# Sketches of Courses of Study.

## Agriculture.

IN opening the college catalogue and looking through the classes, one would conclude that but a small portion of the students are farmers' sons. But in the Junior class there are actually as many as two taking the Agricultural course. Graduates of this school do not carry out the design of the course, but rather spend their energies as expressed in the words of Jethro Tull. "They think it more eligible to study the art of plowing the sea with ships than of tilling the land with plows; and regard it beneath men of learning to employ their learned labours in the invention of new instruments for increasing of bread."

As an inducement to lead a rural life a course in "Farm Management" is required in the first term of the Freshman year, which consists of picturing to the student the profit derived from the use of improved farm implements; also in furnishing the proper training for the selection of a location when they come to enjoy the pleasures of running a farm, while burdening them with definitions such as "A wall is a fence, but a fence is not necessarily a wall,"

and many other agricultural terms. Besides all these benefits, there is also that of mental training derived in trying to decipher one's own hieroglyphics after one has hurriedly taken notes on a lecture.

Then, passing on, we arrive at the study of "Farm Accounts," upon which we spent many happy hours pondering over account books, or devising some scheme by which to make the accounts balance, and thereby securing a good big "A."

Next comes what we thought to be the useless "Drainage," in which we were obliged to tax our brain to determine the depth a ditch should be dug in order to have the necessary fall, at the same time keeping the tile in a straight line; but now, on looking back, all agree it should have been placed first, for one, waking up at night and finding himself confronted with three or four pails of $H_2O$, commences to think of tile and its uses.

With the commencement of the Soph year comes the critical moment for the decision whether or no to take the Aggie course, and for the benefit of the class of '99 the professor of agriculture offered to pay the admission to the county fair of all those who would take the agricultural course. This was too great a temptation for two of us to resist.

The first study we took up was that of "Breeds of Live Stock." Many were the hours we passed in tracing out the pedigrees of different animals.

At the same time we studied the subject of "Farm Crops," in which we learned what varieties of crops could be grown together, also their chief characteristics. It was while studying this subject that we learned an astonishing fact, one morning, when the Prof. asked how to plant peas. This is the answer he received: "In hills, four feet apart each way." Perhaps that student had in mind the ideal method of intertillage of which we have heard so much.

Nevertheless, there is one study in the agricultural course from which some pleasure is derived, and that is civil engineering. For, when out with the transit surveying some piece of land, or perhaps laying out a road, we can spot a pretty girl in the distance by simply focusing the telescope on her, and none is any the wiser. On such days we are the envy of the Mechanics, who have by this time realized that machine shop work is not as pleasant as they at first thought it to be.

# Mechanical Course.

All through the first year here at Kingston every student has a problem to solve. It is a question which we often hear asked, but very seldom answered: "Which course are you going to take?" It is not for us to philosophize, so we cannot say why most of our young men take the mechanical course. Possibly it is because they have an antipathy for the rake and hoe, or it may be they believe that their mind contains the latent genius of a Fulton or a Watts: however, be that as it may, the fact remains the same.

The first distinctly mechanical study of the course is wood-turning. Many curious adventures occur here. One day a young man was manipulating a piece of soft wood. His fastenings not being the most secure, the stick was liberated, and, whirling through the air, hit him squarely over the eye. It is safe to wager that "Prof. Holder" never saw more stars in the heavens on a frosty November night than our young man saw in his narrow horizon for a few seconds.

But our young men have done something more than meet with these unfortunate adventures. They have supplied the gymnasium with Indian clubs of their own production. We hope that when our gymnasium shall be better equipped that these clubs will be saved as a relic of a former generation or some other equally good cause.

But we pass on to the forging of iron, which is our next occupation. Such an admirable forge-shop as we have. There is only one fault: at certain times, particularly when the afternoon's work is beginning, the atmosphere becomes thick with smoke, resembling an aggravated London fog. You cannot see your next neighbor, but occasionally can catch a glance of red hot iron. But that

smoke! Well, it is right there, and stays until one feels like saying "How long, O Lord, how long."

But one feature of forging is that it does not last forever, although difficulties thicken all the time. And when you are perched up on a ladder in the top of the machine-shop, sweltering with heat, and using vain phrases endeavoring to replace a refractory belt on the pulleys, you can almost wish yourself back in the thick atmosphere of the forge-shop. But, about the belt, there is a most excellent way of replacing one. First get your ladder placed right (this is essential), then ascend upon it, get to your belt, fumble round five minutes, then go and tell the instructor that you cannot replace it. Luckily he can do it, so you are all right again. Napoleon said: "The tools belong to those who can use them," and so that is one way of replacing a belt.

All this goes to prove that the way of the would-be mechanic is not always strewn with roses; and if you are going to be a mechanic you must take the bad along with the good, the bitter with the sweet.

# Chemistry.

Our course in chemistry is like the beautiful, "a joy forever." We shall always think of our chem. lab. days as happy ones. Now it is very sad, but there are a few individuals in college who will very heartily refute these statements. Take as an example Mr. Second Floor Senior, first door to the left. Imagine, if you will, the consternation and rage of that youth when he reads these lines. There will be weeping, wailing, and gnashing of teeth in more than one happy home.

Nevertheless, we, the lovers, the worshipers at the shrine of chemistry, and *à bas* with those who oppose. For our theoretical course we refer you to pages 23, 42, 43, 67, 67, 71, in the college catalogue of '97. The reader will please note that we lead the list of studies and courses. We are at the top, have always been there, and always will.

Our faculty consists of President Washburn, Dr. Bucher, and of course we will not forget Prof. Charles F. Kenyon, lab. assistant and general "get-there-or-die man." In passing, Kenyon has an office on the left side of the chem. lab., next to the centre hood. Visitors admitted once in a great while.

We consider ourselves fortunate, the favored ones, as we always are, in having with us such an instructor as Dr. Bucher. If it were pardonable to eulogize, we would with a will. Dr. Bucher has our respect and confidence.

We have a well-equipped laboratory, although the roof does leak. Everything considered, the college has done well by us, but we could still utilize many things. We are not jealous of the Physics crowd, even if they do own Lippitt Hall.

In closing let us say once more "We are the people," free sulphuric-acid soda water forever, and long life to the Chemical course!!

# Biology.

"Hullo, there! No. 312,896. What, you back here!" said the clerk in the packing room of the B—— and L—— microscope manufactories.

"Take me out at once," replied a weak voice all smothered in cotton, "and carry me to the repair shop, for I've no time to lose."

"So they used you roughly; did they, old fellow? Come now, sit on the shelf and tell me what you saw and where you have been, while I see what is the matter."

"Well," began the microscope in the same weak voice, "when you packed me to be sent, and took me down to the station, someone stuck a big tag on me, and I never knew what it said. After I had traveled a great distance I was thrown off at Kingston, R. I., and struck wrong side up on the platform. Someone who was there paid the express bill, and grumbled because it was so large; while I was glad when he gave me to a big boy with a rough and ready voice, and I was carried off up a hill. I liked that boy, and I knew he was getting ten cents an hour, because he worked so carefully."

"The next morning I was unwrapped by a lady who took me out of my box. Then I found myself in a small, cheap, wooden building of one room. Several students were there at the time. She said I was the brightest of them all, and soon a boy was directed to come and take me. It is to him that I owe my first peep at the outside world. He was a green fellow, grabbed me by my nose piece, nearly breaking it off, and set me down on his desk with a thud. He then scraped some green stuff from a piece of

bark, mounted it, and turned on the highest power, only to have it ordered away by the professor in charge.

"'Protococus is a unicellular plant,' the instructor was saying; 'but, Oh my! Just look for yourself and see these little green masses floating around. Only to think that these are plants! There is one dividing into two—no, it is two; but listen, the process of reproduction is by cell division. Yes, now you have it all, the Ontogeny or life history.'"

"'On what side of the tree does this plant grow?' the professor asked, and the same naughty boy whispered 'on the outside.' Upon taking another peep his eyes became tired, and I was given to a girl who spilled HCl. upon my objective the first thing; this had to be wiped off by a particular kind of paper. She then looked at some yeast plants. These are nearly colorless bodies, and often I saw one with a large bud on it which eventually became another plant."

"One night I began to grow very warm and felt uneasy, when I heard someone cry 'Fire! Fire!' I knew positively that it was the botanical laboratory, and sure enough it was. The hose-cart was soon brought by the Sophomores, and a stream of water flooded the room. I was taken to a large stone building for safety. Someone put me under a shelf, and nobody knew where I was until one day a young man came in to study bacteriology. I was hauled over the coals in fine style, and soon had to view the much dreaded microbes. He was very careless and sloppy, never dreaming they might injure me, but always disinfecting his knife with which he transferred them. Even this excitement grew monotonous, and when the histology class was formed the instructor said: 'Well, my friend, you do look worn out, you surely need a rest.' So here I am. What! all ready to go back? Now, box me up, and I will go over my journey again."

# Scientific.

This course is offered to those students who desire a general education. It is not by any means the most difficult course offered, as some of the subjects given might lead one to think. It embraces many subjects, and it sometimes happens that several students of the same year have nothing in common.

The paths of this course which are most frequently trodden, are, botany, physics, chemistry, and general biology; of which physics seems to be the most thorny. The present Senior class seemed to have a special affection for chemistry in their junior year; indeed, in the winter term they were so constantly in the chemical laboratory that it was impossible to enter that building at any time of the day without meeting some of them. We think this example shows how the chemistry has been appreciated by former students.

It has been said that the scientific course is the one to take if a student wishes to have his or her own way, and it is a significant fact that nearly all the young ladies graduate as scientific students.

The work required in this course is not difficult, many students having no more than fifteen hours, the greater part of which is laboratory work. Of course there are others who take more hours and harder work, one student whom we have in mind has nineteen hours a week, twelve of which are devoted to art work and wood carving; we are glad to say that all do not have to work so hard.

These are the chief characteristics of the scientific course, and they are considered—by the students—to be very good indeed, for there are few people who do not like to have their own way, and many who do not enjoy hard work, and these are well suited to be "Scientific." Perhaps this is the reason that the number of scientific graduates is increasing each year.

# The Brave Sophomores.

The room was peaceful and quiet,
  No signs of danger were near,
The class in Physics was listening.
  The words of wisdom to hear.

When, hark! a noise like thunder
  Breaks on their startled ears;
The frightened class-men shudder,
  Grow pale, overcome with their fears.

They look at the professor in terror.
  He, brave as a lion and bold,
Flings the closed door widely open
  And rushes out into the cold.

His example the class quickly followed.
  Over chairs, under tables they went—
Not until half way across the campus
  Was their energy entirely spent.

When the frightful sound had subsided
  ('Twas worse than the noise of a team),
The Sophs. slowly reëntered the classroom,
  And found it was only the steam.

And if one asks the Sophomores wise
  Why they madly rushed for the door,
They'll say 'twas merely for exercise,
  For Physics, you know, is a bore.

# Lippitt Hall.

IN January, '97, the legislature granted to the college an appropriation of $45,000 for the erection of a new building. We had been sadly in need of such a building, being very much crowded through lack of enough recitation rooms. One of the rooms intended for students' living room had to be used for the mechanical drawing class, while physics was taught in an old wooden shanty at the back of the dormitory. Here also was kept the expensive physical apparatus. For a long time the State was unwilling to furnish the money, and it was not without a hard fight that it was finally granted. The great plea that was brought to bear upon the legislature was that there was no place in which to keep the government property belonging to the military department, and it was feared that the government would withdraw their military officer, and their yearly appropriation known as the Morrill Fund. All fear of such a dire calamity has, however, passed away, for we have our building, and much trouble has been taken to provide a place for the protection of the guns.

About half the basement and one-half the second floor is devoted to physics, the remaining half of the basement contains the electric lighting plant, consisting of an Armington & Sims high speed engine, and a 25 K. W. dynamo; and a 10 H. P. upright engine, and a 10 K. W. dynamo. This is also appropriated by the physical department. A whisper was at one time circulated that the whole building was to be used for physics, but somehow half of it was saved for other purposes, and we secured a room for the library, one for English, one for agriculture, and one for the use of the young women students. The cadets were fortunate in securing the top floor for a drill hall.

LIPPITT HALL.

About a month after the fall term opened the library was ready to receive the books then in our possession, so they were transferred by the students from the old wooden shanty, where they had been kept since the disastrous fire in the dormitory three years ago. Many more books have been added since, so that now we have a fairly well stocked library. Much attention has been paid to French and German, and a considerable part of our stock consists of books in those languages. They have never been read, and probably never will be, but they present quite an imposing appearance with their nice, new, unsoiled bindings. Our works of fiction are few, but good, but we think that the value and attractiveness of the library would be greatly enhanced by the addition of a great many more to our stock. The books are all catalogued on the card catalogue plan, and, to those who are initiated into the mysteries of its workings, it seems not to give so much trouble as one would expect; but to the uninitiated it is a confusion of confusions. However, it is the latest fad, and, as we must be up to date at any cost, we are perfectly satisfied with it; but when we want a book we walk around the shelves until we find it.

We use the drill hall as a gymnasium as well as we can with the small outfit that we have. The prospects of having a complete outfit are not very good at present, for we are told that to provide all that is necessary, other departments would have to be robbed. We have an outfit for playing basket ball, but the girls are the only ones who have an opportunity to play, for during the only hours which the boys have for playing the faculty or the Grange hold their meetings in the chapel underneath, and we are not allowed to play such a noisy game, because we disturb the meetings. We will not kick, however, but will accept with thankfulness the few crumbs which fall to our lot.