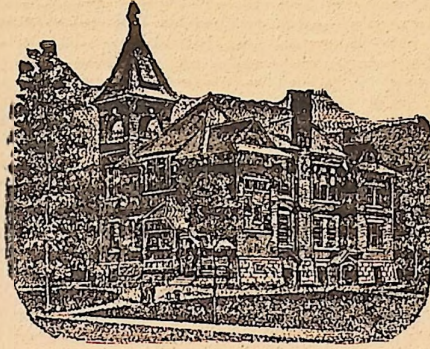


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ARMS STUDENT.

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EDITORIALS.

The class of '96 wishes to extend a cordial invitation to all Alumni and former teachers of Arms to attend the Commencement exercises May 31st to June 4th, 1896. The different exercises are as follows:

- May 31, 4 p. m., Baccalaureate Sermon, Rev. W. V. W. Davis, D. D., Pittsfield.
- June 1, 8 p. m., Junior Prize Speaking.
- June 2, 9:30 a. m., Alumni Meeting.
- 2:30 p. m., Class Day Exercises.
- 8 p. m., Anniversary Concert.
- June 3, 10:30 a. m., Graduation Exercises.
- 1 p. m., Alumni Dinner.
- 8 p. m., Reception.

The end of another school year is closely upon us. Commencement preparations are being completed, examinations taken, and records made out, all evidences of the termination of a very pleasant and profitable session.

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

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

The invitation to the Academy students to participate in the Memorial Day exercises signifies a cordial relation between the townspeople and the school, which is very gratifying. It should be thus always, for the support of the townspeople is a great encouragement to teachers and pupils.

The class which leaves the Academy this year presents a record of teachers who have been members of the faculty during its course, which is rather unusual. The class has seen four principals in charge, and six subordinate teachers. Such frequent changes are disastrous to good scholarship, and it is gratifying to know that now the school has a faculty which probably will not be altered next year.

AENEAS' DESCENT TO HADES.

Everyone knows of the descent of Aeneas to Hades—how, after traveling much and carrying out many directions, he obtained the "Golden Bough"; crossed the river Styx in Charon's dark blue skiff, made of plaited rushes; how by strategy he passed the dog, Cerberus, the invincible guard of the lower regions; and interviewed his father, Anchises, which interview was the purpose of his descent.

Obviously, he learned many things concerning the lower regions, such as the purging and punishment of the shades and the abodes of the blessed.

Aeneas found to his surprise and disappointment that the shades and monsters had no tangible form, but only the appearance of physical beings. He tried in vain to cut down, with his sword, some of the monsters at the gate and later on, in his journey, he rushed to embrace his father, or rather, his father's shade. After trying three times in vain to throw his arms

about his father's neck and each time embracing empty air—as Vergil expressed it, "like the light winds or the sleep of a bird,"—he gave it up as a bad job.

The shades had not only the same appearance as when on earth but also retained the use of some if not all of their senses, as is shown in their conversing with Aeneas.

Near the entrance to Avernus were the homes of the horrible monsters. This region ought to be called the "Dime Museum" of the lower world, because of the variety of grotesque forms found there. Meeting Charon, the ferryman, at the river Styx, the "Golden Bough" served as a safe pass to the other side. He passed the giant guard, the dog Cerberus, by first feeding him with cakes soaked in honey and the juice of herbs. By this, we see that Cerberus, at least, had the senses of taste and smell.

Aeneas learned of the abodes of infants, of suicides, of unhappy lovers, murderers, and the like, and finally of the Elysian fields or the homes of the blessed, where was his father, Anchises. From seeing the contrasting fortunes of the bad shades and the blessed ones, Aeneas must have drawn up resolutions in regard to his future character on earth, possibly thus resolved; first, not to die an infant; second, not to be an unhappy lover or a suicide; third, not to be a murderer; fourth, to follow in the footsteps of his father and at last reach the happy fields of Elysium.

It was from Anchises that he learned most about the shades and their future. He found that men were relieved of their sins by three methods; some were hung up where the winds might blow through them, some were purged by fire and others by water as the case necessitated. Possibly, the infants and unhappy lovers were purged by the winds as their sins were less serious but the murderers and suicides

must have been burned or soaked before being entirely purified.

After being thus purged of their sins and after suffering due punishment, the shades were permitted to wander for a thousand years. At the end of this time, they took their place in the line of those waiting to ascend to the world above. In this line, Anchises showed Aeneas the men, who, in future years, were to make Rome famous.

Caesar, Marcellus, and many others stood in line patiently awaiting their turn to ascend and show their glory to the world.

After having a long interview with his father and leaving his gift of the "Golden Bough" for Proserpina, he departed by the gates of sleep, for Cumal where his fleet had been left. One of these gates was made of horn, the other of ivory; truth was supposed to come from the gate of horn and falsity from the ivory one. Vergil has Aeneas return through the ivory gate and from this fact it is inferred that he does not necessarily expect his readers to believe everything in the story. This is fortunate for us who are uninitiated and and therefore a little incredulous.

Aeneas was somewhat delayed on his return for, as he himself learned: "The descent to Avernus is easy, but to recover one's steps and return to the world above, this is the task, this is the labor."

THE FIRST ANNUAL MESSAGE OF THE FIRST WOMAN PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

What place shall a woman have in politics, is an all-important question of today. This will for a long time be undecided, but it cannot always remain without an answer; and some day the matter will be brought to a crisis.

Let us look forward into the future to

see how it all will end. Little by little, slowly at first, —then more quickly, we see man yielding a place to woman, until, at the end of fifty years, she is exercising the right to vote on every question. Without using any prophetic vision, we can imagine how the men will gradually lose their interest in the public welfare and remain at home, leaving the management of political affairs to their wives and sisters. But the women will vote at all hazards; and, as they greatly outnumber the men, they will soon gain entire control. This can have but one result: and, looking again into the distant future, we behold in the year two thousand a woman President of the United States.

See the look of surprise and displeasure on the faces of the men! Too late they realize what has happened and try to remedy the matter. Old men shake their heads in despair and predict that the nation is going to ruin.

But the new President pays no attention to all this. See! How confident she looks! She has ideas of her own about what is going to be accomplished, and does not doubt but that she has the ability to reform the world, if necessary.

We find excitement cooling as the novelty wears off, until the time arrives for the first annual message to Congress. Then everybody is wondering what she will say and do. The President herself looks rather sober; for, although she knows all that she wishes to do within the next year, to get it into one short message seems impossible. But at length the dreaded epistle is finished, and we have the privilege of knowing what she will say in a manuscript written more than a hundred years from today.

Let us glance through it. The most important subject, and therefore first, is that of removing the men from every public

position. They have already been banished from the national Congress, but now she declares that each state shall have in its Senate and House of Representatives nothing but women. She goes a step farther, and says that men shall not even have the privilege of voting, that man's place is at home in the kitchen, and that the nation will be much purer and better, if women wholly control it.

Who of us would have thought that such a state of affairs would come to pass in so short a time?

Strangely enough, style also has an important place in this message. A costume is designated, which all women are advised to adopt.

Of course, the residence of this President must be greatly changed, and minute descriptions are given of how each room is to be furnished.

She speaks to some length of certain troubles with England, and eloquently tells the people to be at peace with all the world.

All the cities and towns are advised to provide themselves immediately with means of traveling through the air, so that the slow electrics can be wholly done away with.

Another subject that interests us in this message is that in regard to the slums of the cities. This enterprising woman declares that she will not be satisfied until every part of the country is pure and healthful.

She is going to prohibit all swearing and close every saloon.

Many remedies are suggested for the disturbances within the country, but they all seem impracticable; perhaps it is because we cannot fully understand all the wonderful changes of the next century.

The message is closed with a speech

about the rights of women, their long struggle for the supremacy, and a call to all her associates to be patriotic, and prove to man that woman is his superior.

Turning our attention to the people in general, we find that the president's words, when printed, create a great sensation. The women, after reading them, become enthusiastic and are eager to begin immediately in the work of reformation. Lengthy articles appear in all the newspapers about the conduct of the President. Not a word escapes the merciless eye and pen of the Editor. They ask, "How can a woman do all this work that men of great ability have tried for centuries to bring about?"

The poor President is ridiculed on every side. How does she stand it? Will she retain her courage and go on learning to do better, or will she give up entirely? But alas! our power has left us; we can no more look into the future, and Time alone can answer our questions.

LIFE AT WILLIAMS.

DEAR EDITOR:

For one who stands almost at the end of his college course and looks back upon nearly four years of his life it is not an easy thing to record his impressions or to judge the effect of the influences that have been brought to bear upon him. To be sure, there are certain occurrences that stand out sharply in his memory, certain friendships formed never, we hope, to be broken, and certain habits of thought acquired that will not be changed. But in the main one feels only a sort of composite result of all these things, an intangible something that has been acquired he hardly knows how. That the period of acquisition has been pleasant, he knows; that it has been profitable he is equally

sure; and he finally approaches the end with mingled feelings of regret for the past and of anticipation for the future.

But I suppose I was to impart a little information about Williams rather than to moralize about college life in general. So I will proceed to do what no collegian is ever loth to do, that is, talk about his own college.

Williams is not large but it is a very good representative of that old type of New England college that first marked the growth of higher learning in this country. We are well supplied in the way of buildings, there being twenty or more in all. Of these probably the finest is Hopkins Memorial Hall which was erected in memory of our former president, Mark Hopkins. This building is used as a recitation hall and is considered one of the finest of its kind in the country. Besides this there are two other recitation halls, six dormitories, a chapel, library, gymnasium, observatory, two museums and three laboratories.

These last are among the things that are always pointed out with pride to any visitors who chance to come to Williamstown. They are large brick buildings used by the departments of Physics, Chemistry and Biology and these are very convenient and well equipped.

One of the dormitories, too, old West College, is an especial object of admiration to those interested in the history of the college, not on account of its beauty—far from it—but on account of its age and the traditions connected with it. For over a hundred years it has stood at the top of the hill that marks the western boundary of the campus and kept constant guard over the ever increasing group of more pretentious edifices spreading out below and before it. For many years it was the

only building the college possessed and did duty as dormitory, recitation hall, boarding-house and all. I believe it was never used as a gymnasium, for such things were not used in those days, our forefathers considering the woodpile a sufficiently good muscle developer. Its architecture is not beautiful, nor is it popular as a dormitory, but it will always be dear to the heart of every loyal son of Williams because of its being the earliest home of our Alma Mater and the place where she struggled through her first hard years.

Of the beauty of Williamstown itself and its surroundings there is little need of my speaking. Everyone has heard of the famous Berkshire Hills and knows that in their own peculiar style of beauty they are unsurpassed. They have long been the theme and inspiration of poets and nature-lovers. "Thanatopsis" was written in a picturesque little glen scarcely a mile from my room. Living almost under the shadow of old Greylock and in a valley surrounded by a score of other, less grand but no less beautiful, peaks, one cannot help being very decidedly impressed and influenced by the power of the natural beauty of the scenery.

If I seem to dwell too long upon the home and surrounding of the college my excuse must be that to those who are deprived of the life and social gaiety of a city such things assume great importance. And then, Williams, if not unique in the beauty of her situation, is at least exceedingly fortunate.

Social life in so small a town as Williamstown does not afford many opportunities to those who are ambitious in that direction. Two or three times a year the old town assumes an unwonted air of gaiety and the quiet streets become bright with brilliantly dressed members of the gentler

sex. But such times are rare and, perhaps, the more appreciated on account of that fact. Generally, however, the students have to depend upon each other for amusement and this is, doubtless, one reason why fraternity life is so prominent here.

We have ten Greek letter fraternities to which nearly half the men in college belong. Each society has a house where all its members board and some of them room. Some of these houses are very costly while others are less pretentious, but in all alike there exists a homelike spirit that tends to bind the members together and strengthen their friendships without in the least detracting from their love for the college as a whole.

In other respects than those already mentioned I suppose Williams is very like other colleges. Of course athletics have a very important place, and there are the college papers, the debating societies, musical organizations, art associations and many other societies and clubs. The daily round of recitations and lectures goes on all the time and semi-annual examinations are held in December and June.

Taken altogether the life of a student is a happy combination of work and play, profit and pleasure; and for the fruits thereof we look toward the years to come.

Thanking you, dear Editor, for the privilege of sending this sketch of Williams and asserting my continued loyalty to my first Alma Mater, dear old Arms, I am,

Yours very sincerely,

CHARLES F. CANEDY.

Arms '92—Williams '96,

DOES PATRIOTS' DAY INCREASE
PATRIOTISM.

Patriots' Day was substituted for Fast Day, on April 19, 1895.

The reason for this was that Fast Day

was not rightly observed. To the Puritans it was a serious day. The fasting, prayer, and meditation for which the day was set apart were very real to them. But gradually this custom passed away, and for several years instead of being a day of religious observance, it was used for pleasure-seeking as many other holidays are. This change from the holy day of the Puritans to the holiday of modern times, shows how the day degenerated. Ministers and others felt strongly that the day was being desecrated, and that there should be no Fast Day if it could not be rightly observed. But the majority thought the holiday should not be given up and since the battle of Lexington and Concord was a memorable event, it was decided that Fast Day should be changed to Patriots' Day.

Patriot's Day is treated like any common holiday. School children look forward to it with delight, as it means to them hours of play instead of study. Many boys and men spend the day in hanging around the streets, uttering coarse jokes, and making the sidewalks filthy with their tobacco juice. School-girls go to spend the afternoon with one another or are off for a ramble. Women go on with their usual drudgery of housework, and men that do not believe in spending the day on the street, stay at home and work in their gardens and eat.

Does a feeling of patriotism stir in the heart of any of the above mentioned? I think not. It is not unlikely that eighteen out of twenty do not think why they are having a holiday. The few business men and others who hang flags on their doorways exert an influence in the right direction.

One might ask, "Is the holiday needed?" Some who think that their children are not in school half their time, would say that it

was not; that there were too many holidays now. In fact I have heard it prophesied that soon, there will be no school at all. But the children themselves would say, "Yes!" without hesitation.

Certainly it is well to celebrate a day that will encourage patriotism. Our past heroes are too little appreciated. But unless more is done to make the day a distinctively patriotic one, it is as much a failure as Fast Day ever was.

MAY CHAPMAN.

THE USES AND ABUSES OF THE BICYCLE.

USES.

The Bicycle is a representative vehicle of the nineteenth century. For proof of this, we only need to think of the different countries using it.

There is such a demand for the wheel, that all kinds of factories, including sewing-machine shops and cutleries are going into the bicycle business.

Seventy years ago, the bicycle was a very rude affair. How nearly perfect is the light, easy-running machine of today!

For a speedy and cheap conveyance to and from his work, the day-laborer uses the wheel and it is surprising to notice how many men of this class are able to own wheels. In addition to this, other classes, such as policemen, mail carriers, and special delivery boys use cycles in their daily rounds. A short time ago, there were movements under way to mount on bicycles all mail-carriers and special delivery boys, for it was decided that a boy could deliver a letter twice as quickly on a wheel as he could by taking a car.

Not only in business life but most of all for pleasure is the cycle used. After his labor is over for the day, the workman

mounts his wheel to take a spin in the park or on some macadamized road, and his wife who, perhaps, has had a hard siege of house-cleaning, accompanies him. Both are sure to return very much rested.

Bicycle riding is certainly a grand thing for the health as almost all the doctors say.

If it were not for the manufacture of bicycles, there would be scarcely any business of importance in these "hard times."

The macadamized roads, parks and boulevards are among the benefits secured through the influence of cycle riders. The League of American Wheelmen is continually, with the most active interest, doing something for the welfare of the roads.

And last but not least, among the many other benefits derived from the bicycle, may be enumerated good sermons, as the following words of a clergyman to his friend testify. "I believe the use of the bicycle is the best way to develop the muscles, clear the brain, drive off the blues, and invigorate both soul and body, yet discovered. The bicycle is a great help to me in church work. A ride to the country on a Saturday afternoon insures a better sermon on Sunday morning."

GEORGE INNIS.

ABUSES.

All the World's awheel. One only has to watch a few minutes in a city or even on a country road to see that the wheel is fast taking the place of the horse. When anything is adopted so generally in such a short time as the bicycle has been, there are to be dangers and disadvantages attending.

One of the abuses of the bicycle is the custom of "scorching," in other words, riding with the nose on the handle bar and pedaling for dear life. The rider who "scorches" would look more sensible on horse-back with his head toward the

horse's tail. It is hard to tell which is abused the most by this practice, the bicycle or the rider.

The style of riding called the "bicycle hump" is a detested abuse of the rider's body. Doctors advise bicycle riding because it is healthful to the body, but when a person rides all humped over, there is extreme danger to the lungs.

Opinions may differ, but I think it is abusing the bicycle to conduct a race as the two young men from away did, here last Fourth of July, when they formed a wedge each time and drove every other rider out of the course, thus capturing all the prizes for themselves, also endangering the limbs of the other riders through collision.

To see a man riding through the street with both hands in his pockets expecting the wheel to know more than he does and carry him safely to his destination makes one think of the danger of such careless riding. Fast riding in a busy street is a detested abuse of the wheel.

A noted Chicago clergyman said that he did not ride a wheel because of the presence of the "bloomer girl." If a woman rides the bicycle simply because she can look more like a man, she better give up the practice.

Club riding on Sunday is assuming serious aspects. Thirteen young men were lately arrested near Boston for scorching on Sunday, but this is not a rare instance. However there is much opposition to the practice and it bids fair to be speedily checked.

WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

(An Imitation of Hawthorne.)

At the window of an old farm-house sits an elderly woman. It is not late in the

morning, but hardly the time for a farmer's wife to sit thus, idly thinking. Her head rests against the high back of the stiff old-fashioned chair, and in her lap is an account book that seems to have slipped from her hands as she became absorbed in thought. But why does she not bestir herself?

The harsh voices of the barnyard fowl are ordering breakfast in loud peremptory tones. Occasionally, a deeper sound from the closed barn announces that even the cattle are getting impatient. Surely, this woman does not expect anyone else to attend to the wants of her dumb friends, for, since the death of her husband, she has been alone on the farm. Then why does she not attend to these duties?

The account book shows that the last few dollars of the mortgage have been paid today. But she has not been away from home today, and those very dollars are in that grey chest on the opposite side of the room. She has marked them paid, and why not? They are at hand and she need ride but a mile to pay them. Then bestir yourself, for you planned to take this trip in the early morning, thus losing as little time as possible from your day of work. The morning is already half-spent; start at once!

How strange that a strong, busy woman should thus shirk her duties! Today, she had intended to go and tell Farmer Green that she would take that meadow lot adjoining hers. She had always wanted it and only yesterday Farmer Green had offered it at a very reasonable price. She was to let him know this morning whether she would take it or not. Take it, by all means; it is the most fertile piece of land in the county. Noon is almost here. Arise, for this is your last chance! What? still in the same idle position? Even her eyes have the same absent, strange look.

The afternoon is here; surely now she will awaken from her day dream, for is not her son coming home? Her son, for whom she has toiled these long years, and who is now in college. The old-fashioned house must look its best, its owner must be ready with a glad welcome. Then arise and prepare for that happy moment. What, have you forgotten even this? Then never more will anything in this world disturb your rest.

J. E. B. S.

HIAWATHA'S FASTING.

Lonfellow's Hiawatha is one of the most beautiful of his poems. One can not help being in sympathy with every mood in the poet because of its beauty and thought.

Hiawatha's fasting covered a period of eight days. On the first he wandered about the forest, watching the deer, the rabbits, and all the animal life with which the woods abound, and at length overcome with despair he cried, "Master of Life! must our lives depend on these things?"

On the next day of his fasting, he wandered near the bank of the river, and through the meadow; here he saw the wild rice, the blueberry, the strawberry, and the grape vine, and gazing upon these, despairingly he repeated that cry: "Master of Life! must our lives depend on these things?"

On the third day he watched the transparent water of the lake; he saw the fish gliding about and once more repeated that cry, "Master of Life! must our lives depend on these things?"

The fourth day found him too exhausted to rise from his couch of leaves and branches. Here he lay, gazing upon the landscape and the beauty of all nature; and while he gazes, he sees, coming towards him from the sunset, a youth gorgeously

clothed in green and yellow garments, with soft, golden hair and green plumes waving from his head. The stranger stopped in the doorway and gazing upon Hiawatha said, "O my Hiawatha! All your prayers are heard in Heaven!" Then he challenged him to come forth and wrestle. Hiawatha arose from his bed of branches and made ready for the contest with Mondamin.

As he wrestled his strength returned to him. The darkness fell about them, but still the struggle lasted, till the heron gave its mournful cry, and taking this as a sign that they should no longer wrestle, Mondamin said, "'Tis enough."

Thus four times they made a trial of their strength "in the glory of the sunset." On the last day Hiawatha came pale and haggard for the final contest, which soon ended; for suddenly Hiawatha stood alone and Mondamin lay dead before him upon the ground. Hiawatha had conquered.

Hiawatha fasted that he might do his people more good, that he might advise and counsel them, and make them better by first bettering himself.

This fasting shows his belief in a higher power; in a more perfect life. He felt that there must be something of more importance than the sustenance of this perishing body; that there was something greater than present benefits to be striven for; that it was his duty to do everything in his power to elevate his people. Thus in his rude way he attempted all this and because he "loved his neighbor as himself" his prayers were answered and all mankind was blessed.

HOW X-RAYS WERE DISCOVERED.

X-rays or Roentgen rays, what are they? and what may be done with them? These

are the questions that every physicist of today wishes that he could answer and thereby gain world-wide fame. For although these rays were discovered but a short time ago, their existence is widely known; yet none can tell what they are, their cause, or what will be their future application.

X-rays were discovered by the German scientist, Dr. Wilhelm K. Roentgen, from whom they derive their name. At the time of the discovery Dr. Roentgen was repeating the experiments of Crookes, Lenard and others; therefore, to understand the discovery, one must know what these experiments are.

Crookes was the man who invented the tubes that bear his name. "Crookes tubes" are variously shaped glass bulbs, into one side of which is sealed a disc-shaped electrode, and one or more wire electrodes placed anywhere in the side of the globe. By means of a Sprengel air-pump the air in the tubes is exhausted as much as possible, which is to about one-millionth of the original quantity. This gives the molecules of ether a comparatively "free path." The tube is then closed by means of a blow-pipe flame. The negative pole of an electrical apparatus capable of giving a current of 100,000 volts is then attached to the disk-shaped electrode and the positive pole to one of the other electrodes. The molecules of ether coming in contact with the disk electrode are electrified and repelled in parallel rays against the opposite side of the tube, causing a brilliant spot where they strike the glass and a pale bluish streak through the tube. Crookes called this light "Cathode rays."

Lenard's experiments were with the Crookes tubes. Though the glass of the

tubes obstructed the rays, he thought that they might be brought outside of the tube. After many experiments he found that if a piece of aluminum, instead of glass, was placed where the rays reached, they would pass through and appear outside of the tube. He also found that the rays could be deflected by a magnet and were no longer parallel after passing outside of the tube; that the substances may be transparent to light rays and yet opaque to cathode rays and vice-versa, and that they affected the photographic plate.

Roentgen discovered that, while experimenting with the Crookes tubes, they produced two kinds of rays, the other being unknown. He represented the latter by the letter X. Roentgen found that the X rays were not deflected by a magnet. These discoveries have led to experiments by other physicists and so it has been found that Crookes tubes are not necessary to produce X rays, but that they can be produced by a strong magnet. X rays are transparent to every substance yet tried except lead.

Kinsman.

A DAYS TROUTING.

One day a few people met and planned a party in the woods. They then joyfully invited some friends who accepted on the spot.

How we all anticipated the event, dreamed it by night and thought of it by day! So it happened that one bright morning, in early summer, a party of boys started out to get bait for the fishing which was to be a part of the wonderful excursion of that day. A number of young ladies were to be in the party and so of course, a good time was expected. The trout caught dur-

ing the day, would provide a delicious dinner without many additions. If perchance, none were caught, then many other good things would be forthcoming from a great basket, richly stored.

A jollier party could never have been for all seemed bubbling over with fun. Many "peeps" were taken into the basket "just to see what there is."

The ride was varied and interesting. At one time the roads took us through the fields; then again we were overshadowed by huge trees; from here we emerged on a high precipice from which we could see beautiful meadows. At last the place, a shady grove was reached.

The boys and men started off at once for their own amusement while the girls romped, read or did fancy work and afterward busied themselves preparing for lunch. A fire was made in gipsy fashion, and a kettle swung. Meanwhile the "fishers" were winding their way to the much-adored stream. A good breeze favored them, for fish do not rise or take well in a calm. As they had no boat, and it was best that they had not, for the stream was rather narrow, they stood on shore or on the stones that rose above the water. Such success was theirs, that they could hardly hurry fast enough to the picnic ground.

After cleaning the trout, they prepared them for dinner. The spread looked very beautiful when the sunbeams danced upon it. Bouquets, that had been gathered by the girls, adorned our table.

Jokes and laughter prevailed, and in this manner, time passed on golden wings, and everyone united in the opinion that he had never enjoyed a meal so much as this.

A little cloud having been noticed, we started for home. Before we arrived there, the drops began to fall, but fortu-

nately no one was much wet. At last home came in sight and one by one the party broke up.

GRACE E. CALL.

THE STORY OF A FIRE.

It is nearly midnight, I am dreaming I am shut up in some dark place where I have never been before and I seem to be running into everything.

Suddenly, I hit against an object. It makes a low sound! This grows louder! Finally it becomes a shrill noise! Terrified I try to get away from it; this awakens me and I find out it is the fire bell ringing.

I jump up, hunt for a match, light a lamp and try to find my clothes, which seem to be everywhere.

Hurrying to the fire I find a crowd collected near a burning house. Some people are throwing mirrors and vases out of the upper windows, others are taking pillows and bedclothing carefully downstairs and carrying everything they can lay their hands on, out of the house.

In the midst of all the confusion the excited woman of the house calls in loud tones for her silver and her china.

"Where is your silver?" asks a man.

"In the—no, not there, it's in a long white box, either on the table in the kitchen or in the dining room closet," replied the woman.

The man disappears in the cloud of flame and smoke, followed by the woman who is crying, "My silver, my china, he will not find them!" But she is checked before she can enter the building.

The man returns, hands the precious box to its owner and goes to find the doctor to sooth his burns.

The woman sits down, crying, and tells the names of a long line of ancestors from

whom the silver inclosed in that white box, had descended.

One old woman, always doubting everything she heard, came up at this moment asking, "are you sure that the silver is in that box? You may be mistaken."

"Didn't I always say that I knew where everything was in the house? If you don't believe me I will prove it to you by opening the box and showing you the silver."

By this time the crowd had gathered around. The woman takes up the box,—the people draw closer to see the precious silver. They hold their breaths,—the cover is coming off,—it is almost off,—it is off, only to reveal—soap!

HAROLD E. ALLEY, '98.

A FAMOUS STREET.

The Midway Plaisance was, probably, to the majority of visitors, who poured into Chicago during the summer of 1893, the most popular feature of the World's Columbian Exposition. From its position, one would know at once that it was intended for a "side-show," for while the Exposition itself was confined to Jackson Park, the long boulevard connecting Jackson and Washington Parks became the famous street, known as the "Midway."

How refreshing it doubtless was to thousands of sight-seers, after spending a sultry August day in studying the wonders of electricity, or the various methods of transportation, to reach finally the "Midway," and rest the weary head and body by listening to the weird, fascinating music of some far away land! Difficult, indeed, was it for one to believe that he was really in the city of Chicago. On all sides were the representatives of every land upon the

globe, jabbering in their various tongues, and seemingly, attempting to rival one another in their different forms of music, which ranged from the monotonous "Boom-Boom," so well remembered by World's Fair visitors, to the more pleasing Scottish bag-pipe, played by the representative of some Highland clan, in his picturesque kilt.

While for grandeur in art, it was necessary for one to go into the main part of the Fair, he was indeed hard to be satisfied, to whom the unique and often strikingly beautiful building of these savage people were not pleasing. In Cairo Street, what could have been more picturesque than those strange, Oriental buildings, lacking the inspiring grandeur of architecture displayed in the Woman's Building, yet none the less beautiful in their quaintness and simplicity of design.

The educational effects of "Midway" are not for a moment to be doubted. What a wonderful object-lesson it must have been for the boys and girls, and what an incentive to further study for those who had long since packed away their school books! Instead of satisfying oneself with printed descriptions, at best forming a dim and uncertain conception, one could have seen them face to face, with all their crude surroundings. Probably if the truth were known, we formed to them as interesting and amusing an object-lesson as they for us. Picture to yourself an Oriental, reared in a warm climate, productive of a slow-moving, easy-going race, transplanted suddenly into that most bustling of cities, Chicago. What a look of horror comes upon his face, as for the first time he looks upon the nervous, ever-hurrying Chicagoan, seemingly intent upon nothing else but distinguishing himself as a "hustler!"

The "Midway Plaisance" has been called

a collection of frauds, but although the price of admission to some of the villages and buildings was undoubtedly exorbitant, its educational worth must be admitted. Certainly, one could nowhere see more cheaply the representatives of every nation upon the earth, than in the "Midway." When we balance the expense of traveling thousands of miles upon sea and land, with the twenty-five cents, we were called upon to present to the South-Sea Islander, before being allowed to enter his home, we may indeed feel fortunate, and cease to consider ourselves imposed upon.

The Midway Plaisance has long since become the broad, beautiful boulevard between Jackson and Washington parks. The picturesque foreigners have long ago returned to their far away homes. But the fame of this remarkable adjunct to the World's Columbian Exposition is destined to remain, not only with the many sight-seers who found instruction and amusement there, but with all, who proudly call themselves, citizens of the United States.

* * *

WHEN MY SHIP COMES IN.

My ship was all perfection and beauty. Her color was white, with gilt trimmings, and from the center mast floated a blue banner which bore her name "Confidence." As I cast my eyes over her from stem to stern there was a feeling of contentment, yet expectancy, in my mind. I watched her glide swiftly and quietly out over the deep, growing smaller and smaller until she vanished from all eyes save that of the mind.

She was to go to the far East. "What do I expect she will bring back," you ask, Oh! that is more than I can tell with certainty, but of course it will be some form of riches.

Let me tell you of some of the things I hope to do after she arrives.

I shall go through college first of all. When I have finished and had a long rest, I shall go to some city and erect a Home for the poor children. These children shall be taught to sew, read and do other work. I shall have them learn, first of all, to be kind and loving.

Then a summer home for these waifs shall be built in a beautiful country spot where they may go to hear the babbling of the water and the singing of birds, to watch the small fish as they pass in the brook and gather flowers in woods and meadows.

All the children shall not go at once, for I think it a good way to teach them unselfishness, that they be obliged to give up this pleasure to each other. I hope to make good men and women of them. If I succeed, how happy I shall be.

* * * * *

I stood on the shore, watching and wondering when my ship would return. Slowly a poor weather-beaten vessel with paint gone, and beauty vanished, came sailing into the harbor. I could not believe at first it was that beautiful craft which had sailed away so hopefully. But soon some of the crew came forward and then I had to acknowledge to myself that this was really the remains of my ship. The captain, with downcast eyes, told me of their misfortunes at sea.

Now I must work on as before, and the future is dark.

E. FRANCIS.

* * *

ACADEMICS.

The Seniors and Juniors are looking forward to Commencement with mingled pleasure and anxiety. The Juniors have

already had their class-rehearsal, though it is unusual to have one so early.

The class of '98 are wondering how they can scrape enough money together to buy wire to trim the stage for the '97s, and buy lemons to make lemonade for that dry class.

The Glee Club are trying to live through long and tiresome rehearsals, learning selections to sing Class Day and at the Reception.

The new language that has recently been adopted in the school is,—"Sort of a deaf and dumb language, I guess." But let those who make use of it remember that, "there are still a few front seats left."

In the Caesar class—Teacher,—"What part of speech is the word "discessu," Mr. —?" Mr.—, "Ablative."

In the reading room of Arms gathered lately a most solemn and august assembly, consisting of the proud latest members of the Alumni, who had met for the purpose of legally adopting their former classmate, Howard W. Hall. The proceedings were carried on with all due solemnity, and finally, the "'96, but no Senior," became an undergraduate and yet an alumnus. The act of adoption, which reads as follows, is to be carefully preserved by the Secretary of the Class of '96:

An Act for altering the status of Howard Warren Hall, now of the Class of '97, of Arms Academy, and permitting the said Howard Warren Hall to enter the sacred fold, and there to receive the caressing embrace of his first love, the class of '96.

Whereas, the said Howard Warren Hall, by the intervention of fate, has strayed from his original moorings and has apparently surrendered himself unto the hypnotic influences of a presumptuous class of individuals designating themselves by the newly-received title, Seniors, and who are already blessed with more Manly spirit than we possess, alas! or, collectively, can

ever hope to imbibe, so the Class of '96 desire desirously to reclaim that stray bit of a man (H)all to themselves:

Be it therefore enacted by the Class of '96, in class meeting assembled, and by the authority of the same,

That Howard Warren Hall be, and he hereby is allowed to take unto himself the sacred appellation of "a '96 man," on all and every occasion hereafter to make the academic title of "'96" his proper and untrammelled scholastic designation; and by that badge he shall be considered in all academic processes and records whatever.

* * *

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Girls Glee Club will furnish music for Class Day, and probably, for the reception.

The chorus which will sing on Memorial Day has been practising diligently under Miss Burrows' leadership.

The musical interest has much increased at Arms during the last year, and very good work has been done in this line. It is to be hoped that this branch will never be neglected at the Academy.

* * *

EXCHANGES.

"Ideals," in our last number, has been highly spoken of in some of the exchanges.

Teacher—"Who was Apollo's mother?" Smart boy—"Apollinaris."

Teacher—"Why are you late, Willie Higs?" Willie Higs—"My mother lost the stove cover, and I had to stay at home and sit on the stove till she found another."

Bings—"I heard they made a grave mistake about Smithson."

Bangs—"What was it?" Bings—"They buried him alive."

"That remains to be seen," said the boy when he spilled the ink on the table cloth.

In summer, the birds pipe their lays; while in winter, the plumbers lay their pipes.

Teacher—"Now, Johnny, can you tell me the most precious metal?"

Johnny hesitated, whereupon the teacher suggestively fumbled with his watch chain. Johnny caught on and yelled out "Brass."

Professor (to young lady student)—"Your mark is very low and you have just passed."

Young lady—"Oh, I'm so glad."

Professor (surprised)—"Why?"

Young lady—"I do so love a tight squeeze."

Editor—"Always write your jokes on the thinnest paper possible."

Young Humorist—"Why?"

Editor—"So I can see through them."

"History repeats itself,"—that's the third time I've flunked today.

A bright story in grammar is told of a little school-girl. "Quarrel," she parsed. "plural." "Why?" "Because,—why, it takes two to make one."

He—"She has four or five lovers at her feet all the time."

She (envious)—"Well, there's easily room for them."

Barber—"Want a hair cut?"

Student—"Naw, want 'em all cut."

We learn from a contemporary that a prominent college professor has succeeded in photographing a football player's scalp by means of X rays. *Mirabile dictu!*

He remembered—Boy (in drug store): "Mister, I want to get a—um—I want a pint of—a—I forget."

Druggist's Clerk—"I say, Dick, here's a boy forgot what he came for." Boy: "That's it!"

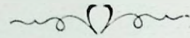
Druggist—"What's it?" Boy: "Camphor."

A bright Freshie made the following startling statement: "The brain is covered with convulsions." If she had said that the class was, it would have been true.

WILLIAM E. KEITH,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

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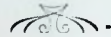
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