those hillsides at a merry pace. Is it then so much harder to climb to nobility of character? Not, if we will but think so.

Every time one climbs yonder mountain he or she should come down, a better young man, a better young woman. You have been lifted for a few moments out of the narrow valley of your lives into a purer atmosphere of holier thought. You have climbed the wall of division between your home and myriad other homes which dotted the landscape of your feet. In the largeness of your visions you have felt there a kinship with all mankind, a nearness to God. Oh, may you have a strength to live up to the grandeur of the inspiration!

*Elizabeth Fairbank.*

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## THE CLASS OF '95.

The class of '95. But I am not sure that it can be called a class, for it has no president, no vice-president, nothing but a treasurer who was elected at the close of the last spring term, to care for the money gained at the Junior prize speaking. We have had little use for him lately. His duties ceased last fall when we lost all the money we possessed in one unfortunate venture.

The class aims high, but finds it rather difficult to reach its goal.

Its motto is "Never give in," and perhaps that is why we have so many quarrels, or rather why we never come to any decisions.

At one time the class consisted of three members, two girls and one boy. That was in the spring. They were informed by the superior class that it was their duty to trim the stage; however they had the foresight to join the specials the day before.

It is not at all unlikely that the class will do something of the same sort before time for graduation.

*Elinor Fife.*

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CLASS OF '96.

On the morning of September 7th, 1892, sixteen boys and girls registered themselves as members of the class of '96.

In the two and one half years since that time it has had but an uneventful history, only coming to the public notice through its yearly socials. It has been especially celebrated for its class meetings, for at these times the members never engaged in the tooth and nail battles for which some of their fellow-classes are already noted, but, on the contrary, these occasions have been seasons of general good-feeling and exuberant spirits. At the first meeting a dignified member of the Senior class was kind enough to be present and attempted to show us what was proper decorum at such times, but, sad to relate, it had no lasting effect, for we cast aside all unnecessary parliamentary laws, and each one tries to talk and laugh the loudest.

We have certainly been a hard-working class, wasting the prime of our youth in attempts to rival the sociables of all preceding classes. If any feel doubtful as to our success in the matter, let them attend the Senior Masquerade next year. St.

Valentine's Day has great charms for the class of '95 for on two successive years have they given socials on that evening.

The class ought certainly to be proud of its boys, for they have always been most eager and willing to help, and without a word of remonstrance have carried all articles of furniture that might be needed.

Prior to this year the class was very prompt in paying its assessments, but lately, for some reason there has been a little back-sliding on the part of a few. We hope soon to reclaim them, and again to place them in good and regular standing.

At the present time we have eight members, six girls and two boys. The other eight who were originally in the class have either left the Academy, altogether, or joined the Specials. Next year, as Seniors we hope to be as much respected and revered by the '99's, as the '93's were by the class of '95.

We take pleasure in extending to all a most hearty invitation to our Junior Prize-speaking next June, and if we survive that ordeal, we hope that all Shelburne Falls will be present at the Commencement of 1896.

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CLASS OF '97.

As I take my pen in hand,

To describe that noble band,

Known at Arms as '97,

I cry "who is there under heaven  
Can find words to sound their praise?"

Nay, all my words are vain and weak,  
And I will not try to speak

Of the matchless gifts and powers

Of that noble class of ours,

Growing brighter with the days.

We're an enterprising class

Every bonnie lad and lass.

And we'll even study Homer

Just to gain our blest diploma.  
Then we'll go our separate ways.  
And yet tho' far apart we roam,  
We're sure at last of reaching Home:  
For let us hope that up in Heaven,  
There'll be room for '97.

*Florence Taylor. '97.*

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THE PLACE OF ATHLETICS IN  
SCHOOL LIFE.

In this anniversary number of the Student, a discussion of the recurring question, "What is the place of athletics in school life." may not be inappropriate.

In the first place let us consider, what is the object of school life? It is for the development of the mind. To secure this a good physique is needed, which if proper exercise be taken, can be obtained.

Students have much better success with their studies if they devote a certain portion of their time each day to physical exercise. This does not mean that so much time should be expended on this one thing, as to interfere with lessons.

In colleges the students are required to drill in the gymnasiums, as it is deemed necessary for their health. This is a part of the course, and is considered just as important as the studies.

In these days a great many of our young men go to college just for the athletics, in which they are able to take part when there.

They should go to improve their minds, and not wholly to develop their bodies. To be sure, the strict rules under which the athletics are bound, may be some benefit to them at the time, but with few exceptions, they usually resume their old habits, which, when in training are forbidden.

At Yale, the custom has been, to award medals called "Lit Medals," for the best literature essays written by the students.

This year, the essays were so poor that no medals were awarded, and now the question is, "Did athletics have anything to do with it?"

We can now see what an influence athletics are having in the colleges and also in preparatory schools. They are coming to be the most important part of the course, and this certainly should not be.

*Jean W. Fisher, '98.*

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ALUMNI.

'82.

May G. Field, Teacher.

3606 Powelton Ave. Phila.

Mrs. Ned R. Williams,

Shelburne, Mass.

Warren D. Forbes,

234 & 236 So. Eight St., Phila.

Phillip Wynn,

Deerfield, Mass.

'83.

Grace A. Burrington,

Colerain, Mass.

Emma L. Gragg,

Shelburne Falls, Mass.

Myron Newton,

Shelburne Falls, Mass.

Wm. M. Pratt, Book-keeper for Wells Bros.

Greenfield, Mass.

Alfred F. Howes, Prin. High School,

West Hartford, Conn.

Herbert Phillips,

Skyeville, Md.

'84.

Lora Guild, Teacher in High School,

Springfield, Mass.

'85.

Mrs. E. H. Copeland, (Anna Covell,)

Northampton, Mass.

Mrs. Lincoln Sawyer, (Clara Negus,)

Whitingham, Vt.

Daisy A. Jencks, No. Adams, Mass.  
 Gertrude Griebel, Telegraph operator, Shelburne Falls, Mass.  
 Mrs. H. A. Purrington, (Minnie Purrington) Colerain, Mass.  
 Ida S. M. Fletcher, Greenfield, N. H.  
 Elvira K. Andrews, Teacher, Arms Academy, Shelburne Falls, Mass.  
 Merton Z. Woodward, Postmaster, Shelburne Falls, Mass.  
 Robert J. Peaslee, Manchester, N. H.  
 Chas. P. Dodge, Prop'r, American Soapstone Finish Co., Chester Depot, Vt.  
 E. H. Copeland, Physician, 92 King St., Northampton,  
 Frank A. Philbric, Vox Populi Press, Lowell, Mass.  
 James F. Ackerman, Physician, Asbury Park, N. Y.  
 Edward F. Whitney, 5. Felton St., Cambridge, Mass. '86.  
 Sadie Ritchie, (Mrs. Littlejohn,) Shelburne Falls, Mass.  
 Susie Richmond, (Mrs. F. W. Main,) 12 Pleasant St. Greenfield, Mass.  
 Lula Tooley, Clerk, Athol, Mass.  
 Julia Ballard, Teacher, grammar school, Shelburne Falls, Mass.  
 Inez Bass, (Mrs. L. L. King,) Shelburne Falls, Mass.  
 Anna B. Koonz, Teacher, Buckland grammar school, Shelburne Falls, Mass.  
 Lucy R. Smith, (Mrs. J. L. Goldsmith,) Shelburne Falls, Mass.  
 Alice E. Brown, Shelburne Falls, Mass.  
 Mrs. Chas. Fiske, (Clara Howard,) Colerain, Mass.

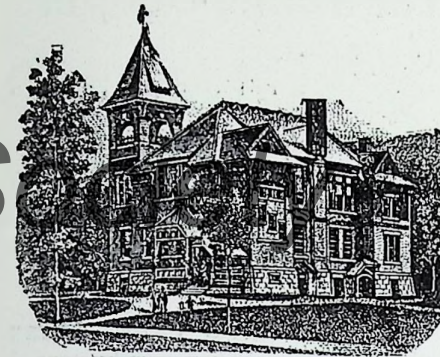
Marion Purrington, (Mrs. O. D. Purrington,) Worcester, Mass.  
 Frank T. Daniels, 37 Madison St., Somerville, Mass.  
 Helen M. Severance, Teacher, Brattleboro, Vt.  
 Wilbur F. Gillette, Elkhorn, West Virginia  
 Joseph F. Strong, LL.D., Council Hall, Oberlin College, Ohio.  
 Frank E. Swan, Pres. S. F. Cycle Club.  
 Joseph W. Finerty, Milford, N. H.  
 James S. Connell, (Deceased.)  
 Edward S. Boyd, Granby, Mass.  
 Arthur N. Peaslee, Pensacola, Fla. '87.  
 Fannie Barnard, Teacher, Shelburne, Mass.  
 Ura G. Bnrrows, Teacher in Music, Shelburne Falls, Mass.  
 Lottie R. Crittenden, Boston Conservatory of Music.  
 Fannie Demons, (Mrs. Frank Field,) Shattuckville, Mass.  
 Lucia D. Peck, Shelburne, Mass.  
 Bessie Powers, Shelburne Falls, Mass.  
 Sadie E. Steigleder, Shelburne Falls, Mass.  
 Frank D. Bardwell, Civil Engineer, Office B. & A. R. R., Springfield, Mass.  
 Ira M. Farley, Yale College.  
 Deane C. Howard, Surgeon, Fort Snelly, Minn.  
 Alden C. Hutchinson, (Deceased.)  
 William T. Patch, Ashburnham, Mass.  
 E. D. Richmond, Physician, Deerfield, Mass.

Chas. L. Upton, Physician, U. of P. Penn.  
 Chas. H. Wilcox, Worcester, Mass. '88.  
 Eliza M. Anderson, [Mrs. Dole.] Turners Falls, Mass.  
 Minnie E. Bass, (Mrs. Benjamin,) Montague, Mass.  
 Anna C. Carpenter, Williamstown, Mass.  
 May Crittenden, Shelburne Falls, Mass.  
 Emma M. Haigis, Shelburne Falls, Mass.  
 Mary S. Long, Shelburne, Mass.  
 Daisy E. Severance, Shelburne Falls, Mass.  
 Madeline Wilcox, Shelburne Falls, Mass.  
 Edward Billings, Editor, Conway, Nass.  
 Willard F. Boyden, Conway, Mass- '89.  
 Lila Bates, (Mrs. Mac Cullom,) Brooklyn, N. Y.  
 Grace E. Canedy, (Mrs. F. A. Tupper,) Quincy, Mass.  
 Bertha Carpenter, (Mrs. O. E. Kellyer,) Fitchburg, Mass.  
 Lula Goodnow, (Mrs. G. H. Harris,) Buckland, Mass.  
 Sadie E. Reed, Florida, Mass.  
 Florence Russell, Shelburne Falls, Mass.  
 Grace E. Wing, (Mrs. W. E. Caul,) Tacoma, Wash.  
 Mark H. Brown, D. D. S. New York City.  
 H. A. Russell, Physician, New York City.

M. Orland Spaulding, Keene, N. H.  
 Leo E. Willis, Jeweller, Shelburne Falls, Mass. '90.  
 Bertha C. Andrews, Teacher, Shelburne, Mass.  
 Hattie L. Blanchard, Monroe, Mass.  
 Annie E. Morse, Shelburne Falls, Mass.  
 Maud M. Purrington, Shattuckville, Mass.  
 Annie L. Ritchie, Middlebury College, Vt.  
 Arthur G. Merrill, Professor, Tarrytown, N. Y.  
 Chas. Z. Smith, Lawyer, New Year City.  
 G. E. Stratton, Civil Engineer, Brookline, Mass. '91.  
 Anna Burke, Shelburne Falls, Mass.  
 Winifred Church, Ashfield, Mass.  
 Viola Crittenden, Teacher, Shelburne Falls, Mass.  
 Lorena Peebles, Music Teacher, Shelburne Falls, Mass.  
 Katie M. Smith, Griswoldville, Mass.  
 Julia R. Sperry, Shelburne Falls, Mass.  
 Mabel Ware, Middlebury College, Vt.  
 Attella C. Woodward, (Mrs. Wells,) Buckland, Mass.  
 Nettie A. Woodward, Shelburne Falls, Mass.  
 Hattie L. Yoemans, Ashfield, Mass.  
 Kimbal S. Field, Child's Business College.

Howard A. Halligan, Amherst College.	Helen C. Hoyt, Post Graduate. Arms Academy.
C. Harry Smith, Clerk, Chicago, Ill.	Sadie R. Maxwell, E. Charlemont, Mass.
Mabelle Bradford, Westfield Normal School,	Wilhelmina I. Yetter, Teacher, Shelburne Falls, Mass.
Lottie S. Brown, Teacher, Shelburne Falls, Mass.	Chas. W. Cary, Brown University.
Winnie Carpenter, (Mrs. Chas. Loomis.) Shelburne, Mass.	Harold C. Howes, Physician, Ashfield, Mass.
Louise V. Dodge, Shelburne, Mass.	Harry M. Howes, Clerk, Meekins & Packard, Springfield, Mass.
Grace H. Hicks, Shelburne Falls, Mass.	Geo. F. Jenks, Brown University
Lydia James, Granville, N. Y.	Chas. A. Merrill, Amherst College.
Luna Johnson, E. Charlemont, Mass.	Geo. B. Wing Jr., Tacoma, Wash.
Mary S. Loomis, Shelburne, Mass.	W. W. Wing, Tacoma, Wash.
Minnie E. Mann, Westfield Normal School.	C. E. White, P. G. Arms Academy, Shelburne Falls, Mass.
Annie M. Swan, Shelburne Falls, Mass.	Grace Ware, Shelburne Falls, Mass.
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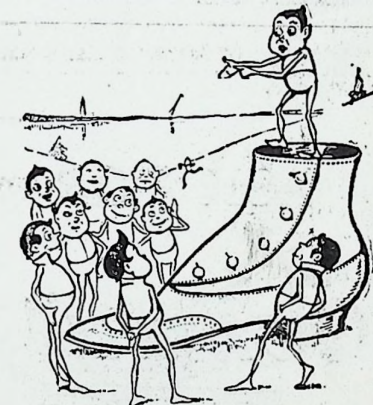
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