

Innis

# Arms

Shelburne Historical Society

# Student

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May, '95.

Jux Eng Co Boston

# Shelburne Historical Society

THE ARMS STUDENT.

## ARMS ACADEMY,



Shelburne Falls, Mass.

J. W. F. WILKINSON, A. B., Principal.

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Winter term begins, Mon., Dec. 3, 1894.  
Winter term ends, Fri., Mar. 1, 1895.  
Spring term begins, Mon., Mar. 11, 1895.  
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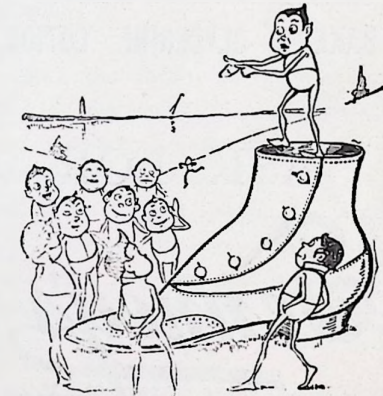
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# ARMS STUDENT.

VOL. XI.

SHELBURNE FALLS, MASS., MAY, 1895.

NO. 7

## ARMS STUDENT.

—Published by the—

STUDENTS OF ARMS ACADEMY.

Issued the 20th of the following months:  
Oct., Nov., Dec., Jan., Feb., April, May,  
and June.

Entered at Shelburne Falls Post-office as  
Second class matter.

Terms: 50 cents per year. Single cop-  
ies 7 cents.

### EDITORIAL STAFF.

R. D. JUDD,	Chief.
FLORENCE TAYLOR, )	Literary.
DOROTHY COVELL, )	
RUTH CANEDY, )	
FLORENCE AMSTEIN,	School Fun.
BESSIE HALLIGAN,	Academics.
JEAN FISHER,	Personals.
ROBERT BURNHAM,	Athletics.
PHILIP MERRILL,	Exchanges.
HOWARD HALL,	Business Manager.

All information regarding former students  
will be gladly received.

### EDITORIALS.

The annual commencement class meetings  
seem to be the only excitement of the past  
month. Always at these meetings  
more or less difference of opinion has been  
noted, but never before have we found so

many original (?) opinions. The question  
of the (orchestra) seems to rest heavily on  
the minds of the faculty. While it is no  
doubt a very difficult question to decide,  
it seems to us that the class should have a  
voice in the matter.

\*\*\*

We are very glad to learn that the class  
of '95 have succeeded in obtaining Wulf  
Fries, the renowned violincellist, to assist  
in the commencement concert. This un-  
doubtedly will be a drawing card.

\*\*\*

Tennis and Croquet have been the pre-  
vailing sports on the campus the past  
month.

\*\*\*

Since the faculty are so much against  
dancing, the feelings of the riotous scholars  
are, to plan for a dance on the night of the  
reception. It seems very sad to see these  
young minds rising up against the rules of  
the Academy. It simply shows a lack of  
civilization or a step towards savagery, this  
love for revenge.

\*\*\*

It is encouraging to the teachers, to see  
the pupils study, but it seems strange that  
any scholar (?) should be able to study with  
so much interest the last five minutes of  
the period, when it is impossible to even  
keep the eyes on the book the rest of the  
time.

One of our boys has a great liking for the south side of the room. We wonder if the novelty will soon wear off?

\*\*\*

What has our "great sports-man" been about lately? We have heard nothing from him.

\*\*\*  
THE OUTLOOK FOR A SPOILED CHILD

In a large room, elegantly furnished rests a small table. Around it sit four men.

The tone covering of the table, of some very costly material, has been thrown aside and playing cards and bank notes take its place. The four men excitedly watch the stakes as a game progresses and the betting goes on. Finally one man's money is won from him and the excitement is at its highest pitch, borrowing more money from his partner he bets again, and again loses. With dilated eyes and hopes past falling, he borrows more money but this like the other was soon lost. Looking up suddenly he sees his opponents taking cards from their sleeves, and immediately accuses them of cheating. The latter only smile and answer "prove it," where-upon the young man grows suddenly very angry, his face is livid with rage and words cannot flow fast enough in their abuse toward the gamblers, until "forbearance ceases to be a virtue" and his opponents answer simultaneously "you lie." The young man hastily draws a revolver and shoots twice. Two dead men fall to the floor the other escapes through the window. The murderer with the

smoking weapon in his hand and anger suddenly cooling, exclaims "what have I done?" Taking in the situation immediately and knowing that it meant death on the gallows or imprisonment for life when found out he turned the weapon on himself and pulls the trigger.

\*\*\*  
A funeral procession is passing along the street, one man (the escaped gambler) stands by and watches the carriages with the feeling of a murderer, tears roll down his face and he lives in perfect torture.

He is the only man that weeps, the other people knew the dead were gamblers and lost sympathy.

To him, who in his love for gain

The laws of home and state disdain,  
Let home and friends be kind and true,  
And show to him his life made new.

P. D. Q.

\*\*\*

SPRING FLOWERS.

The Story of a Clover.

The warm sun of an April day was shining down on the sloping bank of a meadow. Soon a cloud came and a shower fell. Then the sun came out again warmer and brighter than ever.

Listen; and you will hear the sun talking to himself. This is what he says, "Last fall I saw a clover seed fall on that meadow by a stone." "I've half a mind to see if I can wake it up." "It has been sleeping for a long time." So the sun poured down his warm rays on the meadow till the grass

grew green, and the clover seed woke up from its long winter slumber. It was only a seed, but when the warm rays of the sun fell upon it, and it heard the ripple of the brook it knew by instinct that it was growing time, and with the aid of the sun, rain and the south wind the little seed stretched out a tiny root downward and a little stem upward. Then rested at night.

On the next morning the sun shone as bright as ever and two new roots grew and the stem shot way above the ground. The bright light turned it to a beautiful green, and a tiny leaf began to spread above the grass.

A cloud appeared hiding the sun from view and soon warm drops of rain fell on the thirsty flowers. After a while the sun began to peep over the edge of the cloud, and that day the clover grew more roots, and started three more leaves, and then most wonderful of all a tiny bud started right out of its heart and reached its head up toward the sky.

Early the next morning the sun was up and no clouds hid his face.

And he looked down on the little clover bud and it opened its leaves and looked as fresh and fragrant as possible with the dew glistening on its leaves so they looked like many diamonds scattered in the grass.

Leta Dexter.

\*\*\*

OPENING OF THE SPRING FOLIAGE.

What is more beautiful than the Spring time, when everything is springing into life!

At first a tiny swelling appears on the twig, which is hardly noticeable. Then the bud begins to look green, and with all the buds on the tree, it takes on its most beautiful color.

It all comes so suddenly. It is so soon after the first few green leaves appear that the tree is clothed in all its glory, that it seems as if the leaves had been there all winter only wrapped in their brown coats, instead of developing as they do.

In the Spring time every thing bears witness of God, of His powerful hand, and His love of the beautiful.

It is wonderful to watch the growth of the Spring foliage and then think of its relation to the human life. Starting with the child, does not the mind of the child correspond to the bud?

This develops as does the bud. The mind of the child is influenced by every surrounding influence, and the child is taught that he may be independent and ready to fight the battle of life when that time shall arrive.

Just as the child mind is protected from all evil by his watchful parents, so the bud is protected in winter by the little brown coat.

Then in the life of the bud that was, the leaf it is now, comes the summer when it sways lightly in the soft breeze and is in reality at "middle life."

Then in the lives of both the bud and the child comes the Fall. The leaf fades, falls, and passes from sight. Its beauty was gone. It had done its work.

So the child that was, fades, and falls. For a time the thought of him is dear, and then he too passes from memory.

It is well. He had done his work, and there are others to take his place in life, so there are other buds to take the place of the one gone.

We cannot follow either the child or the bud farther. We know that these buds will in time fade, and that we shall some time be forgotten, but after that; who can tell?

"Take them, O great Eternity,  
Our little life is but a gust  
That bends the branches of thy tree,  
And trails its blossoms in the dust."

M. C. D.

\*\*\*

#### ONE OF THE LEAST OF THESE.

A nonentity. That is what he was, there was no denying it, he was simply and entirely a nobody. So I would say at the startling point to those who care to read only of kings and queens, of gentle maids, or even of deep dyed villains, that they had better turn away from this little story of a nonentity.

No friends, no home, no parents, no name even, all these things, without which we do not think we could live, he had never known. He knew nothing of his past, he did not try to imagine his future, the present alone was his, the present of a wretched starved, little hand organ grinder.

What brightness could there be in a life like his?

But Skin, (a contraction of Skinning, which was the most appropriate nickname which could have been given him) possessed one never-failing source of joy, and at the same time of acute pain. Jocko, the little scraggy ape, dressed in the regulation uniform of exceedingly soiled red jacket and green cap, was the one object upon which he poured all the love of which his half famished soul was capable.

When the man who owned them both, (for he considered Skin as much his property as the monkey) gave Jocko a kick or whipped him for not doing his tricks just right, the boy's black eyes would snap, a dull red glow come into his swarthy cheeks and he would clench his fists with anger.

Then he would take Jocko into his arms and stroke him with all the gentleness which had not been ill-treated out of him.

So life went on with Skin and Jocko, until one day, when they were playing before a large house in the suburbs of a city, a young girl came out to give a nickel to the monkey. Jocko was very tired and as lame as he could be, and something in the pathetic face of the little creature touched the girl's heart and brought the tears to her eyes. She walked straight up to the man who stood just in front of Skin.

"How much will you sell him for?" she said, "Will you give him to me for five dollars? After considerable muttering the man agreed to sell him for five dollars and a half, and having promptly received the money from the girl, walked off, with a curse upon Skin, who stood, with all the

anguish of his heart imprinted on his face as he took his last look at little Jocko.

I know nothing how Jocko was received by the girl's parents, but I can imagine there were a good many reproaches and a little scolding. I do know, however, that she kept him and that by means of good food and excellent care he became a gentle and beloved, though never a handsome pet.

As for Skin, he went on through the street, grinding the organ as usual, but in his heart was a tempest of anger and despair. That she whose life was filled with pleasure, who was doubtless surrounded by pets,—that she should take his only joy, all he had to love it was unendurable, what could life be now?

But, though he thought his sorrow would kill him, he did not die, not till many years later, when his life ended in a prison cell, one of the large number of common criminals, a nonentity to the last.

It was a kind deed, the young girl did ah, yes, a very kind deed, to release the monkey from his hard life. But if we could know all the consequences of some of our most charitable acts, I fear we would be too discouraged even to attempt them.

\*\*\*

#### ACADEMICS.

With the coming of Spring, the interest in tennis and croquet has been revived, and every pleasant day, many of the students may be seen competing with one another in these sports.

The class of '96 are being trained for their Prize Speaking by Miss Elizabeth Johnson, of Conway. She comes to the Academy twice a week on Monday and Friday, the latter giving a class rehearsal.

The '95's have one new feature for the Class Day Exercises, "Statistics," being the subject given to Mr R. Allan Burnham. The Class have already begun to exchange pictures, another sign that Commencement is very near us.

One of the most interesting classes in the Academy this term is the Botany Class which is progressing finely.

\*\*\*

#### SCHOOL FUN.

Dogs have been quite frequent visitors at the school lately. It is strange what they find so attractive. If they could only be made to bear a few of the trials of us poor students, not a dog would come within ten miles of the Academy.

Miss H.—What kind of light is a thunder storm?

We were told recently that the twenty-eighth Miss H.—was attending school.

We had been ignorant of this before.

Let it be known that battles without a lens (Lens) are most important, though it is rather puzzling to know what ones have them; therefore we cannot tell the important battles.

Eggs must have been a very strong protection in the time of Cæsar.

## EXCHANGES.

Student Life is an ably edited paper and shows a good deal of enterprise.

"Where did Julius Cæsar propose to an Irish Girl?"

"When he came to the Rhine and proposed to Bridge it." Ex.

"In the river of Paris had lain  
The corps of a man self slain,  
Which called forth a bit  
On the coroners wit,  
Who gravely declared him "in Seine."

The Signal is a bright exchange.

A Kiss is a noun, though generally used as a conjunction. It is never declined. It is more common than proper; it is not very singular and is generally used in the plural, and agrees with one. Ex.

Other Exchanges this month are New High School Review, The Gleaner, Res Academicæ, High School Journal, Adelphian.

\* \* \*  
SPRING FLOWERS.

After the snow has left the ground, and the grass begins to spring up, we may begin our search for spring flowers. The language of flowers is supposed to have been used among the earliest nations; but the Greeks are the first users of whom we have any trustworthy records.

Shakespeare confides to us that "fairies use flowers for their characters;" while other poets tell us that flowers speak themselves.

The following are some well known flowers, with their symbolism as used in

poetry: Cowslip, Youthful beauty; Daffodil, Unrequited love; Dandelion, Coquetry; Foxglove, Insincerity; Honeysuckle, Fidelity; Snowdrop, Friend in need; White violet, Modesty.

The cowslip is a common native of pastures in England, it is a modest and pretty flower.

The flowers are yellow and quite small and are fermented with sugar from which cowslip wine is made, which is domestic medicine. It flowers in April and May.

The foxglove is a native of Britain, and is very abundant in some parts of the country, its large purple flowers often giving a gay appearance to dry banks and steep hills.

Its English name, and the botanical name, digitalis (Latin digitale, the finger of a glove,) both refer to the form of its flowers.

Its leaves and seeds are used as medicine; but they are narcotic and poisonous.

The snowdrop is a small white flower, bell shaped, and might well be called, a friend in need.

It is a native chiefly of the southern part of Europe, growing in woods and pastures.

It is a very well known flower.

There are a great many species of violets but the white one, I think, is the smallest. It is an innocent looking flower, and deserves its name, modesty.

Some species of violets, also, are used as a medicine.

Inez Ward,

RESOLVED THAT A PROPERTY  
QUALIFICATION SHOULD  
BE A CONDITION OF ENJOYING THE  
RIGHTS OF SUFFRAGE.

*Affirmative.*

The early laws of our state required a person to be the owner of a certain amount of property before he was allowed the privilege of voting. If the same condition of affairs existed to-day throughout the United States I think its prosperity would be increased.

Do I hear someone asking why I believe this to be so? I will strive to explain my sentiments.

Often upon the questions of financial expenditures a person who has no property does not wisely consider the amount of public benefit which will be realized, or the inconvenience, and sometimes even, unjust amounts required of the property holders as their portion to be paid in the form of taxation to raise the required appropriations or even the heavy debts which may be incurred.

To illustrate—The city of Worcester is heavily in debt from the appropriations voted for by persons who pay no tax aside from a poll tax and who have carried the votes for the purpose of securing the opportunity of doing the work and receiving the wages, or in other words for the sake of buttering their own bread.

You believe many men who are not property owners to be better qualified to conduct public affairs than many who are?

Such instances are seldom. But if the conditions of suffrage were based upon bona fide possession of property, would not this be an incentive for persons to exert their powers toward the acquiring, at least, of a home which can be called their own?

If ever so humble. Who does not believe the owners of property to be those with greater independence and more devotion to the well being of their country?

If the rights of suffrage should be based upon previously mentioned qualifications, one of the greatest questions of to-day—that of prohibition, would be more easily solved for the right, as so many of those who frequent the saloons would loose their ability to cast votes for their maintenance.

*Mary A. Dickinson.*

*Negative.*

Every citizen, whether he has property or not, should have the right of suffrage.

There are many reasons for this. Why should not a man who has no property be allowed to have some share, however small, in the affairs of the state or town, and so increase his interest in them?

Almost all citizens care enough for the land in which they live to look out for the welfare of each part of it, and so vote as they think best; while those who do not, may be among the property holders as well as among the remaining population; so that the country will not be injured by their voting.

The system which we now have is surely a good one.

Could it be bettered by restricting the number of voters to a certain class, simply because they happen to have a house, or perhaps a piece of land?

This would be taking all the privileges from those who pay only a poll tax and obliging them to be governed entirely according to the wishes of those who own property.

We might as well go on a step farther, and say that every man who has a certain amount of property shall vote; and then gradually increase this amount until, in the end, the government will be under the control of the rich, and they alone will have a voice in the management of our country.

This would undoubtedly be a bad state of affairs, although not much worse than if the property holders should have all the power, and so I say, "Let well enough alone;" for well enough it certainly is.

*Florence M. Amstein.*

\*\*\*

#### Commencement Week Programme.

Sunday, June 2, 3:00 p. m.  
Baccalaureate Sermon,  
Congregational Church.  
By  
Rev. G. Glenn Atkins, of Greenfield, Mass.  
Monday, June 3, 8:00 p. m.  
Junior Prize Speaking.

#### SPEAKERS.

Swan Song, *Katherine Reiter Brooks*  
Jessie Sauer.  
The Famine, *Henry W. Longfellow*  
Ruth Canedy.

Bay Billy. *Anon*  
Howard Hall.  
The Healing of the Lepers, *Lew Wallace*  
Bessie Halligan.  
Doom of Claudius and Cynethia.  
Ethel Oakman.  
The Second Trial. *Sarah Winter Kellogg*  
Edith Fisher.  
The Volunteers of the Union, *R. Ingersoll*  
Roy Merrill.  
The Last Banquet. *Anon*  
Rena Fife.  
Tuesday, June 4.

10:00 a. m. Meeting of Alumni,  
Academy Hall.  
2:30 p. m. Class Day Exercises,  
Academy Hall.

#### SPEAKERS.

Class History, *Carrie Bolton*  
Class Oration, *Philip Merrill*  
Class Statistics, *R. A. Burnham*  
Class Prophecy, *Mary Gould*  
Class Poem, *Elinor Fife*  
Address to Undergraduates, *Blanche Elmer*  
Reply to Address, *Ruth Canedy*  
Memorabilia, *Blanche Elmer*  
*Elinor Fife*  
Class Ode, *Marion Orcutt*  
Ode to be Sung by the Class.

8:00 p. m. Commencement Concert,  
Congregational Church.

Albion Male Quartet, Assisted by  
Wulf Fries, Violincellist.

Wednesday, June 5.

10:30 a. m. Commencement Exercises,  
Congregational Church.

#### SPEAKERS, CLASS OF '95.

11:00 p. m. Alumni Dinner.  
Prominent Speakers will make Addresses.  
8:00 p. m. Reception, Academy Hall.

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