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CHESNUTS SET TO RHYME

O what made the chimney sweep?
And why did the codfish ball?

And why, O why, did the peanut stand?
And what makes the evening call?

What made the monkey wrench?
Or why should the old mill dam?
And who did the shoemakers strike?
Or why did the raspberry jam?

O why should the baby farm?
And why does the mutton chop?
Can you tell me what makes the elder
blow?

Or what makes the ginger pop?

NEW-YORK LETTER.

New York,
June 7th, 1887.

Mr. Editor:

It is a well known fact that a very large percentage of the prosperous business men of this city belong to the "Carpet Bag" fraternity. They are largely the products of old fashioned New England homes, and are sojourning here simply for the purpose of acquiring wealth: when this purpose has been accomplished, they naturally drift back towards the haunts of their childhood.

A longing for rural life, for farm associations, and more than all, for the privilege of gadding about in the desire to give to the rustic country farmers a few points on "Scientific Farming", leads New York millionaires to spend their latter days among the rocks and hills of old New England, over which they used to tramp and stub their toes in the days of long ago, when as gen-

uine cowboys barefooted and almost trouserless they hunted the frolicsome and trustant-bivining bowers of their business in the city and inland courts and fields. Farmers requires more or less preparation, hence the organization of city farmers clubs by the courtesy of a member of one of these clubs, who was more than enthusiastic on the subject of "book farming". I recently passed an evening very pleasantly at one of these seances, and will give to the readers of your valuable journal a brief account of my observations.

One of the rules adopted by this particular club provided that at each meeting the subject under consideration shall be supplemented by a supper composed principally of the particular sort of vegetable that has formed the topic for discussion. If the culture of beans is on the programme, then a supper of beans follows, cooked in every conceivable way. If potatoes, then potatoes make up the bill of fare.

At the meeting which I had the pleasure of attending a study of corn was the order of the evening, and the first thing that attracted my attention upon entering the room was a huge vase standing upon a sort of sideboard, supporting something like a couple of dozens of genuine corn-cob pipes with stems made from the stalks which bore the cobs. Now a corn cob pipe properly made is as much superior to a meerschaum as a meerschaum is to the common clay pipe, and then they give such a rural appearance to the party who is indulging in the weed.

After filling up and lighting the pipes a free and easy discussion took place concerning the merits and demerits of corn as an article of food; also as regards the amount of nutriment contained in the stalks and whether stalks cut in a verdant state and consigned to huge vats, there to undergo a process of fermentation, were of more value to horned cattle than when cured in the old fashioned way. This latter question called forth some vigorous remarks, and there was considerable opposition manifested to the silo system on the ground that fermented corn stalks would have a demoralizing effect

upon the cattle.

Then came the question whether there was any value in a corncob for food, and whether when ground with corn it in any way added to the value of the mixture. One theory advanced was that when ground together the corn would furnish the nutriment and the particles of cob taken into the stomach would serve as an irritant which might prove valuable when fed to dull and sluggish horses,

Next came a long and interesting discussion concerning the sweet corn question. It was claimed that one of the growing evils of the day is the trickery of men engaged in canning corn, since it is easy of demonstration that one half of the material in a can of sweet corn is the Simon pure cob and the other half water, and whatever may be thought of corn cobs as food for horses it was declared a fraud to force it into the human stomach. The machine for shaving off the corn is so adjusted as to reach nearly to the middle of the ear, and it was unanimously voted that this was the basest sort of an imposition.

Then the best method of propagating new varieties of sweet corn was considered and one suggestion I think is worthy of especial notice. The great difficulty in cultivating sweet corn is to make it sweet, when all the other qualities have been secured the sweetness seems to have passed away, and it was thought that this quality might be retained and increased perhaps, if a generous quantity of molasses was poured into each hill before dropping the corn. This plan seemed to meet with general approval and as there was no pledge of secrecy required of your correspondent I venture to spread this idea abroad for the benefit of all sweet corn growers.

Uncle Ben.

—♦—
SIFTINGS.

A capital skylight— The moon.

A cultivated ear— An ear of corn.

What is the oldest woman's club? The broomstick.

Evergreens— Dudes.

What is better than a promising young man? A paying one.

When was beefsteak highest ever known? When the cow jumped over the moon.

Never trouble trouble until trouble troubles you.

Prof. "What is velocity?" Student. "Velocity is that with which a man puts down a hot plate".

C. S. Gates, D. D. S.,
DENTIST.

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