

Impressions of a Farmerette

By ONE

"FARMING is all right, and I like it." This sounds like the remark of someone who knows nothing about it, and I am practically ignorant of farming. I have never yet had any experience on a farm, except what I believe to be the most rudimentary instruction at this College. I have only begun to grasp what an immense subject farming is, and what wonderful executive ability, alertness, and untiring energy a successful farmer must command—already my respect for farmers has mounted so high, that I have come to the conclusion that man is big mentally, morally and even physically, as his literal horizon.

I was not looking forward to this course, or the work this summer with any degree of pleasure. I had seen at different markets, dejected-looking farmers, with hard, leathery faces, horny hands and stooped shoulders; slow of speech and movement, rough in manner as in clothes; and I unconsciously connected farmers with a life of endless drudgery, perseverance and physical labor, which would claim them forever. I wondered what the training would be, which would enable women who had never known anything more severe than the joy of working for a few hours at some chosen occupation in home or office, to adapt themselves to satisfy these men, who had evidently known nothing but toil. I could only conclude that the course would be marked by the most rigid discipline, physical training, and steady, monotonous labor, conducted at a daily increasing pace, relieved only by severe criticism from all sides, and an occasional very practical lecture. I resolved to remember always, that after-

wards, I might not find the work on a farm so hard.

We arrived at the College on the first of May, a glorious, warm, sunshiny day. I came alone, but at the station I was very fortunate in discovering a particularly fine girl in the same circumstances—afterwards my room-mate. With four other girls we made our way to the President's office. Everything—grounds, buildings, driveways—looked so clean and fresh and well-kept! Even the secretary, contrary to my previous impression of secretaries, looked healthy and pleasant. The room itself, while it lacked the almost exaggerated dignity and finesse of the city, in its proportions and furnishings, seemed to breathe that genuine country simplicity and hospitality about which so much has been written, and which I had, somehow, relegated as part of the fiction of "the good old days." Next—we were shown to our rooms. Instead of the sparse, spare, curt individual with the penetrating eyes, whom I had anticipated for this duty, we were actually smiled upon by the most attractive-looking matron I had ever imagined. I could hardly walk without jumping! Everything seemed to augur well for the future.

After unloading and trucking our trunks, our privilege as farmerettes, we made a general survey of the College grounds and farm, two of the "Mac" girls having very generously offered their services. It was good to be out in the sunshine without a hat. We inspected the cows and chickens and greenhouses with particular interest. We dressed in uniform for dinner, and from that on, we seemed no longer separate individuals, but a class. The