

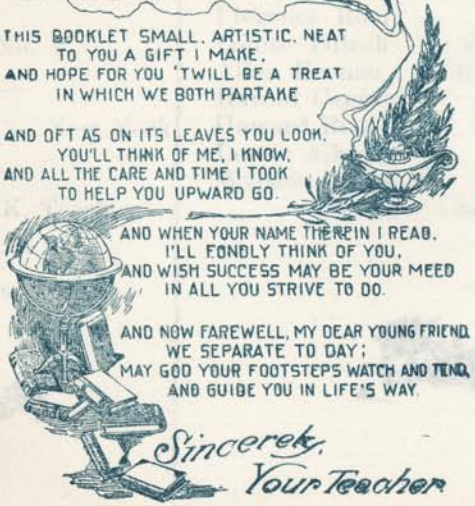
Souvenir 1911

Though lost to sight to memory dear
Thou ever wilt remain;
One only hope my heart can cheer
The hope to meet again.

My Dear Pupil:

THIS BOOKLET SMALL, ARTISTIC, NEAT
TO YOU A GIFT I MAKE,
AND HOPE FOR YOU 'TWILL BE A TREAT
IN WHICH WE BOTH PARTAKE

AND OFT AS ON ITS LEAVES YOU LOOK,
YOU'LL THINK OF ME, I KNOW,
AND ALL THE CARE AND TIME I TOOK
TO HELP YOU UPWARD GO.



AND WHEN YOUR NAME THEREIN I READ,
I'LL FONDLY THINK OF YOU,
AND WISH SUCCESS MAY BE YOUR MEED
IN ALL YOU STRIVE TO DO.

AND NOW FAREWELL, MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND,
WE SEPARATE TO DAY;
MAY GOD YOUR FOOTSTEPS WATCH AND TEND,
AND GUIDE YOU IN LIFE'S WAY.

Sincerely,
Your Teacher

PUBLIC SCHOOL

District No. 4

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Sweden, Monroe Co., New York

—o—

ADA L. CLARK, Teacher

—o—

Jas. J. Dennis, Trustee

Pupils

Edith Stiles	Emma Chapman
Florence Root	Helen Root
Louise Tillack	Margaret Alhart
Allan Keenan	Blair Buterbaugh
Harold Centner	Herbert Root
Howard Root	Leonard Quinn
Lester Alhart	Russell Stiles
Wallace Whitney	Willie Whitney

Webster Chapman



Life is what we make it

Let's oftener talk of noble deeds
And rarer of the bad ones.
And sing about our happy days
And not about the sad ones.
We were not made to fret and sigh
And when grief sleeps to wake it
Bright happiness is standing by
This life is what we make it.

Let's find the sunny side of men
Or be believers in it
A light there is in any soul
That takes the pains to win it
Oh! there's a slumbering good in all
And we perchance may wake it.
Our hands contain the magic wand
This life is what we make it

Then here's to those whose loving hearts
Shed light and joy about them!
Thanks be to them for countless gems
We ne'er had known without them
Oh! this should be a happy world
To all who may partake it.
The faults our own if it is not—
This life is what we make it.



Education

If we work upon marble
it will perish.
if we work upon brass.
time will efface it.
if we rear temples.
they will crumble into dust.
but if we work upon immortal minds.
if we imbue them with principles.
with a just fear of God.
and love of our fellow-men.
we engrave on these tablets
something which will brighten
to all eternity.

WEBSTER



A traveler through a dusty road
Strewed acorns on the lea.
And one took root, and sprouted up
And grew into a tree.
Love sought its shade at evening time
To breathe its early vows;
And Age was pleased, at heat of noon,
To bask beneath its boughs:
The dormouse loved its dangling twigs;
The birds sweet music bore;
It stood a glory in its place,
A blessing evermore.



The night has a thousand eyes.
And the day but one:
Yet the light of the bright world dies
With the setting sun

The mind has a thousand eyes.
And the heart but one.
Yet the light of a whole life dies
When love is done

ENG. PTG CO.'S PHILA.

Ada Clark - given to her students - taught in one-room schoo

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