

CLASS OF 1901 GET DIPLOMAS.

**THEY WERE PRESENTED BY MAYOR
RUSSELL.**

**GENEROUS ABSTRACTS
FROM ALL ESSAYS.**

**WHAT PRINCIPAL BYRAM SAID TO
THE GRADUATES.**

The graduating class of '01 held its commencement exercises at the high school last evening in the presence of an audience that filled the large room, ground floor and gallery to its utmost capacity, admission being strictly by ticket, and there being therefore no inconvenience in the way of overcrowding, the tickets being limited strictly to the number of seats available.

The rostrum was tastily although simply decorated with flowers appropriate to the season, wild flowers and ferns being principally used. The effect was most pleasing and served as a fine setting for the speakers of the evening. Suspended above the stage was the class motto, "Esse Quam Videri," wrought in white letters on a dark green background which harmonized with the prevailing colors of the floral decorations as well.

Previous to the exercises and while the audience was gaining its seats, Smith's orchestra gave a concert, a pleasing program being carried out. Several front rows of seats had been held in reserve and promptly at 8 o'clock the junior class of '02 preceded by the faculty of the school marched in and took their places, the members of the graduating class following and taking their appointed places on the platform. On the rostrum were also Mayor H. S. Russell, Superintendent of Schools Dr. Eugene Bouton, and School Committeeman J. Fred Kahl, Dr. J. B. Thomes, William Nugent, P. H. O'Donnell.

Principal Charles Byram in his remarks prefacing the exercises of the evening, said that he had been asked on one occasion by one of the school board as to what the class graduating exercises would be if the pupils were left to their own discretion as to subjects, their elaboration, etc., and it accordingly gave him pleasure to state that the present class had been accorded this privilege and that the subjects, and the essays written therefrom, represented the independent work of the class as individuals. It gave him pleasure to introduce as the first speaker of the evening the salutatorian, Miss M. Louise Rowe.

SALUTATORY.

Friends of the Pittsfield High School.

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Friends of the Pittsfield High School:

Tonight, we the class of 1901, bid you welcome to the home of our school days, for which we are so deeply indebted to you. We thank you not only for that, but also for the splendid opportunity for an education, which you have made possible, and as you listen to our simple exercises, may you feel that you have no reason to regret your efforts in behalf of the present graduating class.

To you have been our guardians during our school career, we can only give with our welcome, hearty thanks for your thought and care in providing for the needs of the school and we sincerely hope, that some time in the future, we may have occasion to show our appreciation still further.

Salutatory: Theme—Opportunities.

In the good old days when fairies roamed abroad by the light of the quivering moonbeams and the gods dwelt on Mount Olympus, the life of man was supposed to be entirely controlled by the three fates. The slender thread of his existence passed slowly but surely through the fingers of Clotho and Lachesis, to the fatal ship of Atropos's gleaming scissors. The man himself was helpless in their hands.

But we of this enlightened age, free from the net work of legends that enveloped the past, have learned that to every human being certain opportunities are given, and a person's success in life largely depends on his ability to see and make use of the opportunities, that lie in his path.

Shakespeare has said:

"There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to
Fortune;

Omitted, all the voyages of their life
Is bound in shallows, and in miseries;
And we must take the current when it
serves,

Or lose our ventures."

It is a case of "never put off until tomorrow what you can do today." Opportunities left for the morrow usually cease to be opportunities.

The Romans had some idea of what a will-o'-the-wisp creature opportunity is, for we find translated from the Latin,

"Opportunity has hair in front, behind she is bald; if you seize her by the forelock, you may hold her, but, if suffered to escape, not Jupiter himself can catch her again."

Charles Dickens, left a mere boy in the slums of London, was obliged to

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work at wrapping bottles for six shillings a week. Most boys at that age would have sunk still lower, but not so with Dickens. He seized the opportunity that would fit him for better work. His education was scant. Therefore he spent hours, reading in the British Museum. When there was a chance for him to be a reporter, he was ready for it. It was this taking opportunity by the forelock, that made him what he was, the author beloved at home and abroad.

We as a people are proud of our self-made men and justly so, for no other nation can boast of such a noble company in the fields of literature, science and art. These men again like Dickens largely owe their fame to their making the most of every opportunity. But opportunities for self-aggrandizement are not all that are given to man. On every side are fellow-creatures, who need just a little aid to start them in the right direction toward success. Recognizing the great brotherhood of mankind, is it not worth while to turn aside and offer—it may be—only "A cup of cold water" in His name?

Thus it is that opportunities are the tools God has given us to hew out our lives. Whether we make a success of them or not, depends on the skill and energy with which we work and the care with which we select our instruments.

PHYSICAL CULTURE FOR WOMEN.

(By Lena Augusta Stapleton.)

Among the many signs of progress which marked the close of the century, none was more interesting or far-reaching in good results than the improved physical condition of women. Thirty years ago the society belle was a pale nervous young woman. The healthy girl was considered vulgar in appearance, and many were the means taken to produce a thin body and a pale face.

Today, it is quite the fashion to give attention to physical culture. Indeed, it has become an art; and it augurs well for this busy-brained country, that so much thought has been running in the direction of cultivating the body. But we must find nature before we reach art. Nature is not only our guide in the matter of physical training; she is the queen who rules the kingdom of the body. Nature requires proper exercise and proper rest.

Those women who are fortunate enough to be able to take exercise in their own homes doing their own housework, are to be congratulated. But there is the teacher, the student, the typewriter, the dressmaker, and others who follow sedentary pursuits, all of whom must take precaution lest the brain, the hand, or the eye have a monopoly of exercise.

When our ancestors sought a home in this new world, they presented good specimens of humanity; and since health raises the standard of moral character, we may say that never was a country peopled by men and women more true-hearted, honest and brave. Yet how soon they acquired that restlessness and abruptness, so characteristic of our times. "The special vice of the American today," we have been told, "is his breathless haste. In his intercourse with friends and relatives he is preoccupied by business cares and seems to say, 'appreciate my politeness, for time is money.' He writes a letter in the style of a telegram, and prefers to talk wholly through a telephone. In a word, he is no longer free. Self control has been lost, and he is borne onward by a material movement. He has lost all relish for a life which is simple, moderate and healthful."

Gymnasiums are doing good work.

Gymnasiums are doing good work, but we cannot carry gymnasiums about with us. We can, however, carry common sense regarding the first principles of good health, namely, fresh air, good food, exercise and rest.

As we follow the successive centuries, we note a decline of mental power, where the physical life became degenerate, as in the case of Lasso, Cooper, Newton and Swift. All these possessing as they did, the genius of their times, forgot that man's body is the image and likeness of God, and indulged in such dissipations, that the over brilliant intellects, instead of being ornaments to Christianity, reflect darkly, the excesses to which civilization leads. It would take a long time to develop the subject of the necessity of exercise for the body, but we must all realize that it is a necessity and that it should be taken as much in the open air as possible.

No matter what our work in life, whether scientific, artistic or domestic, it is the same body through which power is transmitted, and as the quality of the power differs, we must see to it, that our physical culture be not neglected. What will all the appliance of modern science avail the generations of today if it is at the expense of their strength? "The bondage of the body is the bandage of the spirit," and when this is released, the attributes of the soul flow through it unhindered. "Virtue, grace and beauty are the hand maidens of health," and since there is nothing beautiful but what is also good, the millenium will be ushered in when human beings live in harmony with divine law.

We must maintain and develop the relation between the higher qualities of the soul, intelligence, will, affection, life, and the author of the soul. We must educate the body with reference to the soul, and when we come to the last analysis, we find that the only legitimate office of the body is to express the soul.

BISMARCK.

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(By Clarence White Whittlesey.)

On the thirtieth of July in 1898, died the most powerful character of the last half century—Bismark—a man whose life was crowded with wonderful success.

The Iron Chancellor, as he has been popularly known, was born in Schonhausen, Prussia, in 1815. His father was a cavalry captain; his mother a woman of humble origin. Neither of his parents had any great influence over the boy's life, and he became wilful, and later, vicious. His college

training was also a failure and he took no interest in his studies, but preferred to spend his time drinking and brawling. In later life, he was wont to boast of having fought no less than twenty-seven duels during his university career. After graduation, Bismarck entered the government service at Aachen, and there he attempted to put a stop to his wild habits by asking to be removed to a more quiet post. Accordingly he was assigned to Potsdam where he met the lady whom he later married. With his marriage ended all his excesses and at this time his true life may be said to have commenced.

From his early manhood one noticeable characteristic of his public life was his devotion to his sovereign. This attitude remained by him until his death. He always considered the Emperor's will of far more importance than the wish of the people and acted accordingly.

Although we may not approve of this opinion, we cannot fail to admire the fearlessness with which he stuck to what he considered his duty. His ideas of a monarch's rights frequently led him to antagonize the Reichstag. Often in addressing this body he was harsh and abusive; sometimes even insulting. Although in his public life there seems to have been no grain of tact or delicacy, he was enabled to retain his supremacy owing to the fact that in Germany the Chancellor is accountable to the Emperor alone.

Gladstone said of him, "A very big man, no doubt, but very unscrupulous." Perhaps Bismarck did prefer to suppress his enemies rather than appease them, and considered the end rather than the means by which it might be attained; but still it must be remembered that he was always actuated by the noblest patriotism, and at least he felt deep regret for the misery that he caused, for he says, "How many have I made unhappy. But for me three great wars would not have been fought; eighty thousand men would not have perished, parents, brothers, sisters, and wives, would not have been plunged into mourning."

Notwithstanding his faults as a public man, he seems to have been a delightful friend. He is described as a pleasing talker, considerate, kind, and lovable. Then too, he was entirely free from vanity. It is said that he prized but two of his many medals and decorations,—The Iron Cross given him for bravery on the battlefield, and the medal he received for rescuing his groom from drowning.

Bismarck was essentially a man of force and perhaps relied on force too often, but still he was eminently successful in his great life's work—the unification of the German Empire, and should be judged with this in mind. Dawson has well summed him up when he says: "History will, in due time, take proper account of this prodigious product of the nineteenth century, this man of mighty will and marvelous resource, strong in word, far-seeing in counsel, decisive in deed, ever patient to wait on events, ever quick to take occasion by the hand, a man not free from weakness, nor incapable of error, yet in all his public life inspired by the high motives of fidelity to his sovereign master and devotion to his land."

Whence came his power, his self-reliance, his belief in the righteousness of his cause? It is best explained in his own words used in an address to some German students: "If you trust in God and yourself, you can surmount every obstacle. Do not yield to restless anxiety. One must not always be asking what may happen to one in life, but one must advance fearlessly and bravely."

HISTORY IN NOVELS.

(By Alice Frances Sargent.)

Until Sir Walter Scott, by writing and publishing his Waverly novels, opened a new channel for literature, the literature of the world still, for the most part, showed the influence of the half-sung, half-recited ballads, which the Moors introduced into Europe in the eleventh century. The "Chronicle of the Cid," a poem relating historical facts of Spain and which was written during the twelfth century, belongs to this class.

A few years before Scott began to write his historical romances, Miss Porter wrote the Scottish Chiefs, which may be called the first book to give any promise of the historical novel. Since that time however, this subject has become a favorite one, and nearly all the different periods of history have been represented in books.

By means of novels having history for their subject, we are enabled to look back into the ages coming long before the Christian era. We can see and become acquainted with the people inhabiting the rich country along the Nile, and can watch the growth of the Pyramids. Books, dealing with a somewhat later period, give us an idea of the ancient city of Carthage. From these we learn of the great soldier, Hannibal, who was the first to lead an army across the Alps. We are able to picture most vividly to ourselves the desolation and ruin, which, in so short a time, occupied the site of the beautiful and peaceful city of Pompeii. In like manner, accounts are given of the struggle carried on, for so many years, between the Turks and the Christians for the possession of Jerusalem.

In writing of modern France, how clearly the novelists have pictured the terror, confusion, treachery and uncertainty, in which the people of that country lived during the revolution.

Perhaps England's history has been written upon, in novels, more than that of any other country. There are numerous tales of the period before and during the Norman Conquest and of the reigns of the Norman kings. Many of this latter class tell of the bold daring of Robin Hood and his "merrie men" in and about Sherwood Forest. Scott's "Kennilworth" and Kingsley's "Westward Ho" are favorites among the novels treating of the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Of the next period, that of the Civil War, there are a great number which are universally read. "Lorna Doone" is of the time shortly after this war. The scene of Thackeray's Henry Esmond is laid during the last few years of Queen Anne's reign. Then come the reign of the Georges which the novelists have not neglected. Next we come to the period of which Reade and Dickens have written and by their novels, in which

many of the worst features of the prevailing customs are woven into the narrative, have brought about much needed changes and reforms.

America, too, comes in for her share of historical novels. Hawthorne in his *Scarlet Letter* gives a clear description of New England in very early times, while the same time, only in the Jamestown colony is represented in "To Have and to Hold." The history of northern and central New York has been used, by Cooper, in novels, the scenes of which are laid during the French and Indian wars. Irving, though not an historical novelist, has written many of the legends and customs of the early Dutch settlers of the "Empire State," while a very quaint story of the same state is found in the "Bow of Orange Ribbon." The Revolution has furnished subjects for innumerable books, too well known to mention, as are those having the war of

1812 and the Civil war for subjects.

Novels written on the subject of history are really a help as well as a pastime to their readers, for, though every detail mentioned may not be accurate history, yet the points are taken from facts and most readers like to know more about the historical events mentioned and will look them up in reference books. Therefore the novel influences people, who might never know but verify the history of any country or their own, to read the history of the lands.

As I said in beginning, the novel has become a favorite subject of the novelist. The liking for it has gradually growing, during the last century, until now it is one of the most popular forms of fiction, published in great numbers and though some times

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ately than others, still the present can rightly be called the day of the historical novel.

ADDRESS TO THE JUNIORS.

(By Harold Gibson Brown.)

Dear Juniors:—

You have now reached one of the most solemn hours of your lives, for we, the class of '01, are about to join the ranks of those who have gone out from this old Pittsfield High. Our places will know us no more and you, dear juniors, will have lost the guides and instructors of your youth.

Since the day since you entered the school as verdant freshmen looking up to the wise sophomores above you, we have looked after your welfare, and since then we have at no time relaxed our vigilance. We have always set you a good example and when you have been wise you have followed it.

Did we ever break one of the plate glass window panes in the Junior room? No indeed. On the other hand we were always an admirable example for you. For who but '01 are the inter-class track champions of the school?

Even when freshmen, ours was a glorious class. In those far-away days, so distant that memory scarce avails us, we, glorious class that we were, actually had a football team. And not only this but we even played a game. In the driving snow we battled for victory against the representatives of the Linden Street Grammar school. Our quarterback had put on thick woolen mittens to assist him in holding the ball, slippery with melting snow, and these bright red articles of apparel became our oriflamme. Inspired by their cheerful color, we rushed anew into the thickest of the fray and bore off the victory on our all-conquering shoulders.

But there were other things. We had many opportunities that were impossible for you. For instance, we felt the wild joy of a nomadic life, for we are the the last class that had any part in the High School's peregrinations. After its removal from West's block we joined it at the Centre Grammar building where we stayed till the completion of our permanent home made the last journey necessary.

Then we gathered our belongings in our arms, and set out upon that memorable march. Partly spread out in loose skirmishing order and partly huddled together like defenseless camp-followers, we proceeded as far as the common without disaster. But here a scene of carnage began. The vanguard of upperclassmen became the enemy. How swift that they were in our sore-beset eyes, they ran swiftly around behind and then turned again to rend us. The girls perhaps escaped; but, like St. Paul in his journeyings, we were long "in perils of robbers" and "in perils among false brethren." They stole up unnoticed behind us and before we knew it, our books were lying scattered at our feet. As we stooped to gather them, we perhaps received a push from behind that sent us sprawling after them. But we all picked ourselves up at last and proceeded to the school where we were well repaid for our labors, for then we saw the place prepared to be our future home. And indeed the place was so beautiful that even a less appreciable class could not have failed to enthuse.

One of the first uses we made of our

One of the first uses we made of our new quarters, after the winter vacation, was to come down to this auditorium once a month for practice in declamation. Many a masterpiece was rendered here before the Muses and oft these "sounding aisles" rang with tumultuous applause. No class since ours has been good enough to make this exercise worth while, so you have missed this opportunity also of which our superior class was rightly judged worthy.

Yes, even as freshmen, we were a glorious class. But you, juniors, you were as verdant as the hills that surround our pleasant Berkshire valleys. In your eyes, as you look back upon the past, your freshman year may perhaps glow purple with distance, but we saw you close at hand. We could see in some the bright color of the springing grass, and in others the darker green of nearby forests. But all were alike of a verdant hue and far different from the sober colors that we ourselves displayed.

Thanks to our watch-care, however, you have progressed, slowly to be sure, but under our guidance, steadily, until you have now reached the comparatively good position of juniors. But this is nothing in comparison with the honor into which we are about to initiate you. You have dreamed for years of the day when you are to become Seniors. Your dreams are now about to be realized, for the appointed time has at length arrived. At this supreme moment of your lives we have decided Elijah-like to leave with you an emblem of your new authority. If your representative will come before us here, our blessing for you will descend upon him together with this mantle.

(During investment) In behalf of the class of '01 and by symbol of this mantle, I do solemnly give and bequeath the immaculate dignity of seniority for you, the class of '02, to have and to hold, to guard and to cherish, till graduation do you part. Guard ye it well.

(After investment) You have now entered upon a most glorious heritage. That you will enter upon it earnestly and thoughtfully and in every word and deed worthy of your new dignity, I do not doubt; for you would not, I am sure, bring reproach upon your illustrious predecessors. But your inherent inferiority must be overcome before you can have any marked success, and it is only by a most careful attention to my advice that you will be able to overcome the defects of your natures.

In the first place don't be too mach too early. Be very meek and humble and swagger not at all till well along in the year, for it will take you till then at least to recover from having been juniors.

With close attention to your lessons, however, I think it will be possible for you to outlive even this disgrace. But, children, you must study diligently, for

this is the only way to cultivate your minds and an uncultured mind will counteract even the colossal wisdom of seniority.

Then too you must strive after dignity of manner. From this time forth your class meetings must be more sedate. For how can your president perform the duties of his office when dodging for his life from erasers, crayon, rulers, etc. It is moreover, a waste of time to hold three meetings for transacting one item of business.

Finally, my dear young friends, to promote both your moral and your physical welfare you must avoid the temptations that will surely beset you. Our school committee has decreed (for very cogent reasons, I have no doubt) that only one scholar shall be in the office during a given hour. Now in spite of this very reasonable request, there will come a constant temptation to congregate in the office. And perhaps you will even attempt to get as many as a dozen there at once. But scholars, you all know better than this. You are acting in defiance of your consciences, and I, for one, can only be thankful when a righteous retribution overtakes you; for of course Nemesis or the Principal will one day find you out. It was so with us and Oh! "The tender grace of a day that is dead will" often "come back to me."

But after all these warnings, dear Juniors, I cannot doubt that you will be able to avoid the pitfalls in the way. For you have a certain innate ability. In the trying circumstances in which you found yourselves, namely that you were juniors, you fulfilled your duties remarkably well. During our association you contributed to our pleasure in many ways, so much so that we cannot thank you sufficiently, but we can at least hope for you the best reward within our knowledge—that you will pass as pleasant a senior year as has fallen to the lot of naughty-one.

CLASS PROPHECY.

(By Isabelle Worthington Strong.)

It was but a few short days ago, that your prophetess, during a brief period of release from the cares and worries attending graduation, went for a stroll in the woods. The tall trees arching their branches overhead, formed a vast green canopy, from beneath which all the noise and heat of the outer world was excluded. As I wandered along, I came to a huge oak which seemed to stretch its branches high above those of the surrounding trees. At the foot of this mighty denizen of the forest, was a carpet of soft moss, which as I seated myself upon it, seemed to me to form a most delightful resting place. As I looked upward at the huge limbs, I wondered as to how old the oak might be, and what it would say if it could only speak. The tinkling of a distant brook, and the low murmur of the wind among the pines made me drowsy, yet I hardly think I fell asleep, for what I heard during the next few minutes is far too clearly fixed in my memory. For as I sat there a fresher breeze seemed to spring up, causing the branches to sway gently. When suddenly midst the rustling of the leaves, my ear caught the faint sound of a voice. Only for an instant did it last, yet how startling it was there, in the lonely forest. I glanced quickly around me on all sides into the depths of the woods, but saw nothing. The breeze ceased, and a deep silence hung over all. "Could my ears have deceived me?" But hark, there it was again even clearer than before, and this time far above my head. I looked upward, but nothing met my eye except the cool green of the branches. What was it, and whence did it come? But even as I asked this question, the voice began once more, and this time the mystery was solved. For as I listened intently these words came distinctly to my ear:

"Oh thou who seekest rest beneath my boughs, listen to the voice of the oak, for unto thee shall I disclose a secret. Even as of yore to the mighty heroes of Ancient Greece the oak whispered of glorious deeds yet to be done, so to thee may I even in these unbelieving times tell of future events and happenings. If thou but lookest upon my leaves thou shalt there find written that which thou wilt soon desire to know."

The voice ceased, and even as it did so there fell at my feet this branch. I quickly seized it, and there on the glossy surface of the leaves I saw some queer characters, which after a little study I made out to be the future of the members of this class. This is what the oak foretells, therefore do not consider your prophetess responsible if your future is somewhat different from that which each pictures for himself.

Upon the first leaf is written the future of the two Misses Rowe. They will go to New York for a year's study, and then returning to this city will give private lessons in dancing.

Miss Flaherty will go to the Philippines as a school teacher. But alas, she will fall in love with one of Aginaldo's cousins, and become the mistress of a large plantation.

One of our members will become a dentist and will discover an absolutely painless method of extracting teeth. This interesting person will be none other than Miss Gray.

Here I read how Mr. Shepardson will make it his business to personally conduct parties of tourists through Europe. It may also be an interesting fact to add; that these parties will be almost entirely composed of young ladies.

Another member of our class, Miss Maloy, will become a trained nurse. Upon this leaf it says: That Mr. Gale will settle down in life and become a peaceful citizen, and much respected member of the school committee.

On this one it tells how Miss Stapleton will become famous as a lawyer. Her fiery eloquence and magnificent manner of address placing her at the very head of her profession.

Another one of our number, Miss Walte, will go upon the stage, where she will gain great success as "Marguerite" in "Faust." Multitudes will throng to hear her and she will become the talk of the hour.

In a few years there will come a violent agitation of the Woman's Suffrage question, and soon the leader, who by the way will be none other than Miss Kellogg, will be known throughout our land.

Here it tells how Miss Haight will become a public reader and teacher of elocution. Her sweet face and win-

ning manner making her a favorite with all.

Owing to his great skillfulness with the needle, Mr. Mills will take up ladies' tailoring as a means of livelihood. All garments made by him will have a style peculiarly their own.

After entering the ministry, Mr. Backus will accept the pastorate of a small western church. But his genius will not be hid, for he will shine before the world as the author of a book of extremely interesting sermons.

This leaf says that one of us, ever living up to his great passion for music, will become a hand organ grinder. It seems hardly necessary to say that this will be Mr. Larkin.

Miss Eliza Rice, owing to her demure and quiet ways will join the Hancock Shakers.

After graduating from Smith Miss Bruce will open a candy shop on the ground floor of The Wendell. The peanutchy and fudge sold there will be world renowned.

Although China will still for many years be a dangerous place for foreigners, yet Mr. Whittlesey will go there and spend his life as a missionary.

Our worthy and most dignified president, Mr. Hull, will become well known as the author of a small book of nursery rhymes and jingles, which in future years will take the place of the "Mother Goose" of our own day.

Only one of our class will ever become truly great. That one is Mr. Rockwell, for he will become the president of these United States. His administration will be a period of the greatest prosperity known for many years.

After graduating from Johns Hopkins' University Miss Benedict will open an office here in this city. All those suffering with diseases of the heart will gain immediate relief by consulting Dr. Benedict.

Here I read that Miss Oatman will acquire great riches by the invention of a shoe polish. Its wide sale will be due very largely to the fact that it will be absolutely odorless and waterproof.

In a few years a young ladies' boarding school will be established in this city, where instruction may be had in the arts of foot, base, and basket ball. The principal of this institution will be none other than our friend and classmate, Miss Pierce.

After years of untiring search the North Pole will at last be discovered. This remarkable feat will be accomplished through the energy and perseverance of Mr. Downs.

When Forepaugh and Sell's circus again visits this city, among their chief attractions will be a clown, who by his jokes and great gift for making himself ridiculous will cause much amusement among small boys. It is unnecessary to state that this individual will be none other than Mr. Brown.

"The man in the moon" has always been a fictitious character, but in a few years there will really be such a person. For Mr. Shaw will invent a flying machine in which he will succeed in reaching that body. But alas! he will forget to moor his vessel and it will float away into space, leaving him to his fate.

On this leaf it says that Miss Francis will enter the journalistic field, where she will become the editress of a large New York paper.

Here I read that Miss Sargent will become a prominent leader in society.

It is written here, how Miss Florence Rice will become widely known as the author of short stories published in the "Black Cat."

Since no other leaf remains on the branch it must be that the oak desired the future of your prophetess to remain in oblivion.

VALEDICTORY: THEME. A WORD FOR NEW ENGLAND.

main in oblivion.

VALEDICTORY: THEME. A WORD FOR NEW ENGLAND.

(By Bessie M. Rowe.)

Many an American searches among the ruins of Greece and Rome for the records of the mighty dead. What names does he find inscribed there: Sovereigns, who were tyrants; poets, who used their genius to describe the life of a corrupted court and men, who gained fame and power through treachery. In considering these one is wont to lose remembrance of the truly great, who have contributed to the growth and prosperity of our native land.

For it is difficult for us, who have inherited the fruits of the labor of our forefathers, to realize the perils and privations that the early settlers endured. But it was this constant association with danger that furnished the daring spirit of the New England patriots and gave them courage to throw off the yoke of tyranny and oppression. Thus a generous portion of our liberty and independence is due to the early inhabitants of the region which forms, as it were, the corner-stone of our great nation. Moreover the spirit of independence, which appeared in the speeches of Adams and Hancock, has not been confined to America, for the current of thought knows no bounds, and the ideas advanced by them have influenced many another country to gain its freedom.

No sooner had the Puritans won their liberty than they began to improve their social conditions. Free schools were established in every town, colleges were founded and now no section of the United States is richer in educational institutions than old New England. Even the people of the West, who consider the Yankee slow and old-fashioned, send many of their sons and daughters to the New England colleges.

Doubtless it was this exceptional opportunity for acquiring knowledge together with the legends and history of the surrounding country, that produced so many literary workers. The famous New England group comprising Holmes, Whittier, Longfellow, Lowell, Emerson and Hawthorne is unparalleled and probably will never be equalled. Puritan life, Indian raids, legends of the old whaling ports, war and peace, even the terrors of the Salem witchcraft have been immortalized in the poetry and prose of these renowned writers. Yet many phases of New England life were first de-

SKIRTS,

Comfortable and Cool House
Hand Sewed Southern Ties,
Dress Oxford Ties,
Welted Sole Oxfords,

KENNE

scribed by writers of the present who, like Miss Wilkins, are most successful in portraying the typical Yankee.

However the sons of New England have gained distinction in other fields besides literature. Webster and Douglas became famous orators; Sumner, Franklin and Greeley were eminent in politics; Phillips and Garrison were leaders in the anti-slavery movement. It must be confessed that only two presidents have been New Englanders, yet many of our citizens have held positions of trust and honor that enabled them to contribute to the welfare of their country.

In regard to political affairs the New England states might well serve as models of integrity and freedom from corruption. Perhaps one reason why the average New Englander is not influenced by bribes is that he holds office for the purpose of serving his country not to add to his personal wealth. Indeed it seems as if possession of the "Almighty dollar" was not the highest ambition of these citizens, for Boston—the Hub of the Universe—is noted for its culture rather than for its wealth and style, and throughout the length and breadth of our land in no other region do we find such thrifty, industrious, law-abiding citizens as the Yankees.

Therefore we, who have enjoyed the advantages offered by Massachusetts can only say,—May God prosper them and theirs. May the beginning of the next century behold them as they are now—a free, happy and virtuous people.

"Zealous, yet modest, innocent, though

tensive regions of knowledge, but whatever we may do or wherever our footsteps tend, we shall not forget you who have fitted us for a higher education. And we hope that when you conduct other classes along these familiar paths, you may still have a pleasant recollection of the "naughty ones."

THE MAYOR'S ADDRESS.

The conferring of the diplomas was by Mayor Russell who spoke as follows:

"Ladies and Gentlemen of the Graduating Class:—

"I congratulate you most sincerely in having completed the full course of study provided for the pupils of Pittsfield's public schools.

"These schools are the result of but little more than seventy years' effort. The first really "free" public schools in town were established about 1827.

"Previous to the establishing of the high school and for twenty years after, the town was divided into thirteen school districts, each district maintaining its own schools. The Center district supported six schools in four different school houses—each of the other districts had one school, making eighteen schools in the town.

"The high school was established in 1849 'for the benefit of all the scholars in town.' I recollect the discussion in town meeting at that time. It was argued that the town should provide

ing.
—A first class game of baseball is expected tomorrow afternoon, when the Pittsfield Y. M. C. A. nine meet the home team on the Hinsdale grounds. The battery for Hinsdale will be Walsh and Blake.

—The Misses Annie Murphy and Annie Kaley are home from the North Adams normal school.

CLASS OF 1901

GET DIPLOMAS

Continued From Page 4.

facilities for preparing our boys for entrance to college.

"I am glad to know that this object has been attained, and that the boys who graduate here, are admitted to Williams college on the certificate of your principal without examination.

"About twenty years after the high school was started, the school districts of the town were all abolished, and all the schools were placed in the care of one school committee.

"Until this was done, no grading of the schools was possible. Having already a high school it naturally followed that the grading had reference to admission to school and as a sequence admission to college.

"As a matter of fact, only about one in ten of our boys, reach graduation in the high school, and of these not more than one in four enter college, thus making one in forty of those entering school to go to college.

"It seems to me that our schools are graded for the benefit of one in forty of the pupils. How about the other thirty-nine? Are they as well equipped for their life work as they might be with the devotion of the same time and effort?

"To this question I answer decidedly—No!

"The boy who wishes to enter upon mercantile or commercial life should have a business education. A little of this is given to the one in the high school, but the large majority of the

boys get none of it.

"The boys who aim to become mechanics should be well versed in mathematics, certainly as high as algebra and geometry.

"Little or none of the latter is taught except in the high school.

"The elementary principles of natural philosophy are of every day use to every body, but are indispensable to the mechanic. The grammar grades get little or none of it.

"About four-fifths of the boys leave the schools altogether by the time of completing the grammar school course.

"The boy to enter upon learning a trade must complete his apprenticeship at about the same age that another gets through the high school.

"The average age of graduates is nearly nineteen. At that age they are too old to commence a trade and are only qualified for some unremunerative occupation.

"Were I to advertise for a clerk or bookkeeper at a salary of \$400 per year, I should no doubt have one hundred applicants within twenty-four hours. Should I want an educated mechanic at a salary of \$1200 to take charge of work in the shop, it is very doubtful if I had three applications in the same time.

"Edward Everett Hale says, 'If you should take twelve prize medal men from Harvard and put them in a sinking ship, they would all drown through inability to construct a raft.'

"Such men might shine in some profession but would be of little use in every day life. But few can enter the professions. The mass of our children must enter upon and perform the duties of farmers, merchants, traders, agents, manufacturers and mechanics, and their education should not be subordinated to the small percentage of those who aspire to a liberal education. They should have the best of which they are capable.

"Now ladies and gentlemen, as you go out into the world to seek your fortunes—every citizen of the city will join in bidding you God speed, may prosperity and happiness attend you, and may your deeds bear fruit commensurate with your endeavors.

"The diplomas presented to you this

night will be a splendid introduction for you, but after that, your future is dependent entirely upon yourselves."

The exercises of the evening were brought to a close by the singing of the class ode composed by Miss Eliza Fitch Rice and the rendering of the class yell which was responded to by the juniors with their class yell in a most hearty manner.

One of the palpable hits of the evening was the address to the juniors by Harold Gibson which was finely conceived and well delivered, enlarging on the perigrinations of the pupils after the burning of the old high school and prior to the erection of the new. An interesting feature which was also somewhat of an innovation was the conferring of the class mantle of seniority on Mr. Boyce, representing the junior class, by Mr. Brown. It would be difficult to discriminate among the regular speakers, all being particularly fine and the selection of the subjects and their treatment being especially felicitous. The piano selections by Miss Edith Ariette Waite and William Stewart Larkin were extremely well rendered and added much to the enjoyable features of the evening. The essays by Ruth Kellogg, Edward Boltwood Hull and Clara W. Pierce were not delivered, these speakers being excused from the fact that they were obliged to be out of town to take the examination for college. The graduates are:

Classical—Harold Gibson Brown, Benjamin F. Mills, Helen L. Bruce, Lawrence D. Rockwell, Edward Boltwood Hull, Florence Ethel Rice, Ruth Kellogg, Charles White Whittlesey.

Latin-Scientific—Ariella J. Benedict, Eliza Fitch Rice, James Matthews Downs, Bessie M. Rowe, Mariette Z. Francis, M. Louisa Rowe, Harriet Sherman Haight, Alice Frances Sargent, William D. Larkin, Charles Sumner Shaw, Eva Newton Oatman, Lester Shepardson, Clara W. Pierce, Isabelle Worthington Strong, Edith Ariette Waite.

English—Don T. Backus, Jeannette C. Flaherty, Roy F. Gale, Miriam Cogswell Gray, Margaret Catherine Maloy, Lena Augusta Stapleton.

Graduation Exercises.

The annual graduating exercises of the Pittsfield high school at the auditorium Thursday evening had a large crowd and an appreciative audience as well. The class of '30 was among the best ever turned out in school at one time and the program of essays, salutatory and valedictory addresses, class prophecy and ode, with music, were all well rendered and very creditable to the graduates as a whole and the participants especially. The class has worked hard through the four years' course and Principal Byram with his associate teachers have every reason to feel well over their faithful and well-directed work. The platform was tastefully decorated with white and green flowers and members of the class received handsome floral tributes of good wishes from friends. Mayor Russell delivered the diplomas, making a short address and representing the city by reason of his high office in this part of the program.

PITTSFIELD HIGH SCHOOL DOW

GRADUATES ANOTHER CLASS. A

PUBLIC EXERCISES HELD LAST THURSDAY EVENING. COOL

SOME OF THE PAPERS READ BY THOSE TAKING HONORS. LOTS VI

PUBLIC exercises exhibitiv of another class graduated from the Pittsfield High School were held in the school auditorium last Thursday. About eight hundred people were present. The exercises were practically as in many former years, about as well carried through and about the same in capacity to interest.

The stage was tastily, though not elaborately decorated, chiefly with wild flowers, potted plants, palms, etc. Across the proscenium was hung a large dark green paper screen, bearing, in white letters, the class motto, *East Quam Videri*. This decoration is always the work of the junior class, they getting the day out of school for the purpose each year.

The program as printed in the *Sun* was carried out with but few changes. The essays by Ruth Kellogg, Edward Holtwood Hull, and Clara W. Pierce were omitted, however, because those people were absent from the city, taking examinations for admission to higher institutions. The rest of the programme was carried out as follows: Salutatory, Louise Rowe; oration, Bismark, Charles Whittlesey; essay, Lena Stapleton; essay, History in Novels, Alice Sargent; oration, Mark Hopkins, Benjamin Mills; piano solo, William Larkin; address to juniors, Harold Brown; recitation, Florence Rice; class prophecy, Strong; music, Smith's orchestra; valedictory, A Word for New England, Bessie Rowe.

Mayor Russell presented the diploma, speaking upon the far greater value, in his opinion, of a practical education, than one classical.

The graduates of regular courses: Classical—Harold Gibson Brown, Benjamin F. Mills, Helen L. Bruce, Lawrence D. Rockwell, Edward Hull, Florence E. Rice, Ruth Kellogg, Chas. W. Whittlesey.

Latin-Scientific—Arvilla J. Benedict, Eliza F. Rice, James M. Downs, Bessie M. Rowe, Mariette Z. Francis, M. L. Rowe, Harriet S. Haight, Alice F. Sargent, William D. Larkin, Charles S. Shaw, Eva N. Outman, Lester Shepardon, Clara W. Pierce, Isabelle W. Strong, Edith A. Walte.

English—Ivan C. Backus, Jeannette C. Flaherty, May F. Gale, Miriam C. Gray, Margaret C. Maloy, Lena A. Stapleton.

SALUTATORY.

By M. Louise Rowe.

Friends of the Pittsfield High School:

Tonight, we the class of 1901, bid you welcome to the home of our school days, for which we are so deeply indebted to you. We thank you not only for that, but also for the splendid opportunity for an education, which you have made possible, and as you listen to our simply exercises, may you feel that you have no reason to regret your efforts in behalf of the present graduating class.

To you who have been our guardians during our school career, we can only give with our welcome, hearty thanks for your thought and care in providing for the needs of the school and we sincerely hope, that some time in the future, we may have occasion to show our appreciation still further.

SALUTATORY: THEME—OPPORTUNITIES.

NITIES.

In the good old days when fairies roamed abroad by the light of the quivering moonbeams and the gods dwelt on Mount Olympus, the life of man was supposed to be entirely controlled by the three fates. The slender thread of his existence passed slowly but surely through the fingers of Clotho and Lachesis, to the fatal snip of Atropos's gleaming scissors. The man himself was helpless in their hands.

But we of this enlightened age, free from the net work of legends that enveloped the past, have learned that to every human being certain opportunities are given, and a person's success in life largely depends on his ability to see and make use of the opportunities that lie in his path.

Shakespeare has said:

"There is a tide in the affairs of men, Which, taken at the flood, leads on to Fortune."

Omitted, all the voyage of their life is bound in shallows, and in miseries; And we must take the current when it serves

Or lose our ventures."

It is a case of "never put off until tomorrow what you can do today." Opportunities left for the morrow usually cease to be opportunities.

The Romans had some idea of what a will-o'-the-wisp creature opportunity is for we find translated from the Latin,

"Opportunity has hair in front, behind she is bald; if you seize her by the forelock, you may hold her, but, if suffered to escape, not Jupiter himself can catch her again."

Charles Dickens left a mere boy in the slums of London, was obliged to work at wrapping bottles for six shillings a week. Most boys at that age would have sunk still lower, but not so Dickens. He seized the opportunity that would fit him for better work. His education was scant. Therefore he spent hours, reading in the British Museum. When there was a chance for him to be a reporter, he was ready for

Continued on Page 2.

PITTSFIELD HIGH SCHOOL.

Continued from Page 1.

it. It was this taking opportunity by the forelock, that made him what he was, the author beloved at home and abroad.

We as a people are proud of our self made men and justly so, for no other nation can boast such a noble company in the fields of literature, science and art. These men again like Dickens largely owe their fame to their making the most of every opportunity. But opportunities for self-aggrandizement are not all that are given to man. On every side are fellow-creatures, who need just a little aid to start them in the right direction toward success. Recognizing the great brotherhood of mankind, it is not worth while to turn aside and offer it may be only "A cup of cold water" in his name.

Thus it is that opportunities are the tools God has given us to hew out our lives. Whether we make a success of them or not, depends on the skill and energy with which we work and the care with which we select our instruments.

ADDRESS TO THE JUNIORS.

By Harold Gibson Brown.

Dear Juniors:—

You have now reached one of the most solemn hours of your lives, for we, the class of '91, are about to join the ranks of those who have gone out from this old Pittsfield High. Our places will know us no more and you, dear juniors, will have lost the guides and instructors of your youth.

Since the day when you entered the school as verdant freshmen looking up to the wise sophomores above you, I have looked after your welfare and since then we have at no time relaxed our vigilance. We have always set you a good example and when you have been wise you have followed it.

Did we ever break one of the plate glass windows paneled in the junior room? No indeed. On the other hand we were always an admirable example for you. For who but '91 are the inter-class track champions of the school?

Even when freshmen, ours was a glorious class. In those far-away days, so distant that memory scarce avails up, we, glorious class that we were, made a football team. And not only this but we even played a game. In the driving snow we battled for victory against the representatives of the hidden street grammar school. Our quarterback had put on thick woolen mittens to assist him in holding the ball, slippery with melting snow, and these bright red articles of apparel became our ornaments. Inspired by their cheerful seler, we rushed and bore off the victory on our all-conquering shoulders.

But there were other things. We had many opportunities that were impossible for you. For instance, we felt the wild joy of a romantic life for we are the last class that had any part in the high school prom. After its removal from West Block we joined it at the Center Grammar building where we stayed till the completion of our permanent home made the last journey necessary.

Then we passed our belongings to our arms and set out upon the memorable march. Partly spread out in loose skirmishing order and partly huddled together like defenseless camp-followers, we proceeded as far as the common without disaster. But here a scene of carnage began. The vanguard of upperclassmen became the enemy. For aye that they were in uniform—best eyes they ran swiftly around behind and then turned again to rend us. In this desperate struggle, we were like St. Paul in his journey, "we were like St. Paul in his journey," "in perils of robbers" and "in perils of false brethren." They stole up unnoticed behind us and before we knew it, our clothes were lying scattered at our feet. As we stooped to gather them, we perhaps received a push from behind that sent us sprawling after them. But we all picked ourselves up at last and proceeded to the school where we were well repaid for our labors, for then we saw the place prepared to be our future home. And indeed the place was so beautiful that even a less appreciative class could not have failed to enthuse.

One of the first ones we made of our new quarters, during the winter vacation, was to come down to the auditorium once a month for practice in declamation. Many a masterpiece was declared there before the Misses and oftentimes "sounding slides" rang with tumultuous applause. No class since ours has been good enough to make this exercise worth while, so you have missed this opportunity also of which our superior class was rightly judged worthy.

Yes, even as freshmen, we were a glorious class. But you, juniors, you were as verdant as the hills that surround our pleasant Berkshire valleys. In your eyes, as you look back upon the past, your freshman year may perhaps glow purple with distance, but we saw you close at hand. We could see in the sun the bright color of the springing grass, and in others the darker green of a verdant hue and far different from the sober colors that we ourselves displayed.

Thanks to our watch-care, however, you have progressed, slowly to be sure, but under our guidance steadily, until you have now reached the comparatively good position of juniors. But this is nothing in comparison with the honor into which we are about to initiate you. You have dreamed for years of the day when you are to become seniors. Your dreams are now about to be met at length arrived. At this supreme moment of your lives we have decided, Elijah-like to leave with you as a token of your new acquaintance, if your representative will, to come before us here, our blessing for you will descend upon him together with this mantle.

(During investment.) In behalf of the class of '91 and by symbol of this mantle, I do solemnly give and bequeath the immaculate dignity of seniority for you, the class of '91, to have sent to hold, to guard and to cherish till graduation do you part. Guard ye well.

(After investment.) You have now entered upon a most glorious heritage. That you will enter upon it earnestly and thoughtfully and in every word and deed be worthy of your new dignity, I do not doubt; for you would not, I am sure being reproach upon your illustrious predecessors. But your inherent inferiority must be overcome before you can have any marked success, and it is only by a most careful attention to my advice that you will be able to overcome the defects of your natures.

In the first place do not be too much too early. Be very meek and humble and swifter than at all till well along in the year, for it will take you till then at least to recover from having been juniors.

With close attention to your lessons, however, I think it will be possible for you to outlive even this disgrace. But children, you must study diligently, for this is the only way to cultivate your minds and an uncultured mind will counteract even the colossal wisdom of seniority.

Then too you must strive after dignity of manner. From this time forth your class meetings must be more serious. For now can your president perform the duties of his office with becoming for his life from cravers, cravens, rulers, etc. It is however, a waste of time to hold three meetings for transacting one item of business.

Finally, my dear friends, to promote both your moral and your physical welfare you must avoid the temptations that will surely beset you. Our school committee has decreed for very good reasons, I have no doubt, that only one scholar shall be in the office during a given year. Now in spite of this very reasonable request, there will come a temptation to be won create in the office. And perhaps you will even attempt to get as many as a dozen there at once. But scholars, you all know better than this.

You are acting in defiance of your conscience and I for one, can only be thankful when a righteous retribution overtakes you; for of course Nemesis, or the principal, will one day find you out. It was so with us, and Oh! The tender grace of a day that is dead will often come back to me.

But after all these warnings, dear juniors, I cannot deny that you will be able to avoid pitfalls in the way. For you have a certain innate ability. In the trying circumstances in which you found yourselves, namely that you were juniors, you fulfilled your duties remarkably well. During our association you contributed to our pleasure in many ways, so much so that we cannot thank you sufficiently, but we can at least hope for you the best reward within our knowledge—that you will pass as pleasant a senior year as has fallen to the lot of naughty ones.

CLASS PROPHECY.

By Isabelle Worthington Strong.

It was but a few short days ago, that your prophecies, during a brief period of release from the cares and worries attending graduation, went for a stroll in the woods. The tall trees arching their branches overhead, formed a vast green canopy, beneath which all the joys of life seemed to be waiting for you. As I wandered along, I came to a huge oak which seemed to stretch its branches high above those of the surrounding trees. At the foot of this mighty denizen of the forest, was a carpet of soft moss, which as I walked myself upon it, seemed to me to form a most delightful resting place. As I looked upward at the huge limbs, I wondered as to how old the oak might be, and what it would say if it could only speak. The thinking of a distant brook, and the low murmur of the wind among the pines made me drowsy, yet I hardly think I fell asleep, for what I heard during the next few minutes is too clearly fixed in my memory. For as I sat there, a fresher breeze seemed to spring up, causing the branches to sway gently. When sudden amidst the rustling of the leaves, you caught the faint sound of a voice. Only for an instant did it last, yet how startling it was there in the lonely forest, I glanced quickly around me on all sides into the depths of the woods, but saw nothing. The breeze ceased, and a deep silence hung over all. Could my ears have deceived me? But hark there! It was again ever clear, but then before, and this time far above my head. I looked upward, but nothing met my eye except the cool green of the branches. What was it, and whence did it come? But even as I asked this question, the voice began to move, and this time the mystery soon solved. For as I listened intently these words came distinctly to my ear:

"Oh thou who seekest rest beneath my branches, listen to the voice of the oak, for unto thee shall I disclose a secret. Even as of yore to the mighty heroes of Ancient Greece the oak whose perched of glorious deeds yet to be done, so to thee may I even in these unbelieved times tell of future events and happenings. If then thou lookest upon my leaves thou shalt there find written that which thou wilt soon desire to know."

The voice ceased, and even as it died there fell at my feet this branch. I quickly seized it, and there on the glossy surface of the leaves I saw some queer characters, which after a little study I made out to be the future of the members of this class. This is what the oak foretold, therefore do not consider your prophecies responsible if your future is somewhat different from that which each pictures for himself.

Upon the first leaf I written the future of the class of '91, and the future will go to New York for a year's study,

and then returning to this city will give private lessons in dancing. Miss Flaherty will go to the Philippines as a school teacher. But also, she will fall in love with one of Aginaldo's cousins, and become the mistress of a large plantation.

One of our number will become a dentist and will discover an absolutely painless method of extracting teeth. This interesting person will be none other than Miss Gray.

Here I read how Mr. Shepardson will make it his business to personally conduct parties of tourists through Europe. It may also be an interesting fact to add; that these parties will be almost entirely composed of young ladies.

Another member of our class, Miss Maloy, will become a trained nurse. Upon this leaf it says that Mr. Gale will settle down in life and become a peaceful citizen, and much respected member of the school committee.

On this one it tells how Miss Stapleton will become famous as a lawyer. Her dry eloquence and dispassionate manner of address placing her at the very head of her profession.

Another one of our number, Miss Walte, will go upon the stage, where she will gain great success as "Marguerite" in "Faust." Multitudes will throng to hear her and she will become the talk of the hour.

In a few years there will come a violent agitation of the Woman's Suffrage question, and soon the leader, who by the way will be none other than Miss Kellogg, will be known throughout our land.

Here it tells how Miss Haight will become a public reader and teacher of elocution. Her sweet face and winning manner making her a great favorite with all.

Owing to his great skillfulness with the needle, Mr. Mills will take up ladies' tailoring as a means of livelihood. All garments made by him will have a style peculiarly their own.

After entering the ministry, Mr. Backus will accept the pastorate of a small western church. But his genius will not be hid, for he will shine before the world as the author of a book of extremely interesting sermons.

This leaf says that one of us, ever living up to his great passion for music, will become a hand organ grinder. It seems hardly necessary to say that this will be Mr. Larkin.

Miss Ellen Rice, owing to her demure and quiet ways will join the Hancock School.

After graduating from Smith Miss Froze will open a candy shop on the ground floor of the Wendell. The penmanship and fudge sold there will be world renowned.

Altho China will still for many years be a dangerous place for foreigners, yet Mr. Whitlsey will go there and spend his life as a missionary.

Our worthy and most dignified president, Mr. Hullsall will become well known as the author of a small book of nursery rhymes and diths, which in future years will take the place of the "Mother Goose" of olden days.

Only one of our class will become a true scold. That one is Mr. Rockwell, for he will become the president of the United States. His administration will be a period of the greatest prosperity known for many years.

After graduating from Johns Hopkins University, Miss Benedict will open an office here in this city. All those suffering with diseases of the heart will gain immediate relief by consulting Dr. Benedict.

Here I read that Miss Outman will become very rich by the invention of a shoe polish. Its wide sale will be due very largely to the fact that it will be absolutely odorless and waterproof.

In a few years a young ladies' boarding school will be established in this city, where instruction may be had in the arts of face, law, and basket ball. The principal of this institution will be none other than our friend and classmate, Miss Pierce.

After years of untiring search the North Pole will at last be discovered. The remarkable feat will be accomplished through the energy and perseverance of Mr. Brown.

After Frederick and Selia's rights are claimed this city among their chief attractions will be a town, who by his jokes and jests gift for making himself ridiculous will cause much amusement among small boys. It is unnecessary to state that this individual will be none other than Mr. Brown.

"The mist in the moon" has always been a foolish character, but in a few years there will really be such a person. For Mr. Shaw will invent a flying machine in which he will succeed in reaching that body. But also he will fly over his vessel and it will float away into space, leaving him to his fate.

On this leaf it says that Miss Francis will enter the journalistic field, where she will become the editor of a large N. Y. paper.

Here I read that Miss Sargent will become a prominent leader in society. It is written here how Miss Florence Rice will become widely known as the author of short stories published in the "Black Cat."

Miss Sargent will remain on the branch it must be that the oak desired the future of your prophecies to remain in oblivion.

VALEDICTORY.

Theme: A Word for New England. By Beads M. Howe.

Many an American searches among the ruins of Greece and Rome for the signs of the mighty dead. What names does he find inscribed there? Sovereigns, who were tyrants; poets, who used their genius to describe the life of a corrupted court and men, who gained fame and power through treachery. In considering these one is wont to have remembrance of the truly great, who have contributed to the growth and prosperity of our native land.

For it is difficult for us, who have inherited the fruits of the labor of our forefathers, to realize the perils and privations that the early settlers endured. But it was this constant associ-

ation with danger that furnished the daring spirit of the New England pioneers and gave them courage to throw off the yoke of tyranny and oppression. Thus a generous portion of our liberty and independence is due to the early inhabitants of the region which forms, as it were, the corner-stone of our great nation. Moreover the spirit of independence, which appeared in the speeches of Adams and Hancock, has not been confined to America, for the current of thought, knows no bounds, and the ideas advanced by them have influenced many another country to gain its freedom.

No sooner had the Puritans won their liberty than they began to improve their social conditions. Free schools were established in every town, colleges were founded and now no section of the United States is richer in educational institutions than old New England. Even the people of the West, who consider the Yankees slow and old-fashioned, send many of their sons and daughters to the New England colleges.

Doubtless it was this exceptional opportunity for acquiring knowledge together with the legends and history of the surrounding country, that produced so many literary workers. The famous New England group comprising Holmes, Whittier, Longfellow, Lowell, Emerson and Hawthorne is unparalleled and probably will never be equaled. Puritan life, Indian relics, legends of the old whaling ports, war and peace, even the terrors of the Salem witchcraft have been immortalized in the poetry and prose of these renowned writers. Yet many phases of New England life were first described by writers if the present who, like Miss Wilkins, are most successful in portraying the typical Yankee.

However, the sons of New England have gained distinction in other fields besides literature. Webster and Douglass became famous orators; Sumner, Franklin and Greeley were eminent in politics; Phillips and Garrison were leaders in the anti-slavery movement. It must be confessed that only two presidents have been New Englanders, yet many of our citizens have held positions of trust and honor that enabled them to contribute to the welfare of their country.

In regard to political affairs the New England states might well serve as models of integrity and freedom from corruption. Perhaps one reason why the average New Englander is not influenced by bribes is that he holds office for the purpose of serving his country not to add to his personal wealth. Indeed it seems as if the slogan of the "stability dollar" was not the highest ambition of these citizens. For Boston—the Hub of the Universe—is noted for its culture rather than for its wealth and style, and throughout the length and breadth of our land in no other region do we find such thrifty, industrious, law-abiding citizens as the Yankees.

Therefore we, who have enjoyed the advantages offered by Massachusetts can only say—May God prosper them and theirs. May the beginnings of the next century find them as they are now—a free, happy and virtuous people!

"Zealous, yet modest, innocent, though free."

Patent of bill, severe amidst alarms, Indefinite in faith, indefinite in arms."

Citizens of Pittsfield:— We thank you for the interest you have taken in our exercises tonight and we wish to express our gratitude for the opportunity that you have given us for acquiring an education. No rich or gift is in your power to bestow, for knowledge is the foundation of a noble, useful life, and we show you how we appreciate the advantages offered by you, we shall endeavor to make the best possible use of the education which your generosity has provided for the Class of 1901.

Guidelines of the School Committee:— You have been the rulers of the realm where we have spent the last years in pursuit of knowledge. Feeling that you ever had regard for our highest welfare, tonight we desire to thank you for your kindness in providing for our needs and the interest you have taken in our progress.

Dear Teachers:— It is nearly four years since we entered this region of learning and with you as guides, we have traversed the various fields. At times the path was rugged and some of us lagged behind, but with your ever ready assistance, all obstacles were overcome and we have at last reached the goal toward which we have long been striving. But tonight as we are about to step forth into the outer world, it is with a feeling of regret that we have these haunts where we have often gathered.

Some of us look forward to more extensive regions of knowledge, but what ever we do or wherever our footsteps tend, we shall not forget you who have fitted us for a higher education. And we hope that when you conduct other classes along these familiar paths, you may still have a pleasant recollection of the "naughty ones."

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A POISONED STREAM.

Perpetually Distributing Deadly Poison Where it Kills.

A clogged sewer will spread disease through a whole city. Scattering perfumes will only disguise and cover the warning stench. The death-dealing gases are there yet. It is the same with annoying and dangerous eruptions of knowledge. External remedies only may heal for the moment, but the poison is doing its work just the same—worse, in fact, because kept out of sight. Eruptions are the signals of filth—filth inside where soap and water do not reach. Poor blood and torpid liver are working together. The stomach, too, is not doing its work, and soon the kidneys will join in the rebellion. Then all the internal organs will be working against each other. The blood, instead of carrying life through the body, is carrying poison. The skin is poisoned the pores obstructed and

Dr. David Kennedy, Kennedy

P. H. S. ALUMNI.

A Suggestion Relative to a Mission of the Association.

Notwithstanding the terrific heat, the third annual reunion of the Alumni Association of the Pittsfield High School was well attended in Central Hall last Monday evening.

Great credit is due the committee having the affair in charge for its social success. The association owing to the efforts of those who have labored so hard for the present results is now on a firm basis.

A most enjoyable musical program, consisting of a piano solo, vocal selections, and violin duet was given as a sort of prelude or introduction to the solid, serious part of the evening's entertainment, the essay on "The Philippines and the Filipinos," by the distinguished member of the class of '79, Major William P. Kendall.

In the presentation of his paper Major W. P. Kendall, of the U. S. Army won new laurels, as an industrious and indefatigable collector of facts, figures and statistics, which he with painstaking zeal embodied in an exhaustive treatise of his subject. In spite of the intense heat his loyal schoolmates cheered his effort to the echo, and he was the center of congratulatory and admiring friends throughout the evening.

Principal Byram made a few remarks, congratulating the committee on its success and speaking of the present work of the High School:

The remainder of the evening was given to dancing and informal reunions of the members of the various classes. This social time was most enjoyable and good and timely and welcome it all was.

It seems to us there are great possibilities in this alumni association, germs of good, power and promise, so to speak, of something more than a coming together for mere social relaxation, or of "knitting sundered friends hips up," important and valuable as all this is.

Could not this association of purely Pittsfield people representing nearly every walk and way in life, this democratic and fraternal body, organize into some sort of club or order having for its end, aim and spirit loyalty to and development and improvement of our city in all ways.

Such an organization could well take up and to advantage much civic work that in other cities and towns is done through bodies having a like aim, but constituted differently. Such an association would do much towards developing that "*esprit du corps*," which is as necessary to the permanent prosperity of a city as harmony in a family is indispensable to progress and permanence.

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