

# The College Monthly.

Vol 1.

April, 1887. Amherst, Mass.

No.2.

## CAPITAL ADVICE.

Let him who wishes to XL,  
Or who aspires to B most Y's,  
Remember this: A Y's man O's  
Much of his wisdom to his I's.

And he must not his ears XQ's,  
But ears must hear, and I's must C,  
And he must all his senses U's  
Who hopes a wise man e'er to B.

He who is rich may take his E's,  
But all things earthly must DK;  
Wisdom succumbs not to DZ's;—  
Secure it and Brich for A.

## A VOYAGE TO THE BAHAMAS.

Nassau, P. I.  
April 2, 1887.

Let us imagine ourselves at pier 17 East River, on a Ward line steamer running to West India ports. It is the Cienfuegos, a vessel of nearly twenty-five hundred tons, over two hundred feet long, and built in 1883 by the late John Roach whose name has recently been so prominently before the public.

At three o'clock the steamer leaves the wharf being assisted into the stream by a tug.

When under way the tug is dropped, the cannon (for it is a mail steamer) fired, and we are off. Down the stream we go: past Castle Garden; past hundreds of vessels; past The Bartholdi Statue; and here we notice a steamer of about our own size following. It is the Bermuda boat which will keep near us until dark. On we go; past Staten Island; past Coney Island on the other side; past Long Branch, and finally slow down near the New Jersey Lightship. Near us is a little schooner rolling and tossing and carrying a big black

7 on her mainsail. She sends out a boat: the pilot leaves the bridge: shakes hands with the Captain and Purser; wishes us a prosperous voyage and goes down the side into the boat getting a thorough ducking in the attempt. We start again and soon the Jersey highlands are all that remain in sight. It is dinner time and we now remember that we have had nothing since early morning. We go below and wish we had stayed on deck, for the odors are unpleasant. We decide however to try it and sit down. Tomato soup is the first course, and placed on an empty stomach, is, with the motion of the boat and the odor too much. We hasten to our state room, hunt up a "bay window" (a tin box to hang on the edge of the berth) and decide that we need that soup no longer. We "turn in" and feel all right as long as we are quiet.

The next morning we see nothing but water. It is quite rough but that no longer disturbs us. During the day we see three vessels—and that is all. The temperature rises and we pass Hatteras at dark. The next day we need no overcoats for we are in the Gulf Stream. We sight one vessel a long way off. Sea weed—the so called Gulf Weed—is abundant and the water is almost turquoise blue but a little deeper in shade. It is calmer and the passengers are all busy burning their faces in the sun.

The next morning the trade winds are blowing and flying fish are very abundant. They do not fly however but sail with the wind and can never fly against it.

We see nothing all day but just after dark sight the light at "Hole in the Wall" on Abaco Island. We are now near our destination and at four o'clock the next morning drop anchor in front of the picturesque town of Nassau.

H. T. F.

Mrs. O. G. Morehouse April 1887

## THE COLLEGE MONTHLY.

*Claude F. Walker,*  
Editor and Publisher,  
Mass. Agricultural College,  
Amherst.

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### EDITORIAL.

We return our thanks for the cordial greeting which the first number of The College Monthly received. Our success has been phenomenal. We have been compelled to double the size of our sheet and to quadruple the size of our edition. We bespeak a liberal patronage for those who advertise in our columns. If you want a tooth pulled or a house built, a broken leg mended or a sign painted, your larder replenished or washing well done, or your writing desk filled or your printing well executed, our last page will give the information needed.

**INFORMATION WANTED**—by Mr Shimer. In regard to the whereabouts of a certain new Freshman in whom he manifested a great interest the night before the term opened, and for whom he was providing a room at 29, S. C. A liberal reward will be given the informant.



Massachusetts Agricultural College.

### LOCAL ITEMS.

The Board of Control met at the Experiment Station, Tuesday, April 12.—

G. A. Goddard received a severe cut on his foot from an axe, Fast Day.—

Mr. F. S. Thayer who kept the boarding-house last term has moved and N. S. Burnett now holds the position.—

Mr Rice of '87 who has been absent for the past year is to return and enter '88.—

There was a meeting of The Base Ball Association at which Rice was elected Captain, and Noyes Business Manager.—

At the meeting of The Lawn Tennis Association, Thursday, April 14, Almeida was elected President; Dole, Vice President; Shimer, Secretary and Treasurer; and Bliss '89 and Richardson, Directors.—

The annual visit of the committee of the legislature to inspect the College is expected the last of this month.—

Since the publication of The College Cats these animals have disappeared from No. 2, S. C.—

**WANTED**—AN OFFICE CAT. Must be honest and reliable. Apply at this office.—Ed.

Taft's dog follows him as it would a bone.

## A MIDNIGHT TRAGEDY

### PART I.

The moon cast its beams over the frozen snow. The cold wind rocked the trees wildly, and bore a fragrant odor far and wide. There is a tramping of crowded feet, issuing from College Halls. "HELP!" "HELP!" rings through the frosty air. "Quick!" "There he goes" — "There he goes".

A rifle shot — another and another. And all is still.

N. B. The rest of this thrilling tale may be found in the parts of the

"CONCORD STORY TELLER."

W. N. T. —  
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

Lieut. Name the most destructive projectile of modern warfare.

Watson. (Opening his eyes) "Base Ball".

## NEW YORK LETTER.

New York,  
April 7th 1887.

Mr. Editor:

According to the lamented "Widow Be-dott" people are very apt to slip up in their calculations. "Can't calculate" was her motto, and I guess nearly every one finds out sooner or later that the fate is pretty un-certain.

Something or another turns up to frustrate a fellow's plans, and when one sets out to do a thing, it appears before the thing is done, that it is altogether a different sort of a thing that he has been to work on. I fancy newspaper men are like all others in this respect, for I have noticed a great many times that famous writers for the papers and even editors, after commencing an article on

a certain subject, shoot off before it is half finished on to some other totally different subject. It was my intention in this communication to follow up that little urchin that got such rough handling in my last letter, but somehow I became interested in politics, and have been watching Congress during its last days to see what Uncle Sam was going to do towards the defense of his unprotected coast. We New Yorkers have felt a little nervous about the matter since there has been so much war talk going on. We don't care seeing Her Britannic Majesty's Ship of war sail into our harbor and bombard the city with impunity — or anything else. Now we can't truly calculate how soon this thing will happen, but I have a secret which came into my possession in a perfectly legitimate way, which I am going to give to the readers of your valuable journal.

New York is by no means without protection. Within the brain of one man has been evolved a plan for self protection that will make it hot for the enemy's ships should any of them venture within ten miles of this City. Now when Miss Liberty took up her abode on Bedloe's Island, no one thought that her Ladyship would be of any real service to the country, but Ed-ison — the man that can do any thing that he attempts, has already perfected plans whereby this Statly Female will be enabled to blow the whole British Navy into kindling wood. Within her capacious interior is already stored a sufficient quantity of lightning to sink every vessel in the world. Once let the enemy make his appearance and by simply turning a crank she is made to give a sort of sneeze and a couple of streaks of lightning will shoot out of her nostrils, reaching for miles in any direction that the man who turns the crank directs, and what ever it is directed to is wiped out of existence as quick as a flash, and while Miss Liberty is breathing forth lightning her car drums will be made to manufacture thunder, so terrific thunder shower can be made in an instant.

Uncle Ben.

*C. S. Gates, D. D. S.,*  
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