

The School Journal  
Spencerport, NY  
Friday, March 6, 1883

### Editorial

This second edition of our School Journal consists of stories, conundrums, poetry, etc. We would thank you all for the help received during the past week, and hope you will continue to try and make this a successful paper. Owing to the lack of time and space, several articles have been omitted this week.

Jennie McCleery and Maria Storey  
Editors, Mar. 6

## Being a Woman

It is a dreadful bother to be a woman and do the business up in good shape. In the first place, you've got to be good looking, or you are nobody. A man may be ever so homely and still be popular. Whiskers cover up the most of his face, and if he has a big mouth nobody mistrusts it, and if he does wrinkle bad on his forehead his friends speak of his many cares and of his thoughtful disposition and tell each other that his wrinkles are lines of thought. Lines of thought, indeed, when in all probability his forehead is wrinkled by the bad habit he has of scowling at his wife when the coffee isn't strong enough. A woman must always be in good order. Her hair must be frizzed or banged, as fashion demands, and she must powder if she has a shining skin; and she must manage to look sweet no matter how sour she may feel; her dress must hang just-so, and her boot buttons always in place, and her fingernails always clean; and then she mustn't whistle, nor climb fences, nor [stone] cats, nor scold when she is angry. Oh no! That would be unladylike. She can't go out alone because ladies must be protected; she can't be a Free Mason because she might tell their secrets and everybody would know all about their goal-and-gridiron.

And it's a terrible thing to be an old maid. Everybody knows it; and the women who are married to drunken husbands, and manage to quarrel with them six days out of seven, will live in agony of spirit over the single woman, and call her that-poor-old-maid. A woman must marry rich or she don't marry "well." And to marry "well" is the end and aim of womans existence, judging from the view which people in general take of this matter. It is everybody's business when a woman marries. The whole neighborhood put their heads together and talk over the pros and cons, and whether she is good enough for him. (There is nothing said about his being good enough for her.) And they criticize the shape of her nose and relate anecdotes how lazy her grandfather was, and how her Aunt Sally used to sell beans and buttermilk.

A woman must manage to dress well on seventy-five cents a week, and she mustn't be vain, she must be kind to the poor, and she must go regularly to the sewing society meetings, and be ready to dress dolls and makes tidies and aprons for the church fairs. She must be a good cook, and she must be able to "do up" her husbands' shirts so that the Chinese washerman would groan with envy, and gnash his teeth at the sight of them. She must always have the masculine buttons of the family sewed on so they will never come off while in use, and keep the family hosiery so that nobody would ever suspect there were toes in the stockings while they were on. She must hold herself in constant readiness to find everything her husband has lost – and a man never knows where to find anything. He will put his boots carefully away on the parlor sofa, and when he has hunted for them half an hour he will suddenly appear before his wife with a countenance like an avenging angel and demand "What in thunder she has done with his boots?"

She must shut the doors after her lord and master, and likewise the bureau drawers. It would be as unnatural for a hen to go in swimming for recreation, as for a man to shut a door or drawer. She must go to bed first in cold weather so as to get the bed warm. Her husband, if he be a wise man, never asks her to do this. Oh no! But sits up to "jus finish this piece in the paper" and waits till she has got the sheets to a comfortable temperature. And when she has the headache, nobody thinks of minding it – a woman is always having the headache. And if she is "nervous enough to fly" nobody shuts the door any quieter, and nobody tucks her in the lounge with a shawl over her or coddles her to death as a man has to be coddled under such circumstances. We might go on indefinitely with the troubles of being a woman. But if any young man present thinks a woman has an easy time of it, just take upon yourself the duties of a woman for a while, and see how you like it.

### Conundrums

1. Why is one of our boys like a trap when it is shut?  
[Answer] Because it is Sprong.
2. Why is a baby like a sheaf of wheat? [Answer] First it is cradled, then thrashed, and then becomes the flower of the family.
3. Why is a young man of this place like a man who in crossing a desert loses his guide? [Answer] Because he has lost his Leader.

### Wanted

1. A girl for this room who will not think that every boy is mashed on her because he uses her well.
2. A young man in this room to understand that although the girls may smile on him, there has been as yet no true mash.
3. One year from this time, a noble young housekeeper. Anyone desiring such a situation, apply to a member of the L.S.A.

### A Narrow Escape

The following facts are absolutely True. One day, a short time since, one of the pupils of our room, had a very narrow escape. The particulars are as follows. It seems that the betrothed of this young man lived in Holley. Well, she came to this town to spend a few days. And as Mr. D. was out of town, attending

to some important business. She received the attentions of a certain Mr. C. Immediately after Mr. D's return, he was informed of the state of affairs. And his anger was terrible to witness. He tore his hair, rent his clothes and swore that nothing but the life of Mr. C. would quiet his passion. So accordingly, one dark night he equipped himself with his mother's clothes line and a big stone of some two hundred pounds weight and sallied forth with the terrible resolve of murder in his mind. He had just reached the raging canal, when he chanced to meet the object of his wrath. A few words passed, and then a terrible combat ensued. It was soon over however; a dull splash in the water and Mr. C. might have been heard to mutter "I guess it's true that he's done for." But fortunately for Mr. D. it was not true that he was done for. After recovering from the shock he had received and the water he had swallowed. He found that by reason of his long neck, and being naturally high-headed, he could keep his head above water, but could not move otherwise as Mr. C. had securely fastened the clothes line and stone, before mentioned, to his feet, before throwing him into the canal. Hence, he was securely anchored. A farmer passing by at an early hour the next morning thought that he saw a luminous object in the center of the canal. Which on investigation proved to be Mr. D. He was accordingly rescued. This is only one of the many instances that goes to show what a kind and beneficent providence rules our destiny. I think Mr. D. has every reason to thank providence for thoughtfully bestowing upon him a long neck.

#### Lost

1. At the M.E. Church in this village between the hours of eight and ten. A heart. If anyone has found the same, and would return it, I shall be sorry. H.E.J.
2. Missing from this place, about the last of next month 1883. A tall complexioned youth, about five feet-six inches of height, of age thirty four years. When last seen had on a pair of swallow-tailed, sealskin trousers, with yellow stripes, double-barreled, back-action frock coat and canvass back boots, with patent leather tops, \$100 dollars will be given to the person who will find him and give him a box of oranges.

#### For Sale

1. A heart and hand by A.M. Can be had for a dish of [new] strawberries and a lone piece of cake.
2. I have in hand a large supply of Rheumatic Syrup, which I will close out at a very reasonable price. M.O.

3. If you want an excellent map of New York State, go to True & Co. Lithographers & Engravers, Broadway, second block.

#### Local Items

1. Last Friday evening, the M.E. Church of this place was filled to overflowing by an attentive audience, who listened for about two hours to an entertainment given by the [J.O.G.T.'s] of Spencerport. The entertainment, which consisted of music and literature, was finely rendered and well appreciated. The assembly at last broke up, all feeling truly grateful for the pleasant evening they had spent. And wishing nothing but success and prosperity to attend the efforts of the noble Order.
2. A young lady of this room was out riding last Saturday. The driver happened to get out of the track and she had the misfortune to roll out of the sleigh into the snow. But instead of rising immediately, she sat and looked around her to see if anyone was looking. And thought it no fair to take a ride in that manner.

#### A Poem

Once on a time there lived a girl,  
Who had three false teeth and one false curl.  
She was as pretty a girl as one could find,  
Though one of her eyes was somewhat blind.  
She done up her hair in Montagues,  
And her feet in number seven shoes.  
But her mouth was not so very bad,  
And she said to herself "I'll not feel sad,  
For it's the only mouth I've ever had."  
So she grinned a grin as long as your arm,  
And said, "There need be no alarm.  
For as long as I do not worry myself,  
It needn't bother anyone else."  
And she gazed in the glass with a vacant stare,  
And said, "I'm quite [lovely] I do declare!"  
Now this lovely creature had a beau  
Whose name was Erastus [Sachamer] Joe.  
He was humpbacked and tall, but not very fat.  
With hair like a mouse and teeth like a rat.  
With eyes that could look two ways at once,  
And the constitution of a dunce.  
He would get up on Sunday morning and say,

"I'll go and see my girl today."  
Then he'd rub some lard upon his hair,  
And post himself on his old bay mare.  
And away he'd go with the speed of the wind,  
Leaving field and forest far behind.  
Along the road he'd rapidly tear,  
Beating cruelly his old bay mare.  
He stopped when he reached his loved one's gate.  
And smoothed the Brussels on his wrinkled pate.  
Flourished his arms and limbs in the air,  
Then slowly got off from his old bay mare.  
Went up to the house and rapped on the door.  
Found his love mopping the kitchen floor.  
He looked at her with a loving eye,  
Then fell at her feet with a heavy sigh.  
Then they both sat down on one chair.  
And I came away and left them there.

#### Various Items

1. It is said that mice are just as much afraid of women as women are of mice. But as their screaming apparatus is not constructed on the same principle, they are restrained from communicating the intelligence to the people in the adjacent towns.
2. She was looking at me so sweetly, out of those large blue eyes. She was so handsome I turned to watch her as she passed me by. How I planned for the future when I should own a farm and plough and a nice place to keep my Jersey cow.
3. The boy with the "falling mustache" spoken of in your last issue would like to say to the author of that article that he don't have to sit on the ladies laps in order to see over the dashboard to drive.
4. Wanted, for the benefit of some of the young men of this room. A box of first class tooth powder to remove the effect of the "Old Soldiers."
5. Found. February 13, 1883. A dinner pail in Dr. Millener's drug store. The last seen of the owner, he was looking for a valentine.

#### Neighbors Gossip

Good morning Maria. I thought I'd just step in for a few minutes and have a social chat. How did you like the Good Templers' entertainment last Friday evening? I

noticed a good many of the girls went home alone. But W.L.J. and H.E.M. were there. And did you ever see such a time as they had getting seated? First, the usher gave her a seat on the West side of the church, which had already four occupants. Of course, there was no room for him there. So he went out in the hall again. Pretty soon he returned, and conducted the fair one to a seat in the gallery. I Say! Did you see B.U. and A.M.? They looked as sweet as peaches, didn't they? I heard he had her out riding the other night in his swell box cutter drawn by his fine team of horses. I noticed that O.M. was there too, and alone. He looked as mad as a March Hare. Guess he had heard what E. L. said about B.T. and how she acted as his partner all the evening of February 23. Oh! Wasn't that pretty good what she said about B.T.'s being so gentlemanly, and that she never knew he was so nice before. Did you know there was three loads from Greece to the entertainment? Guess they were trying to pay some of their old scores. I heard that E.J.H. tried to make a mash on one of the girls, but as she was of Greece, I guess he got the slip. Wouldn't you have thought that D.T. might have found a young lady to bring instead of coming alone. Of course, B.T. couldn't fetch one, for E.L. might have felt kind of cross-grained about it. I guess L.R. is staying out of school because his Welch friend does not go. He says he is going to work in a machine shop. But then, that's only his excuse. And I hear that W.B. is keeping company with C.M. again. Wonder how they happened to make up. You know they were at swords points a short time since. And J.D. still smiles on W.G., that young fop from the city. Have you heard that F.D. is going to be married soon? You could not guess to whom, so I'll tell you. She is going to marry her [Sun] twister J.H. Someone said F.S. crowded himself into that sleigh load that went to the Greece entertainment February 23. And that he took up more room than all the others together. They wouldn't have had much room each, if he took up more than eleven of them. E.H. says that L.C. danced the

