

[Cook, Flora Augusta]

DEATH'S HARVEST A HEAVY ONE
Well Known Teacher Goes to Her Reward
Had Been Ill a Long Time

Flora Augusta Cook, daughter of the late Rev. Theodore Dwight and Calista Niles Cook, closed her eyes in earth's last sleep while the church bells were calling yesterday. For a long period Miss Cook had been out of health and for the last two weeks she had been confined to her bed, but while the end was not unexpected, the blow fell with painful force upon the patient sister who had been her lifelong companion.

Miss Cook was a native of Boston, Mass. At an early age she was taken by her parents to Providence, R. I., which was for some time thereafter their home. Subsequently the Rev. Mr. Cook removed his family to Utica, which has since been his abiding place.

It will be as a teacher of the young that Miss Cook will be best remembered and her memory longest cherished. For many years she taught in the Aiken street and Francis street schools, serving for much of the period as principal. The closing days of her life work were passed in the Cecily Baker School on Court street, from which she retired five years ago, when declining health bade her lay down the labor.

Miss Cook had a wonderful insight into the minds of children and seemed to instinctively understand the bent and craving in the nature of the young. It was this power which gave her the faculty for imparting information to her pupils and for exercising over them a degree of control which few of her sister teachers enjoyed. She deemed no sacrifice too great to make for the advancement of her work and even gave her own health as an offering.

In these days of the strenuous life, when club women discuss and settle to their own satisfaction the gravest complications in diplomacy, Miss Cook might have been considered a bit old-fashioned. While she was a meek disciple of the simple life, she was tolerant of those of her sisters who find delight in busying themselves with the affairs of men and had no criticism to offer for those who disagreed with her views. In the age of the orchid she was a modest forget-me-not.

Miss Cook was very fond of poetry, preferring it to the prose of history, science and fiction. She had essayed some flights in verse, but wrote for the simple pleasure of giving expression to the beauty of her thoughts rather than to gain the good opinion of others. When the shadow of illness grew upon her she found comfort and solace in the gems of poetry with which she was as familiar.

The deceased was a member of the Church of the Reconciliation, in which she was a consistent worker. She was generous in a rare degree and her magnetic social qualities made her company much sought. In her friendships she was staunch and steadfast and her death will be lamented by those who knew her and who had learned to love her for her true worth.

Miss Cook leaves a brother, Theodore P., and a sister, Viola Cook.

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