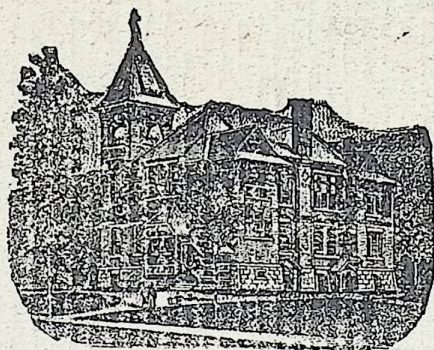


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EDITORIALS.

Once again the ARMS STUDENT extends hearty greeting to all its friends. Owing to the changes which have been made in our courses and to the loss of many former workers, it has been necessary to introduce our paper at a later date than heretofore. But now, beginning afresh with the New Year, we propose to bend our energies to our task and to present to the public a paper worthy of its notice.

The innovation of the half-year study in our course is a refreshing one. There is a delight in entering upon a new study in the midst of the long, monotonous year, which is akin to the pleasure of the skillful commander of an army as he enters with zest upon a new campaign, and, looking forward, perceives the many possibilities which lie before him. So we, commanders of the forces of intellect, joyfully take up our new tasks, realizing that every completed study has broadened and strengthened our minds.

Information regarding former students will be thankfully received; contributions, also, are solicited.

All contributions may be addressed to the Editor-in-chief.

By the conversation and demeanor of our organizations we judge of their characters; so, by the paper sent forth by a school, we form our estimate of the institution it represents. Let us all take hold with a will, and make our STUDENT the best possible representative of Arms Academy,

The reading classes which have been introduced this year are a very excellent innovation. Though the study of English is often neglected for French, German, Greek, and Latin, it is more important than any of these and should have its place in every school catalogue. It is feared, however, that this work is held too lightly by the students. If each pupil understood the value of the study, surely these classes would be the most interesting of the school and the literary taste of the scholars would be greatly improved.

The Seniors have been very busy with their preparations for prize speaking, which will occur in about four weeks, and for the masquerade, which has recently taken place. A charming air of mystery always surrounds the movements of such workers and many criticisms were continually hurled at them in which the word "monkey," always had a prominent part.

A SHORT SKETCH OF LEVI DAVENPORT'S LIFE.

The Davenport Scientific Lectures, to which we have recently listened with so much pleasure and profit, render timely a few words upon the life of the founder of the course; while the older portion of our community is full of reminiscences of Mr. Davenport, the younger generation seem to know but little in regard to our benefactor.

Levi Davenport, one of a large family of children, was an early settler of Colrain,

coming from Vermont. To secure good air, and possibly to escape the late spring frosts, which in those days were a serious drawback to the cultivation of the lower lands, he built on Catamount hill a small house of round logs, for a dwelling. In this house Levi was born, September 20, 1804. This house remained his home until he was twenty years old. At that time his father provided his family with what was then considered a luxury—a house of hewn logs. Later, to keep up with the times, clapboards were added, and this house is still standing and is occupied.



LEVI DAVENPORT.

When Levi was a boy, his father gave him a small piece of land to till, and on it he raised a crop of potatoes. For these potatoes he received ten dollars, the first money that he ever earned for himself. From that time on, Mr. Davenport used to say, he was never without money.

Among other schemes for earning a little money, he trapped woodchucks, tanned their skins, and braided them into whiplashes, which he brought to town and peddled out among the owners of ox teams.

These incidents are given as showing the

in the moral training and protection of boys and girls.

The majority of girls, he said, are protected from even a thought of evil, while the boys are sent out into the world, with the idea that to "rough it," is an essential part of a boy's development. Illustrating this, the lecturer gave a little anecdote from his own experience.

"I was in a hall preparing for a lecture, when a little girl came in to see her grandpa, the stage carpenter. I spoke with her, as I always do with children.

"What have you been doing to-day, my little one?"

"I've been to school, sir."

"And what have you learned?" I inquired.

"Oh, sir, I don't know!"

"Have you learned so much that you can't tell?"

"Well, I don't know but that is it."

"Then without changing my tone, I said, 'And what have you learned that's bad?'"

"She looked up at me with large, wondering eyes, and said, 'Why, sir? I hope I haven't learned anything bad!'"

"Now, what would her little brother have said, had I asked him that same question? I imagine it would have been something like this: 'Aw, chase yerself around the block!'"

Professor De Motte often and impressively quoted these words: "Thoughts are deeds, and may become crimes," thus showing how vitally important it is that we keep our thoughts pure. He said that what our mind dwells upon in secret, will, in an excited or unguarded moment, reveal itself, as in the case of the wicked, wicked girl who said "by jingo," when the sleigh tipped over. No doubt that poor girl had thought "by jingo" innumerable times, but wouldn't for the world have said it.

Science has enabled man to photograph even the inner organs of the human body;

and we know not but that it will soon take such strides as to penetrate and bring to light even our innermost thoughts. How much unsuspected villainy will then be brought to light, for "what a goodly outside falsehood hath!"

Some one has remarked that Professor De Motte's lecture was the best temperance discourse he had ever heard, and we agree with this one, for temperance is self-control, and self-control is a vital element of character.

PROFESSOR DE MOTTE'S SECOND LECTURE.

The subject of De Motte's second lecture was "Electricity."

He began by giving an illustrated history of locomotion through its ever advancing stages to the present high state of development. The last mode—the steam engine—is daily growing too slow for this age, and something that possesses more speed is about to take its place.

The great agent, which is now fast replacing the steam engine, is the electric motor. To prove his statement, Professor De Motte gave an account of a recent test which took place on the Baltimore & Ohio railroad, when one of the electric motors used to haul trains through a tunnel, performed work that would be impossible for a steam engine to do.

He outlined the steps by which our knowledge of electricity has been perfected from the time when the Greeks discovered that amber, under certain conditions, had a power of attracting light bodies, to this age with our knowledge of the electric motor, telegraph, telephone, and other various appliances for developing electricity and making it our slave and agent.

He showed this to be one of the most important years for advance in speed and extent of travel, because of the building of the Trans-Siberian and Inter-Colonial railroads. By the year 1910, we shall be able

to step into a Pulman car at this station, and, without leaving it, reach London by way of the Aleutian Islands, and Trans-Siberian railroad. We may also reach Venezuela by way of the Inter-Colonial railroad.

The search light and its uses on land and sea, especially in war, were strikingly illustrated.

Professor De Motte stated that in the near future we cannot only talk to each other through the telephone, but also see each other at a great distance by means of electricity. We shall be able to travel two hundred miles an hour by its aid.

Among the other triumphs for the near future will be a method of producing light without heat, as well, as dispensing with coal in its manufacture.

Professor De Motte's lecture was instructive as well as interesting. His experiments were startling and scientific.

* * *

CROSS-PATCH.

The sun had not risen. Hovering over Vesuvius was a broad gray veil of mist. The sea was still and peaceful.

Upon the beach, however, all was activity. The honest fishermen were busy with their nets, and in a neighboring cottage an old grandame made merry music with her whirring wheel. Near her sat a little maid of ten years.

"Do you see, my little Rachel," said the old dame, "there is our curate just getting into the boat. Anthony will row him to Capri."

The "little minister," as he was lovingly called, nodded to right and left, with a friendly greeting for all.

Anthony respectfully assisted the curate into the little boat, which, under the strong arm of the youth, was soon skimming out over the calm water.

A slender maiden at this moment came

to the edge of the water and beckoned to Anthony, who, after asking leave of the pastor, returned to the landing for his fair passenger. At this instant the maiden stepped from behind the rock which had concealed her.

"Hello, Cross-patch," cried several young boatmen. The maiden looked straight before her.

"Good day, Laura," said the pastor. "How are you? Shall you go with us to Capri?"

"If it is convenient, father."

"Certainly, my child, get in, and sit beside me here."

Without speaking, Laura quietly seated herself beside the pastor.

For a few moments, there was silence. Then followed kind inquiries on the part of the pastor, as to her mission to Capri, the health of her mother, etc.

After another awkward pause, the little pastor ventured to inquire: "Why did the rude fisher boys address you as 'Cross-patch?'"

The maiden's eyes darkened, and she replied: "They laugh at me because I do not dance, sing, and jest like the other girls. I wish they would let me alone. I am nothing to them!"

There was another pause.

"Laura, have you never heard more from the young Neapolitan artist, who wished to make you his wife?"

"No, why should he care for me. There are many more beautiful than I."

"But did he not wish to wed you?"

She was silent.

"And why should you refuse him?" persisted the pastor. "He is said to be an honorable fellow, and he could provide for you and your sick mother better than you are able to do with your spinning and weaving."

"I shall never marry," she answered decisively.

"Have you made a vow, or will you enter

a cloister?" asked the curate a trifle impatiently.

She shook her head.

"What reason can you then have for your absurd determination?"

"I have good reason, but I cannot tell you."

"Not tell *me*, your pastor? Relieve your heart, my child. If you are right, I will be the first to acknowledge it."

Laura cast a furtive glance at the youth in the back of the boat, but he appeared to be indifferent even to their existence.

The pastor saw Laura's glance and beckoned her nearer.

"Did you know my father?" she whispered.

"Your father? He died, I believe, when you were but ten years old. What has he, whose soul is in paradise, to do with your obstinacy?"

"Ah, sir, you did not know him. I have no doubt that he is to blame for my mother's sickness."

"How so?" asked the astonished pastor.

"When he was angry, he abused her, beat and kicked her. But my frail, patient mother never ceased to love him. I can, however, never forget his brutal treatment of her: and I will never give my heart to a man, and in return receive kicks and blows."

The arrival of the boat at the landing of Capri put an end to this conversation.

Laura kissed the pastor's hand in farewell, bowed slightly to Anthony, and went on her way up the steep mountain path.

During her ascent, she paused a moment and looked back. The landing lay at her feet: around her towered the rocks, the sea was sparkling in its glory: it was a sight worthy of notice.

It happened that her glance met Anthony's, who stood by his boat, gazing after the slight form of the girl.

Laura turned quickly, and with firm, set lips, continued on her way, until she was

lost to the sight of the watcher below.

It was afternoon, and Anthony had sat for a long time on a bench before the door of the inn. He appeared impatient, springing up every five minutes and gazing anxiously up the path to the mountain. Soon, to his immense relief, he saw a young girl coming down the path. It was, as he supposed, his awaited passenger.

Soon the two were once more seated in the little boat, and, with a few strokes of the oars, were out on the open sea.

Laura took a piece of bread from her basket and began silently to eat it.

Anthony offered her a couple of oranges, with the remark: "Here's something to eat with your bread, Laura. Don't imagine that I saved them for you! They rolled from the basket, and I just found them in the bottom of the boat."

"Eat them yourself. I have enough with my bread."

"They are refreshing in the heat, and you have traveled far."

"They gave me a glass of water over there."

"As you wish," he said, and let them fall again into the basket.

The sea was smooth as a mirror, and scarcely rippled around the keel.

"You might take the oranges to your mother," ventured Anthony.

"We have some at home, and when those are gone I will buy more."

"Take them to her with my compliments."

"She does not know you."

"You can tell her of me."

"I do not know you."

Over the young man's face spread a deep flush, followed almost immediately by an ashy whiteness. Anthony let the oars fall; and in a voice choked with passion, cried: "I can stand this no longer. You say you do not know me? Do you not know that my heart has long been full of a desire to

speak with you; but you have avoided me and angered me beyond endurance. I am man enough not to allow my life to be spoiled by such a cross-patch as you. Do you realize that you are wholly in my power? There is room for both of us in the sea. I cannot help you child," and he spoke sorrowfully, as in a dream. "But we must go down together, and now!" he cried, and suddenly seized her with both hands. But in an instant he drew back his right arm; the blood gushed forth; she had bitten him fearfully.

"So!" she cried mockingly. "Let's see whether or not I am in your power."

With that she sprang over the side of the boat and vanished quickly in the deep. She soon came up again and began swimming toward the shore.

Her sudden act seemed to have bewildered Anthony. He stood in the boat as though stunned. Then he recovered himself and rowed with all his strength. In an instant he was at her side.

"For the love of God," he cried, "come into the boat! I was a madman. God knows what devil seized me, so that I knew not what I said and did. You need not forgive me, Laura, only get into this boat and save your life."

She swam on as though she had heard nothing.

"You cannot reach the shore. It is nearly two miles away. Think of your poor mother!"

Measuring the distance at a glance, she saw the truth of his assertion, and came to the side of the boat, even allowing Anthony to help her in.

She noticed the blood in the bottom of the boat, then glanced at Anthony's hand. She quietly stepped to his side, bound her kerchief about his deep wound, and, in spite of his objections, took one of the oars and seated herself opposite him.

Silently they rowed on until they reached

the landing.

"Good-bye," said Laura, turning towards home.

"Good night, Laura," answered Anthony, as he climbed the steps to his little hut. There was no one but himself in the rooms through which he now paced restlessly.

He longed for darkness, for he was weary and faint from the loss of blood.

"Laura did well," sighed he. "I was a brute and deserved nothing better."

After bathing and bandaging his wound as best he could, he threw himself on the bed and closed his eyes. The bright rays of the moon, together with the excessive pain in his hand, finally awakened him from a half sleep. Just then he heard a knock at the door.

"Who is there?" he cried, and opened the door.

Laura stood before him. She threw off the handkerchief which she had over her head, placed a basket upon the table, then drawing a deep breath, briefly announced that "she had come with herbs for his wound."

"Thank you; but your trouble is unnecessary. My hand is much better."

"Let me see it, that I may believe."

Like a child, he allowed her to remove the bandage, and bathe and dress the gaping wound.

"Thank you," he said meekly; "and now, if you will grant the favor, forgive me for my conduct of this afternoon. I repeat that I was mad, and knew not what I said and did."

"I have to ask your pardon," she replied. "I should not have so vexed you by my stubbornness; and then that wound —"

"Pray do not speak of forgiveness. You did me good, and I thank you. And now," he continued kindly, "go home; and there — there is your handkerchief which you

may take with you; and now 'Good night,' and let it be for the last time."

Then he looked at her, and was startled to see great drops of moisture on her forehead and cheek.

"Holy mother!" he cried: "are you ill? You tremble from head to foot."

"It is nothing," she said, and turned toward the door. Then tears overcame her, and before Anthony could reach her, she turned, and threw her arms about his neck.

"I cannot bear it!" she sobbed, that you should send me away like this. Strike me, kick me, curse me! Or if it is true that you can love me as you say, take me, keep me, and make what you will."

He held her a moment speechless in his arms.

"Do I love you! Do you think that all my heart's blood has gone out of that trivial wound? Can you not feel that heart bounding as though it would come out to you? If you tell me this just to comfort me, then go, and I will try to forget it."

"No," she replied, and, blushing shyly, looked up with moist eyes from his shoulder. "I love you, and can only say that I have long feared this and fought against it. Now I will kiss you," she said, "so that you can say to yourself, whenever you are in doubt, 'she has kissed me, and Laura kisses no one but him whom she will marry.'"

Three times she kissed him and then turned away, with: "Good night, my dear one, go to sleep and heal your poor hand. Do not come with me, for I am not afraid."

She went out into the darkness, and vanished in the shadow of the wall.

But Anthony stood long at the window, gazing out upon the sea, over which all the stars seemed to be dancing.—*From Heysé's L'Arrabbiata von Schneiderin.*

THE CHOICE.

We sat upon broad old porch,—
I, with my violin, and she.—
The moonlight filtered through the vines.
And showed her face, so fair to see.

I softly touched my violin,—
It was more dear than life to me;
I looked upon that lovely face,
Each is so dear: which shall it be?
The whole of life to art I give,
Or all of life to her alone.
That fair, sweet face? or this? I touched
The strings, and doubt had flown.

So sweet the melody I played,
She listened, bending forward there:
The shadows wavered on her face.
The moonlight gleamed upon her hair.

But I was lost in melody,
All other thoughts were swept away;
From then I gave myself to art,
And art was mine from that far day.

Still as I touch my violin,
I seem to see a listener there;—
The lights and shades play on her face,
The moonbeams rest upon her hair.
R. B. C., '96.

THE POWER OF THOUGHT.

"The pen is mightier than the sword" is an oft quoted line. Indeed it is so familiar that by many the force of the truth behind the figure has been lost. The "pen," as we all know, means the power of the mind, while "the sword" represents animal force, or power of muscle. The former, the force of thought, is to be considered in this article.

In the first place, the words quoted do not express the half of this great truth. Truly, thought is stronger than muscular

power, but such strength is but that of a pigmy, while thought should be a giant; as our brain controls every action of our muscles, so, in its higher function, does our mind rule all our desires, and passions, and our purposes.

But it is not over ourselves alone that this mental power wields its sway. Its influence upon other minds is unlimited. The force of thought has started and controlled every movement toward advance that this world has ever made. The basis of progression in discovery, invention, science, and theology, has been earnest study and thought. This is the lever which can move the world. Spurgeon says: "Thinking is an occupation that a great many men dislike." This is, alas! very true. It is the great evil of indolence carried into the mental realm. Indeed, it is not easy to think. Earnest, serious thought, which penetrates into the depths of its subject, is more wearying than the hardest muscular labor. For this reason, the brain should have, also, its rest and recreation. There is little need of such a warning, however, for the tendency nowadays is to shun serious brain labor. Such avoidance is very dangerous, for disuse, with the brain, as with all other organs, soon brings loss of power to use.

There is another impressive fact connected with this function of the brain. This is its power of increase. Just as the muscles, by judicious exercise become larger and stronger, so is the brain power materially increased by the exercise of its function. There have been built up the great intellects that have influenced the world, and thus can we voluntarily add to our own widening possibilities.

Then let us realize the importance of thought. The practice of bravely meeting serious questions should be begun in youth. On the little matters of school, on points relating to village improvement, on all that enters into our lives, let us exercise that

God-given power of our reason, and shirk nothing. Then our development will be sure, and in after years we shall have an influence which may do more than we realize for our country's—for the world's—advancement.

ACADEMICS.

The Physics Class is progressing finely, with the aid of the remnants of apparatus dragged from obscurity.

The different members of the classes of '96 and '97, have recently entertained and held spell-bound, the remainder of the school on two Wednesday afternoons. The class of '97, in particular, was especially remarkable for its fine singers, as all who heard the grand finale, have testified.

We are pleased to see our Professor labor for the good of his school, and are glad to know that he is not even to be conquered by a refractory window fastener, even if it takes a little time and money.

The janitor was kept busy at one time, running to the door to admit visitors. (?)

The students of Arms Academy are slowly learning points of etiquette,—essential in good society.

The members of the class of '97 work together as congenially as ever in regard to preparing sociables.

Some time ago the class in Physics was informed that nothing was "quite true in the building." We hope the class and the rest of the pupils are excluded in this remark.

The reception given at the first of the fall term by the Class of '96 to Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Holbrook, to the teachers, and the Freshmen Class of Arms Academy, was very pleasant and enjoyable.

A sociable was given by the Class of '98

during the fall term, with the following program:—

1. March.
2. Vocal Solo.
3. March.
4. Charades.
5. March.
6. Instrumental Solo.
7. March.

An hour was spent with Scott with the following program, given by the Class of '96:—

1. Music—Chorus.
Class.
2. Reading—The Archery Contest.
Miss Oakman. Ivanhoe
3. Declamation—Patriotism—Lady of the Lake.
Roy Merrill.
4. Essay—Life of Scott. Miss Fife
Read by Miss Covell.
5. Music—Chorus.
Class.
6. Reading—Selection from Talisman.
Miss Sauer.
7. Essay—Personal Reminiscences of Abbot'sford.
Miss Canedy.
8. Declamation—Selection from Marmion.
Howrad Hall.
9. Essay—Characteristic Sketch of Lady of the Lake.
Miss E. Fisher.
10. Music—Chorus.
Class.

Pupils reported to have been neither absent nor tardy during the fall term are:—

Miss Yetter,	Miss Stacy,
Miss O. Smith,	Miss Sauer,
Miss M. Russell,	Miss McClellan,
Miss Hartlon,	Miss Haigis,
Miss Covell,	Miss Chapman,
Miss Call,	Miss Amstein,
	Miss Ainsworth.
Wilson,	Stebbins,

Morrison,	E. Merrill,
L. Johnson,	A. L. Johnson,
Hale,	W. Gould,

E. Gillette,

An hour was spent with Shakespeare, Friday afternoon, October 30, with the following program, given by the Class of '97:—

1. Music—Instrumental Duet.
Misses Burke and Hawks.
2. Essay—Life of Shakespeare.
Miss Thorndike.
3. Selections—Henry V. and Catherine.
Misses Davenport and Crittenden.
4. Declamation from Julius Cæsar,
J. Manning.
5. Essay—Shakespeare's Native Place.
Miss Haigis.
6. Music—Hamlet, Prince of Denmark,
A. Hale.
7. Essay—Mrs. Shakespeare,
Miss Hartlon.
8. Declamation from Merchant of Venice,
G. Innis.
9. Selection from Merchant of Venice,
Miss Burke.
10. Essay—Shakespeare and the Drama,
Miss Taylor.
11. Declamation from Julius Cæsar,
H. B. Newell,
12. Selection from Hamlet,
Miss Amstein.
13. Essay—The Shakespeare-Bacon Controversy,
Miss H. Hawks.
14. Declamation from Henry VIII,
N. Carley.
15. Music—Chorus of Elfs from Midsummer Night's Dream,
Class.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The study of music under the teaching of Miss Burrows, has been introduced into our school this year.

Every privilege, to be appreciated, must

cost something. So it is with our music. Our pennies are fast disappearing in payment for Coda, No. 141, three cents, No. 140, five cents, No. 62, two cents, etc. The teacher who collect these small bills is beginning to think that pennies do not grow on every bush, in the region of some pupils. Is it possible that some prefer "gum" to paying their lawful bills? A number of the girls lost on the time for the music lesson, but whether it is that they enjoy the music or are overjoyed that it occupies the period in which they should be reciting Latin I dare not answer.

It is encouraging to think that our progress in music will have no set back at the entrance of next year's class, who have all studied the same course in the grammar schools this year.

There is talk of forming a Glee Club some time in the future. This will add greatly to our school interest. What an opportunity they will have to sing forth the praises of Arms Academy.

We have all been in the habit of depending on the organ; consequently we find that when we strike our "Do" we are not always of the same mind as to its pitch; it makes a "very musical sound," that is, if all parts are on different keys.

We have found that more practice on accidentals would not harm any of us.

A great many of our girls are afraid they will not strike a note right, so they do not sing at all.

"THAT AWFUL NOISE."

A lady passing by the Academy one evening not many weeks ago, heard an unusual noise within, and not being able to make out what could be going on, she immediately notified the Professor. In great excitement he hurried on his hat and coat and started for the Academy to investigate the cause of "that awful noise." To his astonishment, on reaching the building, he found some of

the best citizens of the town gathered in the hall. He could hardly make out what they were trying to do, but thought by the sounds, that some were attempting to scale the belfry and others were descending to the depths of the basement. The janitor had fled in great fear to the furnace room. Then it occurred to the Professor that that enthusiastic assembly was nothing more or less than the Choral Union.

HELEN GOODELL, KATE YETTER.

The day of prayer for schools and colleges was observed at the Academy Thursday, January 30, 1896. Several clergymen and others were present.

PROGRAM.

1. Singing by School—Italian Hymn.
"Come thou almighty king,
Help us thy name to sing," etc.,
2. Prayer.
3. Singing by Choir—Lux Benigna.
"Lead kindly light amid the encircling gloom,"
4. Responsive reading. John 1: 4-9; III: 19.
5. Addresses by Clergymen and others.
6. Scripture reading by Principal. Ephesians vi: 10-17.
7. Singing by School—Webb.
"God is my strong salvation
What for have I to fear?"
8. Benediction.

Rev. George Fisher gave a very instructive talk on "Light."

Rev. W. H. Ashley gave an interesting discourse on "Independence of Character."

Rev. Veil Andrews made remarks on the "Bible." He explained the manner in which many people read or neglect to read their Bibles.

Rev. Gardner Alley made a few pleasant remarks concerning the welfare of the school.

Mr. S. T. Field spoke on the "Influence of a Christian Character."

Professor Holbrook spoke about "Two Sides of an Education," one of mind, the other of soul. He also showed that they could not safely be separated.

CHARACTERISTICS OF HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

One of Denmark's most gifted characters in the poetical world was Hans Andersen, the children's friend. Although the early part of his life was a hard struggle, he did succeed in making a name to last through all ages. Noted for his powers, he is nevertheless better known in this country by his fairy tales.

Some critics have compared him with the Brothers Grimm, but one writer states that he might with equal propriety be compared with the Man in the Moon, because while the Grimm brothers collected folk-lore simply for the science of it, Andersen, perfectly innocent of such a thing, was attracted by the poetry to be found in it. In reading his Tales one perceives the great amount of poetry which he alone of all fairy tale writers did find, and his bright, artful way of revealing the hidden treasures of common nursery nonsense.

Strange as it may seem, Andersen had the simple nature of a child up to the day of his death. He was never at ease unless he was the center of attraction. His whole conversation concerned himself, or perhaps some noble king or other royal personage, who had paid him some slight attention. A king to Hans seemed as marvelous as do some of his stories to children, and this leads us to realize something of his childishness. His world was the child's world, and in it he dwelt content. "He was great in little things, and little in great things. He had a heart of gold, a silver tongue, and the spine of a mollusk." But with all these virtues, he lacked that higher self esteem, nobility of character.

ODDS AND ENDS.

The members of the bookkeeping class are the only scholars allowed to write notes.

Mr. H. (with a weary sigh)—"Should the

lines be drawn parallel if it takes so much work?"

The botany drawing books show a great variety in beans. Evidently the teacher intends her class shall "know beans," at least.

IN THE PHYSICS CLASS.

Suggestion—Professor:

"An egg in a glass half full of brine,
Will rise to the center every time."

Observation—Members of class:

"The egg was put in; it rose to the top."

Reflection—Class and Professor:

"Was that egg good? I guess not."

The "Fairbanks scale" is a most widely advertised article, but never have the Academy students become so familiar with it as this year, for it is now regularly presented to us every morning.

One of our "gay young Juniors," while observing the memorial dinner set of Shelburne Falls in Mr. Halligan's window the other day, remarked that she should think "Arms cemetery instead of Arms Academy would have been pictured on the bone dishes."

"What did you have for breakfast?"

Was a question that did pass
To a bashful little maiden
Once, in our botany class.

The maiden looked astonished
And blushes dyed her chin;
But the teacher was persistent,
And asked her it again.

We wondered to hear our teacher
Put a query quite so rash;
But the maiden looked up shyly,
And said, "We all had hash."

CHAPPIE AND CHOLLY.

There are two youths we often meet
Upon the cars, or on the street,—
They look quite fine and pretty there.

Or they appear upon the page
Of journal writ by comic sage,
And talk so smart and witty there.

We laugh to hear their sallies gay,
And hear them to each other say,
"Old fel," and "Don'cher know my deah,"
But oh! how badly they are used,
And oh! how sadly they're abused
Whenever those *dear girls* appear.

Poor artless dudes! I pity you,
Worse treated than those "Girls in Blue,"
But to mention them is folly,
For they at last have had their day,
I hope the same we soon can say
Of "Chappie deah, and Cholly."

EXCHANGES.

From *The Hermonite* we learn that the question now under discussion is:—
"Resolved, That we need a new man more than we need a new woman."

The yellow aster is faded;
Dodo is out of sight,
And the heavenly twins have sailed away
On the ships that pass in the night.

—Ex.

How do we know Hamlet had a bicycle?
Because he said, "watch over my safety
while I sleep."—Ex.

"Dear Jim: I am sending you my coat
by parcels post. I have cut off the buttons to
make it lighter. You will find them in the
breast pocket. Yours, etc., Pat."—Ex.

"Shall Oratoricals be Abolished from the
school room?"

This was the subject of Professor Brick's
address delivered before the Franklin
County Teachers' Association, at Orange,
Mass.

He gives as the four chief purposes of
Rhetoricals:—

1. To make better readers.
2. To fit for active life.

3. To give confidence and cure diffidence.

4. To develop a better class of literature other than dime novels and wild-woolly-west stories.

We wish all might have the opportunity of reading this address.

Freshman (to busy Junior)—"Say, which burns the longer, a wax or a tallow candle?" Junior—"I suppose a wax candle." Freshman—"No, they both burn shorter." The Junior has exhausted two smelling bottles and still breathes heavily.

The letter e is like many men: it begins everything and ends in smoke.

The Pilgrims came to America because there was a better government here.

Teacher—"When was America discovered?"

Student—(Who missed last recitation) "Don't know; wasn't here that day."—Ex.

We wish to acknowledge the following exchanges: *The Hamptonia*, New Hampton, N. H.; *The Stranger*, North Bridgton, Me.; *High School Voice*, Concord, Mass.; *The Reflector*, New Britain, Conn.; *The Palladium*, Schenectady, N. Y.; *The Adelphean*, Brooklyn; *The Pendulum*, Bernardston, Mass.; *High School Gleaner*, Pawtucket, R. I.; *The McGarr Gleaner*, Reed's Ferry, N. H.; *The Hermonite*, Mt. Hermon, Mass.; *The Alumni Princetonian*, Princeton, N. J. We hope another month may bring us more exchanges.

The following very interesting article was printed in the October number of the *High School Voice*, Concord, Mass.:—

FORCE IN PIANO PLAYING.

It is a surprising fact to many that the fingers of those who play the piano are so strong. It is said that Paderewski could break a pane of French plate glass, half an inch thick; by placing his hand upon it as a key board, and striking it with his middle finger.

But after the following little experiment

you may not be surprised. Take a number of coins, and pile them upon a piano key until it sinks to its lowest point. Then take the coins off and weigh them. If you try it on a Miller, as the writer did, you will find the coins to weigh a little less than a quarter of a pound. You are justified in calling this a full quarter, by the fact that it takes a small amount of force to make the chord vibrate.

Now for example take the "Wedding March," from Lohengrin. You have notes both in the left and right hand. These added and multiplied by one-fourth pound make it apparent that it takes pounds of force to play that simple two page selection. What must be the amount of force required to render one of Chopin's great works, or one of Wagner's operas. It is said that it amounts to tons.

When you have well digested these few facts, do you wonder that Paderewski can break steel plates. '97.

* * *

ALUMNI NOTES.

Mrs. Dole, *nee* Eliza Anderson, is at her home in Shelburne.

Willard Boyden, is working in Chicago, for the Marshall Field Co.

Mrs. Benjamin Eddy, *nee* Minnie Basse, is now living in Turners Falls.

Mrs. Frank Ransford, *nee* May Crittenden, is at her home in North Adams.

Miss Emma Haigis is spending the winter in Reading, Pa.

Daisy Severance and Madeline Wilcox are at their homes in the village. These and the preceding are all graduates of the class of '88.

Mrs. O. E. Kellyer, *nee* Miss Bertha Carpenter, '89, is living in Fitchburg, where her husband has a large dry goods store.

Miss Mary Reynolds, of the class of '94, is studying music in Troy.

Mary Hunter and Grace Ware, both

graduates of '94, are teaching school in the vicinity.

Robert Guilford, who was at Arms last year, is now attending school near Boston.

Miss Elinor Fife, '95, is representing the post-graduates of '96. She is continuing her German course.

Miss Nettie Woodward, '91, was married October 30, 1895, to W. M. Bailey, the electrical and civil engineer of Medford, Mass.

Frank Swan, '86, is at work in a bicycle factory at Waltham.

Miss Gertrude Griebel, '85, is studying in a nurse's training school in Hartford, Conn.

Mary Gould, '95, Marion Orcutt, '95, and Minnie Yetter, '94, are teaching in Colerain.

Arthur Merrill, '90, is studying at Heidelberg University, in Germany.

Katie Smith, '91, has accepted a position as bookkeeper in Holyoke.

Bertha Andrews, '90, is teaching in Fox Town, Shelburne.

Mark Brown, M.D., '89, has a good dental practice in New York.

Robert P. Dodge, '85, is in the soapstone business, in Chester, Vt.

Merton Woodward, '85, is the Shelburne Falls postmaster.

Lottie Crittenden, '87, is pursuing her studies at the Conservatory of Music in Boston.

Miss Ura Burrows, '87, is teaching music in the public schools of Buckland and Shelburne.

Mrs. F. W. Main, '86, resides in Greenfield.

The many friends of Miss Lora Guild, the sole member of the class of '84, were pained to hear of her sudden death, in June. She was a teacher in the Springfield High school, a position which she had most successfully filled for several years.

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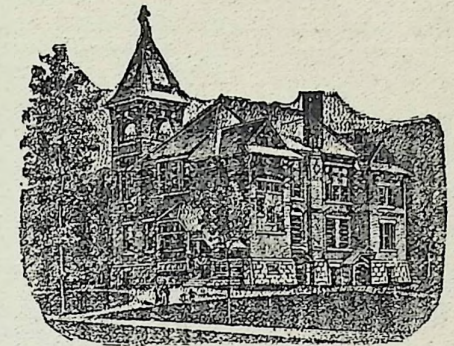
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CALENDAR.

Fall term of 12 weeks	
Begins Tuesday,	September 3, 1895
Ends Friday,	November 22, 1895
Winter term of 12 weeks	
Begins Monday,	December 2, 1895
Christmas recess of one week.	
Term ends Friday,	February 28, 1896
Senior Prize Speaking,	February 28, 1896
Spring term of 12 weeks	
Begins Monday,	March 9, 1896
Ends Wednesday,	June 3, 1896



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