

January Number

ACADEMIA



A MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE

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PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS.

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MOTTO: "PRO BONO PUBLICO."

"The typical American scholar must be a deep reader, a profound thinker, a continual searcher after the unknown."

VOL. II.

HAMPTON, N. H., JANUARY, 1899.

No. 4.

The New Leaf.

"I went to the throne with a quivering soul—
The old year was done—
'Dear Father, hast thou a new leaf for me?
I have spoiled this one.'
He took the old leaf, stained and blotted,
And gave me a new one all unspotted,
And into my sad heart smiled—
'Do better now, my child.'"

—*Dr. Miller's Year Book.*

Some of the Things Which Interested Me at the Trans-Mississippi Exposition.

To write of the thousands and thousands of exhibits which were displayed in the principal buildings, such as the Government, Liberal Arts, Manufactures, Mines and Mining, Horticulture, Electricity and Machinery, Transportation, Agriculture and Fine Arts buildings, would be impossible, but a few of the interesting scenes which I shall attempt to describe, were attractions to be found on the Midway.

It must be understood at the beginning of this sketch, that the purpose of this Exposition was not to compete with the World's Columbian Exhibition, but to display the products, manufactures and industries of the states and territories west of the Mississippi river; a territory embracing two-thirds of the area of the Union.

The most interesting, and as equally surprising feature about this exposition was, that it marked such a rapid growth and development of the land west of the Mississippi, where fifty years ago "wandering and uncivilized aborigines" sought shelter in wigwams, trapped bears and buffaloes, now live more than twenty-two million intelligent people, having an aggregate wealth of twenty-two billion dollars, or more than half the entire wealth of Great Britain.

The people who took possession of this territory were men who were actuated by the impulse to better themselves and their descendants. They have overcome the "wilderness" and changed the "deserts" into a garden of benefits.

The Indian Congress was, to most people, the most original and interesting feature of this Exposition, for it afforded the last opportunity of seeing the American Indian as a savage, for the work now in progress by the government, of which my classmate of '87 wrote in a recent issue of the *Academia*, will, before another generation, lift the savage Indian into an American civilization and industry, and no longer will there be such a thing as an Indian reservation.

In this Indian exhibit there were representatives from every tribe in America, the customs peculiar to these various tribes being represented. For this the national government appropriated forty-five thousand dollars.

Four acres of ground were covered with the tepees and wickiups of the tribes of the aboriginal inhabitants of this continent. Their religious beliefs, superstitions, and amusements could be studied from observation, while everything incident to their modes of life, apparel, weapons, utensils and appliances for warfare, could be seen about their dwellings.

A sham battle, given every afternoon, was an interesting spectacle which attracted immense crowds. In contrast to these aboriginal customs, the Indian boys and girls gave exhibits of their industrial advancement, as they have been educated in the industrial schools. While it is best for these Indian boys and girls to be taught the art of reading and writing, and skilled in various forms of handiwork, yet does it not seem sad that the early possessors of this great continent will in a few years be wiped off the face of the earth, as the warrior Indian?

An authority upon Indian etymology said, "If there were no other interesting spectacle on the grounds, this exhibit would compensate a visitor for a journey from the opposite side of the earth."

The Ostrich Farm on the West Midway, where one hundred gigantic birds from eight to ten feet high, and ten baby ostriches were exhibited, attracted considerable attention. The birds were brought from a farm in California, where ostrich farming has successfully been carried on for fifteen years. The birds weigh three hundred pounds and over, and live to be about seventy years old. They must be profitable to their owners, as the birds are worth six hundred dollars a pair; the annual yield of feathers, one hundred and twenty-five dollars; and their eggs, twenty-five dollars.

A peculiarity of this bird is that when four years old, the male bird takes a mate, and if the mate dies, he never takes another.

This place of attraction was very fascinating to some people, for while the manager was showing the visitors how the birds were fed, and the method of procuring feathers, they were busy in illustrating the method in a more practical way.

In the way of transportation novelties, the miniature railroad, complete in every detail, was a very unique affair. This was the smallest steam railroad in the world. There was the locomotive, tender, four observative cars, a box car and caboose, the whole train being but twenty-nine feet long, the engine weighing only four hundred and fifty pounds. This tiny train was in operation on its own track daily, steaming back and forth, with apparent delight to the old as well as the younger people which it carried.

Rolling the Roll was a new and novel Parisian entertainment. This contrivance was never before in operation in this country. It consisted of a huge barrel rolling down an incline, with passengers seated on the inside, strapped to their seats. Those who tried it said it produced a peculiar sensation and seemed to afford them great merriment.

Many other novel features were provided in this department, which served to instruct, as well as amuse, but the brief mention of them would be a weariness to the flesh.

While this exposition did not reach the proportions of the World's Fair, at Chicago, yet in many respects, it was more interesting to Americans be-

cause it represented an impressive memorial of an age in our history which is without parallel elsewhere, and can never again be repeated, because we have no more territory upon which it can be reproduced.

S. M. L. '87.

A Fortunate Misfortune.

One evening we were all seated around the open fire-place, cracking nuts; all except grandma, who was making her knitting needles fly around a stocking for Bob. At last, we got tired of our sport, when Ned, knowing that grandma, in her younger days, had no end of adventures, asked for a story.

Grandma's work dropped in her lap. "Well," she said, "As I have been watching you enjoy the nuts, and listening to the roaring winds, I have been thinking of a similar storm, when I was only sixteen years old, in which I came near losing my life."

With that, grandma narrated the following story: "At the time of my girlhood, my father and mother lived in the north central part of Maine, and I was the middle child of a family of seven. My brother Fred was two years older than I, and as we were the oldest children living at home, most of the work fell on us."

"In 1826, Fred and I were determined, if possible to spend Christmas with our grandparents. By hard work, and much coaxing on our parts, we finally got the reluctant consent of our parents.

"Now, Grandpa lived some over fifty miles from our home, and most of the way was through thick forrests. In those days, we had no railways, and most of the travelling was accomplished on horseback. So, bright and early one morning, about the middle of December, we ventured forth on our good, trusty horses. In going the whole fifty miles, we passed through only two places which could be called settled. Occasionally we saw a trapper, and at rare intervals a log hut and a whole family around or near it. In one of the towns, some twenty miles from home, lived an uncle, and we were to spend one night there and push onward in the morning.

"All went well, and we reached Grandpa's at the time planned. Grandma was alone when we

got there, Grandpa being out in the woods with his gun and dog. I can remember well how he came in with a rabbit in his pocket and a cub bear over his shoulder, he himself being dressed mostly in skins. We soon sat down to a supper of mush and bear's meat—very appetizing it was, too. I don't remember much about the visit, but I know we had a fine time. At the end of two weeks we started for home. We did not reach Uncle Hiram's until the second night, as the snow was too deep for fast travel.

"When we did reach our uncle's, we found that he was very sick, having caught a very severe cold a few days before, which rapidly developed into a fever. He had been out of his head all day, and once we found him trying to chop down the bedpost with a pair of tongs. My aunt was very tired, and she wanted Fred to stay and help her, while I went home to tell mother to come over and bring the doctor that lived a few miles beyond our home.

"It was late in the afternoon, but I told Aunt that I was not afraid to ride after dark, as I knew the road all right. So I took a fresh horse and started. I saw a snow bank rising in the southwest, but I thought I could get home before the storm reached me. I had gone only about eight miles when the wind, which had been steadily increasing, became almost a hurricane, while the air was so full of snow that objects two rods away were invisible. I made up my mind I had better be getting under the first roof I came to. I remembered that about a mile further on, there was a hut, put up by some trapper, but aside from this there was no other dwelling within five miles. If I could reach the hut I felt safe, for a time, at least.

"But now my horse became hard to manage, persisting in turning around back to the wind, heading for the dense woods. I began to be frightened, because in those days, you know it was not a very uncommon event for folks to be lost and buried in the forest. How I longed for my own horse, and Fred's companionship! It was growing very cold, and my hands and feet were numb. At last a tree came crashing down near by and the horse, leaping forward, left me in somewhat the same position as that of Abolom. I never saw the horse again, and I never knew whether he died in the

woods or was caught by a trapper. I extricated myself and began to struggle onward.

"I have no idea how long I walked. Once I heard something creeping after me and my heart stood still, and so did I; but it passed me. Another time I fell over a log and thought it was a wild animal. Finally, utterly exhausted, I could go no farther, and concluded to construct a rude shelter out of hemlock boughs. Just as I began my work I saw a light shine through the trees. It immediately disappeared, but I plodded on toward the spot and soon heard a dog bark.

"There was no house, as I had hoped, but a man seated under a sheltering thatch of boughs was trying to keep a fire burning. He looked quite comfortable, compared to how I felt. His face was in deep shadow, so I could not tell who or what he was. I was always more afraid of human beings than of wild animals, but I could stand the cold no longer, so I spoke, and walking up, sat down by the fire. The man was very much startled on seeing me but he added more fuel to the fire and moved a little, and asked me to come farther under the shelter. He was young and very handsome—" here Grandma stopped, and gazing into the fire, seemed deep in thought. Bob, however, soon aroused her with an impatient "Well, and what happened next?" Grandma looked up with a pleased smile and then went on, "Well, I told Ephraim how I happened to be there and who I was. Then he said he was from Massachusetts and was spending the winter with his cousins. The snow storm had overtaken him while he was re-baiting his traps.

"About midnight it stopped snowing. I soon discovered where we were and we floundered through the snow to the hut I had searched for. Here we stayed until morning when we walked to the nearest house and got a couple of horses (I knew the people well) and we started home. We reached there safely, and Ephraim stayed with us a day or so and then went to his cousins'.

"Mother went to Uncle Hiram's and found him still very sick, but under the doctor's care he got well." Again Grandma paused and seemed lost in reverie.

"Did you ever see Ephraim again?" asked I.

Continued on Page 5.

ACADEMIA

Published monthly (October to June inclusive) by the Students of the
Hampton Academy and High School.

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Address all communications to ACADEMIA, P. O. Box 25, Hampton,
N. H.

Subscription—Fifty cents per year in advance.

"Pro Bono Publico."

Entered at Post Office, Hampton, N. H., as second class mail matter

HAMPTON, N. H. JANUARY, 1899.

New Year's Day with its good resolutions and happy greetings has come and gone, and people are becoming accustomed to writing 1899. Will this year be as filled with momentuous happenings as the preceding year? Who can tell? How many changes there have been since the once new but now old year of 1898 began—the war with Spain with its attendant loss of life, the annexation of Hawaii, and the acquisition of other new territory, the death of many prominent people,—persons whose death we would have said would bring about vast changes, and yet after the first shock all went on smoothly as before. Time seems to have crowded into that one short year the events of a dozen years. We hope there will be less war and fewer deaths, with more prosperity and happiness for this new year that lies before us.

New Year's resolutions—how many people make them—and break them too. On the first day of the year nearly everyone seems to "turn over a new leaf," hiding the mistakes and blunders of the preceding year, declaring that the coming year shall be better, and making so many resolutions that ere the first day is gone, half are forgotten or disregarded, and the record on the newly turned page begins to look much like the ones before it. Often too many resolutions are made,—a few well kept, are better than a multitude broken. The best time for the scholar to make good resolutions is at the beginning of the school year, but if those resolutions have been forgotten, it is now a good time, while the year 1899 is in its youth, to start again and resolve (and *keep* the resolve) to study hard and diligently, thus keeping up the old time standard of our school.

Owing to a slight misunderstanding, this month's issue of the Academia is later than usual, and the succeeding number will in consequence be somewhat late. We hope our readers will excuse the tardiness, as we have done the best we could.

For the first few weeks after vacation, there has been much sickness among the scholars, and many seats have been vacant. It has been capital weather for La Grippe, and even where care is taken, a cold is almost unavoidable. On cold days also, the school room is none too warm.

Changes have been made on the platform on Friday afternoon, the desk and chairs being removed to another part of the room. It is regarded as an improvement by some of the pupils, while others disapprove of it, evidently fearing to be left alone on the platform and longing to hide in the kindly shadow of the post. It relieves a great (?) anxiety on the part of some of the pupils—the hearers. For now that the speakers have to stand nearer the middle of the platform, there is not so much danger of those who are in great haste bumping their heads against the post as they leave, after making a bow.

Rachel H. Blake, '00, and Elroy G. Shaw, '99, have recently left school. The latter, who was president of the Senior class, has gone to Newburyport to attend the Bliss Commercial School. It is a pity to have any of our scholars leave at this time of year. The Senior class, especially, is sorry to lose its leading officer.

A Fortunate Misfortune.—Continued.

"Why—yes," said Grandma smiling, "and so have you many a time."

We looked at each other blankly, and just then Grandpa came into the room. Grandma turned to him and said, "I have just been telling the children about my adventure in the storm, coming home from my Grandfather's, Ephraim."

Before he could reply Ned cried, "Why the young man was you, wasn't it Grandpa?"

And Grandpa looked affectionately over at Grandma as he said, "I guess it must have been."

A '99.

\$20,000,000 for the Philippines.

November 21st the United States Peace Commissioners at Paris, presented to the Spanish Commissioners the following terms, which are according to press dispatches, in the nature of an ultimatum. There has been little or no comment on any but the first stipulation. Summarized our demands are:

That Spain shall cede the entire Philippine archipelago, for which the United States tenders \$20,000,000.

That there shall be a mutual relinquishment of all claims for indemnity, national or personal, subsequent to the outbreak of the last Cuban insurrection.

The United States also declared that it desired to treat the religious freedom of the Caroline Islands as agreed upon between the United States and Spain in 1886.

That one of the Caroline Islands should be ceded for an American naval station.

That cable landing rights should be granted at other places in Spanish jurisdiction, and that Spanish-American treaties heretofore existing should be revived.

—*Metropolitan and Rural Home.*

Chit Chat.

Two feminine friends saying good-bye. First friend lifts her veil to take a farewell kiss.

Second friend (kissing first friend)—"That's right, I always hate to have a kiss *strained*."

First friend—"So do I—unless its through a moustache."

Second friend (in horror ?)—"Oh!!"

A country girl surely ought to know more about a turkey than a city girl does. But just ask Miss F— if the gizzard of a turkey is the same as the crop. Don't be surprised at the answer.

Mr. S— "H—y, did you ever see a razor?"

"I don't have no idea."

(Speaking of a person who had been very ill)—
"And he wouldn't have lived twelve hours longer if he'd died?"

First person—"I wonder how long we could go together."

Second person—"Well, I should say forever."

First person—"O, I didn't mean *that*, I wondered how long we could go together and not use any slang phrases.

Teacher—"What is a snow slide?"

Pupil—(in whisper)—"Great Scott!"

Scholar reading in Geology comes to the name M. Lartet.

Teacher—"What does that M. stand for?"

Whisper—"Methuselah!"

Time, Midnight—Has Miss C—succeeded in finding the object of her search? If not Miss T. will lead her safely to the brink.

"One leg is longer than it really ought to be."

Latest scientific study—Skeleton(ology.)

Subject under discussion—The shrinking of wool, on being wet.

First person—"I had a shirt once—"

Second person (in surprise)—"Did you really?"

First person—"Yes, I did, honest."

"Yes, it's very annoying—I go to sleep and then lie awake two or three hours!" And the unsympathetic listener laughed.

Don't you think my hair looks "fantastic."

We would advise Miss C—k not to sit down in a snow drift, on her way home.

Hair curled in the basement free of all charge.

Taxidermy for Boys.

Most boys seem to think that it is something wonderful to be able to set up a bird, and yet, with care and patience any boy can do it. The first thing is to shoot the bird. After that all that is needed is a spool of stout thread, paper of pins, some wire the thickness of which depends on the size of the bird, a little flour, a good supply of tow or fine packing excelsior, and a file.

Now take your bird, a crow, for instance, and run some thread through his nostrils, having first stuffed the mouth with cotton to keep back the blood, and tie his bill shut, leaving the ends of the thread hanging down three or four inches. Loosen his wings, so that they will move easily in all directions, and lay the body on a clean board.

Next separate the feathers over the breast-bone and a bare place will be found, extending down toward the tail. With your knife cut the skin over this place and carefully begin to pull it down on each side. Upon reaching the bird's legs push them up so as to cut them off at the joint, and remove the flesh from the bone, after doing which, pull them back under the skin. If the blood bothers, put on a little flour to soak it up. Now cut the tail off, leaving as little meat on it as possible, and pull the skin down to the wings, which must be cut off where they are joined to the body, and all meat removed to the first joint.

Pull the skin over the head, taking care not to tear it, cut the neck off close to the skull, and remove the eyes and brains, leaving the skull on the skin. If you have any artificial eyes, put them in now, if not, fill the eyeballs with cotton and replace the skin over the skull.

Take a piece of wire about thirty inches long, sharpened at both ends, and shape it like the body from which you have just removed the skin, by making two circles with it, touching each other, one pointed end extending about an inch behind the smaller circle to support the tail, the other end coming up to form the neck. With your tow, shape a body around this frame, modeling it as near as you can to a likeness of the real body, and wrap it tightly with thread.

Wrap cotton around the long end of wire to the length of the neck, making it a little thinner than the real neck. Stick the point up into the skull,

about where the real neck was cut off, and right up through the top until the neck is the required length.

Now set the tail right on the short wire end, and pin or sew the skin around this new body. Prepare two straight pieces of wire about twelve inches long, and with a sharp point at one end for the legs. These are to be stuck through the bottom of each leg, up through the body, where they are to be bent over so as to form a hook, and then drawn tight. By means of these, the bird may be fixed to any perch you like.

Next, draw the wings up in the right position and fasten them there by means of a long hat pin, or even a pointed wire, pushed through the body, from the top of one wing to the other. Wrap the whole body with tape, and the bird is ready to be put away to dry.

When you have become skilled enough to prepare a skin worth keeping, the skin should be thoroughly rubbed with arsenic, for without this, a skin is not likely to keep more than a year.

A. G. G. '00.

Mixing the Remedies.

Here is one of the funniest stories ever heard on the subject of mixing letters.

A certain editor was asked by two subscribers, respectively: 1. Which was the best way to get a couple of twins safely through the trouble of teething! And 2. How to protect an orchard from a plague of grasshoppers.

The editor answered the questions all right, but mixed the initials with disastrous results.

Imagine the horror of the happy father of the twins when he saw that the editor told him to "Cover them carefully with straw and set fire to them, and the little pests, after jumping about in the flames a few minutes, will speedily be settled."

This was the tragic part of the mistake. The comedy came in when the man plagued with grasshoppers found himself gravely directed to "Give a little castor oil and rub their gums with bone-strings."

That paper has now two subscribers less than it had.—*Metropolitan and Rural Home.*

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